

carcinoma of the uterus. One year later, she returned because a tumor which had been present for over a year in the left thigh, had begun to grow. At operation, it turned out to be a lobulated yellowish lipoma-like tumor springing from the adductor group of muscles. Some of these lobules were made up of pure cartilage, while others were pure fatty tissue. The author thought that the cartilage arose from the connective tissue. The diagnosis was chondrolipoma.

Somewhat related to the intramuscular are the intermuscular lipomata, 23 of which were reported by Hüge (*Cent. f. Chir.*, 1909, xxxiv, p. 311). In 1907 Bloodgood tells of removing a lipoma situated between the pectoralis major and minor—also one from the popliteal space (*Prog. Med.*, Dec. 1, 1907, p. 215).

*Lipoma aborescens.* This interesting affection, first described by Müller, was emphasized and its pathology studied by Hoffa and his assistant, Becher, in 1904, and later discussed and well illustrated in an interesting monograph by the late C. P. Flint<sup>11</sup> of New York. This condition is most frequently met with in the knee-joint where it appears to reach a greater stage of development than in any other. It must be looked upon as a form of traumatic arthritis, at any rate, it usually follows as a result of trauma, either slight or severe, although Adami calls attention to its frequent association with arthritis deformans and tuberculosis. There may be a single lipoma, a few villi or the entire joint may be filled with these fatty fringes closely interlocked with each other. They are most frequently found in the region of the patella ligament. Clinically, the symptoms may be either mild or of great severity. Effusion, sometimes in large amount, may be present in the joint. It is usually serous in character but may be bloody. Soft masses may be felt upon palpation on either side of the patella ligament. The synovial membrane may be considerably thickened. A soft crepitus may be felt and the symptoms not infrequently suggest a loose cartilage.

Lipomata of the spermatic cord are quite rare but in 1910 Beresnegowsky<sup>12</sup> was able to collect thirty-three to which he added one case of his own, making thirty-four cases in all.

Equally rare or perhaps rarer, certainly more extraordinary, are lipomata of the brain. It would seem as if this one locality of the body would be free from these growths yet they do occur, being, however, always in association, to a greater or less degree, with the meninges.<sup>13, 14</sup>

There are many other ways in which fat in some form or other concerns the surgeon, but I fear that I have already wearied you with this too long recital of some of its manifestations. The purpose of this paper will have been accomplished if thereby the speaker has been able to show that even so common-place a structure as fat, may, under certain circumstances, possess features of unusual interest to all medical men, but especially to the surgeon.

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## NORWAY REVISITED.

BY CECIL KENT AUSTIN, M.D., PARIS, FRANCE.

THREE years ago these columns contained the account of a trip through Norway, the previous summer, in which I ventured to recommend that country as an ideal place for a few weeks' escape from the rush and wear of modern life, and for the acquisition of the maximum amount of quiet and recuperation for a racked nervous system obtainable in a limited period.

But when, sometime later, I came to look over this article again,—the immediate glamour of my visit having in the meantime grown less vivid, I could not help experiencing serious misgivings; the story sounded *too good*, somehow, and I questioned whether, with a neophyte's enthusiasm,—for that had been my first trip to Scandinavian countries, I had not allowed myself to be carried beyond the limits of strict reality, and had not depicted certain things in roseate hues that were in fact possibly not so remarkable as they had then appeared.

When, therefore, this year the proposal arose of a second trip to Norway, the saying of Maxime Du Camp occurred to my mind, "*vieilles amours, vieilles demeures, il n'y faut point retourner*," and I seriously reflected whether it would not be the part of wisdom to abandon the idea and remain with my pleasant recollections undisturbed, rather than go and suffer deception,—find that Norway was not so different from other lands after all. So that when, one evening early in July, the blinking and talkative coastline of Southern Norway gradually arose above the waters, and the great Ryvingen electric light flashed consolation to a small band of sorely-tried travellers, most of whom had long since,—to use Punch's expression,—"*folded up their stomachs and stowed them in the lining of their hats*,"—I was not particularly reassured as to whether I were not heading toward a cruel disillusion, for in my article on Norway I had gone pretty far in the matter of commendation of land and people.

But when, finally, we turned abruptly in to-

ward the maze of low, granite isles that fringes the coast, slowed down the engines, and, in the silence of the bright twilight that passes there for midnight, glided smoothly into the narrow vik that leads to Aerndal over a water-surface with the sheen of a bath of quicksilver,—the sight of the tiny spick-and-span Noah's Ark cottages nestling in the recesses on the shore on either side, and the indomitable spruce and firs clinging to every crevice in the rocks, conjured up once more for me the special spell of Norway, and my spirits began to rise: "I fancy I was not so far wrong about it, after all," said I to myself.

