

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

Interesting Notes From Across the Ocean.

HAPPENINGS IN THE FATHERLAND.

Principal Events That Have Occurred in the Old Countries About the North Sea Within a Week or So Just Past.

NORWAY.

The hunting trip of the crown prince to Kongsberg turned out to be a complete fiasco, and the newspapers are actually wickered enough to say so. But as he attended a splendid exhibition of ski-running at Torspladsen, he says he is amply rewarded for the trouble of his trip anyway.

The company organized in Trondheim for mining coal in Spitzbergen has come to naught because the necessary capital was not forthcoming.

Rev. Klavness writes about divorces among Norwegian society people: "It is gliding into our consciousness that marriage rests on love, but love is changeable, therefore marriage is changeable. The conviction that married people are in duty bound to be faithful unto death is passing away. It seems perfectly clear to me that the views which are gaining ground through the divorces that are taking place around us must wholly change the character of marriage if those views prevail. Instead of being a covenant for life it becomes a union while the contracting parties are in love with each other. Instead of husband and wife we shall have lovers. What will the result be, especially to the women? A woman ages much faster than a man. A 50-year-old man is a presentable lover, and even one of 60 years may score a success. But a woman fades at the early age of 40. As an old-fashioned housewife she maintains a fine and esteemed position. But as a sweetheart she will be hopelessly sweet by the girls of 20. Dissolve the bond of marriage in the laws and in the consciences, and you may be sure to have a large number of despondent women who are pushed aside by younger rivals, now that the roses on their cheeks are withering. And we have the oppression of women in a worse form than ever before. When I hear women who, following in the steps of Ellen Key, shout: 'Free divorce, free love! I say to myself, 'Those geese!'"

The bear which the crown prince was to have shot near Kongsberg was within the encircled territory. But brin had concealed himself so completely under the snow-covered twigs of a small spruce tree that the hunters could not detect him, though they walked past the place within a few yards of the tree. The bear himself has not been seen, only the tracks from his hiding-place.

The king and the crown prince arrived in Kristiania April 2, and in Karl Johan street they were greeted by the cheers of a large concourse of people. Premier Steen gave a dinner to the king and the crown prince in the evening. The king spent the Easter holidays at Voksenkollen, and the crown prince made a trip to Vinstra and the surrounding country.

The Swedish Jerusalem society enjoys the protection of King Oscar and the some of the Swedish bishops. The aim of the organization is to establish educational and benevolent institutions which are to regain the Holy Land for Christ. Each member pays \$1 cents a year into the treasury of the society.

The London Times recently gave an account of the operations of the Edison Ore Milling syndicate, which has just purchased the Dunderland mining lands. The syndicate is composed of 53 members, only three of whom are not English capitalists. About three years ago some of them became interested in the Edison ore crushing method, on which Edison himself is said to have spent \$2,500,000. They made a contract with the inventor, who joined the syndicate and engaged expert geologists, metallurgists and mining engineers to inspect the iron deposits of western Europe and the north coast of Africa. The most promising field they found was the Dunderland valley, which contains the most extensive beds of iron ore in Europe. Only eight months ago Edison succeeded in solving the problem of extracting the iron glance, which is very abundant in the Norwegian iron ore, and shortly afterwards the syndicate obtained possession of the Dunderland valley district. By the employment of the Edison method two tons of this ore will yield over one ton of rich Bessemer ore, which contains an average of 65 per cent of metallic iron. It is calculated that these mines will supply the demand of England for a series of years.

SWEDEN.

Bergsjö has been visited by a fire which completely destroyed a bicycle factory, a bank and a business block. Seventy laborers are engaged in completing the double railway track between Lund and Eslof.

The Nordenskjöld South Pole expedition will not be abandoned, although the king failed to recommend an appropriation for that purpose, private parties having subscribed the necessary amount. The expedition will leave for Buenos Ayres with the Antarctic in December next. Among the crew will be an hydrographer, one geologist, two zoologists, one natural philosopher, one physician. The expedition may not return to Sweden until March, 1903.

