

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Our Little Finnish Cousin, by Clara Vostrovsky Winlow

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Our Little Finnish Cousin

Author: Clara Vostrovsky Winlow

Illustrator: Harriet O'Brien

Release date: August 9, 2013 [EBook #43426]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Emmy, Beth Baran and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OUR LITTLE FINNISH COUSIN ***



Our Little Finnish Cousin

THE LITTLE COUSIN SERIES

(TRADE MARK)

Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated, each \$1.10

By LAURA E. RICHARDS, ANNA C. WINLOW, Etc.

Our Little African Cousin
Our Little Alaskan Cousin
Our Little Arabian Cousin
Our Little Argentine Cousin
Our Little Armenian Cousin
Our Little Australian Cousin
Our Little Austrian Cousin
Our Little Belgian Cousin
Our Little Bohemian Cousin
Our Little Brazilian Cousin
Our Little Bulgarian Cousin
Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Great Northwest
Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Maritime Provinces
Our Little Chilean Cousin
Our Little Chinese Cousin
Our Little Cossack Cousin
Our Little Cuban Cousin
Our Little Czecho-Slovak Cousin
Our Little Danish Cousin
Our Little Dutch Cousin
Our Little Egyptian Cousin
Our Little English Cousin
Our Little Eskimo Cousin
Our Little Finnish Cousin
Our Little French Cousin
Our Little German Cousin
Our Little Grecian Cousin
Our Little Hawaiian Cousin
Our Little Hindu Cousin
Our Little Hungarian Cousin
Our Little Indian Cousin
Our Little Irish Cousin
Our Little Italian Cousin
Our Little Japanese Cousin
Our Little Jewish Cousin
Our Little Jugoslav Cousin
Our Little Korean Cousin
Our Little Lapp Cousin
Our Little Lithuanian Cousin
Our Little Malayan (Brown) Cousin
Our Little Mexican Cousin
Our Little Norwegian Cousin
Our Little Panama Cousin
Our Little Persian Cousin
Our Little Philippine Cousin
Our Little Polish Cousin
Our Little Porto Rican Cousin
Our Little Portuguese Cousin
Our Little Quebec Cousin
Our Little Roumanian Cousin
Our Little Russian Cousin
Our Little Scotch Cousin
Our Little Servian Cousin
Our Little Siamese Cousin
Our Little South African (Boer) Cousin
Our Little Spanish Cousin
Our Little Swedish Cousin
Our Little Swiss Cousin

Our Little Turkish Cousin
Our Little Welsh Cousin
Our Little West Indian Cousin

THE LITTLE COUSINS OF LONG AGO

Our Little Athenian Cousin
Our Little Carthaginian Cousin
Our Little Celtic Cousin
Our Little Crusader Cousin
Our Little Feudal Cousin
Our Little Frankish Cousin
Our Little Florentine Cousin
Our Little Macedonian Cousin
Our Little Norman Cousin
Our Little Roman Cousin
Our Little Saxon Cousin
Our Little Spartan Cousin
Our Little Viking Cousin

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY (Inc.)
53 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.



"THE REINDEER SUDDENLY SWERVED IN SUCH A WAY THAT JUHANI WAS PITCHED OUT." (See [page 40](#))



Our Little

Finnish Cousin

By
Clara Vostrovsky Winlow

Author of
"Our Little Roumanian Cousin," "Our Little
Bohemian Cousin," "Our Little
Bulgarian Cousin."

Illustrated by
Harriet O'Brien



Boston
The Page Company
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1918
BY THE PAGE COMPANY

All rights reserved

First Impression, April, 1918
Second Impression, July, 1919
Third Impression, January, 1930

PREFACE

[v]

FINLAND is one of the little countries in whose struggles for greater freedom the world is interested to-day. It is situated on the northeast shore of the Baltic Sea, and is bounded by Russia, Norway and Sweden, the Gulf of Bothnia and the Gulf of Finland. A maze of rocks and small, pine-covered islands form a ring around the coast. The art of navigating between these requires much skill and long apprenticeship, so that it is no wonder that Finland, among other things, is noted for her pilots.

"Forest, rock, and water" is the way in which one writer describes Finland. This little country, known all over the world for its progressive ideas, is thinly inhabited, having only one city, the capital Helsingfors, of any size. Over eighty-six per cent. of the people are Finnish, twelve per cent. Swedish, and the rest Russians, Germans, and Lapps.

[vi]

Little is known of Finnish history before the twelfth century, when King Eric of Sweden invaded the land to Christianize the inhabitants. Swedish settlements followed and Finland became a province of Sweden. It remained that for six hundred years, during which time there were constant conflicts between the Russians and Swedes for the possession of Finnish ports.

While Sweden was engaged with Napoleon, the Finns, tired of the ceaseless disorder, agreed to union with Russia on condition that they be assured a certain independence. This was conceded, Alexander I, then Tzar of Russia, taking oath as Grand Duke of Finland and promising to observe the religion of the country and all the privileges and rights which it had so far enjoyed. This oath was kept more scrupulously than by the last two Swedish monarchs, and cordial relations were established between Russia and Finland. The Finnish people began to take a more prominent part in their own affairs, for up to that time the Swedes had had the upper hand everywhere. Alexander boasted with some truth that he had created a nation.

[vii]

In 1863 Tzar Alexander II gave a Representative Constitution to Finland.

In 1899, the present deposed Russian ruler, Nicholas II, was ill-advised enough to issue a manifesto suspending the Finnish Constitution. Unheeded protests followed, and up to 1904

there is an unenviable record of oppression and suppression on the part of Russia.

In November, 1906, however, the Tzar was compelled to make the concessions that the nation demanded.

During the present world conflict the Finns have proclaimed in their Parliament their right to absolute independence, and their claim is sanctioned by the greatest of the European nations, which recognize the Republic of Finland.

[viii]

C. V. W.

CONTENTS

[ix]



CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE	v
I A FARM HOME	1
II SUNDAY	16
III THE END OF AUTUMN	23
IV LAPLANDERS	38
V SCHOOL	51
VI THE DECEMBER VACATION	67
VII CHRISTMAS WEEK	76
VIII SUMMER TIME	91

List of Illustrations

[xi]

[x]

	PAGE
"THE REINDEER SUDDENLY SWERVED IN SUCH A WAY THAT JUHANI WAS PITCHED OUT" (<i>See page 40</i>)	Frontispiece
"THINGS TASTED SO GOOD OUT OF DOORS"	18
"JUHANI WAS LISTENING TO THE MOST MARVELOUS TALES"	45
"WAVING HIS ARMS TO KEEP HIS BALANCE, JUMPED FAR FORWARD"	62
"SHE CARRIED OUT A BASKET FILLED WITH CRUMBS AND GRAIN"	76
"WOUND COLORED YARN AROUND THE RYE STALKS"	95

[xii]

Our Little Finnish Cousin

[1]

CHAPTER I

A FARM HOME

IT was early autumn in the Finland forest by the lake. Gold glistened from the underbrush, from the great beds of bracken, from the shining birches, from the paler aspens, and even from the prized rowans and juniper trees.

On one side where the forest grew thinner, there was a glimpse of marshy land where big whortleberries grew in profusion. Around this marshy spot a tiny path led to a succession of fields in some of which were grazing cattle, in some, queer tall haystacks, and in two smaller ones, grain still uncut.

Two children—a boy and a girl—made their way from the forest toward the lake, their hands tightly clasping birchen baskets filled with berries that they had succeeded in gathering. Reaching the shore, they silently took their places in a small boat moored under a clump of trees.

[2]

Each seized an oar, and began to row with experienced measured strokes to the other side.

Both unsmiling faces had the same candid capable air, but that was the only resemblance. Ten-year-old Juhani was like his father who belonged to the Tavastian type of Finn. He was pale, with high cheek bones, thin hair, and a strong chin that seemed to say: "I won't give in! I won't give in!" He might have been taken for sulky until you met the look of sincere inquiry under his well-formed brows.

Six-year Maja was fairer. She was brown-eyed and brown-haired, like her Karelian mother who belonged to the other decided type of Finn. Despite the silent gentleness of her face, she looked as if, on occasion, she could be high spirited and even gay. [3]

A little crowd was gathered at the landing stage to which they crossed, and more persons came hurrying up as a blast was heard from a steamer still some distance away on the lake. There were other children like themselves with baskets of birch, and women with cakes and cookies and farm produce for sale. Some of these were busily knitting while they waited to offer their wares. Most prominent among all thus gathered was a rather short, sturdy girl, who seemed entirely indifferent to the fact that the kerchief tied around her head was not at all becoming. This was Hilja, who, although only eighteen, already held the important position of pier-master.

At last, amid much commotion, the steamer came up. The passengers stepped ashore and bought many of the good things offered. But even when all were sold there was no sign of the steamer's departure. The big stacks of wood piled on the wharf, that were to serve the steamer for fuel, had first to be carried aboard. For this there was help in plenty. Men, women, and children were eager to have their services accepted. A couple of foreigners grew restless at the delay, but no one else betrayed any impatience, having been brought up, no doubt, on the Finnish proverb, "God did not create hurry." [4]

The pier-master shouted something when it was all in, and the steamer, with many toots, departed. The people scattered until only Juhani and Maja remained to watch a heavily laden timber barge go slowly by on its way to the coast. Before it passed Juhani had nudged Maja to show her the pennies he had earned by carrying wood. With the slightest possible twinkle of mischief, Maja at first kept her own fist tightly closed. "Oh, show what you have!" Juhani exclaimed somewhat contemptuously, at which Maja opened her hand and showed twice as many pennies that her sweet face, as well as the nice berries, had brought her. [5]

Juhani showed his surprise by staring and staring until Maja closed her hand again, explaining half in apology, "It was from the foreigners," and led the way to their boat.

Again they rowed silently over, anchored their boat in a little cove, and then walked rapidly across the fields. Maja began to hum a folk song, to which Juhani soon whistled a tune while he kept one hand on a sheathed knife, called a *pukko*, hanging from the belt around his waist. It was no wonder he was conscious and proud that it hung there. When his father had given it to him a few days before, he had said, "You are beginning to do man's work, Juhani, and so I think that you deserve a man's knife." Nor was it a cheap knife. Its leather sheath was tipped with brass and very prettily ornamented with a colored pattern. [6]

Both children were barefoot and both walked with equal unconcern over stubble and sharp stones. At the edge of the last field Maja glanced inquiringly at her brother and then broke into a run. Juhani did not follow her example at first, but, when he did, he easily overtook her near a square farmhouse painted a bright red, but with doors and windows outlined in white. Against this house, reaching from the ground to the black painted roof, was a ladder to be used in case of fire. Up this Juhani ran, waving his hand to his sister when at the top.

Near this house were three storehouses, one for food, one for clothes and one for implements. Further away were cow houses, and a stable, the loft of which was used for storing food in winter, and as a bedroom for the maid servants in summer. There was also a small pig sty built of granite, a stone of which Finland has so much that it has been said it would be possible to rebuild all of London with it and still leave the supply apparently undiminished. Neat, strong fences of slanting wood enclosed these buildings. [7]

Off by itself was an outbuilding more important in a way than any of these, the bath-house, which in Finland is never missing.

An older girl of about fourteen with a blue kerchief on her head was drawing water from a well near the kitchen door. As she emptied the bucket made of a pine trunk and attached to a long pole weighted at the end, she called to Juhani, who had just jumped from the ladder: "Hurry! The pastor has come to stay till we go to church to-morrow and he wants to ask you some Bible questions."

Without waiting for her, Juhani followed Maja, who had already entered the kitchen bright with shining copper, stopping first, however, to wipe his feet on a mat made of pine branches laid one above another. [8]

This kitchen led directly into a pleasant living-room, with a tall china tiled stove, some chairs, a big sofa, a table, and a carved cupboard. Here were several odd beds too, that did not look like beds at all. They were beds shut up for the day. At night they would be pulled open. A small loom stood in one corner. Strips of home-made carpet were laid on the yellow painted floor.