We again spent five weeks in the country, constantly on the move, and it affords me no slight degree of satisfaction to be able to state that I have nothing whatever to retract from my former account, in spite of its dithyrambs. There is something altogether peculiar about the atmosphere and life in Norway, not to be found in any other region in which I have travelled; and it is for the purpose of once more suggesting to our confrères that they should cease following in each other's footsteps through France, Switzerland and Italy, like a lot of sheep, but go and try Norway, and of endeavoring to analyze the quite unique charm of the land, its climate and, above all, its people, that I have ventured to again bring up this subject in these columns.

Our former trip had been limited to the popular Western coast, and had been carried out chiefly on board of little fjord steamers. This method of travelling has many and unquestionable advantages, but it has also one serious drawback, in that it brings the visitor too much in contact with the common stream of tourists and does not admit of his becoming acquainted with the real inhabitants living inland on the farms. So this year we had decided to visit the highlands and lake district of Southern Norway, Telemarken and the Saetersdal,—regions that are said to have been less affected by the modern advance in civilization than any other portion of the country. This we found to be perfectly true. By keeping off of the main Telemarken highway, to the one side or the other, we found vast and beautiful tracts where foreign tourists are entirely absent, and where we met no one but native travellers and not many of them; in this whole province the ubiquitous and odious German tripper is practically unknown,—*verbum sap!*

The essence of the charm of a trip in Norway is without question the *détente* it affords to the nerves; now, it is a matter of no little interest to endeavor to ascertain the causes of this peculiar effect: why is travelling in Norway so much more restful to the wearied medical man, for instance, than, let us say, a tour in Italy? The ultima ratio of this difference is to be found in the altogether dissimilar characters of the two races; and in order to bring out to the full the sterling qualities of the Norse, I ought by rights

to begin with an exposition of the principal defects of the inhabitants of the parts of Central Europe most frequented by tourists, and in particular of what are termed the Latin peoples. But in the first place the characteristics of these estimable races are already fairly widely-known, some of them even proverbial; and in the second I have, I think, so much of interest to say on my immediate subject that there is no space over to waste on the Latins. Perhaps on some future occasion I may take this question up separately and really concentrate on it, for I have lived some thirty-three years in Central Europe and know these people fairly well. But today I will restrict myself entirely to the Northmen; and in their connection it must be distinctly understood that I am referring only to the genuine, unspoiled article, living off in the country out of the way of tourists; for the demoralizing effect of contact with the latter can be already seen along the more frequented lines of travel and in the larger towns.

In endeavoring to account for the pleasure and rest to be derived from a trip through Telemarken and the Saetersdal, it will be desirable to consider the configuration of the land and the nature of the climate, as well as the character and customs of the people; and it is with the first of these points that I propose to commence.

When the Northmen speaks of his country as *Gamle Norge*, old Norway, he uses a term more pregnant with fact than he is probably aware of, for the oldest strata of the earth's crust that have so far been found lie uncovered in Southern Norway, just as in Greenland and Labrador. This coarse, primitive granite makes up practically the whole of this part of the country, which consists of a wilderness of very high hills, deep and often narrow valleys, and an infinity of lakes. Rushing streams tear and tumble down the ravines, and the steep hillsides have everywhere the same sober coating so restful to the eye, pine, spruce and birch, the latter being the last tree to resist the rigors of the climate as the altitude approaches the line of perpetual snow; this elevation is reached in a number of places in this region, the hills rising to about 6,000 feet, close on to the maximum for Norway. It is rather a curious detail that a tree in appearance so delicate as the birch should possess a greater power of resistance to climate than one so rugged as the pine.

The country is but sparsely settled, as ground fit for cultivation is not plentiful. Level spaces are found along many of the lakes, especially where the streams flow in and have formed deltas, as also at different points along the water-courses; in these places the people live as a rule in settlements, or grønder, as they call them, but from grønd to grønd you will not see another house. The Northman's national anthem runs, "Yes, we love this land as, with its many homes, it rises furrowed and storm-

beaten above the waters," and this description gives an admirable idea of the general aspect of the country, for as you travel around you gradually awake to the fact that you are passing over the scene of a prehistoric titanic struggle, the more immediate results of which have in the lowlands been effaced by time and a mantle of vegetation, but whose main features are still very perceptible in the higher regions. For Norway once lay entirely buried beneath an immense sheet of ice, which ground, crushed and scarred everything in its way as it slowly moved along, and the effects of whose might are still visible on all sides. I imagine that if ever Greenland emerges into the sunshine again from beneath its coating of ice it will ultimately come to look very much as Norway does at present.