Twenty-four out of the 112 students at the Malmo school of technology quite unexpectedly organized themselves into a total abstinence society. The railway department recommends that the butter-export trade be facilitated by the running of an extra freight train once a week from Orebro to Gothenburg. This train is to be supplied with refrigerators and local trains shall connect with it at different points along the line. The real aim of this improvement in the transportation of butter is to increase the sale in England.

The first chamber of the riksdag has requested the king to consider whether it would be desirable to introduce the guillotine for capital punishment in Sweden.

MR. QUAY'S SUCCESS.

Largely Due to His Scrupulous Attention to Details.

Telegraph Operator with a Delicate Ear—A Serio-Comic Rotunda Incident—Other Bright Bits of Capitol Gossip.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THE ways of statesmen and capitol employes are very interesting to observers, and particularly to veteran newspaper men. One of the messengers who has been on duty for many years in the senate wing of the great marble building today said:

"The way in which Senator Quay does the little—in fact, almost trivial—things, indicates the shrewdness and uniqueness of his personality. For instance, any man that comes to Washington to see Mr. Quay, and whom Mr. Quay wants to see—and there are hundreds of them—will go directly to his room, that of the committee on public buildings and grounds, and never ask a question of any kind. Not so with the friends of other senators, for while they may have been told how to reach their different rooms, they have, as a rule, to make inquiry for their location. It was amused the other day, when the callers on Mr. Quay were unusually numerous, to see how they went directly to his room, notwithstanding the circuitous route necessary to get to it. When I asked one of them how he knew where to find the room he showed me a card. It told the story. It contained very minute directions as to how to reach the senator and just what to do."

When Senator Quay was last elected to the senate, in January of this year, after a bitter political struggle, the senate galleries were crowded with Pennsylvanians who intended to give him an enthusiastic reception upon his return to that body. One of the older senators, who is friendly to Quay, said to the writer: "This is going to be a bad day for Quay. When he enters the senate chamber his friends will break loose and disturb the decorum of the senate; and that will anger many senators."

Just as he concluded that sentence, Senator Quay appeared upon the floor of the senate, and the people in the galleries broke forth into oft-repeated shouts of applause. It lasted seven minutes of 12 o'clock. The applause continued until noon, when the presiding officer took the gavel, struck the desk, and said: "The senate will be in order." Mr. Quay raised his hands and motioned the galleries for silence. Instantly the senate chamber was as still as a church.

The older senator turned to the narrator and said: "It is no wonder that Quay is a successful politician. He never overlooks little details. He knew beforehand that applause during the session of the senate would be unpopular with his colleagues on the floor, and hence he came in time to have it all over with before the senate came to order. That shows the masterful mind of the politician who knows how to succeed."

For almost 50 years "Ham" Young has been a conspicuous figure in this city. For fully 30 years he has been night manager of one of the great telegraph companies. His fine physique and splendid bearing have made him notable in the capitol. Although he is hairless, barring his snow-white mustache, he is still a handsome man. During the afternoon he has charge of the press gallery telegraph work in the house of representatives. Although he is con-

ceded to be an able business man, no one would suppose that he could distinguish a man on a telegraph wire by a mere touch—so to speak—and that, too, when less than half a dozen words were sent. Mr. Young has charge of a large force of men, and when they desire to get off they send him a message to the capitol, or call him up on a wire and talk to him personally and make their desire known.

One of his men called for him on the wire the other day from up town and asked: "Can I get off tonight?" "Yes, you're excused," responded Mr. Young.

The man walked down the avenue as far as Fourteenth street, when suddenly the fact dawned on him that he had neglected to state who he was, and he went back to set the matter straight.

Again calling up the capitol, he asked Mr. Young: "Say, how did you know who asked to get off?" "Oh," came the response, "it's 'Hi,' isn't it?" "Yes."

"I said you were excused."

"Well," said the man, as he left the office, "that beats all I ever heard of. I gave no name and clicked but five words and here is a man who tells me who I am."

Old-time operators considered this remarkable, in view of the fact that only five words were sent. Things of this sort have been done when a longer conversation ensued, or the character of the man's sending was better gauged by a long talk.