On one wall hung a picture which had lately had a peculiar fascination for Maja. It represented

Katrine Mansdottir, a beautiful peasant woman with a sad romantic history. She lived when Finland was under Swedish rule. King Eric the Fourteenth had been captivated by her winsomeness when he first saw her selling fruit on the street. He had her taken to his castle and educated her like a princess. When she was old enough he married her, much to the dissatisfaction of his conservative courtiers. Later the King was deposed and cast into prison. Here his wife showed her gratitude for all that he had done for her, sharing his imprisonment and ministering to him until his death. Then she renounced her crown and retired to live among the loyal Finns who loved her for the friendship that she had always shown them.

[9]

On the most comfortable chair in the room sat the pastor, a man who looked so serious that one wondered if he ever smiled. No one who knew his duties and responsibilities could wonder at this. Among them were visiting the widely scattered members of his parish, comforting them in sorrow and distress, helping them with advice when needed. Just outside the nearest village, on the other side of the lake, he had a little patch of land of his own which he cultivated when he could, to help out his slender salary.

[10]

The children greeted the pastor like an old friend, and seating themselves sedately on chairs opposite him stiffened up in anticipation of the questions that he would ask them.

Around four o'clock everything in the room became evening colored, and the mother came in and invited all into the kitchen for dinner. There was an abundance of simple food,—salt fish, meat and potatoes, hard rye bread, mead and coffee, of which latter even little Maja drank her share.

The first part of the meal made one think of a Quaker meeting, it was so very quiet; but after the mead had been passed around and the coffee poured, a sparkle came to the eyes of all, and even the pastor's face took on a genial glow as, prompted by kind inquiries, he related some of his recent experiences.

"You know poor old Yrjo (George)," he said, "who is now one of my people. Well, he's trying to learn to read and write and having a hard time doing it. You see, he never had a chance earlier in life, for he used to live way up north on the outskirts of Lapland. He is doing all this because—well, I guess you can guess why—. Yes, he wants to be married, and you know how strict our law is that no pastor shall marry men or women unless they know how to read and write. I think he'll learn, for he's dogged. He's already built himself a shack on my grounds not to waste time in coming and going. When I told him this morning that he was making progress he was as delighted as a child."

[11]

Then he told of a recent visit to a big dairy farm, of the long low buildings with ice chambers here and there. "It was a great pleasure," he said, "to see how neatly everything is kept. All the floors and walls are of blue and white tile, and the windows of stained glass—a pretty sight. I can't forget the rows of shelves with their big earthenware vessels of rich-looking milk and cream. In one room women dressed in white were putting up butter for export. I agree with those who think that dairying is going to grow in importance here. It certainly seems to pay our farmers better than farming."

[12]

"I am going to be a dairy man," said Juhani.

"And I am going to a University and be an architect," piped in little Maja quite as decidedly.

At this the family laughed, but the pastor remarked seriously, "It's well to make plans early. There are many women who are succeeding in architecture, little Maja."

"Yes," remarked the mother, "and Maja has an aunt in Helsingfors who is among the number."

As it was Saturday night the usual preparations had been made for a family bath, and the kindly pastor who was not considered an outsider was invited to share in it as a matter of course. Every one seemed to look to this bath as a great pleasure. After the pastor had accepted, Juhani, with face glowing, ran at once to show the bath whisks that he had himself made.

[13]

"I made a lot of them in the summer," he explained, "for then the leaves are soft."

"Go take them to the bath house and steep them in hot water," said his father, "and see that the maids have not forgotten to strew fresh straw on the floor."

"May I not get ready first," asked Juhani. And when his father nodded, he slipped off his clothes and ran naked to where the bath house stood alone not far from the lake.

The little structure was made of pine logs on a foundation of moss and stones. The roof was thatched. Over the door the farmer had carved the Finnish proverb: "The Church and the Sauna (Bath-house) are holy places." Within, on one side, was a stone oven, while opposite this was a series of wooden steps to the ceiling. These were covered with straw.

[14]

When Juhani entered, an old woman servant was already there poking at the big fire. Now and then she threw on water so that it was quite steamy when the other members of the family came trooping in. Juhani at once seized Maja around the waist, all his shyness evidently left outside, and twirled her around until she shouted for him to stop.

It grew hotter and hotter in the room and more and more steamy as the different members climbed on the step-like platforms and beat themselves with the birch twigs which now gave forth a pleasant fragrance.

Juhani and Maja had also mounted the steps, but every once in a while they would jump down and try to whip each other on the back and legs.

When all had perspired enough, they took turns in sitting on a chair and letting the old woman give each a quick massage and a wash down with cold water. Then oh, what a race there was for the lake, into which all plunged with shouts of laughter! Then out again and a race for home. Maja somehow got a big start and came in a foot ahead of her brother who, when he saw what she was after, almost tumbled over her in his eagerness to win.

[15]

CHAPTER II

[16]

SUNDAY

PREPARATIONS for going to church next morning were soon made. Some things that we should consider unusual were taken, including a big lunch and a couple of hammocks. Two row boats carried the party some distance down the lake to a much larger boat, called the Church Boat. It was already half filled. After a short wait, other peasants arrived, greeted their friends soberly and sat down.

The men had on somber-looking suits, with big felt hats and high boots. The women's costumes varied, although the majority had on black shapeless jackets with a white kerchief crossed under the chin; some, however, had on bright bodices, embroidered aprons, and blue or crimson kerchiefs. Most of the women carried their prayer-books wrapped in white handkerchiefs. When all were seated, the young women, as well as the young men, seized hold of the oars and the boat left the pier.

[17]

It was a slow journey, stops being made at a few places where people stood waiting. It was rather solemn, too; there was no idle chatter; at the minister's suggestion, however, hymns were sung.

The Lutheran Church, at which the party at last arrived, was a plain building both inside and out. It was built entirely of timber and had a separate bell tower. As the people walked in, the women all took their places on one side, the men on the other.

The services lasted until three in the afternoon. Maja yawned and almost put herself asleep counting the stitches in the woman's jacket in front of her. But when it was all over and the people filed out of the building, they seemed to leave some of their somberness there. They gathered in groups and together departed either for a swim in the lake or with hammocks and lunches for a picnic in the silent woods.

[18]



Things tasted so good out of doors that Maja and Juhani smiled much at each other, although Juhani would always put on a particularly serious look afterwards. Then the two swung on one of the hammocks and also on a huge swing near the Church. "Come on for a ramble with us in the woods," two passing children of their own age called to them. "Come," said Maja, taking hold of Juhani's hand, and away they went over the greenish gray mosses through the rosy and pale yellow underbrush. There were bright red cranberries here and there with which they filled their pockets as they discussed, not church affairs, but wood nymphs, the kind ugly *tomtar* or brownies, and the little gray man in the woods who has a fiery tail.

Suddenly Maja stopped, looking so scared that all followed her example. "What is it?" asked her brother.

[19]

"A brownie!" Maja could hardly make herself heard.

The boys laughed at her as they rushed forward and made a big brown squirrel scamper away into the branches of a tree.

"Nevertheless I'd like to believe that there were brownies around," Juhani confessed when the girls had come up. "Do you know that they are so kind that on Christmas they bring a gift to every animal

"THINGS TASTED SO GOOD OUT OF DOORS"
that lives near?"

The others nodded. "I'd rather see one than a wood nymph," one of them declared. "I'd be afraid of her. My! but she must be ugly from behind if she's really hollow there as they say. She's

apt to do you harm too, if you see her from the back."

By this time they had reached a little one-room hut evidently deserted, for the door swung on only one hinge. Before they peeked in, Juhani, with a curious look on his face, cautioned each to say "Good Day to all here" on entering even if they saw no one, for a *Tomty* might be hidden in some corner.

[20]

It was a very old type of house. The upper half of the walls were stained black. There was a big fire place but no chimney, the smoke having evidently been allowed to escape through a hole in the roof.

A long thin piece of resinous wood was still fastened to one wall. This was called a *pare*, and when lit served instead of lamp or candle.

There was a small clearing around the house, and half buried in leaves near the door was an old-time harrow that had once been formed from a bundle of stout fir top branches.

Later they paused to ask for a drink of water at a small two-room cottage of unhewn, unpainted wood surrounded by a little pasture but with no garden or other sign of cultivation around, nothing but the vast impressive forest. A savage-looking dog that looked as if it might have been crossed with a fox, snarled at them but was called away by a very old woman who explained that she was there alone, her son having lately gone to a timber camp. "He'll come back with enough money," she added with a trembling voice, "to see us through the winter, which is going to be a hard one."

[21]

"Why do you say that, Granny?" asked Juhani.

"Couldn't you see it for yourself," the old woman returned rather sharply, "by the great number of berries?"

"Are you not lonely here?" Maja inquired with sympathy.

"Aye, lonely," repeated the woman, "but contented too, for have I not the forest with me day and night and is it not a part of my very soul?"

A long drawn whistle here made the children realize that the church parties were breaking up and that they must make haste to return, so thanking the old woman they raced back apparently as fresh as if they had not already had a long tramp. Where the forest was thickest it was quite dark. "If it gets any darker," said Maja, "we'll have to stop and pray to the Twilight Maiden to spin for us a thread of gold to lead us safely home."

[22]

"There are also others to help us," said Juhani, and half playfully he called on all the woodland fairy folk whose names are found in the great Finland epic, "The Kalevala": on *Mielikki*, hostess of the forest; *Tuometar*, nymph of the bird cherry; *Katejatar*, nymph of the juniper; *Pillajatar*, nymph of the mountain ash; *Matka-Teppo*, god of the road; *Hongatar*, ruler of the pines; *Sinetar*, that beauteous elf who paints the flowers the blue of the sky, and on *Sotka's daughter* who protects wild game from harm.

CHAPTER III

[23]

THE END OF AUTUMN

THE next day Maja had to stay in the house to help while her mother and sister baked, for they were to have a *talko*, that is, neighbors had been invited over to help with the last of the harvesting. "Have lots of good things to eat," Juhani called as he followed his father out to help in one of the fields. Here a number of peasants were driving long poles into the ground at regular intervals; to these they fastened eight outstretched arms, the ends of which were curved upwards. On these arms hay that had been cut with sickles was carefully arranged that it might dry.

While this was being done, the grain that had been dried some time before was being baked in an outside oven or kiln not far from the hay barn, a big long building with a corrugated roof.

[24]

This baking makes the Finnish grain in demand for seed in other countries, for it drives away the damp and kills all insects that might injure the germ.

By evening all the work was finished, and the merry group of peasant men and women who had given their help trooped, singing, to the house. A big supper awaited them and as they sat down, the men on one side of the table, the women on the other, all showed the splendid appetites which the work in the fields had given them.

As soon as the supper was over, the floor was cleared, and all joined in dancing the national dance, called the *jenka*, during which a warmth of feeling was displayed that belied their reputation for being stolid, and that no stranger, who might have seen the men and women on their way to church the day before, would have believed possible.

[25]

After this the weather grew less pleasant; the sky was often dull and overcast; cold raw winds

began to blow and there was much fog and sleet. During this time there was a certain flurry in the farm house, for Juhani, young as he was, had gained his father's permission to accompany an uncle to a lumber camp some distance to the north.

At the first fall of snow they left. It was a long drive they had, one that grew colder after the middle of the day. The air, which was very still, had a frostiness to it that nipped Juhani's nose and face. But neither he nor his uncle grumbled. The faces of both had a peculiarly similar look of patient endurance. It was not until toward evening that they came to a rolling swampy country where a big body of woodmen were already at work at the rude shelters that were to form the camp. For one night a batch of new men had to lie around the camp fire, turning one side, then the other to the heat, for there were not enough huts yet built. [26]

Juhani was put to work almost at once in picking up chips and doing all sorts of odds and ends, for he had only been allowed to go on condition that he was willing to make himself useful. Later he was regularly sent alone twice a week through the forest to a peasant farm for milk and eggs. The coming and going for these took all of a day. Sometimes the forest was dark and silent; at other times birds called to him, and wild animals, strangely tame, would peep out from the snow-covered brush at him.

Once a merry squirrel enticed him into an old overgrown path. He continued to follow it even after he had lost track of the squirrel until he came to two branches, one of which he decided led in the direction of his destination.