Telemarken has one main thoroughfare from east to west which it is best to avoid. To the North of this road stretches the huge Hardanger-vidde, or wilderness, up to the Bergen railway; to the south of it and at right angles runs the lovely Saetersdal, but separated from Telemarken by long and weary passes with only foot or bridle paths. Scattered all about the intersection of the lines of these two valleys are the many lakes, dales and curious out-of-the-way nooks and corners that constitute the fas-

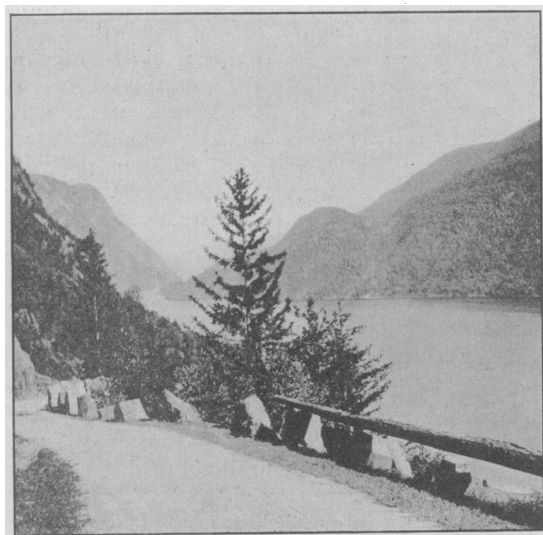


FIG. 1.—TYPICAL LAKE IN TELEMARKEN.

cination of the region. Now be it imagination, or whatever you choose to call it, there is something about this district, its ruggedness, its wild, fascinating beauty, the feeling that you are actually on the scene of one of nature's huge battlefields, that quite exteriorizes you from your personal petty affairs, and fills you with a sense of awe. There is a strange stillness and remoteness about the place, almost a solemnity, that is quite in keeping with the scenery, and that is not broken at the turnings of the road by a cretin blowing on an alpine-horn to arouse an

echo, or by the appearance of a gaudy Swiss pine wood hotel.

The typical farm-home of a well-to-do Telemarker on the slopes near a lake consists always of at least three parts: dwelling house, stabur and a huge barn, more or less surrounded by trees,—fruit, the rowan, ash, asp or linden.

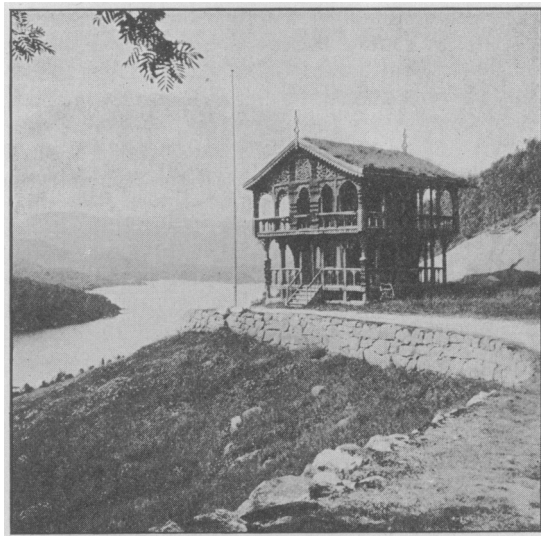


FIG. 2.—AN ORNAMENTAL STABUR.

The stabur is a small storehouse for provisions, clothing, implements, etc., raised on legs to preserve it from vermin, and standing apart by itself; they are to be found practically on every farm, and are an indication of the honesty prevailing in the region, as elsewhere such primitive arrangements would be rifled by thieves at regular intervals. The main buildings usually have heavy stone foundations, rising to a certain height above the ground and crowned by a wooden superstructure. So far as possible these houses have a southern exposure. There appears to be a certain etiquette about the color of these buildings, as it is similar on nearly every farm. The dwelling-house is white, or pale green; the barn a deep, rich, warm red, picked out with white along the lines of the roof and openings; and the staburs are of two kinds: if old and made of the magnificent logs they used to have in Norway, dove-tailed together, these are not painted but are left in their natural state; otherwise they are colored in the same manner as the barns.

