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COUSIN-HUNTING IN SCANDINAVIA

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

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TO MY FRIEND

ELLA MAY ADAMS

PREFACE

As every one knows, the mother land of the American nation is England. But what is the *grandmother* land? A short glance at England's past will show that it is Scandinavia. Though the English people are exceedingly composite, there exists in them a very important Scandinavian strain. The Northern blood was contributed primarily by two great immigrations directly from Scandinavia, and one from Normandy, by people only a century and a half removed from Scandinavia; but it should be borne in mind also that the somewhat mysterious Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, whose continental home was in the peninsula of Jutland and about its base, must have borne a very close relationship to their contemporaries and neighbors to the north.

With the introduction of Scandinavian blood came Scandinavian manners and customs which made an impress upon the English population only recently recognized.

Of the various parts of Europe which contributed elements to the English people during their formative period, Scandinavia is the only one whose population has remained relatively pure and in the original home, unjostled and unmixed by foreign invasions. Thus it happens that the English people are more closely related to those of Scandinavia, in blood and in manners and customs, than they are

to the inhabitants of any other European country. Hence, Scandinavia is the *grandmother* land of the American people.

We know the English fairly well, but with the Scandinavians, who have more in common with us than any other Europeans except the English, our acquaintance is of the slightest. Books in plenty, descriptive of present-day Scandinavia, are in existence, but they somehow fail to present the Scandinavians as definite personalities. My aim in writing this narrative has been to introduce to my fellow Americans in as intimate manner as possible their Scandinavian kindred, who are still living in the ancient ancestral homestead—the Grandmother Land. In my efforts to establish a real acquaintance between the branch of the family which has wandered and that which has remained at home, I have purposely omitted the more conventional and more obvious part of my experiences in Scandinavia in order to give place and emphasis to the homely details which help to bring out the characteristics of the Scandinavians and their home land, and to show them as they really are.

In the preparation of this book I have received aid of various sorts from many people—so many that to list the names of all to whom I feel indebted would be a most perplexing undertaking. Consequently, I make only this general acknowledgment of obligation.

Mary Wilhelmine Williams.

2207 N. Charles Street,
Baltimore, Maryland,
May 28, 1916.

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CHAPTER I

THE ENTRANCE INTO SCANDINAVIA; COPENHAGEN

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK,
July 20, 191—

Dear Cynthia:

Here I am at last, all safe and sound, in the land of the Viking—the land of my ancestors. In fact, several days have passed since my wandering feet first touched Danish soil; but I have been so absorbed with my initial explorations of this snug little country, which is still "home" to my mother, that I have been neglecting my own home and friends in the dear Far Western World.

Last Friday morning I left Kiel for Korsör, which is upon Seeland, the largest island of Denmark. A glorious, cloudless sky was overhead; and the Baltic about us was a vast, shimmering, rippling liquid plain of changing blues and greens over which our boat, the *Prince Sigismund,* smoothly and rapidly passed. About two hours after leaving Germany I secured my first glimpse of Danish territory; Langeland (Long Land), with low, white

cliffs—modest imitations of Shakespeare's "pale and white-faced shore"—loomed up on the left. Our boat kept close enough to the island to give us a good view of the rolling coast, marked off in patches of light fields and dark forests, with here and there glimpses of quaint farm houses and windmills of the "Dutch" variety. To the right, faint and far away, was a misty suggestion of the cliffs of Laaland (Low Land), a larger island of the Danish archipelago; but so like Langeland did its vague outline appear as to seem the very ghost or double of it.

While we were still passing between these two southern outposts of Denmark, luncheon was announced. Some of the passengers promptly went below to the dining salon, but many had their refreshments served on little tables on the open deck. I was among the latter. Most of the people about me were evidently Germans going to Denmark or Danes or other Scandinavians returning home after visits of business or pleasure in Germany. To them it was a voyage frequently made, and they preferred the deck to the dining salon merely because it was pleasanter. But to me, an American of Scandinavian parentage, it was such a very important occasion that I was determined to see as much as possible, during this first view, of the land in which, for centuries—for thousands of years—my forefathers and foremothers had lived and died.

The part of the Baltic which separates the island of Fünen from the island of Seeland, upon which Copenhagen is situated, is called by the Danes "Store Baelt"—the Great Belt. As I have told you, for my crossing, the waters of the Great Belt rippled charmingly under the gentle stroke of the summer

breeze; and the islands beckoned invitingly to the front and the left and the right. This seascape and landscape was as different as possible from the mental picture which the name Great Belt had long summoned to my mind. Since studying Scandinavian history I had most frequently thought of the strait as heavily bridged with ice, and of the Danish islands as paralyzed under the dominion of the Frost King. For this was the state of affairs one February day two hundred and fifty odd years ago. And the bridge of ice was so strong and so thick as to tempt Charles X of Sweden—who had been recently moved to make a belligerent call upon his nearest neighbor to the south—to march several thousand horse and foot soldiers over the bridge, via the smaller islands to the right hand, and to threaten the Danish capital. In consequence of the Swedish king's pressing attentions, Frederick III of Denmark, who had been to a considerable extent to blame for the quarrel, decided to buy peace by means of the treaty of Roskilde. This gave to the Swedes a half dozen Danish provinces, including some in the southern part of the present Sweden, which had long been Danish soil.

It soon became evident, however, that Charles intended to make use of the army which he maintained in Denmark for the purpose of wringing still further concessions from his humiliated neighbor. Naturally, Denmark did not agree to the new demands with the desired alacrity, and King Frederick declared that he would die like a bird in its nest rather than surrender to Charles. Whereupon the Swedish king vowed that he would wipe the Danish nest off the map, and soon had laid siege to Co-

penhagen. But the Danish people worked as one man and helped save their capital by hurling upon the enemy an avalanche of artillery fire, stones, and hot water. Much aid was also given to the Danes by the Dutch fleet, which slipped past the Swedish guns guarding the Sound to the north and arrived in time. Soon the tables were turned. The Swedes were defeated and driven out of the land, and in the end Denmark recovered some of the territory which she had lost. And little Denmark still stands, somewhat pared away, to be sure, in the course of the centuries by one enemy or another, but with the great heart of her—the most Danish part—still intact and still beating, an independent nation of busy, healthy, happy people.

While I was still meditating upon Charles X's crossing of the Great Belt and the exciting events which followed, the *Prince Sigismund* slipped swiftly into the harbor of Korsör, a place rimmed with low-built, cosy-looking houses. As soon as we landed, a giant in buttons and bars "shooed" us into the customs house. He was a giant of the harmless, friendly sort, and as soon as the inspection of my baggage was over he hunted up a porter for me. The porter was a blond, guileless-appearing individual, possessed of astonishingly modest ideas of his own worth. He weighed my trunk and put it on the Copenhagen train, carried my two suit cases to an "ikke-röge" (smoking not allowed) compartment of the same train, and then announced the charge for his services to be ten öre—less than three cents!

The train which I boarded, like most passenger trains in Europe, was divided into compartments for

accommodating about six people, each compartment opening into a narrow corridor running the whole length of the car. The compartment in which I rode was third class, but it was very clean and was quite satisfactory for a short journey. The seats were not upholstered, but they were more comfortable than the average church pew. On the walls were several attractive photographic views of Danish landscapes, and a map of Denmark. There was also the customary notice prohibiting spitting upon the floor. My only companions in the compartment were a rosy-cheeked Danish mother and two chubby, blue-eyed little boys. Each of the little chaps had a tiny shovel and a tin bucket, still bearing traces of sand. They had evidently spent the day at the beach.

As the train rolled placidly along, I had pleasant glimpses of Seeland through the car window. The otherwise monotonous level of the land was broken by the variety of color and form: there was a constant alternation of dark forests and light fields, of thatched-roof farm houses and huge windmills; and occasionally there appeared men and women cultivating the crops. Now and then we passed through a town, and in one of them, Roskilde, I obtained a view of the spires of the fine old cathedral towering above the tops of the trees clustering around it, and far above the broad red-tiled roofs of the houses in the foreground. I shall visit Roskilde upon my return.

Soon we were at our destination. It took just two hours to pass from Korsör to Copenhagen—to cross Denmark's largest island; and the fare which I paid was the equivalent of eighty-five cents in American

money—about one-third of what it would have been if I had come first class. To an American used to the long transcontinental journey in her own land, Denmark seems so very, very tiny.

As you doubtless know, I have cousins in Copenhagen, but I did not write to them of my intended visit because I wished to make my first acquaintance with Denmark's capital by independent exploration; therefore, at the Central Station I took a drosky for a hotel. And at the hotel I secured a comfortable room, supplied with a generous portion of windows and furnished in blues and greens and browns blended according to Danish ideas of the artistic. My exploration of Copenhagen began with my bed-room. I wish that you could see my bed and my stove, Cynthia; they are marvels to American eyes. The bed is a veritable mountain of feathers; whole flocks of geese must have contributed their substance toward its construction. Not only are there several strata of feather pillows upon which to lie, but the coverlet is also of down, puffy and fluffy, and of smothering thickness. At night I cast most of the components of the bed in a heap upon the floor, cap off the pile with the coverlet, and sleep in peace under the top sheet and the steamer rug which I purchased in New York. It is not a bad plan to carry along one's blankets when one is traveling.

When, as a child, you read the story of the "Princess and the Pea," didn't you feel that Andersen stretched the truth a little in his solemn assertion that the old queen put *twenty* mattresses on top of the pea, and *twenty* eider-down beds on top of the mattresses? I certainly did; but I doubt no longer.

Since, in these modern times, a hotel bed for plain folks contains the number and variety of mattresses and feather beds which mine does, I am willing to believe that in times past on an extraordinary occasion Denmark's queen used an *unlimited* quantity of downy layers in making up the royal "spare bed." Whether or not the true princess felt the pea through the forty-strata mountain is another question.

The Danes call heating apparatuses like the one in my room a "kakkelovn," and they show discrimination and taste in doing so; no such simple word as "stove" could adequately indicate the dignity and majesty of the structure which fills the corner of my room from floor almost to lofty ceiling. The edifice bears a striking resemblance to the picture of the Tower of Babel which appeared in the "Child's Bible" of my juvenile days. Though its proportions are slimmer, its general style is the same; a series of stories—each one slightly smaller than the one next below—mount ambitiously skyward. Far above my head is the summit, crowned with a shining nickel ornament, and near the base is a door opening into the fire-box. There is enough cast iron in the tower to make several fair-sized American heaters.

The days since my arrival have been so balmy that the giant stove has not been called upon for service; but I gladly warrant its efficiency, for it bears a strong family resemblance to a more modest-appearing structure called a "kachelofen," which kept my room in Germany comfortable last winter in the worst below-zero weather. These "kakkel" stoves are lined with brick and retain the heat remarkably well. They are a vast improvement upon

the English open-grate fire which permits one to freeze on one side while he roasts on the other.

On the very afternoon of my arrival, without even stopping to unpack my suit-case, I took a walk about Copenhagen. I just could not wait; all of the sights and sounds which came to me through my wide-open windows seemed to blend into one distinct personality and to call to me to come forth and become acquainted. Copenhagen has decidedly the most distinct personality that I have ever sensed in any city. This interesting capital seems very old and very wise, but not too old and not too wise to sympathize with youth and unwisdom. It is like an ancient lady with silvery hair and strongly-lined face, who yet has warm red blood pulsing through her heart and a merry twinkle in her blue eyes; a very charming dame, Cynthia, and altogether lovable. Once out upon the streets, moving along with the pedestrians, I felt quite at home. I was no longer a stranger in a strange land.

Perhaps the fact that familiar words met my ears was the chief element in my sense of homelikeness. My ability to understand Danish and to speak it—after a fashion—contributed much toward placing me upon a friendly basis toward Copenhagen. But the Copenhageners' knowledge of English was also a tremendous help. An astonishing proportion of the population speak English. Most of the younger half have studied it in the schools; and some have become acquainted with the language through residence in England or the United States. I promptly met one of the latter group. A short distance down the street I noticed some large red gooseberries of a variety which is edible raw. I have never seen

them in the United States, but became fond of them in Germany; so I wanted some. As I could not remember the Danish name for the fruit, I simply pointed to it and asked for ten öres' worth. While measuring out the berries, the salesman surprised me by asking, in good English, "What is the English name for these?" I told him, and he evidently promptly catalogued me as an American experimenting with the King's Danish; for he proceeded to remark that he had seen berries of somewhat similar appearance in "the States," where he had spent a few years. I replied that it was pleasant to find people in the shops who could speak English. "Sure!" said he, whereupon I was quite convinced that he had been in "the States."

Until the middle of the twelfth century the place which later became Denmark's capital was but a small fishing port. Facing, as it did, the Baltic, which was at the time infested by the piratical Wends, whose homes were on the southern shore, this portion of Seeland was very open to attack; and probably was also frequently a resort for sea-robbers. But a change came soon after the great warrior-priest, Axel—or Absalon, as he was later called—was made archbishop of Lund. This was in the stirring days of King Waldemar the Great, and the frontier bishop's office was far from a sinecure; repeatedly, Absalon interrupted services at the altar in order to seize the sword and to pursue the enemies of his land and his religion. And eventually the struggle ended by the conquest of the Wendish heathen and their conversion to Christianity. But before this, Copenhagen was founded. During his campaigns against the Wends, Absalon

strongly fortified the obscure little fishing port. At first the stronghold bore the name Axelshuus, or Absalon's House, but as time passed the important commercial town which grew up around it came to be called "Kiöbmaenshavn," which in Danish means "Merchants' Haven." Copenhagen is merely the English corruption of the modern Danish name, Kiöbenhavn.

The name of Bishop Absalon, as you see, is one which is written large in Danish history; and, in the long centuries which have passed since his day, Copenhagen has not forgotten his services. Close to the Island of the Castle, or Slotsholmen, on which once stood the fortress erected by him, is a conspicuous equestrian statue of Absalon; and on guard over the entrance to the new town hall, or Raadhuset, is another sculptured figure of the great Dane who went forth with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other.

But to my thinking, at least, Denmark's prehistoric past is of more interest than her early Christian history. Consequently, I went, the day after my arrival, to the National Museum. This is in the heart of the old Copenhagen, just opposite Slotsholmen. The building which houses the national collection was first erected in the seventeenth century; and it was rebuilt in 1744, as a residence for a Danish prince, for which reason it is still called "Prinsens Palais." About sixty years ago it was converted into a museum; and, though it is a homely old structure, the Prince's Palace is spacious and well lighted, and hence is well suited to its present use.

On the walls of the courtyard are memorial tab-

lets to Rasmus Nyerup and to Jens Jacob Asmussen Worsaae, the founder of Danish archæology. To see these tablets was like coming across mementoes of old friends; for Nyerup and Worsaae have done much toward making rough ways smooth and crooked paths straight for all who care to learn what the ancient Scandinavians were like. And within the vestibule of the building stands a marble bust of Christian Jürgensen Thomsen, the man to whom Denmark is most indebted for bringing together the collections exhibited in the museum.

But it is neither Nyerup, Worsaae, nor Thomsen to whom belongs the final credit for Denmark's preeminence in things archæological. That must go to the Danish people, whose unusual interest has been indispensable in making the national archæological exhibit the most complete possessed by any nation, except Norway and Sweden. But there is no mystery connected with the Scandinavian zeal for things prehistoric; it has a sound historical basis, which is akin to family pride. No other peoples of Europe have so long held the soil now occupied by them as have the Scandinavians. In fact, the ancestors of the modern Scandinavians reached the northwest of Europe even before they were Scandinavians; it was only during the long centuries following their arrival that they acquired the physical and mental characteristics which distinguish them from other peoples of Teutonic stock. When my pre-Scandinavian forefathers and foremothers came into the present Scandinavian lands, a thousand years or so before the birth of Christ, they were in the New Stone Age of culture. And while nations rose and fell in other parts of Europe—while Celt fell be-

fore Roman, and Roman before Teuton, and Teuton before Saracen and Slav—the people who were becoming Scandinavians remained isolated in their northern land, frequently quarreling among themselves, it is true, but unjostled and uninvaded by alien blood. Consequently, to the modern Scandinavians practically all archæological remains found in the land seem almost ancestral relics, and, naturally, they take a tremendous interest in them.

The exhibits are arranged in the museum in chronological order, beginning with the Old Stone Age, and visitors are expected to follow Denmark's cultural development progressively. I know, because I unwittingly entered first one of the rooms containing exhibits from the late Middle Ages, and the vigilant guard courteously but firmly showed me to the door on the opposite side of the vestibule. I was not to be permitted to get an inverted idea of Denmark's past, even if I wished to do so.

The earliest part of the Old Stone Age in Denmark is represented in the museum by a section of a kitchen midden, or shell mound. The primeval settlers of Scandinavia did not live in the days of patent garbage cans and incinerators; hence, after a feast of raw or baked clams or oysters on the half shell, they dumped the shells upon the community refuse heap—and thus were saved dish-washing. When they feasted on mammals and birds, the bones were thrown upon the same garbage pile; but the middens are mostly made up of shells, for shell fish—especially oysters—were wonderfully abundant in the Baltic in the Old Stone days, and could be had for the digging.

I was particularly interested in this *bona fide,*

primitive Danish garbage heap because a few years ago I saw a midden of the same general character, left by the ancestors of the American Indians, when they were at the same stage of culture as the makers of the Danish shell mounds. Perhaps I have told you before of the midden which I saw in California. It was near Point Richmond, on the shores of San Francisco Bay; but as the land on which it stood has long been sinking, it had been partially carried away by the waves. On the other hand, since the coast of Denmark is rising, many of the Danish middens are now far inland. But the two kinds of prehistoric garbage heaps bore a striking resemblance to each other; both were made up largely of shells, interspersed here and there with bones.

Until the middle of the last century, the world believed that the many heaps of shells, mixed with bones, found here and there on the coasts of Denmark, were merely due to the in-wash of the sea waves. Professor Worsaae it was who discovered their true origin. In 1850 he proved them to be of human formation. Though this seems a very simple discovery, it was a very important one in archæology, for it explained similar mounds in other parts of the world, and it led to a most careful investigation of the Danish middens, resulting in the disclosure of fragments of weapons and utensils which threw light upon a people whose one-time existence the Danish archæologists had hitherto not even suspected.

But though we are introduced familiarly to their garbage heaps and to a few of their personal belongings, much uncertainty exists regarding the midden-builders of Denmark's Old Stone Age. We

know, to be sure, that they probably lived in huts of boughs and skins, or in caves; that their food was fish and game, with perhaps roots and berries; that they could manufacture a very rough sort of pottery; that their weapons and implements were of the most crudely-worked stone. But of how these ancients themselves appeared, whence they came, and whither they went, we know nothing. It seems pretty certain that they were a different people from the ancestors of the modern Scandinavians. Indeed, some scientists have suggested that the midden people were members of the yellow race, probably related to the Eskimo, or to the Lapp. And in the absence of proof this theory will do as well as any other.

The people from whom the Scandinavians evolved came later, as I said before—in Denmark's New Stone Age. It would be more accurate, I presume, to say that they brought the New Stone Age with them; for when they reached the Scandinavian cradleland they already knew how to chip stone into accurately shaped implements and weapons, and how to put on a finishing polish when the proper shape had been obtained. However, these early immigrants learned much in their new home about working in stone, and in Scandinavia the New Stone period attained unusual perfection. This was because the isolation of the region delayed the introduction of a knowledge of work in metals. With all due respect to the Neolithic Danes, I feel bound to remark that, given a sufficiently long period of apprenticeship and a reduction of the number of distracting and discouraging elements, most people would be able to reach a high standard.

Nevertheless, when one wanders through the archæological collection one becomes quickly convinced that these primitive Scandinavians were master workmen. On the shelves behind the glass doors are extensive exhibits of stone hammers and axes and other objects, in a great variety of graceful and beautiful patterns—wonderfully symmetrical where symmetry was aimed for, and with a smoothness of finish that has resisted the vicissitudes of thousands of years. In those early handicraft days such work was an art as well as a science; and surely the craftsmen loved their labor, else they could not have exercised the patience necessary to the attainment of such excellence. When I remember how simple must have been the tools with which they wrought, I swell with pride over the skill of my Stone Age ancestors.

As the use of bronze in Denmark supplanted the use of stone, as a material for the manufacture of implements and weapons, so the exhibit from the Bronze Age, in the National Museum, comes next after that from the New Stone Age. In one of the rooms in which the early Bronze Age finds are displayed are the life-sized dummy figures of a man and woman, dressed in the costumes of the time—in garments of sheep's wool, mixed with deer's hair. I was tremendously impressed to find that my great-grandparents of three thousand years ago actually wore woven garments—of simple pattern, it is true, but woven garments, nevertheless. Before visiting the Early Bronze room, I must have had a vague impression that at this period my forbears clad themselves in the skins of wild beasts—like Adam and Eve and Robinson Crusoe.

Lest you skeptically conclude, Cynthia, that the accouterments of the lady and gentlemen in the Early Bronze room were merely highly glorified reproductions of imaginary primitive costumes, I beg to assure you that the garments are faithful copies, both as regards style and material, of clothing found in graves belonging to this ancient time. Isn't it astonishing that such things should have been preserved through the stretch of centuries? But it was due to no miracle. The coffins were made of roughly hewn and hollowed-out trunks of oak trees, and the tannic acid in the bark preserved not only the coffins but the clothing and other articles buried with the dead.

Thanks also to the fact that the ancient Scandinavians were careful to supply their dead with the necessaries and luxuries of the time, in order that the departed ones might live in comfort beyond the Great Divide, I was able to learn something about their knowledge of the decencies of life. For instance, I found that "in the flesh" they used horn combs, and that they expected to use them beyond the Divide. It is such a comfort not to have to picture them with matted, tangled locks!

But by the Later Bronze Age the Scandinavians had become sufficiently advanced to burn their dead; consequently, the graves of this period throw less light upon their costumes and habits. The bronze articles, however, which the fire could not harm, show the same perfection of workmanship and the artistic beauty which one would expect to find in the descendants of the people of the Scandinavian New Stone Age. And like this age also, the Bronze Age was prolonged in Scandinavia; iron did not come

into general use until four or five centuries before Christ; hence, the Scandinavians again had time for the practice which makes perfect.

In the exciting days of the later time when the piratical raids of the Vikings caused the nations to the south to pray "Protect us, O Lord, from the fury of the Northmen!" simple burial was again introduced, but cremation was not completely abandoned. The return to the more primitive method of disposing of the dead was, I suppose, due to imitation of Christian practice; for Christian observances had a strong modifying influence in Scandinavia long before Christianity itself was adopted there. It was undoubtedly imitation of their Christian neighbors which led the Scandinavians of the late Viking period to engrave runic inscriptions upon the previously bare stones erected over the graves of the dead. But in the epitaphs the spirit of the departed was commended to the protection of the warlike Thor, who was at that time the favorite god of the North, and not to the gentle Christ. Such heathen grave stones are found in abundance in the museum. Another Christian practice which got the attention of the Scandinavians was the wearing of the cross and the crucifix as emblems or charms; in the pagan North this custom seems to have produced an enthusiasm for Thor's hammers, which were worked into ornamental patterns in jewelry and were also worn about the neck in the form of little silver pendants.

Upon my first visit to the National Museum, I decided that I should like to take photographs of a few of the objects there. An American gentleman residing in Copenhagen whom I consulted about the

matter intimated that it was very doubtful whether I would be permitted to use a camera in the building; and he advised me to repeat my request through the American minister to Copenhagen, if the powers at the museum remained obdurate after I had personally approached them upon the subject. In consequence of this hint of coming difficulty, I armed myself with all of the documents in my possession calculated to prove me a responsible and respectable person, and set forth. At the museum I asked to see the director, and was promptly piloted by a guard through what seemed an endless series of corridors and passageways to the office of the Formidable One. I expected to see a Dane of grim appearance, curt manners, and an iron jaw. But the Herr Direcktor was far from that; he was a mild, absent-minded, somewhat frowsy-looking gentleman who would scarcely frighten a mouse. In spite of my surprise and relief, I preserved sufficient presence of mind to blurt out my request, at the same time placing my letters of introduction, passport and diplomas in a jumbled heap upon the table before him.

The Power behind the National Museum gazed blankly and absent-mindedly at the pile of documents for a few seconds, and then asked, "What are those papers?"

"They are my credentials," said I.

"Credentials? I do not care to see your credentials," said he. "Take all the pictures you want."

And I did. Wasn't the Herr Direcktor a nice man?

I have since learned that the Scandinavian people are surprisingly generous and helpful toward all serious students who come to their land for the pur-

pose of working in their libraries and museums. They are honest themselves and expect honest treatment from others, and generally receive it, too, I think, else they would hardly continue their liberal policy.

But I fear that I may have bored you with my ramblings in archæological fields, haunted by the ghosts of ancient heathen Scandinavians. By way of variety, you might like to hear about my visit to "Runde Taarn" (the Round Tower), which is above ground, and modern and of Christian construction. No pun was intended, but it happens that the tower was really built by Christian IV of Denmark, who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century. It was originally erected for an astronomical observatory and—together with an important library—was connected with a church, built at the same time, which was given the doubly significant name, Church of the Trinity.

For a short time Tycho Brahe, who, because of his birth in southern Sweden in the days when it was controlled by Denmark, is claimed by both Swedes and Danes, worked in the observatory. Tycho had received much kindness at the hands of Frederick II, Christian's predecessor, but it soon was evident that the new ruler, great though he was in many ways, did not appreciate the genius of the astronomer, and not only cut off the pension which had been granted to Tycho by the late king, but also forbade him to continue his investigations. Before this, Tycho Brahe had gained the hatred and contempt of the nobility, to which rank he belonged, by daring to do anything so useful as to study astronomy; he had been ostracised by his family as a result of

his marriage with a peasant girl; and had roused the jealous indignation of physicians by free medical attendance upon the poor. Now, when his king turned against him, the astronomer shook the dust of unappreciative Denmark from his feet for good and all, and went to Germany, where he taught the German astronomer Kepler, who became greater than he. Kepler's teacher, however, will be long remembered not only because of the fundamental discoveries which he made, but also because his name is fixed in the sky. Perhaps you will recall that in the old normal school days when I gave "astronomy parties," one particularly large lunar crater stared down at us through the telescope like the eye of a Cyclops. That one is named Tycho, for the Scandinavian astronomer, Tycho Brahe.

Though Tycho Brahe went, the Round Tower stayed on; and it was used for astronomical purposes until about fifty years ago. It might have been so used still, except for its popularity as a general landscape-gazing observation tower, in spite of the opposition of the professors, who finally abandoned it for purposes of investigation.

The top of the tower is reached not by a spiral staircase, but by a wide spiral roadway of brick, deeply grooved by the carriage wheels of celebrities who drove to the top in days gone by. Peter the Great, for one, seems to have found the ascent of Runde Taarn a favorite amusement when he visited Denmark. It is stated that when he made his last ascent it was in a coach drawn by six horses, and that Queen Catherine sat at his side and held the lines. Until recent years also, in accordance with time-honored custom, newly confirmed children

climbed to the top of the tower for a view of the surrounding land; thus they celebrated their formal entrance into manhood and womanhood, and thus they were introduced to the world in which they were thenceforth to play a larger part.

With the coming of the flying machine, however, and other devices for producing more exquisite thrills, Runde Taarn was left pretty much to the ordinary tourist, who pays his ten-öre entrance fee and, like myself, climbs laboriously along the worn roadway to the top. But once up there under the fluttering folds of Dannebrog, the beautiful red and white flag of the Danes, your tourist—meaning myself—gazes out over the city feeling fully rewarded for her exertions. For the view is a splendid one and reveals practically all of the famous buildings of the city, with their peculiar towers and domes, spires and steeples, as well as the parks and boulevards interspersed between, and the harbor with its many ships, and the Sound beyond.

Around the edge of the platform at the top of the tower are double railings. The inner one, I learned, was put up in the 1890's, during a suicide epidemic. Before it was erected several melancholy Danes had taken arms against a sea of troubles and had ended them by a flying leap over the solitary railing. Now, such a spectacular termination of one's earthly career is no longer possible.

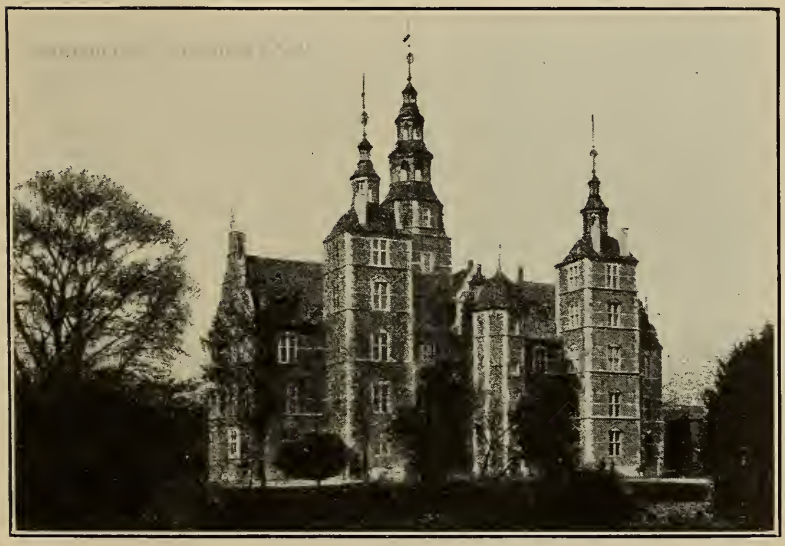
Another monument to Christian IV's interest in building is the Castle of Rosenborg. Formerly this royal residence was well outside of Copenhagen, but during the centuries the city has grown to such a degree that now the beautiful royal park and castle are in its very heart. Perhaps it was the magic of

the day of my visit to it which lent Rosenborg part of its fascination; for the sky was of the clearest blue and the sunshine was wonderfully golden. Yet the castle itself, irrespective of the day, looked just like the castles in all proper fairy tales. With its red brick walls outlined in Renaissance softness, it stood in its setting of grass and trees, looking indescribably "homey" and inviting. About it clustered the great rose gardens blooming so triumphantly and invitingly that as I approached across the park I felt a stranger to my recent self. It seemed as if fairy tales might be true, or as if I myself might be a child in a fairy book.

But to cross the threshold was to be disillusioned; for Danish kings and queens and gallant knights and ladies fair no longer dwell within. The castle is a museum; since 1863 it has been the repository of the "Danish Kings' Chronological Collection." And royal "old clothes," though sometimes interesting, are incapable of working enchantment. The collection of relics at Rosenborg, however, is one of the richest in Europe, and is exceedingly varied. In it one may find royal souvenirs ranging from the lock of hair of Christian I, who lived four hundred and fifty years ago, to the couch upon which the late Christian IX was in the habit of taking his noonday nap.

Before telling you about the collection more fully, however, I wish to explain to you the time-honored custom of naming the Danish kings, lest you become utterly bewildered among the Christians and Fredericks. The system is really a very simple one; for, since the accession of the Oldenburg house to the throne four hundred and fifty years ago, all of the

City Hall (Right) and Palace Hotel (Left), Copenhagen



Rosenborg Castle, Copenhagen

kings—with one single exception—have been Christians or Fredericks, appearing alternately. The exception was the son of Christian I who ruled as King Hans. Ideally, he should have been named Frederick, for his successor was Christian; but, as it was, the Christians got the start of the Fredericks by one reign; so the late Christian IX was succeeded by the late Frederick VIII. And I suppose that henceforth even to the end of Danish kings the alternation of Fredericks and Christians will continue.

Every Christian and every Frederick is, I presume, represented at Rosenborg by at least one relic, but I have no intention of boring you with an exhaustive catalogue of them. However, a few of the objects which for one reason or another caught my attention may not be without interest to you. Christian IV, the builder of the castle, who is generally considered Denmark's best-beloved king, is naturally well represented in the museum. It was this Christian, you will remember, who led the unsuccessful Protestant forces during the Danish period of the Thirty Years' War. While the struggle was on, Christian had a vision—or thought he had —with reference to the war. In one of the showcases at Rosenborg is a miniature painting of the vision, accompanied by a description by the king. A further proof that Christian IV had a part in the superstition of his time is a piece of jade which he wore as a charm against gout.

After taking his turn in the Thirty Years' War, Christian valiantly fought the Swedes in the great battle of the Baltic; but in the engagement one of his eyes was put out by a splinter. The cap which

he wore, with a green patch attached to protect the wounded organ, is another souvenir of Christian IV's reign to be found at Rosenborg. You remember well, I am sure, Longfellow's translation of Evald's song, "King Christian," which is one of the favorite national songs of the Danes. It begins:

"King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke."

That King Christian was Christian IV, and the battle was the battle of the Baltic.

In the exhibit belonging to the period of Frederick III, the successor to this famous Christian, are pieces of alchemical gold. I was surprised at this, for I had not supposed that the attempts to change the baser metals into gold lingered so late as the seventeenth century. But perhaps the Danish "artificial gold" was not the result of any serious attempt to find a short-cut to wealth.

It was during the reign of the next Frederick that Czar Peter of Russia visited Denmark. Frederick IV and Peter were pretty good friends, partly because of their common enmity for Charles XII of Sweden, "the madman of the North." In the Corridor of Frederick IV is the bust of Peter, and also a goblet and a compass of ivory, both of which were made by Peter, who knew how to use his hands as well as his head. In the apartments of Frederick are also a bottle containing a little of the oil with

which the Danish king was anointed at coronation, and a table and a chair of chased silver used by him and his successors at the formal opening of the Danish parliament.

Frederick VI lived in the troubled period of the Napoleonic wars; and as a result of his desire to remain neutral, he saw his capital bombarded by the British fleet. This provoked the Danes to ally themselves with France, against England, and they paid for doing so, in 1814, by the loss of Norway to Sweden. A curious souvenir of this Napoleonic war time is a ship of the line made by Danish sailors from bones found in the soup served to them while they were prisoners of war of the English.

I particularly wish, Cynthia, that you could have seen the grand old banqueting hall on the top floor of Rosenborg. It restored to me the atmosphere of fairy lore and romance which the museum of relics of defunct royalty had dispelled. The great room is finely proportioned, and is well lighted by large windows which give a fine view of the park. On the pane of one of these windows was the name "Alexandra"—scratched with a diamond—to which a guard near at hand proudly called my attention. The dowager Queen Alexandra of England is the daughter of the late Christian IX, you remember. The present appearance of the room dates from the time of Christian V, two hundred years ago. The ceiling is of dark oak set with panels painted by famous artists. On the walls are twelve Gobelin tapestries, woven at the order of Christian V in honor of some rather doubtful victories won by him in southern Sweden. Tall silver candle-sticks have been placed at intervals around the sides of the

room; and, here and there, against the walls are great arm chairs, and stiff, grand-looking, high-backed ones, upholstered in rich embroidery. Before the fireplace are two silver firedogs and a silver firescreen bearing Christian V's monogram. The royal thrones stand at one end of the room; that of the king was constructed from the ivory of whales' teeth in the 1660's, while the queen's, which is of silver, was made in 1725. But to me, far more impressive than these antique seats of the mighty were three couchant silver lions, large as Newfoundland dogs, which stand in front of thrones.

The lions represent the three divisions of Scandinavia, which, through the Union of Calmar, were, in 1397, united by the great Queen Margaret under Danish rule. In 1523 Sweden revolted against the tyranny of Christian II, "the Nero of the North," and established her independence under Gustav Vasa; and Norway was finally lost to Denmark a century ago. Nevertheless, these three particular lions are still used at royal funerals, at special solemn audiences granted by the king, and at the opening of the Danish parliament when the king is present. And three lion emblems still appear upon the Danish coat-of-arms. Sweden, however, has long since ceased objecting to the implied insult, for she well knows that Denmark has no unholy designs upon Swedish territory. Indeed, it is a case of tit for tat; for during the long period of enmity and warfare between Denmark and Sweden, following the separation, Sweden retaliated by placing three Scandinavian crowns upon her shield; and there they are to-day, even though the two countries are now the best of friends. Norway, on the other hand, is

more modest; probably made so by her four centuries of domination by Denmark and her later unequal union with Sweden. Upon Norway's coat-of-arms are seen one solitary rampant lion and one solitary Scandinavian crown. Rejoicing in her tardy freedom, Norway is satisfied merely to be free; "Alt for Norge" (All for Norway), the motto which appears upon her coins beneath the head of King Haakon, reflects only this intense patriotic joy; the "Alt" carries no thought of unfriendly designs upon the property of Norway's neighbors.

CHAPTER II

MORE ABOUT COPENHAGEN; THE COPENHAGENERS' COUNTRY GARDENS

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK,
July 26, 191—.