The looker-on at the house says that Amos Cummings, of New York, is the most popular man in that body and that statesman Sulzer, of the same state, is the next man on the list.

When one of them was asked how he came to this conclusion he said: "Because so many people call for them every day. Their callers, as a rule, are people who are in distress and who want assistance. They know that Cummings and Sulzer have big hearts, and are always ready to aid those in need. Cummings and Sulzer invariably respond to cards sent in to them, and I have seen them go down in their pockets many a time and bring out money for fellows who were hard up."

"Who is called for the most often?" was asked.

"Rixey, of the Eighth Virginia district, which is so close to Washington, is called for more than any other man. He gets little time for any other business than answering the cards sent in to him. Congressman Cannon is another man who receives numerous visitors, and Birmingham of Philadelphia, is still another."

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Arbor Day.

Gov. Van Sant has designated Friday, April 26, as Arbor and Bird Day. His proclamation is as follows:

"The legislature, with the object of subserving the best interests of the people, have wisely authorized and directed the designation each year of a day for the planting of forest trees and the beautifying of private and public grounds. Pursuant thereto, I, S. E. Van Sant, as governor of said state, do hereby fix and appoint Friday, the 26th of April, 1901, as Arbor and Bird Day, and do most earnestly request the universal observance thereof. It is especially desirable that suitable exercises be had at all public and private schools, colleges and other educational institutions, that the youth may be taught to appreciate the beauty and utility of trees and shrubs, and the importance of preserving the harmless birds that make Minnesota their home."

In the parlor in stately hall the other day sat a man and a maid. The maid was of uncertain surname, but there was nothing uncertain in the art or artfulness she displayed in her get up and manners. They were sitting on the sofa next to the statue of Ethan Allen, and seemed to be alone, but a column next to them and screened by its width.

"Now, general, you will be sure to come," she cooed, "and you will be sure to bring me some carnations. On 'just the color of my cheeks,' you know, and a box of nice candy? Remember, Tuesday evening."

"Really, I'm afraid he can't, you know," said a cool, society voice behind them, where a handsomely groomed lady had just paused. "Tuesday is my day, and we will have some friends to dinner, so I think my husband will have to defer his engagement with you. If you insist upon carnations, I might send you some after dinner if you will give me your address. I usually bestow my flowers on some charitable institution."

But the address was not given, and the maid walked away under the fire of a pair of dark eyes gleaming through a gold-encased lorgnette, while the "general" walked stiffly back to his committee-room. It seemed as though Jack roses would have come near matching the color in three pairs of cheeks than carnations.

It seems to be a pity that kodaks are not allowed in the capitol building, because real life in Washington would be daily so well illustrated by their use. But whenever a visitor is seen with one of those harmless little instruments a capitol policeman appears and takes temporary possession of the kodak, saying that it is against the established rule to permit anyone to carry them about the building. The same rule obtains in all of the executive departments, but it is only enforced rigidly in the capitol hill and in the congressional library. If the kodak could be used and the owner have the faculty of writing descriptions of the scenes which the kodaks might catch, the people would have opportunity to read some facts which might not otherwise be written nor illustrated concerning happenings in this singular city.

Some capitol detectives on duty in the capitol during the session of congress, and the stories they tell are interesting, illustrating every phase of character. For example, a venerable and handsome congressman from the Pacific slope, who had admission to the floor of the house of representatives at all times, forged the names of active members to checks on the sergeant-at-arms. He is poor, needy and old. The congressman did not prosecute him, nor require him to make restitution. The detectives, however, do not permit him to enter the building any more.

SMITH D. FRY.

CHARLESTOWN'S OLD PEONY.

Valued Service Which It Rendered the Massachusetts City Subsequent to 1776.

Growing in the garden at Charlestown, Mass., is a peony, the composer of the tune "Coronation" is to be found an old-fashioned red peony. The peony, to a casual observer, would not seem any more attractive and perhaps not so handsome as many of the magnificent specimens which adorn the lawns of hundreds of summer homes. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it has a marvelous history and is said to be 130 years old, says the Patriotic Review.

