

AROUND THE WORLD WITH WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun, is Full of Beautiful and Majestic Scenery and is the Most Democratic Country in All Europe, Having No Titled Class Among Its Citizenship

BERGEN, Norway, June 29.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Norway was so full of attractions at the time of our visit that I am at a loss to know in what order to treat them. As those things which are permanent will interest a larger number than the transient ceremonies attending the crowning of a new king, I shall give preference to the most distinguishing feature of Norway, that which has been interwoven with her name, viz, the midnight sun.

Owing to its accessibility and to the fact that its climate is moderated by the influence of the gulf stream, the coast of upper Norway furnishes the best opportunity which Europeans have to mount the Arctic merry-go-round and view the sun through the whole nightless day. It is a weird experience, this passing from day to day without intervening darkness, and one returns from it somewhat exhausted, for the light tempts him to encroach upon the hours of sleep.

The North Cape, the northernmost point of the continent of Europe, is usually the destination of the tourist, but it is not necessary to go so far to see all that there is worth seeing. There are several towns above the Arctic circle where for several weeks the sun never sinks in the horizon. At Bodo, which is but little more than a day's ride by boat from Trondhjem, the sun is visible at midnight from May 30 to July 11. At Hammerfest, which is the terminus of some of the steamboat lines, and which claims to be the northernmost town in the world, the sun does not set between May 13 and July 28, while at Tromso, not quite so far north as Hammerfest, the inhabitants have but ten days less of midnight sun.

We stopped at Svolvær, one of the chief fishing stations of the Lofoden islands, nearly 200 miles north of the Arctic circle. We arrived about seven in the evening, and even before reaching there would have seen the sun but for a bank of clouds behind which it passed at about 11:30 on the previous night. Svolvær nestles at the foot of some snow-crowned peaks which shut out the northern horizon, and it is necessary to go out into the open sea or to climb a mountain to get an unimpeded view. With our usual good luck we found an English-speaking Norwegian who had studied in the United States, and with him to direct us, we spent a memorable night among the islands.

Sailing Through Scenery

The channel to the north, known as Raftsund, is one of the most picturesque along the entire coast, and the Troldfjord, which leads from it through a rockbound gorge to the outlet of a famous mountain lake, is not surpassed in rugged grandeur. Troldfjord deserves to be described by a poet, for prose cannot do it justice. If any of my readers have ever passed through the Royal Gorge in southern Colorado they may understand me when I say that Troldfjord is a Royal Gorge with its walls widened to a quarter of a mile and lengthened to a mile, and the space between them filled with transparent sea, whose surface perfectly mirrors every rock and shrub. At the upper end of the fjord is a majestic cascade, the dashing, splashing, foaming outlet of the lake 200 feet above. Our launch ceased its throbbing and floated swanlike on the bathosless water, while we feasted our eyes on a picture so beautiful that darkness hesitates to draw a curtain over its charms.

The mountain, Digermulken, selected as an observation point, by its height, and not far from the Troldfjord. I cannot give its height, but when I gazed at it before the ascent I put it at 500 or 600 feet; after ascending it I am satisfied that it is a thousand. We timed our trip so as to reach the top at midnight, slaking our thirst from the snowbanks along the trail, and it was the fault of the clouds that we did not see the orb of day—at this season and in this latitude he is orb of night as well—as he reached the lowest point; but they were kind to us a little later, for through a rift in them we saw the face of old Sol—just large enough to be sure that he, like ourselves, was up for all night. Even though the clouds concealed the sun at the witching hour of midnight, the light was the light of day, and I had no difficulty in reading a paper (which truth as well as loyalty to my own publication compels me to say was the Commoner). The fact that we almost missed seeing the sun at all leads me to remark that many make the entire trip without catching a glimpse of it. We were informed that an excursion steamer had gone to the North Cape and back in mist and rain just a few days before. It had occurred to us in planning our visit to Norway that cloudy weather had to be taken into consideration, but we found that clear nights are the exception rather than the rule, especially during the latter part of the season.

Center of God Fishery

Svolvær is a quiet place in summer, but during January, February and March its little harbor is full of fishing smacks, for 20,000 men fish in the waters of the Lofoden islands. Cod is the principal fish taken and cod-liver oil is one of the chief products of the islands. Immense quantities of dried fish are shipped to southern Europe, while the fresh and salted fish find a market in the British Isles and Germany.

