



MOTORING
 IN THE
BALKANS

ALONG THE HIGHWAYS
 OF
 DALMATIA
 MONTENEGRO
 THE HERZEGOVINA
 AND
 BOSNIA



FRANCES KINSLEY
 HUTCHINSON



MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

By Mrs. Hutchinson

OUR COUNTRY HOME :
HOW WE TRANSFORMED A
WISCONSIN WILDERNESS.
With over 100 illustrations.
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DALMATIA, MONTENEGRO, THE
HERZEGOVINA AND BOSNIA

BY

FRANCES KINSLEY HUTCHINSON
AUTHOR OF "OUR COUNTRY HOME"

*WITH MAP AND OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR*



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A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1909

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CHICAGO

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To My Mother

A. M. K.

THE INDEFATIGABLE TRAVELER, THE WELL INFORMED
SIGHT-SEER, THE ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST
EVEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY,
THIS RECORD IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

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ITINERARY AND TABLE OF DISTANCES

1908 DATE	K.	MILES	TOWN	POP.	HOTEL
<i>April</i> 9			TRIESTE	183,000	HOTEL DE VILLE
11	74.2	46.3	ABBAZIA	16,000	GRAND HOTEL STEFANI
15			CRKVENICA*		THERAPIA PALACE
15	83.9	52.4	ZENGG		HOTEL ZAGREB
16			GOSPIĆ*		SVRATISTE LIKA
16	206.3	129.	ZARA	13,000	HOTEL BRISTOL
20			SCARDONA*		RESTAURANT BULJAN
20	101.5	63.5	SEBENICO	10,000	HOTEL DE LA VILLE
21			TRAŮ	3,500	
21	72.3	45.2	SPALATO	20,000	GRAND HOTEL BELLE- VUE
22			SALONA	1,700	
23			CLISSA	1,200	
25			METKOVIC*	1,700	HOTEL AUSTRIA
25	239.6	149.7	RAGUSA	8,400	IMPERIAL
<i>May</i> 1	51.3	32.	ZELENIKA		PENSION ZUM GRÜNEN STRAND
2	67.9	42.4	CETINJE	3,000	GRAND
4	119.2	74.5	RAGUSA	8,400	
7			TREBINJE*	5,000	HOTEL NAGLIĆ
7	107.	67.	GACKO		" MEHOPIJA
8	91.3	57.	MOSTAR	14,400	" NARENTA
11			JABLANICA*		" JABLANICA
11	125.	78.	ILIDZE		" HUNGARIA
12	12.	7.5	SARAJEVO	41,000	" EUROPE
14			TRAVNIK*	6,300	" TRAVNIK
14	149	93.6	JAJCE	4,000	GRAND
18	72.8	45.5	BANJALUKA	15,000	BOSNA
19			NOVI*	3,500	NOVI
19	157.9	98.6	BIHAC	6,000	CENTRALE
20	38.9	24.3	PLITVICA LAKES		VEREINS HOTEL
22			KARLSTADT*	6,000	STADT FIUME
22	149.1	93.2	AGRAM	61,000	GRAND
24			CILLI*	6,700	ERZHERZOG JOHANN
24	175.1	109.4	MARBURG	26,000	" "
25			GRATZ*	138,000	ELEPHANT
25	176.8	110.9	SEMMERING		PANHANS
26	101.5	63.5	VIENNA	1,675,000	GRAND

48 days 2372.6 K. 1483.5 miles 36 towns

* Luncheon.



MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

CHAPTER I

PLANS AND PRELIMINARIES

“**H**OW would you like to go to Dalmatia this year?” quietly asked the Leader one rainy evening in early Autumn, as we were planning our Winter migration. “Dalmatia,” he said, but other lands beside were in his mind,—Montenegro, the Herzegovina, Bosnia, Croatia. He apparently did not see our startled countenances nor hear our explosive comments.

“Dalmatia!”

“In an automobile?”

“*Can* we?”

Thus in varying pitches the trio simultaneously answered.

“Why not?” was the reply. “It is certainly not so far away nor so difficult to reach.”

But to me it seemed almost another planet. Dalmatia! What strange magic in the name! How remote and Asiatic it sounded! What visions of mountain fastnesses and land-locked harbors, of curious buildings and primitive peoples, danced before my excited fancy!