The present occupant of the old Holden home, which is located on Pearl street, on the side of Bunker Hill, is Mrs. Thomas Doane, and it is through her kindness that the story of the peony appears in our pages, which runs as follows:

Mrs. Holden as a child watched with others the sprouting of the peonies in the spring of 1776. After the battle of Bunker Hill the British fired the town of Charlestown and all traces of the ownership of lands were destroyed. Houses and fences were swept away, and there was seemingly nothing left to mark the boundary lines of the owners. Some one suggested that in the springtime their garden plants might sprout and give some clue; and sure enough, the old peony put forth its leaves, and from its location near the old city hall, was marked off the property of the different late owners and also was laid out the new city of Charlestown.

Little Angel.

"Does Fobby cry much?" "No; he doesn't cry at all unless he wants his own way about something."—Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS

Compensations for Old Age.

Uncle Van Fossil, our most distinguished citizen. He's 105 years old. Always a rather no-account fellow till he reached his hundredth birthday. Since then his literary work has brought him a fine living.

O'Shawe—Literary work? What does he do?
Shank—Oh, he has a steady job writing testimonials to the various remedies that have prolonged his life.—Judge.

A Gentle Disposition.
"It is a little annoying to have to get up in the middle of the night and look for burglars," said Mr. Meekton; "but Henrietta seems to enjoy having me do so."
"What would you do if you really found a burglar?"
"Well, I'm so kind-hearted that I'm afraid I would be too lenient. I think I'd open the door and tell him that if he didn't get out quietly, Henrietta would come down and attend to his case."—Washington Star.

Extorior Merit.
"It is a handsome volume," said the critic of the Walland Cry. "The cover, done in gold and red, is pleasing both to touch and eye; judicious use of tools and leaf combine to make a great success. A perfect binder's gem. In brief, 'tis bound to have a great success."—Town Topics.

WHAT A QUESTION.
The Tall One—Say, are yez the felly that gave me this eye at the wake?
The Short One—O'm not. O'm the man that kicked yez in the shins!—N. Y. World.

Musical Note.
Thos. girls who play notes have one trick they should omit—We ought to get their started—then they never want to quit.—Chicago Daily News.

Appreciative.
"You have a fine pedigree," said the American multi-millionaire to the nobleman.
"Yes," was the nonchalant answer. "And I want to tell you, I appreciate such things. If there is anything I take an interest in it is a pedigree. Why, when I was younger I could go to the races and name over the ancestry of every horse at the track."—Washington Star.

An Economical View.
Minks—Hello! I thought you'd gone to Dakota.
Winks—Changed my mind.
Minks—But you said you wanted to get a divorce because your wife made things so hot for you that you couldn't live with her.
Winks—I've concluded to keep her until that taral coal combine busts.—N. Y. Weekly.

Reverent Reflection.
The Soprano's Maid—My mistress had five bouquets thrown at her during the first act.
The Contralto's Maid (disdainfully)—Indeed? How nice! I'll bet she paid for them herself.
The Soprano's Maid—Of course, she did! She doesn't have to have things charged like some people I know do.—Brooklyn Life.

The Common Felling.
Some claim that they believe in signs. But, lacking self-restraint, they must prove them by touch.
The truth of one marked "Paint"—Catholic Standard and Times.

TOO AMBITIOUS.
"Dey tells me Lige Jackson's been put in jail for hoss stealin'."
"Serve him right. Why didn't he stick to chickens?"—Chicago American.

First Catch Your Hare.
"Just put some hair renewer," said the dude.
"On my mustache." The barber said: "Indeed, I fear it wouldn't do you any good; it's hair originator that you need."—Philadelphia Press.

A Practical Turn.
Mr. Sloop—People say that a young couple can get along very nicely nowadays on a small income, if the wife is of a practical turn of mind.
Sweet Girl—Oh, I'm real practical. My favorite pin piece is an imitation of the spinning wheel.—N. Y. Weekly.

Chill Sarcastic.
"Is that painter an impressionist?" asked the young woman.
"To a certain extent," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is under the impression that he is great."—Washington Star.