My dear Cynthia:

You have probably noticed that I have not as yet mentioned the art museums of Copenhagen. That fact is due to the modesty of the amateur in the presence of the professional. However, as I know that you will want my "reaction," I confess to having visited two museums of art. Thorwaldsen's I visited yesterday. It is a huge, ugly, tomb-shaped building, constructed at the expense of the city of Copenhagen as a permanent home for the works of the greatest of Danish sculptors. And it is really a tomb as well as a museum, for Bertel Thorwaldsen, in whose honor it was erected, lies buried in the court under a great mass of dark ivy. As in ancient classical tombs, a frescoed border around the outside wall depicts scenes from the life of the entombed one. Among other events connected with Thorwaldsen's successes is represented his triumphal return to Copenhagen in 1838, after the long, hard years of apprenticeship to his art in Rome. Above the main entrance is the gift of the late King Christian—a Victory reigning in her quadriga. This

beautiful piece of bronze was designed by Thorwaldsen himself, but was executed by another Danish sculptor, Herman Bissen.

What impressed me most of all about the museum was the tremendous amount of work which Thorwaldsen turned off. There are scores and hundreds of sculptures, drawings and paintings by him. As you know, most of his subjects are classical—as would be expected of the founder of the neo-classical school. But there are really very few of his works for which I care. Thorwaldsen's people do not look as if they had ever accomplished anything; they bear too few marks of life's battles; they are too passive, too gentle, too restful. The "Christ," I admit, possesses a benignance and serenity which is overmastering; and the bas-reliefs of "Night" and "Morning" are exquisite. But the draperies of some of his Greeks do look painfully like washboards. Judging from the "Lion of Lucerne," Thorwaldsen was more successful with animals. The "Lion" is my favorite. He has kept his trust, has fought a good fight, and is dying grandly—but in anguish of mind because even the sacrifice of life itself was insufficient to save the lilies of France. However, I do not consider the "Lion" characteristic of Thorwaldsen's work. Do you?

Unlike Thorwaldsen's Museum, the Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, which I also visited, had its origin in individual generosity. Its founder was Captain Carl Jacobsen, "Ph. D., Brewer," who is the Carnegie and Rockefeller of Denmark. He is a great lover of art, and his country has profited accordingly. Jacobsen money has paid for the New and Old Glyptoteks, two of the finest art museums in

Scandinavia. Probably you are shocked at the idea of the love of art being fostered by "beery" money. I was at first, I acknowledge, and I still wish that the "wherewithal" had been secured in some other way; but I have been assured that the Carlsberg brew is of a particularly pure quality—as beers go—and that the Jacobsens are really patriotic, public-spirited Danes.

The New Glyptotek is a handsome building occupying a whole city block. The interior is beautifully decorated with rare woods, colored marbles, and frescoes. And it contains collections of paintings and sculptures representing most of the countries of Europe. As you well know, I was never orthodox in my preferences among works of art—especially paintings. It was probably in consequence of this peculiarity that I was drawn to a canvas which most people would, I suppose, pass by. The picture is "Denmark," by Elizabeth Jerichau-Baumann, and was painted more than sixty years ago. Denmark is represented by a young woman, strong, determined, and fearless, standing amidst sheaves of rye; in her left hand she bears Dannebrog, the red-and-white crusaders' flag of the Danes, which she is prepared to defend with the two-edged sword grasped in her right.

The sculptures in the New Carlsberg are, I think, finer than the paintings. The French collection is the most complete to be found outside of France itself. It is not necessary to tell you that in plastic art France is far ahead of Denmark. Yet there were several Danish pieces for which I cared very much—some by Herman Bissen, and particularly some by Jens Adolf Jerichau. I was much attracted

"Denmark" by Elizabeth Jerichau-Baumann

Grave Monument by Rudolph Tegnér

by the latter's "Little Girl with a Dead Bird." It is in white marble. The little girl, barefooted and simply dressed, is sitting upon a rock with the bird tenderly held between her hands; and upon her face is an expression of gentle pity which gives a peculiar charm to the whole figure. But, to me, the most pleasing of all the Danish sculptures was a grave monument by an obscure young artist, Rudolf Tegner. It represents the mourning figure of a young woman, whose face is left buried in the original mass of white marble. There is an exquisite delicacy about the slender, drooping form to which no picture that I might send you could do justice. A similar figure, in bronze, marks the grave of the artist's mother at Elsinore.

Perhaps you would be interested in learning how I spent yesterday, which was Sunday. Like all of my Danish days, this was crammed with new impressions. In the morning I attended services at Vor Frue Kirke—the Church of Our Lady. In this church are the greyish blue marble originals of Thorwaldsen's "Christ and Apostles." The statues are of heroic size and are exceedingly impressive. Besides myself, there were six other tourists viewing the church—five alert-looking boys and a middle aged man, evidently their tutor. One glance was sufficient to tell me that they were Americans. I, too, must have had a "Made-in-America" appearance, for before I had uttered a sound one of the boys who happened to stand near me while I was studying the "Christ," began to address me in "American," commenting intelligently upon the beautiful figure. The unassuming friendliness of the boy quite warmed my heart. When services began

the party seated themselves in the rear of the room and took notes and read their guide-books for a time; and then tiptoed quietly out. I felt lonesome when they had gone, and decided to go cousin-hunting the very next day.

Like the vast majority of Scandinavian churches, Our Lady is State Lutheran. But the Scandinavians, though instinctively religious, are by no means regular church-goers; and summer Sundays in Copenhagen are more likely to be devoted to recreation than to formal worship. Consequently, the congregation was a mere scattered handful; most of the worshipers were old people who came early, wearing solemn expressions, and carrying prayer-books. The preacher was a little old man in black gown and white linen ruff, suggestive of pictures of Sir Walter Raleigh. From a lofty and magnificent pulpit, reached by a staircase, he preached his sermon. The solemn faces of the congregation had led me to expect a self-righteous, theological presentation containing conspicuous thanks to God that Danish State Lutherans are not as other men; but I was much relieved to hear a live human message, not read, but clearly and feelingly spoken, in which the pastor urged his hearers to lives of loving service to their fellow humans. I liked the little old pastor, and forgot that I was homesick for "my own United States."

I think that you would have enjoyed the music, Cynthia, for it possessed a dignity and reserve conducive to reverence. You may be interested to learn that the choir was composed entirely of women, and that a woman played the pipe organ.

After the services were ended, I had luncheon in a

restaurant close at hand; and then I went for a long, rambling walk, visiting some places which I had seen before and others that were new. I passed Runde Taarn again, bound for Kongens Nytorv, one of the finest squares of the capital, pleasant with shade trees, well-kept lawns, and an abundance of flowers, among which the cosmopolitan scarlet geranium seemed as much at home as in California. On the Nytorv is the Royal Theatre, an imposing Renaissance structure.

Twelve different streets lead out of the square. I made my exit by the most famous one, Bredgade (Broad Street), which for part of its length is lined with handsome shops. Copenhagen shopkeepers have a shrewd but gratifying way of keeping up the shades of their windows on Sundays, thus enabling the worldly-minded to enjoy gratuitously the beauty of the wares and to select the very articles which they would purchase were they rich. As I long since learned to 'name the birds without a gun, to love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk,' I am particularly fond of this mental shopping; it is a pleasant pastime, devoid of the worry and wear of the physical kind. The display of antiques, pictures, and porcelains on Bredgade is unusually interesting. Antiques, in general, but rarely attract me—except as do curios in a museum—for many of them have little else than their age to recommend them; and age, in itself, is no virtue. Some of the old furniture, and the bronzes which I saw in the windows on Bredgade, were, however, very handsome.

But the paintings and the porcelains especially caught my eye. To my mind (and I believe you would agree with me), many of the works by young

Scandinavian artists would hold their own against modern paintings in any European country. They are genuinely Scandinavian. It is such a satisfaction to know that the Scandinavian lands have really begun to make a distinct contribution to the art treasures of the world. And as for porcelain, I am simply mad over the Royal Copenhagen variety; it is almost as difficult for me to pass a display of this ware without stopping, and gazing, and lingering, as it is for a toper to resist a grog shop. The makers of the Copenhagen pieces are high-grade artists, and their work beggars my attempts at description. Much of the attractiveness seems to lie in the glaze; it is exquisite, and it gives to the delicate colors an appearance of remoteness and a subtlety of charm and refinement which seems almost to belong to the realm of the spiritual. Compared with the Royal Copenhagen, most other "China" impresses me as loud and bizarre. But the prices of the pieces which I should have wanted to buy, had I been anything more than a mental shopper, would pay for my whole Scandinavian tour; hence, I am not likely to carry home with me very extensive samples of the ware.

In the course of my rambles I reached the Marble Church. This building was begun more than a century and a half ago, but lack of funds delayed its completion until within the last thirty years, when it was finished at the expense of Herr Tietgen, a philanthropic Danish banker. In architectural style and richness of material, this building contrasts strongly with Our Lady, which is really conspicuous by its plainness—except for Thorwaldsen's sculptures. The Marble Church, as its name implies, is constructed primarily of marble; and it is crowned with

a great dome—suggestive of Saint Paul's in London —covered with copper partially gilded. A large number of busts and statues of ecclesiastics and saints also decorate the exterior. Outside, above the entrance, are the words, "Herrens Ord bliver evendelig" (The Word of God is everlasting). The main room beneath the dome is perfectly circular and is rich with wood-carvings, colored marbles, mosaics, paintings, and statues. There is a fortune of gold-leaf in the crucifixes and candle-sticks.

The guard at the door to whom I paid my entrance fee recommended the view from the dome and supplied me with a pair of opera glasses; so after viewing the interior I mounted to the top. This I accomplished by groping my way up a dark, narrow, winding stair-case, some parts of which were as dark as a pocket—and in the darkest part bumping squarely into a couple of women who were on their way down. As the Marble Church is quite a distance from Runde Taarn, I gained a new and different view of Copenhagen from its dome; and I also gained considerable information about the most important buildings from a friendly Danish lady whom I found at the top.

Amalienborgtorv, or square, which is near the Marble Church, was my next objective point. It is a stone-paved place, ungladdened by trees or grass or flowers, with a large bronze equestrian statue of Christian V in the center. On each of the four sides is a royal palace in rococo style, in which the king and queen and other members of the royal family reside during most of the year. When I crossed the Torv, soldiers in high, bearskin caps stood on guard at the street entrances—a sign that the king

was in residence.

After Rosenborg, Amalienborg seemed so dreary and uninteresting—especially since common visitors get no glimpse of the interior—that I did not linger, but walked on to Grönningens Esplanade, where St. Alban's, the first English church to be built in Denmark, peeps out with a charm peculiarly English from a clump of trees bordering an arm of the Baltic.

North of St. Alban's is Langelinie, the most beautiful promenade in Copenhagen. To the left of the promenade is a park, and to the right lies the harbor, filled with all sorts of water craft bearing the flags of many nations, including our own "Old Glory," which looked wondrous good to me. Great crowds of people—young and old, parents and children—dressed in their Sunday clothes, were passing to and fro upon Langelinie, all looking healthy and happy.

I returned through the beautiful, shady park. Upon the benches under the trees I noticed many women serenely chatting, their fingers busy with sewing, embroidery, or knitting. Would you call such a Sabbath occupation scandalous and unseemly? I must confess that I was more impressed with the women's industry than I was shocked by their desecration of the day.

Farther on, I took a peep into the Citadel. It dates from the seventeenth century, and is of red brick, with tree-covered ramparts. Soldiers were standing on guard at the entrance, and were passing back and forth between the buildings. Unlike England and the United States, Denmark, I regret to say, requires military service of all of her able-

bodied men. She maintains what is, in proportion to her population, a large standing army.

This morning, true to the resolution made at Frue Kirke, I called upon Cousin Lars. Cousin Lars is really my mother's cousin, but as he has always been her favorite cousin he has seemed a sort of an uncle to me. Many years ago, when I was a tiny child, Cousin Lars spent several years in California, which he expected to make his permanent home; but his young wife suddenly died, and it was her dying request that he take their children back to the home land and rear them. This caused him to return to Denmark.

Cousin Lars still loves the United States, however, and, though "blood is thicker than water," I really believe that he welcomed me more heartily as a Californian, recently "come over," than as a cousin. For he quickly convinced me that I was thrice welcome—and caused me to regret keenly that I had delayed so long making known to him my presence in Copenhagen. He wished to send immediately to the hotel for my baggage; and without consulting me he asked his housekeeper to have a room prepared for my reception. But when I informed him that I was booked to sail from Copenhagen to-night he abandoned his plan, stipulating, however, that I was to be his guest upon my return.

I made my call early this morning in order to be sure to find Cousin Lars at home, for the Danes are fresh-air people and all who can afford to do so spend their afternoons in the city parks or in the country. And in consequence of my early call I enjoyed the pleasure of a real Danish home luncheon with my cousin. Yet it was not so genuinely Danish,

after all, except the food, which, like all food I have tasted in Denmark, was good. The luncheon was really Danish-American, for Cousin Lars, in my honor, had the table set with the silverware bought years ago in the Far West, and at one end of the table he placed a little silk Dannebrog with the white cross on the red field, and on the other my own Stars and Stripes. As a sign that this was a very festive occasion, both flags were at the very tip-top of their masts. Our conversation was also Danish-American. At times we spoke Danish, my contribution being of a very bad quality; at others, we spoke "American," Cousin Lars' efforts showing rust for want of use; and, occasionally, when the borrowed languages seemed inadequate, we would resort to our own respective mother tongues and exchange remarks in Danish *and* American.

After luncheon I learned that Cousin Lars had planned to spend the afternoon in the country in his "garden," and I urged that he execute the plan and take me along. He did, and I had such a pleasant, untouristlike time! We started on the street cars, but a strike of carmen interrupted our progress; then we walked the remainder of the way—as I preferred doing so to taking a carriage—and Cousin Lars called attention to the places of interest which we passed.

Near the outskirts of the city, a "folke skole," or elementary public school, which was being repainted, caught my eye, and we went in to explore. This was one of the free schools to which the poor people send their children. The class rooms were well lighted and well ventilated and generally comfortable. In fact, the building pretty closely resembled those of

our own elementary schools. A few good pictures, including portraits of Hans Christian Andersen and Bertel Thorwaldsen, were on the walls. Upon the second floor were completely equipped departments for the teaching of cooking and sewing; and in another part of the building was a manual-training laboratory.

Farther out along the street I noticed a bread-line of children. A woman was handing out generous-looking sandwiches to twenty or thirty little people as they filed past her in an irregular line. These were children, Cousin Lars said, whose parents were not able to supply them with proper food. While school was in session they were supplied with luncheons at public expense; and now, during vacation, one of their teachers, a noble-hearted young woman, had assumed the task of keeping the active young bodies somewhat adequately nourished. She herself is poor, but she solicits money from private individuals with which to purchase food; and this food she personally distributes daily. I am glad to be able to say, however, that such cases of want are comparatively rare. The splendid spirit of cooperation shown by the Danish people in their industrial life has produced a degree of prosperity which is truly remarkable, in view of the resources of the country.

And now for the garden—for we soon reached it. It is a tiny plat of ground of about four thousand square feet, which Cousin Lars has planted to the choicest kind of flowers, selected with the view to securing an unbroken succession of bloom, beginning with the earliest varieties and ending with the latest. There are also a few shade trees, and along the fence are berry bushes. In the rear of the lot

is an arbor covered with a picturesque tangle of woodbine and climbing rose; and close beside it is a one-roomed bungalow, so overgrown with clematis, now in bloom, that the little building looks like a giant purple bouquet. The bungalow room is furnished with a table, a couch, two or three comfortable chairs, a case containing books and magazines. Attached like a barnacle to the outside of the building is a tiny kitchenette, containing an oil stove and a stock of provisions.

We were hungry, of course, after our walk, so as soon as we arrived we proceeded to prepare a luncheon. I made coffee on the oil stove while Cousin Lars fished all sorts of delectable canned and preserved foods from the shelves in the barnacle and arranged them in artistic confusion upon the table in the arbor—which is the dining room of the establishment. And while we consumed the coffee and the delectables Cousin Lars told me about the "garden." It is his play place; he goes out to work among his flowers almost every afternoon; and he and his sons quite frequently spend their Sundays there, having a picnic luncheon in the arbor. Until a few years ago, he had a house in town set in the midst of a large garden; but when the din of the growing city became too offensive, he sold the place, rented his present top flat on a blind and, consequently, quiet street, and secured this garden—an arrangement which he likes much better. Copenhagen is very decidedly a city of flat-dwellers.

But the interesting and really splendid fact connected with the garden is that Cousin Lars's is only one of fifteen hundred little gardens, all of which have sprung up around Copenhagen within the past

ten years. The land is leased by those who work it from the commune of Copenhagen or from private individuals. Plats of as few as sixteen hundred square feet may be rented from the commune for one-half to three-fourths of an öre per square foot annually. Land owned by private individuals rents a little higher. Water is piped to the lots by the owners, who also furnish free wheelbarrows for use in gardening. Several tiny lots form a block, as in a regular city, and between the blocks run diminutive streets about ten feet wide. Some of the narrow passageways have such picturesque names as "Rosen Allé," "Odins Allé," and the like. The Christian Danes have not completely forgotten the gods of their fathers, you see. The blocks, in tracts of ten acres or so, are surrounded by the owners with strong open-work fences; and each family holding land within the tract is supplied with a key to the big gate. Over the gate appears the name of the tract, which is sometimes "fancy," like "Flora" and "Iris."

The renters fence their own little plats to suit their inclinations and pocket-books; and they build their houses after the same fashion. Since the "gardens" are merely daytime and fresh-air institutions, generally the buildings are one-roomed and tiny. In fact, they look as if they might be the play-houses of an army of parent-tired little children who had run away and set up for themselves. Many of the structures are very cheaply built. One "playhouse," which caught my attention, was an abandoned street car masquerading under a luxuriant mantle of vines; but it was every bit as much of a success as an orthodox bungalow, for in the tiny yard several flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked children were shouting and

playing. Instead of house numbers, the owner's names, as a rule, appear over the doors—generally the names of women; but here and there I again noticed "fancy" names, such as "Johannes Haab" (Johanne's Hope) and "Christines Lyst" (Christine's Joy), which suggest how much the simple little recreation places mean to their owners.

Aside from the narrow walks, every square foot of soil in each plat is just crammed with green things growing. In many cases where the houses indicated poverty, the ground was largely planted to vegetables—one garden was a single large potato field. Since the rent amounts to only a few dollars per year, those who wish to do so can more than pay their expenses by their vegetables; and in addition they have all of the fun of the wholesome, out-of-door life. But most of the plats have been converted into charming flower gardens; and of all of these Cousin Lars's is the most worthy of the prize.

Though many sorts and conditions of people are represented by the fifteen hundred plats, most of the renters are poor "working people." As a rule, the families pass their Sundays in the gardens, and in many cases the mother and children are there also during most of the long summer days. After work hours the father joins them for supper in the "playhouse," and later the whole happy family returns to the city to sleep.

I had heard of such "gardens" before; they have them in Germany, and call them "Lauben," or "Gärtchen"; and I was delighted at the chance to see them in detail for myself. Now, I only wish that we might have them around the great, congested cities in the United States. The population would

be so much healthier, both mentally and physically, if gardening could be substituted for idle gossip, cheap society twaddle—or worse. As Cousin Lars remarked on the way home, such wholesome, out-of-door recreation would go far towards settling many problems arising from city life.

After we had explored the place to my heart's content, we walked to the end of a car line and rode back to the city. Now I am again in my room in the hotel, finishing up this letter to you, preparatory to my departure to-night. Cousin Lars and his sons are to be at the pier to wave good-by, so I shall not feel that I am in a "far country." Whither do you suppose that I am bound, Cynthia?

CHAPTER III

BORNHOLM AND THE BORNHOLMERS

RÖNNE, BORNHOLM,
August 6, 191–

My dear Cynthia:

"Bornholm!" I hear you exclaim. "Wherever in all Europe is Bornholm?" Bornholm, I reply, is the "backwoods" of Denmark, the "pearl of the Baltic," and altogether the loveliest place in the world—next to the choicest bits of my own fair land. Look on your map of Denmark, and you will see in the extreme east, as if it had strayed away from the other Danish islands and become lost, a trapezoid-shaped scrap of territory; that is Bornholm—the birthplace of my mother. When a child, I was very fond of reading "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson," in consequence of which my ideal terrestrial paradise was a desert island near the Equator. And many were the dreams which I wove about the tropical spot, well populated with talking parrots and chattering monkeys. But if I could now, rich with my present experience, dream them over again, I should substitute Bornholm, in the Baltic—at least for summer residence.

I flew over here one evening more than a week ago, in the cabin of *Örnen* (The Eagle), the triggest little steamship you ever could imagine. We

left at about nine o'clock, and Cousin Lars and his sons were at the pier to wave good-by, as planned. Contrary to even her summer habits, the Baltic was again beautifully calm for my sailing, so the crossing was made on schedule time, and we reached here at about six o'clock the next morning.

As you may well imagine, I rose early, and was on deck to see the arrival. When I came out of the cabin I saw a high, dark bank to the east. That was Bornholm. It is higher than the other Danish islands, and more rocky. In fact, geologically, it belongs to Sweden, for it is a continuation of the rock-ribbed Scandinavian peninsula. Soon I could distinguish trees and houses and windmills, and presently we glided past the light-houses at the ends of the breakwater and were in Rönne harbor, where a new cousin was on hand to bid me good-morning.

Rönne, which has a population of about nine thousand, is the capital of Bornholm. So far as I have been able to learn, the little town is noted only for its quaintness; and it is certainly quaint. Practically all of the houses except the public buildings are long and low and box-shaped, with red-tiled or slate roofs and brick or stone walls. Bay windows and other architectural protuberances are conspicuous by their absence; windows of the small "German" variety which swing open like doors are in time-honored vogue instead; and their broad sills are simply crowded with potted plants. But there are no flower-filled "yards" or lawns in front to delight the passer-by. Gardens, the Danes seem to believe, are primarily for the pleasure of the owner, and are to be enjoyed in seclusion and privacy. Consequently, they are behind the houses and are generally

surrounded by a high, close fence. My great aunt Karen, to whose home I went upon reaching here, has such a garden in her "back yard,"—with patches of velvety grass, draperies of vines clinging to the fence, hedges of roses, and brilliant beds of blooming annuals. And in the midst of this "garden of delight" is the vine-covered arbor in which we had our meals.

The shops, as well as the dwelling houses, are low and box-shaped; and their show windows are small and crowded. There are no bold sign-boards on the gable ends of the buildings, as in the United States; instead, modest little "shingles" are generally stuck out by the tradesmen.

Dwelling houses, as well as shops, extend to the sidewalks, and many encroach shamelessly upon them, even monopolizing the whole width, and pushing the pedestrian out into the street. In fact, it is very evident that the houses in centuries past were just placed "any which way," and that later the sidewalks were filled in, along as straight a line as possible. Like the streets, they are of cobble stone, and are marked off from the former only by being a few inches higher. After what I have said, you would hardly expect these streets to be of the avenue or boulevard variety, would you?

On my second day in Rönne I gained much quiet pleasure from wandering about the little town, noting the places of importance, and gazing in the shop windows at the rows of wooden shoes and other practical wares intended primarily for the native; and at the models of Danish castles and churches, and the exquisite displays of pottery and statuary, more calculated to catch the eye of the opulent tour-

ist. Such shops are clustered around Storetorv, the Large Square, to which the country people come in regularly to sell their produce. In the midst of the "torv" is a queer old stone fountain decorated with gigantic bronze snails.

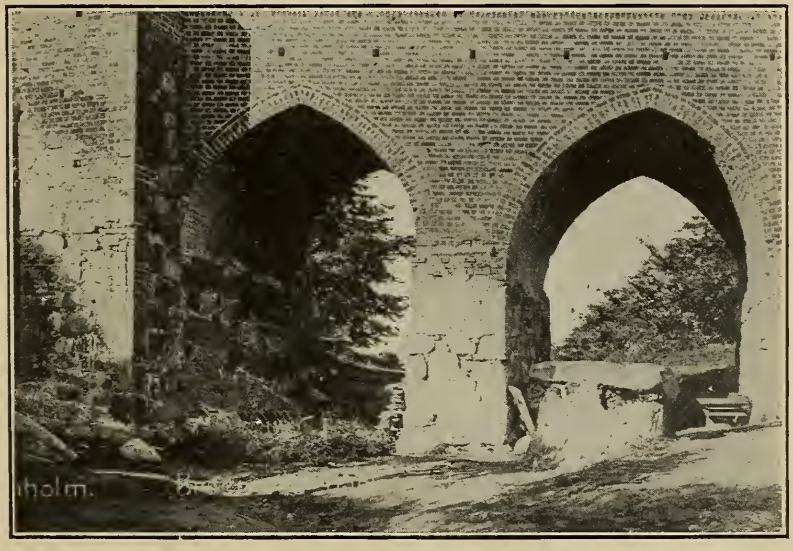
Forming part of Store Gade, Rönne's main street, are two small stones, one of them bearing the date "1658." All true Bornholmers are as proud of these stones as New Englanders are of Plymouth Rock, with its "1620;" for on this spot fell the Swedish commander, Printzenskjold—shot, time-honored tradition says, by a silver button, torn from the vest of the shooter and used as a bullet—when the Bornholmers rose in revolt against Swedish domination. By the treaty of Roskilde which followed Charles X's unwelcome visit over the frozen Great Belt, the Swedish king, you may remember, secured several Danish provinces. Bornholm was one of these. But the Bornholmers had not been consulted regarding the cession; and as they preferred to be Danes, they did not "stay put." That is how it happens that I am half Danish in descent, rather than wholly Swedish—a distinction largely without a difference. And the distinction hangs upon a silver button.

Bornholm still celebrates the anniversary of her victory over the Swedes; and within the last few years, at Hasle, where the revolt had its origin, a large monumental stone was erected, bearing the Danish coat-of-arms and the names of the men who headed the revolt. Of these, Jens Pedersen Kofoed, a Bornholmer who was a member of the Danish army, and Paul Anker, the pastor of the church of Hasle, are the most important.

At some distance from the "liberty stones" is Bornholm's Museum,—the special pride of all Bornholmers; and well it might be, for the collection there, in view of the smallness of the island, is an unusually large and fine one. The curator, a woman and a true Bornholmer, proudly informed me that Copenhagen would be most happy to possess the African collection. To me the objects of most interest, however, were those throwing light upon Bornholm's own history. These range from rude stone utensils out of the shadowy past of the island to an exhibit of graceful royal Copenhagen porcelain;—for Bornholm it is that supplies the clay from which the beautiful ware is made. The cost of manufacture seems to be too great to admit of the use of the porcelain for distinctly practical purposes; consequently, its functions are largely ornamental, and it appears chiefly in the form of vases, plaques, and statuettes. The last-named class I gazed at most lingeringly, for the subjects were varied and especially alluring. There were wonderfully-glazed robin-red-breasts sunning themselves; perky foxes with noses pointing skyward; sleepy, yawning tigers; cats crouching to spring upon unconscious nibbling mice; kerchiefed Bornholm old ladies carrying market baskets, and busily knitting as they walked; and a fond pair of children, one of whom was hugging the very life out of a tousled fat puppy. So skilful had been the artist that I caught myself actually pitying the porcelain pup.

In one room was an unusually large collection of "grandfather" clocks, with elaborately and quaintly decorated faces, and with crude, clumsy weights. Bornholm at one time was famous for the

Bornholm's Museum and St. Morten's Street, Rönne



Bridge Crossing the Old Moat at Hammershuus Castle

manufacture of this style of time-piece. And in another room were glass-cases filled with dummy Bornholm men and women and helpless-looking dummy babies, clad in the fashions of various past ages. The garb of these dummies convinced me that fashions are not actually growing worse; for surely clothes cannot be uglier or more uncomfortable in appearance than the ancient elegance behind the glass doors within the museum.

One souvenir of unusual historical importance, the key to old Hammershuus Castle, is also on display among the exhibits. The castle, Bornholm's chief stronghold for centuries, was occupied by the Swedish garrison for some months previous to the revolt in 1658. But Hammershuus has now long been in ruins, and its key is resting from its labors among the other antique relics in Bornholm's Museum.

In the art collection are several paintings by famous Danes; and a whole room is set aside for the works of Lars Hansen Tobiasen, the portrait artist who was Bornholm's own son. As yet, only a few of his pictures have been placed in the room—including portraits of himself and his parents, and of Oelenschläger, Denmark's greatest poet. One painting by Tobiasen seemed to me quite unique; it is the arm of a young woman. That sounds cadaverous, doesn't it?—like an anatomical chart, or an illustration in a medical journal. But the portrait suggested anything but that;—for a portrait it was—of the arm of a Danish damsel instead of her face—expressive of individual character as well as of beauty of color and line. Tobiasen spent twenty years of his life in Sweden, where he painted the

royal family, and some of his pictures are there. Others are in Rönne, still in the possession of relatives; but with the passing of this generation, the curator told me, these last are by the artist's will to go to the museum.

In a shed near the main building are the skeletons of moose and reindeer which roamed through the forests of prehistoric Bornholm. And outside in the yard are many runestones, graven by the hands of pagan Bornholmers. The island seems to have specialized upon these stones in times past, as well as upon grandfather clocks; for even to-day they stand here and there by the wayside and are, in many cases, still clearly marked with ancient runic characters.

After a short visit with my great aunt in Rönne, I spent a few happy days with my Uncle Johannes and Aunt Ingeborg in the interior of the island. My uncle and aunt drove to town to fetch me, and while Uncle let the fat horses jog along on their homeward way at a pace to suit themselves, I had a good opportunity to see the objects of interest which Tante (the Danish for aunt), pointed out on the beautiful landscape. That place with the black smoke stacks was the great pottery factory; there, where the white walls shone between the trees, one of my cousins used to live; the large, four-armed windmill on the right did not pump water, as I had ignorantly supposed, but ground grist; the handsome, cream-colored villa on the left was the summer home of a wealthy Copenhagen merchant; and so on, until the journey ended.

As we drove into the court at Uncle's, my cousins, a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed flock, came

running out to greet us. These children were so well-trained, and so natural and wholesome that they were a real pleasure to me. But do not conclude from this statement that I am implying a comparison invidious to the American child, or that I hold up Danish children as models of deportment; for I have met some *enfants terrible* during the last week or two, even among my own kith and kin. I attribute the superiority of these particular cousins to their quiet country rearing.

And that reminds me to speak of the great interest and curiosity with which they regarded me upon my first arrival. While I talked with Uncle, my cousins sat silently by, completely absorbed in watching me; and when he noticed them their father laughed and said, "Yes, my children; this is a genuine, native-born American." Then he explained that I was the first native American that the children had ever seen. Few aliens except *bona fide* tourists reach the center of the island—and they merely pass through. It would take an Eskimo or a Patagonian to rouse a similar degree of interest in a country child of the cosmopolitan Far West.

The manner in which I mutilated the king's Danish was also a source of much interest to them; for I suppose that they had never before heard broken Danish. They were too polite to show amusement; even at my most grotesque blunders not a smile crossed their faces; they were simply alert and fascinated—and silent. But when it occurred to them to try upon me the English which they had learned in the grades, we were promptly upon a very sociable footing; they took turns prac-

ticing their English vocabularies on me, and were delighted to find that the formulae had worked—that their school-learned language was comprehensible to me.

To the children of the neighbors I was also a whole menagerie of interest. They referred to me as "de fremmede dame" (the foreign lady), and whenever I opened my mouth to speak they waited around with bated breath to see what liberties I should take with their native tongue.

Old-fashioned Danish farms are quite different from anything which we have in America; therefore, you might like to know about Barquist, my uncle's place. On the afternoon of my arrival I went all over it with Uncle as a cicerone, and with Astrid, the smaller of the twins, clinging to my hand and practising her English whenever the opportunity offered. Such a farm as Barquist is called a "gaard" (or court), because of the fact that all of the buildings are arranged in rectangular fashion about the stone-paved interior. The long dwelling house forms one side of the quadrangle; the sides are made up of machine shops and wagon sheds and store houses for hay and grain; and at the other end are the stables in which the live stock are kept. Roofed-over driveways separate the house from the other buildings. When the gates to the court are shut, the quadrangle forms a complete inclosure, and, consequently, furnishes much protection from stormy weather. The back doors of the dwelling house open into the court, in the middle of which stands the pump; and the front ones open into a large flower garden, which, you see, is *outside* of the quad-

rangle.

Brick and plaster form the building material for the walls, and all of the roofs are covered with thatch of rye straw, which must, of course, be quite frequently renewed. As you may imagine, the thatched roofs lend a very picturesque air to the quadrangle, especially when there is a stork's nest in one corner. But straw roofs are going out of use because of the danger of fire from lightning; tiles are being substituted, and slate, and plain, prosaic shingles.

Surrounding the buildings on every side were fields of barley and rye, golden unto the harvest. Dotted with silky red poppies and deep blue cornflowers as they were, these grainfields presented a charming picture. Uncle admitted the beauty of nature's color scheme, but added, "To us farmers, the poppies and cornflowers are weeds; they choke out the grain."

The interior of the house was a comfort, for it did not have the "cluttered up," junk-shop appearance produced in some American homes by overfurnishing. There was plenty of room to walk around without stumbling over, or knocking off, anything. The guest room, in which I slept, was so large that I felt out of doors in it. And the furniture was of corresponding proportions; the clothespress could tuck away the whole wardrobe of an ordinary family; and the bed was even nearer kin to that in which Hans Christian Andersen's true princess slept than the one in my hotel room in Copenhagen. Cross my heart, Cynthia, there were nearly a dozen feather ticks of various sizes on that bed. Taught by my Copenhagen experience, I

promptly dumped most of them on the floor, where they remained until morning, when I replaced them and gave them a poke or two, to produce a slept-on appearance, lest my aunt by any chance be led to suspect that I was not partial to Danish beds.

In the brick-paved kitchen is a built-in oven, also of brick, such as was used in New England in colonial days. Most of the baking for the family is done here, but uncle also exchanges grain with the baker for immense loaves of rye bread. And the baker, I suppose, transfers the grain to the miller, in return for flour, in the placid, old-fashioned way.

In the dining room was a very old grandfather's clock which ticked stolidly away, keeping more or less accurate time—mostly less. As a time-keeper it was not much, but you, as a fancier of the antique, would have loved the venerable case and the crotchety works. I wish, too, that you might have seen the lovely potted plants on the broad sill of the sunny dining-room windows. I never before saw such begonias as Aunt Ingeborg can grow.

One morning shortly after my arrival, Uncle announced that we were to go for an all-day picnic. I was quite willing, I assure you. My aunt, who is of the plump, comfortable, bustling type, soon had two great baskets packed with luncheon. These were stowed away under the broad rear seat of the carriage. By eight o'clock we were off,—but the sun was well on his way by that hour. There were objects of interest all along the road, so Carle, my oldest cousin, and I studied my tourist map, which names every highway, large farm, church, and windmill on the island. Uncle laughed and called us "aegte turists"—genuine tourists—but he was

really as much interested in the harmless gossip supplied by the map as any of the rest of us.

Bornholm is a great place for cycling; once or twice we passed veritable flocks of cyclists. But I did not see a trace of an automobile. When I remarked upon their absence Uncle said that it was a mere accident that we had met none, for there were automobiles on Bornholm. But they had not been there long. Originally, a few of the Copenhageners who spent their summers on the island brought their machines with them,—but only for a short period, for the automobiles frightened the unsophisticated Bornholm horses quite out of their wits. After the machines had paid their first mad, chugging, snorting, honking visit to the island, and had left numerous splintered and smashed vehicles and irate farmers in their wake, a local law was passed prohibiting the desecration of placid little Bornholm by the mechanical monsters. Recently, however, the ban had been removed (Even the "pearl of the Baltic" follows in the wake of the procession), and at present, Uncle triumphantly announced—Uncle is a progressive in spite of his thatched roof—not only are tourist autos admitted, but the island even harbors two or three naturalized immigrant machines.

At about ten o'clock we stopped for luncheon in a beautiful grove where there were tables and benches under the trees. While Tante went to a near-by inn for a pot of hot coffee, and the girls unpacked a basket and set a table, Uncle cut huge slices of rye bread and fed them to the horses. But please do not generalize from this last and conclude that Danish horses regularly live on rye bread; it was

merely an extra, like an apple or a carrot in America, because we were picnicking.

And wasn't it pleasant to picnic out under those grand old beeches? And wasn't I ravenously hungry, notwithstanding a seven-o'clock breakfast? And didn't Tante Ingeborg have the most delicious things to eat?—pickled herring, for instance, and smoked salmon sandwiches, and "rödgröd"—probably the most typical Danish dish—made by cooking sago in fruit juice, in which have been dropped raisins, currants, spices, and other tasty morsels, until the whole is of the consistency of custard. But then I am always hungry in Denmark, and the food is always delicious. Were I to stay here very long I should degenerate into an absolute epicure.