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

“You know that narrow strip of country on the other side of the Adriatic, across from Italy!” I came back to a consciousness of my surroundings and the expatiating voice of the Leader at the same moment. “It has been a favorite coast for yachtsmen during the last century. Zara, the most northern city, is about the same distance from Trieste as Rimini is —”

“Yes, by sea,” interrupted the Cautious One, “but the roads, — are they passable? Has any one ever tried them?” For the spirit of the pioneer is strangely absent from our small group and some of the comforts of this life have become necessities.

“Are there any road maps?” questioned the Enthusiast incredulously.

“I believe that there are some government maps to be had, and the Italian Touring Club has also published a map of the northern portion of Dalmatia. I am going to send over for them. It is difficult to get any information about the roads, but as there are few railroads the highways should be in so much the better condition. We shall have to investigate as we go along, making all possible inquiries from place to place; — if for any reason we find ourselves blocked we can always turn back. April and May are the desirable months, I hear, as earlier there is too much snow on the mountain passes, while later in the year it gets very hot.”

The uncertainty of the journey promised to add to our interest.

“But how do we get into Dalmatia? Where do we start from?” queried the Enthusiast, always desirous of details.

PLANS AND PRELIMINARIES

“Well,” answered the Leader of the expedition, “we shall probably go from Paris via Nice, Rapallo, and Spezia; Pisa, Siena, and Rome; Terni, Foligno, Urbino, and Rimini; Ravenna, Padua, Treviso, Udine, and Trieste; but I cannot recommend that as the shortest route!”

The Enthusiast was following with her finger on a large map of Europe. She reserved her comments, but her looks spoke volumes.

“Trieste, of course, is the natural starting-point,” went on the indefatigable Leader, “but if we cross in January we must find a good climate during February and March. The Riviera —” But there was a chorus of disapproval. “Oh, no! not the Riviera. It’s far too crowded, too dusty, too gay!”

“If I should show you a quiet spot on a green hillside,” composedly proceeded the Leader, “a small hotel in a beautiful garden, an apartment where the sun floods every room all day long, a cuisine both varied and tempting, would the mere fact of its being on the Riviera dissuade you from at least trying such a place?”

We protested our unbelief, but meekly consented to a trial. So it happened that in due time we went down to Cimiez on the hills above that too-famous winter resort of Nice and spent three never-to-be-forgotten weeks exploring the winding river valleys, hunting up neglected and half-ruined monasteries, discovering (?) splendid gorges and many a hill-crowned city, along those smooth and shady highways which make the land of France dear to the heart of the motor lover. It was almost as difficult to persuade

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

us to leave as it had been to induce us to try this bit of Paradise, but the days were flying and Dalmatia loomed before us.

We had by this time secured large maps with curiously forbidding names printed upon them; "Crkvenica, Otočac, Mali Halan, Benkovac, Metković, Krka"; — should we ever be able to pronounce them? Would they ever become familiar and easy? We were reading Mrs. Hohlbach's charming book on Dalmatia, and also a French translation of a German "Guide to Dalmatia" by Petermann. This last book gave us a few rules on the pronunciation of the Serbo-Croatian language with a glossary of the most important words that a traveller might need. When we learned that in pronouncing the Slavic names it is only necessary to remember four rules, we no longer felt so helpless: *j* is pronounced like *y*: *c* without accent like *ts*: *c* with accent like *tch*: the vowels the same as in Italian. We were informed that in the large towns Italian or German would be readily understood and at most of the hotels English could be relied upon, but in the hamlets of the interior and on the road only Slavic is used.

Of our delectable journeyings from the sunny Riviera over the mountains to Spezia and across the plain to Pisa; of our glance at the famous Della Robbias of Empoli; of our brief stops at Siena and Viterbo; this is not the place to speak. Even Rome, which served this time as a mere *pied-à-terre* for many a day's excursion, I dare not begin upon. Of Cori and Ninfa and Segni, of Palestrina and San Cosimato, of the nearer Tivoli and the Alban Hills, my

PLANS AND PRELIMINARIES

enthusiastic descriptions must wait; for Dalmatia is nearer than ever and the time has come for us to start.