Very Short Indeed.
Bill—What would you call a short acquaintance?
Jill—Why, Gill; I tried to borrow a quarter from him, and he didn't have it.—Yonkers Statesman.

IN STATUARY HALL.

There was nothing uncertain in the art or artfulness she displayed in her get up and manners. They were sitting on the sofa next to the statue of Ethan Allen, and seemed to be alone, but a column next to them and screened by its width.

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"Does Fobby cry much?" "No; he doesn't cry at all unless he wants his own way about something."—Chicago Record.

YOUR CONSTITUENTS ARE GETTING ANNOYED WITH YOU.

"For what reason?" inquired Senator Sorghum.

"They say you haven't done a thing to discourage the trusts that are becoming so rich and arrogant."

"You go back and tell my constituents they wrong me. Tell them that whenever I have come in contact with a trust I have done all in my power to take some of its money away from it."—Washington Star.

Getting Toned Up.
Two simple things will banish care afar, As all the world may plainly see. A man finds solace in a good cigar, And woman in a cup of tea.—Chicago Record.

VERY DISASTROUS.
"Were you ever in a railroad disaster?"
"Yes. I once kissed the wrong girl in a tunnel."—Chicago Chronicle.

Always the Same.
The bands who greet a hero with a loud and fluttering din, Would play the same tunes later if A rival chance to win.—Washington Star.

Sharing the Glory.
"Henrietta isn't one of these women who want to put a husband in the background and make him stay there."
"No, indeed."
"Is she trying to make you prominent?"
"Yes. She is going to deliver a lecture to her club on how to manage husbands, and she wants me to come up on the platform and be an example."—Washington Star.

Taking No Chances.
"Yes; he has proposed by letter," she explained. "Now, do you think I ought to mail my answer immediately or keep him in suspense for awhile?"
"Mail it!" exclaimed her dearest friend in a tone that had a trace of spitefulness in it. "If I were you I'd telegraph it, and there was an emphasis put on 'if I were you' that came near breaking a friendship that had extended over several years."—Chicago Post.

A Voice of Power.
She sang. Her voice quite filled the parlor; 'Twas strong and raised with that intent. It also filled the outside garden—For that's where everybody went.—Judge.

IN THE MAINE WOODS.

Guide—What luck to-day?
Other Guide—Good luck. My man shot at six different marks and no bullet came closer ter me than four inches, by hooky!—Chicago Chronicle.

Reform in the Household.
"Why so depressed?" the caller asked. "What makes you both so glum?"
"Why, I've sworn off from smoking, and my wife from chewing gum."—Chicago Tribune.

A Modern Instance.
"I see it is maintained by some people that miracles still occur."
"So they do. One happened at our house last night. My wife discovered after it was too late to do any ordering that we didn't have a thing in the way of refreshments around the house—and nobody called."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Corroborative Evidence.
Young Husband—But, my dear, what made you believe this seedy stranger's story that I had fallen in the horse-pond?
Young Wife—Oh, darling, I believed him because he asked for and went off with your Sunday clothes and topcoat as changes for you to get home in.—Tit-Bits.

Almost as Satisfactory.
Mr. Dyerheights (on returning home from business, hopefully)—You are so cheerful, I take it you have got a new cook, Harriet!
Mrs. Dyerheights (gayly)—No; no such luck. But I just heard that our neighbor, Mrs. Bensonhurst, has just lost hers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Peace Offering Expected.
Mrs. Newwife—I feel sure that Alfred will bring me a lovely present from the city to-day.
Miss Confidante—An anniversary or birthday, dear?
Mrs. Newwife—Oh, dear, no! But we had such a dreadful quarrel this morning.—Tit-Bits.

Why It Looked Strange.
"My, the house looks changed some way," said the lady who had moved out a month or two before and returned to make a call and see what kind of furniture the new tenants had.
"Yes," her hostess replied; "we've cleaned it up."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Very Short Indeed.
Bill—What would you call a short acquaintance?
Jill—Why, Gill; I tried to borrow a quarter from him, and he didn't have it.—Yonkers Statesman.