If one desires to see merely fjords, glaciers, lakes and mountain streams, the southern part of Norway offers a sufficient variety of each. Bergen, the principal city on the west coast, the second city in the country and a former member of the Hanseatic league, is the seaport of this northern Switzerland. With the Sogne fjord on the north, Hardanger fjord on the south and west and a chain of lakes almost connecting the two, one can see every variety of scenery in a three days' trip around Bergen. As we had but two days to spend there, we had to miss the northern fjord, but Hardanger, the twenty-one mile ride across the mountains and the railroad from Voss back to Bergen furnished such a wealth of scenery that another day could hardly have added much to our enjoyment.

Taking a boat at Bergen, we devoted eleven hours to winding about through Hardanger fjord, and every moment presented some new attraction. These fjords seem to have been formed by a convulsion that opened great cracks in the mountains which line the coast of Norway. In some places the shores are precipitous cliffs reaching from the water upwards for hundreds of feet, but for most of the way the banks slope back and are covered with stunted pines and undergrowth. Scattered all along the way are innumerable cascades and waterfalls, varying in width from a few inches to many feet. At one place we counted eleven of these in sight at one time, and we were never out of hearing of their music. Some of them are harnessed to little sawmills. At one point the boat halted within a few hundred yards of a great glacier which is crawling down a mountain gorge and from whose mouth, as from a fountain, gushed a ceaseless stream. For ages this mass of ice has been slowly moving down from the mountains, and every day tons upon tons melt and disappear, but its losses at its base are made good at its top, and it lives on like the human race, ever dying and yet ever young.

Not a Farmer's Paradise

Disembarking at Elde, we took a four hours' carriage ride, following a mountain stream to its source, crossing the range at an elevation of a thousand feet and descending along another stream to the lake upon which the village of Voss is situated. From this point a scenic railroad, which passes through fifty-two tunnels in seventy miles, took us back to Bergen.

As might be gathered from what has already been said, Norway does not impress the tourist as a farmer's paradise, although agriculture is first among her industries. The farms, as seen from the routes of travel, seem very diminutive and are usually triangular in form and look like wedges inserted in the cracks of the mountains. Occasionally a valley is broad enough to invite the cultivation of a level piece of land—and the invitation was long ago accepted. Potatoes grow well in Norway and are of excellent flavor. On the coast boats they furnished the staple, and sometimes almost the only vegetable, although the bill of fare often included seven different kinds of fish, nearly as many varieties of cold meat, as well as many brands of cheese, besides white, brown and black bread.



KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY.

Rye, barley and wheat are grown in the southern districts, and grass everywhere. Owing to the frequent showers and the long days of summer, grass grows very rapidly, but as it is difficult to cure if the people have adopted a plan which looks peculiar to foreigners. They build frames that look like sections of a fence and the green hay is hung upon the boards or wire, as the case may be. The lower rows are protected from the rain by the upper one, and the air has access to all of it.

About three hours' drive from Bergen there is a little wooded island on which the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, built a summer home where he was wont to retire at the conclusion of his tours and where at last he died. He was not only a great admirer of American institutions and of the American people in general, but he married an American, and his daughter returns to Norway every year to celebrate May 17, Norway's Independence day, at her father's home and with her father's countrymen. The daughter is one of the many connecting links between the two countries, and by her invitation, extended through our consul, Mr. Cunningham, we had the privilege of visiting this historic spot. We were glad to do so, because Ole Bull was not only one of the great musicians of the last century, but he was one of the greatest democrats that Norway has

produced—a democrat not in a partisan sense, but in that broader sense in which it describes one who believes in the people, trusts them and labors for their welfare.

There are many public men in Norway worthy of mention, but space forbids an enumeration of them. There is, however, a relic of great historic interest to which I must devote a line. It is the Viking ship, a thousand years old, now on exhibition at Christiania. It was dug up twenty-five years ago and is fairly well preserved. It gives one an idea of the ships used by those early seamen of the north whose daring exploits make fiction seem tame.