After wandering about for an hour and finding that the trees and the brush were growing denser and denser he grew somewhat alarmed and tried to retrace his steps. [27]

He soon found that this was impossible. Here it occurred to him that if he could get to the top of a tree he might have a better idea of where he was and what to do. So dropping his pail, he scrambled up the nearest willow. This was not high enough to give much of an outlook, and, getting down again, he cast longing eyes on a tall fir with no low branches.

With difficulty he dragged a small uprooted juniper to it and placing it against the trunk, with its help he managed to reach the lowest branch. It was then an easy task to climb to the top of the tree.

There was a very fair outlook from the top but no sign of the farmhouse for which he was bound. There was one thing comforting however. It was that at some distance away something glittered like water. [28]

With a grunt Juhani let himself down and then stood in thought. Only for a moment did he allow himself to do this. He was too well aware of the shortness of the days to dally. Drawing his *pukko* (knife) he began to hew his way through the thick underbrush, over the springy soil, in the direction of what he knew must be the lake.

Now and then fallen tree trunks had to be scaled. Twice his feet caught in tangled vines and threw him. Several times he had to take the time to climb trees to assure himself that he was going in the right direction. And all the time he had the consciousness that night was descending.

It was already dusk when he reached the lake where, to his great relief, he recognized the spot by means of a big boulder as being within half a mile of camp.

He saw, however, that in a very few minutes it would be too dark to go further. The only thing to do was to wait until the moon rose. So gathering together as much of the brush as he could, he started it burning and then lay down before it to try to get a little rest. [29]

Despite the fire, which continually had to be replenished, it was very cold and he found it necessary to turn constantly first one side, then the other towards the flames to be at all comfortable.

At last the fire went out and there was nothing left for Juhani to do except sit with his back to the trunk of a nearby tree and wait. When the moon came out, it was a very stiff boy who arose and followed stumblingly the banks of the lake to camp.

Here he found a group of men with his Uncle in the lead, getting ready to start a hunt for him. As soon as he had stammered out his story to his Uncle the latter shook him angrily by the shoulder and ordered him to bed. "Don't you ever try anything of the kind again; at least not while you are on an errand for me," he called after him. And Juhani never did. [30]

The boy won the favor of a driver of one of the short sledges on which the cut-down trees, rough hewn with axes and with the bark peeled off, were drawn, and he sometimes had a ride with him to the lake where men stalked the logs on the banks. On these trips, although he said nothing, he hardly knew whether he admired most how the driver guided the horses over the difficult ground or the intelligence of the alert little Finnish horses themselves.

Sometimes, instead of these trips, he had an opportunity to watch the actual cutting down of the trees. He would sometimes quiver in sympathy as a tree quivered before dashing down against the other trees, perhaps remaining suspended a moment, then coming with a crash to the ground and raising a flurry of snow. [31]

Once a tree was down it was ready to be cleared of branches and then sawed into logs.

In the evening the spring journey of the logs, when they would be floated down the lake and out to sea, was often discussed. Juhani learned how men with long hooks were stationed at the narrow or rocky places on the water to keep the logs from getting blocked. This was difficult and often dangerous. Sometimes it led to loss of life.

While on the lake, the logs would be collected and chained together to form great rafts. Several of these would be fastened behind each other and drawn by a small tug. On these rafts the men would build themselves little huts on which they would live, for it is slow work to get the logs from the forests to the mills. Indeed it almost always takes one or two summers at least.

Sometimes instead of these stories, the men would sing rough songs that sounded out there in the wilds more weird and melancholy than they really were. Sometimes they discussed the future of Finland. There was one fellow among them to whom Juhani loved to listen. He remembered long the man's reply to a particularly pessimistic statement. "Our future depends on ourselves. Have we not the sea? Does it not stand for power and freedom? Shame, I say, on those who do not see it!"

[32]

Things in camp went along quietly enough until near the end of the season, when two of the men had a fight which might have ended seriously had they not been separated in time, for both had drawn their *pukkoks* (knives).

Before Juhani left for home the driver invited him to come on a trip much further east than they were stationed. His uncle consented. It gave Juhani an opportunity to see the very primitive and wasteful agricultural methods that are still practiced in Finland in out-of-the-way places, that of burning down the forest to fertilize the land.

[33]

They spent the first night with the owner of a place on which this was done. He did his best to entertain them well.

After they had had supper the family gathered around the big rude fireplace, and while the fire crackled and a drink of some kind was passed around the talk drifted to the future prospects of the country. Then the peasant proprietor told of the time when the deposed Tzar of Russia, Nicholas II, through the Manifesto of February fifteenth, 1899, had tried to deprive Finland of most of her independence. "I heard through my young son who had just returned from further South, that signatures for a petition to the Tzar were being sought. 'They shall not lack mine,' I told my wife. It was bitterly cold even for one used to severe months of blinding snow, but I put on my skis and made my way through the dense forest in the face of a harsh wind, to the nearest settlement Here I learned that a messenger gathering signatures had just left. Without stopping for food or drink, I followed the direction he had taken through a frozen swamp and came up with him just before nightfall. And there, with nothing to be seen but snow around us, I signed the paper and returned to the settlement while he went on for another hour to the neighboring hamlet."

[34]

"I know of a case to match that somewhat," said the driver. "After the Tzar's Manifesto, a well-to-do farmer, who lived too far away to go to Helsingfors, wrote a petition himself to the Tzar, had it signed by the family, servants and those nearest, and then forwarded it."

Here the old grandmother, an intelligent looking peasant woman, with a brown plaid shawl tightly pinned around her neck, took the lead in the conversation, harking back to older times when she had known Elias Lönnrot who made the folk songs he gathered into a whole as the great Finnish epic, the "Kalevala." This was evidently a favorite subject with her. "I was only a young girl," she said, "when he came as a physician to Kajana, which is a place of which it was then said there were two streets, 'Along one go pigs when it's wet, along the other the inhabitants when it's dry.' Lönnrot was a strong fine fellow, very gentle. People used to say he would cry if he happened to kill a fly. He was rather careless about his clothes. I met him one day just as he was starting on one of his searches for folk songs. He was dressed like a peasant, with a short pipe in his mouth and a staff in his hand. A small flute hung from his button-hole, while a valise and gun were slung on his back. After he came back we spoke of nothing for weeks except his adventures. In one place he was taken for a tramp and found it impossible to secure any sort of vehicle to take him on his way. In another village the people thought him a wizard. They wouldn't give him any food. He remembered that an eclipse of the sun would take place that day. 'I'll make the sun die,' he said, 'if you don't attend to my wants.' The people laughed and hooted, but when the sun actually did disappear they were badly frightened and begged him on their knees to make it come back and brought him all kinds of good things to eat."

[35]

[36]

"It seems to me," said her son reflectively, "that Lönnrot published something else besides the 'Kalevala.'"

"Indeed he did," said the grandmother quickly, proud of her knowledge, "why, I've taught you many a verse given in the *Kanteletaar* (the Daughter of the Kantele). It contains about seven hundred ancient songs and ballads."

Juhani and the driver were somewhat surprised at hearing all this at such a far off place. They would have gladly continued the conversation had it not been necessary to retire early to be prepared for the journey to the north on the morrow.

[37]

LAPLANDERS

A HEAVY snow fell during the night. After they had had breakfast, Juhani and the driver found two *pulkas* (boat shaped sleighs) awaiting them. To each of these there was harnessed reindeer of a dark gray color, with huge branching antlers. There was only one rein for each of those in the *pulkas* to hold.

"Notice the reindeer's foot," Juhani's companion bade him. "See how broad and flexible it is. It is divided, too, and so spreads when it touches the snow."

"How can I get the reindeer to stop?" asked Juhani anxiously.

"Well, if you really need to stop and he refuses," replied the driver, "all you have to do is to fall out."

Their host wrapped furs around them as each took his place in one of the sleds hardly big enough to hold even one person. Then while his wife held the deer, the farmer showed Juhani how to wrap the rein properly around his wrist. This being managed, the wife let go, and they were off. [39]

The country through which they now passed was tiresomely flat and covered with small birch and fir trees. After they had gone some distance it began to snow in thick cloud-like masses and the wind began to blow the snow about as if in violent play. Juhani did very well considering that this was his first reindeer ride. He managed to stay in the sled even when the reindeer bumped it hard against the trees. Fortunately the deep furrows in the road helped steady the sleighs, and Juhani began to feel proud of himself when finally the Lapp settlement came into view. Whether it was the sight of it or something else, Juhani did not know, but just then the reindeer suddenly swerved in such a way that Juhani was pitched out. He arose quickly and called to the reindeer to stop, but in vain. His companion was far ahead and so, somewhat angry and mortified, he made his way as best he could on foot the short distance still remaining. [40]

These Lapp settlements in Northern Finland are few in number. It is said that there are not more than two thousand Lapps in Finland. The Finnish word Lapp or Lappu means Land-End folk. The Lapps use another name for themselves; it is Samelats and for their country, Same. Many of the Lapps are fishermen, but there are also forest and mountain Lapps.

One wonders how they could get along without the reindeer, which furnishes them with milk, meat, and even clothing, besides drawing their sledges. Because of these animals the Lapps prefer the open country where reindeer moss is plentiful. When it is not found, the spruce tree serves as a substitute, and a very extravagant one, for nearly a hundred trees are needed yearly for one reindeer. [41]

When Juhani came up, he found the whole village surrounding his friend, who laughing, advanced with a muscular, well-proportioned Lapp to him. The Lapp shook his hand and assured him gravely that no one thought the worse of him for the mishap.

This Lapp was dressed in a loose reindeer costume reaching below the knees and fitting closely about the throat. It was adorned with gay trimmings of blue and scarlet and yellow. On his feet were soft, pliable skin boots.

He led them to the largest hut. Juhani noticed the quarters of frozen reindeer meat hanging from the branches of the trees near it and also the buckets full of frozen reindeer milk.

When they had entered, they seated themselves on the floor on skins and waited while snow was brought in, placed in a kettle over the fire, melted, and coffee made. This and food was soon placed before them. The latter consisted of reindeer meat, a kind of rye and barley bread, milk and a strong oily cheese. It tasted very good to Juhani after his cold walk. When he had eaten enough to satisfy himself as well as his hospitable hosts, he was shyly invited to join in an outside game with a group of dark-skinned children with straight silky brown hair, broad flat faces and noses, and very round eyes compared to their elders. These children looked like funny little bears, wrapped as they were in fur. [42]

Two of the boys carried wooden sticks which they drove into the snow. These were made so that a stone could rest on the top. Each child tried his best to see how many of these he could knock off with snowballs in a given time.

Juhani found himself far behind his little friends. He was not so good a shot, and he lacked their quickness in making the balls. But he kept on trying. [43]

In the afternoon when it grew too dark and cold to remain longer out of doors (it was thirty degrees below zero), two of the children went with Juhani into the unventilated hut, and sitting down near the fire took out their knives and began to carve. Juhani watched the older of the two, a boy about his own age, and soon saw that he was making a running reindeer on the handle of a knife. Great was his surprise next morning to have this presented him. The mother, in the meantime, had just laid down some reindeer intestines that she was making into gloves.

"How many reindeer have you?" Juhani asked the Lapp boy.

"Oh, nearly a thousand," the latter answered carelessly.

"What a number of uses you put them to! I wish you would tell me all of them."

[44]

The Lapp boy smiled. "To tell all would take me all day. I will tell you a few though. We make butter and cheese from their milk, eat their flesh as food, make our beds and tents, of their skins; their tendons give us our thread and many of our eating utensils are made out of their antlers."

"It must be much trouble to milk the reindeer every day," Juhani remarked.

"But we don't milk them every day," the Lapp boy quickly put in. "Only about twice a week. Oftener it would certainly be much trouble."

Juhani wanted to know still more. "Since the reindeer are loose, how can they find food when the ground is covered with snow several feet deep?" he asked.

"They can smell it," returned the Lapp. "They never make a mistake. As soon as they smell it, they scrape at the snow with their feet and nose until they get to it."

After another meal all gathered still closer to the log fire to listen to news of the outside world. For a long time the woodman talked, and then, growing tired, he begged the Lapp mother to tell some stories.