Some of these staburs are extremely old, dating back five and a half centuries to the Black Death (1349), an event still frequently referred to in Norway, and the pine timber of which they are built will measure as much as two feet in diameter today, as it stands in place polished and trimmed. In the higher valleys there is practically nothing else but log-houses, built in the original primitive fashion, but with so much care and skill as to form dwellings that anyone could live in. We stayed for a while in a quite

elaborate summer hotel of three stories that was constructed throughout on this log-cabin plan, and the little cottage in the accompanying photograph was as neat as anyone could desire, stone basis, logs 13 cm. in vertical diameter, slightly flattened on the sides and hollowed underneath to fit on to the convex surface below, and rafters covered by jointed planks protected by sheets of birch-bark on which rested the turf, held in place by vertical footboards at the edge of the roof. This style of house-covering, birch-bark and turf, is mentioned in the old sagas of one thousand years ago, and is still in common use in Iceland; part of the cargo of the little steamers that ply to Iceland is made up of rolls of Norse birch-bark for this purpose.

The Norse farmer is either not a particularly thrifty man or else he is satisfied with little, for outside of hay and potatoes his fields do not show much of anything, but in the more fertile valleys the grass is magnificent, and some of the red clover patches that are here mingled with an astonishing proportion of ox-eye daisies, furnish a most bewildering note of color. The streams are fringed with hazel and alder, and by the roads grow the wild rose and juniper, meadow-sweet and syringa; and when the sun beams down good and hot on all these plants and on the balmy coniferæ the entire atmosphere is redolent with perfume. In the shady uplands, nestling in the moss beneath the spruce trees, grow the *linnea borealis* and *pyrola uniflora*, two of the most beautiful and fragile of wild flowers. Strange that such delicate plants should choose such a rigorous habitat. And over all flits the ubiquitous jay; there is not a tree but has its dissolute magpie, which even appear in large flocks now and again. Norway seems to be the heaven of the saucy jay.

The means of communication throughout this region are varied. There is the busy little lake steamer that dodges out and in among the holms and viks, and skips up and down the steps of the many locks. Then there are occasional motor boats, or you can hire men to row you pretty much anywhere for a moderate recompense. The roads in the valleys are good; unfortunately public motors are being introduced on certain routes, and the road-bed, which was constructed for the light little one-horsed buggy that is the delight of travel in Norway, will soon be demolished by that sort of traffic. With this buggy, or *stolkjaerre*, you can go anywhere, and where the roads cease you can take to your two legs, and this is probably the part of these trips that you will remember with the most pleasure. A man can always be obtained to carry your knapsack, or if the trip is not too hard you can carry it yourself, and then you are as free as the birds of the air. These walks over passes from valley to valley were our delight, bringing us into contact with the good folk up on the mountain pastures, where everyone addresses you in the second person singular and is apt to inquire whether

you know their son, or brother, who has emigrated to Minnesota and is working there on a farm. In a great many of these places the traffic would not warrant the maintenance of even an inn; but there is always one house, that of some farmer, or of the sheriff, parson, doctor or storekeeper, where two or three simple, clean rooms are set aside for passers-by, and at which you can put up for a very small return indeed. We even spent one night comfortably in a hay-loft.

In order to lead this life one has, of course, to be satisfied with the simplest of fare and the plainest of everything, the menu practically never moving outside of farm produce, eggs, milk, butter, bread, cheese, ham, lake and river fresh fish, cranberry preserves and coffee and tea; but we both remarked at the end of a month of this diet that we had never felt better, and that "the simple life" might not be such a bad proposition after all. I imagine that the explanation of this is in part the following: Of that farm produce, which of course was not particularly attractive to two Parisians, we ate no more than our needs positively demanded, whereas at our city meals, where everything is served in as tasty a form as possible, we habitually eat much more than we require and suffer in consequence.

Closing here, then, these remarks about the country in general, we come next to the question of climate. The reputation of Norway's summer climate is not a particularly flattering one, and among other things it is supposed to rain there a great deal. Certain places are reputed to be especially favored in this respect; for instance, local wits claim that in Bergen the rainfall is such that horses shy if they meet a person on the street without his umbrella raised. My experience of course is limited to the four summers I have spent in the Scandinavian peninsula, but during that time I am quite certain that I have not had my plans upset by rain one-quarter as much as used to be the case when I frequented Switzerland. In Norway I have on no occasion been housebound by weather for more than one day at a time, whereas in Switzerland I have often been held a prisoner for a week or ten days, and once for seventeen days on end. In Norway you frequently have to give up half a day to a shower, but you can nearly always get the other half. I do not believe that in our four summers we lost more than ten entire days at the very outside, so that I am wondering whether the rain question has not been overstated.