As we neared Hammershuus Castle—our first goal—the road ran along the northeast coast through Allinge, a pretty little summer resort. Here we noticed a number of sun-browned women, wearing gay-colored bandanas on their heads in Topsy fashion, and carrying alpenstocks in their hands. They had been climbing over the cliffs. After passing Allinge, to our left was The Hammer, an imposing promontory of granite, which is being rapidly quarried away; and just ahead were the castle ruins. At the inn near at hand the horses were unhitched and stabled, the lunch baskets were removed and carried to a group of trees where there was a table just the right size, and here we had another meal; and all were again hungry.

Then we explored the ruins. Hammershuus was first built in the thirteenth century and for much of the time since it has played an important part in Denmark's history. For a long time it, with the

remainder of Bornholm, was an object of dispute between the archbishops of Lund and the Danish kings. During much of the sixteenth century the German city of Lübeck controlled the castle; in the seventeenth, as I have told you, Sweden for a short period held dominion over it and the island. For some time after Denmark resumed control, Hammershuus remained the stronghold of Bornholm; but presently the islet near at hand, Christiansö, was fortified, and the old castle was permitted to fall into ruins. Its destruction was hastened by the fact that stone was taken from it for public buildings in Rönne; and subsequently it became a sort of public quarry. Until within a century ago, the domestic vandalism continued. Nevertheless, the Hammershuus ruins are the finest in Denmark to-day.

The old pile had quite enough of the characteristics of the orthodox mediæval castle to satisfy the most romantic student of feudalism and chivalry. It stood on a high promontory with sheer cliffs on three sides. On the fourth was a moat through which flowed an arm of the sea, spanned by a drawbridge. It is very easy to trace the whole ground plan of the castle, for many of the great walls of unhewn stone still stand, picturesquely overgrown with shrubs and trees. I was especially interested in the dungeon, as I had never seen one before; but after we had half climbed and half slid down into it, I found that it differed very little from a deep, dark, windowless cellar. In this dungeon, says tradition, the unhappy Eleonore Christine, daughter of Christian IV, and her husband, Corfitz Ulfeldt, were confined while prisoners at Hammershuus. Ulfeldt had committed treason against his country; Eleo-

nore Christine was merely guilty of loyalty to her husband. They were imprisoned at the castle just two years after the Swedish garrison sent over to hold the island was forced to surrender to the doughty Bornholmers. Those were stirring times for little old Denmark.

Having explored the dungeon and identified the various parts of the castle by means of the map in my guide book, we wandered around the outer walls. What was once a moat is now a pretty, deep, little dell, crossed by a gracefully-arched bridge of red brick. Below, and seaward, near the base of the cliffs, are several queer, wave-sculptured rocks. One of them, the Lions' Heads, is especially well named. Beyond these, far to the north, we detected the outlines of the coast of Sweden. Bornholm, you see, is much nearer to Sweden than it is to any Danish territory.

After leaving Hammershuus, we drove along the southeast coast to Rö, to see Helligdommen Klippen (Holy Cathedral Cliffs). As it was about five o'clock when we arrived at Rö, we first had supper under the trees, with coffee, piping hot, obtained just across the way. Then, by means of a winding stairway, we reached the base of the cliffs. Here was a little gasoline launch which took us up and down the coast to see the fantastic wave-worn rock, now and then puffing into the deep caves dug out by the breakers. In some places the cliffs look as if Mother Nature when in an angry mood had seized a mighty knife and slashed right and left, working havoc with the solid granite; here were long slices of rock; there were slender columns and spires standing alone in the water; and occasionally there

appeared a distinct variation of pattern, bearing resemblance to natural objects. Our guide in the launch made the most of these. "Look at the profile of the Bornholm damsel, formed by that mass of rocks," said he; and "There is St. Peter; can't you see his cross and keys?"—and so on.

On every ledge of the cliffs where soil could find place were velvety mosses, delicate, plumy ferns, and flowers brightly blooming; gaily colored fish darted about in the water; and—most beautiful of all—a glorious sunset crowned and scene and the day with a blaze of orange and crimson and gold and rose which covered half of the sky and was reflected on the surface of the placid Baltic.

Perhaps, as compared with the wild, majestic sweep of our Western scenery, all of this seems very miniature and very tame. But it is not fair to compare it with anything so different. Helligdommen, when I saw it, had a charm all its own—like an English landscape. I shall never forget its beauty.

It would have been very pleasant to spend the whole summer at Uncle Johannes', but duty called, and the time for my other visits was short; so I soon returned to Rönne, bound for the northeastern part of the island. The railroad journey from Rönne to Nexö was one of the drollest experiences which I have had in Europe. Generally speaking, there is not anything funny about a ride by train;—but there are railroads and railroads; and of her own particular variety little old Bornholm certainly has a very exclusive monopoly. The cars are very small, as if they were the half-grown children of American ones; and the trains are almost incredibly

leisurely. Positively, I believe that my train spent two-thirds of the time backing and switching and waiting at stations. During the remaining third it ambled and sauntered between stopping points; and upon finally reaching one, the locomotive gave a ridiculous, hysterical shriek, as if overcome by the prodigiousness of the feat which it had performed. But this toy train suits Bornholmers very well, for they have plenty of time; and it suited me, for it gave ample opportunity for studying the landscape. An American express would never do at all on that twenty-three-mile long island; it would be a giant in dwarf's quarters. The Rönne-to-Nexö line, which is the main railroad line in Bornholm, is not sufficiently long to enable a train of the American express variety to assume normal speed with safety.

From Nexö to Svaneke, whither I was bound, I had to go by post wagon. A post chaise is just a sort of rudimentary stage coach, and as I am an old stager—as you know—I immediately bethought me of a seat on top with the driver, and lost no time before asking for it. Some one else had got ahead of me, however, and I had to ride inside with two women and two children; hence, I had only an occasional and fragmentary view out of the dusty window in the rear.

Svaneke, which is picturesquely situated upon the northeast coast of Bornholm, is a fishing town of about thirteen hundred inhabitants. It is, if possible, quainter than Rönne. Its streets are crooked beyond belief; they dip and turn, zig-zag, and run in circles;—at least, that is the impression which I gained from wandering helplessly around in them; for I never went out alone without becoming lost

and having to undergo the humiliation of inquiring the way to my destination. Another baffling characteristic of the place is that the houses are more completely duplicates of one another than are those at Rönne.

On a particularly crooked street, near the edge of the town, are three of the typical Bornholm houses; all are low and box-shaped, with red-tiled roofs, and with small German windows, the wide sills of which are crowded with potted plants, beautifully growing and blooming. In these three houses live three aunts of mine, all of them sisters and all of them widows. To these aunts, my visit was an epoch-making event; I came as a delegate from my mother whom they had not seen for forty years. At a family congress held shortly after my arrival the time which I had to spare for Svaneke was carefully divided up, in order that each aunt might have a fair chance at her American niece; and in consequence of this treaty, the niece vibrated somewhat like an erratic pendulum between the three dear, quaint old homes. Breakfast at Tante Hulda's, luncheon at Tante Anna's, dinner at Tante Laura's, with one or more of the appertaining cousins present, —thus ran the schedule, with an occasional reversal or combination. Only the place where I was to have afternoon coffee was left unprovided for; I had that wherever I happened to be at coffee time.

My nights, however, were spent with my oldest aunt, Anna, who lives in the middle of the row. All of her children have homes of their own, except the youngest, who has followed the call of the Viking and is away at sea. Her home is a perfect museum of souvenirs of him and his voyages; there are Jap-

anese curios, tapa cloth from the South Seas, armodillo baskets, nautilus shells, South American parakeets, and I do not know what else. Imagine squawking parakeets in little old Bornholm! In its air of "foreignness," the interior of Tante Anna's house contrasted interestingly with the homes of my other two aunts, which are typical of Bornholm. But everything was interesting and charming and everything was wonderfully quiet and restful. I recommend Svaneke for all victims of nervous prostration.

One day, like Charles Lamb, I went cousin-hunting out in the country,—but in the company of a cousin instead of a sister. We cycled, Dagmar and I; and started early and had a long, lovely day. The landscape in this part of the island is the most beautiful that I have seen since my arrival here. The poppy-and-cornflower-strewn grain was ripe, and here and there the harvesting had begun. Occasionally the whirr of a reaping machine was heard, but very frequently I noticed folk reaping and binding by hand in primitive fashion. The men led, cutting the grain with their sickles; behind them came the women who bound it into sheaves, which they piled ready for the hauling. The colored dresses of the women contrasted brightly with the background of fields and gave the touch of perfection to the picture.

But the passing landscape was made up of much more than harvest fields and reapers. There was a rare variety. Patches of rosy clover and of alfalfa, with blossoms shading from pale amethyst to deep, dark purple—patronized by thousands of golden yellow butterflies—alternated with the fields

of wheat and barley, oats and rye already mentioned. Some of the fields were unfenced; others were inclosed by thick, green hedges, or by walls of unhewn stone, with at times a waste corner given over to purple heather. Here and there over the patches of pasture please imagine a few sleek dairy cows, and a few more plump sheep. Add trees to the panoramic picture—some casting broad, cool shadows across the finely-paved road, along which you cycle in imagination with me, others grouped here and there between us and the horizon—majestic oaks and beeches, and white-limbed birches, with dainty, fern-like leaves.

And now put in the houses. Just coming into view on one side is a mossy, thatched-roofed gaard, with dazzling white walls partly concealed by clumps of trees; on the other side, a little nearer at hand, note a red brick building peeping forth from the clustering foliage; and yonder is a white one with red tiles substituted for thatch. As you cycle past, there will be a constant shifting and changing of styles and colors, according to whether the farms are new or old, small or large. Tuck into the panorama a few large windmills here and there, with long arms slowly and lazily grinding out Danish grist; and finally finish off your picture by adding an occasional church, at first just peeping its spire or tower over the rolling surface of the ground, but as you approach looming large, in Lutheran dignity conscious of State support.

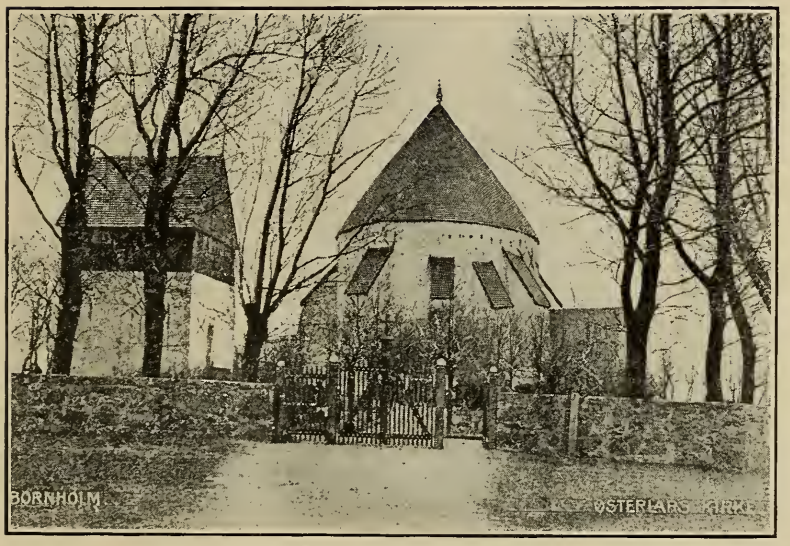
We rode all day in the midst of this beautiful landscape, now and then making a cousinly call. And always, for the sake of the cousinship, these cousins welcomed their clanswoman from the Land of the

Setting Sun; and everywhere they insisted that we partake of coffee, regardless of the amount of which we had already drunk; and always they accompanied us to the main road when we departed, remembered the "Hils hjemme" (Greet those at home for us) when the good-byes were said, and were waving a final farewell when we took a last look at the turn of the road. Verily, cousin-hunting in a foreign land may be a wondrous pleasant pastime—if the foreign land be an ancestral homeland.

Near the end of our ride we came to Östermarie Church, of the parish in which my mother lived as a child. And there in the church-yard were many old grave-stones with family names; names that were familiar, but strange—when found there. The ancient church is in ruins, but twenty years ago a new one was built, after an old pattern, with a square tower topped off with a gable. A memorial tablet to Jens Kofoed, who helped save Bornholm for Denmark, has been carefully transferred from the old building to the new.

Östermarie represents one of two characteristic types of Bornholm church architecture. The other type which I have in mind is the rotunda. These rotunda churches are among the rare sights of Denmark, and date from well back into the Middle Ages. Österlars, the finest sample, is Östermarie's near neighbor at the northwest. The main part of the building is a huge cylinder, capped with a cone-shaped roof. Attached to the outer walls, like barnacles, with little regard to symmetry or uniformity, are a number of buttresses. The whole structure has a grotesque appearance, and is like nothing else I have ever seen,—except, perhaps, as

Harvest Time in Bornholm



Österlars Church, Bornholm

regards form, the grass huts of the South Sea Islanders. But it is much more substantial than these; the walls are thick and heavy; for in the old fighting days the rotundas served as fortresses as well as houses of worship.

The northeastern part of the island possesses various reminders of earlier days than those in which Österlars was built. Among these are the sites of several burial mounds. During my mother's girlhood some of the mounds were leveled by bold farmers, unfearful of the hauntings of outraged ghosts; and their contents—weapons, utensils, ornaments, etc.—which the heathen Danes had buried with their dead, were brought to light. Some of the objects reached the museum at Copenhagen in safety; others, especially the ornaments of gold and silver, were melted down by the thrifty but short-sighted country people. The most famous mound of all was, however, carefully excavated by Danish archæologists. This was on the large farm called Store Bakkegaard, not far from my mother's old home.

Most of the country people realized that the mounds were prehistoric graves; and some of the farmers, for superstitious reasons, refrained from leveling them. As you may imagine, many ghost stories grew up around these—stories of mysterious lights which appeared and disappeared in the trees on top of one of them; of a monstrous three-legged cat which yowled from another; of a surpassingly beautiful maiden with incredibly long golden locks who haunted a third. They were "spooky" landmarks, my mother said—places past which the school children hurried with bated breath in the early twi-

light of the short winter days.

In my mother's childhood also many believed in witches and wizards, who were able to work destruction to their enemies, and against whom one must be on one's guard; and of "wise men" and "wise women," beneficent variations of the witch and wizard class, to whom one went with one's troubles, of whatever nature. Was a Bornholmer afflicted with boils or ringworm, warts or "fits," which failed to yield to home remedies, if he was superstitious—as he often was—he would ignore medical advice and consult a "wise" person, frequently with satisfactory results. A lost sheep or a lost child, a guilty conscience or suspected disloyalty on the part of a lass or a lover—all of these were cases which called for the services of the "wise." With the spread of scientific knowledge, however, knowing ones, good and evil, tended to lose prestige, and now, so far as I have been able to learn, they are no more numerous in Bornholm than elsewhere; the "backwoods" in the Baltic is becoming as hard-headed and skeptical as the remainder of the world.

On my return from Svaneke to Nexö I rode on the high seat with the driver; and as the day was fine and the driver was affable it seemed almost as if my old staging days had returned. One has such a top-of-the-world feeling when on the driver's seat of a stage coach—even if the coach be only a post wagon. To the right hand was a Bornholm landscape such as I have tried to describe; to the left was the Baltic, edged by rocky cliffs, and dotted here and there with the white or brown sail of a fishing boat.

A few miles beyond Nexö I stopped off to visit

my cousin Thorwald, who lives on a large gaard with quadrangular buildings of brick, arranged on the same principle as Barquist, only on a larger and more elaborate scale. While here, for the first time—I *hope* it was the first time—I disgraced my clan. This is how it happened. When I arrived, Christine, my cousin's wife, was up to her eyebrows in preparations for a birthday party for their little girl; and promptly after my arrival the cook fell ill. It was evident that a crisis was at hand, which I determined to relieve. The intricacies of Danish cookery are quite beyond me, so I knew enough to leave that to Christine; and I cast about me for other means of helpfulness. As luck would have it, I saw a row of milk pails near the kitchen door. Now, as you know, I was not reared on the Far Western frontier for nothing; the mysteries of bridge whist and the tango to me are mysteries indeed, but I *can* milk a cow.

As the inspiration seized me, as promptly I seized a pail and went forth to relieve the birthday party crisis. The cows were gentle; I milked two, and returned in triumph with the brimming pail. I acknowledge that I had had some misgivings with reference to just how my particular form of aid would be regarded; but I was not prepared for the sensation which my performance created. As I approached the house, I met one of the maids who was starting out to milk. Upon seeing me, she rushed into the house exclaiming, "De fremmede dame har malkede köerene! De fremmede dame har malkede köerene!" And the awful tidings spread.

Since Thorwald is not only a wealthy farmer but —what is vastly more important—is also an officer

in the Danish army, Christine has a tremendous amount of dignity to maintain. When she learned what I had done, she stood for a moment in petrified astonishment, and then burst forth, "You have milked the cows! What will my friends say! What will my friends say!" And then she left the room, utterly humiliated by the conduct of her husband's low-bred cousin. I am certain that she swore the maids to secrecy, lest my exploit get abroad and she lose caste.

A scrap of consolation was offered to me, however, by Christine's cousin, who was also a visitor at the house. She, not being related to me, could afford to be amused as well as scandalized. After I had stoutly aired my views, this cousin told of a Danish high-school teacher—a woman of phenomenal strength of mind—who had not only shocked the whole community by milking a cow, but subsequently had shamelessly announced that were she the queen she would milk cows if she felt like doing so! Unfortunately, with all of her charm, little old Bornholm is in some ways very conservative and very aristocratic; there is much talk of "fine folk"; and her aristocracy is still determined to a considerable degree by the mediæval qualifications of position and wealth, rather than by intellect and character. She is not so different from my own land, however; for there are plenty of Americans who would sympathize with Cousin Christine's indignation over my plebeian performance.

Lest you be left with the impression, however, that the "pearl of the Baltic" is far more backwoodsy and conservative than is a fact, I wish to assure you before leaving it that Bornholm is, in many

ways, exceedingly progressive. It must be, since it is a part of Denmark, which is in the front rank of the progressives of Europe. The farmers' telephone system, for instance, is well established on the island, and is well patronized; rural mail delivery also exists, the postmen generally cycling over the smooth roads. Bornholm's educational system is excellent; you would be astonished at the subjects, besides English, which are included even in the grammar school course. And I must acknowledge—though as an American school teacher I am somewhat ashamed to—that the teaching is more thorough than in our land; the Danish children seem to retain and make practical use of what they learn, as few American children do. The Bornholmers are intelligent too, though isolated; they read and they think; all seem to make at least one trip to Copenhagen during a lifetime, and many visit the capital quite frequently. Also, Socialism gives evidence of being fairly well rooted in the island, where it bids fair in future to play havoc with time-honored aristocratic ideals.

Bornholm conservatism is in a sense a modified local patriotism; for the Bornholmers are intensely attached to their mid-Baltic home,—a fact, I presume, largely due to their isolation and to the consequent necessity, to a considerable degree, for their fighting their own battles in times past. Their love for the beautiful island naturally makes them loath to change the old for the new, unless they see a good reason for so doing. A cousin who is a fiercely loyal Bornholmer is a good illustration of this. One day I asked her the Danish word for "birch" and she replied, "The Copenhagen Danish

is *birk;* the Bornholm Danish is *burck.* I pronounce it *burck,* for *I* am a Bornholmer." The Danish spoken in Copenhagen is generally considered the best, and is charming to the ear; in my opinion, it has a dignity which French lacks, and a beauty of sound foreign to German. The Bornholm dialect, on the other hand, is a broad drawl which is unqualifiedly ugly.

It must be recognized, too, that Bornholm possesses virtues which many centrally-located places lack. Among the population of more than forty thousand serious crimes are almost unknown. The people are friendly and honest; they practice the Golden Rule pretty faithfully. I was impressed with this fact while in Svaneke. We were going away to spend the evening, and I, being the last out, proceeded to lock the door. "Never mind to lock the door," said Tante Anna; "just close it. There are no thieves on Bornholm." Later, fearful lest she had exaggerated the honesty of the island, she discussed the matter with Tante Hulda; and finally they remembered that some years before a man in Rönne had been convicted of stealing a few kroners' worth of something—I have forgotten what.

I am writing these final lines aboard *Örnen,* sitting on a stool in the cabin with my writing pad on my knee; for I am outward bound from Bornholm. All of my Rönne relatives came to the boat and saw me off with "Hils hjemmes" and repeatedly waved good-byes. I was just on deck to take a last look. Ah, when I forget thee, Bornholm! —My nearest cabin mate is a girl from the Faroes, who is taking a great armful of purple heather home with her. The Faroes, you know, are a part of Den-

mark. An old Norse dialect is the vernacular, but Danish is taught in the schools, and my cabin mate, like most natives, speaks it. Hence, we do not have to resort to a deaf-mute show in order to make ourselves understood. The girl is stirring in her berth. I fear that the light disturbs her, so I must put it out. As the Bornholmers say, "Farvel saa laenge" —Good-bye for the present.

CHAPTER IV

AN INTRODUCTION TO SWEDEN: LUND, HELSINGBORG, GOTHENBURG

GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN,
August 15, 191—

My dear Cynthia:

As you see, I am at last in the land of the Swede, —a land even less known to Americans than is Denmark,—which is saying considerable. The sum total of information which most Americans possess about Sweden seems to be that Swedish girls make good cooks. Consequently, they appear to look upon all Swedish women as potential American "servant girls." To be sure, in view of the fact that my ancestral roots sink deep in Swedish soil, I deserve no credit for such knowledge of things Swedish as I have; and I claim none. But since my arrival here I have been acquiring more knowledge, and I propose to thrust some of it upon you; for I have no reason to believe that you possess any superfluous information upon the subject; and, besides, it is impossible to write *from* Sweden without writing *about* Sweden.

Though Lund was my first definite goal in the Swedish land, I went there via Malmö, a commercial town on the sea coast, which I reached after about an hour's sailing from Copenhagen. So far

as I have been able to learn, Malmö's chief claim to historic glory is the fact that it was here, in 1533, that Christian Petersen, the "Father of Danish literature," set up the first printing press in Denmark. For the province in which Malmö and Lund are situated, as well as other provinces in southern Sweden, was at that time a possession of Denmark, which had ruled over it since the days of Canute the Great. But in the middle of the seventeenth century, by the treaty of Roskilde, the whole southern end of the peninsula again came under control of Sweden, which has possessed it ever since. And this is well, for, geographically and geologically, the territory is Swedish. However, its long exile under Danish dominion has prevented it from fully acquiring Swedish characteristics—in so far as Sweden has characteristics different from the other Scandinavian lands. Hence, in spite of the customs inspection, and in spite of the fact that a blue flag with a yellow cross was in evidence instead of Dannebrog, it was difficult for me to realize that I was in a new land.

To me, Lund is an attractive place; the house of Tegnér, Sweden's greatest poet is there; and there also are one of the two Swedish universities, and a fine old cathedral. Tegnér, you should remember as the author of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," so beautifully translated by our own Longfellow. "Fritjof's Saga," Tegnér's greatest work, is not so well known in America, though a large number of English translations exist; but I have been fond of it for years. From it, Longfellow got many a valuable hint for his "Evangeline." Just read the following description of Fritjof's banqueting hall from the saga, and then tell me whether it

does not forcibly remind you of Longfellow's poem.

"Covered with straw was the floor, and upon a
walled hearth in the center,
Constantly burned, warm and cheerful, a fire, while
down the wide chimney
Twinkling stars, heavenly friends, glanced upon
guest and hall, quite unforbidden.
Studded with nails were the walls, and upon them
were hanging
Helmets and coats-of-mail closely together; also
between them
Here and there flashed a sword, like a meteor shoot-
ing at evening.

"Brighter than helmet or sword were the sparkling
shields ranged round the chamber;
Bright as the face of the sun were they, clear as the
moon's disc of silver.
Oft as the horns needed filling there passed round
the table a maiden;
Modestly blushing she cast down her eyes, her
beautiful image
Mirrored appeared in the shields, and gladdened
the heart of each warrior."

In one of Lund's narrow streets, squeezed tightly between other buildings, is the box-shaped house with German windows and tiled roof in which Tegnér lived from 1813 to 1826, while he was professor in the university. Two of the rooms formerly occupied by him and his family are now preserved as a museum in his memory. And these rooms presented a real Tegnér personality to me, for many

of the quaint belongings within are things which came under the poet's actual touch and eye, and which preserve still some fragment of individuality, though crowded together now in museum fashion. In the old family dining room are many busts and portraits of Tegnér; also a screen made by his children; and two show cases, one of which contains many letters and manuscripts left by him, and the other, his spectacles and paper knife, and other objects which he once owned. A large book-case displays the many editions in which his writings have been given to the world. The walls of the other room are pretty well covered with portraits of celebrated contemporaries of the poet: men in plain lay clothes, men in clerical frocks, men with military stars and bars. In the second room are also the desk, study lamp and chairs which Tegnér used; and a queer old "bridal stool" somewhat resembling a sofa—from the receptacle under the seat of which the woman in charge pulled a bridal quilt, covered with embroidered silk.

In Tegnér Place, a square shaded by great, characterful old trees, is also a pleasing memorial of the professor-poet. It is a fine bronze statue which represents him—very appropriately, since in his greatest writings he sings of Scandinavia's pagan past—as leaning against a large rune stone. The square adjoins the university.

Lund University was founded about two hundred and fifty years ago; but the present building, in handsome classical-Renaissance style, is quite new. Inside, also, everything is spick and span, cosy, and generally harmonious. The ceiling of the entrance hall is supported by fine marble pillars, the walls

are pleasingly tinted, and here and there in the class rooms are paintings by Scandinavian artists. The student body consists of about a thousand men and women. As in the other Scandinavian universities, the women as well as the men wear a black and white cap, with a button of the national colors in front. The common emblem worn by the students may be taken as symbolizing the equality of opportunity enjoyed at the universities by the women and men alike. The women of Lund University, unlike the women in many co-educational institutions in other parts of Europe, are not merely *tolerated;* they *belong;* they have equal rights there with their brothers; they attend classes, receive degrees, and come and go with a quiet air of independence and dignity which carries with it no apology for existence.

The cathedral of Lund is a grand old romanesque pile—the finest of the sort in Scandinavia—dating from the twelfth century. The old gray stone walls and the great square twin towers give it an appearance both venerable and majestic, which attracted me very much. A crowd of tourists had gathered to view the building; and presently a wide-awake looking woman, shirt-waisted and straw-sailor-hatted, came and showed us through it. On the restored brick and plaster walls are many tablets—some more than three centuries old—erected to the memory of past and gone Scandinavians. The pulpit dates from 1592, and is of black marble and alabaster, beautifully worked—but suggestive of death and mourning. Surrounding the pulpit are arranged the coats-of-arms of the nobles who gave it to the cathedral. The choir stalls, or monk stools, as our

guide called them, are more ancient than the pulpit. They are very quaint, with grotesque, grinning faces carved on the arms. Above the backs of the stools are scenes from the Bible: in one Jehovah is represented as a very round-faced young man in the act of creating the earth; in another, he is bringing the sun into being; in a third, he is creating the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. Surely the mediæval wood-workers did not pursue their labors with very deep seriousness or reverence; they *must* have given their sense of humor play while they wrought the funny clumsy figures.

But the cathedral is especially famous for its crypt. This is more than one hundred and twenty feet long and is about one-fourth as wide. Twenty three heavy pillars support the round arches, which in turn bear up the ceiling. This great space is dimly lighted by ten small windows. In the right arm of the crypt is an old well with a circular stone curbing, upon which, long centuries ago, some humorist cut quaint, satirical figures and inscriptions. Down in the crypt, long before the Reformation, Roman Catholic monks said their prayers and kept their fasts. Their cells are still in the walls. Down there, too, under the floor, are buried many ecclesiastical worthies, including the bishops of Lund who once held under their dominion all of the churches of Sweden. Also, and finally, the giant Finn and his family are prisoners in the ancient room beneath the cathedral—in bas-relief on the everlasting stone. And I must confess that I was more interested in the frivolous story of the ill-fated Finn than in all of the holy monks and domineering bishops.

Our cicerone told us the story, about in this wise:

In the year 1080 the good Saint Lawrence set the giant Finn to work to construct the cathedral. Since it was to be a mighty building, a giant's labor was needed to construct it. St. Lawrence, however, lacked foresight, and failed to have a contract signed before the work began. Consequently, the giant had him at his mercy when the task was completed. Finn demanded an exorbitant price for his services —the sun and the moon, or the eyes of the impractical saint. The only chance of escape which St. Lawrence had was to guess the name of the builder; failing to do that, out would go his eyes, for, obviously, the sun and the moon were beyond his reach. But giants, as you know, are stupid, and the Finn family was no exception. When the price was almost within their grasp, Mrs. Finn, while crooning her baby to sleep, from force of habit mentioned her husband's name in the song.—Presumably the lullaby was the ancestor of the "Father-will-come-to-thee-soon" one.—That minute the game was up; all was lost. For St. Lawrence, who was snooping around, overheard the builder's name.

In the despair and rage consequent upon their failure, the Finns tried to pull down the church, evidently—like Samson at Gaza—welcoming suicide in the general destruction. However, St. Lawrence, who now had the upper hand, prevented, and disposed of them for good by turning them into stone. There they are even unto this day, a part of the pillars supporting the great vault of the crypt. But, in my opinion, a dastardly crime is also recorded against St. Lawrence by the carvings on the two pillars; for the innocent was made to suffer with the guilty; the little Finn baby was petrified with its

parents. There is the poor, helpless infant on the column with his mother, flattened out in pitiless bas-relief, to the eternal disgrace of the Church. Here endeth the story of the bas-reliefs on the pillars of the crypt. He that hath credulity to believe let him believe.

Helsingborg was my second stop in the land of the Swede. You will find Helsingborg on the map where southwestern Sweden almost touches Denmark. Indeed, here the Sound is only a little more than two miles wide, so it is not at all difficult to understand why in centuries past Swede and Dane fought so many and such bloody battles over the control of the commerce which passed through this important gateway. The town has only about thirty thousand inhabitants, but it offered me a number of objects of interest. On the quay was a tablet commemorating the landing of the Frenchman, Marshal Bernadotte, on October 22, 1810, when he came to Sweden as heir of the childless Charles XIII, and founder of the present royal Swedish house. Farther on was a statue of Count Stenbock, the warrior who saved southern Sweden from recapture by the Danes during the Swedish reverses suffered under Charles XII.

But of all the attractions offered by Helsingborg the palm should go either to Swedish hard bread or to Kärnan—preferably, I suppose, to the latter; for Sweden has only one Kärnan while hard bread may be obtained anywhere within her borders. It happened, however, that I had somehow missed my chance at hard bread in Lund, so I shall always associate the gustatory pleasure obtained from it with this particular Swedish town. As its name implies,

the bread is hard; it is also dry and brittle and brown, for it is made of rye meal and is baked in thin, round cakes about as large as a dinner plate. On the tables in the open-air café where I had luncheon were great piles of this delectable morsel. This bread, spread with slightly-salted Swedish butter and partaken of with coffee such as the Scandinavians know how to make, supplies a luncheon fit for the gods of Scandinavia. Nectar and ambrosia, I am persuaded, would take only second prize in any international exposition. Frankly, however, Cynthia, I fear that you would vote for the fare of the Greek gods, in preference.

Since the café in which I first partook of Swedish hard bread was very near to Kärnan, where I went immediately afterward, I also associate the bread with Kärnan. This latter is not edible, though from association and sound it may seem so. Yet Kärnan is a "kernel"—the kernel or core of a Swedish fortress built something like six hundred years ago. Its actual date of foundation is lost in the past. Around it were once heavy battlemented walls and towers, all of which played a part in the bloody struggles of the centuries. But to modern times there descended only the great square central building, dismantled and falling into ruins—until recently restored. The restoration has transformed the fragment of the ancient fortress into a handsome red brick observation tower, the newest of the new, from the top of which floats the flag of Sweden. The approach up the hill to Kärnan is a right royal one, and is very fitly named for the good King Oscar. After ascending a series of broad, shallow staircases and passing under three arches, each more

majestic than the preceding, I reached the door of the tower. Then there were nearly one hundred and fifty steps of a spiral staircase to climb before reaching the platform under the sky blue flag with its golden cross. But the view from there was well worth a much harder climb. Do not miss it if ever the *Wanderlust* should carry you to the land of the Swede.

Helsingborg, itself, as I learned as a result of my climb, is a very pretty town with bright, clean buildings, magnificently situated upon the shores of the Sound through which many ships were passing. Below me, up and down the clean, well-paved streets moved the busy Swedes, intent upon their daily tasks. But as it was a clear day I also secured a fine sweep of the surrounding Swedish landscape, and—most interesting of all—had a clear view of the nearest corner of Denmark, Helsingör, as the Danes call it, but the Elsinore of Hamlet to all English-speaking peoples. Helsingör looked less than a good stone's throw away. Its largest buildings were plainly visible; and Kronborg Castle, which guards the Sound in behalf of the Danes, loomed up in the foreground, grand and majestic. I shall be certain to see it nearer on my return to Denmark.

After a day and a night in Helsingborg I left by rail for Gothenburg—or Göteborg, as known to the Swedes. The landscape through which I journeyed is more rolling than that around Lund; and it is exceedingly stony. In one little valley which we crossed the stones were piled up into walls, evidently not so much for the purpose of forming fences as to clear the soil. Indeed, as it was, these fences covered a large portion of the ground. It was har-

vest time in Sweden; and kerchiefed women were working with the men in the fields, binding and piling the sheaves. The farm houses here were quite different from those in Denmark, both as regards material and style of architecture. The gaard arrangement was exceptional; instead, the buildings, which are generally of wood, painted dark red, with white trimmings, were unconnected, and frequently arranged parallel to each other.

As we neared Gothenburg the scenery improved; the rolling territory with its stones and stone walls gave place to a more hilly landscape with great rugged rocks and beautiful trees. On entering the town we passed Göta Lejon Fort, which stands on the summit of a hill. It is a large, round tower—very old but recently restored—built with exceedingly thick stone walls. It is surmounted by a rampant bronze lion wearing a golden crown and bearing a sword; hence the name. The mate of this fortress, Kronan, which is now a military museum, is topped off with a golden crown. Kronan is on a hill nearer the heart of the city, and is reached by a stairway of about two hundred steps.

A large bronze statue of Gustav Adolf—no true Swede would use the Latin form in these days—has the place of honor in the main public square. This Protestant warrior king was the founder of the town;—or, more strictly speaking, the inviter of the founders. Under his direction and at his invitation it was settled by Dutch people who were commercially inclined and saw great possibilities in a city built at the mouth of the Gotha River. Gothenburg has prospered since its foundation and now ranks second in size to Stockholm; but it still bears traces

Ezias Tegnér

Statue of Gustav Adolf, Gothenburg

of its origin, in the form of the broad streets and the canals suggestive of Holland. Another peculiarity of the town is the numerous staircases for ascending and descending the granite hills. These staired streets are a great boon to pedestrians, who have the complete monopoly of them.

Slottsskogen, Gothenburg's natural park, is on high ground outside of the city. It is a large woodsy stretch, with here and there great patches of purple heather, through which granite boulders peep. In the pretty, tree-rimmed lakes black and white swans were sailing, and in an inclosure were soft-eyed deer. From a cream-colored stone observation tower on the highest point in the park I secured a fine view. To the west was the broad mouth of the Gotha into which were steaming European merchant ships; for this burg on the Gotha is far-famed for its manufactures and its commerce. On to the northeast, like a silver-blue ribbon, the river curved, bearing other vessels bound for Stockholm, via the Gotha Canal.

I cannot leave Gothenburg without telling you about the "automat" and its possibilities. In Copenhagen I had noticed tempting-looking buildings conspicuously labeled "Automat," but, fearing that they might be a new variety of "gilded halls of sin," carefully avoided them. In Gothenburg yesterday, however, I saw a tremendously respectable-appearing woman, accompanied by a little girl, come out of an automat, and, thoroughly convinced that there was nothing immoral about the place, I went in to explore. An automat, Cynthia, is an *automatic restaurant,* non-alcoholic and immaculately respectable; it is the cafeteria idea carried to its logical conclusion. I have

never seen automats in our own land; but they are wonderfully convenient, and do away with that survival of mediæval highway robbery called "tipping." They are operated on the money-in-the-slot and the touch-the-button principle. Taking a meal in one of them is an interesting performance, partaking somewhat of the qualities of an adventure.

In one wall of the dining room are various slots and electric buttons, slides and faucet-like spouts, all properly labeled. Perhaps you would like a cup of cocoa. If so, place a cup and saucer, from the table near at hand, under the proper spout, drop a five-öre piece into the neighboring slot, and immediately cocoa will gush forth into your cup, stopping at just the right degree of fullness. The cocoa will be as good as the best and will cost less than two cents in American money. You will want a sandwich to eat with your cocoa, I am sure. There are almost as many kinds of sandwiches in Scandinavia as there are foods; and all are good. A veritable rainbow array of them is on exhibition in a round glass case divided into compartments. Rotate the case until the dish containing the variety which you would like most to sample is before the little metal door, drop your five-öre piece into the slot, and the door will open and out will slide the desired dish. You can supply yourself with the most delicious little cakes and tarts in the same way. Should you want something hot, roast beef and browned potatoes, for instance, or lamb stew, you will have to return to the wall. Put your money in the slot, press the button, and as soon as ever it can be dished up your order will come out through the side, piping hot and mighty good. Carry your spoils to one of the little

tables, which are set as in a cafeteria, but supplied with hard bread in addition; help yourself to knife, fork and spoon and paper napkin from the side table; and—fall to.

