



"King Oscar is, it can be said, without a mistake, the most brilliant, intelligent royal man in Europe; a poet, a writer, a painter, an orator, a linguist, democratic in manners, with a flawless graciousness, a commanding presence, perfectly knowing the modern liberal ideas prevailing among the masses, and yet with all his studied and natural democracy, appearing the king, the born ruler."

So wrote the late M. de Blowitz, "the London Times' ambassador to Europe." In estimating King Oscar II. of Sweden, and to much the same effect has written almost every one who has sought to describe the personality of "the most accomplished sovereign in Europe."

Not only is King Oscar accomplished, talented and learned, but he is likewise in the highest degree popular throughout Sweden, while in Norway itself, despite the renunciation of his rule by the Norwegians, the king is greatly respected for his characteristics as a man.

The estimation in which Oscar is held by the Norwegians was clearly indicated by the language of the Storting in its declaration of the dissolution of the dual kingdom. This document concludes as follows: "The Storting

ventures to express the confident hope that what has been done will turn out to be for the good of all as well as of your Majesty, for whose person the Norwegian people will retain their high respect and devotion."

The sovereign who is thus at the same time both deposed and venerated has, almost from the date of his accession to the crown in 1872, been a commanding figure among the royalties of Europe. Now in his seventy-sixth year, he has been for three decades a ruler who has won admiration for his qualities as an individual.

Of towering stature, with a handsome and mobile face and a noble and intellectual head, this descendant of Napoleon's marshal, Bernadotte, founder of the dynasty, possesses a manner both of extraordinary fascination and entire simplicity and unaffectedness.

Oscar is a man not only of the highest cultivation and natural ability, but of the widest liberality in view and sympathy. He sees life from no narrow view point, and his interests are remarkably varied and diverse. He is both a king and a democrat, a student and a man of affairs, a poet and an administrator.

AN UNEXPECTED BANQUET.

During the summer of 1903 Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., Dillon Wallace and a half-breed Cree Indian, who proved himself a hero, started to explore the Labrador wilds. This purpose was only partially carried out. Winter came on long before Hubbard was ready to turn back, the provisions were exhausted, game was scarce. On the journey to the coast Hubbard was taken ill, and perished of starvation while his companions were in search of aid. Wallace had found some provisions which had been thrown aside on the inland trip, and had returned within a few hundred feet of Hubbard's tent, but could not find it. In "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" Mr. Wallace tells something of their hardships:

Despite the steady gnaw at the pit of our stomachs, we had cut down our meals to the minimum amount of food that would keep us alive. For nearly two weeks we had been the prisoners of a relentless storm. All of us felt we had entered on a race against starvation.

While we were nearing the shore we sighted three little ducklings bobbing up and down in the tumbling waves, and repeatedly diving. They were too far off to reach with a pistol, and Hubbard took his rifle. It seemed almost like attacking a fly with a cannon, but with our thoughts on food, none of us was impressed with the incongruity then.

After Hubbard fired, one of the ducklings turned over. We paddled to it

with feverish haste, and found that it had been stunned by a ball that had barely grazed its bill. It was a lucky shot, for if the bullet had gone through the duckling's body there would have been little left to eat.

The next day we floundered on through marshes and swamps. We caught no fish and killed no game. George, with his pack and rifle, was in advance, and Hubbard and I followed his track through the snow. In the distance we heard a bang! then, bang! bang! three shots in all. Presently we came upon George's pack near the little lake, and waited for him to appear.

He had killed two geese. While waiting for them to cook, George cut from the necks a piece of skin and fat for each of us. These we warmed on the end of a stick, taking great care not to heat them enough to permit a single drop of the oil to escape from the fat; then, half-raw as they were, we ate them greedily, and found them delicious. It is really wonderful how much happiness that bit of game brought us. As we were drinking the broth we freely admitted that never before had we sat down to such a banquet.

WHAT THE SIMPLON MEANS.

The New Tunnel Will Efface a Romantic and Historical Path.

But the piercing of the Simplon will, unhappily, bring with it the final effacement of one of the most romantic and grandly historical paths in human expedition—the closing curtain in the most picturesque drama Europe has afforded. The Napoleonic spectacle was full of surprises; its argument nar-

rates the complications of society and war; its complexities detail the enthrallment of personal magnetism and force.

The superbly built road over the Alps has remained one of the most fascinating diversions for the thoughtful tourist, and has been fraught with memorable experiences. From the moment of embarkation in the yellow diligence, when the whip was cracked over the heads of the post horses at Brieg, until the arrival in the gorge of the Gondo at Iselle, it was a continuously unfolding tableau of grandeur and charm. The overture had begun back in the Rhone Valley with the castles of Sion and Sierre, the towers of Loeche, and Martigny, at the foot of the Great St. Bernard. But when the ascension of the Simplon began it became a long series of windings through fortified defiles leading around terrifying abysses and through the wildest of mountain recesses. One was awed by the splendor and stirred with conflicting emotions. It was indeed a refuge—the hospice of the Augustine monks. Who that has experienced it will ever forget the welcoming hospitality of the four secluded brethren in that desolate spot?—Century.

Merely the Morning After.

Guest (to bell boy)—Is this a fountain?

Bell Boy—No, sir; this is a hotel. That thumping you hear is on the inside of your head.—Detroit Free Press.

In human effort, fishing stands out prominently, as giving the least results as compared with the time and work involved.

OLD Favorites

The Dying Gladiator.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the blood-stained circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure—wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low.
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swains around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There was his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday;
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!
—Lord Byron.