It so happened that we arrived in Norway just in time to attend the coronation of King Haakon II, and we had our first opportunity to see royalty on parade. The new king is a son of the king of Denmark, and his wife, Queen Maud, is daughter of the king of England. When, last year, Norway withdrew from her union with Sweden, the crown was offered to a son of King Oscar, but the offer was refused, and it is probably not too much to say that the Norwegians expected it to be refused, but they wanted to show that the separation was not due to antagonism to the reigning house. It was then tendered to the son of King Frederick and accepted. I shall speak later of the circumstances which explain this selection; it is sufficient at present

Late Squeal of an Old Scalp Lifter

Geronimo Makes an Attack on the Military Record of General Crook

AMONG northern Indians, hostile or peaceful, General George Crook was esteemed a brave and truthful soldier. When called out to pursue and punish marauding bands, or in accepting the sage of battle from Indians on the warpath, the intrepid "White Cloud," as the Indians named him, performed the task with such vigor and effectiveness that one experience was enough for the hostiles. At the council fire he was equally effective in palaver, but when an agreement was made in writing or by word, General Crook stood by it, even though good faith imperilled his command. How many agreements with Indians were made by him during his campaigns on the western frontier it would be hard to say. They probably are unnumbered. If any one of them was broken by General Crook the fact was not asserted during his lifetime. On the contrary, his good faith and kindness in dealing with the Indians occasioned much criticism from the very large class who believed that the only good Indian was a dead one.

It would be surprising, therefore, if one did not consider the source, to find the charge of treachery and falsehood lodged against the soldierly record of General Crook. The author of the charge is the Apache chief, Geronimo, the untamed man-killer and unrepentant savage, who has been induced to put in book form the story of Apache wars in the southwest. Several chapters of the story are printed in the New York Herald. Those relating to the campaigns of Generals Crook and Miles are here reproduced:

"In the summer of 1883 a rumor was current that the officers were again planning to imprison our leaders. This rumor served to revive the memory of all our past wrongs—the massacre in the tent at Apache Pass, the fate of Mangus-Colorado, and my own unjust imprisonment, which might easily have been death to me. Just at this time we were told that the officers wanted us to come up the river above Geronimo to a fort (Fort Thomas) to hold a council with them. We did not believe that any good could come of this conference, or that there was any need of it, so we held a council ourselves and, fearing treachery, decided to leave the reservation. We thought it more manly to die on the warpath than to be killed in prison.

"There were in all about two hundred and fifty Indians, chiefly the Bedonkobe and Nedni Apaches, led by myself and Whoa. We went through Apache Pass, and just west of there had a fight with the United States troops. In this battle we killed three soldiers and lost none.

"We went on toward Old Mexico, but on the second day after this United States soldiers overtook us about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and we fought until dark. The ground where we were attacked was very rough, which was to our advantage, for the troops were compelled to dismount in order to fight us. I do not know how many soldiers we killed, but we lost only one warrior and three children. We had plenty of guns and ammunition at this time. Many of the guns and much ammunition we had accumulated while living in the reservation, and the remainder we had obtained from the White Mountain Apaches when we left the reservation.

"The troops did not follow us any longer, so we went south almost to Casa Grande and camped in the Sierra de Sanaripa mountains. We ranged in the mountains of Old Mexico for about a year, then returned to San Carlos, taking with us a herd of cattle and horses.

"Soon after we arrived at San Carlos the officer in charge, General Crook, took the horses and cattle away from us. I told him that these were not white men's cattle, but belonged to us, for we had taken them from the Mexicans during our wars. I also told him that we did not intend to kill these animals, but that we wished to keep them for our stock on our range. He would not listen to me, but took the stock. I went up near Fort Apache and General

Crook ordered officers, soldiers and scouts to see that I was arrested. If I offered resistance they were instructed to kill me.

"This information was brought to me by the Indians. When I learned of this proposed action I left for Old Mexico, and about four hundred Indians went with me. They were the Bedonkobe, Chokonen and Nedni Apaches. At this time Whoa was dead, and Nalche was the only chief with me. We went south into Sonora and camped in the mountains. Troops followed us, but did not attack us until we were camped in the mountains west of Casa Grande. Here we were attacked by government Indian scouts. One boy was killed and nearly all of our women and children were captured.

"After this battle we went south of Casa Grande and made a camp, but within a few days this camp was attacked by Mexican soldiers. We skirmished with them all day, killing a few Mexicans, but sustaining no loss ourselves.