The incidence of the sun's rays is of course so oblique so far north as Norway that you have there the curious experience of a climate that gives all the impression of mid-summer without any real heat. If you are lazy one forenoon and do not get underway until nine o'clock, which is apt to occur as the Norse stay up very late at night and do not like to turn out in the morning,—guided by your Swiss experience and by

the bright sunshine out of doors you groan in spirit and say to yourself, "Now we're in for it!" But not at all. You will be as comfortable as you please, for the Norway sun does not hurt anybody. This getting the Norse up in the morning is a sore point. The days of course never end if you get to Norway early enough in the summer; it merely grows dim for a short time towards midnight. So that you can walk until any hour of the night, or all night and sleep by day, or start at any time in the morning, exactly as you please, it is always daylight. The Norse simply love these long evenings, "*de deilige lyse Naetter*," as they call them and are horror stricken if you speak of breakfast before eight a. m. One maid nearly had a stroke when I observed that I did not need to be waked at seven! "Oh," she said, "so you can manage that yourself!" This to an old climber, whose usual hour had been one a. m. So in view of this difficulty in getting away betimes we finally had to adopt the plan of having a cold breakfast put in our room in the evening and paying our bill over night, and of then stealing down in our stockings at four, five or six a. m., just as we liked. There is one inn up there that I fancy has not yet recovered from its astonishment at our return by noon from an ascent from which the native custom was to get back some time in the evening at dusk. Some people complain that this perpetual daylight prevents them from sleeping. Well, if your sleep is put up on the hair-trigger system there is no use of your going to Norway, for it will not be those amusing light blue curtains that the Norse supply that will afford you any appreciable assistance in creating artificial darkness. Personally this feature never worried me; I generally arranged to be comfortably tired by evening and could fall asleep at any hour. The practice of arising in the morning at one hour more unholy than the next is, however, one not always fraught with unadulterated bliss, nor is the *état d'âme* induced by turning out at three a. m. improved by cold breakfasts, which are comfortless affairs at the best; but as a general thing, after we had once got up steam and walked an hour or two in that crisp morning atmosphere up some beautiful valley, with everything wearing the delicious air of freshness that can only be observed at that time of day and that vanishes so quickly when the sun puts in an appearance, we were usually quite ready to admit that the system is the correct one and that the saying that "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*" is perhaps even truer in the mountains than in other of life's conjunctures.

We come finally to the third element in our study, the inhabitants themselves. The Norse are unquestionably the easiest people to get along with that I have ever encountered. Their ideal of life seems to be that of the trained diplomatist, "*Et surtout, pas d'histoires.*" On this principle the traveller in their land is allowed to do pretty much as he pleases. I sup-

pose that if you actually robbed or murdered or committed arson in full view the arm of the law would get hold of you somehow, though I could never see just where it resided, outside of the large centres; but short of that there is a degree of liberty accorded that is incredible. There is in particular a total absence of attempts on the part of the inhabitants to induce the traveller to do things that may be to their pecuniary advantage; thus, if you want a horse or a boat or a guide these will be promptly produced, but there is practically never any effort made to persuade you to take one. The native sits around with an air of total indifference until you have expressed your wishes; once these are understood they are accepted as final and complied with as rapidly as possible. If, for instance, you arrive at a posting inn at 7 p. m. and ask for a fresh horse to proceed onwards, not the slightest endeavor will be made to persuade you to spend the night at the said inn. They have not, then, the faintest notion of the chief article of the Latins' creed, to wit, "Do the stranger while he is within your gates, and do him well," and among other ways this is exemplified in the bills, on which the prices are very much the same whether you spend one night at a place or several weeks. In Switzerland there would be a difference of fifty per cent. It also appears at meals. No waiter ever brings you the wine-card and fixes cold and threatening eyes on you until you order a bottle of something; if you want anything special to drink in Norway you will have quite a little trouble to get it as that is not one of their customs. Anyone who has seen whole tablefuls of tourists "held up" in Switzerland by insolent head-waiters and has noted the look of contempt they put on if anyone dares to say they will drink water, will appreciate what a difference this one point will make with quiet people. In a word, life for the traveller is very uncomplicated up there, and to a person whose head works along English lines this is particularly agreeable, for the heads of the Norse do work very much as ours do and I must now refer to this topic a moment to make it clear why life is so easy in Scandinavia.