Up by the fortress of Civita Castellana, with a look at the Cascades of Terni, we pass Nocera, Gualdo Tadino, and Cagli, cross the Apennines and stop at Urbino, Pesaro, and Rimini, having followed the old Via Emilia almost the entire distance from Rome. Proceeding via Ravenna, Rovigo, and Padua; Treviso, Udine, and Aquileia; at last, on the ninth of April, we look down from Občina upon the great seaport of Trieste.

The combination of old customs and traditions with much that is extremely modern makes this city of Austria a delight to the tourist. We knew from our faithful Baedeker that our hotel here stood upon the quay, but no guide-book could prepare one for the fascinating picture which the window revealed as we entered our apartment. Black-hulled steamers from Palermo, from Dalmatia, from France, England, and even from America, lay at anchor on the glittering sea, while bright-hued Venetian boats unloaded their queer cargoes at the near embankment. I leaned in ecstasy upon the window-sill thoughtfully provided with cushions for tired elbows, and watched the changing scene. Freighters arrived and trim passenger boats, their masts and yards so much more picturesque than the huge funnels of the modern steamer. A ferry from Capodistria came jauntily to the dock and unloaded her passengers, who walked ashore with brisk, business-like, almost American alertness, apparently heedless of the rare and beautiful sight presented by this hill-encircled city, brilliant with the brief sunshine of the

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

early Spring. From the distance a big liner signalled with flying colors, calling a tiny tug that slowly guided the monster to her berth amidst the moving craft.

But no steamer, big or little, can compare in picturesqueness or in grace with the gayly colored cargo-boats from Chioggia, their orange and brown sails patched in varying tones, their stripes of green or red or blue around the clumsy hulls, their big round eyes and slanting yards, their billowy sails, spread to the soft south wind or hanging limp against the mast or draped in wonderful folds to dry.

The morning light only strengthened our pleasing impressions. From a market-boat at an adjacent quay, marched a long procession of women with baskets on their heads. In the distance appeared a sailing vessel, her shining canvas turned to silver in the glowing sun. A forest of masts and funnels extended on either side of my vantage post; but my particular interest lay in the doings of the fascinating port shut in by the Molo San Carlo and the more prosaically named Number Four. One boat was loading telegraph poles, one large stone slabs, several had a penchant for bricks, and even sand was not disdained. Two men were carrying hand-barrows of sand from the ship's hold to a pile some twenty feet away. I wondered why they did not put it at once into the queer-shaped wicker wagons, which stood near, waiting to receive it; but I suppose that belongs to another class of labor! The waiting oxen, crouched in quiet contemplation of this busy scene, reminded me of their appearance in the *crêches* or *presepi*, those representations of the Nativity so dear to the hearts of Italy.



CARGO-BOATS FROM CHIOGGIA
CANAL GRANDE, TRIESTE



THE ROYAL PARK OF MIRAMAR, NEAR TRIESTE.

PLANS AND PRELIMINARIES

A gray coasting steamer with a beautiful green water-line poked its sharp nose deftly between the larger craft in the crowded waters, and ran alertly alongside the quay, bearing an interesting group of humanity. "It must be market day," I thought, and seizing my kodak, I plunged into the busy throng. It was market day, and the market was beside a wonderful canal lined with gayly painted ships. The heaps of oranges and lemons repeated the colors of the sails, and country folk in full short skirts, with shawl and knitted scarf, completed the picture. A trio of brilliantly costumed men flashed by me from the quay. "Dalmatians!" I heard, as I turned to follow them. They looked so big and fierce that I dared not "snap" them openly. Their wide leathern belts were stuffed with what seemed to be weapons of war; I say "seemed to be," for I afterwards learned that those vast and commodious pouches were not allowed to carry anything more dangerous than smoking utensils. Certainly to the superficial observer the array was no less intimidating. A quaint old lady stepped into the market-place looking as if she had come out of a picture frame. Her dark blue skirt had no gores taken from its gathered fulness, her black velvet cape was trimmed with a deep netted fringe, over which was draped a black neckerchief brocaded with green flowers, and on her head she wore a black kerchief whose large magenta peonies outshone the blossoms of every booth. I started to follow her when —

"Do you realize that it is breakfast time?" asked a familiar voice at my elbow; "and that we are going to see Trieste to-day, — and Miramar?"