"That night we went east into the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains and made another camp. Mexican troops trailed us, and after a few days attacked our camp again. This time the Mexicans had a very large army, and we avoided a general engagement. It is senseless to fight when you cannot hope to win.

"That night we held a council of war; our scouts had reported bands of United States and Mexican troops at many points in the mountains. We estimated that about two thousand soldiers were ranging these mountains seeking to capture us.

"General Crook had come down into Mexico with the United States troops. They were camped in the Sierra de Antonez mountains. Scouts told me that General Crook wished to see me and I went to his camp. When I arrived General Crook said to me, 'Why did you leave the reservation?' I said: 'You told me that I might live in the reservation the same as white people lived. One year I raised a crop of corn, and gathered and stored it, and the next year I put in a crop of oats, and when the crop was almost ready to harvest you told your soldiers to put me in prison, and if I resisted to kill me. If I had been let alone I would now have been in good circumstances, but instead of that you and the Mexicans are hunting me with soldiers.' He said: 'I never gave any such orders; the troops at Fort Apache, who spread this report, knew that it was untrue.' Then I agreed to go back with him to San Carlos.

"It was hard for me to believe him at that time. Now I know that what he said was untrue, and I firmly believe that he did issue the orders for me to be put in prison or to be killed in case I offered resistance.

"We started with all our tribe to go with General Crook back to the United States, but I feared treachery and concluded to remain in Mexico. We were not under any guard at this time. The United States troops marched in front and the Indians followed, and when we became suspicious we turned back. I do not know how far the United States army went after myself and some warriors turned back before we were missed, and I do not care.

"I have suffered much from such unjust orders as those of General Crook. Such acts have caused much distress to my people. I think that General Crook's death was sent by the Almighty as a punishment for the many evil deeds he committed.

"Soon General Miles was made commander of all the western posts, and troops trailed us continually. They were led by Captain Lawton, who had good scouts. The Mexican soldiers also became more active and more numerous. We had skirmishes almost every day, and so we finally decided to break up into small bands. With six men and four women I made for the range of mountains near Hot Springs, New Mexico. We passed many cattle ranches, but had no trouble with the cowboys. We killed cattle to eat whenever we were in need of food, but we frequently suffered greatly for water.

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to say that the new king is a sober, earnest, sensible looking young man of about 35 and seems to have made a very favorable impression upon the Norwegian people.

By the courtesy of Minister Graves, who represents our country at Stockholm, and who, our minister to Norway not having received his appointment in time, was our nation's special ambassador to attend the coronation, we received invitations to the coronation ceremonies and were presented at court. While the newspaper reports of the coronation may rob what I am about to say of its freshness as news, I shall venture to describe what we saw, begging the reader's indulgence if I betray a lack of familiarity with the technical phrases employed on such occasions.

The coronation took place at Trondhjem, the former capital, a city situated on one of the numerous fjords that indent the western coast. The building selected for the occasion was the Gothic cathedral, the largest in Scandinavia, which was commenced in the eleventh and completed in the fourteenth century. It is a historic building and belonged to the bishopric of which Iceland was a part before America was discovered by Columbus. The cathedral has suffered from several fires, and a part of it was in ruins for three centuries. It is now sufficiently restored to furnish a larger audience room than is to be found in most cities of the size. Under the dome a circular space was left for the royal party, while the visitors were seated, the foreign representatives nearest the center, on raised seats in the nave and transepts. A broad aisle was left, extending from the entrance through the center to the chapel at the other end.

Lutheran Ministers at Ceremony

Just before time for the king to arrive, a company of white-robed Lutheran priests marched from the chapel to the door, and a stalwart body of men they were. They marched back at the head of the procession, the king following, his crimson, ermine-lined robe trailing many feet behind—or it would have trailed but for the fact that it was carried by four attendants. The king was accompanied by several officers and followed by the standard-bearer, holding aloft the royal banner. Then came the queen, wearing a robe similar to the king's, but it only required three attendants to keep its folds from the floor. She was attended by three maids of honor. The king and queen were escorted to thrones on opposite sides of the aisle, and the representatives of royal families occupied seats next to them. The prince of Wales sat nearest the queen, next to him Prince Henry of Germany, and the American ambassador next. Near the king sat Denmark's representative, then Russia's, and next to him the representative from France. There was gold braid galore; some of the foreign representatives had enough on their clothes to put the sultan of Sulu to shame. I never before saw so much gold, and I have been wondering since whether there may not be a new yellow peril of which our financiers have little dreamed. Our representatives used less of this ornamentation (they all wore military uniforms) than those of any other country, and the question arises, what is going to become of the honest dollar if, with the spread of the ideas of a republic, the amount of gold braid is decreased and a vast quantity of gold is poured through the mints into the volume of the world's currency. It might so enlarge the volume of money as to make the money changers clamor for the demonetization of gold, and then the silverites would be called gold bugs for insisting upon the free and unlimited coinage of gold!