You are convinced by this time, I presume, that I have become a perfect gourmand. Perhaps I have; but you would be too, under the same circumstances. I marvel no longer that the Scandinavians eat five times a day. And I hope that Stockholm for which I depart this morning is well supplied with automats. I shall write you from there. Meanwhile, as the Swedes say, "Adjö! Adjö!"

CHAPTER V

JOURNEYING ACROSS SWEDEN; STOCKHOLM

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN,
August 20, 191—

My dear Cynthia:

I do not mind admitting now that I was distinctly disappointed with my first glimpses of the Swedish landscape. You probably noticed that in my last letter I 'demned it by faint praise.' But since writing that letter I have crossed the peninsula from Gothenburg to Stockholm, and I have found that —at least so far as the eye will reach on either side of the railroad track—Sweden is far more beautiful than I had ever dreamed. It was such a satisfaction to the Swedish half of me to learn that.

The country was woodsy and rolling and rocky all the way; and it was more than that. As we journeyed, conifers, particularly fir and pine, were added to the dainty white-limbed birches and the oaks. Between Lakes Vennern and Vettern for many miles we passed through dense forests, largely evergreens. The trees pressed closely in on both sides of the track, so that I could almost touch their plumy green arms with my hand. There were plenty of rocks, too, but in the form of sightly crags or rugged bluffs which were really a contribution to the picture. Here and there were houses, mostly

the typical dark red with white trimmings, which added a pleasant bit of color, peeping from between the openings in the forests, or well exposed and surrounded by fields. In some of the fields were men plowing with teams of oxen; in others were sheaves of rye or oats stuck on long, pointed stakes to dry. These spitted sheaves in some cases bore ghostly, grotesque resemblance to human beings. The railroad stations were mostly of red brick, with neat grounds frequently planted to flowers.

I have not yet mentioned the water. That deserves a paragraph by itself. If I had not already given you to understand that between Gothenburg and Stockholm there are houses and fields and forests and crags, I should be tempted to state that there is water everywhere. While this is not strictly true, water is astonishingly plentiful and is all mixed up with everything else. It has been said that when, in the act of creation, Jehovah parted the water from the land, he forgot Sweden. It certainly looks as if someone had forgotten. There are ditches between the fields to draw off the water; and lakes, large and small, from which brimming rivers flow, are scattered about in the most extravagant manner. Near Stockholm the lakes are closer together than at the Gothenburg end of the line. With their framing of gray, rocky bluffs and tall, dark forests reflected on their silvery surfaces, occasionally dotted with water lilies in full bloom, these lakes are charming indeed. Swedes have been fond of water since Viking times, you know. And last Friday they seemed to be enjoying their lakes to the full; some were swimming, and splashing and diving, like genuine amphibians; others were in boats—proud little

steamers which made the reflected landscape tremble and quiver as they puffed and snorted about with a self-important air, and simple rowboats which glided modestly over the mirrored landscape. The train grazed the margin of one lake in which was a boat-load of laughing white-kerchiefed girls, rowed by a brown-armed young man, laughing, too. They were gathering pond lilies.

As the train entered the city by way of a bridge across the Gotha Canal, we noted a little Gothenburg steamer making its way between the green banks. It had taken about forty-eight hours longer than we to make the trip to the capital. But the trip by canal is a most delightful one, I have been told.

When I used the pronoun *we* in the foregoing, I did not have in mind the sum total of passengers who traveled in the same train with me from Gothenburg to Stockholm, but rather a woman who occupied the same compartment as I, on the train.

My lady, Fröken Nordstern—which, being interpreted, means Miss North Star—boarded the train at Gothenburg. Her air told me on the instant that she was a kindred spirit, so I responded as cordially as possible to her pleasant "God morgon." After that it was easy to find an excuse for conversation. I soon found that the fröken was wide-awake and interested in the best things of the present, and zealous to contribute her share to the onward and upward progress of humanity. She spoke English very well; therefore, with my mongrel Scandinavian—which she was so good as to call Swedish—we had ample linguistic media for the expression of our thoughts.

We had exchanged remarks upon the subject of Gothenburg, where she is at the head of a small business house, and had branched out slightly in other directions, when she suddenly turned to me and announced that she would like to ask some rather personal questions. As I liked her, I replied that I was willing, and she proceeded.

Was I a vegetarian?

Theoretically, I stated, I was; the thought of devouring my fellow animals for food was abhorrent to me; but actually I was carnivorous in my habits —a piece of inconsistency made possible by dwarfed powers of imagination.

Was I interested in the peace movement?

Yes.

Did I belong to some organization working to banish from the earth the possibility of nation taking up arms against nation?

No; but I was a teacher of history, and I never lost an opportunity to point out the superiority of plowshares to swords and pruning hooks to spears.

Why didn't I belong to a peace society? Did I not think that I could be more useful to the cause of peace if I belonged to an organization?

I had never given the matter serious thought, I replied.

Would I join a peace organization when I returned to my own country?

Yes; and I was grateful for the jolt.

My North Star lady now looked more hopeful. Lastly, did I believe in equal suffrage?

Here was my chance to come out strong. I was *born* a suffragist, I declared.

Fröken Nordstern grasped my hand and gave it

a hearty squeeze of comradeship. The last answer evidently counted at least fifty per cent. I judge that I passed the examination with about B+.

After that we got on famously. The fröken gave an interesting account of what the Scandinavian people—the very great grandchildren of the warlike old Vikings—were doing to effect permanent peace and good will among the nations; and they are doing much, considering their numbers. Later in the summer she expected to attend the Scandinavian peace congress to be held in Christiania. It would be pleasant, she said, if I could spare the time to attend. It would, indeed, said I. And then I took the opportunity to express the gratification and relief which I had felt that no Scandinavian blood had been shed when Norway separated from Sweden in 1905. Characteristically, *after* this was spoken, it occurred to me that I might be skating on pretty thin ice; but my pacifist friend showed her breadth of mind by promptly and warmly expressing not only her sympathy with my view but also good-will and best wishes for Norway, adding, however, that she was a loyal Swede.

But equal suffrage was her dearest interest, for she believed that it would greatly increase the weight of the women's wishes in connection with other reforms; and we talked long upon the subject. Iceland, Finland and Norway had full suffrage, she pointed out; Danish women could vote on many questions; the women of Sweden had had municipal suffrage since 1862, and the lower house of the Swedish parliament had recently passed the bill giving women full suffrage. King Gustav had shown his sympathy towards the reform. The delay was due merely to

the conservative upper house. But Scandinavia, she declared, was easily leading Europe in the emancipation of women. This I knew to be a fact; I had swelled with pride over Scandinavia's progress in this regard long before touching Scandinavian soil. But I did not know, until Fröken Nordstern told me, that Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist whose books I long have loved, was a pioneer in the movement. Swedish women owe much to Miss Bremer, and in token of this, the great national organization for the enfranchisement and social betterment of women was named the Fredrika Bremer Association.

If you secure a chance to read Selma Lagerlöf's "Ma'mselle Fredrika," Cynthia, do not let it pass. The story is in the collection entitled "Invisible Links." My fröken had a copy of the volume with her and took pleasure in reading over again with me the charming, mystical tribute of Miss Lagerlöf, in behalf of Sweden's "bachelor women," to the services of Miss Bremer. The story was new to me, but it is certainly one of the finest that Selma Lagerlöf has produced.

We talked also of Ellen Key. I suppose that she is best known in the United States by her book on "The Century of the Child," which is an attempt to educate parents up to a proper sense of their duty to their children; for Miss Key believes that the education of parents is of far more importance than the education of children. But her books, "The Woman Movement," "Love and Marriage," etc., have received considerable American attention, as you probably know. She differs from most feminists in that she constantly emphasizes the mother qual-

ity of woman as well as her humanity. In this, I think, she performs a great service. However, there seems little doubt but that Ellen Key's radical views upon love and marriage have contributed much towards giving the word "feminist" an uncomplimentary connotation. My North Star lady was gratified to learn that I was not scandalized over Miss Key's views to the point of denunciation; but we agreed that hers seemed rather a dangerous doctrine to preach at the present stage of moral evolution. However, I suppose that prophets are occasionally far ahead of their times.

Some Swedes accuse Miss Key of spreading impure and immoral ideas, Fröken Nordstern said; and they feel that they must apologize to the world for her. Yet many of her critics, when it comes to the question of real nobility of character, are not worthy to tie her shoe strings. For that Ellen Key is a woman of rare character—as well as rare intellect—no one can doubt who knows the facts of her life—a life devoted to the uplift of humanity by teaching, writing, lecturing, and *living*.

Upon the shores of Lake Vettern, near which our train passed, Ellen Key now lives—lives an abundant life. In fact, the motto over her doorway of "Strand," her home, is "Memento vivere"—Remember to live. And by her will she has provided in a lovely way to contribute the influence of her personality for mortal good as long as possible after she has gone to join the "choir invisible." Her beautiful home is to be left just as it is, except for her physical presence, in control of a body of trustees who will invite working women, sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the culture of "Strand," to

come, four at a time, each to spend a month there between April and October, as "the guests of Ellen Key."

My memory of the long journey across Sweden will always be pleasanter because Fröken Nordstern had a part in it. She was on a very hurried—for Sweden—business trip to the capital and I have not seen her since we parted at the station here. It would be a distinct pleasure to meet her again some time.

Now for Stockholm. It is perfectly charming, whether seen by night or day; but I saw its night beauty first. When the train pulled in, though it was past nine o'clock, darkness had scarcely settled down. The city lights, however, had been turned on, and they glimmered in zig-zag lines across the many canals over which the train rumbled, producing a weird, fairyland effect which quite excited me and promised new interests.

At the station, hotel agents were lined up in three rows, but they were so numerous that I was bewildered and sought help of a helmeted policeman who stood near at hand. "Temperance Hotel"! he called, and a properly labeled agent popped out of a line. In a twinkling I was seated in a drosky and on my way. The horse wore an arch of bells which tinkled festively as we drove through the dark, high-walled "foreign-looking" streets; the memory of the long, pleasant day was in the background of my mind; the charm of the first sight of the glimmering, zig-zag lights of Stockholm was in the fore; and I felt exactly as if I were some one else—a character, perhaps, in a story-book with a good ending.

But when the next morning dawned golden and

glorious I realized to the full that I was something more enviable than that; I was a happy woman on a vacation in the land of the Swede.

Stockholm has not such a marked personality, such charming quaintness, as Copenhagen; but it is more, much more, beautiful, than Denmark's capital. If the site had been selected, and the city all planned out by a modern landscape architect, it could scarcely be more charming. The place, however, is nearly seven centuries old and its founder, the Swedish warrior, Birger Jarl, was primarily looking for a good harbor, easily defended, when he selected the passageway between Lake Mälar and the Baltic, and proceeded to fortify the rocky, woodsy islands. It is this alternation of rugged, heavily forested island and mainland, and lake and river and sea which has given this "Venice of the North" a setting much more beautiful than Venice itself. But the hand and brain of the beauty-loving Swede has contributed greatly to the natural attractions. Most of the streets are wide, well-paved, and clean. Here and there, carefully distributed over the city, are little parks, bright with grass and trees and flowers, and further adorned by handsome fountains and by statues of men who have contributed toward the up-building of Sweden. The tasteful bridges which span the broad canals also add their share to the variety. And the buildings, especially the public ones, in many cases combine in an interesting manner an artistic charm with a dignified reserve characteristic of the Scandinavian north.

When in Germany I think that I told you about the "trinkhallen." The more temperate Swedes

have "vattenbutiker" (water shops, or stores). These are little booths, generally at street corners, where one can buy mineral waters, and various other temperance drinks, and little cakes; and may consume them out in the open air, perched on the high seats beside the counter. Vattenbutiker are as strictly respectable as automats, with which Stockholm is adequately supplied.

Are you surprised to learn that Sweden has preferred "water shops" to "drinking halls"? If so, I must tell you that from being among the most drunken and intemperate parts of Europe, as they were fifty years ago, the Scandinavian lands have become temperate and are the leaders in the European "dry" movement. Under Gustav III, who reigned in the last part of the eighteenth century, the manufacture of alcoholic liquors was made a government monopoly. This made the Swedes heavy drinkers, and soon a state of affairs existed which was heading Sweden rapidly towards destruction. In the other Scandinavian countries drunkenness and demoralization were almost as prevalent. But, in 1865, through the efforts of Peter Wieselgren of Gothenburg, the so-called Gothenburg system was introduced. This system provided that the monopoly of liquor distillation be given over to responsible philanthropic companies which controlled the sale and were permitted to retain only five per cent. of the profits from the traffic; the remainder must go to objects of public service. Norway, shortly afterwards, introduced a similar method of regulation and restriction. To me, one very interesting fact about the system is that part of the profits goes towards teaching the evils of intemperance. In

Norway, the profits also go towards the building of better roads, the support of the National Theatre in Christiania, the upkeep of children's hospitals, and other similar useful purposes.

The other Scandinavian lands were promptly influenced by the reform movement in Sweden and Norway; and all over Scandinavia increasingly severe restrictive laws were passed from time to time. The Scandinavian countries are all now well on the highroad towards total prohibition. Indeed, Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroes are teetotalers. Norway is almost completely under local option; Sweden is well in line; and sentiment is rapidly growing in Denmark. What is of special encouragement to a democrat from the "land of the free" is the fact that the Scandinavian people themselves have come to see the evil of the drink habit, and have cooperated to abolish it. In the Scandinavian lands, you must know, the government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people," about as completely as in the United States. I am not at all certain that it is not more so.

Lest I have deluded you into believing that, in consequence of their freedom from evil practices, the Scandinavians have fully qualified for the harps and crowns of the New Jerusalem, I hasten to inform you that Scandinavia is in the grip of the tobacco habit; the people smoke like bad chimneys. And what is worse, the cigarette is the favorite form of the "weed." All seem to smoke it except the babies. Small boys scarcely in their teens puff lustily at cigarettes; and I have seen several respectable-looking women smoking in the open-air cafés. Among women, however, the practice is limited to

the upper middle class and the upper class.

Now, to return to Sweden's capital. Riddarholmen, or the Island of the Knights, was one of the first three islands of the city to be fortified. On a square on this island is a statue of Birger Jarl mounted on a lofty pillar, from which he gazes over the happy city whose foundations he laid. This chieftain also conquered Finland and, hence, secured the basis of the later "Greater Sweden." Though never crowned King of Sweden himself—largely because he was absent fighting the Finns when a vacancy occurred in the kingship—he was, nevertheless, the "father of the Folkungar Kings" and was really the power behind the throne during the rule of his son Waldemar. As a member of the "gentler sex" you will be interested to know that Birger had laws passed which gave to daughters half as much of the property of their parents as sons received, which, though still leaving room for amendment, was a decided improvement upon nothing.

For nearly a century and a half after the rise of Birger Jarl to royal power, Sweden remained an independent nation; but, in 1397, by the union of Calmar, she, with Norway and Denmark, became a member of the Scandinavian federation. This was in the days of Queen Margaret, daughter of the Danish King Waldemar IV, and widow of Haakon VI of Norway. At first Margaret ruled the two countries as regent for her son Olaf, but in her rule she showed such wisdom that when Olaf died, though there was no precedent for a female sovereign in the Scandinavian lands, the Danish nobles elected her as their "sovereign lady, princess, and guardian of all Denmark"; and the Norwegians followed suit.

But the Queen herself adopted the modest title, "Margaret, by the Grace of God, daughter of Waldemar, King of Denmark."

It happened that Sweden was at the time under the rule of Albert of Mecklenberg, who was far more German than Swedish in his interests. Albert was also one of the early "antis"; he poked fun at Margaret's sex and gave her to understand that in exercising sovereign power she was out of her "sphere." Meanwhile, through the oppression of his Swedish subjects and the favor which he showed to the Germans, Albert made himself so hated in Sweden that the Swedish nobles appealed to the Danish queen to be their ruler. Here was a choice opportunity for revenge which Margaret did not let slip; she invaded Sweden, overcame Albert and his German army and took Albert himself prisoner.

Then came the Union of Calmar, formed in the name of Eric of Pomerania, Margaret's grand nephew, who was chosen her heir; Margaret, however, was the real ruler of the Scandinavian lands as long as she lived. The treaty stipulated that the union should be a merely personal one and that each kingdom should retain its own nationality and laws. But Margaret had a vision of a Scandinavian nation; consequently, she worked towards the amalgamation of the three peoples by appointing Swedes to local offices in Denmark and Danes to similar positions in Sweden, and by other welding devices. It was a magnificent idea, and worthy of the great stateswoman that Margaret was. But it was doomed to failure. Though the Queen apparently tried to be prudent and tactful, the patriotic Swedes naturally viewed her as the usurper of their national liberties.

Statue of Birger Jarl, Stockholm

Museum of the North, Stockholm

Under the stupid Eric and his successors, dissatisfaction increased; the fifteenth century was punctuated with Swedish revolts. None proved successful, however, before the monster Christian II of Denmark had massacred in the Stockholm market place nearly one hundred Swedish nobles, *after* they had sworn allegiance to him.

This Stockholm "blood bath," as the Swedes say, "drowned the union of Calmar"; and it nerved Gustav Vasa, son of one of the murdered nobles, to become the George Washington of Sweden. Supported, first by the mountain people of Dalecarlia, and later by the Swedes as a whole, he drove out the Danish oppressors, gave back to Sweden her independence, and in 1523 became the first king of the powerful house of Vasa.

But to return to the square guarded by the statue of Birger Jarl. Near the high-pedestaled figure is Riddarholms Kyrkan, the Westminster Abbey of Sweden. Here rest many of the Swedish celebrities, royal and otherwise, good and bad together. The building itself is handsome—in Gothic style with rich windows. The floor is largely composed of slabs marking tombs of notable Swedes, in some cases three centuries dead. In places on the pavement the carved reliefs have been nearly obliterated by the tread of feet of intervening generations. Around the sides are the chapels in which are buried many Swedish rulers. As I looked at the tombs behind the gratings, I remembered what happened to the royal French remains at the time of the Revolution and made a new and stronger resolution in favor of cremation.

The famous grandson of Gustav Vasa, Gustav

Adolf, who lost his life on the battlefield of Lützen in the Thirty Years' War, after he and his valiant Swedes had struck the decisive blow for Protestant freedom, is buried there in an elaborately carved coffin, surrounded by standards captured from the enemy, tattered and torn, but still gay in color. In the chapel opposite to that of Gustav Adolf are the huge coffins of Charles X and Charles XII. Charles X, you may remember, was the king who adventured into Denmark over the ice-bridged Great Belt two hundred and fifty years ago. Charles XII, the "last of the Vikings," while a mere boy was able for a time to hold at bay and even to chastise severely the sovereigns of Russia, Poland and Denmark, who, presuming upon the youth of her king, were plotting to rob Sweden of her Baltic lands.

The chapel of the present dynasty, the Bernadotte, is near the door. Here is the sarcophagus of the founder of the line, Charles John, of red marble with claw feet. The plain blue marble tomb of the great and good Oscar II, the late king, is also here. Beside it is a wreath tied with white ribbon, bearing the names of the present king and queen, Gustav and Victoria.

I went to "Skansen" in company with Fröken Söderquist, from whose sister in Chicago I had brought a letter of introduction. Skansen is one of Stockholm's most characteristic institutions—a natural park and a museum combined. It is really a branch of the Museum of the North, which is near at hand. The exhibit in the park consists mostly of runestones, Lapp huts and Lapps themselves, and houses furnished to show how the Swedes lived in

ages past—even as early as the sixteenth century. The houses, which have been moved in from the country and set up in the park, are *bona fide* old buildings dating from the periods which they illustrate. I inspected several of them and found a considerable degree of similarity existing between them, though their original occupants had lived in different centuries and different parts of Sweden.

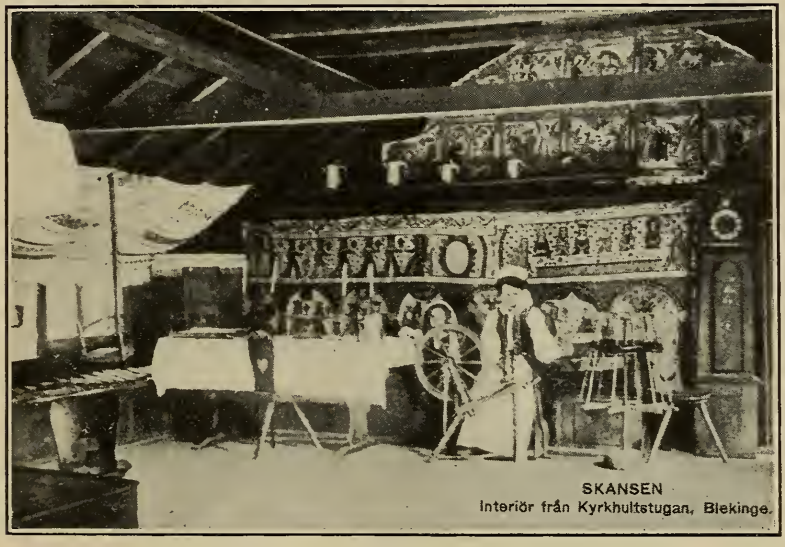
The building materials were boards or logs and the architectural style simple and much like the present. There were also the same small-paned German windows which characterize the country homes in Denmark as well as in Sweden; and their sills were filled with potted plants just as in the Scandinavian houses of later construction. The walls and ceilings were covered with quaint paintings or with embroidered linen hangings. The floors were bare but well scoured. The furniture was usually of simple pattern, but in some cases it was elaborately and grotesquely carved, especially the heavy oaken chests which stood along the walls. The bed in one of the houses was topped off with a wooden canopy, and a shallow wooden clothes closet took the place of the foot-board. In the poor cottages the beds were built into a recess in the wall, one above the other like berths, and concealed by a curtain. Ancient clocks—tall, severe-appearing timekeepers of the grandfather variety—held positions of honor. The fireplaces were large affairs with high, square hearths and square hoods, one corner of which projected out into the room. The pewter plates and tankards on display were genuine old-time utensils and also the spoons of pewter and of wood. On a table in one of the cottages were models

of different varieties of seventeenth century cakes and breads. They looked as if their originals might have been very edible and appetizing. In each house was a man or woman dressed in the costume of the period to which the house belonged, ready to answer questions or sell post cards, as the case demanded. A quaint old Swede with a long gray beard, a long white coat, long red stockings, buff knee breeches and a funny round white cap was especially picturesque. He would have made an admirable Scandinavian Santa Claus.

These exhibition homes from Sweden's past are scattered in a natural manner among the trees and rocks of Skansen as if they had been there through all the centuries. But it is not for the houses alone that the park is remarkable. It has other attractions—exclusive of the conventional zoo and the swan lake. A great May pole all decorated with festoons and stars and wreaths of various patterns stands near the ancient Swedish homes—a pretty relic of the days when the heathen Scandinavians worshiped the forest tree; and a handsome observation tower with many yellow and blue flags occupies an eminence. The tower is called "Bredablik" (Broad View). From its top, Fröken Söderquist pointed out the important buildings of the city, and the canals and the islands and the "Salt Sea." This bird's-eye view helped me more fully to realize what a really superb site Stockholm has, and how very much more beautiful this city is than Copenhagen. But Copenhagen is *so* quaint and charming and generally lovable.

Just before sundown twenty or thirty children from the public schools, dressed in the national cos-

Selma Lagerlöf



Interior of One of the Ancient Swedish Houses at "Skansen," Stockholm

tumes of various Swedish provinces, danced folk dances and sang folk songs in the park. Their dress alone was equal in interest to a small-sized museum. Some of the boys wore embroidered jackets and short buff trousers fastened at the knee with red worsted cords ending in pom-poms; one little chap cut a quaint figure in long red stockings and buckled shoes and a white coat with tails extending almost to his heels (he was the Scandinavian Santa Claus in miniature); several of the girls wore gaily embroidered bodices, with white blouses fastened with large brooches, short, very full, pleated skirts, and brightly colored stockings; some wore little fringed and embroidered woolen shawls across their shoulders; others wore the shawls on their heads; while still others wore stiff white linen caps, or pointed ones of black velvet trimmed with red. The platform upon which the children played was decorated with many flags, multiplying the rainbow array of color.

Near at hand was an open-air café with bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked young women, dressed also in peasant costume, receiving and filling orders. Here we had refreshments, and sat lazily during the lingering twilight, listening to the music, provided, not by a phonograph, or auto-piano, but by a large band; and the Swedes are no tyros at band-playing. When darkness had shut down, we watched an open-air play illustrating country life in Sweden. The stage scenery for the play included the humble home of a poor cotter and the mansion of a wealthy nobleman; the plot turned upon the rich young aristocrat's falling madly in love with the peasant's pretty daughter.

Verily, the Swedes have learned to enjoy out-of-door life to the full, both in summer and in winter. In the winter they have their snow and ice sports, and in the summer during the long, lovely spring-like days, they work and play out of doors as much as possible. This love for fresh air and sunshine, combined with their excellent in-door gymnastic system, their cleanly, temperate habits, and their cheerful dispositions, have made the Swedes the longest-lived people in Europe.

On Sunday, Fröken Söderquist and I went to services at the Church of Saint Nicholas, or Storkyrkan (the Great Church) as it is generally called. This, the oldest in Stockholm, was founded by Birger Jarl in 1264. Like almost every other Scandinavian church, it is State Lutheran. And it is appropriate that at the rear of the building should stand the statue of Olavus Petri, the apostle of Lutheranism, who on this spot stood in defiance of Catholic opposition and preached his faith.

The present building is nearly two hundred years old. The exterior is plain and rather ugly—of gray stone, with a clock tower and chimes. But the Gothic interior, which has been recently renovated, is really attractive. The slender clustering pillars and the interlacing arches which support the ceiling are of rosy brick, while the walls are of white plaster bordered with gold. The pews also are white with gold trimmings. In the walls are empty niches, which, in the old Roman Catholic days, three hundred years ago, were occupied by statues of saints. As in all old churches, there are plenty of tombs under the floor and in the walls. The two altars at which the anointing of newly crowned sovereigns

takes place occupy a conspicuous position. They are upholstered in velvet of the Swedish national blue, gold embroidered; and above each is a canopy of gold topped off with a large golden crown supported by floating cherubs.

The sermon, read by a gowned and banded clergyman from a high pulpit, also in white and gold, was of a commonplace, prosaic character. When it was finally ended, the preacher read announcements handed to him by the clerk—marriage banns, notices of coming baptisms, of deaths, and of political elections.

In the afternoon we went to the National Museum. Here are fine exhibits from the prehistoric period and also from the historic, as well as an excellent collection of foreign and domestic art. Like the archæological museum in Copenhagen, this one has a beautiful display of tools and utensils from the New Stone Age. In fact, the similarity of the prehistoric collections of the two museums proves that the Danes and Swedes had an identical culture. And even yet their culture is almost identical. In the Stockholm collection from the Later Iron Age, however, gold ornaments are much more common than in Copenhagen. In fact, they are astonishingly numerous. One is led to the conclusion either that in the Sweden of those days there were a few people who loaded themselves down with jewelry, or that the wearing of jewelry was very general. Three of the gold collars or necklaces which I observed were positively massive, but were beautifully wrought. In this museum is the runestone upon which is the pictorial representation of the saga of Siegfried and the serpent. Siegfried is there roasting the dragon's

heart; Grani, Brunhilda's horse, is tied to a near-by tree. Among the branches of the tree perches the bird which has told Siegfried of the attempted villainy of his foster father.

In the historic exhibits are many relics of interesting Swedish sovereigns: the spinet and the medicine chest of Gustav Adolf; a beautifully jeweled prayer book which belonged to his daughter, the eccentric Queen Christina; and the crown and sceptre of Charles X.

But I cared most of all for the picture gallery. It was such a surprise. Sweden has an astonishing number of great living artists now—men and women who are attracting the attention of the world by contributing something new and truly Scandinavian to the art of the world. Until the last century, you will remember, Scandinavia had done practically nothing in the fine arts; and some concluded that she never would do anything; that her race was run. But in the Stockholm gallery are quite sufficient examples to prove the danger of hasty conclusion.

It was pleasant to talk the pictures over with Fröken Söderquist. We both greatly enjoyed Bruno Liljefors' charming animal sketches; and also the quaint Dalecarlian scenes by Anders Zorn and Carl Larsson. Larsson works mostly in water colors; and his wife and children are very frequently his subjects; but he does not ignore the children of his neighbors. Recently he published, with notes, under the title "Larssons," a most delightful collection of family glimpses; and another volume, more beautiful still, entitled "Andras Barn" (Other People's Children). Cederström's "Bringing Home the Body of Charles XII" is, I suppose, well known. I had

seen copies of it, but did not care for them. The original, however, I think fascinating; and what most attracted me was not the central object, the body of the king, borne by his officers, but the grief depicted on the face of the hunter who stands in the snow by the roadside, bowed in sorrow. To him Charles is not the "madman of the North," who, after saving Sweden from international highway robbery, nearly lost it through his foolhardiness; he is the great and brave king of the Swedes.

Portraits in crayon of Selma Lagerlöf and of Ellen Key also interested me. Both women have fine, strong faces, but Miss Key's face is more than merely strong. It shows the high serenity of a courageous spirit with a gospel which it feels called upon to preach, even though to do so means social ostracism. On the frame above the placid countenance the artist had regretfully inscribed the words: "Could I but have represented your purity of soul!"

Some of the apartments of the stately royal palace are open to visitors. I viewed them yesterday. The rooms occupied by the late king were of special interest. The billiard hall is hung with beautiful tapestries—not orthodoxly made in Paris, but in Saint Petersburg at the manufactory established by Peter the Great in 1716. Some of the other rooms, however, contain tapestries of French workmanship. In Oscar's study is his desk, as he left it, with his writing materials and the portraits of his family still upon it. The State apartments are tremendously elegant, with carvings and frescoes, brocades and paintings, tapestries and sculptures, gold and silver; but I have lived in many a California bungalow that I am sure was more pleasingly furnished and more

artistic, as well as decidedly more comfortable. I tried to see the apartments of the dowager Queen Sophie, which I understood to be open to the public, but the guard at the door in the blue and gray uniform and the cocked hat of the period of Charles XII stood firmly at his post and emphatically repeated a word foreign to my Swedish vocabulary: "Stängt! Stängt!" The soldier's determination not to let me pass was obvious, so I soon abandoned all plans to pry into Queen Sophie's privacy, and went to the Museum of the North instead. "Stängt," as I learned from my dictionary later, in Swedish means "closed."

On the way to the Museum I stopped for a few minutes at an institute for the development of the Swedish manual arts. The object is to preserve the peasant knowledge of old-time weaving, needlework, and the like, and to create a demand for such work—an excellent purpose. I wish that you might have seen some of the woven pieces, Cynthia. They were beautiful, both in color and in composition. Some of the heavier ones reminded me of the finest work of the Navajo Indians. I am almost as charmed with the Scandinavian art weavings as I am with the Royal Copenhagen porcelain.

In contrast to the industrial institute, the Museum of the North deals with things distinctly past and gone. It is filled with Northern antiquities of all sorts, including a tremendous amount of royal "old clothes"—military uniforms, coronation robes, and the like. Among these relics are a pair of silk stockings embroidered in silver, which belonged to Gustav Adolf, and the embroidered collar and cuffs and the shirt—still blood-stained—worn by him on the

battlefield of Lützen, where he met his death. The bay horse (I had always supposed that it was white) which the king rode at Lützen is also there, carefully stuffed and mounted, with the old saddle—the gift of Gustav's queen—on his back. This horse, my museum guide-book informs me, was led in the king's funeral procession, and died in 1639, seven years after his master. The remains of the faithful old steed were kept in the palace and were somewhat damaged by the great fire which destroyed the royal residence in 1697. That accounts for their present rather tattered and moth-eaten appearance. The collection of ancient armor and weapons is very complete, and includes a sword, shield, and helmet which belonged to Gustav Vasa, five centuries ago. In the armory are also long rows of coaches and sleighs richly decorated, which have borne Swedish royalty on journeys, ill-fated and otherwise.

And now I, too, must journey on. Mine will be a mere tourist pilgrimage, and will be in the present-day, happy Sweden, so I have pleasant anticipations. Again "Adjö! Adjö!"

CHAPTER VI

THE TWO UPPSALAS; GEFLE AND SÖDERHAMN

SÖDERHAMN, SWEDEN,
August 25, 191—

Dear Cynthia:

From Stockholm I went to Uppsala, which is a short distance to the north—only an hour and a half by train; and Swedish trains are slow affairs. At Uppsala is a fine Gothic cathedral of red brick. It is the largest church in Sweden, and its high buttressed walls as well as its twin spires tower grandly above all of the other buildings of the town. Red brick, I know, does not *sound* beautiful, but it is—at Uppsala—especially when it comes after a whole gallery of mental pictures of gray stone churches. Like many other things in Sweden, the church was founded in the thirteenth century. But the present building is quite new; it was completed only about twenty years ago. Uppsala Cathedral, like Riddarholmen Church, contains the ashes of many of the greatest Swedes; but those buried at Uppsala were more truly great, in the best sense of the word, than most of the noted ones buried at Stockholm. Practically all made worthy contributions to the world.

One of them, Saint Eric, is buried behind the high altar, in a sixteenth century shrine of silver, shaped

like a church, with gables and turrets. So far as I have been able to learn, King Eric—for he was a king as well as a saint—won his canonization by forcing Finland and the more remote northern part of Sweden to accept Christianity. But he is also called Eric Lag-gifvare in an ancient saga which credits him with giving to his people "King Eric's Laws." If he was really the giver, he gave them an excellent code, which did not overlook the Swedish woman. To every wife was granted equal power with her husband over locks, bolts and bars; and by this code she also gained the right to a third of her husband's property after his death. In view of the fact that King Eric lived nearly eight hundred years ago, I think that an excellent beginning. He was one of the pioneers of the equal rights movement.

Speaking of saints brings me to the Finsta Chapel, also behind the altar, where are buried Prince Birger Pedersson and his wife, Ingeborg Bengtsdotter. These two people—Birger, the son of Peter, and Ingeborg, the daughter of Bengt—were the parents of Saint Birgitta, who was obviously named for her father, Birger. To the Swedes she is always the great and good Birgitta, but among English-speaking people she is generally called Bridget, which has led to her being confused with the Irish Saint Bridget, or Brigid, who was born more than eight hundred years before. The Irish saint is responsible for the popularity of the name Bridget among the Irish; while the very common Swedish name Britta is, I suspect, a condensed survival of the old pre-Reformation Saint's name Birgitta.

Saint Birgitta was born in 1302 in Vadstena, on Lake Vettern. On the night of her birth, says leg-

end, there appeared a bright cloud in the sky on which stood a maiden who announced: "Of Birger is born a daughter whose admirable voice shall be heard over the whole world." We may question the authenticity of the legend, but it is a fact that Birgitta was the most important Swede of the Roman Catholic era. In 1346, with the aid of King Mangus, she founded upon her Vadstena estate the first abbey for men and women existing upon a distinctly cooperative basis. Her daughter, St. Katherine, became the first head of this mother abbey of the Brigittine order, which later had houses scattered all over Europe.

But Birgitta, if contemporary accounts may be believed, did not limit her energies to the encouragement of monastic life. She was a leader in long religious pilgrimages, going once even to Jerusalem. And so daring was she and so convinced that she had been given the right to speak with authority that she did not hesitate to point out to the pope himself the error of his ways. By some she was hailed as a prophet; by others she was denounced as a witch. Certainly she was a woman of high ideals and great ability. It was fitting that the emblem on her crest should be white angel's wings. Saint Birgitta herself and her daughter were buried at Vadstena; their portraits, however, are on the walls of Finsta Chapel.

The greatest of all Swedish mystics, Emanuel Swedenborg, is also buried in the Uppsala Cathedral, to which place his remains were brought in 1908 from England, where for long years they had lain. Did you know that Swedenborg was a great scientist, a man who in various lines of science made pre-

dictions and discoveries far in advance of his time? He was born in 1688. It was not until he had reached middle age that he abandoned scientific research and took up the study of religion, which led him eventually to believe himself divinely commissioned to preach a new gospel of the New Jerusalem. There is no doubt that Swedenborg was perfectly honest with himself and with others. Those who knew and talked with him felt that he was "truth itself." And though his theology may seem unacceptable, his religion gave much which the world will always need. "The life of religion," he taught, "is to do good"; and "the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of uses." This prophet, however, was one who received but little honor in his own country. There are many more adherents of the Swedenborgian teachings in the United States than in Sweden, in proportion to population.