There is not the slightest doubt that the Scandinavians are the direct ancestors of most of us and that from them we have inherited the good qualities that,—I will not say distinguish our race, but that are possibly more marked with us than with other people. The chief of these qualities can, I think, be fairly enumerated as follows: honesty, the habit of telling the truth, love of home, desire to be directly interfered with as little as possible by the powers that be, spirit of fair play, genuine kindness of heart, and consideration for domestic animals. I cannot claim in any way to have had enough to do with the Norse to say whether they possess all these traits to as marked a degree as the English themselves, for instance, but concerning some of them I do feel competent to speak. To begin with, their

love of home is proverbial, so that one can set that point aside. Incidentally it can be observed that they unquestionably have the most beautiful national flag in the world. Again, their honesty is something extraordinary, incredible if you have not been there; and this is the more remarkable in that the "slimness" of the Normands of France, their direct descendants, is so pronounced as to be a by-word even among the very "slim" Gauls in whose land they live. These people possess the real kindness of heart that is so rare. They have, so to speak, no polish at all; every one is as good as everyone else. No one thinks of using the terms Sir or Madam, and it is all plain "You," and direct "Yes," or "No,"—when you are not addressed by your first name and in the second singular; but ask them to do anything for you and there is no end to the trouble they will take. Their rule of life seems to be to try and help the traveller in every way, and they do it all in as quiet and unobtrusive a manner as possible, without the slightest thought of recompense.

The women are a very interesting study to anyone used to Paris and the French, among whom everything in life is offered up at the altar of appearances. So far as I could observe what we understand as "pretty" women are not common, but you see a great many striking faces, with bright, rather prominent eyes, good color, abundant hair and a general air of independence that is very refreshing. The fact is that this is a great country for women and they move around in it pretty much as they like. This freedom and self-reliance is a marked feature in Norway and they have a special adjective for it, *kjaek*, that has no equivalent in our tongue short of a sentence. Like their sisters, the Germans, Dutch and English, they do not pay much attention to dress and have no idea how to go about it when they try. "Any old thing will do so long as it's respectable," seems to be the idea and the result is sometimes startling. There is great uniformity of fashion among them and no desire whatever, apparently, to outdo each other; entire simplicity rules the day and must save trouble untold. This reaches its climax in the Saetersdal, where every woman in the valley dresses exactly alike, in home-made vadmál, as they used to do in the saga days. In other countries a pretty woman's chief ambition is to keep from getting sunburned and freckled; in Norway, fashion decrees just the contrary. The young ladies—*smaapiger* is the term—run around, boat, play tennis, and go on excursions, without hats and with low necks and very short sleeves, and she is the happiest who tans the deepest, but the spectacle that some of the darker ones present in the evening with their walnut-colored necks and arms peeping through their summer cambries, is indescribable. But they all have such a wonderfully fine time up at the Sanatoria (as summer inns there are called) among the mountains! From their looks it would not surprise me if the



FIG. 3.—SUNDAY DRESS IN THE SATTERSDAL.

women are not really the mainspring of the nation, a good deal as in France. And such splendid, ringing names as they have! What are our toneless women names, Sallie, Lillie, Fannie, etc., compared with Ragnhilde, Ingebjörg, Sigrid, Kirsten, Gudrun, Karen, Torbjörg, Astrid, Solveig and Aastra,—particularly the last three! Suitable appellations for women descended from Valkyriur,—and many of them look as though their dispositions might suit their names. In Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" one of the most attractive characters is that of a lovely young girl named Solveig, who is always represented on the stage with an innocent face, pink cheeks, blue eyes and flaxen hair, so that this has gradually come to be the accepted type of the Norse peasant girl. So far as I could see, however, the majority of women were rather dark than the contrary, whereas the striking blond is more characteristic of Sweden. But this style of girl has now become so familiar from the stage that if you meet a pronounced type of it on the street you can almost risk an unobtrusive "god dag, Solveig," without giving offence. In that primitive district, the Saetersdal, the women are still named just as they are today in far-away Iceland. We put up one day at a farm called Besteland, owned by a man named Paul; now his daughter's official name was Leif Paulsdattir Besteland: Leif, daughter of Paul, of Besteland farm.