This she did in the Finnish language, which, like all the rest of her family, she spoke well. Soon Juhani was listening to the most marvelous tales, of giants as big as mountains with one enormous eye, of ugly witches that fly about like bats at night, and of frightful goblins that do much harm. Then, changing her tone, she softly told the story of the goddess, *Nyavvinnä*, the kindly daughter of the Sun, a being who first caught and tamed the reindeer and gave them to the Lapps for their comfort and joy.



[45]

"JUHANI WAS LISTENING TO THE MOST MARVELOUS TALES"

"Will you tell our fortune?" asked the woodman driver, eying her somewhat askance, when she had stopped. She smiled good naturedly at him, and going to a rude cabinet took from it a kind of drum by means of which she foretold a pleasant return journey on the morrow.

[46]

Juhani watched her with simple curiosity; his companion, however, was plainly uneasy, and when they were alone for a minute before lying down to sleep, he whispered, "Awfully uncanny folks, these Lapps are."

The next morning, too, despite the kindly parting, it was plain to Juhani that he was glad to get away. They had another exhilarating ride behind the reindeer. It had a delightful tang to it, a trace of wildness, to which something, even in Juhani's stolid nature, responded.

When they had left their sleds at the home of their Finnish friends the driver grew talkative and told Juhani many stories of other trips to Lapland, one the summer before to this same family. He laughed when he thought of the children. "They would have had a pleasant time gathering berries," he said, "had it not been for the mosquitoes. There were so many of these that they had to wear a sort of mosquito net fastened around the waist. When they tore these or objected too much, their mother rubbed tar all over their hands and faces. My! but they did look funny then," and he laughed so heartily that Juhani could not help but join him.

[47]

The man had many other interesting things to tell, for his experiences had been varied. Among other things he explained the old system still in use in parts of Finland of getting tar, an important Finnish industry.

"Those are fine tar trees," he said, when they had come to a clump of fir and larch. "Nothing better. Do you know how they work the thing? Well, the wood, after being cut, is piled high on a big platform that slopes from all sides to the center where there is an opening into a vat underneath. This pile is covered over with a thick layer of earth and grass and then lit from below. It smolders for several days until the pile sinks and a flame springs up. When the tar begins to flow it is caught in barrels. Shafts are afterwards attached to these barrels and they are then drawn by horses to the nearest water and loaded on boats for the coast.

[48]

"These boats are built to shoot the rapids. There is no iron used in them, the fir planks being bound together with wooden fibers. They don't weigh much so that they give in to slight shocks. Wood only three-fourths of an inch thick separates one from the water. The boats are about thirty by three feet, very long and narrow, you see, yet big enough to hold about twenty barrels, with high sides to keep out the foam.

"I tell you it takes skill and nerve to steer one of these boats. The pilots have to have a license. Besides the pilot, the crew generally consists of two men or a man and a woman. I wasn't much older than you are now when I first went in one. We started at Kajana on the Ulea River. My! how the boat did skim along! It seemed as free as a bird. I held my breath most of the time. And what a shock it was when it went plunk into the rapids which extend many miles! I'll never forget that first ride and the peculiar joy I felt at the danger. The last rapids are the Pyhakoski or Sacred Rapids. They are twelve miles long, but the trip over them took us barely twenty minutes. Here you can see the slope of the stream. Every second you go faster. Now you have to avoid a whirlpool, now a rock; sometimes both. I thought I'd just go deaf from the roar of the waters. When we reached smooth water again I thought I really was deaf, the silence was so overpowering."

[49]

"What causes the rapids?" asked Juhani.

"It's the enormous bowlders," responded his companion. "The rapids are mighty pretty. I've seen our largest waterfall, too. It's in a narrow gorge at Imatra and is sixty feet high. How many lakes make it, do you think? They say it is a thousand! There are always lots of tourists gazing at it and listening to its hissing and sputtering and roaring. When you first hear it you think there is a storm brewing. The spray is tossed thirty feet into the air and looks like a mass of rainbows."

[50]

CHAPTER V

[51]

SCHOOL

SCHOOL opened later that year than usual, to last until June. There was to be a vacation of three weeks at Christmas with an occasional week in between, as well as on special days.

Two languages were studied by all the children, Finnish and Swedish instead of Finnish and Russian as might have been expected from Finland's connection with Russia. The teacher told the children that there had been a time when all schooling was Swedish, the Finnish tongue being considered too uncouth for culture. "Happily," he would always add, "that time is past. It was unjust, for eighty-six per cent of the inhabitants are Finns. We are now fully awake." All the children had manual training, the girls being taught cooking, sewing and darning, the boys woodwork and carpentry. The schoolhouse was surrounded by trees, and once a week, at least, the teacher talked of the necessity of conserving them.

[52]

The teacher lived near the school in a furnished house provided by the country people. Around it was enough grazing land for a cow. The people saw, too, that he always had a sufficient supply of firewood.

When Maja and Juhani reached the schoolhouse on the first day they found all the names by which Finland is sometimes known beautifully written on the blackboard. There were "Strawberry Land," "The Land of a Thousand Lakes," "The Land of a Thousand Heroes," "The Land of a Thousand Isles," "Marsh Land," and "Last Born Daughter of the Sea." "This last name our country has earned," the master explained, "because it is in fact still rising out of the sea. As for 'Land of a Thousand Lakes' that should rather be the 'Land of Many Thousand Lakes.' Let all these names merely serve to remind you," he concluded, "of our duty to our country and our determination not to give up that freedom to which we feel ourselves entitled."

[53]

The singing of the Finnish National Hymn followed:

"Our Land, our Finnish Fatherland!
Ring out dear name and sound!
No hill nor dale, nor sea-worn strand,
Nor lofty mountain whitely grand,
There is more precious to be found
That this—our fathers' ground."^[1]

What Juhani liked best at school that year perhaps, was his connection with the School Paper. Every Saturday night the higher grades, beginning with the one in which he now was, met at the schoolhouse to consider original contributions to it. Both poetry and prose were submitted, and also charades and plays. Juhani won some praise for an article entitled "What We Owe to the Trees." In this he spoke of the vast number of trees in Finland, but particularly of the uses to which they were put. "The birch is one of our best friends. I may not wear birch shoes but many peasants do. From its twigs we make brooms and bath whisks; from its bark, baskets and cups. Its blocks are fed to our locomotives and steamboats, and its leaves provide food for our cattle. In time of need, when crops fail, we even make bread from its bark."

[54]

Once a month came Guest Day and the children worked hard to do themselves and the teacher credit, for then the fathers, mothers and friends invited had the right to ask the pupils questions. An entertainment was always provided; sometimes there were tableaux, sometimes a play. These were always followed by refreshments.

This year, at the first of these nights, Juhani was honored by having an introductory recitation from the Finnish poet Topelius. A part of it is:

[55]

"On the world's farthest peopled strand
Fate gave to us a Fatherland,
The last where man his foot has set,
Daring the North Pole's threat;
The last and wildest stretch of earth
Where Europe's genius built a hearth;
The last and farthest flung outpost
'Gainst night and death and frost."

A boy, somewhat younger, followed this with a stirring recitation about a thick-headed peasant hero who, with a small troop, was placed to defend a bridge. All but five of this troop were killed and the order was given to return. The dull peasant leader did not understand and remained at his post alone until help came, when he died with a bullet in his heart.

Then came the most effective part of the program. A girl, a pupil in one of the higher grades, appeared dressed in the traditional dress of a certain portion of Finland, consisting of a white loose blouse and short full embroidered skirt. There was also a bodice and a colored fringed apron. She carried a *kantele*, a stringed instrument whose music is of a monotonous and rather melancholy tone. This served as the accompaniment to two or three folk songs, which she half sang, half recited in a way that brought forth special applause. Coffee and cakes, carefully prepared by the members of the Cooking Classes, were then served, after which games were played and riddles given. Among the latter was Maja's favorite: "What can't speak yet tells the truth?" Answer.—Scales. [56]

The next Guest Night was devoted entirely to the "Kalevala," that wonderful national epic made up of the folk songs gathered by Elias Lönnrot. It began with a tableau in which was seen *Wäinämöinen*, the ancient bard of the poem, "renowned for singing and magic"; *Ilmarinen*, the children's favorite hero, a wonderful smith; *Kullervo*, the wicked shepherd, whose hand was against every man's; the jolly, reckless *Lemminkäinen*, and *Louhi*, the mistress of Pohjola (the North) and her beautiful, much sought after daughter, the Rainbow Maiden. This was followed by the reading of a passage describing *Wäinämöinen's* playing, [57]

"All the birds that fly in mid-air
Fell like snow flakes from the heavens,
Flew to hear the minstrel's playing
Hear the harp of *Wäinämöinen*."

Then came the description of how the eagle, the swans, the tiny finches and the fish, and all within hearing, were affected by the magic harp music.

The curtain dropped and rolled up again to show the meeting of *Wäinämöinen* and his envious rival *Youkahainen*, who wishes to fight. The tableau changed before the audience into an act in which *Wäinämöinen's* magic singing causes his rival to sink helplessly into quicksand, and in which he refuses every ransom *Youkahainen* offers, until it comes to *Youkahainen's* beautiful sister. [58]

One of the pupils now read the parts from the "Kalevala" describing the various tasks that the heroes were called on to perform: the forging of the magic *sampo*, a coin, corn, and salt mill which could grind out good fortune for whoever had it; the capturing of the elk of Hiisi; the bridling of the fire-breathing horse, and others.

Last the teacher himself took the platform to call the attention of the audience to the beautiful expressions of mother love scattered throughout. He showed how even the wise *Wäinämöinen* thought first of his mother when in distress:

"If my mother were now breathing
She would surely truly tell me
How I might best bear this trouble," [59]

and how the mother love of the hot-headed *Lemminkäinen* rescues him from death.

It was not always easy for Juhani and Maja to get to school, yet it was rarely that they or any of the other pupils were absent. Often the only light they had going and coming was that thrown up by the snow. Sometimes, however, the remarkable Northern Lights (the Aurora Borealis) helped the sun in its labors. They grew all the sturdier, too, for having to face wild weather.

All the pupils came to school on skis, made of long narrow pieces of wood with a leather strip in the center through which one merely slipped the foot, so that in falling the foot was released. The front end was pointed and curved upward. It does not take long to go a good distance on skis. Juhani could go seven miles an hour on his. There were always rows of skis at the school door, some large, some small, for the proper length depends on the height of the individual. To find it one stands with arms extended above one's head. The skis must reach from the ground to the raised fingertips. [60]

At home one of the older children's duties was to teach a young brother or sister how to use skis. It was not unusual to see even three-year old babes on them. At five years most of them could be trusted alone. The first lesson was one of balance. One foot was placed in advance, the knees bent with the body forward. This was followed by making the first step.

Sometimes, during vacation days, there were ski races, but these were forgotten when in the

latter part of November announcement was made of a ski jumping contest to be held in the nearest village. The age limit kept the smaller boys from all hope of taking part, but they at once organized a ski jumping contest of their own. Juhani was the youngest admitted even here. "No, I've never tried jumping," he confessed when asked, "but I know that I can do it." At the first meeting of the schoolboys he had an opportunity to show what he could do. He advanced with something like a swagger, made a good jump but landed in a heap instead of on his feet. His companions, who knew that there was something to learn, all shouted, "The cow cannot climb a hill! The cow cannot climb a hill!" which is an old proverb, and means that one cannot perform a feat beyond his ability.

[61]

Juhani picked himself up, shut his lips tightly together, and tried again and again until he could outdistance many of the boys.

When the day of the great contest came everybody who could went to see the sport. A strong little platform had been built on the side of a hill near the town. From this the contestants were to spring.

There were six competitors. One especially seemed to have won favor beforehand, not because he was better looking than the others, for he was not, but probably because of the merry good humor in his eyes.