The ashes of Carl Linné, the greatest of modern systematists, rest at Uppsala; and it is appropriate that they should, for Linné spent the best years of his life at Uppsala University, teaching and carrying on the researches which laid the foundation for all modern biological study. I have always been much impressed with the daring which this Swede displayed by classing humankind, together with apes, with the "*quadrumana* in the order of *primates*." In view of the fact that Linné lived a century before Darwin, that was a pretty long stride; and I am so grateful to him for making it. When I reflect that we humans are developed animals, I feel that—all things considered—we are doing pretty well, and can keep up my courage; but were I dependent upon the "fallen-angel" theory, I should frequently de-

spair utterly over the seemingly hopeless depths of evil into which the angel has descended.

Gustav Vasa, whose memory all lovers of justice and liberty delight to honor, is buried in the oldest chapel of the cathedral, which stands directly behind the altar. The windows of the room are of beautiful stained glass, and on the walls are seven frescoes by Sandberg, representing incidents in the life of the great king. To me, the most interesting of these were the ones calling to mind the adventures of Gustav intervening between his imprisonment by King Christian II of Denmark and his triumphal entrance into Stockholm as king of free Sweden. One of these frescoes represents the king while in hiding from the Danes working as a farm laborer and threshing out grain for a Dalecarlian peasant.

Lest all of this talk of dead Swedes give you the impression that Uppsala is a veritable city of the dead, I must not delay longer in telling about Uppsala University, the place of youth and fulness of life. It is the older of the two Swedish universities and was founded in 1477. It is co-educational and has a student enrollment of something over two thousand. The University House, so called, is a stately new building of brick and stone. Near the main entrance is a large statue of Geijer, the greatest Swedish historian. In the vestibule are several more statues of eminent Swedes. The ceilings of the vestibule are supported by pillars of black granite, while in the corridors the columns are of beautiful green marble, which the guard pointed out with considerable pride. The stone was "made in Sweden." The aula, or assembly room, is large and airy, well lighted and well equipped, and has a seating capacity

of about two thousand. I noticed good paintings upon the walls of several of the class rooms; and in one large lecture room was a mammoth work in oils by Mas-Olle—of a young Swedish woman standing on the edge of a dale blowing her lure. The evening shades of purple and amethyst in the valley were unusually well done.

In the faculty rooms were several interesting old portraits. That of Queen Christina especially held my attention. Christina, the daughter of Gustav Adolf, was, I suppose, the most freakish and eccentric of all of the sovereigns of Sweden. She had, among other peculiarities, a love for scholarly pursuits, to which she subordinated her duties as a sovereign. Moreover, she had no sympathy with the warlike spirit which dominated Sweden at the time. The uncultured Swedes could hardly regard such a successor to the great Gustav Adolf with enthusiasm. Consequently, Christina was permitted to resign in favor of her cousin, Charles X, who, you will remember, left little to be desired in the way of qualities as a warrior. The ex-queen then shook the dust of Sweden from her shoes, and later she abjured the faith for which her father fought and became a Roman Catholic, spending much of the last part of her life at Rome. The portrait at Uppsala, which was done by Abraham Wuchters, seems faithfully to reflect the dominating will and the brilliant but poorly-balanced mind of the queen.

"Carolina Rediviva" is the name of the University library—a name having its origin in an old university building, which in the time of Gustav Adolf was called Carolina Academy. Carolina Rediviva is

decidedly the largest library in Sweden, and contains many treasures of various sorts. Among these are beautiful examples of illuminated work from the eleventh century on. One of the manuscripts has every initial letter in gold. A copy of the first book printed in Swedish, from about the middle of the sixteenth century, and a copy of a Bible of Martin Luther, containing his autograph and that of Melanchthon, are there also.

But the distinctive gem of the collection is the "Silver Bible" (*Codex Argenteus*), of Ulfilas. It is by far the oldest example of the Gothic language in existence, and is a thing of great beauty as well as a priceless treasure from a philological viewpoint. It was a real joy to me to see it; I have wanted to do so for years. The guard turned over the book in order that I might view both the cover and the parchment pages. Originally the parchment was of a purple color and the lettering was of silver; but the purple has long since faded into a beautiful rose, and the letters have oxidized black. The cover, however —from which the Bible gets its name—is of bright, richly worked silver and is only three centuries old. The cover was made in Sweden. This Gothic Bible was rediscovered to the world in Germany during the sixteenth century. Later it was carried away to Sweden by the soldiers of Gustav Adolf, and subsequently was given to Queen Christina, shortly after which it reached its present abode.

I am not a defender of international highway robbery, nevertheless I feel that there is a decided appropriateness in Sweden's being the guardian of this oldest relic of Gothic culture. For Scandinavia is commonly recognized as the cradle-land of the Teu-

tonic peoples, of which the Goths were a branch, and the Scandinavians are the purest blooded existing descendants of the ancient Teutons. Of the three Scandinavian countries, Sweden, too, seems the best entitled to the honor of possessing the Goths' Bible, for one of her provinces is still named Gothland—a survival of the name applied in historic times to the whole south of Sweden, whose inhabitants were called Goths, as their neighbors to the North were called Swedes. It almost seems as if the bringing of the Bible of Ulfilas to Sweden were a restoration—a return to the home of its remotest origin.

The handwriting of a person who has passed from this life helps me, far more than does his tomb, to a realization of his personality and of the force of his one-time existence. Hence, the sight of the collection of autographic writings of some of the greatest figures of Sweden's past which occupy the room with the Silver Bible, was a real contribution to my contact with the humanity of the ages. The strong, bold autographs of Gustav Vasa and Gustav Adolf, the signatures of Swedenborg, and Tegnér, and Linné spoke eloquently to me of giant achievement; as did also the delicate, modest hand of Fredrika Bremer, a giant too, whose spirit still lives mightily in the women of Sweden. This closer contact with Miss Bremer made me want to read again "The Home" and "Strife and Peace," and other works of hers which contributed to the pleasures of my girlhood.

Before taking final leave of Sweden's oldest university, I want to remind you that it was this university which conferred upon Selma Lagerlöf the honorary degree of doctor of letters in 1907; and she

stood beneath the monument to Carl Linné in the Uppsala cathedral when the laurel wreath was placed upon her brow. Two years later she received the Nobel prize.

My last remark moves me to ask: Did you know that Alfred Nobel, the founder of the Nobel Prize Fund, was a Swede? And did you know that he was the inventor of dynamite, smokeless powder, and other explosives, by which he made his fortune? His arrangement for the prize fund reminds me of the Gothenburg temperance system; the money made from the invention and manufacture of war materials contributes not only toward a prize fund for those who have excelled in science and literature, but also for those who have done most in the interest of universal peace.

My pilgrimage from the famous modern Uppsala to Gamla or Old Uppsala will always be one of the choicest of my Scandinavian memories. Gamla Uppsala was the ancient capital of Sweden and the last stronghold of the pagan cult of Thor and Odin. In the dark forests of this Uppsala during heathen times lives of men as well as of beasts were sacrificed to the mighty gods of the North.

The old town is less than four miles from the new, and the road stretched so smooth and inviting that I decided to walk there. And I promptly realized that my decision was a wise one, for the landscape was charming—suggestive of dear old Bornholm, and yet with a Swedish stamp. Patches of woods in varied greens and of golden fields with bright farmhouses here and there furnished perfect backgrounds for the harvesters near at hand; and the pinks and blues and reds of the dresses worn by the white-aproned

and white-kerchiefed women working among the sheaves gave just the needed touch of color to the foreground of the picture.

After I had passed the turn in the road, the famous mounds of Gamla Uppsala came clearly into sight, with the steep, gabled roof of the old church peeping above them. As I wished to take a picture of the mounds, I turned off the highway and followed the railroad track, from which approach I could obtain a more unobscured view.

I did not take to walking the railroad ties, however, with perfect security of mind, for my observation of affairs European had convinced me that but rarely are passengers permitted to stand on car platforms, even "at their own risk." Consequently, I quaked inwardly upon perceiving a brass-buttoned man on the track ahead; but I walked past him with my best American air, and proceeded to adjust my camera. Presently the official approached me, and suddenly I remembered that "ignorance of the law excuses no one." Visions of arrest and disgrace loomed large. With a waist-deep Swedish bow, the man of the shining buttons handed me a paper. It was a black strip from the film-pack of my camera which I had thrown away, and which had blown in his vicinity! After I had thanked him and explained that I had discarded the paper, he politely asked a question or two about the operation of my camera, executed another ninety-degree bow, and withdrew. Obviously the man was not so unsophisticated as really to think that strip of paper of any value. He simply used it as an excuse for attempting to satisfy masculine curiosity roused by the foreign-looking person upon his railroad track. Swedes do occa-

sionally stoop to such depths of diplomatic cunning!

The three so-called burial mounds of Frey, Thor, and Odin, the mightiest gods of Northern paganism, stand in a row, Odin's being nearest the church. They are real burial mounds, as was proved when they were opened some years since and were found to contain the remains of human beings, with the usual pagan equipment of weapons, and utensils, and other objects intended to contribute to the welfare of the Asgard-bound traveler. From the top of Odin's mound I obtained a good view of the surrounding country. Near at hand was a lower and flatter eminence. Upon it in heathen times the Swedish parliament assembled and under the open sky enacted the laws; and even as late as the sixteenth century Gustav Vasa addressed his people from the mound. This good old custom of holding open-air parliaments seems to have existed in times past wherever Scandinavians ruled. The Thingvellir of Iceland got its name from the fact that the Thing, or parliament, met there for its deliberations; and the quaint ceremonies by which the newly-enacted laws of the Isle of Man are still promulgated by the House of Keys from the top of Tynwald Hill on the fifth of each July are a vestige of the same custom, and are Scandinavian in origin.

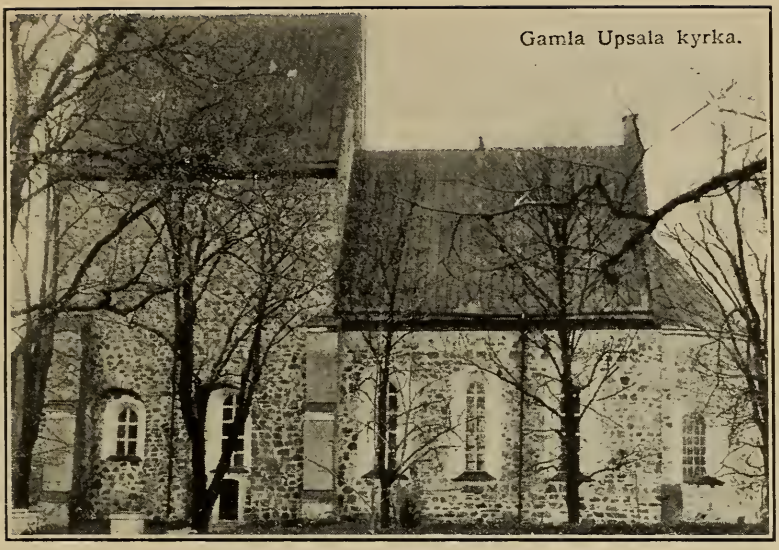
Gamla Uppsala church is of such substantial construction as to suggest that in ancient times its functions, like those of the rotundas of Bornholm, were military as well as religious. Its walls are very thick and are of rough, irregular stone, built up with cement which gives them the appearance of conglomerate. The church is very old; in fact, its origin is lost in the mists of the dawn of Swedish history.

But this history states that Uppsala was made a diocese early in the twelfth century, and it is believed that the church was established nearly a hundred years before that. Some parts of the present building certainly date well back toward the eleventh century.

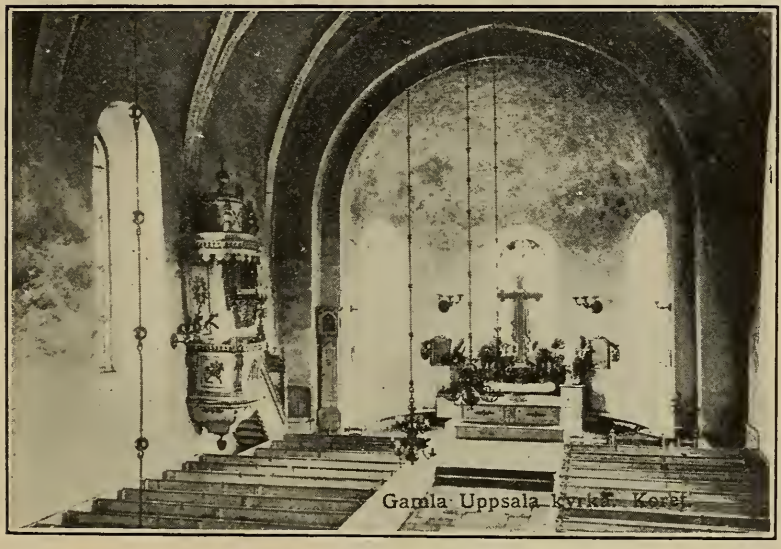
A note on the church door informed me that admission could be gained by applying to the schoolmaster or organist, so I went around the parliament mound to the white wooden school building. The schoolmaster's family lived on the upper floor, and the schoolmaster's wife responded to my knock, and called her boy—a little chap of nine or ten years, barefooted and close-cropped—who went forth with me, carrying two mighty keys. The smaller of these was about as large as that regularly and conspicuously carried by Saint Peter, and the larger was ponderous indeed. My little boy was, of course, accompanied by another little boy—one about two sizes larger. The ponderous key belonged to the outside door of the church, which was of dark oak, very worm-eaten and old and possessed of decorative wrought-iron hinges with handsome scrolls spreading over its venerable oaken surface. But the key was so large and the boy so small that he had difficulty in turning it in the lock, even though he caught his toes in the scrolls of the hinges and climbed up the side of the door, monkey fashion, to get a purchase upon the key. Through our united efforts, however, the door was finally opened. It admitted us into a tunnel-like, white-plastered vestibule at the end of which was the door for which the smaller key was designed. This key being more nearly the boy's size, the inner door was opened without difficulty.

The walls of the main room were plastered white, and the altar and pulpit looked quite new; but the church contained many ancient relics. The small boy was evidently the regular exhibitor of these; and he recited his explanation of them with a perfectly expressionless face, and in the mechanical tone of an unimaginative book-agent. "That," said the infant (in Swedish), "is a Christus from the twelfth century. Those"—pointing to a hideous row of carved and painted wooden saints—"are from the fourteenth century. There is a bridal stool from the Middle Ages." Back against a wall was a chest which looked many centuries old, made from an unhewn tree trunk, iron bound. When I asked what it contained, he opened the little door or lid on top and fished out a wooden Christus, which consisted only of a very rudely carved body and head. The limbs had been broken or worn off. The figure, the boy announced, dated from the eleventh century. In a little room off the main one were portraits of ancient Swedish clergymen, and censers and other ecclesiastical utensils dating from Roman Catholic times. There was also a copy of the first Bible printed in Swedish. Our round of the church being completed, I paid the boy the fifty-öre fee at the outside door. He uttered the customary "Tack så mycke" (Many thanks), grabbed off his cap with a crisp, business-like "Adjö," and scampered off, the larger-sized boy close at his heels.

Late in the afternoon I returned to the new Uppsala; and just before sunset I left for Gefle, which is farther to the north, and is the port and metropolis of Norrland. In Gefle nearly four score years ago my father was born; and some Swedish relatives still



Gamla Uppsala Church



Choir of Gamla Uppsala Church

live there. These were the attractions which brought me there. From the ordinary tourist point of view the place has little of interest. It is a clean, pretty city, however, with a population of about thirty-five thousand. Gefle is really the oldest town in Norrland, as the northern part of Sweden is called, but it looks very new and modern with its broad tree-planted boulevards and its handsome stone theatre and school and municipal buildings. This is because it has been almost completely rebuilt since 1869, when it was swept by a fire which destroyed all of the landmarks of my father's boyhood days.

Gefle has one possession of which she is very proud, and justly so. This is her park—one of the finest of the sort in Sweden. It has all of the features which characterize the Swedish park—thick clumps of evergreens and birches, with velvety stretches of grass between, blazing flower beds, graceful fountains playing here and there, artistically bridged mirrorlike streams upon which the lilies grow—and in addition it has a palm garden. There they were growing, evidently in perfect contentment—a large number and variety of palm trees. Gefle, you should know, is north of the latitude of the southern extremity of Greenland; therefore, I marveled greatly and could scarcely believe my eyes. But it was no miracle, as my cousin who was walking through the park with me explained. Those enterprising Swedes set out the palms every spring and dig them up and return them to the greenhouse every autumn.

As time pressed, my visit in Gefle was very short. Early last Wednesday morning I left there to the accompaniment of Swedish cousinly bows and cor-

dial "Adjös" and "Hälsa hemms." My destination was Söderhamn (South Haven), my present address, which, like Gefle, is on the Gulf of Bothnia, but still farther north. For my journey here, through a mistake, I selected a freight train which carries lumber, instead of an express. But it was really a very fortunate blunder, for the trip was much more interesting than one in the orthodox express would have been. To the north of Gefle is Sweden's great lumbering district, which we soon entered. It is a rugged region covered with magnificent evergreen forests, dotted here and there by small clearings brightened by the typical red-painted houses with white trimmings. The oat and clover hay grown on the cleared patches was hung on wire clothes-line-like racks to dry. Occasionally I noticed farmers hauling hay in long, very low-wheeled wagons. These vehicles, as compared with the American hay racks, have a decidedly Dachshund appearance. The object of the small wheels is evidently to lower the centre of gravity, and thus prevent the wagons from upsetting upon the steep hillsides. The little barns in which the hay is stored are queer cage-like structures with walls sloping outward from the floors. They are apparently so built to guard against damp weather.

As we journeyed north, the country became more rugged, and the forests grander. The painted board houses gave way to a considerable extent to rough-hewn log ones, and the people took on a more backwoodsy, mountaineer appearance. Among the forest homes I saw several women who were both barefooted and bareheaded. They were at work under the pale slant rays of the Northern sun and seemed

perfectly healthy and happy.

While I am dwelling near Sweden's broad northern frontier, I wish to digress sufficiently to tell you what I recently learned of the work-cottages of Norrbotten, the most northern province of Sweden. These cottages originated in a threatened famine in the region, due to failure of crops, in 1902. The people of the isolated district called upon their neighbors to the south for help; and they did not call in vain. Even Swedes living in America contributed to the relief work; and, thanks to the far-extending railroads, food reached the starving people in time. In the remotest and most seriously afflicted parishes temporary homes were established for the feeding of more than four hundred children. After all danger of starvation had passed, the leaders in the relief work came to see that such children's homes were a continual need in the region. Dirt and disease, indifference and ignorance, had long ruled in the far-northern land. This state of affairs was a result of the isolation and the depressing effect of the long, dark, cold winters, as well as of the lack of educational facilities; for in this bleak, sparsely-populated territory the regular compulsory education laws cannot be enforced.

Partly through private benevolence, partly through State contribution, the work-cottages, now eight in number, were put upon a permanent basis. And there they are now, engaged in a splendid work. They are educational institutions of the first order—doing for the backward frontiers people what the settlement houses do for the slum in the American city—and more. The needy children remain at the work-cottages for nine months of the year for a pe-

riod of four or five years, during which time they undergo a transforming process. They are taught personal cleanliness and orderliness, and love and patience and self-control; they are taught to work with their hands and to think with their heads. And when their course is finished, they return to their homes and bring the salvation of intelligence to dark places. More than half of the children thus befriended are Lapps, and speak the Lapp tongue; but they learn Swedish in the work-cottages. For the more nomadic Lapps, Norway, as well as Sweden, has provided ambulatory schools which migrate from camp to camp with the pupils.

Thus Scandinavia is doing for her remote Northern population, both Mongolian and white, a work such as we should be engaged in in the interest of the mountain whites and the Negroes of our Southern States.

At Kilafors, where I changed trains for Söderhamn on the coast to the east, it was necessary to wait two hours. Kilafors is tiny but interesting. The great dark trees press in on every side so closely as to give the little village the appearance of having been made to order and lowered with derricks into a deep hole cut in the forest to receive it. When we reached Kilafors it was well past noon, and, as there was no dining car on the freight train, I was about starved upon arriving. There seemed to be but one eating house in the place, and that was a large wooden hotel, already closed, as it was past the hour for the noon meal. Hope sprang again, however, when I saw a plain little bakery sign up the trail-like street, and I lost no time in reaching it. Swedish bakeries —at least country ones—are arranged rear part be-

fore, the work room opening upon the street and the salesroom being at the back, where the wares are mostly stored away in boxes, and not displayed in show-cases, as in the United States.

I bought some nice little cakes and some zwieback, and when I had paid for my purchases, the bakerman, his curiosity evidently roused by my bad Swedish and my foreign appearance, asked whether I was a Russian.

I promptly replied that I was not.

Was I a German, then, he asked.

I replied more promptly and more emphatically that I was not a German. Then, as his repertoire of possible nationalities seemed to be exhausted, I volunteered the information that I was an American.

His face lit up with vivid interest. "Ja så!" he exclaimed. ("Ja så," is an interjection employed by Scandinavians to express almost the whole range of emotion.)

"Yes," said I, "I am a Californian."

California, the Land of Gold! The bakerman's excitement increased many fold.

"Ja så!" he cried again, and stared me over from top to toe. I started toward the outer door, and had to cross the workroom on an oblique line in order to do so. Three men were rolling dough in the corner. With my first move to go, the bakerman hurried toward his three colleagues; and as neither side of a triangle is as long as its hypothenuse, he reached the men before I gained the door. He whispered excitedly. The three dropped their rolling pins, and in the few seconds before I made my escape all four stared at me, as frankly and naturally as do a group of youngsters before a cage of monkeys. This was

scarcely a result of bad manners; it was rather due to the temporary and legitimate waiving of the code of etiquette in the interest of science, so to speak. An opportunity to see a "genuine Californian" does not often present itself in this north country, which is far from the beaten track of tourists. Probably nothing short of a Patagonian or an Ainu could produce equivalent excitement in the country districts of the United States. I suppose, however, that, had the bakermen known that I was of Scandinavian parentage, their interest in me would have been much less keen.

I took my bakery wares and some additional ones obtained at a grocer's into the forest and had a picnic luncheon under the trees. After that, I walked around and explored the place. On the outskirts of the village I found to my astonishment a large merry-go-round, all fitted up with wooden steeds of many colors, ready to rear and prance when the power should be turned on. The merry-go-round was "made in America"!

On the wall of the waiting room in the railroad station was a "Prayer of the Horse," which had been put up by the Society of Swedish Women for the Protection of Animals. It is needed up in that forest region where the labor of the horse is heavy.

As train time approached, a crowd of men gathered outside of the station. I judged them to be from the lumber camps, for they were rather a rough-looking group. While they waited they talked noisily and indulged in horse-play, punctuated by a very free use of profanity. One burly, overgrown youth seemed to possess a particularly rich vocabulary of "swear words," and exhibited it with great

gusto. Just when the noisiness had reached its climax, a neatly dressed, gentle-faced woman, who had been standing near me, stepped up to the men and handed several of them pieces of white paper which looked like handbills. Then she walked quietly away. The champion at profanity received a paper. "Svär icke!" (Swear not at all) was printed on it in staring black type. The voices of the men immediately dropped considerably, and after a few scattered remarks to one another, they separated. As the burly Swede walked away, he caught my eye and saw that I had been watching them and had noted what had taken place. Evidently mistaking me for a native, he came straight up to me.

"Say," he asked, "did you see what that paper had on it?—Swear not at all!"

"Yes," I replied, "I saw."

He stared blankly at me for a moment or two as if he expected me to say something further, and then he moved off. This concrete method of teaching the second commandment seemed to have knocked the ground out from under his feet. I am not ready to conclude, however, that as a result of the lady's missionary efforts he now is a candidate for membership in an anti-profanity society.

Presently the train for Söderhamn arrived, and I climbed aboard and journeyed toward the coast. The territory between Kilafors and Söderhamn is the heart of the lumbering region. Here I found the forests larger and denser, the streams filled with logs, and along the railroad tracks large piles of lumber covering many acres, awaiting transportation. We passed several saw-mills, near which were great mounds of bark and sawdust, saved for the sake of

valuable by-products to be secured from them, such as charcoal, perfumes, and dyes.

Söderhamn has a population of several thousand, and is an important lumber-shipping harbor on the Gulf of Bothnia. My cousin Gunnar, whom I came to visit, is customs officer for the port. He lives half way up one of the pretty woodsy hills, in an orthodox Swedish house—dark red with white trimmings. As my Swedish kindred are mostly town dwellers, there is not much to say about them which would interest you, for they live very much as town dwellers do in all countries where the culture is of European origin. But there were a few things at Cousin Gunnar's which got my special attention. One was the potted tomato plant growing in a sunny window of the dining room. It had several ripe tomatoes upon it, in which my cousin's wife took such pride that she hesitated to gather them for the relish for which they were intended. When I reflected that the tomato vine was in the latitude of south Greenland, my respect for the small red fruit was profound. Another thing which impressed me was the courtier-like qualities of Swedish manners as illustrated by my cousins. Cousin Gunnar has six grown sons, some married, with homes of their own, and others still under the paternal roof. One or the other of these seven men seemed constantly to be just arriving or just departing, and always with bows numerous and profound. Before these replicas of Sir Walter Raleigh I felt myself to be a person of at least the importance of Queen Elizabeth.

Like Gefle and all other Swedish cities which I have visited, Söderhamn has clean, tree-shaded streets, handsome public buildings, and a beautiful

city park. Whenever possible, the Swedish park is a hilly tract, rugged and woodsy. Such is the one at Söderhamn. And it was beautiful indeed when I saw it a few days ago. There were the dark old evergreens, dainty, silver-barked birches, rowan in abundance dotted with ripe red berries, and heather in purple bloom trailing over the gray rocks. On a high point of ground is a stone observation tower, built in the style of a castle and named Oskarsborg in honor of the late king. From this tower I had a fine view of the little city at our feet, and a panoramic sweep of the tiers of forested mountains, and of the gulf to the east. Siegfried, Cousin Gunnar's son, who was with me, pointed out the elevation near the coast where, in the time of the wicked King Christian II, a Danish fort stood for the purpose of holding the Swedes in subjection. Christian II dominated even so far north as Söderhamn. Once, also, Siegfried told me, in Sweden's old warring days, the Russians had sailed up the harbor and burned Söderhamn. May such a war-cursed time never again come near to the land of Sweden!

On the Train En Route to Falun.

P. S.—The above letter was supposed to be closed and ready for posting at my next stop; but I am adding this to tell about a funny man from whom I just parted company. He happened to be in the same compartment with me when the train left Söderhamn this morning, and when the conductor struggled to understand my bad Swedish, he kindly came to the rescue and answered my question in English.

As the gentleman seemed quite mild and entirely harmless, I was glad of an excuse for conversation. Nearly twenty years ago, he told me, he spent several years in the United States as the secretary of a Swedish legation or consulate—I have forgotten which. His English pronunciation and grammar were remarkably good, but whole tracts of his vocabulary seemed to have dropped out of his memory. However, I supplied the words as needed, and we got on swimmingly for a time.

After he had given me much interesting information about the region through which we journeyed, I, wishing to say something particularly pleasant about his country, turned with my usual tact to the subject which had impressed me most wherever I had been in Scandinavia—the advanced position of the women. The gentleman acquiesced courteously in my view; and I, much encouraged, praised the Scandinavian men for their broad-minded attitude toward woman suffrage. Then I suddenly found that what I had taken for mildness in the Swede's face was really conservatism. He promptly made it clear that he was opposed to the enfranchisement of women. I asked for his reasons, curious to know what a Swedish man's objections would be like. In preparation for a crushing argument, he mobilized his English vocabulary.

"What is the word that goes with publicans?" he asked.

"Sinners," I replied promptly, remembering my New Testament and wondering what was coming, "publicans and sinners."

"Oh, yes, publicans and sinners," said he. "Well, women are natural born sinners" (I gasped), "or

socialists," he added, "which is the same thing, and men are natural born publicans."

"Democrats" was the word he had groped for—"democrats and republicans!" I explained that I had misunderstood, and supplied the proper words; and then the conservative gentleman proceeded to expound his theory—that woman suffrage would produce strife in the family, perhaps even divorce! Men folks are much alike the world over, after all, aren't they? As are women folks. Other arguments were marshalled forth by both sides, but of course both of us remained of our original opinions; and the discussion ended by my quoting the retort of Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede": "I'm not denying women are fools, God Almighty made 'em to match the men," whereupon my opponent laughed and found another topic of conversation.

He was very gallant, however, and when I had to change trains at Storvik, where he did not, he insisted, at the peril of having his train depart without him, upon carrying all of my bundles into the waiting room for me, and upon obtaining detailed information regarding the train which I was to take for Falun. He was evidently used to the "clinging-vine" type of woman. I wonder how he supposed I reached Northern Sweden all alone.

CHAPTER VII

DALECARLIA AND THE DALECARLIANS

FALUN, SWEDEN,
August 28, 191—

Dear Cynthia:

If you will look upon the map of Sweden about halfway up the western boundary line, you will see Dalecarlia, or Dalarne. There is where I am. It is the land of my father's father, and is the most interesting part of the country, for here was born the national liberty which all Swedes hold dear.

Dalecarlia, which gets its name from the Dal River, is a charming territory, mountainous and forest-covered; and in the very heart of it is beautiful Lake Siljan, "the eye of Dalecarlia." The land itself is very attractive through its beauty; but the people are more interesting still; they are positively unique, and seem always to have been so. If you have ever read the history of Sweden—I fear you have not—you will remember that certain of the Swedes were always revolting against the established order of things. These were the Dalecarlians. Sometimes they were in the right, and other times they were not; but they never lacked the courage of their convictions. With sufficiently strong convictions always came revolt.

Even as late as the fourteenth century the Dal-peo-

ple were semi-independent of the central government; for the Swedish kings, in order to guard against insurrection, permitted them to retain certain ancient rights and privileges unknown to the other parts of Sweden. With the establishment of foreign rule subsequent to the Union of Calmar—an arrangement quite unsatisfactory to the Dalecarlians, who, however, had not been consulted—came still greater sensitiveness to unjust imposition and greater provocation to rebellion. It was not until 1435, however, that, goaded by the oppression of the Danish viceroy, they first made their début as insurrectionists on a large scale. Their leader was one of themselves and bore the interesting name of Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson. This man was undersized and insignificant in appearance, but he was a little giant, and is one of the greatest—as he was the first—of Sweden's patriot heroes.

Under the stimulation of the Dalecarlians the revolt quickly spread to other parts of Sweden; the peasant army closed around Stockholm; a parliament, which was the first really representative parliament of Swedish history, was called; and Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson was elected regent of the land of Sweden. King Eric was forced to promise to govern Sweden according to its laws; but as he regarded promises merely as convenient makeshifts and subterfuges, to be broken when the crisis was past, the struggle did not end there. By the time it was over Eric had lost his throne, and in his stead was placed the good-natured King Christopher, who permitted the native nobles to govern Sweden about as they chose. Nevertheless, these were hard times for Sweden; crop failures were frequent and the taxes bore

heavily; and Christopher came to be called the "Bark King" because poverty forced the Swedes to mix pulverized bark with their flour to save themselves from starvation.

But this device was not restricted to the reign of Christopher. In times past famine appears to have frequently threatened Sweden, and then the Swedes would become bark-eaters. The old ballads which my father's mother used to sing tell of those dreary days of bark bread.

The Dal-people next appeared in their favorite rôle under the lead of Gustav Vasa. I have spoken of him already, but it is really only by constant repetion of the name of this Gustav that one comes to realize what an important part he played in Sweden's history. In the days of his boyhood at Uppsala University, when the Danish yoke bore heavily upon the Swedish people, Gustav Vasa is said to have announced: "I will betake myself to Dalecarlia, rouse the Dalecarlians, and batter the nose of the Jute." And he did. After the Dal-people had once got the idea of driving out the Danes, they fought stubbornly and effectively, bark-eaters though they were. Indeed, a Danish bishop of the time attributed their strength to their diet. When urging that Denmark abandon all further attempt to reconquer Sweden, he is reported to have argued: "A people that eat bark and drink nothing but water the devil himself cannot master."

But the major part which they had played in putting Gustav Vasa upon the Swedish throne did not deter the Dalecarlians from being the first to revolt when the policy of the new king did not suit their very decided ideas of governmental administration.

Twice they revolted against the great Gustav, the second revolt being caused by the oppressive taxation which the king found it necessary to levy in order fully to establish the independence of his realm and to put it on a stable basis. In order to pay a debt owed to the Hanseatic city of Lübeck, it was decreed by the king that the church bells should be collected and melted down. The Dalecarlians violently resisted the tax, and wrote to the king expressing in language which could not be misunderstood their opinion of his methods. Gustav, however, suddenly appeared in their midst with an army and put an end to the insurrection.

When the death of Ulrica Eleonora without heirs raised a dispute with regard to the succession, the Dalecarlians, in 1742, cooperating with the peasants of Helsingland, once more revolted and demanded Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark as king, a succession which would again establish a personal union between the three Scandinavian countries, and, they believed, secure Sweden against the enmity of Russia. Their opposition was put down; but subsequent events seem to have proved the wisdom of their demands. For in 1809 Finland was seized by Russia, which is to-day considered Sweden's most dangerous enemy.

Falun, capital and the largest city of Dalecarlia, has a population of about ten thousand. It has all of the elements of solid worth possessed by the other Swedish cities which I have visited, and because of its location it has more of charm and beauty. It nestles in the valley of Lake Runn and has a beautiful framing of wooded hills. There is the usual natural forest park, and there is also a fine birch-bordered

promenade. And within the city itself trees are so numerous as to give the impression that the city was planted in a forest, as it really was.

Falun is the home of Carl Larsson, the famous Swedish artist. Through the exercise of Larsson's talent, the beautiful scenery and picturesque life of Dalecarlia is coming more and more to be known to the world outside of Scandinavia.

To me, however, the special attraction of this Dalecarlian town is the fact that Selma Lagerlöf, the queen of modern romanticism, lives here. Miss Lagerlöf, however, is not a native of the Dal-country, but of Vermland, lying just to the south. I have long worshiped Miss Lagerlöf afar off, and while in Paris became acquainted with a friend of hers who had seen "Nils Holgersson" in the making. This led me to become more interested in her, and, in consequence, I wanted most dreadfully to call upon her while here, but Dr. Selma was spared the visit of an additional lion hunter by my reflecting that doubtless all others who journey to Falun have similar longings, and that they have as great a claim upon her as I. Therefore, I contented myself by purchasing a copy of "Nils Holgerssons Underbara Resa" in the edition studied in the schools of Sweden, and walked up the street and took a good look at the restful hillside home of the lady of my admiration. The house is of the usual dark red with white trimmings, only it is larger and handsomer and "homier" than the average Swedish house; but then the house in which Selma Lagerlöf lives must always possess an unusual degree of the home quality. Surrounding the house is a characterful old garden with a hedge of lilacs by the fence and spreading

shade trees, through which the red walls peep forth invitingly.

If you have not already done so, when opportunity offers it seize upon "The Story of a Country House," which is translated into English. It contains a "Dalarne man" and is one of the best examples of Miss Lagerlöf's touch of romantic magic. When held by the spell of the tale, it seems the height of naturalness and probability that an insane Dalecarlian who courtesied to cats—mistaking them for goats—should rescue a Vermland damsel from the grave in which she had been buried alive and carry her off to safety in his pedler's pack; that under her tuition he should learn the distinction between cats and goats, and should finally recover his mind and marry the damsel and "live happily ever after." By the time you are ready to lay down the book, you *know* that the whole thing happened exactly as Selma Lagerlöf has told you, and you wonder how doubters can doubt.

It is a far cry from modern romanticism to a Swedish copper mine; but as this is "Grufvan," a very special mine, you will want to know about it. Grufvan is on the slope of a mountain on the outskirts of Falun—or probably it is more correct to say that Falun is on the outskirts of the mine, for the mine is centuries older than the city and really brought the city into being. Out of this mountain copper has been dug since time immemorial: I presume that the copper that went into the composition of some of the beautifully wrought bronze objects which I saw in the museum at Stockholm was dug by pagan Swedes from this same Kopparberg.

The environs of the mine are so covered by hil-

locks of the red earth from which the ore had been extracted that, when I went up to see Grufvan, for a while I was lost in the maze; but I soon met a woman, with a little girl, coming from there, and inquired the direction. The woman promptly offered to accompany me for a distance and to show me the road; and though I protested that I did not wish to trouble her and would have no difficulty if she would merely direct me, she insisted, and did not turn back until we were in plain view of the mine.