Piety among these people, as also among their descendants in England and America, takes now and then a somewhat startling form. The final hour on Gausta Mountain is up a very steep trail composed solely of large and loose stones with nothing between,—the most heart-breaking kind of walking, where you have to go very slowly and watch how you take each single step. This would not, as a general rule, be conducive to good humor, but your temper is disarmed when you find that some enthusiast



has taken advantage of the situation to stencil pious sayings in white paint on the different flat stones along the path. You simply cannot avoid them short of closing your eyes, which would quickly end in your undoing. If they were only appropriate: "But I say unto you swear not at all," for instance, you might stand it; but they are not even that,—pure piety and up-building, and it is certainly trying to *have* to take your medicine in that manner. Another man we met seemed to spend his days sailing up and down one of the lakes distributing devout leaflets to the travellers, as he knew time hung heavy on their hands. But where these apostles really get in their fine work is at the posting stations along the main roads. You always have to wait at a posting station, either to change horses, to get a meal, to let a storm pass, or to spend the night. So what these men do is to come along, gather up any stray, general literature there may be about, and leave in its stead their dreary papers and tracts; so that here also there is no possible escape: if you cannot sleep you are forced to read the "Salvation Herald."

But the feature that will interest the humanitarian most in these people, and in particular along the postroads, is their treatment of their admirable little mountain horses. Just as the degree of a man's breeding can be measured by the attitude he assumes toward his servants, so can the degree of his genuine kindness of heart be gauged by his behavior toward the domestic animals; and to the good hearts of their Norse masters the animals themselves are the best witnesses. This is true with them all, horses, cows, dogs, cats, goats,—none of the beasts are afraid of man in Norway. In a land where horses running free in pastures come up to you spontaneously for companionship and poke you with their noses you may rest assured that they are habitually well treated by their owners.

The Norwegian horse is very small, but tough as leather. The roads he has to trot over follow the natural contours of the hill-spurs that form the valley-sides, but as these are solid granite any attempt to reduce the road profile to an even grade would be an extremely costly matter and has not been undertaken. These courageous little beasts have, therefore, an amount of sheer up-and-down hill work to do that would break the heart of any other animals, but which they negotiate with an indifference and skill that aroused my deepest admiration. Compact, vigorous little chaps, with finely cut, intelligent heads and erect, cropped manes, they hold a middle position between the stupid beast of the continent and the supremely clever horse of Iceland,—of whom, of course, their race supplied the ancestors,—for the Icelanders all rank their little horses of the best class as fully the equals of their dogs. The horse in Iceland has a job to tackle that is quite different from other horses, and in this way his intelligence has been educated up to a very high point. Icelanders in

passing from one valley of their island to another have almost invariably to ride across high, barren heaths and wastes exposed to the most violent snowstorms, in the course of which they frequently lose all notion of the points of the compass. Their custom is then to dismount, drive the horse on ahead and trust to his sense of direction, which rarely fails them. In fact, the Icelandic horse is constantly surrounded by danger to life, and has had to learn how to avoid it. He has to cross frozen rivers, and must know whether the ice is safe; he has to ford glacial streams all the time, and must know where he can do so with safety; quicksands are common, and he must know what kind of sand can be trusted; in bogs he must know which tufts will bear and which not; drinking-bouts are common among men who go in from the up-country farms to the trading posts, and a properly trained horse I am credibly informed understands this and comes to so arrange his gait that a rider with a wobbly seat will not fall off, or if he does, the horse has the sense not to run away home, but stands by until his master is able to remount. These sound like fairy tales but they are not; any Icelfander will tell you experiences with horses that would be hard to believe were the consensus not so unanimous as to the extraordinary intelligence of these little beasts.

But the Norse quadruped is not far behind his Icelandic confrère. With his bright, wide-awake eye unhampered by any blinker it is really he who is running the procession as you jog along. His close companion and pal, the small boy who perches behind you and who rejoices in the name of the skydsgut, gives vent incessantly to the most extraordinary sounds which are supposed to influence the horse's actions, but to which he in reality pays no attention whatever. He knows exactly what he has to do to get you over the road to the next station, how much time he has, where the bad grades are, and where all the drinking troughs are placed, and you could trust him just as well on his beat in the dark without any skydsgut at all. The only real use of the latter is to bring him back home empty, if necessary. So intelligently do they negotiate their beat to the next station that in spite of their almost ridiculous size they will pull a buggy with two people, a boy and several bags, more or less on a constant trot on a warm day for twenty-five kilometres up and down those cruel grades, and come in literally and truly without having turned a hair. They jog along as they like, head in the air and ears up, apparently enjoying the trip. They generally have a heavy tuft of mane brought down over the forehead and carefully combed. This apparently is their way of dressing up, and from under it their clear, shining eyes look very fine. If they meet a confrère on the beat they neigh and stop and sniff noses, while the skydsgut exchanges gossip with the other one. When I said in my former article that these horses stop at the