How Sleep the Brave!

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Then Honor comes—a pilgrim grey—
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell—a weeping hermit—there!
—William Collins.

FOREIGN NEWS GATHERING.

Four Great Agencies Formally Cover the Happenings of the World.

Annually the members gather in general convention in New York and elect a board of directors of fifteen members. By common consent, the members of this board are chosen from different parts of the country, so that each important division is represented. They are trained newspaper men, who bring to the discharge of their duties an intimate knowledge of the business and a high sense of responsibility. The board of directors in turn elect a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and general manager, an assistant secretary and assistant general manager, and a treasurer, and designate from their own number five members to serve as an executive committee.

The world at large is divided, for the purpose of news-gathering, among four great agencies. The Reuter Telegraph Company, Ltd., of London, gathers and distributes news in Great Britain and all her colonies, China, Japan and Egypt. The Continental Telegraphen Compagnie of Berlin, popularly known as the Wolff Agency, performs a like office in the Teutonic, Slav and Scandinavian countries; and the Agence Havas of Paris operates in the Latin nations. The field of the Associated Press includes the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Central America, as well as the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Each of these agencies has a representative in the offices of the others. Thus the Associated Press bureau in London adjoins the Reuter offices. The telegrams to the Reuter company are written on manifold sheets by the telegraph and cable companies, and copies are served simultaneously to the Associated Press bureau, the Wolff representative, the Havas men, and the Reuter people. A

like arrangement obtains in Paris, Berlin and New York, so that in each of these cities the whole panorama of the day's happenings passes under the eyes of representatives of each of the four agencies.

But the scheme is much more elaborate than even this arrangement would indicate. Operating as tributary to the great agencies are a host of minor agencies—virtually one such smaller agency for each of the nations of importance. Thus in Italy the Stefani Agency, with headquarters in Rome, gathers and distributes the news of Italy. It is the official agency, and to it the authorities give exclusively all governmental information. It is controlled by Italians, but a large minority of its shares are owned by the Agence Havas of Paris, and it operates in close alliance with the latter organization.

Thus, if a fire should break out in Milan, the "Secolo," the leading newspaper of that city, would instantly telegraph a report of it to the Stefani Agency at Rome. Thence it would be telegraphed to all of the other Italian papers, and copies of the "Secolo's" message would also be handed to the representatives, in the Stefani headquarters, of the Reuter, Wolff, Havas and the Associated Press agencies.

In like fashion, if the fire should happen in Chicago, the Associated Press would receive its report, transmit it to the American papers, and furnish copies to the representatives of the foreign agencies stationed in the New York office of the Associated Press.

Of the minor agencies the most important are the Fabri Agency of Madrid, the Norsky Agency of Christiania, the Swiss Agency of Bern, the Svensky Agency of Stockholm, the Correspondenz Bureau of Vienna, the Commercial Agency of St. Petersburg, and the Agence Baleanique of Sofia.

But the Associated Press is not content to depend wholly upon these official agencies. It maintains its own bureaus in all the important capitals, and reports the more prominent events by its own men, who are Americans and familiar with American newspaper methods. These foreign representatives are drawn from the ablest men in the service, and the offices they fill are obviously of great responsibility. They must be qualified by long training in the journalistic profession, by familiarity with a number of languages, and by a presence and bearing which will enable them to mingle with men of the highest station in the countries to which they are accredited.—From Melville E. Stone's "The Associated Press" in the Century.

OCTOPUS UNCANNY THING.

Cuttlefish Have Been Found with a Reach of Thirty-eight Feet.

Of all the big game of the deep sea that have been taken by man the cuttlefishes are the most diabolical in shape and general appearance. I have handled and measured one that was 38 feet in length, a weird, spiderlike creature with two antennae-like arms 30 feet in length. Specimens of these animals have been caught 70 feet in length, the captors fighting them with an ax, cutting the arms which seized and held the boat.

Off the coasts of California and Alaska there is a deep sea ally of this animal—a big spiderlike octopus that haunts the deep banks, preying upon the fishes most esteemed by fishermen. It is found off the Farralones on rock bottom and at times the fishermen haul in their lines thinking that they have fouled a stone or rock so heavy is the weight, but when the surface is reached long, livid arms shoot above the water, seize the boat and the men are forced to fight with knives and hatchets the weird, uncanny game that has a radial spread of 30 feet, its eight sucker-lined arms being 15 feet in length and possessed of extraordinary power. A specimen taken off the Island of San Clemente had a spread of about 20 feet and gave the boatman a hard battle to sever its flying arms.

Nothing more diabolical can be conceived than this spiderlike giant of the deep sea, living among the rocks 600 and 1,000 feet below the surface. An individual of moderate size which I kept alive displayed the greatest pugnacity. The moment I approached it would literally hurl itself at my arm, winding its long tentacles about it in a manner suggestive of what a large individual might do. Indeed, Dr. A. S. Packard, professor of zoology at Brown University, says:

"An Indian woman at Victoria, Vancouver Island, in 1877 was seized and drowned by an octopus, probably of this species, while bathing on the shore. Smaller specimens on coral reefs sometimes seize collectors or natives and, fastening to them with their relentless suckered arms, tire and frighten to death the hapless victim."—Metropolitan Magazine.

An Aggravated Case.

"Dustin Stax strikes me as being purse proud," said one citizen.

"No. He doesn't bother about anything as small as a purse. He's national-bank proud."—Washington Star

Do you like to cause people to rubber?