

tied the horse as best I could to the wagon again. It was pleasant ride back—sixteen miles, astride a trunk with a bicycle on my shoulder.

Every Finlander has a bath-house. Good coffee and bath-houses are distinctly Finnish. The importance of a Finn farmer is measured by the size and beauty of his bath-house, and a man without one is scarcely given the standing of a citizen. I had often noticed these white-walled cabins, the smoke issuing from beneath the eaves, but thought they were for smoking hams. One night a neighbor asked me to come and have a bath. I went. An arch is made of large stones—a sort of furnace, but there is no chimney. The house is built over this—quite a stylish house, not unlike a summer cottage on the Island. During the day a slow fire is kept burning in the arch until the rocks are well heated. A tub of water is then carried in and all is ready. The bathers jump upon a sort of loft built at one end. The captain throws a dipper of water on the stones. It instantly turns to steam—hot steam, too. This rises to the upper part of the room (hence the loft), and the bathers use their “vetas” freely. The vetas are made of twigs of the birch bound together, the soft leaves being left on. They make a luxury in the way of a body-brush. If it gets too hot in the loft, the bathers jump down on the floor, it being cooler down there. After having my “steaming” I took a look at myself. The dirt was all gone.

Amid scenes like these the summer passed. The Finns are always kind, and a stranger among them is given the best they have. And although the outlook at first was not promising, I enjoyed fully my stay in the “Colony of the White-haired Finns.” W. S. K.

GERMAN STUDENT DUELS.

The German Emperor was lately out forbidding duels in the German universities; but, strange to say, the duels go merrily on. The reason of this is that the Emperor has no more authority over the German student body than the Grand Lama of Thibet. The students are essentially a self-governing body. They have their own police, their own prison, and are responsible only to the university authorities. Their police are notoriously inefficient, their “career” or prison, holds about one man, and the authorities are thus shorn of their strength.

This writer was fortunate enough not long ago to witness several duels at Heidelberg. It appears this is an unusual thing. I recently spoke to two students who had studied in Germany for over a year each, and neither of them had ever got near a duel. The gentleman who secured me *entree* was an attache at the American Embassy in Berlin who had himself attended Heidelberg in his wild and woolly days, and displayed with great pride a scar he had got in a duel at that time.

The building in which the duels were held was a large barn-like structure attached to a little country inn. To arrive at it, one crossed to the other side of the river from the university, ascended the Philosophenweg or Philosopher's Way, a famous path, and thence passed up the Hirschgasse (goat path) to the top of the hill overlooking the river. Here was the ancient tavern where the familiar spirits of the university did congregate. In the barn-like structure I have mentioned, a great number of students sat about long tables taking their morning strawberry wine and rolls. Some of them wore white caps; these were the nobles. Some of them wore yellow and blue caps, these were the respectables. Some of them wore red and purple, these were what might be called “cheap-johns.” But nearly all of them

had scars on his face and head.

Now to an American mind it possibly seems strange that the German students would be proud of their scars. One would think that what they should be proud of would be coming through the fight without any scars. But it is not so. They do not fight to kill; they fight for scars. Before the fight their seconds arrange what the “game” shall be. If it is five scars, then the combatant who has first inflicted three scars, wins. If it is three scars, the combatant who has first inflicted two scars, wins. Furthermore, there is no skill in it at all; one man stands nearly as good a chance as another. Under these considerations, if a man has no scars, the logical conclusion is that he has not fought, and (triumphantly) that he is afraid to fight. That is why they are proud of their scars.

After a considerable wait, the first pair of duellists came in from an ante room, attended by their seconds and the doctors. I shall not soon forget the face of the man who faced me. It was livid and flabby to a degree, and the black goggles the man wore accentuated this effect horribly. I am not squeamish, but that face gave me a turn. Both the duellists, I think, were new at the game; at any rate, they seemed like it. They stumbled and looked awkward, and did not know where to turn, until they were lined up.

Each combatant is padded everywhere except as to his face, his head and his left arm; and his left arm is tied behind him. He wears black, strong goggles to protect his eyes. His neck has a pad on it, like a Queen Elizabeth ruff, fully five inches deep. His body is protected by what looks like a baseball catcher's protector. His sword-arm is so trussed up that he cannot let it down below the horizontal. His sword is long, blunt and pointless, exactly like the toy swords we all used to employ when we were younger, except in point of size. Nor has he any more freedom in regard to posture. He must stand with both feet together, as on parade, neither moving foot backward or forward. If he stepped forward he would trip over his seconds' foot, which is shoved in front of him; and if he stepped backward he would encounter the resting chair. Thus he has to fight motionless and rigid, moving only his sword-arm, and hack-hack-hacking with that away above his head, as if for dear life.

When there is the suspicion of a cut, the seconds knock up the swords and cry “Halt!” The doctor examines the cut, plasters it up, and they proceed. The livid-faced man I have referred to had his right hand cut nearly in half; the sword cut through the glove, ran up between his little finger and fourth finger, and into the body of the hand. Immediately there was a stir of excitement. Students, hitherto listless and eating their rolls and drinking their wine, crowded around with interest. A student near me said, “Das kommt selten vor.” I remember thinking what the poor fellow would do when exams. came around.

In the next duel one fellow got three cuts and another one. The third number, however, was the cap of the climax, and brought the house to its feet. The duellists were two short, stubby specimens, as lively and fierce as Tom Thumb, and hacked each other in glorious style. One of them served the other a cut on the scalp, so that a great flap of his scalp hung down over his ear. The other waited till the doctor had slapped the flap up again and plastered it down, and then he sailed in, and slit his foeman's nose, and slipped off his ear, and generally put his indelible trade-mark on him. Everybody pro-