

is allowed to be taken to the seats. The scenery and stage management were excellent; the play was well set and the acting was good.

Speaking of Ibsen, it is wonderful how proud these people are of him. He has a statue in the heart of Kristiania, his bust is in the art gallery and there are also several fine portraits of him belonging to the city. The poet is now well up in the seventies, and at present he is in poor health. He lives quietly and comfortably here in Kristiania.

Norway's New Ruler.

I saw the new ruler of Norway and Sweden while in Stockholm. It is now nine months since King Oscar withdrew from the government of the country and made Prince Gustaf, his eldest son, regent of the two kingdoms. The young man has been ruling well, and, so far as I can learn, he is popular in both Sweden and Norway. He is now 45 years old, and is at the beginning of his prime. He is a straight, tall, fine-looking fellow, martial and kingly in his bearing and possessed, it is said, of much of the ability of his father. He was married in 1881 to Princess Victoria, daughter of the grand duke of Baden, and he has three sons, so that the line is secure in his family.

The old king does not absolutely withdraw from the government, and he could, if he wished, resume the throne. He has been ruling Norway and Sweden since 1872, more than thirty-one years, and he is now 74.

The whole royal family of Sweden is democratic in its tendencies. King Oscar has visited every town in the country, and he knows all the leading men by sight, and many of them intimately. He goes about through Stockholm in ordinary dress, and often unaccompanied by attendants. He is accessible to almost any and there has been less red tape about his court than about any other in Europe.

His son is a little more stiff, but he is, I am told, a very good fellow nevertheless. He is more of a theorist and a dreamer than his father, and is not so literary or scientific.

I sat one night at the restaurant in Skansen, outside Stockholm within five feet of Prince Eugene, the youngest child of the king, who is now 28. He came into the restaurant with a party of friends and sat down perfectly at home in a crowd of 500. He had on a black hat, and both he and his companions kept on their hats as they ate. This was the custom of most of the men present, although many had ladies with them. I noticed the prince took a substantial meal, washing down his viands with a pint of 50 cent claret. When he left the room people rose and he took off his hat and walked through the crowd bare-headed. This prince spends most of his time painting, and is said to be the best painter in Sweden.

I have been stopping here in Kristiania at the same place with Prince Oscar Bernadotte and his family. In fact, they have rooms just across the hall from me, and they eat in the common dining room, sit in the common parlor and act quite like common people. Prince Oscar is the second son of the present king and his wife was Ebba Munck of Fulkilla. She has no royal blood in her veins and in order to marry her the prince had to renounce his right to the throne. He did so and is now known as Oscar Bernadotte, taking the family name of his father. He has a beautiful wife and a very charming family.

The royal family of Sweden is a thrifty one. It has a civil list of very nearly a half million dollars from Norway and Sweden, and in addition the king has a little more than \$82,000 a year from the fund voted to King Carl XIV and his successors. At the same time his majesty has palaces both in the city and country, in Sweden and Norway, and he owns stock in many undertakings. Among other things he is interested in a brewery and I am told that the royal beer is always served at the royal luncheons.

I visited one of King Oscar's palaces on an island in Lake Malar, going through a score or more of great rooms covered with gold and carvings, floored with tiles or mosaic and walled with impossible pictures of the kings and queens of the past.

Later on I strolled through the grounds and tried to enter a tower where I was told the king often came to drink after-dinner coffee and look at the view. The place looked like a restaurant, and, king-like, I wanted to drink coffee, too, and feast on the view. I was kept out, however, by a lady, who told me she had rented that tower of his majesty for her summer residence and would permit no trespassing.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Irish Change of Heart

A pretty story illustrative of the change of feeling which has come over the Irish peasant toward the king since the recent royal visit appears in the English press. Two London journalists on their way from Dublin to Cork accosted a shaggy, farmer-looking native at a Queen's County station with the words: "Well, Pat, what do you think of the king of England now?" "King of England, is it?" replied the Irishman, and there stole over his face an inimitable expression of drollery as he went on in a stage whisper: "Sure, avic, ye'll want a

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viceroys over there, I'm thinkin'. Himself an' herself are not goin' back to yez at all!" Another quaint anecdote of the same epoch-making trip comes from Galway. An old dame in that "city of the Tribes" who had spoken with the king was questioned as to what she thought of his majesty. She delivered herself of a long and enthusiastic eulogy to the effect that "Edward I of Ireland" was a "grand man entirely," closing with the remark that she had "only wan thriffling fault to find with him." And what was the fault? "Och, sure, they kept the poor man so long in the Phaynix Park beyant that they have him talkin' with a strong Dublin accent!" —New York Tribune.

Command Was Moved

After it had been settled that the command was to be moved from one post to another an inquisitive citizen asked an officer how it was planned to do it.

"The orders from headquarters are for the men to march," was the reply.

"Pretty long march under the circumstances, isn't it?" was asked.

"O, yes; but I guess they can stand it."

"The cavalry has a little the best of it, then?"

"Well, hardly. The cavalry marches, too."

"But the horses—"

"O, the orders are to ship the horses and march the men."

"The horses ride and the men walk."

"Certainly. That's the usual way."

"But why should—"

"A new horse would cost the government money," interrupted the officer.

A Bachelor's Reflections

It is as hard for a man to remember an old love affair as for a woman to forget it.

A woman would laugh at a section of the constitution if you told it to her as the latest joke.

A woman always has an idea that if her husband parted his hair differently he would have more brains.

When the average man sets out to economize and saves a nickel he feels so elated over it that he celebrates it by spending \$2.5.—New York Press.

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