[62]



**"WAVING HIS ARMS TO KEEP HIS BALANCE,
JUMPED FAR FORWARD"**

The signal came to start. First came a stalwart, serious-faced youth who jumped over sixty feet, landed on his feet, and raced down the hill. After him followed three others, all of whom jumped between sixty-five and seventy-five feet. The fifth rushed after them, jumping seventy-nine feet, but failing to land on his feet. Last came the popular youth. He glanced around until he met the gaze of a little old lady in the crowd. Then he smiled and waved his hat to her, ran up on the platform, doubled up his legs, which he kept close together, and then waving his arms to keep his balance, jumped far forward. A shout of applause burst forth as he landed on his feet and raced down the hill. This increased still more when it was learned that he had out-distanced all the others, his jump being over eighty feet.

[63]

The last day of the term at school the children had a big Christmas tree. It was decorated with Russian and Finnish flags and candles and with sweets for all hanging from its branches. There were many visitors, for on this day prizes were to be awarded to the most deserving pupils. No one knew for certain to whom the chief prizes were to go, but there were often clever guesses. In Juhani's Grade, however, a murmur of surprise was heard when the name of the winner was announced. An unusually shy youth stepped forward awkwardly. Juhani remembered him as a poor boy who had entered that term. He

remembered also how hard at first he had found the studies, then how he improved by degrees until he ranked with the best.

The teacher, in making the presentation, dwelt on the virtue of such perseverance and then invited the visitors to ask him any questions in his late studies that they desired.

[64]

Several were eager to do this, much to the lad's embarrassment. But no sooner did he begin to answer than the embarrassment vanished, and he surprised all present by the clearness of his replies.

At the conclusion the teacher said: "This year we have for good reasons departed from our usual custom of presenting some book to be treasured by the winner. Instead we present to this deserving pupil a certain amount of money with only one stipulation, that he spend it in things that will most help him in his future studies."

"What will most help me in my future studies," the pupil responded, after some words of thanks, "will be the thought that my mother is more comfortable. So I accept this gladly if you have no objection to my giving it all at once to her."

The applause of all present showed their consent, and after an enquiring look at his teacher he walked up to a poorly-dressed woman who sat at the very rear of the room and whose eyes filled with tears as she took the money from his hands.

[65]

The younger children were not the only ones provided with schooling. In the nearest village to Juhani's home an adult school had been recently established by a big association called the Society for Popular Education. One half of the time each day was devoted to hand work, one half to easy conversational lessons in history, literature, science or any other study that appealed to

the particular group gathered together. All social classes were represented in this school. There were sons of peasants, servants, shop-keepers. Some of the teachers were paid; others volunteered their services to help make life more pleasant and useful for their fellowmen. Among the latter was a rich neighbor who had just finished a course in one of the big Agriculture Schools of the country and was looking forward to having a farm of her own. Another teacher was plainly a university student, for she wore the regulation student cap, on which a golden lyre was embroidered. Much of the social life of this community centered about this school. The people came not only to study and learn but also to enjoy as a relief from hard daily work the companionship of others.

[66]

FOOTNOTE:

[1] By the Finnish poet, J. L. Runeberg, from the translation by Anna Krook.

CHAPTER VI

[67]

THE DECEMBER VACATION

LONG before the coldest weather came, everything was made ready for a six or eight months' winter. The double windows were surrounded by cotton wool and gummed paper to keep out the draughts. The open rafters of the kitchen now served as a store room. From them hung dried fish, smoked pork, and even several weeks' supply of rye bread in large hard cakes with a hole in the middle of each.

As soon as the December holidays came, parties at neighboring houses followed each other in quick succession. Sometimes these were ski-ing parties of school children with the teacher in charge. Sometimes the older folks gathered, and sometimes whole families. There was always a dinner, and almost always dancing and the playing of games.

[68]

One day Juhani's whole family went to the home of a friend who lived fully ten miles distant. It was only about nine in the morning when they started in two low sleighs. The air was crisp and so still that it did not seem to stir, the sky intensely blue, as they hurried over snow-covered roads, past many forests, each tree bright in its pearly gown; past two farms whose buildings looked strikingly red and bare against their white background.

As they neared their destination, a bright-looking boy, accompanied by a kind of wolf hound, raced up on his skis to meet them. "You're just in time," he shouted when sufficiently near, "to help me make a fox trap. An old scamp of a fox has been after our chickens and I mean to get him."

"Where are you going to set the trap?" called back Juhani eagerly.

"I'm going to show you," responded the other, and as Juhani dismounted from the sleigh, the two made their way to some distance back of the barn. Here Juhani's friend had everything ready. First he drove a long stake into the ground. This stake was forked at the end with the central prong the longest. "Feel the edges," he said to Juhani.

[69]

Juhani did so and almost cut his finger. The edges were as sharp as knives.

"I don't understand yet," he said, putting his hand up to his mouth, "how that can catch a fox."

"Wait," returned his friend, and running to the barn he soon returned with bait which he placed at the top.

"The old fellow will jump at that," he explained, "and catch his paw between the prongs. You bet it'll hold him fast, too. There are a lot of them around," he continued as they made their way to the house, "and we're a good deal put out by them. Grandfather says, however, that it is nothing to the time when father first moved here. Then there were wolves and bears. I'd like to meet a bear. Do you remember the lines:

[70]

'Otso apple of the forest
With thy honey paws so curving'?

Grandfather says that they used to use charms to help them when they went hunting. Do you know what he likes to talk about better than bear hunting? It's seal shooting; perhaps because he did it only once. It wasn't here, of course, but on the frozen sea. He says he lay flat on a sled in front of which he had fastened a white sail so that the seal would take it for a part of the ice around. He pushed the sled with his feet, and, when near enough, shot."

"That was when he was a fisherman," conjectured Juhani.

His friend laughed. "Please don't use the past tense in regard to him. Why, he's still a fisherman. Only last year he had a fishing adventure that would make some people's hair rise. You look as if you didn't believe. Come, I'll get him to tell you about it."

[71]

They found the old man sitting in a sunny workroom mending a basket. He was quite ready to talk. "I don't belong here," he said, "but to the east end of the gulf. You say that you want to hear what happened last spring. Well, a whole camp of us went out together to fish through the ice. That's done every year. We took tents and firewood and food and expected to stay a long time. It was all right for a while and we got a lot of fish. But the spring thaw came earlier than we expected; we had fellows watching, but they were careless, and the first thing we knew the ice had cracked and I and one other were carried out to sea on a great ice floe. Our companions saw us when we were about twelve yards away, but they couldn't do anything for they hadn't any boats. We couldn't do anything but let the wind and wave carry us wherever they wished. I had a bottle of rum in my pocket and a big hunk of hard bread. My companion had nothing but a plug of tobacco. These three things we divided and lived on for two days. At last we drifted to firm ice, from which, stiff as we were, we managed to make our way to the mainland."

[72]

"You don't expect to go this year, do you?" asked Juhani.

"Yes, I do. Right after the holidays. Why shouldn't I?" asked the old man sharply. "I wasn't drowned, was I?"

Right here they were fortunately called into the house. When they reached it, Juhani at once noticed that it was some one's name day, for the doors were prettily decorated with boughs. A big meal awaited them indoors, and here Juhani found that the decorations were in honor of the mother for her chair was also wreathed. He at once went up to her and offered his congratulations, which the other members of his family had had a chance to do before.

[73]

A long time was spent at the table. When the meal was finished each person went up to the host and hostess, shook hands with them and said "Tack," thank you.

Juhani's friend next took him for a visit to the farm's carpenter shop, where he showed him the posts and gates he was making. "Are you going to have the shoemaker come to your place this year?" he asked. "We expect him here next week to make us enough shoes to last the year through. The tailor isn't coming till January. Two weeks ago we had the harness maker; I had to help him, and I tell you, I'm glad the harness is mended."

Here he thought of something else with which to entertain his guest. "Why, you haven't seen my new toboggan slide. Let's go quick."

[74]

They stopped at the barn to get a sled and then had several merry rides down a short but steep hill. This was followed by snow-balling and fancy ski jumping until time to bid each other good-by.

A few days following this pleasant visit, Juhani, Maja and the older sister attended a "Riddle Evening" at the home of a much nearer neighbor. Here quite a number of young people were gathered, each trying to be called the Master Riddle Guesser. Whoever couldn't answer three riddles in succession had to play the fool. He was seated in a chair in the middle of the room. One of the girls handed over her embroidered apron and it was tied around his waist. Another took off the kerchief around her neck and it was put on his head. Still another lent her glass beads. A saucer was then held over a candle flame until soot collected and with this his face was painted. The jolly company circled around him jeering and then forming a procession solemnly escorted him from the room and bade him study out the answers that he had not been able to guess.

[75]

CHAPTER VII

[76]

CHRISTMAS WEEK

SEVERAL days before Christmas, the whole farmhouse was scrubbed and cleaned, while bread was baked and ale brewed.

On Christmas Eve little Maja scattered clean straw on all the floors.

"Don't forget the birds," her older sister cautioned her.

"As if I would!" responded Maja. Nodding to Juhani, who stood by the door, she carried out a basket filled with crumbs and grain for the wild birds and animals. Juhani soon followed her with a sheaf of corn, which he placed where it would be sure to attract.

"You haven't forgotten, have you, Juhani," said Maja somewhat breathlessly as they stood together, "that they all can speak to-night?"

Juhani nodded and was silent for a moment. It always took him some time to get stirred up enough to talk. Then he said slowly, "I've put some of the food near the door, for 'tis said that if you listen behind it at night you'll be able to understand what they say. Don't tell, but I'm going to listen. Wouldn't it be hunky if I found out some secret?"

[77]

"Oh, then I must listen, too!" exclaimed Maja. But her brother did not like the idea.

"We'd be found out sure if you did," he said. "Better let me do it alone and I'll tell you about it

to-morrow,—before I tell any one else."

Maja reluctantly agreed, and the two went indoors where they separated, each to wrap up presents that they had made and to write the name of the recipient together with an appropriate verse or sentence on an attached paper. These were placed in the front room from which they mysteriously disappeared while the family were having their supper of rice porridge and *lut fisk* (stock fish), prepared in a way peculiar to the country.

After supper all seated themselves near the big stove and were very still with their eyes on the door. Presently a loud knock came. "Welcome! Welcome!" every one shouted.

The door opened and Father Christmas dressed as a Yule Goat entered. He carried a basket filled with gifts, and as he took one after another up he first read the recipient's name, then the attached verse, some of which were so funny that they caused much laughter. No one was left out. The servants, who were all present, smiled happily at having been remembered so generously, and even the big dog came in for his share which was a piece of meat wrapped securely in paper.

When bed time came, the children prepared to go to sleep on straw in memory of the Christ Child. Maja looked regretfully after Juhani, who had received permission from his mother to have the straw for him placed that night on the kitchen floor.



[78]

"SHE CARRIED OUT A BASKET FILLED WITH CRUMBS AND GRAIN"

In the morning all rose early, Maja and Juhani running into the front room to see "Heaven," a framework hung from the ceiling and made up of threads and yarn and straws and decorated with gilt stars. It was lit by a candle and seemed very beautiful to both of them, much to the satisfaction of the older sister, who had followed them, and whose work it was.

[79]

Long before six o'clock a visit had been paid to all the farm animals, and a supply of food and some dainty given each. Candles were then placed in all the windows, and putting on their heavy coats, their caps with ear flappers, and their heavy boots, they all piled into sleighs and were off to church.

It was very dark much of the way. Indeed it would be fortunate if the sun shone for five or six hours before night. They did not mind the dark, for they were not alone. From all sides people came, either on skis or in sleighs.

[80]

After the service there was a race of skis and sleighs homewards over the frozen lake in eager anticipation of the Christmas dinner, whose chief dish, Maja whispered to Juhani, was to be a big ham. It was not until they were home again that she found a chance to corner Juhani by himself and demand eagerly: "What did they say?"

Juhani looked curiously at her. "I listened last night," he said slowly, "for a long time but I didn't hear any animal or bird speak." Then, seeing Maja's disappointed face, he added quickly, "There are other things one can do. You know Esko's grandmother. Well, she once saw a great assembly of snakes on a hill near Impivaare. She knows all about snakes. She says that if you can kill an old adder and eat him just before the first cuckoo, ever after that you'll understand the language of birds and know all sorts of things."

Maja shuddered. "You wouldn't do that, would you?" she asked appealingly.