Grufvan is a great crater-like hole which ages of mining have dug out of the hillside. The crater is about a quarter of a mile long and deep, and about half as wide. The rich mineral colorings of the steep walls faintly suggest the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to my Far Western mind. The great mass of copper ore which has been gradually extracted from the interior of the mountain had, originally—so I was informed—the shape of an inverted cone. Through lack of proper engineering, about three centuries ago the roof fell in, resulting in excavation which produced the present crater-like opening. Now the mineral is extracted by means of tunnels and shafts. As I leaned over the railing around the walls of the mine, I could see, far below, many openings into which car tracks ran.

While at Falun I learned why the great majority of Swedish houses are painted dark red. The paint of this color is unusually cheap, for it is a by-product of the copper mine. The fact that the dark red homes peeping from a winter mantle of snow or a summer framing of green foliage add charm to the Swedish landscape appears to be only a lucky accident.

It is possible to see the Dalecarlia of the past in the present land, for the Dal-people are very conservative; but in order to do so it is necessary to go into the mountain country back of Falun. Here the peasants retain many of the ancient customs, and to a considerable extent they still dress in the style of their very great grandparents—not for the sake of tourist trade, but simply because they have not yet seen fit to bow their necks under the dominion of the tyrant, Dame Fashion. In order to see these conservative democrats I went into the back country to Rättvik, on beautiful Lake Siljan. It was but a short journey through a rugged forest district with tiny scraps of farms on hillside clearings where hay hung out to dry. And before I arrived at my destination I discovered several of these old-type Swedes; they were on the same car as I. Even if they had not worn the national costumes, I should have picked them out. For what do you suppose they were doing? Taking snuff!—at least, the men were. While the great progressive majority of the Christian world is firmly established in the cigarette habit, those poky Dalecarlians are still lingering in the snuff stage!

At the Rättvik station I gave my suitcases to a boy from an inn with a hospitable-sounding name, and walked up with three women who were teachers in girls' schools. They had been in attendance upon an educational convention which had just closed at Falun, and had gone up to spend the week-end at Rättvik. During the walk I received considerable light upon the educational "problems" which these women have to face. The little woman who walked next to me explained all about it in excellent Eng-

lish. It seems that the Swedish "common people"—whoever they are—are demanding that the public schools give their children instruction in the languages and all sorts of, "for them, useless branches." These children want an opportunity to get into the professions, to teach, to be secretaries—and "everything." (Forsooth! thought I.) "And that is what we are fighting," concluded the little lady. "Why, we cannot even get servants because these people want to do other things!" A servant problem added to the educational one! I must admit, Cynthia, that my charming Sweden is in many ways quite aristocratic; it is, in fact, the most aristocratic of the Scandinavian lands.

You may be sure that the grievances of the lady struck no answering chord in my democratic Far Western soul. However, as I did not come to Sweden to inculcate my peculiar principles, I refrained from calling attention to the fact—which is very patent to all who have any sort of knowledge of Swedish history—that a large proportion of the men and women who have made Scandinavia the truly great land that it is, and whose memory *all* Scandinavians delight to honor, were of the so-called "common people." They came to their own by thrusting aside by main strength the "thus-far-shalt-thou-go" barriers such as the little aristocrat was stubbornly defending. I might have mildly suggested also that so soon as the poky old world should decide to abandon the mediæval attitude toward "servants" and become modernly humanitarian and scientific in this regard, just so soon would the "servant problem" disappear in thin air. But the profile view which the twilight gave me of the very firm chin

of my companion warned me that any such remarks from me would fall upon soil barren indeed; so I merely told her briefly of our system in America; and by that time we were at the inn.

A pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman in black silk met us at the door and bade us welcome with Swedish cordiality. She was Fru Carlson, our hostess—not even the most presumptuous would call her a "landlady." This pleasant reception gave me the restful feeling of a tired child who has finally reached home after long wanderings.

As I had dined before leaving Falun, I went to my room very promptly; and it was just the sort of room that a returned pilgrim would wish to occupy in old Dalecarlia. On the floor was a rag carpet; on the walls were Swedish prints, including one of a boat-load of quaintly garbed Dalecarlians rowing across Lake Siljan to church; my bed was narrow and spotlessly white, and of just the sort that all wanderers are supposed to have occupied in the days of their childhood; instead of an electric light there was a tallow candle. The large French window opened upon a garden, bordering the lake, which looked soft and silvery in the lingering twilight. Across the flat surface of the water I could see the gleaming white steeple of the Rättvik church. With the gentle murmur of Lake Siljan in my ears, I went to sleep, and knew no more until the glory of the summer sunshine had supplanted the twilight, and Siljan was rippling and sparkling under a fair blue sky.

This new day was Sunday, and, as I wished to see the Rättvikers gathering for church, I hurriedly dressed and went to breakfast—a sort of picnic meal set forth in a large, sunny room overlooking the gar-

den and the lake. It was served in an informal cafeteria style common in all Scandinavian countries; but whether peculiar to them, I cannot say. On one end of a long table were great piles of hard bread; a bewildering variety of unnecessary, but delicious, appetizers in the form of "smörgåsbord"; several dishes filled with hot food—though how kept hot I do not pretend to know—and a capacious urn of coffee, piping hot too. The breakfaster was expected to secure a tray, napkin, and dishes from a side table, pre-empt a small table, and serve himself to the abundance set forth according to the dictates of his appetite, utterly unmolested by obsequious waiters.

Breakfast over, I walked down the deep, woodsy road along the lake toward the church. Many worshipers were already on the way. Some walked, while others rode in queer, heavy two-wheeled carts drawn by chubby Swedish ponies. The people of Rättvik no longer employ the picturesque church boats, though they are still used in some of the remoter parishes. Practically all of the people whom I noticed wore complete peasant costumes of the old style, but a few wore daring combinations of the ancient and modern. Every parish in Dalecarlia has a distinct fashion in dress, I understand. The Rättvik costume I recognized as one which had seemed especially quaint upon the children who took part in the folk dances in Stockholm. The men wear a dress somewhat suggestive of the garb of the English Puritans of the seventeenth century. Their hats are black, high-crowned, and broad-brimmed; their long coats of the same color reach about to the knees and are made with high, standing collars, and with inverted pleats in the back to increase the fulness of the

skirts; beneath these they wear large, brightly colored waistcoats, and buff-colored trousers reaching to the knees; and at the knee the trousers are finished off with looped cords of bright red worsted ending in pom-poms which bounce merrily against the surface of the dark home-knit stockings as the wearer walks; the shoes are of the low, broad, buckled variety. The boys, even the tiny ones, wear garments which are the counterparts of those of their fathers and their grandfathers—except that in inverse proportion to the smallness of the boy is the length of his coat-tails. The characteristic dress of the women seems to be high, pointed black caps bordered with red, and with red pom-poms dangling from the back and playing tag on the shoulders; white blouses and colored bodices heavily embroidered with wool and fastened with large silver brooches; full black skirts reaching to the ankles; woolen stockings and low shoes. The chief glory of the Rättvik woman's costume, however, is her long apron, woven of wool in bright horizontal stripes. The apron is generally attached to a wide red woolen belt, from which hangs a gaily embroidered bag of wool. Some of the older women wear kerchiefs or white linen caps. The garments of the little girls closely follow the fashion of their mothers. These little women looked quaint indeed in their long, full skirts. But they seemed not to be lacking in either health or happiness.

As I walked up the hill, I met a young woman, costumed as I have described, coming down. I asked whether I might take her picture, explaining that I would pay for the privilege. She consented, posed as I requested, and I took a couple of exposures; but when I attempted to pay her, she emphatically re-

fused the money, declared with quiet dignity that I was welcome, courtesied, and went her way. After the everlasting cry of "money for the peekture" from the tourist-spoilt Dutch of the Island of Marken this experience was certainly refreshing. That was the only time that I risked insulting a Dalecarlian by offering money for the friendly favor of posing for a picture; subsequently I merely asked permission, which some granted and others courteously but firmly refused.

Around the church is the burying ground filled with neatly-kept graves most of which are marked with plain crosses. The morning services had not yet begun and a few old women, wearing white linen caps upon their heads and plaid woolen shawls about their shoulders, were busying themselves with the flowers growing upon the mounds. Down beside the gateway which faced the water were two orthodoxly clad men, talking sociably. Near this gateway Gustav Vasa stood four hundred years ago and addressed the people of Rättvik, as they streamed from the church, calling upon them to help him free the land from the Danish tyrant. The place is marked by the Gustav Vasa "runestone," to which one of the men called my attention. It is a great rough slab of granite upon which, in letters graven in imitation of the ancient runes and filled in with gold, are briefly recorded the exploits of the George Washington of Sweden. Encircling the main stone are a number of low granite slabs. These bear the names of the Dal-people who particularly befriended and aided Vasa while he was in hiding from the Danish spies. And this service was not restricted to men; some of the stones are marked with the names of women, one of

A Quaint House in Rättvik

Rättvikers on the Way to Church

whom, Barbro Stigsdotter, aided Gustav Vasa in defiance of her husband's wrath. While her husband had gone to betray him to his enemies, the independent-spirited Barbro lowered Vasa from an upper story window by means of a long sheet, thus enabling him to escape and free his people from the Danish yoke. At Ornäs, near Falun, the home of Barbro Stigsdotter still stands, now a museum belonging to the Swedish nation.

The Swedish peasants are an unusually fine class of people. They have always been free and have always constituted the backbone of the nation; they have participated in the government and have owned the land which they tilled. The same homesteads have been in the possession of some of the peasant families for many centuries.

And the qualities which one finds in the Swedish peasants in general are noticeable to a marked degree in the Dalecarlians, who are regarded by scientists as the purest representatives of the old Swedish type. They are exceedingly independent and democratic. They seem to feel that they are second to none. In times past, in recognition of their services in establishing the freedom of Sweden, they had the privilege of shaking hands with the king whenever they met him, and they regard themselves as his equal. They have a reputation for saying "thou" (du) instead of "you" (ni) to all men, regardless of rank; they ignore titles of nobility and call even the king "Mister" (Herr). Hans Christian Andersen in his "Pictures of Travel" gives an instance of the Dalecarlian viewpoint. Once when a grandson of King Carl Johan was in Dalecarlia an old peasant came up to him, shook hands, and said: "Please

greet thy grandfather for me at Stockholm."

So far, I have mostly mentioned the characteristics which make the Dalecarlians unique. They are far from being freaks, however, and have many qualities more generally distributed over the world than those to which I have called attention. They are really an excellent people. In their plain, sensible faces one can read little of which the Dalecarlians need feel ashamed. There is self-complacency, indeed, which in them is only self-complacency, but which in a smaller and meaner people would become contemptible egotism. But there are also the strength and firmness which in times past gave the Dalecarlians the courage of their convictions. United with this are kindness and good nature, a strong sense of personal dignity, and a saving self-respect. And, writ large over all, is that stern and uncompromising honesty which clearly distinguishes between mine and thine and prefers the unvarnished truth to the polite lie.

But time presses, Cynthia, the train on which I am to leave Falun is almost ready. With me, you must say good-by not only to the land of the Dal-people, but also to the whole pleasant land of Sweden, a land which I leave with regret, and to which I shall return with pleasure. Now, it is Ho for Norway!

CHAPTER VIII

TRONDHJEM AND MOLDE; THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS

AALESUND, NORWAY,
August 31, 191—

Dear Cynthia:

My last letter to you was posted at Falun. Aalesund is well down the coast of Norway, so you see that I have zig-zagged quite a distance since last I greeted you.

My exit from Sweden's back door was as pleasant as the entrance at the front. The long journey toward the northwest furnished the familiar—but never monotonous—alternation of grand forests, and tiny hay farms, and lakes and rivers filled with logs on their way to the saw mills. Bräcke is on one of these lakes, with the woods pressing close on the other three sides. Here we waited three hours, during which I breakfasted; and then we began our real climb toward the Swedish border where the mountains were more rugged and were flecked with snow. During the early part of the journey I shared a compartment of the car with a charming Swedish woman who busily knit white linen lace while she chatted with me. She was pleased to learn that I had been at Falun, and spoke with deep pride of Selma Lagerlöf. Strindberg's best dramas, she hoped, were also known and appreciated in the

United States. Some of his writings, it was true, showed traces of insanity; but didn't I think "Swan-white" charming? The lady was very obviously a conservative, however, for she, as a woman, felt apologetic for Ellen Key, who is, however, I think, better known and appreciated in America than either August Strindberg or Selma Lagerlöf. She seemed inclined to attribute to Miss Key an unhealthy mind and questionable morals, which led me to recall the words the artist had put above Ellen Key's portrait: "Could I but have represented your purity of soul!"

At Storlien (Great Line), very near the national boundary, we stopped for luncheon, which I obtained in the railroad restaurant all set forth in cafeteria style. The meal was as good as Swedish "home cooking," and the cost was ridiculously slight as compared with the prices which one must pay in similar places at home.

As I was leaving the restaurant, whom should I see but my North Star lady! When we parted at Stockholm, she had remarked that she meant to cross the mountains to Trondhjem before returning to Gothenburg, but I had thought little about it, as I felt that there was no chance of our plans synchronizing. However, there she was, and I greeted her as an old friend. Her companionship added much to the pleasure of the remainder of my journey, and of my stay in Trondhjem. We secured a comfortable compartment and in a few minutes we had made our entrance into Norway, by Norway's back door. Fröken Nordstern called my attention to the Great Line as we crossed it; it is a broad strip of deforested territory standing out in sharp contrast with the dark forest line on either side, and extends

as far as the eye can reach over hill and dale to the north and south. This simple line separates the land of Sweden from the land of Norway; no blood-thirsty cannon punctuate its length. Preparations are being made to erect upon the boundary instead a fine monument in commemoration of the century of peace which is nearly complete between the two nations.

Soon the Norwegian customs inspector came into the car, but upon our assuring him that our suit-cases contained nothing dutiable, he lifted his cap and passed on without asking to see their contents. I do not know whether his action was due to conviction of our honesty or of our poverty. Norwegians, however, like the other Scandinavians, are anything but liars; they generally tell the truth themselves and have a stimulating way of expecting the truth from others, and of getting it.

Do not let my calling the Storlien route Norway's back door mislead you into the impression that the part of the land which we entered had the appearance of the average American backyard; on the contrary, it was grand. The Scandinavian Alps, which we crossed, remind me of my own Far Western High Sierras. They are not quite so rugged or majestic, but their beauty stirred me deeply, especially glorified as they were by the enchantment of the summer sun. The mountains not only offered the ever-attractive Scandinavian forests of evergreens and delicate birches and rowan with its cheerful bunches of red berries; there were also tender, golden-green ferns, strange sweet wild flowers—so near as almost to be plucked through the car windows—and trickling streams and waterfalls. That is, the streams

trickled near their sources at the summit, but as our course descended, they united and widened and became Gudsaaen, which is, being interpreted, God's Rivulet or River. And if the things of God are of especial beauty, the stream is well named. God's River flows through Meraker Dal, or Valley, which, in the grip of bleak winter, is, I presume, anything but attractive. That golden afternoon, however, the place reminded me of Björnson's "Synnove Solbakken," and appealed so strongly that I wanted to stop off and spend a few weeks in one of the simple, homelike houses upon its sunny green slopes. Had I taken a vacation in Meraker Dal, I should have ridden over the mountain paths upon one of the shaggy little Norse ponies which frisked and played in the pastures. Perhaps I might have experimented upon the democracy of the Norwegian mind by milking one of the sleek cows!

But the train rolled on at a good speed toward the west, carrying me along. And soon we were near Trondhjem, which, five centuries ago, before Norway went into her four-hundred-years' bondage to Denmark, was the Norwegian capital. The old saga accounts frequently mention the place as the destination or starting point of Norse chieftains, for Trondhjem Fiord, around which the city curves in a crescent shape, forms an excellent harbor.

Fröken Nordstern and I secured rooms at the same hotel, and were up bright and early the next morning ready for a busy day. We first went to the cathedral, a fine granite building in Gothic style, which was badly damaged by the Swedes in 1814, but is now being gradually restored. The cathedral is noted for the great number of gargoyles

decorating its exterior and interior—hideous, grinning, fascinating faces which peer out at one from roof, and wall, and lofty, vaulted ceiling. Far above the high altar is a colored image of Christ. It is very common to see such images in the Scandinavian Lutheran churches; they are simply one of the relics carried over from Roman Catholic days.

Both of us were much interested in the Industrial Museum, to which we went from the cathedral. Like museums in Sweden and Denmark, this one contained rooms furnished in the Norwegian styles of past centuries. There were quaint old utensils, too, hand-carved cheese tubs and painted antique smoothing boards—the remote ancestors of modern electric flatirons. The boards somewhat resemble carpenter's planes. Round rollers, which were placed under them, evidently took *some* of the wrinkles out of the clothes. One room which was a real joy to my heart contained a rare display of the most exquisite Scandinavian porcelain. But I was especially attracted to the woven woolen tapestries which are copies of George Munthe's paintings of the scenes from the sagas. The weaving stitch, as I remarked of the stitch used for hand weaving in Sweden, very much resembles that used by the Navajos in their blankets; but the work is much finer in texture and color.

My look at the artistic contents of the Industrial Museum was as near as my limited time permitted me to get to the fine arts of Trondhjem. I only recently learned that the three famous Sinding brothers, Christian, Otto, and Stephen—the musical composer, the painter, and the sculptor—were born in the ancient capital. I think, however, that most of

the paintings and sculptures produced by Otto and Stephen are to be found farther south in Norway.

King Haakon and Queen Maud spend a month or two of every year at Trondhjem, living in the Residential Palace. This palace, which is said to be the largest wooden building in Europe, is painted white, with the coat-of-arms of Norway emblazoned over the doorway, and has numerous Norwegian national flags—red, with a cross of white and blue—flying from the roof. About sixty of the one hundred rooms are furnished, and we saw a large number of them. A nice old Norwegian, with a smooth-shaven face and a fringe of beard under his chin, which reminded me of the sailor in the "life buoy" soap advertisements, showed us around. He took a tremendous pride in every detail of the furnishings, and seemed to love the king and queen as much as if they were his own children.

The palace was really very plainly furnished. Some of the walls, it is true, were covered with silk brocade, which the guard lifted aside the protective hanging to display; but many were merely covered with ordinary paper. The furnishings of most of the rooms were no more elaborate or expensive than those of most middle-class houses in the United States. In the bathrooms, for instance, were plain white enameled tubs of the conventional American type. One unusually dainty and charming apartment was the Queen's boudoir, which was furnished in pale blue. Here and there, upon the walls and about the room, were pictures of Olaf, the little crown prince, smiling and happy. The old guard called attention to these pictures of the little boy with a delightful grandfatherly air which was truly

touching. Some of the pine floors were bare, and remained so, the guard said, even when the royal family was in residence. In fact, the guard appeared to take pride in the simplicity of the palace as well as in its elegance.

The ballroom was rather richly furnished. Gleaming crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling; the walls were covered with brocade; and against them were arranged chairs and sofas upholstered in crimson silk plush. At one end of the room were the seats of the king and the queen, of the same general style as the others, but larger, and embroidered with gold. When we reached the royal seats, the friendly old guard said, "Now you may be queen for a while." So Miss North Star and I took turns at sitting in the Queen's chair. Queen Maud would not have objected, I am sure.

In the evening, over a final cup of coffee, we discussed the sterling qualities and the widening future of the Norwegians. Then Fröken Nordstern went down to see me off on the *Haakon Adelstein,* which was to leave for Molde at eight o'clock. As she waved good-by from the pier, I knew that I was parting from one of the finest souls in the whole Scandinavian land. It is through the efforts of my Lady of the North Star, and others like her, that these lands of the far north are coming to be the greatest in Europe. And when true greatness—that of superiority of character and intellect—shall be made the test of national worth, instead of political power gained through commercial control and militarism, Scandinavia will come to her own. I say this, Cynthia, not as a descendant of the Scandinavians, but as an American of the Americans, born

and bred—one who has had opportunity in her own land as well as in theirs to become acquainted with the Scandinavians.

The sun sank behind the mountains just as the *Haakon Adelstein* left its moorings. There followed a succession of glory and gray in the sky, and of wonderful blues and purples in the mountain shadows. Darkness seemed to advance slowly and reluctantly; the mystical, silvery twilight lingered long; I could read ordinary print, as I sat on deck, until past nine o'clock.

When darkness had finally closed around, I went down to the women's salon, where I found four women and a man—all Norwegians. One of the women was a Roman Catholic nun, and one of the others was traveling with her. The two other women were mother and daughter; the young man was evidently aspiring to become the husband of the daughter. All were so frank and friendly that we were soon acquainted. Though the man was a true son of the Vikings—tall and straight and fair, with strong features—I noticed what I must call, for want of something more descriptive, an "American" expression on his face; so I was not at all surprised when he told me that he had spent several years in Washington State.

"Do you like the United States?" I asked in English.

"You just bet I do," he replied, in first-class American slang.

He expected to go back to the Far West, he said; and it was quite evident that he had no intention of returning alone.

After leaving Trondhjem Fiord, we followed the

coast of Norway pretty closely. Norway's shores, you will remember, are mountains which stand with their feet in the sea. And near the shores are detached mountains which rose as islands on our right hand. Before retiring I went on deck to take a good-night look at sea and sky, expecting to find sea and sky only; and I was surprised and given "quite a turn" by the effect of the huge, weird, black, shadowy-looking mountain masses to right and left, with the lapping, gleaming ocean waves between. There was something about the scene which suggested bats and owls in forsaken houses at night.

The next morning the fiords were still there, but before the glory of the summer sunshine the "spooky" aspect had fled, and the mountains stretched away green and purple and wholesome and living and real.

We reached Molde, which is on Molde Fiord, in time for a late breakfast, of which I partook at a charming "pensionat," set both picturesquely and precariously upon the dewy, green hillside. Here was served a genuine Scandinavian breakfast, Smörgåsbord and all. But here I met also a new delicacy—goats' milk cheese. It looks like brown laundry soap—only more opaque and inedible—but it is fit fare for the divinities of Asgard. At least, so thinks one who likes Scandinavian cookery.

Breakfast over, I explored Molde, which is called "the City of Roses," and it is appropriately named, for roses as well as other flowers were blooming in great abundance. From the natural park far up on the hillside—rocky and woodsy, with an abundance of ferns and flowers—I gained a beautiful pan-

oramic view. At my feet lay the little town, peeping forth from its setting of tender green, bright with blossoms; beyond lay the fiord, dotted with woodsy islands; and, blending with the wonderful colors of the fiord, were the rugged, encircling mountains, shading from greens and purples, flecked with snow, in the foreground, to misty violet, or dazzling white, marblelike peaks outlined against the summer sky.

On the way down the slope I crossed the cemetery, filled with neatly-kept graves covered with smooth, rank grass and flowers as delicate as maiden hair, with the morning dew still upon them. Near the walk down which I passed was a neatly-dressed old woman with a white kerchief upon her head, working among the flowers. The country cemeteries of Scandinavia seem never to fail of gray-haired, white-kerchiefed old women with characterful, dignified faces who work among the flowers in loving memory of their dead.

While in Molde, I learned that the original of Axel Ender's "He Is Risen" was an altar piece in the Lutheran church there; so I went to see it. But it happened that a wedding ceremony had just begun in the church when I arrived, and the sexton did not want to admit me. I was immediately fired with a desire to see the wedding, however, and after some coaxing he good-naturedly said that I might take a seat in the rear of the church. The service had just begun, I found. The white-ruffed, black-gowned clergyman was launched upon a sermon rich with good advice to the contracting parties, and calculated to impress them with the solemnity of the step which they were about to take. The sermon was followed by the conventional questions and re-

plies and the exchange of rings; the priest offered prayer; the clerk sang a chantlike song; hand shakes and congratulations came next; and then the bridal party made their exit.

For its very *usualness* the bridal party deserves special mention. When I asked permission to see the wedding, I had visions of a bridal pair in native costume; but what I saw possessed no element of the picturesque. The couple looked just like the figures one sees on wedding cakes in third rate baker's windows in the United States. The groom was in the conventional black suit and had very waxed mustaches and very shiny shoes; the bride wore the orthodox silk dress and tulle veil, and carried the usual bride's bouquet of white blossoms. The only witnesses to the ceremony, besides the interloper in the back seat, were four young men and a young woman who looked as if they might be relatives of the bride. They wandered out in the wake of the bride and groom. It was a very tame, uninteresting wedding.

Speaking of weddings calls to my mind a mystery which my North Star lady cleared up for me. I had been constantly surprised since reaching Scandinavia at the unhesitating way in which people to whom I was an utter stranger addressed me as "Fröken" (Miss) rather than as "Fru" (Mrs.) and had been roused to deep admiration at the perspicacity which enabled those people to decide after a mere glance that I was a bachelor woman. But when I expressed to Fröken Nordstern my appreciation for this evidence of the superior quality of the Scandinavian mind, she swept aside the delusion with: "Why, they look at your hands; *all* married

women here wear wedding rings."

In my disappointment over the conventional quality of the wedding, however, I did not forget what I went to the church for. The "He Is Risen" was in a good light, and I enjoyed seeing it. The facial expressions of the three women are fine I think; but I do not care for the angel. I am very particular about angels. You know the picture very well, I am sure, for copies are common in American homes. But you will be surprised to learn that the artist is a Norwegian and that the original is in little old Molde, high up along the fiord-indented coast. Ender did a work on the same subject for one of the churches of Christiania, but the Molde altar piece is generally considered much the finer of the two.

Outside the church were three little booths on wheels in which Norwegian girls with "ratted" hair sold tinted and plain photographic copies of Ender's painting. Farther along, on the main street of the village, were several curio shops, in the windows of which were displayed objects calculated to attract the tourist:—tiny copies of Viking ships in silver; silver jewelry in imitation of old Norse handiwork; genuine Norse antiquities; Lapp slippers of reindeer skin; ancient furniture upholstered in the richly decorated Jutland leather; carved wooden bridal spoons joined in pairs with carved wooden chains, in imitation of the spoons with which in times past bridal couples ate their "wedding breakfast"; beautiful Scandinavian porcelain; and hideous mugs and other trinkets, made to sell to souvenir-collecting fiends—bearing the legend, "Hilsen fra Molde" (Greetings from Molde). All were jumbled in the windows

together.

In the afternoon I left Molde by a little boat for Naes, on Romsdal Fiord. The beauty of the fiords will dwell with me always, for they are by far the most impressive scenery which I have viewed in Europe. Assuredly, the Swiss and Austrian Alps are grandly beautiful, but to one reared among the mountains of the Far West they seem little more than beloved old friends with slightly changed faces. Fiords, on the other hand, were something new in my experience, and I was tremendously impressed and delighted. The Romsdal I consider the most beautiful fiord that I saw, and, therefore, I will try to convey to you something of what it was like. You must bear in mind that, as our old geographies pointed out, fiords are "drowned valleys"; and the mountains rimming the valleys are frequently very sheer and high. Even upon the steepest of them, though, some vegetation manages to find a foothold. In many places I noticed trees growing out of what looked like solid rock.

Have you read that most charming first chapter in Björnson's "Arne" on "How the Cliff Was Clad"? Repeatedly, when gazing admiringly up at some particularly daring tree clinging sturdily to the steep, rocky walls, I thought of this chapter—of the conference between the Juniper, the Fir, the Oak, and the Birch, which ends in the plucky little Birch's exclaiming: "In God's name, let us clothe it!"

Much of the pleasure of my fiord voyage came from the shifting of color. As the boat neared one shore the other receded, and golden green turned to blue-black in the deep shadows, and royal purple

where there were high lights; and where the sun shone through the rifts in the mountains the slopes were transfigured into deep amethyst and rosy gold; and beyond these, near the high horizon, rose still loftier crests, of the faintest violet, misty and uncertain against the gray sky—like haunting ghosts of pre-glacial ranges. Waterfalls there were in abundance, tumbling over the dark, shadowy walls and sparkling where the sun found them out; perhaps dashed utterly into spray by the sharp ledges, but reuniting into torrents again before reaching the bottom. The deep water of the fiord, too, was beautiful, showing great patches of blues and greens, purples and blacks, and occasionally silver grays. Near the shore were brilliantly-colored jelly fishes, large as breakfast plates, tumbling about. I was sorely torn between my desire to watch these marine blossoms and the wonderful colors of the water, and my wish to absorb the beauty of the mountains. I will not presume to describe the sunset on the fiord; such an undertaking is too rash even for one with my daring.

I spent the night at Naes, a little village on Romsdal Fiord, but rose early and resumed my zig-zag voyage. As we steamed away from Naes, I secured a fine view of Romsdal Horn, a horn-shaped, snow-crowned peak with veils of mist festooned about its purple slopes, rising far above the other mountains at the head of the fiord. At Vesternaes I left the boat in order to cross by team the neck of the peninsula which separates Stor Fiord from Romsdal. This method of travel is called in Norway, journeying by "skyds." The vehicle in which I rode is called a "cariole." This is a rather clumsy two-wheeled cart,

Gargoyle on Trondhjem Cathedral

Romsdal Fiord, Showing the Horn

with room for one passenger. Sticking out at the back of the vehicle is a saddle-like seat for the driver, who is generally a boy. The conventional cariole seems to be drawn by a fat little Norwegian pony, cream colored with brown trimmings. My pony was correct as to color, but it was very thin, and its harness was so large that it rattled like castanets when the little animal raced down hill.

As soon as I had taken my seat the skyds boy tucked the rubber storm robe around me, snapped it fast, leaped into his saddle, uttered the queer whirring sound which all over Scandinavia means "Git up," and we were off. The road was smooth, but it ran either up hill or down all of the distance. Where the way was steep the boy dropped from his seat and walked until we reached the top of the hill, when he sprang into the saddle again without slowing up the pony. If the other side of the hill was a gradual decline, the pony trotted; if it was steep, he galloped.

The drive covered about twelve English miles and was interesting or beautiful all of the way. Shortly after we started, we passed a Norwegian country school house, which resembled the plain district school houses in the United States. It was the recess period, and the children were outside. There were several large girls all of whom wore small, black-fringed shawls around their heads. About half of the children had little books, which looked like catechisms, in their hands and were studying. The Lutheran religion is taught in all of the common schools of Scandinavia.

Farther on was a hay field which looked like merely an overgrown lawn. An old man had cut

part of it and was putting handfuls of the short grass upon a wire "clothes line" to dry. In another place I noticed grass hay drying upon a rack or tray arrangement made from the slender branches of trees. Surely it is but little exaggeration to say that the Norwegians do not let a single blade of grass go to waste.

As the pony was slowly climbing a hill, he surprised a roly-poly little boy and a roly-poly girl, mere infants, who were playing on the road. As the children tried to scurry out of the way, the little sister, who was the smaller and chubbier of the two, fell down upon the road. The little brother, fearful for her safety, did not stop to help her to her feet but rolled her, as if she were a little barrel, out of danger's way. He worked like an expert and was a plucky infant, considering his very evident fear; but the spectacle was so funny that the skyds boy and I both laughed heartily. At this the infant cavalier pulled from his pocket a battered tin horn and blew a loud blast of triumph and defiance at us; whereupon we laughed again. I am persuaded that the little knight of the tin horn is no common child.

For a time we followed an arm of the fiord, but soon we began to climb more directly towards the summit. Though the mountains were rugged, we were seldom out of sight of houses. In fact, houses and mountains seem inseparable in Norway. Upon perfectly impossible hillsides clung Norwegian homes, near which were tiny scraps of hayfields with hay hung out to dry, or with shaggy ponies grazing upon the stubble, lifting their heads now and then to neigh friendly greetings to their fellow doing service in the cariole. The houses were generally plain

buildings, sometimes painted red or yellow, but frequently unpainted. Tiles or slate or shingles formed the roofs of the better houses, but the poorer were often thatched, or roofed with sod which quite frequently bore a pretty crop of moss and grass, ferns and flowers. And, as in Sweden and Denmark, the windows of even the humblest homes were as a rule made cheerful by rows of blooming plants.

Presently we passed the timber line in our upward climb, and the mountains took on a desolate look; but soon purple heather relieved the desolation; and some blue-colored berries caught my eye, growing in profusion by the roadside. My skyds boy helped himself to them and gathered some for me.

After a climb of about two and a half miles we came to a high valley rimmed with mountains. Near the roadside were a half dozen buildings, all except one of which were cow barns. The one exception bore over the doorway in crooked letters the words "Turist Hytten-1000 Fod over Havet"—tourist cottage, one thousand feet above sea-level. In Scandinavia the foot is longer than in the United States so we were really quite high up. Here we stopped to rest the pony and I went into the "hyt" to get some coffee. This was served by a woman with dangling silver rings in her ears, in a plain little room, upon the wall of which were large prints of King Haakon and Queen Maud. In a half hour we were on the way again, and after skirting a heath-bordered lake and climbing another hill the boy announced that we were at the summit.

The other, or southern, side of the hill was sunny and green; and here were about a dozen cow barns

with sod roofs, surrounded by stone fences within which were contented little Norwegian cows grazing upon the sweet grass. Close beside was a house, hardly distinguishable from the barns except for the larger size and the curtained glass windows. The establishment like the turist hyt, was a "saeter," or summer pasture. As soon as the grass is high enough in the summer the cows are taken to the pastures high up among the mountains where they remain until the grass is gone and winter approaches. At the saeter, butter and cheese are made, to be stored away for winter use or to be marketed.

The summit past, the road ran down hill for almost all of the remainder of the journey, so the pony galloped headlong down the smooth road and we were soon in the fishing port of Söholt. After having luncheon at the Söholt hotel, I wandered around until it was time for my boat. On my walk I smiled at two rosy-cheeked little girls whom I passed on the road. To my astonishment, they responded by deep, simultaneous courtesies, and quietly went their way. An American child, I fear, would have merely stared, called out "Hello" or responded in a ruder manner still.

Söholt is a typical fiord village. There are the tourist hotels, the steepled Lutheran church, the scattered houses clinging to the hillsides, the wooden pier, the sod-covered boathouses along the water, the nets spread on the sand to dry, boats pulled up on the sand, other boats with fishermen setting nets out on the fiord, and people working with fish on the beach.

The proprietor of the hotel at which I had taken luncheon was at the pier waiting for the fiord steam-

boat, and from him I learned much about the fishing industry. Several men were busy barreling and boxing up fresh-looking fish. Those were small or thin herrings, I was told, and were merely to be shipped to other fishing stations to be used as bait for cod. Much of the cod which I saw around on the beach was from Iceland;—the large boat at anchor in the harbor had recently come from there with a cod cargo—but great quantities of cod were also caught in Stor Fiord. The Iceland cod is freed from its surplus salt by washing in the sea; dried by spreading on the rocks along the shore; then packed away in great cylindrical-shaped piles on the sand—heads in and tails out—to cure. The sides of the cylinder are covered with canvas and the tops with cone-shaped wooden roofs, painted red. Near the pier a man and two little girls, their hands covered with thick woolen mittens, were building one of those cod cylinders; and scattered over the beach were dozens of the covered piles of codfish, looking like little huts. A boat with a man and a woman in it, both rowing, was making its way to the Iceland vessel for a new load of salt cod.

By the time I had acquired the practical information which I have just retailed to you, the fiord boat *Geiranger,* on which I was to embark, arrived. A number of men and about three times as many hunting dogs landed from the boat; but when I went aboard I found a goodly supply of hunters remaining, and about twenty dogs—barking, whining and fighting—on the deck. However, to my relief, these also landed in a short time.

At Merok on Stor Fiord, a pleasant, wide-awake-looking woman boarded the boat, and I soon fell

into conversation with her. She was a merchant in Aalesund, she told me. The foundation of my Scandinavian conversational medium, as you know, is very bad Danish. In Sweden I stuck in a few Swedish words for flavoring and the intelligent Swedes understood my utterances and called my jargon "bra Svensk"; in Norway I remembered to pronounce m-e-g-e-t (much) phonetically instead of "myet" as the Danes do, and the Aalesund merchant lady declared that what I spoke was not Danish at all, but Norwegian. I seem to possess a variety of "three-in-one" Scandinavian linguistic equipment. Fortunately, it works, and is very convenient when one is traveling. The Aalesund lady, however, recognized that there was abundant room for improvement, and kindly supplied corrections as the need rose.

The lady, I soon learned, was an enthusiastic voter. It was due to the fair-mindedness of the "Venstre," or Liberal party, she said, that Norwegian women had been granted the right of suffrage; now the "Höire," or Conservative faction, acknowledged that the women should have been given the vote long ago, since they have demonstrated that they are capable of making good use of it. The Norwegian women, she told me, are at present working for total prohibition and for just labor laws for women. Their slogan is "The same pay for the same work, regardless of sex." May they win speedily!

We spoke of the independence of Norway from Sweden, and the lady said that the Norwegians rejoiced in their freedom. I asked whether there was no regret in Norway over the separation from

A Norwegian "Maud Muller"

Piling Cod Fish in Söholt

Sweden, because of the increase of taxation—as some Swedes had told me that there was. "No; we have no regrets," she said; "we are *free;* we have our own king, and, besides, our taxes are no higher." That was the sort of reply I had received to similar queries all the way down the Norwegian coast. I felt that it was representative of the Norwegian people as a whole; and I rejoiced with them that they had at last gained the freedom for which they had so long waited.