foot of bad hills and look around and say, "This is where all hands get out and walk," no one believed me. It is, however, literally true; I have seen them do it over and over again. The boys always hop out behind and walk at the grades, so does the traveller in front, if he has the sentiments of a gentleman. No one rides but the lady passenger, if there is one. When the horse thinks he has had enough he pauses and the boy immediately hops up on to the spoke of the wheel, to keep the vehicle from dragging backwards. When the horse has got his breath again he starts afresh of his own accord. These boys jump out and walk up grades even when taking their horses home empty, and when a horse stops to feed his bridle and bit are always taken off entirely and a loose halter put on. The consequence of what I personally have observed is that you never see a horse in Norway that looks either pushed or done. I have never seen them come in panting, sweating, hanging their heads and ears, in a word, showing signs of exhaustion; nor do you see horses giving vent to bad temper, throwing their ears back flat, biting, stamping their feet, swishing their tails or kicking. They are unquestionably universally well treated and well fed, and it would be interesting to learn how the people manage to keep them in such superb form, for a horse has to be in the very best condition possible to look and act as they do. I have never seen horses average up so well as these. They seem to live on a footing of great intimacy and equality with their boys, who talk to them constantly as they harness up. When they unharness at night the boy grabs his chum by the forelock and off they both race to stable or pasture, *arcades ambo*. Whips are apparently unknown. When now and then a horse gets a mischievous fit and is visibly playing the fool the boy hops down and breaks a green branch off a tree by the wayside and then ostensibly strips it where the horse can see him, and promises him a beating. This, however, never comes off as the horse knows just how far to carry his little joke.

It therefore appears that it is quite feasible to get horses to do a good day's work and to keep them in gilt-edged condition without any of the yelling, cursing, lashing with whips and rein-jerking so dear to the heart of the Latin and apparently to him so indispensable. I repeat, it is impossible that those animals should be maltreated, so tame and human have they become. We were walking in a path by some remote hill-pastures one day, and noticed a very fine-looking pony the other side of a fence with a barred gate. This horse had his forelegs handcuffed with rings and chain, as I regret to say is the custom in that land when horses are turned out to graze,—I suppose to keep the little beggars from coming into the houses and sneaking upstairs to bed with the skydsgut, which they would be quite capable of doing! This horse held up his head, threw his ears forward, had a good look at us and neighed. We are po-

lite folk so we howdied back to him and passed on. A few minutes later we heard a tremendous racket and jingling behind us, and looking round saw that our friend had broken through his bars and was galloping down the path toward us as best he could with his handcuffs. He only wanted to pass the time of day with us,—evidently felt lonely up there by himself,—and made not the slightest objection when we proposed to him to adjourn back to his field and have the bars put up a little more securely.

All over the country, if you will look for it, you will see a proclamation posted up in the stables concerning the treatment of horses. It begins, "We, Haakon,—Norway's king, make known," and then follow eight paragraphs of minute regulations concerning every imaginable detail connected with horses used in public service: daily distance or load according to weather and roads, speed, horses not to be struck; halts on grades, harness and sores, shelter and protection in bad weather or snow, no bit to be used in winter until warmed, food and drink, proper shoeing, sick and lame, and animals that shy or bite,—ending with, "whereafter all parties concerned are to be governed. Given at our castle in Kristiania, under our hand and the Kingdom's seal." Nothing can be better than that, no doubt; but I question very much whether such regulations are badly needed. These people must have the love of animals in their very blood or the animals would never behave as they do.

These remarks about Norway may have seemed pretty long, but they have at least rendered it possible to make what remains to be said correspondingly brief. I started to examine the question of what there is peculiar about this country that makes a vacation there more restful than elsewhere, but I think that the answer has practically been contained in the description I have given of land and folk. I said that the difference between the pleasure of travel in Norway and in the Latin countries rested *en fin de comptes* with the people. Now with a race that is honest, truthful, simple, kind-hearted, and friendly to animals, it will always be easy for an American to get along. The Northmen have these attributes, the Latins have not,—this is the explanation of the whole affair. Any traveller who is satisfied with primitive things, who can sympathize with self-respect in others, who will not attempt to order people about, and can meet his scamp of a skydsgut on a footing of equality and not take offence at his delicious "thou," will find Norway a delightful resort in summer, unlike anything elsewhere. But if he is authoritative, exacting, and unable to adapt himself readily to circumstances; or if he belongs to the category of individuals who have to bathe night and morning, require a valet to lay out their clothes, dress for dinner, and expect a stringed orchestra during meals,—Norway is no place for him, and he is not wanted there.