[81]

Juhani looked at her for a moment, and then, unable to withstand the temptation to tease her, said, "Why not?" and ran away.

Before New Year's with its special significance came, a guest arrived from Helsingfors. It was Juhani and Maja's aunt, a woman who had achieved some renown in the Capital as an architect.

They enjoyed her vivid descriptions of how the snow there was daily shoveled from the pavements, and how when you step on what remains it screams: "A hard winter! A hard winter!"

"We haven't gone in for as much ice yachting as usual," she remarked, rather sadly, the children thought. "The times are too unsettled."

"Tell us about the yachting," urged Maja, seeing the look of interest in Juhani's face, and knowing his slowness in asking for what he wanted.

[82]

"I know nothing more thrilling," the aunt returned, smiling, "than lying flat on your stomach on an ice yacht in motion. The yacht may take little leaps so that at times it seems to you as if it were about to fly. Then you rush madly at something and prepare yourself surely for a smash, but just in time the yacht swerves and you are safe to fly some more. In a sense you do fly, for when

the wind is strong the yacht is sometimes lifted high into the air. When it comes down you feel as if the world were coming to an end. It would have been fine for ice yachting this year, for we had black ice."

"What is that?" asked Maja.

"I know," broke in Juhani unexpectedly. "It is when the ice forms before snow falls."

His aunt nodded. "Yes; then the water looks like a mirror and it is much smoother than when covered with snow." [83]

"Did you come direct from Helsingfors?" asked Lilja after a pause.

"No," replied the aunt. "I had to go first to Viborg." And she described to them the famous Saima Canal, one of the many canals of the country which starts from there. It is built of Finnish granite and took eleven years to complete. "It goes," she said, "to Saima Lake, called the lake of a thousand islands, the most important lake of Finland. This lake is about three hundred feet above the sea level, so that the vessels on the canal have to be raised by locks. There are at least twenty-eight of these. I once saw three steamers on it and they looked as if they were walking up stairs. We mustn't forget that this canal is one of the good things that we owe to the Russians. It probably would not have been constructed but for the interest of Tzar Nicolas I, during whose reign it was begun. Viborg seems to be made up of Russian soldiers, which of course is no wonder, since it is the nearest town to the Russian frontier." [84]

She seemed inclined to say more but evidently thought better of it for she changed the conversation. "Some friends with whom I had dinner at Viborg told me a story that will interest you. It was regarding a relative that they called Pekka (Peter) and who for a while lived in the Castle of Olafsborg in the quaint town of Nyslott. It happened in this way. He came to Nyslott to attend the Musical Festival held there in the summer. The town was crowded and he despaired of getting a bed when he ran across an acquaintance to whom he told his troubles.

"'Unfortunately,' said the latter, 'I am a stranger here. I don't know a person,—except the watchman who has charge of the Castle.'

"The relative is of a somewhat romantic turn of mind. 'Excellent!' he said. 'Just the thing. Let's go over at once and hire a room from the watchman.' [85]

"'Do you mean,' said his acquaintance incredulously, 'that you're willing to stay in a ruined castle—probably haunted—all night?'

"But the young man was stubborn, and the two secured a boat and rowed over to the Castle. Nyslott is built on islands but the castle has one of its own. When they landed they found the watchman, who, after some hesitation, offered the stranger his own room, which was in a separate little building put up for his benefit.

"But Pekka would not have it so. 'I'd rather you'd fix me up something in the castle itself.' The watchman thought this a joke and proposed that they wander through the building to find a place that would suit.

"So they started. Everything looked very ancient, for the castle dates back to 1475. They went through queer passages where the walls were sometimes fifteen feet thick, under arches, up winding stairs, down again, into cellars and dungeons and ruined chambers. At last they came to the Hall of Knights, a long, dimly lighted room. The walls had fallen here to enclose partly a little space that was still roofed over. [86]

"'This shall be my lodging place,' declared the young man. 'Are you serious?' asked the watchman.

"'I certainly am,' answered Pekka, putting some money in the watchman's hand. The watchman thought for a while. 'I shall have to see the authorities,' he said at last.

"'I'll wait here,' said Pekka, and wait he did.

"When the guardian of the place returned he was all smiles. 'All right,' he said and set to work clearing the space. Then he brought rugs and a big fur coat on which the man could sleep. [87]

"The weather was warm and the bed couldn't have been very uncomfortable, for Pekka stayed there three nights. He declared afterwards that he dreamt wonderful dreams of the time when three races, the Swedes, the Russians and the Finns, struggled for the possession of this spot. One night he awoke shouting: 'The enemy! the enemy!' and then found that the invaders were only some of the many bats, who thought that they had a better right than he to this castle home."

Here the aunt brought forth some interesting photographs which she had taken at Helsingfors. One was an active scene at the open air market when the autumn sailing fleet came to sell winter provisions. It showed the peasant carts and the bright stalls covered with white awnings and blue umbrellas, the market women in gay attire, the butchers in bright pink coats or blouses, and the boats laden with fruit and vegetables, kegs of salted fish, and honey. There was also a picture taken earlier in the year, showing one of the principal harbors with crafts of every shape and size. There were enormous passenger boats, little market boats rowed by bare-armed women, small pleasure yachts, big timber ships with red brown sails, and a group of white Russian war [88]

vessels.

She had pictures, too, in which the older members of the family were interested, showing two very distinct styles of architecture to be found in Helsingfors. One was of a group of fine modern buildings on a broad street called the Myntgatan. They were of gray stone, six or seven stories high, dignified and well proportioned, with carefully selected classical decorations. In contrast to this, she produced photographs of other buildings of decided Finnish individuality. These buildings showed great variety, being of rough granite or brick, with tiled roofs, unusual balconies and porticos, fantastic plaster decorations, such as a group of frogs, a procession of swimming swans, a bunch of carrots and turnips, or a savage animal head. [89]

Another group of pictures showed the types of work done by Helsingfors women. In one of these a number of women were cleaning the streets, using immense brooms for the sweeping. In one, they were washing clothes on platforms built out into the sea. In still another, several stood on a scaffold, plastering a house, while three others were at work constructing a door.

Of all the pictures Maja liked best a view of the statue of Runeberg, the national poet, showing how it was decorated with flowers and laurels on the anniversary of his birthday. Juhani was attracted more particularly to a picture of a magnificent horse harnessed to a sleigh, his loins covered with a cloak coming far down to keep out the cold. [90]

The aunt presented these to the children. "Our people are kind to their horses," she said to Juhani; then turning to Maja: "On Runeberg's birthday not only is his statue in the square decorated, but all houses are lit up to show he is remembered, while in every restaurant people give festal dinners in his honor."

Then the aunt brought forth something that the children appreciated still more than the pictures. It was a sort of cake, especially peculiar to Viborg, made in the form of a lover's knot, and it had been baked on straw, some of which still stuck to the bottom.

CHAPTER VIII

SUMMER TIME

IN April the melting snow and ice showed that spring was on the way. How dirty and muddy it was everywhere! Instead of skis, the children had to wade to school in well greased boots.

New kinds of festivities took the place of the old. At Easter time eggs were painted and the family feasted on *memma*, a dish of boiled sweetened malt, eaten with cream and sugar.

On the first of May big swings were erected in the grove near the church and there the people gathered from a considerable distance, the children to swing and frolic, and their elders to listen to the singing of runes, some so ancient that the meaning was no longer plain, or to speeches welcoming the return of spring.

"Let's play! Let's play!" the children shouted as if they hadn't also played in the winter. Play they did. Sometimes it was "Last Pair Out." In this the boys and girls formed pairs and stood behind each other. At a signal the last couples separated, each going on different sides of the line and trying to unite in front before being caught by the one who was "It." They danced "To-day is the First of May" in a double circle, and the "Ring Dance" to which they sang: [92]

My love is like a strawberry,
So red and sweet is she:
And no one else may swing her round,
No one else 'cept me.

There was one little girl who was quite a leader in the games. Perhaps the reason was the enthusiastic way in which she played. She seemed to have two favorites: "Hide and Seek," in which the children counted out to see who was to be "It," and "Wolf." Both boys and girls played the latter as they did most of the other games. Juhani was the first to be the "Wolf," to the apparent joy of the leader, who took particular delight in teasing and escaping from him until he just ran her down and caught her. [93]

Maja did not play this. She had found some children younger than herself whom she joined in making miniature farms out of stones and sand. The first building which she erected was not the dwelling-house but the *Sauna* or bath-house. Then followed the other farm buildings, and last the cattle had stones carefully selected for them.

The spring, ushered in with such hearty welcome, went with a surprising swiftness, and summer arrived with intense blue skies and floods of sunshine and flowers. This was the time of the white nights,—a happy holiday time,—when the sun shines for more than eighteen hours at a time and for the remainder of the twenty-four leaves generously its reflection behind. [94]

During this springtime weather Maja saw that there were fresh wild flowers—pansies, lilies of the valley, lilacs, or wild roses—daily in the living-room. She loved the spring particularly for these. "How I love the flowers!" she would



"WOUND COLORED YARN AROUND THE RYE STALKS"

exclaim enthusiastically to Juhani whenever she found a new one.

Juhani would smile slowly, look thoughtfully into the distance, and after a pause return: "I like the spring for many things, but best I think for the change in the forest." Maja knew that he meant the new bits of sunshine everywhere and the new growth of needles that glistened so green against the background of the dark pines, and all the new bird calls to be heard there.

In June the schools closed, and for a while nothing was talked of but the preparations for the great midsummer festival to be held on June twenty-fourth, John the Baptist Day. [95]

There seemed no end of things to be done to show gladness. Maja wove garlands of flowers, while Juhani and his friends cut down great branches of birch trees in the forest, with which to decorate the houses. Lilja and her girl friends were also busy. They went to the fields and wound colored yarn around the rye stalks, arranging them to indicate joy and sorrow, love and hate. Before the grain was harvested these marked stalks would be found and the year's fortune foretold according to which was highest.

honor of the Sun. These were kept burning for twenty-four hours, for it is considered unlucky for them to go out sooner. Around these the people gathered to dance, many of them coming from a distance in farm carts trimmed with birch and filled with hay. There was a feast, too, of warm soup, cold salmon, and fancy cakes. The swings must not be forgotten. Several of them had been erected and not merely for the children. On some, young men and women swung together, while they sang the beautiful melancholy songs about this beautiful fleeting time. [96]

During this season tourists invaded the country districts, some on their way to Aavasaksa Hill where the sun can then be seen at midnight, shedding gray, faintly luminous rays. Among those who came were many Russians of the wealthy and middle classes.

It was not all play. There was much, very much hard work in which the children all had their set tasks. Juhani had to drive the cattle through the woodlands, assist Lilja with the milking, and help make hay. Maja had to gather berries, of which there was a great abundance. It is true there were compensations for all these tasks. If children had to gather berries, they could also eat big bowls of them with thick cream added, at every meal. Some of the berries Maja gathered she sold to passengers on the lake steamers. When she intended doing so, she made birch baskets for them by stripping off a foot square of bark and bending it into the shape of a box without a lid, then sewing the sides with twigs. [97]

She had also to gather sacks full of *luikku*, a soft white cotton flower with an odd perfume, to be used for stuffing the family pillows.

Although it was vacation there was one school task that all the children had to do or cared to do. It was gathering, pressing, and mounting as many as possible of the numerous wild flowers everywhere found in the woods and fields. The best presented at the beginning of the school term were always put on exhibition.

The only disagreeable part of the warm weather was the annoyance from mosquitoes. This made it necessary to light smoldering fires for the protection of the cattle who seemed to appreciate the fires, for without being driven they would cluster around them. Twigs of juniper were burned in the house for the same purpose. It was not always easy to get juniper, for it grows only in clay soil and Maja and her friends sometimes had a long tramp after it. [98]

Once, remembering the story of the Lapp children, Juhani smeared tar all over his face and hands and then teased Maja by threatening to put some on her too.

After July, the long magic days grew shorter, and when the days and nights were again almost equal, the children found themselves planning what they would do when school reopened.