I am moved by the remembrance of the lady merchant's politeness to a digressive dissertation upon Scandinavian manners; for the more I have seen of Scandinavia the more I am convinced that the manners here are superior to our own. My comparison is between the rank and file of people in both lands; I know little about the socially élite in either country. In Sweden, especially in the cities, because of the French influence which came with the Bernadotte line of kings, one finds greater elegance and polish (I believe that I mentioned to you the grand bows of my Söderhamn cousins); and in Norway one notices greater simplicity and directness, for Norway is the most democratic of the Scandinavian lands. Nevertheless, the code of manners is very similar all over Scandinavia; the people are everywhere courteous, and their courtesy reflects their national characteristics—reserve, sincerity, and kindness.

I was particularly struck with the pleasant way in which the people "speak each other in passing." Upon entering a compartment in a railroad train a passenger quietly greets the occupants already there, and upon leaving he utters a comprehensive farewell.

The same courtesy is observed in Scandinavia among strangers wherever the daily round of life brings them into contact. For instance, a shopper does not think of making a purchase without first greeting the salesman; or of departing from a shop without a courteous word of leave-taking. Scandinavians are not too busy thus to recognize our common humanity. I like the custom well.

"Vaer saa god" is a polite expression which one hears everywhere in Scandinavia. The words as I have given them are Danish, but they are the same in Sweden or Norway, except for slight variation in spelling and, consequently, in pronunciation. We have no single equivalent in English for the expression, which literally means "Be so good"; but its use is very similar to the German "Bitte." These versatile words are employed where we would use "Please," "I beg your pardon," "Permit me," and the like—and in some cases where we would say nothing at all.

The handshake is an important institution in Scandinavia; the American handshake would appear to be but a very degenerate vestige of it. People here not only shake hands more commonly than we do at meeting and parting, and upon offering congratulations, but they also give the hand upon offering thanks for a gift; and to seal a business transaction; and, most interesting of all, at the close of a meal.

This last usage seems especially quaint and formal, but it is still very common among country people. Upon rising from the table at the conclusion of a meal a guest offers his hand to his host and hostess and says: "Tak for mad"—Thanks for the meal.

(This is the Danish spelling; the Swedish differs slightly.) And in old-fashioned Scandinavian households the little children are trained to offer thanks to their parents in the same formal manner for the food of which they have partaken.

In his essay on "Grace before Meat," Charles Lamb suggests that the custom of offering a prayer of thanksgiving before meals originated in the "early times of the world, and the hunter state of man, when dinners were precarious things and a full meal was something more than a common blessing." The practice of saying "Tak for mad" *after* the meal to those to whom one is most directly indebted for it, I suggest, may have an equally venerable origin.

The customary reply to an expression of thanks is "Vaelkommen" or "Sel tak," which, literally translated, is "Thanks yourself"; but it is really the equivalent of our phrase, "The pleasure is all mine."

I have mentioned merely the most noticeable courteous usages of the Scandinavians, and now I must close my dissertation. But in doing so I wish to suggest the reason why the Scandinavian in the United States seems frequently so lacking in manners. To the average American he is a "damned foreigner"; he even acknowledges himself a "greenhorn"; and in his eager attempt to bridge the chasm between himself and the native American, he quickly drops all polite usages peculiar to his home land—for they rouse only ill-concealed amusement—and adopts the more obvious American polite forms such as get his attention. In consequence, the fine-mannered Scandinavian becomes the rude Scandinavian-American. I have repeatedly seen this unfortunate transformation take place in newly-arrived Scandinavians

in the United States.

Now I am back at Aalesund again, mentally, as I have been physically, the whole evening. It is to be my point of departure from the fiords. And I am glad to depart, for Aalesund is devoted almost completely to fish industries. Fish or skeletons of fish everywhere! For instance, this evening as we slipped into the harbor, I noticed incredibly large stacks of fish bones outside of some mills, waiting to be ground up, after which they begin another career of usefulness as guano, or fertilizer, for impoverished soil. And think of the mountains of fish which contribute the bones!

The place is very fishy indeed. And lest you begin to taste cod-liver oil I will break off now and bid you good-by until I reach Christiania, whither I am bound, via Bergen.

CHAPTER IX

BERGEN AND CHRISTIANIA

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY,
September 5, 191—

My dear Cynthia:

Last Tuesday I left Aalesund by steamer for Bergen, where I arrived early the following morning. Like practically all of the larger towns of Norway, Bergen is situated upon a fiord and has a very attractive approach from the water. It is the place which is said to have thirteen months of rain per year; and I believe that it deserves the reputation, for did the year contain thirteen months, the Bergen weather clerk would certainly deluge them all. Rain was pouring down when I arrived; it drizzled or poured throughout my stay; and was tapping drearily against the car windows when I departed.

As the Bergen market is particularly famous, I was anxious to see it, and lost no time after my arrival in going there. A great variety of things were being bought and sold:—fruit and flowers—potted and cut—vegetables, dishes, carved trinkets, brushes, brooms; but especially fish; Bergen specializes upon fish. There were dozens and dozens of different kinds of fish; some alive and swimming about in tanks, others dead and sliced. Most of the sellers were from the country and had their

goods in hand carts or baskets. The women were kerchiefed and in many cases sat upon small camp stools knitting while waiting for customers. The purchasers were, obviously, mostly town dwellers. Many of them went off with a parcel of "smelly" fish in one hand and a fragrant posy in the other. One chin-whiskered old Norseman strolled off carrying a long fish by the jaws without any wrapping. It was very interesting to watch the bargaining there in the rain. For these people did not mind ordinary rain any more than ducks. When it *poured down,* the mere onlookers took shelter in neighboring doorways; but the people who had negotiations under way stubbornly stood their ground.

From the market place I went to Haakon's Hall. This is a restoration and is the lineal descendant of a building erected for festive purposes by King Haakon Haakonson in the thirteenth century, in the days of Norway's early period of independence. The original hall was soon destroyed by fire, and various new buildings subsequently came to an end in a similar manner; but restorations were always made. The original purpose of the structure was lost sight of, however, and at the close of the seventeenth century Haakon's banqueting hall had been reduced to the function of a storehouse for grain. Later it became a military prison; and then was elevated to the dignity of a chapel for military prisoners. Finally it reached the nineteenth century—the century of restoration—with a fair fraction of the mediæval architecture still intact; and a little over forty years ago the latest restoration was made. The structure is in the English-Gothic style which characterized it during the Middle Ages. Architec-

turally it is the only building of its class in the North.

I am very fond of the old Norse sagas, many scenes of which are laid in the ancient banqueting halls, and, consequently, looked forward with pleasure to seeing Haakon's Hall, though even the original building was constructed after saga days. The vestibule with its ribbed vaulting, at the base of which projected, at right angles to the walls, fish heads in dark carved oak, did much towards exciting my desire to see the main room. Imagine, then, my disappointment upon learning when I reached the hall that it was temporarily closed for repairs. But I *did* see it after all—or part of it. As I was going down the stairs I met two English women who had been disappointed like myself; and at the bottom of the stairs was a gentleman who formed the third in the party. The gentleman, as I soon found, had explored to great advantage after being turned away from the front door. And I profited by his explorations. "If you want to see the interior of the hall," said he, "cross that large room on this floor, turn up the stairway to your right, and peek though the keyhole which you will find at the top." I did as directed, and for the first time in my life realized the possibilities of keyholes as satisfiers of curiosity, —legitimate and otherwise. The keyhole was in a door of the banqueting hall and, like all ancient keyholes, was good and large. Through it I gained a view of the finely vaulted ceiling, the high, dim windows, the guest benches around the walls decorated with massive hand carvings, the dais upon which the seat of the king had stood.

When, in ancient times, the place was the scene

of banquets the walls were hung with armor and weapons and with tapestries illustrating the old Norse hero tales; the seats of honor around the walls were occupied by the most distinguished guests; the king sat upon his high seat upon the dais. When the meal was to be served, tables were brought, the white cloth was spread, and upon it were placed in abundance the delicacies of the North—including "clotted milk." Imagine those doughty old warrior candidates for Valhalla sitting down to partake of anything so meek and mild as *clabber milk!* But so the sagas tell us they did; and clabber milk, slightly sweetened and spiced, is a favorite dish among Scandinavians even unto the present day. Such feasts also included ample supplies of fish, flesh and fowl. And mead, and wine and ale, dispensed by the hands of the fair hostess and her ladies, flowed mightily.

In the saga period and before it the Scandinavian banquet hall was really very similar to the restoration from the time of Haakan Haakonson. The chief difference was that instead of the great fireplaces along the side walls, which appear in Haakon's Hall, the fire was simply built on hearths down the middle of the room and the smoke escaped as best it could through a hole above in the roof. Sometimes, when overpowered by the charm of the old sagas, I foolishly look back with wistfulness to those "brave days of old"; but I soon remember the smoky rooms and the flowing drinking horn and then I thank my Stars and Stripes that I am a modern.

The same King Haakon who built the hall also built the original tower to which at present the name of Rosenkrantz is given. From the square, battle-

Rosenkrantz Tower (Right) and Haakon's Hall (Left), Bergen

Norwegian Mountain Homes

mented top, I obtained a fine view of the city and its environs, and also of the broad wall with soldiers on guard, which connects the tower with Haakon's Hall. In one of the most innocent-looking walls in the tower the guard showed me a secret door which opened into a secret staircase. Such a staircase in the "brave days of old" occasionally came in handy in enabling one to reach an underground passage and make good one's escape from one's warrior neighbors. Beneath the tower is a semicircular dungeon where these neighbors were at times locked when they were caught. A light was burning in the place when I saw it but this seemed only to burn a small hole in the darkness and to make the intense quality of that darkness visible. There was no provision for light or air from the outside. Again I was grateful to have my turn at living thus late; for though we are not yet so humanitarian as to congratulate ourselves, we have surely progressed a little further toward the recognition of universal human brotherhood than the folk of the time of Haakon Haakonson.

Bergen, you perhaps remember, is the city of the great violinist, Ole Bull. In one of the public squares is a fine bronze statue of him by Stephen Sinding. He is represented as playing upon his instrument, while he stands upon a pile of rough boulders, about which splashes a real fountain. In the water at the base of the statue is a grotesque bronze water sprite which responds to the enchanting call of the violin by strains from a rustic harp. Bull spent many of his later years in the United States but he died in Bergen, where he was buried in the quaint old cemetery under the hill. The ivy-cov-

ered tomb is near the entrance. On top of the mound is a bronze urn about four feet high, bearing the simple inscription "Ole Bull 1810-1880." When I saw it, the urn was wreathed with purple heather tied with the Norwegian national colors like our own, red, white and blue.

I left Bergen by the overland route via Finse. As I before said, it was raining—a discouraging persistent drizzle—when I took my departure. Upon entering my compartment I found a rather frail-looking man, a more frail-looking woman, and a big, fat, rosy-cheeked baby about a year old, whom the man was holding. From their conversation I soon gathered that the mother was on her way to Christiania to visit relatives, that the father was able to accompany her for but a short distance upon the way, and that he was worried lest the long journey and the care of the heavy, active baby would be too much for her. He glanced inquiringly at me several times as we neared the place at which he was to leave the train, and appeared about to speak; but he evidently weakened before my formidable appearance and his request remained unuttered. The minute I had set eyes upon the interesting-looking baby I had determined to borrow her as soon as opportunity offered, and thus pass time on the journey; but as I realized that the father could hardly read my inner thoughts, I proceeded to play with the little Augusta, in order to relieve his mind before he left the train. Greatly encouraged, the man proceeded to tell me what I already knew. I promptly said that I was going directly to Christiania and would take care of the mother and help with the baby all of the way; and that I would not leave them

without seeing them safely deposited in the bosom of the Christiania relatives. The relief and gratitude of the man was tremendous. Shortly after that his station was called, so he said good-by, handed little Augusta over to me, and left the train. They had come from Stavanger, the lady told me—the part of Norway where the most interesting peasant costumes of ancient style are still worn. And Herr Larson, her husband, was a pastor there and a teacher in a Lutheran missionary training school.

For a time the road lay along an arm of a fiord, but soon we began a serious climb and presently were again among the rocky, woodsy mountains, with tumbling waterfalls. And in this setting here and there were huts with walls of unhewn stone and roofs of irregular sheets of flat rock laid on in crazy patchwork style, overlapping from the top. Farther on, we passed the timber line, when came the inevitable snow sheds and tunnels, alternating with snowy peaks and great, fantastic, jutting rocks, which in some places overhung the railroad tracks. Near the summit at Finse a peculiar vegetation caught my attention. There were great patches of bright cherry-colored grass, and other plants in bright scarlets and yellows, producing a very pleasing rainbow effect, which was especially welcome in the absence of forests. Beyond the summit, on the descent towards Christiania up among the sunny slopes of the highest mountains, we passed first the saeters, with stone roofs and stone fences, clinging like barnacles to the sheer mountain sides; next came a beautiful farming district suggesting Meraker Dal; and then we stopped at Aal, a small station about which were gathered a number of people in their

Sunday clothes—for it was Sunday. The costumes were of the old national style, Fru Larson told me, and were peculiar to the region. The most characteristic garment of the women was a white fringed shawl with borders stamped in bright colors, such as I had also noticed in Dalecarlia, in Sweden. The boys' and men's costumes were more unique; they wore short black jackets of the "Eton" cut with a double row of silver buttons in front; a double-breasted waistcoat, also with the two rows of silver buttons; black trousers down to their very heels; and they were topped off with very large black felt hats.

Soon we followed the course of a river again, varied by many beautiful rapids and falls. On this part of the road were also numerous log houses, some weathered and gray, others spick and span in dark red paint which looked as if it had come across the boundary from Sweden. Presently sunset came, followed by twilight and darkness; but occasional lights indicated the vicinity of Norwegian country homes. A little after nine o'clock a great constellation of flickering lights ahead roused my tired traveling companion to remark that this was Christiania. Relatives were at the station to meet her, so after bidding her and little fat, sleepy Augusta good-by, I went directly to a hotel, which was just off Carl Johans Gade.

Carl Johans is decidedly the most important and beautiful street in Christiania. It is wide and clean, and is flanked by handsome buildings and shady parks. At one end, upon a slight eminence, the royal palace stands, surrounded by a fine park. I was told that the palace was open to visitors, so I decided the morning after my arrival to have a look

at it; and I planned to go up to the palace on the left hand side of the street and to return on the right. On my way up I passed the building of the Norwegian Storthing, or Parliament, and the imposing National Theatre in Studenten Lund (Students' Grove). In front of the theatre are bronze statues of Björnson and Ibsen, Norway's two greatest dramatic writers, by Stephen Sinding. Upon a high pedestal on the hill near the palace is a monument to Niels Henrik Abel, the Norwegian mathematical prodigy, who, with flying hair and an expression of determination on his alert countenance, is represented as treading under foot two figures with ugly, distorted faces, evidently the personifications of Ignorance and Error. Abel was scarcely more than a boy when he died—only twenty-seven—but he left to his credit several mathematical discoveries of first importance.

In front of the royal palace stands a great bronze equestrian statue of Carl Johan, the first Bernadotte king of Sweden. On one side of the pedestal is the motto of the king, "The love of the people is my reward," and on the other is the statement, "This monument was raised by the people of Norway."

The palace is a large, plain building in classical style. The double doors were open, so I walked in and started for the stairs. I had not got very far, however, before a gilt-buttoned and barred individual ran down another staircase and stopped me with "Vaer saa god," the versatile Scandinavian phrase which I told you about in my last letter. This time the expression was polite Norwegian for "Halt!" The palace was *not* open to visitors, I

was informed. Suppose that the guards had been napping and that I had innocently got upstairs and interrupted King Haakon and Queen Maud at their royal breakfast! Would I have been arrested as a Russian or German spy? Or as an anarchist? I think not. Their majesties would have simply believed my explanation and would have had me escorted out in the most courteous manner possible.

Later, I learned that certain parts of the palace were open to visitors in the *afternoon,* when the royal family was *not* in residence.

After wandering for a time about the beautiful palace gardens, I returned down the right side of the Gade as I had planned. On this north side is the University of Christiania, exactly opposite the Royal Theatre, which, as I said, is in the Students' Grove. The building is in classical style with a wing on either side, at right angles to it. The university is co-educational; women have equal opportunities with men; and both sexes wear identical students' caps, as in the other Scandinavian universities, with a button in front, of their own national colors. In the garden back of the university are set up several large interesting rune stones. In a building at the rear of this yard I found an exhibit prepared by the Scandinavian Society for Fighting Tuberculosis. The exhibit as a whole was of the usual sort, and showed how progressive the Scandinavian lands are in their fight against the "white plague," as well as in their struggle against unhygienic conditions in general. But there was one unusual display—that of *lupus,* or external tuberculosis, which generally attacks the face. Wax models represented the terrible ravages wrought by the dis-

Above the Timber Line in Norway

Statue of Henrik Ibsen by Sinding

ease, and also the remarkable healing effects of the Finsen light.

Niels Finsen, who discovered the wonderful curative effects of certain light rays, was a Danish physician born in the Faroe Islands. Though poverty-stricken and struggling against an incurable disease, he had none of his discoveries patented; he gave them all freely for the good of humanity. And when he was awarded the Nobel prize for his contribution to medical science, he donated the prize money to the Light Institute which he founded in Copenhagen. Not until his friends had made up an equivalent sum by gifts, for the benefit of the Institute, would he take back a half of the well-won prize. Dr. Finsen was one of the noblest souls of which I have any knowledge. When in Copenhagen, I noticed a peculiarly appropriate monument to him; three beautiful bronze figures were represented as extending their arms in adoration towards the sunlight. The Scandinavians do well to remember Dr. Finsen with pride and gratitude.

I told you about the fascinating handwork which I had seen in Trondhjem. On Carl Johans Gade I found an even more varied and beautiful display. It was in a shop which is subsidized by the government in order that the manual arts of the peasants shall not be lost to the world. Here were elaborately embroidered national costumes of homespun, and rugs, portières, and tapestries—beautiful in pattern and color—all woven on hand-looms. Among the tapestries were some woven after the designs of Gerhardt Munthe from the saga tales; and in the patterns were occasionally included lines from the sagas.

Christiania has a large art collection, and one which surprised me by the number of works by native artists which it contains. Munthe is well represented; his subjects are always interesting, and his colors are remarkably clear and fresh. Edvard Munch's pictures, on the other hand, were too sensational to suit me; he is too much of an extreme impressionist, though I must acknowledge that some of his splashes are very effective. Many paintings by Christian Krogh are in the museum. They are mostly of Scandinavian sailors, and are well done, but I was disappointed in Krogh's conception of Leif Ericsson discovering America. Leif and his men do not look sufficiently adventurous to sail uncharted seas; their faces are lacking in expression. Among the sculptures I cared most for were those of Stephen Sinding who is generally considered the leader in Norwegian plastic art. His bronzes of "A Slave Mother" and "Two People" are very fine.

You have heard of the Gokstad ship, I am sure —the Viking ship which was dug from a burial mound near Christiania in 1880. This ship is on exhibition in a shed back of the University buildings in Christiania. Naturally, I was very much interested in the thousand-year-old vessel and its contents. It is the typical sharp and narrow sea-going craft of the Viking Age, clinker-built, of oak, with seams caulked with yarn made from cow's hair. The length is about seventy-eight feet, and the width, seventeen. When the wind was favorable, a single, large square sail was hoisted; at other times the vessel was propelled by sixteen pairs of oars. In preparation for its last service as the sepulcher of a Norse chieftain, the ship was festively adorned

with a row of circular shields on either side.

It happened that the entombing took place in potter's clay, which is plentiful near Christiania, and this acted as a perfect preservative for the whole of the vessel, except the ends, which projected above it. In the middle of the ship was the burial chamber with the bed on which the warrior was placed, clad in richly embroidered garments of silk and wool. Beside him were buried various weapons and utensils which might be of use on the voyage to Valhalla, or might prove handy after arrival. With the chieftain were also buried his pet peacock and about a half dozen dogs and a dozen horses, all of the animals undoubtedly being killed at the time of the burial, in order that their spirits might accompany that of their master to the Land of the Hereafter. This was the custom of the ancient Scandinavians.

This expensive equipment of the dead was, to be sure, a great economic waste, but it was not so regarded by the heathen Scandinavians. According to their view point, such provision as they made was merely humanitarian and decent. Only the most heartless or foolhardy would send forth their dead unequipped into the unknown; if pity or a sense of duty did not cause relatives or friends to follow the usual custom, fear of being haunted by the wronged ghost was pretty certain to force them into conformity.

In one of the cases along the walls of the exhibition shed are some of the feathers of the peacock, still showing an iridescent gleam. And in another one are the bones of the warrior, which indicate that he was a man of great size. Physicians who have studied the remains have even discovered that

the man was afflicted with a disease of the bones, which may have been the cause of his death.

The Gokstad ship was of special interest to me because it was the model for the *Viking* which attracted attention at the Columbian exposition at Chicago. The history of the *Viking* is so interesting that I cannot resist the temptation to tell you about it for fear that you may have somehow missed the story. Before the exposition, when preparations for it were under way, as was quite proper, the whole world—except the land of Scandinavia—was putting tremendous emphasis upon the discovery of Columbus. Naturally, the Scandinavians were not so enthusiastic, for, as every Scandinavian school child will tell you, had not Leif Ericsson discovered America nearly five centuries before Columbus was seized with his bright idea of sailing west to reach the east? Was it the fault of these sea rovers that the world was not yet ready to appreciate their discovery? Or that they themselves did not appreciate it? Had not they *discovered* it just the same? Did Columbus or his age appreciate *his* discovery? Thus challenged the children of the Vikings; and a discussion followed.

Some of the members of the Columbian party, interested in the models of the caravels of Columbus which were to be sent to Chicago for the exposition, were so daring as to declare that the Northmen could not possibly have crossed the Atlantic in their little Viking boats; hence, they said, the saga story of Leif Ericsson's discovery was pure humbug. This helped fix the determination of the Norwegians to "show" the anti-Viking party. For there was the Gokstad ship unearthed but a few years before. And

from this vessel was modeled the *Viking,* exactly like this ship of the ninth century in size and pattern, except that the stern and bow were restored and finished off with a carved wooden dragon's head and tail, splendidly gilded, after the style of the ancient Scandinavian ships. Manned with a picked crew of Norwegian sailors, the *Viking* was sailed and rowed over the wide Atlantic. Once the vessel was reported foundering; at times the skeptical captains of passing steamships offered to tow the *Viking* for the rest of the voyage; but the champions of Leif Ericsson scorned to have their vessel towed across the ocean, as were the "Columbus washtubs," as the *Viking's* crew called the models of the Columbus caravels. Their ancestors had rowed and sailed across the Atlantic in craft of the *Viking* build, and they proposed to sail and row there in the *Viking.* And after a long, weary, mediæval sort of voyage of six weeks, they arrived in triumph at New York Harbor. The *Viking* was propelled up the Hudson, but its captain submitted to be towed through the Erie Canal, after which it was again sailed and rowed the remainder of the distance to the Exposition City. It now stands in a shed behind the Field Columbian Museum in Jackson Park, where I saw it a couple of years ago. And its ancient prototype stands in a similar shed behind the University of Christiania. Thus ended the Norwegian lesson.

But, in itself, the Oseberg ship and its contents interested me much more than did the Gokstad vessel. The Oseberg ship was unearthed only in 1903. It, like the one from Gokstad, was discovered in a stratum of potter's clay near Christiania. Like

the Gokstad vessel, it also had been used as a sepulchral ship. The recently-discovered vessel, however, is of quite a different style; it is flat-bottomed and richly carved and was evidently intended not as a swift-sailing vessel of commerce or war, but as a pleasure barge for use on the fiords.

The Oseberg ship stands in a shed near that from Gokstad; but though the pamphlet which I bought at the door of the shed mentioned a rich treasure of contents as having been discovered in the vessel, I was disappointed not to find any of them near at hand, as were the contents of the other sepulchral vessel.

Later, I went to the Historical Museum, which has a collection from prehistoric days of the same general character as those of Denmark and Sweden, proving conclusively that Danes, Swedes and Norwegians all are brethren.

In the museum I met Professor G——, of the University of Christiania, who is the greatest living authority upon Scandinavian archæology, and had a most instructive talk with him upon various articles of special note in the prehistoric collection. When he found that I was as interested in dead heathen Scandinavians as I was in live Christian ones, Professor G—— told me that the contents of the Oseberg ship would not be ready for exhibition to the public for some time, but several men were working on them under his supervision on the top floor. Would I care to examine them? Would I? I jumped at the chance; and we climbed to the top floor.

The Oseberg find had indeed been a rich one. The wife or daughter of a Norse chieftain had been

buried in the ship. With her were the remains of another woman, probably a serving maid, put to death in order that her mistress should not go forth upon the perilous way unattended. And about them were a variety of articles such as would be expected to gladden the heart of the noble lady in the Land of the Hereafter: spinning and weaving appliances, and balls of thread and wax; carved oaken chests; several beds, with down coverlets and pillows; tubs and pails and copper kettles; and even a millstone, the ghost of which was evidently intended to grind ghostly grist under the hands of the ghostly serving maid. But this distinguished Scandinavian lady had not been restricted to sea travel; in the boat had been placed a handsomely carved, four-wheeled carriage, and four sleds, also carved in elaborate pattern, two of them with grotesque heads at the four corners. The carcasses of a number of cattle as well as of horses and dogs were also buried with the vessel. The skeletons of two of the horses, all articulated and painted white and looking very spruce, were "hitched" to the ancient carved wagon. All of the horses, Professor G—— told me, were killed by being struck a blow at the base of the skull just back of the ears; and he called my attention to the broken vertebrae of the two renovated skeletons.

Many of the things found in the Oseberg ship were restored and ready for exhibition, but the process of preparation is a long one and requires much care and patience. The objects made of wood when removed from the burial mound, were in some cases badly bent, and frequently broken into bits. The ship itself, for instance, was taken out in about

two thousand pieces, but each tiny piece was properly numbered; consequently perfect reconstruction was possible. The bent pieces were steamed back into shape, and then all of the woodwork had to be boiled in oil; and I do not know how many more processes they had to be put through before they were ready to be fitted together into their original shape. But upon looking at them in a casual manner one would never suspect that they were not as sound and whole as any other wooden objects that one would be likely to find in a museum.

While we are on the subjects of sepulchers, I must tell you that I went to Vor Frelser's Cemetery this morning to see the graves of Henrik Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson. I am not in the habit of haunting cemeteries, but I felt moved thus to pay my respects to these two great Norwegians. There is an appropriateness in the tombs—if there ever can be an appropriateness in tombs—and they present as great a contrast as the temperaments of the two men. Björnson is buried on a sunny green slope near a tall, graceful poplar tree. No memorial stone of any kind marks the grave; it is simply a great mound completely covered with flowers brightly blooming. Ibsen rests close at hand, but in a shady corner. Within a thick hedge is a black iron fence with polished black stone pillars at the corners; and within the fence is the grave, covered by a black stone slab simply marked with the name "Henrik Ibsen." A black iron wreath had been placed on the tomb. At the head of the grave is a tall pyramidal obelisk of polished black stone, on the front surface of which had been engraved in outline a strong, capable-looking hammer. It is a peculiarly

appropriate resting place for the iron-willed poet who devoted his life to smashing false idols, to diagnosing the diseases of society.

Christiania is only about three hundred years old. But for centuries before King Christian IV of Denmark built this modern capital of Norway, its site was guarded by the fortress of Akershuus, which still stands on the southern edge of the city. Akershuus is no longer a fortress of importance, but its ancient, conglomerate stone walls, in contrast to the modern appearance of the buildings of Christiana, are sure to attract the attention. Tht stronghold is still used for military purposes; one part of it is a military prison, and another is an arsenal; cannon are mounted on the ramparts, which command a view of Christiania Fiord; and the soldiers of Norway are on guard at the gateways.

Visitors are shown through Akershuus every two hours, but I arrived too late for the twelve o'clock party, and shall not be able to wait for the next one as I am booked to sail at two on the *King Haakon* for Copenhagen. Consequently, I am sitting on the above-mentioned ramparts finishing this Christiania letter, preparatory to accounts of Danish green fields and pastures new. It is pleasant here, and the view of the fiord is lovely. I wish that the *King Haakon* would wait.

CHAPTER X

COPENHAGEN ONCE MORE; CASTLES IN DENMARK

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK,
September 11, 191—

My dear Cynthia:

I have looped the loop, as you see—up through Sweden and down through Norway—and am again in Denmark's capital. The *King Haakon* left Christiania on schedule time and had what I presume was a representative summer voyage to Copenhagen, a voyage which leads me to wonder what it would be like to make the passage in winter. The Cattegat, the strait separating Sweden from Denmark on the east, is notoriously rough, though; so my experience was not a complete surprise.

By a great streak of good fortune I entirely escaped being sea-sick. The boat sailed at two, and at first I sat on deck and watched the coast of Norway, which for a time we followed quite closely; by three o'clock, however, it seemed that nothing in the way of a view equal to the fiord coast would appear, so I decided that here was a good time to go to bed early and rest up; for I had been constantly on the go in Christiana. And down to bed I went.

I must have promptly fallen into a doze, for the next thing I knew it was late in the afternoon, the

boat was rolling badly, and from fore and aft came sounds such as mark the last stages of sea-sickness. As time passed the sea grew rougher, and I felt more and more as one must feel who is strapped to the back of a bucking broncho. The sea-sick sounds increased in volume and number; and they were not restricted to the "gentler sex," but very frequently came from masculine throats. As I awakened at intervals through the night, I discovered that the history of the early evening was repeating itself. The two women and two children who shared a stateroom with me were desperately sick; but I was not a bit, for I stubbornly concentrated my thoughts on something pleasant and clove to my berth with my spinal column, like an abalone to a rock, fervently thanking my Stars and Stripes that for once I had known enough to go to bed when I was tired.

Not till late the next morning, when I knew by the calm that we were past Helsingborg and Elsinore and were in the quiet Oresund, did I venture to rise; and when I did, I dressed as soon as possible and hurried on deck into the fresh air. By that time most of my fellow passengers were on deck, too. They were a dismal-looking assemblage. Scarcely one looked as if he had escaped. All seemed to have been at least mildly ill: a few were pale and wan; more were ghastly white; and others—many others —were almost pea green in color. I thanked my Stars and Stripes again, and more fervently, when I saw them.

It was much pleasanter to look at Copenhagen which we were approaching than at my fellow humans. We were entering the harbor with a bright blue sky above and a twinkling, sparkling blue sea

about us. The spires and towers of the quaint old Danish capital seemed to beckon invitingly; and again I felt as if I were returning home. It is thrice delightful to *return* to a place. But I am not sure that I should feel such pleasure in returning to Christiania or Stockholm; Copenhagen, as I have said, has an unusual degree of personality and charm.

The Stork Fountain, near which I had my breakfast, seemed like an old friend. It is in the heart of the city, and appears to be a favorite landmark. Children, especially, enjoy playing around it under the spreading bronze wings of the storks; and it is appropriate that they should, for Hans Christian Andersen made the stork the children's bird, and particularly the bird of the Danish children. Indeed, reared as I was on Andersen's tales, I incline to think of the stork as the emblem of Danish childhood—a sort of rival of the three rampant lions on the royal coat-of-arms, which is merely the emblem of the Danish grown-ups.

When I was in Copenhagen before, it had been arranged by Cousin Lars that I was to stay with him upon my return. He did not know just when I was due in Copenhagen, however, so, besides breakfasting, I attended to several errands and did some shopping before going to his home in the residential part of the city.

I also explored the University of Copenhagen, which stands near Frue Kirke. The interior of the building is more pleasing than the smoke-begrimed exterior would lead one to suppose; the walls of the vestibule are tastefully decorated with frescoes, and good sculptures are placed here and there. Students in large numbers were in evidence, looking

very much like those whom I had seen in Sweden and Norway, except that the caps which they wore were marked by buttons of the red and white of Dannebrog, instead of blue and yellow, or red, white and blue.

Cousin Lars was not at home when I reached his place, but his housekeeper was there to receive me, and he came in shortly after my arrival. During my brief visit he made as much fuss over me as the proverbial hen does over the proverbial one chicken; the routine of the household was turned topsy-turvy in my interest, and I had a very pleasant, homey sort of time. I soon found that he had planned various excursions and parties for me, but most of the plans had to be dropped because of the very limited time I could stay in Copenhagen.

Upon my arrival, I discovered on the table in my room various newspaper clippings which my cousin had made, with me in mind, while I was away in the North. The schools had opened during my absence and the clippings all had to do with the Danish educational system, of which democratic Cousin Lars is very proud. And he may well be, for I think that it is no exaggeration to say that the Danish public school system is the finest in Europe. From one of the clippings I learned that every child in the schools of Copenhagen is being taught to swim; from another, that excellent courses in extension work are given in the evenings at sufficiently low prices to enable all those who wish to improve their educations to do so.

These scraps of information roused in me a desire to visit some of the Danish schools; so Cousin Lars directed me to two near-by schools, one a boys'

"gymnasium" and one a public grade school (folke skole). As in most European countries, the public schools are attended only by the children of the poor—the so-called "working classes." All who can possibly afford it send their children to private schools, lest they lose caste. The gymnasium is a private institution corresponding approximately to our high school.

I went to the gymnasium first, where I visited a class of boys in modern European history. A young man who was also teacher of English was in charge. At the bell signal the two dozen boys marched in and remained standing beside their desks while the teacher introduced me. "You have all heard of a land called the Far West," said he in English. "We have with us this morning a lady from that far land who has come to observe your cleverness in history." The boys laughed, and at a sign from the teacher seated themselves. A boy in the front row handed me a text book and a copy of our old friend, Putzger's Atlas, which they used; and the lesson began. The subject was Napoleon's campaigns, and at times the discussion became even exciting. But the order in the room was unspeakable; it was *nil.* The boys—quite a number of them—visited with each other, and talked in whispers and undertones together instead of attending to their lessons. Frequently the master had difficulty in making himself heard above the noise, and in hearing the students who were reciting. At least a half dozen times while I was there he produced a slight lull by "Sh-Sh," but that was all; he seemed quite used to just that degree of inattention and disorder and did not appear to mind that a visitor was

there taking it all in. The teaching, however, was remarkably good, everything considered, and the boys who were called upon to recite appeared well prepared. After all, order is only a minor point. Unfortunately I had to leave before the end of the period. When I rose to go, the class also rose as one boy, and remained standing while I took my leave and made my exit.

Next I went to visit a public school. It was recess when I arrived, and I found the boys and girls in the large yards at the back of the building, playing in the drizzling rain, under the supervision of several teachers. The bell rang almost immediately, and the children marched in. I had expressed to the principal a desire to visit one of the classes—I did not care which—and presently was introduced to a teacher who asked me to visit his beginning class in English. I had for the time forgotten that English was taught in the grades in Denmark, and was very glad of a chance to see it done. The class consisted of twenty-two little boys and girls averaging about eleven years of age. All were healthy, happy little children, clean, and neatly dressed, though children of the poor. To my relief, the order here was perfect. The children paid strict attention to business. The lesson was conducted entirely in English and was admirably taught and admirably learned; the teacher was a master in his profession. He seemed fond of the work and fond of every one of his flock. His evident success helps me to the conviction that there are men who would make first class primary teachers, even for the tiny beginners, the orthodox theory to the contrary notwithstanding. It was a distinct pleasure

to me to witness those little Danish children reading, writing, and speaking my native tongue. Teacher as well as pupils spoke with an accent, but the pronunciation was remarkably good. Two or three times, however, the teacher turned to me to inquire, "Can you understand our English?" And when I replied that it was perfectly clear to me, the children looked pleased. I shortly learned that I was not to be a mere auditor. When the first part of the lesson had been covered, the teacher asked me whether I would read it for the children in order that they might hear a pronunciation free from accent. I was delighted at the chance, so I rose and the children held their breaths while I read:

"Work while you work, and play while you play,
That is the way to be happy and gay,"

and other friendly maxims of my childhood days. When I had finished, a general smile of satisfaction spread over the class. The children had evidently measured their pronunciation against mine and had decided that there was not so great a difference after all. When they had worked through another translation, I again read for them; and again the children smiled their pleasure. And so we alternated until it was time for me to go. When I rose there was a little rustle as of a flock of birds rising in the air; and every little child was on his feet; and every one smiled a farewell as I left the room. I should have loved to borrow the class to teach for a while.

The teacher thanked me heartily for my demonstration of English pronunciation and gave me a

most cordial invitation to visit his advanced course in English. Last term, he said, two English ladies had visited this class and had read for the children, thus greatly stimulating their interest in the language. Verily, everything is grist that comes to that man's mill.