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

Of course we climbed up the steep, none-too-sweet-smelling streets of the old city to the "Arco di Ricardo," whose huge blocks of stone told its Roman origin.

"Why Ricardo?" asked the tireless seeker after information.

"After Richard Cœur de Lion, who, according to tradition, was imprisoned here on his return from Palestine."

I always accept traditions absolutely, — it makes history so much more interesting and the personages seem so much more like real people. So it was easy to imagine that picturesque hero of mediæval history languishing behind barred and narrow windows, catching an occasional glimpse of the blue Adriatic which half in playfulness one night had cast him away upon Lacroma's rocks. What an impression his personality must have made upon these people that they rededicated to him this half-hidden remnant of a Roman triumphal arch!

There are museums in Trieste containing antiquities and modern treasures, but the chief charm of the city lies in her out-of-doors, and here we wandered through narrow lanes and stone-paved courts, by busy streets and sunny squares, watching the people at their work and play. We climbed the steep paved way to the cathedral at the castle walls. The present church was evolved in the fourteenth century by combining three sixth century edifices built on the site of a Roman temple. The tombstones in the *façade*, and also some of the inscriptions in the squatty belfry, were exceedingly curious. From the terrace the view over the

PLANS AND PRELIMINARIES

city and the sea, through flowering peach orchards, was enchanting in color and outline.

About five miles to the northwest of Trieste, close to the sea, is the royal Chateau of Miramar, situated in a beautiful park which is freely thrown open to the public. Imagine a garden of flowers and vines and shrubs; of fountains and pools and pergolas; of trees and hedges; of stone benches and statuary, — but no grass. It is wonderfully beautiful. At the time of our visit the wistaria was just ready to blossom, and when its purple tassels fall through the open lattice of the encircling arbors the effect must be magical. The laurustinus starred the copses, the genista was beginning to shine in yellow glory. Hyacinths and forget-me-nots, tulips, jonquils, and calceolarias in the box-edged formal garden were brilliant and effective. Black swans swimming lazily back and forth in this cool retreat begged us for tidbits.

On a small esplanade half-way up the cliff, four or five baby cannon pointed seaward, and beneath the pines the view was exquisite, either towards the castle or over the blue Adriatic. I thought of Maximilian and his pleasure in making this splendid estate from the stony hillside. I wondered whether in the stormy stress of his life in the new world his heart did not sometimes ache with longing for the quiet of this beautiful home; and a picture of the desolate field at Queretaro, where he was shot, came forcibly to my mind.

In turning away, I almost touched a little bird which looked up fearlessly, and, in no way disturbed by our pres-

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

ence or our movements, hopped unconcernedly about with a touching trustfulness in the human being which spoke volumes for the constant stream of visitors drifting through this royal domain. This beautiful confidence was the more noticeable in contrast with Italy, where every bird, big or little, is so much "game" for the ardent sportsman.

CHAPTER II

TRIESTE TO ABBAZIA

WE had looked forward to Trieste as the place where we could doubtless obtain definite information in regard to the roads and conveniences of motor travelling in Dalmatia. Here at its door we should probably find better maps, more guide-books, and possibly some friendly soul who had made the trip. We did learn that there were about twenty-five automobiles owned in the city and that within the last fortnight four motor cars had preceded us into Dalmatia. This was encouraging. Perhaps, however, it might as well be stated here that we never saw any of these adventurous tourists in all our wanderings, and heard of only one of them that penetrated as far south as Zelenika. Here, after one glance at the "ferry" across the Bocche di Cattaro, he shipped his car back to Trieste by steamer and took the next boat himself.

Trieste is so purely a seaport, that she seems to scorn any acquaintance with inland communication, and no road maps of any kind of Istria or Croatia, of Dalmatia or Montenegro, of the Herzegovina or Bosnia were to be found. Doubtless this will be remedied as the demand increases; for the western Balkan Provinces are sure to become, in the near future, the happy hunting grounds of the motorist. But at the bookshops, the bankers', the hotels, they looked upon us at this time as half-demented folk to attempt a tour in Dalmatia

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

by automobile instead of keeping to the well-known and tried means of locomotion — the steam-boat.

