

such vast quantities, or where all small fruits respond to rude and limited culture with such munificence of reward. In many peasant homes dried native fruit adds zest to the winter's enforced sameness of fare. So it will be seen that the Norwegian peasant in his food supply is as independent of the outside world as in all other requirements of life. There are but three articles in his home, sugar, salt and coffee, which the fiords, the streams, the mountain hollows and forests and his own saeter and farm do not bountifully provide.

The every day food of these sturdy Norwegian folk consists largely of "groed," a sort of thick gruel or stir-about of oat meal or barley meal or both, of milk, fresh, sour, or curdled and boiled, of cheese, of which there are several varieties powerful in resistance, odor and sustaining qualities, and brown and black bread. The great and universal staple, however, is "fladbrod," or flat-bread. It is the very life and sustenance of these folk as was the ban-nock once to the Scottish peasantry. Every peasant's house has not merely a pile of it to draw upon, but often whole casks filled with the hearty, wholesome food. It is simply a dough of barley and oatmeal, unfermented and containing a little salt, rolled to the thinness of wafers of great circumference and baked upon an iron plate like a large griddle over a "slow" fire.

If the ordinary housewife in other countries regards the family bread baking as no little task, she would quail before the stint of providing the required supply of "fladbrod" at a Norwegian bonder's gaard. It is about one strong woman's task, to judge by the immense quantities consumed, and I never entered a cottage or gaard without discovering a grandmother, mother or daughter, crouching before the coals or hovering over some huge stove ornamented with quaint Pompeian figures, dexterously flipping with her thin ladle-like stick the dough upon the steaming iron plate, or as cunningly landing the savory dish, without breaking, upon the ever diminishing, ever increasing pile within the "fladbrod" keg.

If the Norwegian peasant knows little else than labor from childhood to old age, it is still a labor which brings the immediate and continuous reward of sufficiency and ample content. The brief summer of but three and at the best of but four months is one of tremendous effort for all the members of the household; for in that little time provision must be made for an almost dayless winter of eight to nine months' duration. The crops of grain, the vegetables, the butter and cheese that are being provided among the mountain saeters, all require unceasing labor; and more important than all else is the supply of hay and other fodder for the winter needs of the then helpless herds. I never before realized how great a value could be set by any people upon a few blades of grass.

Haymaking furnishes both the most picturesque and the most suggestive scenes in Norway. The women are constantly in the fields, picturesque in their short skirts, bright bodices and white caps; and men, women and children are all in a sort of mild frenzy in their efforts to save the precious crop. It is cut with short scythes and sickles, and the prized tufts are even secured with the "tolkniv," which every peas-

ant carries, and with shears from every cops-edge or cleft among the savage rocks. The entire crop is cured upon racks or hurdles, and never left upon the ground for drying; and from almost inaccessible places above the farms the tiny bundles which may be secured among the crags are conveyed to the valleys below on wire runways or tightly stretched ropes. The saeter girls, too, are not idle meanwhile in husbanding fodder for the herds. They are gathering every possible blade of grass, breaking from the birch-trees the tenderest buds and branches, and securing great stacks of reindeer moss. When the terrible winter storms have packed the ice and snow into the chasms and crevices like stone, the peasants in their snow-shoes ascend the heights to the saeters and add this excellent fodder to their store within the sheds and barns.

The religious, social and homeside life of these simple and primitive people could almost be revealed in three sentences. They are hereditarily pious and reverence all sacred things and traditions. Social intercourse finds its chief fruition in christenings, confirmations, weddings and funerals. And the calmness and serenity which seem to characterize the faces of all Norwegian peasants you will meet in homes seem to almost tell the whole grand national story of that blessed domestic repose which broods where faithful labor thrives, where independence has grown through the centuries into a part of a people's religion, and where false ambitions are almost unknown.

For eight years my wanderings have led me into all civilized lands. The tenderest days and ways have been among their lowly folk. Whether beside the sea among the huts of fishermen, in the city's stifling quarters, with the foresters of the mountains or the cotters of the valleys, in if in vagrant Gipsy tent, or still if alone in dreary untrodden paths, there has ever been near me the kindly human voice, the helpful human hand and the tender human heart of some one from among those toiling unregarded millions on whose simple, earnest natures and steadfast loyal lives our whole world rests. Among all of these I have nowhere found a folk who must go with me in heart-picture and memory into that measureless land of Romance wherein my way now leads, with finer and nobler presence and tread than my lowly peasant friends of stern yet glorious "Gamle Norge."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

CATHOLICS MASSACRED

BERLIN, Jan. 2.—The Cologne *Volks Zeitung* has a dispatch from Krusche, Russia, confirming the fragmentary reports of the massacre of many Catholics by Cossack soldiers in the Catholic church at that place.

Between twenty and one hundred Catholics were slaughtered and a great many more injured. The details of the outrage show that the church had been menaced for some time by the Cossacks and that the Catholics guarded it for more than a week against attack.

Early in the morning of November 10th, Prefect Klingenberg reached Krusche from Kovno, accompanied by a detachment of Cossacks. They en-

tered the church, where about seventy Catholics were gathered.

The Cossacks, cursing and yelling, rushed toward the worshippers, knocking them and striking them with their swords until the church echoed with the screams of the wounded. Some of the Catholics fled to the belfry, where they rang the bells in alarm, summoning the rest of the inhabitants, with the result that a thousand people soon collected around the church and the Cossacks were forced out of the building.

Only the prefect and his deputy succeeded in resisting the efforts of the inhabitants, and they, it is stated, retreated to the organ loft, from which place they opened fire upon the people in the church until the prefect escaped.

Late in the day a detachment of 600 Cossacks were sent from Kovno to Krusche, armed with rifles, lances and knouts. Upon their arrival near Krusche, they were divided into two detachments. One body surrounded the township on all sides while the other rode at a gallop toward the Catholic church. They dashed with lances down into the crowd outside the building, spearing, shooting and lashing with knouts all who came within reach. Many persons were killed and wounded.

The Cossacks then rode the horses into the church and a massacre of the people inside began. The unfortunate Catholics threw themselves on their knees in a corner and prayed for help, but the Cossacks shot and speared right and left, until the floor and walls of the church were drenched with blood.

The Cossacks smashed the crucifixes, candlesticks and images. They rode over the people right and left, dragged the bodies of the dead and wounded to a cesspool and threw them into the hole. The people fled in all directions but were pursued and captured or badly wounded by the Cossacks of the detachment detailed to surround the town. Some were so panic stricken that they committed suicide by jumping into the river.

The rest were surrounded by the Cossacks, who drove them to the market place. Here every man, woman and child of the town was ordered to be flogged with the knout. A doctor prescribed the number of lashes which each person could stand. The victims had their clothes torn from them and were flogged until many of them were almost dead. They were afterwards compelled to clothe themselves as best they could and were then driven to prison.

Gilbert Gates, George Kollner and Guy Richardson, three youthful tourists who were beating their way south along the railroad, took shelter Monday night in a warm bed of clouds dumped between the rails of the track at Delano, Cal. They dozed off to sleep with fatal results. The midnight train from the south ran over them, severing the body of Gates in two and crushing the legs of Kollner at points below the knees. Kollner was removed to the county hospital, where the necessary amputations were made, and he will probably recover. Richardson, the youngest of the lads, awoke barely in time to escape the fate of his companions. Gates was 19 years old and was a native of Indiana.