Cantata Written by Pastor

After some excellent music, instrumental and vocal, a member of the clergy ascended a pulpit not far from the king and queen and delivered an earnest address. He was a typical Norwegian, powerful of frame and strong of face—such as we might imagine one of the Viking chiefs to have been. Then there was more music, and it may interest the readers to know that all the music was prepared for the occasion, the words of the cantata being by the pastor of the church and the hymns being written in the language of the peasants. Finally the king arose, proceeded down the aisle to the chapel, and, kneeling, received from the bishop the insignia of office, the crown being placed upon his head, a gold chain about his neck, a sceptre in one hand and a golden globe in the other. As soon as he returned to the throne the queen advanced to the chapel and was likewise invested, and then the premier, Mr. Michelson, proposed a salute to the king and queen. The people responded with earnestness and the exercises were concluded.

I do not expect to witness another coronation, and it will be some satisfaction to remember that the first and only one attended was that of a king whom the people of their own accord selected; for if there is anything more democratic than a republican form of government it is the fundamental principle that the people have a right to have whatever form of government they desire. Jefferson emphasized this doctrine when the people of France called Napoleon to the throne, and it has Bible sanction as well, for when the children of Israel still demanded a king even after Samuel explained what a king would do, he was told to let them have their way.

The next day we put on our best clothes and joined the line that passed before the king and queen. It was not a very satisfying experience, but it is worth something to know how such things are done, and, I may add, the more an American sees of it the more he appreciates the simplicity of public life in his own country.

Norway is Democratic

Norway, in spite of the choosing of a king, is the most democratic country in northern Europe. She has no nobility, confers no titles and had to go outside of her own realm to find one of royal birth. She had her kings and princes in the early days, but one Norwegian statesman explained to us that when they lost their privileges they emigrated to America and went to farming. The choice of a Dane was not strange, if a king was to be chosen from without, for Norway was united with Denmark for more than three centuries, and there has always been a friendly feeling between the two countries. It was expedient, too, under the circumstances, to offer the crown to the son of the Danish king, for this brought Norway's throne into kinship with the thrones of England and Russia, as well as with that of Denmark. In fact, the circumstances and the situation had a good deal to do with the four-to-one vote in favor of a monarchy. When it is remembered that Norway's paramount aim was to secure independence and that this might have been jeopardized by an attempt to establish a republic at the same time, it is really surprising that one-fifth of the people had the courage to vote to plant a republic amid surrounding monarchies. There are many in Norway who prefer a president to a king and who object to having two and a half millions of people taxed nearly \$200,000 a year to pay the salary of a kingly figurehead, but the monarchists reply that the king's position is purely ornamental and enables the government to maintain cordial relations with other European countries while the people govern themselves through the Storting. They point out that the king has much less power than our president. While this is true, they forget that a president elected by the people and holding office but four years can be trusted with more executive authority than an hereditary monarch. The Storting has absolute power, and as its members are elected by universal suffrage every three years, and as there is but the one parliamentary body, public sentiment finds prompt expression in the government. It can be truthfully said, therefore, that with the exception of the executive branch of the government, Norway is thoroughly democratic and that the influence of the king is reduced to a minimum.

Norway has a promising future. Her people are hardy and intelligent. Education has been compulsory for fifty years, and it is the country's boast that it spends more per capita on schools than any other country in Europe. Because of Norway's immense shipping interests she demanded a separate consular service, and it was the refusal of Sweden to consent to this that led to the separation. Now that her destiny is in the hands of her own people, much is to be expected of her. Her sons and daughters, those who have emigrated to America as well as those who have remained at home, prove to the world that it is possible for a people to acquire the refinements of civilization without losing their original strength and vigor.

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