It had been the secretly cherished desire of our Leader to preface our Dalmatian journeyings with a bit of the old peninsula of Istria. Could anything be more beguiling than the descriptions of Pirano surrounded by olive groves above the bay, or Capodistria's cathedral and Palazzo Pubblico; or Parenzo with its sixth century church, or Rovigno with its high-lying campanile, and above all Pola, with its famous Amphitheatre and Roman Temple "erected in B. C. 19, its frieze still in excellent preservation"! But upon this journey authorities were unanimously agreed. "By steamer if you will, by rail if you must, but not by automobile. The roads are so dreadful that most motorists have turned back." Mud and stones, narrow ways and steep heights, short turns and frightened peasantry, — everything bad and nothing good was said of it! While not believing all this we reluctantly decided, in view of the long journey before us, to leave this somewhat uncertain expedition until another time.

"Suppose we stop at Abbazia for a few days before plunging into the darkness of Dalmatia?" quizzically asked the Leader, knowing that a comfortable hotel between the mountains and the sea delighted the heart of his companion. "It is but a short detour from our road."

"With a garden, too, the guide-book says," she added joyously.

So leaving the gay city of Trieste, we climbed the heights above it, enjoying delightful views over Muggia and Istria and the deep blue bays of the Adriatic. Up and down the

TRIESTE TO ABBAZIA

rolling surface of the high plateau we bowled, and at each new mountain range one of us would exclaim: "Is that Dalmatia?" But a negative nod was all that we received from the figure on the front seat busily engaged in watching the new roads and changing scenes. Women in groups were walking briskly along the highway, a huge basket of marketing lightly poised on each sleek head, big milk cans slung over their shoulders, and a broad smile of sympathetic enjoyment on their heavy features as they slowly turned and watched us.

"What have they in their hands?" asked Madame Content. "Every one has the same thing."

"It is an olive branch," answered the Enthusiast quietly. "To-morrow is Palm Sunday."

What a desolate country! Only an occasional farmhouse, or here and there a copse of pines breaks the monotony of the rock-covered plain. On our left the Gran Kapella range of Croatian mountains are covered with snow; but here there is no sign of water, neither river, brook, nor well, except an occasional muddy reservoir by the side of the road. Dotted among the rocks, at irregular intervals, are curious crater-like pits of varying sizes, into which the rain has washed the alluvial soil; and wherever these moist hollows occur the grass grows vividly green, in sharp relief to the dreary grayness of the landscape. These oases in the desert are the only possible places where crops can be raised.

Later on, the road climbs high hills and winds through small hamlets whose names are generally conspicuously posted in two languages. At Castelnovo there is actually

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an inn, — “Narodni Dom.” We note it carefully in case of accident and here we first see some of the pretty native costumes. A sky-blue, knee-length full skirt trimmed with a broad white band, white blouse and stockings, sandals, a red cap, and fichu form a combination both patriotic and gay! The names of the villages become more Slavic, — Hrusica, Racice, Pasjak, and before we reach Pasjak, just below the top of the pass a gorgeous panorama unfolds itself of mountains and islands and sea. Did Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, look down from this height, when with an army of two hundred thousand men, their families and goods, he marched from Moesia for the conquest of Italy in 489 A. D.? Was it across this very region that in the sixth century the Lombards swept when led by Alboin they poured down murderous hordes over the cliffs upon the Roman city of Tergeste? Surely over that snowy mountain range the Slavs and Avars advanced in that singular “wandering of the tribes” of the seventh century.

But my thoughts were brought back to the present with a jerk, — for, turning a sudden corner, we met a mail-carrier’s cart. His horse plunged and snorted with terror at sight of our car. Of course we stopped and the men rushed to the rescue, but by this time the horse had jumped over the stone wall and was drawn back on his haunches by the cart which remained partially in the road. Fortunately the post-man held onto the reins with all his might and in time the terrified animal was pacified. We looked at one another in dismay and wondered whether all the horses in Dalmatia were going to behave like this one!