My dip into the educational system of Denmark was finished off by a visit to the school museum, which impressed me as being unique. The museum contains every sort of device to help the teacher—models, charts, pictures, natural history specimens. The prices are plainly marked on the "helps" but the objects are not for sale; they are merely on exhibition for the benefit of the teacher who is trying to keep up to date in her methods. The devices can be obtained at the school supply shops. An excellent teachers' library is housed in the museum also. And trained educators are on hand to answer questions and to give advice to all perplexed pedagogues.

The idea of having a museum for the inspiration of teachers seemed to me an excellent one, but I supposed it something peculiar to Denmark until the chief director, who spake excellent English, informed me that we had one in my own country—at St. Louis, Missouri. The director also told me several things about the schools of Denmark. The caste system which formerly worked such hardships against the children of the poor, he said, is breaking down; and now the children can pass from the public schools to the gymnasium, which prepares for the University; and promising students who can not afford to pay tuition are granted scholarships. There is no opposition to married women's teaching in the

public schools; and if they have children of their own, it is rather assumed that they make better teachers than unmarried ones. The salaries of public school teachers in Denmark seem to compare favorably with those in the Far West, in view of the difference in the cost of living. After a certain number of years of service all teachers are retired upon a pension; and teachers in the country have always a farm which they work, thus having a source of income besides their salaries.

The school system of the Scandinavian countries, as I have indicated, is very fine; and it is very effective. By it the people are educated both mentally and physically; compulsory education laws exist and are enforced; the amount of illiteracy has been reduced to something less than one per cent. Elementary education is free, and opportunities of various sorts for higher education are given to all at but little cost. Much emphasis is placed upon practical as well as "academic" studies; one finds in the lower schools careful training in hygiene and gymnastics, cooking, sewing and sloyd.

The Scandinavian countries are in the forefront in their adoption of all modern educational devices and agencies; and they lead the world in their system of people's high schools (folkehöjskoler), which originated in Denmark, but have been introduced into the other Scandinavian lands. Bishop Grundtvig, who founded the first school of the kind in 1844, worked upon the belief that people gain most good from education acquired after the age of eighteen. And the people's high schools as they now exist are for adults between the ages of eighteen and thirty. They are particularly for country dwellers.

There are five-month winter terms for men and three-month summer terms for women. The living expenses and tuition combined are surprisingly slight —only about ten dollars per month. No entrance examinations exist, and no final examinations. Many subjects of study are offered, and great freedom is permitted the students in their selection. These people's high schools are undoubtedly tremendously important factors in raising the standard of Scandinavian civilization.

The evening following my visit to the school museum Cousin Lars and I went to the Tivoli, the famous amusement park where high and low in Denmark play; for he said that not to see the Tivoli was not to understand Copenhagen. The admission fee is only fifty öre, or about thirteen cents, for adults and twenty-five for children, hence there are very few whose poverty would shut them out from a chance for relaxation and enjoyment. The place, which was founded by George Carstensen as early as 1843, contains all sorts of arrangements and devices for the amusement, pleasure, and instruction of the people of Copenhagen. Under the trees are tables and benches where refreshments are served, and there are several good restaurants close at hand. A large aquarium and a zoo contribute equally to the pleasure of the children and the grown-ups. The buildings are in oriental style and are fitted with arrangements for thousands of colored electric lights, which are turned on only upon special festive occasions. The night of our visit was just an ordinary occasion, but the park was thronged with great crowds. While the young people were occupied at the merry-go-round, shooting galleries and other more exciting

and adventurous places, the parents stood or sat around and watched the pantomime play or listened to the various bands. One of these bands was made up of several dozen men who played the national and popular airs, and played them well. The Scandinavians are a musical people; Scandinavia gave the world Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson and Edvard Grieg, you know.

Yesterday was Sunday, and it was arranged that I was to go on a tour of Danish country castles in the part of Seeland which is to the north of Copenhagen. As Cousin Lars had been over the same route only a couple of weeks before, he decided not to go. The boys were to accompany me instead. The "boys" are Cousin Lars's two sons; Waldemar is sufficiently grown up to be grizzled at the temples, and Jens has a daughter who is old enough to have the whooping cough and thus keep her mother at home for the day; nevertheless Cousin Lars calls them "the boys," and so do I. Yesterday, at least, the two threw dull care away and acted in a very juvenile manner. The boys have homes of their own, but it was decided that we were all to have breakfast together in order to have an early start; however, through a misunderstanding, Jens took breakfast at home, and Waldemar was late in arriving; consequently, we came very near missing the train. As it was, we simply pelted down the three or four blocks to the station, where the train stood with snorting engine ready to move out. Jens had got a late start too, but was already at the station gate. He waved the tickets when he saw us rush panting up, called out, "Come on," and climbed aboard. We tumbled into the starting car just in

time to be taken along.

Through an ideal country landscape we journeyed—a landscape which reminded me strongly of Bornholm—to the little town of Hilleröd. Here we left the train and walked about a mile to Frederiksborg Castle, which is the finest sample of early Danish Renaissance architecture. The castle is situated in a lake on three islands and has wide encircling walls and bridges and moats and towers, just as the castle of one's dreams should have. The building was erected by Frederick II, in 1562, but various parts of it have been burned since, and the only remains of the original structure are two round towers bearing the date of erection and the King's motto, "My trust is in God alone," in German. Those were the days of German influence in Denmark. Christian IV, the great Renaissance builder, erected the fine building of which the present one is largely a restoration; and it was the favorite residence of this king and of his successors for many generations. In 1859 a terrible fire destroyed Christian's castle but by means of government contributions and private subscriptions it was promptly rebuilt. Captain J. C. Jacobsen, "Ph. D., Brewer," in particular, whom I have mentioned before in connection with Copenhagen art museums, contributed large sums toward the work of restoration. His money paid for the fine Neptune fountain in the outer court, erected to replace the one which was stolen and carried off by the Swedes in the stirring days of 1658.

In 1877 Captain Jacobsen secured permission from King Christian IX to found a museum of national history in the castle. The expenses of the up-

keep and development of the museum are met by an endowment fund established by the founder and by a share of the annual income from the Carlsberg breweries.

After wandering about the courts for a while, the boys and I entered the castle to explore. Naturally, the early and obscure ages of Danish history are chiefly strung together with representations of Danish royalty, and the events—to a greater or less degree legendary—associated with their reigns, while the later periods are more and more given over to the work of the Danish people. In the vestibule, which contains the earliest exhibit, are statues of King Gorm the Old, who reunited under one crown all of the Danish lands, and Queen Thyra. This royal couple of the ninth century combined the old and the new, the dying heathen religion and the growing Christianity; Thyra was a Christian, and through her influence Gorm, who still worshiped the gods of his fathers, was induced to permit the preaching of the Christian missionaries. In the vestibule with the statues are casts of the two rune stones which marked the graves of the king and queen.

Not far from these relics of Gorm and Thyra is a very interesting painted frieze depicting the English chapter of Danish history—or the Danish chapter of English—including a representation of King Canute on his throne on the strand, rebuking his flatterers after he has proved to them that in spite of his commands the waves advance. Though only remotely connected with Danish history, there is also a fine copy of the famous Bayeux tapestry representing the Norman conquest of England in 1066.

In fact, the museum is somewhat unique in the number of copies and models of famous things and places which it contains. There are models of all of the buildings of any note, I think, in Denmark, not omitting Hammershus Castle and Österlars Church in little old Bornholm; and the Dannevirke with the wall of Thyra Dannebod, built across the lower part of the peninsula of Jutland to keep out the southern enemy, is there too.

We passed through a bewildering succession of rooms containing many reminders of Denmark's past, over which we were anxious to linger; but there was little time, so we moved on. In the hunters' hall, as the boys insisted on calling it—it was called the "Knights' Room" in the guide book—we did linger a little. Around the wall is a stucco frieze with bas-relief figures of deer, foxes, hares and other animals of the chase; and the curious thing about it was that the antlers of the stags are *bona fide* antlers. Since these are darker in color than the remainder of the deer, the effect is somewhat weird. The old fenders and grates are still in position in the black marble fire-place; but the gallery from which the players of King Christian's time dispensed music while the king and his courtiers made merry below is no more to be seen.

Fredericksborg Castle is a great national gallery, as well as a museum in the ordinary sense. Naturally, there are many paintings and "graven images" of Danish royalty, from the tolerant heathen, Gorm the Old, whom I have already mentioned, down to the late King Christian IX. There are several pictures of this last king. In one of these he is represented as visiting Iceland in 1874;

in another he is portrayed as receiving in audience at Amalienberg Palace in Copenhagen the delegation from the Norwegian parliament announcing the election of Haakon VII as king of Norway. The Norwegians, you will remember, when they finally were able to set up an independent establishment, had to adopt a king. Haakon of Norway is a son of Christian IX.

But the great Danes who never wore kingly crowns or sat upon the ancient throne of Denmark are not forgotten; and the smaller ones who served their day and country in time of war or peace also have a place—even to "J. C. Jacobsen, Ph. D., Captain, Founder of the Carlsberg Fund." Saxo Grammaticus, the first Danish historian, who lived in the credulous days of the twelfth century, is there in sculpture; and keeping company with him is a statue of Snorre Sturlason, the Icelandic historian of the same period, to whom we are indebted for the "Younger Edda," and the "Heimskringla," the annals of the early kings of Norway. I have no reason to believe, however, that either of these sat for their portraits, any more than did King Gorm and Queen Thyra. In the gallery are also portraits of Hans Christian Andersen, the sage with the child's heart; Niels Steensen, the great anatomist and geologist; Ludwig Holberg, the founder of Danish literature; Niels Finsen, the great physician and humanitarian; Lieutenant-Colonel Dalgas, founder of the Society for the Cultivation of the Danish Heaths, through whose efforts Denmark has recovered from the heather waste and put under cultivation even more land than was stolen from her by the Germans in 1864. Adam Oehlenschläger, the greatest Danish poet, is repre-

sented by both painting and bust. He was to Denmark what Tegnér was to Sweden. Indeed, to some extent Tegnér was a disciple of Oehlenschläger. In the room reserved for this poet is the furniture used by him; also manuscripts, sketch books, spectacles and watches which belonged to him; and drawings in lead pencil of his two children, done by himself. Upon the wall is the wreath with which he was crowned by Tegnér in the cathedral of Lund.

The chapel of the castle, in which six Danish kings have been crowned, is very elaborately and richly decorated with much of gilding and stucco and carving and many religious paintings. And in it is a gem of a pulpit in ebony and silver. The organ now used is of German manufacture and is three hundred years old. Its keys are of ivory, very thick, and are partially covered with engraved silver plates. The instrument was given to King Christian IV by his German brother-in-law.

After leaving the chapel we spent some time in the park again. The grass was wonderfully green yesterday under the summer sunshine; and there was something peculiarly homelike and cosy about the rounded masses of the dark green trees. It seemed as natural to be on this excursion connected with the castles of Denmark as it was to go off to spend the day among the mountains of my Far West when I was a child. An open-air Sunday appears also to appeal especially to the Danes, for there were great numbers of happy, frank-faced people sitting or walking about the grounds, among the trees, or loitering upon the picturesque arched bridges.

After a time we went to the pavilion where we

had luncheon under the trees, in view of the fine old towers of Frederiksborg. Then we drove in a drosky through the beautiful National Forest to Fredensborg Castle, which was built in commemoration of peace between Denmark and Sweden ("Fred"—pronounced with a long *e*—means peace in Danish). This is situated upon the beautiful lake, Esrom Sö, and is the autumnal residence of the Danish royal family. It is by no means as pretentious as Frederiksborg, but it is pleasant. The buildings are white and have a large octagonal court in front. The interior is richly furnished; there are the usual frescoes and tapestries, rich brocades, gold leaf and carvings. The housekeeper showed us through the rooms. She seemed particularly proud of the dining room, furnished in beautiful blue tints, and possessed of a ceiling of remarkable height.

One room, called the "Garden Room," is lighted with many great windows which overlook a garden of the French style, containing a number of marble statues and marble vases thrown into sharp relief against smooth-cut lawns and trim flower beds. But I have always felt that there is something painfully incongruous about a carved marble vase with carved marble flowers out in a garden filled with Nature's own floral triumphs; and white marble statues in such a setting are suggestive of graveyards and ghosts. We cared much more for the broad park of the Castle of Peace; it is the most beautiful park that I have ever seen. Spreading trees in soft, curving masses are scattered over the rolling grassy slopes in a manner charming indeed; but the real glory of the park is the avenues lined with gigantic Danish beeches, the branches meeting overhead. To

such trees can the adjective "noble" be well applied. The only similar avenues that I know of in our own land are those shaded by great plane trees on the Capitol grounds at Washington. But at Fredensborg there are wonderful vistas that Washington does not possess. Through one leafy arcade we caught a glimpse of a white-winged yacht sailing on the blue surface of the lake and outlined against the bluer summer sky; at the end of another avenue were the towers of Frederiksborg Castle looming above the clustering trees. I was quite moved by the perfection of the varied scenery, and wandered about the gardens of the Castle of Peace in the hope of absorbing something lasting from it all.

"In Denmark there lies a castle named Kronborg," wrote Hans Christian Andersen in his tale of "Holger Danske," which I read and loved as a child. But as a child I only dreamed of grand old Kronborg; yesterday I saw the castle of my dreams. As all lovers of Shakespeare know, it is at the town of Elsinore—called by the Danes Helsingör—and is situated at the entrance to Öresund. This guardian of the Sound was built by Frederick II in the last part of the sixteenth century. Three broad red brick walls surround the old fortress, and from between the ancient bricks sturdy young trees have sprouted; a fair-sized young oak has also forced its way through the iron-barred window of the inner wall.

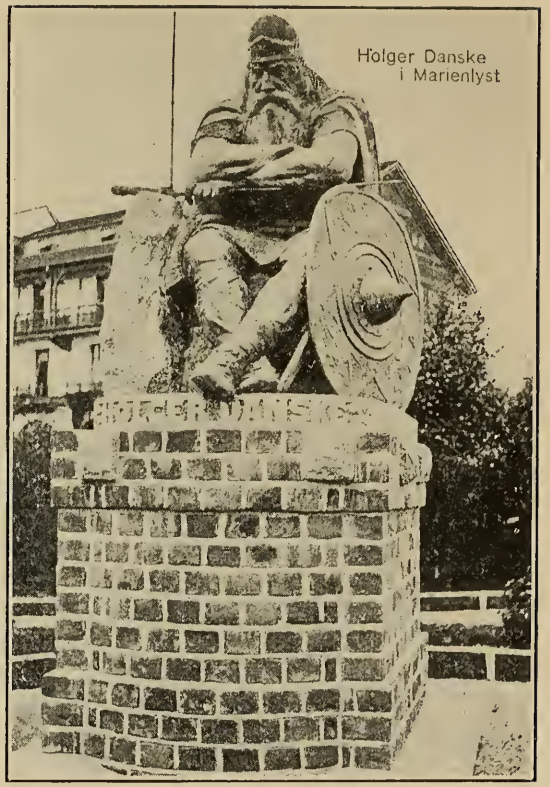
Kronborg is still a fortress and still guards the Sound, but not as jealously as of yore; for more than a century the cannon of the castle have boomed only in friendly greeting to passing vessels. As Andersen put it, this is the cannon's way of saying

"Good-day" and "Thank you."

First we explored the interior of the inner wall of the castle, following a droll old guard who carried a lighted torch. In the seventeenth century when the Swedes overran Denmark they got control of the castle and held it for some time. The Swedish general used one of the large rooms as his office. In another room still stands the great cooking tank—heated by means of a fireplace in the wall—in which could be prepared food enough for three thousand men at one time. Near at hand are manger-like bins of stone, in which the invaders stored their food supply. In the bottom of one of these receptacles were some patches of white and yellow plaster which had fallen from the wall above. These the Danish guard solemnly declared, with a tiny twinkle in his eye, were Swedish fried eggs left in the hurry of the final Swedish departure from Kronborg. Below the floor containing the kitchens and store rooms are mostly dungeons—terrible, dark, airless, dripping dungeons—many of them V-shaped with places for iron gates which were graduated in size so as to make the inclosures smaller and smaller, finally becoming mere cages in which the poor imprisoned wretches had not sufficient space to lie down.

Within the wall near the entrance is a rough white statue of Holger Danske, the legendary hero of Denmark, leaning upon his sword. I expected to find Holger Danske there, for Hans Christian Andersen had said that he was to be found, in Kronborg "in the deep, dark cellar where nobody goes." "He sleeps and dreams," explained Andersen, "but in his dreams he sees everything that happens up

Stork Fountain, Copenhagen



Statue of Holger Danske at Marienlyst

here in Denmark. Every Christmas Eve comes an angel, and tells him that what he has dreamed is right and that he may go to sleep in quiet, for that Denmark is not yet in any real danger; but when once such a danger comes, then old Holger Danske will rouse himself! . . . Then he will come forth and strike, so that it shall be heard in all the countries in the world."

For a time, in my skeptical growing-up years, I somewhat lost faith in this assurance of the Danish writer; for then I learned how Germany took from little Denmark the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein because the Danes were helpless to prevent; but now I know, "being old," that, as Andersen says, "there is faith in Holger Danske." And I recently noticed in re-reading the story, that Andersen emphasizes the fact that there is another strength besides the power that lies in the sword, and that *"Holger Danske may come in many forms"!* I missed that point as a child, or had forgotten it since leaving childhood behind.

"Holger Danske" is the strong, courageous spirit of the people of Denmark, which has never been shown more fully than in the last half century. In this period the Danes have shown remarkable co-operative strength; they have conquered the heath lands, developed their magnificent public-school system, and put their country in spick and span shape generally.

I soon had my fill of dungeons and things underground generally, so we went to the art gallery. Here, as one would expect, is a statue of Shakespeare. And here are many paintings. Some of these are second-rate works of "old masters,"

and are very dark and ancient and venerable in appearance. I fear, Cynthia, that you would have thought it horribly improper of me not to "rave" over them, especially the dingy, swarthy, old ones; but I could not—they were so ugly! And my cousins showed less reverence than I; Waldemar passed them by with great scorn, announcing that he would not pick them up from the roadside. We liked the national portraits best, not because we considered them better artistically—I am sure that you would have pronounced them inferior to the old masters—but because of their historical interest.

In a tower room was a portrait of "Caroline Mathilde," and a placard announced that in this room the lady of that name had been imprisoned. I could not muster up enough Danish historical data to remember who Caroline Mathilde was; so I turned to the boys and inquired. Waldemar did not know, but during the whole day he had shown a tremendous sense of responsibility whenever I asked a question, and he now left no stone unturned in his efforts to find the answer.

He first tried Jens with, "You have been to school since I. Don't you know who Caroline Mathilde was?"

But Jens did not possess the desired information. The historical characters of a thousand years must be quite a "chore" to remember. Then, for want of better material, Waldemar pounced upon a tiny scrap of a girl—the child of the woman who sold post cards at the entrance to the gallery—and repeated, "Who was Caroline Mathilde?"

"I don't know," said the child.

Waldemar looked down at the mite with a Phari-

saical air. "What! Don't you know who was her *husband?*"

Now, wasn't that last just like a man? "John Brown and wife!" John Brown and poodle dog! It sounded particularly ridiculous, however, applied to the mysterious lady of the tower—as Waldemar meant that it should.

Caroline Mathilde, as I found when I went to look her up, was a sister of King George III of England. When a mere child she was married to the dissipated idiot, King Christian VII of Denmark. Naturally, she found enduring an idiot husband a rather monotonous undertaking, and looked for diversions, with the usual consequences. Count Struensee, the Danish privy councillor, whose name the Queen's enemies had mentioned in connection with her own, was put to death by order of the King, but Caroline Mathilde, partly because of her relation to the British Crown, was merely imprisoned, part of the time at Kronborg.

In the chapel of the Kronborg castle, the boys told me, horses were stalled, in the days of Swedish occupation; but now the chapel is again a chapel, tiny, but very interesting. The royal pew, carved and painted in all of the colors of the rainbow, is in the gallery. In the rear of the room are the old seats formerly occupied by slaves. The altar is finely carved. The inscriptions about the room are in German, for German was the court language at the time of the restoration of the chapel.

As the sun was setting, we climbed to the top of one of the tall towers to gaze over land and sea. It was a long climb up a winding stair, but the view was lovely. Down in the court at our feet the sol-

diers were lining up to march in to supper; around about us was the landscape which had gladdened my heart earlier in the day; across the narrow Sound was Helsingborg on the Swedish coast, looming up, an old friend, with Kärnan and other large buildings plainly visible. A few weeks before, I had viewed Kronborg from Kärnan; now I had a view of Kärnan from Kronborg. And beyond Kärnan and Helsingborg was a rare sunset sky brilliantly colored, the glory of which the calm waters of the Sound reflected.

As it was dinner time, the boys were fearful that I might be in a starving condition, for so far that day I had had only three meals—one less than the usual number; consequently, from the tower we descended to a restaurant in Helsingör and had dinner to the accompaniment of an unusually fine band. Then we walked down the narrow, crooked streets —sidewalks were a mere incident—to a park in which, on a knoll in a lonely corner under a clump of shade trees, was a great mound of rocks. A rough slab stuck in the top bore the words "Hamlet's Grave." The whole thing was of glaringly recent erection. It was put there in self-defense, I was told, by the owner of the land. People of ignorance were so insistent that Hamlet's grave must be somewhere about and were so constantly asking to be directed to it that, in order to save time and annoyance, this "grave" was manufactured and conspicuously marked. People who love to be fooled take much satisfaction in it; those who have understanding know that it is a joke.

The grave lies on the way to Marienlyst, a fashionable and famous summer resort, for which we

were bound. Marienlyst is so near to Kronborg that we walked. In the pleasant park of Marienlyst are two interesting bronze statues—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, a slender, youthful figure; and Holger Danske, a fine old warrior with a keen, strong, kindly face. The face met my ideas of how Holger Danske should be represented. It reflected the character and intellect of the Danish people, just as the great muscular arms resting on the broad flat sword blade represented their healthy physical strength. The rough representation of Holger the Dane which I saw in the walls of Kronborg is evidently a plaster cast of this fine bronze piece. The cast had been placed at Kronborg to prevent the disappointment of visitors who, like myself, made the acquaintance of Holger Danske in the days of their childhood through dear Hans Christian Andersen's solemn assurance that at Kronborg "Holger Danske sits in the deep dark cellar, where nobody goes."

We walked along the beach at Marienlyst and watched the waves roll in and break on the strand until the lights began to twinkle upon the Swedish coast; then we took the train for home. For part of the way we rode on a steam train of two-story cars, such as I had never seen before. For the adventure of it, I wanted to ride upstairs, and after the train had started we climbed to the second floor by means of a narrow iron staircase at the end of the car. The climb was, for me, rather a perilous undertaking, and was the only adventurous element connected with the ride on top. "On top" suggests open air and is, therefore, misleading; there was really a second story, or, perhaps, it is better to call

it a half story, for the room at the top was decidedly low-ceiled; we had to duck our heads when we walked to seats. But as I was mortally afraid that I should fall from the little iron stairway to my destruction if I attempted to descend while the car was in motion, we remained where we were until we reached Copenhagen, which we did at eleven o'clock.

Yesterday was a large, beautiful day, crammed full of pleasant memories. Some time again I shall return to Denmark and spend just such another summer day among the Danish castles. But now I must soon leave quaint old Copenhagen, the "boys," and my kind Cousin Lars. A train for Roskilde leaves Copenhagen at ten o'clock, and I depart on it; for summer vacations must end.

CHAPTER XI

ROSKILDE AND ODENSE; GOOD-BY TO SCANDINAVIA

ODENSE, DENMARK,
September 14, 191—

My dear Cynthia:

You perhaps remember that in my first letter to you after reaching Copenhagen I mentioned Roskilde. I stopped there for a short time on my way here on Monday. The place, though now only a small provincial town of but nine thousand inhabitants, has had an eventful and interesting past. In the tenth century Harold Bluetooth, son of Gorm the Old, and grandfather of Canute the Great, who ruled England, made the place his capital and built a cathedral there. And it remained the capital for five hundred years—until it was supplanted by Copenhagen.

I stopped off at Roskilde primarily to see the cathedral, but I enjoyed poking about the narrow, crooked streets between the low-built, tile-roofed houses. As in practically every other European town, the market-place of Roskilde is centrally situated. I passed it early in the forenoon on my way from the station. A sale of livestock was in progress. Horses were being trotted for the benefit of prospective buyers, pigs were squealing, cattle were lowing; and men were sealing bargains for the transfer of animals by the customary handshake.

The original Roskilde cathedral erected by Har-

old Bluetooth was of wood, but in the eleventh century this was replaced by a larger building of limestone; and about two centuries later the brick building, some fragments of which are incorporated in the present beautiful cathedral, was erected on the site of the limestone one. The present building is the pride of Roskilde. It is a great red-brick pile, quaintly beautiful, with copper roofs discolored a bluish green, and with sharp, oddly-shaped twin towers. This cathedral is the Westminster Abbey of Denmark; more than thirty Danish sovereigns, including Harold Bluetooth, are buried within its walls.

When the ancient limestone building was pulled down, the bones of the founders and benefactors of the cathedral during its early years were removed and immured in the new structure; and two centuries later, in 1521, the bishop Lage Urne had their effigies, dressed in the style of his period, placed on the pillars. There they are as the artist of the time conceived them to have looked: Harold Bluetooth, who built the wooden cathedral; Bishop William, who began the erection of the limestone building; King Svend, who, in order to atone for having killed some men in the cathedral, gave to the bishopric a large tract of territory; and his mother, Estrid, or Margarethe, sister of Canute the Great, who also gave rich gifts to the church.

The most famous tomb in the cathedral, however, is that of the great Queen Margaret, whose remains rest in a black marble coffin behind the high altar. On the lid of the coffin is an effigy of the queen in alabaster—a purely imaginary likeness, made by a foreign artist who had never seen the queen. The

figure is a beautiful one, though, with pure and determined features. The queen's hair lies in a thick braid around her forehead, and a veil and a crown are upon her head; around the waist of her graceful robe is a girdle with pendulous bells. Behind the head of the queen is a splendid canopy bearing the arms of the Scandinavian Union, with a Latin inscription around its margin which, being interpreted, reads: "A. D. 1412, on the day of the Apostles Simon and Judas died the illustrious Princess, Lady Margaret, once Queen of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, but in the following year on the 4th of July, she was buried here. As posterity is not able to honor her thus as she has deserved, this work has been constructed in memory of her at the expense of Erik, our present King, 1423." The Eric mentioned was Margaret's grand-nephew, Eric of Pomerania, who succeeded the great queen.

The tombs of some of the Christians and Fredericks are also pretty elaborate; and they furnish varied information about the reigns of these rulers. Christian IV is buried in a chapel named for him, decorated with frescoes of allegorical figures and historical scenes illustrating the character and life of the king. The coffin itself is of oak covered with black velvet decorated with silver plates. On the lid lies the King's sword and a crucifix. This was the King Christian who "stood by the lofty mast, in mist and smoke," you will remember. One of the paintings on the chapel wall represents him in his brave stand in the battle of the Baltic.

Frederick IV, who lived in a more ornate age, has a great marble sarcophagus done in rich rococo style. On the lid is a figure of Fame bearing a medallion

with the king's portrait, and publishing his name by sound of trombone; at the head sits the figure of a woman, with a burning heart, meant to represent the people's love for their king; at the foot is an old man, Father Time in new guise, with a tablet on which is written: "King Frederick died 1730." On the sides are historical illustrations—victories of war on land and sea; the freeing of the serfs; the establishment of the "land militia"; the founding of the village schools.

Frederick VII is buried in an oak coffin ornamented with bronze. The surface is covered with allegorical figures. One of these—that on the right hand—represents the king's motto: "The people's love is my strength," and that on the left, Denmark mourning his death. Upon the lid of the coffin I noticed two silver wreaths and a gold one—the last presented by Danish women. And well might the people of Denmark cherish this Frederick's memory, for it was during his reign that the land was given a constitutional government; and well might they mourn his death, for his death without an heir led to bitter war and to the loss of the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein to Germany.

In striking contrast to the elaborate tombs of their predecessors are the plain oak coffins of the late Christian IX and his queen, Louisa. Beside Christian's coffin is a silver wreath sent by the Danes of America. The king was their king during childhood and youth, until they adopted a new land; so the Danes of America had a friendly place in their hearts for him.

Most of the earlier Danish rulers—those of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—are

buried in the old convent church of Ringsted. And in the convent church of Sorö, which is near at hand, sleeps the great warrior bishop Absalon, founder of Copenhagen.

My next destination after leaving Roskilde was Odense, which is a corruption of Odins Ö, the Danish for Odin's Island. In the heathen days the place was a favorite with the Father God, it seems. But the present-day Odense is a thriving town of about forty thousand, the third town in size in Denmark. It is the metropolis of the large island of Fyen, or Fünen, which is separated by the Little Belt from the peninsula of Jutland on the west, and by the Great Belt, from the island of Seeland on the east. Odense is a very lovable old place, possessing the air of dignity and wisdom frequently associated with ancient things; and this in spite of the fact that it contains many up-to-date manufacturing establishments.

St. Knud's, the most important church in the town, is a red brick Gothic structure, with low, broad-spreading wings and a copper-roofed, blunt-pointed single spire, which as regards shape reminds me somewhat of Roskilde. Inside are the usual paintings, memorial tablets, and tombs; and below in the shadowy crypt, which possesses arches suggestive of those in the crypt beneath Lund Cathedral, are more tombs. Some of these tombs date back to the sixteenth century, and several have crude, interesting inscriptions. On the wall of the vestibule, for instance, I noticed a tablet dated 1670, bearing some verses beginning:

"Her under denne Steen
Sig hviler deris Been."

which is, being translated,

"Here under these stones
There rest the bones,"

and then followed an account of the earthly tribulations of Rasmus Andersen. Rasmus Andersen lived in dark, weary days when fratricidal wars tore Denmark and Sweden.

In a quiet square, where the Odense children love to play, is a bronze figure of Hans Christian Andersen. It is a good statue; the limp, ungainly figure is faithfully reproduced. Upon the face is the sweet expression peculiar to the child-hearted man who never became sufficiently grown up to lose the children's point of view.

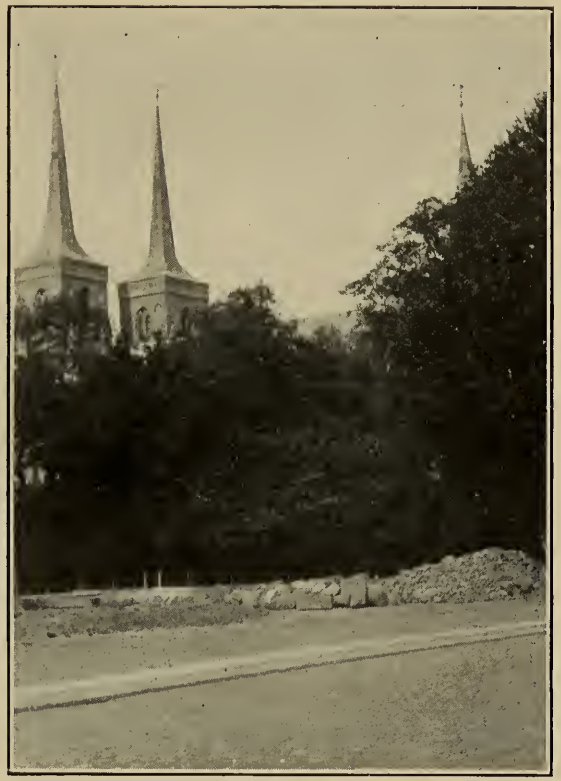
Odense is, in fact, primarily important because of its being the birthplace of Andersen; and that is why I made a pilgrimage to it. The house in which he was born has been restored, in consequence of a movement which started in 1905, during the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. The building now belongs to the city; its official title is "Hans Andersen's House." The whole house, however, was not occupied by the little "ugly duckling" Hans and his parents. The family was exceedingly poor, both parents appear to have been shiftless, and the father, though talented, was erratic. Only one room, the one containing the old-fashioned alcove in the wall for the bed, constituted the home of the Andersens. But the fairy-tale writer left enough mementoes of various kinds to fill the several rooms with charming reminders of him, and to impress upon one how broadly he ranged and how many great souls he met and knew.

The building is of the low-roofed, box-shaped type, such as my three aunts live in in Svaneke, Bornholm; and it stands squarely against the sidewalk where two streets cross. When I knocked at the door yesterday afternoon, the museum was closed for the day, as the curator informed me; but when I told her that I had stopped off at Odense especially to see Hans Andersen's House, and must leave on the morrow before the opening hour, she remarked that in that case it would be a great pity for me to be disappointed; and she proceeded to take down the shutters.

Along the walls of the first room which I entered were several show cases containing many souvenirs of Andersen's life, each accompanied by explanations in Danish, English, French, and German. Among the reminders of his early years I noticed with interest his school records, which showed him to have been a very ordinary student, for "slet" (bad), and "maadelig" (mediocre) appeared frequently upon them. In the early Odense days, Hans Christian was an "ugly duckling," indeed. Representative of the poet's maturity was a little leather bag found upon his breast after death. It contained a letter from his sweetheart, Riborg Voigt, whose portrait I noticed upon the wall above the case. Thus was published to the world the unconsummated romance of the romancer. Andersen's will, which spoke of his declining years, reminded me that the well-plumed swan remembered to the last the days when he was an "ugly duckling"; for in the first clause of the document was a bequest of a legacy to the charity school of Odense, at which, as a blundering, misunderstood small boy, he received his low

grades.

Gifts from friends, high and low, were very much in evidence. A tiny mirror framed in deer's horn was sent to Andersen in a teasing mood by the "Swedish nightingale," Jenny Lind, in order that he might see "how pretty he was." One of Andersen's many peculiarities was his firm conviction, which he maintained in the face of his gawky homeliness, that he was of distinguished appearance. Above a book-case filled with many editions of his works, was a wreath of "everlasting" flowers, made for him by the Countess Holstein-Holsteinberg. And beside the funny old eighteenth-century stove was the gift of the Countess Danneskjold-Samsoe, a fire screen decorated with a queer conglomeration of pictures cut from illustrated papers, which appears to have been the fashionable screen of the time, for Andersen himself made one of the same style. On the sofa was another present from a lady of high degree—a cushion embroidered with a large, handsome, prosperous-appearing swan, evidently the swan which had evolved from the "ugly duckling." The traveling bag in one of the rooms is believed to have been the one used by King Christian IX during a journey in southern Europe, and afterwards given to the poet. But the most pleasing token of all was offered by little American school children. Laboring under the impression that the writer of their beloved fairy tales was living in poverty, they started a collection with the intention of sending him money; but when they learned that prosperity had come with fame, they sent him instead two large volumes entitled "Picturesque America."



Roskilde Cathedral

Hans Andersen's House

In the last room which I explored was the furniture which Andersen had used in his rooms in Copenhagen. The rocker was later used by Alexander Kielland, the Norwegian who has written such charming short stories; and the penholder lying upon the poet's old desk was for a time the property of Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer. Near the table were Andersen's trunk and hat case, and upon it were his tall silk hat and his fat, clumsy umbrella, as if he had just returned from a jaunt about Europe. It seemed as if the quaint old man himself must appear, equipped with a new wonder story all ready for the telling.

The great number and variety of photographs of himself in evidence about the rooms were, in themselves, ample proof that the dear old chap was exceedingly vain. He had a childlike fondness for dress and decoration, and also for being photographed. Under one of the photographs he had written in Danish some words which must be translated, "Life itself is the best wonder story"; but the Danish for wonder story is "aventyr," which comes from the same root as our work "adventure," and consequently means much more of interest than the translation would lead one to suppose. And I heartily agree with the verdict; I would not miss being alive for anything!

Perhaps the most valuable treasure in the museum is the collection of the original lead-pencil drawings made by the Danish illustrator, Wilhelm Petersen, for Andersen's fairy tales. Many of these pictures were old friends of mine, friends which I had not seen for many long years—soft, delicate drawings of round-faced children in quaint dress; tall, grace-

ful lovers and their ladies; and old people with strong and gentle faces. It was a rare pleasure to renew their acquaintance in such an intimate way. And, for old times' sake, before leaving Odense I bought a volume of Andersen's wonder stories, illustrated by Petersen, taking care that "The Ugly Duckling" was included in the collection.

It is again morning. Since five o'clock when I left Odense, I have journeyed westward over Fünen, have been ferried across the Little Belt which separates Fünen from the peninsula of Jutland, and have started upon my southward way toward Antwerp and home. Now we are about to cross the southern boundary of Denmark and to enter the lost province of Schleswig. Therefore, it must be good-by to Denmark and to the whole pleasant Scandinavian land. It is a fond good-by, and were not love for my own dear Western country hurrying me on, it would be a most regretful one. No kind friends stand at the border to wave farewell, with "Hils hjemme" and "Komme igen"; but the Jutish landscape which smiles upon my right hand and my left does that. And I shall not forget the invitation and shall remember to deliver the greeting.

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