THE END

L. C. Page & Company's Books for Young People

THE BLUE BONNET SERIES

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume \$ 2.00
The seven volumes, boxed as a set 14.00

A TEXAS BLUE BONNET

By CAROLINE E. JACOBS.

BLUE BONNET'S RANCH PARTY

By CAROLINE E. JACOBS AND EDYTH ELLERBECK READ.

BLUE BONNET IN BOSTON

By CAROLINE E. JACOBS AND LELA HORN RICHARDS.

BLUE BONNET KEEPS HOUSE

By CAROLINE E. JACOBS AND LELA HORN RICHARDS.

BLUE BONNET—DÉBUTANTE

By LELA HORN RICHARDS.

BLUE BONNET OF THE SEVEN STARS

By LELA HORN RICHARDS.

BLUE BONNET'S FAMILY

By LELA HORN RICHARDS.

"Blue Bonnet has the very finest kind of wholesome, honest, lively girlishness and cannot but make friends with every one who meets her through these books about her."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Blue Bonnet and her companions are real girls, the kind that one would like to have in one's home."—*New York Sun*.

THE HENRIETTA SERIES

By LELA HORN RICHARDS
Each one volume, 12mo, illustrated \$1.90

[2]

ONLY HENRIETTA

"It is an inspiring story of the unfolding of life for a young girl—a story in which there is plenty of action to hold interest and wealth of delicate sympathy and understanding that appeals to the hearts of young and old."—*Pittsburgh Leader*.

HENRIETTA'S INHERITANCE

"One of the most noteworthy stories for girls issued this season. The life of Henrietta is made very real, and there is enough incident in the narrative to balance the delightful characterization."—*Providence Journal*.

STORIES BY I. M. B. OF K.

Each one volume, 12mo, illustrated \$1.75

THE YOUNG KNIGHT

The clash of broad-sword on buckler, the twanging of bow-strings and the cracking of spears splintered by whirling maces resound through this stirring tale of knightly daring-do.

THE YOUNG CAVALIERS

"There have been many scores of books written about the Charles Stuarts of England, but never a merrier and more pathetic one than 'The Young Cavaliers.'"—*Family Herald*.

THE KING'S MINSTREL

"The interesting situations are numerous, and the spirit of the hero is one of courage, devotion and resource."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

"It is told with spirit and action."—*Buffalo Express*.

"The story will please all those who read it, and will be of particular interest for the boys for whom it was intended. It is a tale of devotion to an ideal of service and as such will appeal to youth."—*Portage Register-Democrat*.

"There is a lofty ideal throughout, some court intrigue, a smattering of the decadence of the old church heads, and a readable story."—*Middletown Press*.

THE BOYS' STORY OF THE RAILROAD SERIES

[3]

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, \$1.75

THE YOUNG SECTION-HAND; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF ALLAN WEST.

"The whole range of section railroading is covered in the story."—*Chicago Post*.

THE YOUNG TRAIN DISPATCHER

"A vivacious account of the varied and often hazardous nature of railroad life."—*Congregationalist*.

THE YOUNG TRAIN MASTER

"It is a book that can be unreservedly commended to anyone who loves a good, wholesome, thrilling, informing yarn."—*Passaic News*.

THE YOUNG APPRENTICE; OR, ALLAN WEST'S CHUM.

"The story is intensely interesting."—*Baltimore Sun*.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY SERIES

Of Worth While Classics for Boys and Girls

Revised and Edited for the Modern Reader

Each large 12mo, illustrated and with a poster jacket in full color \$2.00

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS

By C. M. YONGE.

ERLING THE BOLD

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

WINNING HIS KNIGHTHOOD; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF RAOULF DE GYSSAGE.

By H. TURING BRUCE.

"Tales which ring to the clanking of armour, tales of marches and counter-marches, tales of wars, but tales which bring peace; a peace and contentment in the knowledge that right, even in the darkest times, has survived and conquered."—*Portland Evening Express*.

BARBARA WINTHROP SERIES

[4]

By HELEN KATHERINE BROUGHALL
Each one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated \$2.00

BARBARA WINTHROP AT BOARDING SCHOOL

BARBARA WINTHROP AT CAMP

BARBARA WINTHROP: GRADUATE

BARBARA WINTHROP ABROAD

"Full of adventure—initiations, joys, picnics, parties, tragedies, vacation and all. Just what girls like, books in which 'dreams come true,' entertaining 'gossipy' books overflowing with conversation."—*Salt Lake City Deseret News*.

"High ideals and a real spirit of fun underlie the stories. They will be a decided addition to the bookshelves of the young girl for whom a holiday gift is contemplated."—*Los Angeles Saturday Night*.

DOCTOR'S LITTLE GIRL SERIES

By MARION AMES TAGGART
Each large 12mo, cloth, illustrated, per volume, \$1.75

THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE GIRL

"A charming story of the ups and downs of the life of a dear little maid."—*The Churchman*.

SWEET NANCY: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE GIRL.

"Just the sort of book to amuse, while its influence cannot but be elevating."—*New York Sun*.

NANCY, THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE PARTNER

"The story is sweet and fascinating, such as many girls of wholesome tastes will enjoy."—*Springfield Union*.

NANCY PORTER'S OPPORTUNITY

"Nancy shows throughout that she is a splendid young woman, with plenty of pluck."—*Boston Globe*.

NANCY AND THE COGGS TWINS

"The story is refreshing."—*New York Sun*.

THE PEGGY RAYMOND SERIES

[5]

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH
Each one volume, cloth, decorative, 12mo, illustrated, per volume \$1.75

PEGGY RAYMOND'S SUCCESS; OR, THE GIRLS OF FRIENDLY TERRACE.

"It is a book that cheers, that inspires to higher thinking; it knits hearts; it unfolds neighborhood plans in a way that makes one tingle to try carrying them out, and most of all it proves that in daily life, threads of wonderful issues are being woven in with what appears the most ordinary of material, but which in the end brings results stranger than the most thrilling fiction."—*Belle Kellogg Towne in The Young People's Weekly, Chicago*.

PEGGY RAYMOND'S VACATION

"It is a clean, wholesome, hearty story, well told and full of incident. It carries one through experiences that hearten and brighten the day."—*Utica, N. Y., Observer*.

PEGGY RAYMOND'S SCHOOL DAYS

"It is a bright, entertaining story, with happy girls, good times, natural development, and a

gentle earnestness of general tone."—*The Christian Register, Boston.*

PEGGY RAYMOND'S FRIENDLY TERRACE QUARTETTE

"The story is told in easy and entertaining style and is a most delightful narrative, especially for young people. It will also make the older readers feel younger, for while reading it they will surely live again in the days of their youth."—*Troy Budget.*

PEGGY RAYMOND'S WAY

"The author has again produced a story that is replete with wholesome incidents and makes Peggy more lovable than ever as a companion and leader."—*World of Books.*

FAMOUS LEADERS SERIES

By CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume (unless otherwise stated)
\$2.00

[6]

FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADERS

"More of such books should be written, books that acquaint young readers with historical personages in a pleasant, informal way."—*New York Sun.*

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

"Mr. Johnston has done faithful work in this volume, and his relation of battles, sieges and struggles of these famous Indians with the whites for the possession of America is a worthy addition to United States History."—*New York Marine Journal.*

FAMOUS SCOUTS

"It is the kind of a book that will have a great fascination for boys and young men."—*New London Day.*

FAMOUS PRIVATEERSMEN AND ADVENTURERS OF THE SEA

"The tales are more than merely interesting; they are entrancing, stirring the blood with thrilling force."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

FAMOUS FRONTIERSMEN AND HEROES OF THE BORDER

"The accounts are not only authentic, but distinctly readable, making a book of wide appeal to all who love the history of actual adventure."—*Cleveland Leader.*

FAMOUS DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS OF AMERICA

"The book is an epitome of some of the wildest and bravest adventures of which the world has known."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR

Who Led the United States and Her Allies to a Glorious Victory.

"The pages of this book have the charm of romance without its unreality. The book illuminates, with life-like portraits, the history of the World War."—*Rochester Post Express.*

[7]

FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES OF TODAY

Cloth 12mo, illustrated from specially autographed photographs \$2.50

"From Lindy to Bobby Jones, including Helen and Trudy, they are all here—and a right fine company they are. We are not acquainted with anyone who will not enjoy these fascinating stories of virile people."—*Monthly Book Talk.*

By EDWIN WILDMAN

THE FOUNDERS OF AMERICA (Lives of Great Americans from the Revolution to the Monroe Doctrine)

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICA (Lives of Great Americans from the Monroe

Doctrine to the Civil War)

FAMOUS LEADERS OF CHARACTER (Lives of Great Americans from the Civil War to Today)

FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY.—First Series

FAMOUS LEADERS OF INDUSTRY.—Second Series

"These biographies drive home the truth that just as every soldier of Napoleon carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every American youngster carries potential success under his hat."—*New York World*.

By CHARLES LEE LEWIS
Professor, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

FAMOUS AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS

With a complete index.

"In connection with the life of John Paul Jones, Stephen Decatur, and other famous naval officers, he groups the events of the period in which the officer distinguished himself, and combines the whole into a colorful and stirring narrative."—*Boston Herald*.

STORIES BY EVALEEN STEIN

[8]

Each one volume, 12mo, illustrated \$1.65

GABRIEL AND THE HOUR BOOK

A LITTLE SHEPHERD OF PROVENCE

THE CHRISTMAS PORRINGER

THE LITTLE COUNT OF NORMANDY

PEPIN: A Tale of Twelfth Night

CHILDREN'S STORIES

THE CIRCUS DWARF STORIES

WHEN FAIRIES WERE FRIENDLY

TROUBADOUR TALES

"No works in juvenile fiction contain so many of the elements that stir the hearts of children and grown-ups as well as do the stories so admirably told by this author."—*Louisville Daily Courier*.

"Evaleen Stein's stories are music in prose—they are like pearls on a chain of gold—each word seems exactly the right word in the right place; the stories sing themselves out, they are so beautifully expressed."—*The Lafayette Leader*.

MINUTE BOYS SERIES

[9]

By JAMES OTIS AND EDWARD STRATEMEYER
Each one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, fully illustrated, per volume \$1.50

This series of books for boys needs no recommendation. We venture to say that there are few boys of any age in this broad land who do not know and love both these authors and their stirring tales.

These books, as shown by their titles, deal with periods in the history of the development of our great country which are of exceeding interest to every patriotic American boy—and girl.

Places and personages of historical interest are here presented to the young reader in story form, and a great deal of real information is unconsciously gathered.

THE MINUTE BOYS OF PHILADELPHIA

THE MINUTE BOYS OF BOSTON

THE MINUTE BOYS OF NEW YORK CITY

THE MINUTE BOYS OF LONG ISLAND

THE MINUTE BOYS OF SOUTH CAROLINA

THE MINUTE BOYS OF THE WYOMING VALLEY

THE MINUTE BOYS OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY

THE MINUTE BOYS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

THE MINUTE BOYS OF BUNKER HILL

THE MINUTE BOYS OF LEXINGTON

THE MINUTE BOYS OF YORKTOWN

THE YOUNG PIONEER SERIES

By HARRISON ADAMS

Each 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume

\$1.65

[10]

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE OHIO; OR, CLEARING THE WILDERNESS.

THE PIONEER BOYS ON THE GREAT LAKES; OR, ON THE TRAIL OF THE IROQUOIS.

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE MISSISSIPPI; OR, THE HOMESTEAD IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE MISSOURI; OR, IN THE COUNTRY OF THE SIOUX.

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE YELLOWSTONE; OR, LOST IN THE LAND OF WONDERS.

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE COLUMBIA; OR, IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

THE PIONEER BOYS OF THE COLORADO; OR, BRAVING THE PERILS OF THE GRAND CANYON COUNTRY.

THE PIONEER BOYS OF KANSAS; OR, A PRAIRIE HOME IN BUFFALO LAND.

"Such books as these are an admirable means of stimulating among the young Americans of to-day interest in the story of their pioneer ancestors and the early days of the Republic."—*Boston Globe*.

"Not only interesting, but instructive as well and shows the sterling type of character which these days of self-reliance and trial produced."—*American Tourist, Chicago*.

"The stories are full of spirited action and contain much valuable historical information. Just the sort of reading a boy will enjoy immensely."—*Boston Herald*.

HILDEGARDE-MARGARET SERIES

[11]

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

Eleven Volumes

The Hildegarde-Margaret Series, beginning with "Queen Hildegarde" and ending with "The Merryweathers," make one of the best and most popular series of books for girls ever written.

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume \$1.75
The eleven volumes boxed as a set \$19.25

LIST OF TITLES

QUEEN HILDEGARDE
HILDEGARDE'S HOLIDAY
HILDEGARDE'S HOME
HILDEGARDE'S NEIGHBORS
HILDEGARDE'S HARVEST
THREE MARGARETS
MARGARET MONTFORT
PEGGY
RITA
FERNLEY HOUSE
THE MERRYWEATHERS

HONOR BRIGHT SERIES

[12]

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

Each one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated \$1.75

HONOR BRIGHT

"This is a story that rings as true and honest as the name of the young heroine—Honor—and not only the young girls, but the old ones will find much to admire and to commend in the beautiful character of Honor."—*Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.*

HONOR BRIGHT'S NEW ADVENTURE

"Girls will love the story and it has plot enough to interest the older reader as well."—*St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat.*

**DELIGHTFUL BOOKS FOR LITTLE
FOLKS**

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

THREE MINUTE STORIES

Cloth decorative, 12mo, with eight plates in full color and many text illustrations \$1.75

"Little ones will understand and delight in the stories and poems."—*Indianapolis News.*

FIVE MINUTE STORIES

Cloth decorative, square 12mo, illustrated \$1.75

A charming collection of short stories and clever poems for children.

MORE FIVE MINUTE STORIES

Cloth decorative, square 12mo, illustrated \$1.75

A noteworthy collection of short stories and poems for children, which will prove as popular with mothers as with boys and girls.

THE LITTLE COLONEL BOOKS

[13]

(Trade Mark)

Each large 12mo, cloth, illustrated, per volume.

\$2.00

THE LITTLE COLONEL STORIES

(Trade Mark)

Being three "Little Colonel" stories in the Cosy Corner Series, "The Little Colonel," "Two Little Knights of Kentucky," and "The Giant Scissors," in a single volume.

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HOUSE PARTY

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HOLIDAYS

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HERO

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL IN ARIZONA

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S CHRISTMAS VACATION

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL, MAID OF HONOR

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S KNIGHT COMES RIDING

(Trade Mark)

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S CHUM, MARY WARE

(Trade Mark)

MARY WARE IN TEXAS

MARY WARE'S PROMISED LAND

These twelve volumes, boxed as a set, \$24.00.

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

Cloth decorative, with special designs and illustrations \$1.25

In choosing her title, Mrs. Johnston had in mind "The Road of the Loving Heart," that famous highway, built by the natives of Hawaii, from their settlement to the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, as a memorial of their love and respect for the man who lived and labored among them, and whose example of a loving heart has never been forgotten. This story of a little princess and her faithful pet bear, who finally do discover "The Road of the Loving Heart," is a masterpiece of sympathy and understanding and beautiful thought.

[14]

THE JOHNSTON JEWEL SERIES

Each small 16mo, decorative boards, per volume \$0.75

IN THE DESERT OF WAITING: THE LEGEND OF CAMELBACK MOUNTAIN.

THE THREE WEAVERS: A FAIRY TALE FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS AS WELL AS FOR THEIR DAUGHTERS.

KEEPING TRYST: A TALE OF KING ARTHUR'S TIME.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLEEDING HEART

THE RESCUE OF PRINCESS WINSOME: A FAIRY PLAY FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

THE JESTER'S SWORD

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S GOOD TIMES BOOK

Uniform in size with the Little Colonel Series \$2.50
Bound in white kid (morocco) and gold 6.00

Cover design and decorations by Peter Verberg.

"A mighty attractive volume in which the owner may record the good times she has on decorated pages, and under the directions as it were of Annie Fellows Johnston."—*Buffalo Express*.

THE SANDMAN SERIES

[15]

Each large 12mo, cloth decorative, illustrated, per volume \$1.75

By WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

THE SANDMAN: HIS FARM STORIES.

"Mothers and fathers and kind elder sisters who take the little ones to bed and rack their brains for stories will find this book a treasure."—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE SANDMAN: MORE FARM STORIES.

"Children will call for these stories over and over again."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

THE SANDMAN: HIS SHIP STORIES.

"Little ones will understand and delight in the stories and their parents will read between the lines and recognize the poetic and artistic work of the author."—*Indianapolis News*.

THE SANDMAN: HIS SEA STORIES.

"Once upon a time there was a man who knew little children and the kind of stories they liked, so he wrote four books of Sandman's stories, all about the farm or the sea, and the brig *Industry*, and this book is one of them."—*Canadian Congregationalist*.

By JENNY WALLIS

THE SANDMAN: HIS SONGS AND RHYMES.

"Here is a fine collection of poems for mothers and friends to use at the twilight hour. They are not of the soporific kind especially. They are wholesome reading when most wide-awake and of such a soothing and delicious flavor that they are welcome when the lights are low."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

By HELEN I. CASTELLA

THE SANDMAN: HIS FAIRY STORIES.

This time the Sandman comes in person, and takes little Joyce, who believes in him, to the wonderful land of Nod. There they procure pots and pans from the pansy bed, a goose from the gooseberry bush, a chick from the chickweed, corn from the cornflower, and eat on a box from the boxwood hedge. They have almost as many adventures as Alice in Wonderland.

By HARRY W. FREES

[16]

THE SANDMAN: HIS ANIMAL STORIES.

"The simplicity of the stories and the fascinating manner in which they are written make them an excellent night-cap for the youngster who is easily excited into wakefulness."—*Pittsburgh Leader*.

THE SANDMAN: HIS KITTYCAT STORIES.

"The Sandman is a wonderful fellow. First he told farm stories, then ship stories, then sea stories. And now he tells stories about the kittens and the fun they had in Kittycat Town. A strange thing about these kittens is the ability to talk, work and play like boys and girls, and that is why all of the little tots will like the Sandman's book."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

THE SANDMAN: HIS BUNNY STORIES.

"The whole book is filled with one tale after another and is narrated in such a pleasing manner as to reach the heart of every child."—*Common Sense, Chicago.*

THE SANDMAN: HIS PUPPY STORIES.

Another volume of Mr. Frees' inimitable stories for tiny tots, this time about the "doggie mothers who lived with their puppies" on the other side of Kitty-way lane in Animal Land. The illustrations are from photographs posed by the author with the same appeal which has characterized his previous pictures.

By W. S. PHILLIPS
(EL COMANCHO)

THE SANDMAN: HIS INDIAN STORIES.

The Indian tales for this Celebrated Series of Children's Bedtime Stories have been written by a man who has Indian blood, who spent years of his life among the Redmen, in one of the tribes of which he is an honored member, and who is an expert interpreter of the Indian viewpoint and a practised authority on Indians as well as a master teller of tales.

THE MARJORY-JOE SERIES

By ALICE E. ALLEN

Each one volume, cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated, per volume

\$1.50

[17]

JOE, THE CIRCUS BOY AND ROSEMARY

These are two of Miss Allen's earliest and most successful stories, combined in a single volume to meet the insistent demands from young people for these two particular tales.

THE MARTIE TWINS: Continuing the Adventures of Joe, the Circus Boy

"The chief charm of the story is that it contains so much of human nature. It is so real that it touches the heart strings."—*New York Standard.*

MARJORY, THE CIRCUS GIRL

A sequel to "Joe, the Circus Boy," and "The Martie Twins."

MARJORY AT THE WILLOWS

Continuing the story of Marjory, the Circus Girl.

"Miss Allen does not write impossible stories, but delightfully pins her little folk right down to this life of ours, in which she ranges vigorously and delightfully."—*Boston Ideas.*

MARJORY'S HOUSE PARTY: Or, What Happened at Clover Patch

"Miss Allen certainly knows how to please the children and tells them stories that never fail to charm."—*Madison Courier.*

MARJORY'S DISCOVERY

This new addition to the popular MARJORY-JOE SERIES is as lovable and original as any of the other creations of this writer of charming stories. We get little peeps at the precious twins, at the healthy minded Joe and sweet Marjory. There is a bungalow party, which lasts the entire summer, in which all of the characters of the previous MARJORY-JOE stories participate, and their happy times are delightfully depicted.

THE LITTLE COUSIN SERIES

(TRADE MARK)

Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated, each \$1.00

By LAURA E. RICHARDS, ANNA C. WINLOW, Etc.

Our Little African Cousin

Our Little Alaskan Cousin

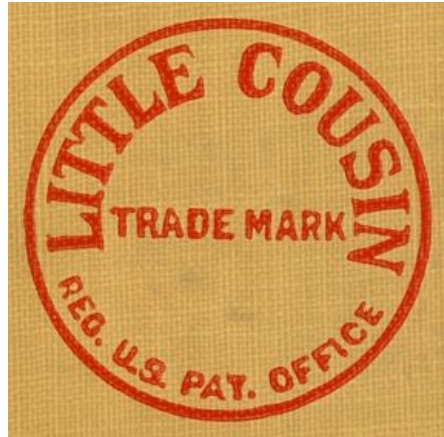
[18]

Our Little Arabian Cousin
Our Little Argentine Cousin
Our Little Armenian Cousin
Our Little Australian Cousin
Our Little Austrian Cousin
Our Little Belgian Cousin
Our Little Bohemian Cousin
Our Little Brazilian Cousin
Our Little Bulgarian Cousin
Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Great Northwest
Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Maritime Provinces
Our Little Chilean Cousin
Our Little Chinese Cousin
Our Little Cossack Cousin
Our Little Cuban Cousin
Our Little Czecho-Slovak Cousin
Our Little Danish Cousin
Our Little Dutch Cousin
Our Little Egyptian Cousin
Our Little English Cousin
Our Little Eskimo Cousin
Our Little Finnish Cousin
Our Little French Cousin
Our Little German Cousin
Our Little Grecian Cousin
Our Little Hawaiian Cousin
Our Little Hindu Cousin
Our Little Hungarian Cousin
Our Little Indian Cousin
Our Little Irish Cousin
Our Little Italian Cousin
Our Little Japanese Cousin
Our Little Jewish Cousin
Our Little Yugoslav Cousin
Our Little Korean Cousin
Our Little Lapp Cousin
Our Little Lithuanian Cousin
Our Little Malayan (Brown) Cousin
Our Little Mexican Cousin
Our Little Norwegian Cousin
Our Little Panama Cousin
Our Little Persian Cousin
Our Little Philippine Cousin
Our Little Polish Cousin
Our Little Porto Rican Cousin
Our Little Portuguese Cousin
Our Little Quebec Cousin
Our Little Roumanian Cousin
Our Little Russian Cousin
Our Little Scotch Cousin
Our Little Servian Cousin
Our Little Siamese Cousin
Our Little South African (Boer) Cousin
Our Little Spanish Cousin
Our Little Swedish Cousin
Our Little Swiss Cousin
Our Little Turkish Cousin
Our Little Welsh Cousin
Our Little West Indian Cousin

THE LITTLE COUSINS OF LONG AGO

Our Little Athenian Cousin
Our Little Carthaginian Cousin
Our Little Celtic Cousin

Our Little Crusader Cousin
Our Little Feudal Cousin
Our Little Florentine Cousin
Our Little Frankish Cousin
Our Little Macedonian Cousin
Our Little Norman Cousin
Our Little Roman Cousin
Our Little Saxon Cousin
Our Little Spartan Cousin
Our Little Viking Cousin



Transcriber's Notes:

First advertising page, price was stamped out and a new price stamped in.

Page 44, "it" changed to "is" (ground is covered)

Page 55, "remained" changed to "remained" (remained at his post)

Page 63, "awkardly" changed to "awkwardly" (stepped forward awkwardly)

Page 89, "anniversity" changed to "anniversary" (anniversary of his birthday)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OUR LITTLE FINNISH COUSIN ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the

phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project

Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any)

you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations

from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.