THE MAIL CARRIER'S HORSE, NEAR PASJAK



A NATIVE OF ARBE AT ABBAZIA
THE WATER BUCKET OF THESE SLAVIC COUNTRIES

TRIESTE TO ABBAZIA

Over the summit of the pass we bowled and at Sapjanc coasted down again; but a short distance beyond began another pass. In the fifteenth century when the Venetians and Counts of Gorizia attempted to divert the commerce of the interior to their own ports of Muggia and Pirano, the Triestini rose in their wrath and fortified these very passes in a struggle to keep by force their commercial privileges. Now the road is maintained in good condition for artillery and leads through forests of young oaks into Croatia.

A girl, with a mountain basket on her back, passed us. Then a group of women in native costumes. This time the skirts were black with a red band and short enough to show the white skirts below; the black sleeveless jacket trimmed with red opened over a white blouse made with full sleeves. The whole had a charming effect.

Near Spinčici, sixty-eight kilometers from Trieste, we stopped again for the view. Far below us, the rock-girt island of Cherso extended its narrow length; to the right the houses of Abbazia lay white against the sea; and Monte Maggiore, its summit tipped with snow, rose in graceful long lines, — seeming to hold the little village in its protecting arms. The coast beyond jutted into the water in a series of projecting points, small islands detached themselves in the scattering haze, and in the Canale di Farasina a ship under full sail cast exquisite reflections on the glassy sea.

At Castua we left the highway, which went on to Fiume, and began the descent to Abbazia. The island of Veglia came in sight as we passed the extensive stone quarries of Preluka. Then we wound down bend after bend of the stony road,

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very narrow and very steep. At short distances diagonal gullies were placed to carry off the water. Later we were to learn that this senseless and very uncomfortable arrangement is a favorite method with Croatian roadmakers. The hillsides were clothed with pine forests and in sheltered corners peach-trees were bursting into blossom. As we swung into the long street of Abbazia, the horse chestnuts lining it tossed flowery bells upon us, and the sails of the fishing boats in the harbor nodded a bright welcome. How beautiful! What richness of coloring! What pictures at every turn! So this is Abbazia!

There is a charming shore walk built against the crags and sheltered by twisted pines leading to Ičići and Ika, which tempted us forth that day after the showers. The Croatian Alps loomed mysteriously out of the early twilight, and far in the distance, faintly outlined in the gray, rose the rocky islets of the Dalmatian coast. How fearless the birds were! The Italian *storno* whose acquaintance I had made in a villa near Rome sang his sweet song close by us, and my Miramar jewel fluttered down from the tangle to pick up a tidbit in the path.

Another day we took a walk up into the hills, where all the paths are marked in different colors, with guide-posts at the puzzling corners and distances measured by time! "Zu den Kaiser Franz Josef's Anlagen, 5 min." On the Jurasevo Ulica the blue lobelia and the low pinkish mint pushed their bright flowers from under the thick barberry bushes, big chestnuts towered above the evergreen laurel, the elms on the southern slope of the hill were painting it a

TRIESTE TO ABBAZIA

delicate green, the spiky smilax looked delicate and sensitive until you touched its sharp and unyielding leaves. And by the way, this plant does make the finest, most picturesque brooms, quite as effective as our own more conventional pattern. The method is so simple, too. Tie the bush on the end of a pole and, behold! it is ready for use.

"These paths are well made," commented the Enthusiast. "Even after the heavy rains of last night they are perfectly dry." About five feet wide, of fine, well-packed gravel, they wind by easy grades along the flowery hillsides and at each new viewpoint a comfortable bench invites to rest.

"Look at those peasants coming up the hill," cried the Enthusiast a moment later; "they are really in costume. Do you suppose they would care if I kodaked them?"

"The poor things!" exclaimed Madame Content. "Can it be coal they are carrying on their backs?" Coal it was, in cumbersome flat wooden barrels, strapped on their backs! And these women, their skirts tucked up, were actually laughing and chatting as they mounted the steep ascent, bent nearly double beneath their loads. To such an extent can habit harden one!

On the promenade of this fashionable watering place, a portly peasant attracted much attention by her orange stockings thrown into strong relief by her full, dark blue skirt reaching barely to the knee. The pale blue, tight-fitting basque came down six inches below her waist, making a frill over the hips, — thus accentuating their already disproportionate size; around her neck lay a wide frill of white netting, and her head was covered with a scarlet turban, one end of

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which hung in a flat wide sash to her waist. She was truly a gorgeous sight and the fashion plates paled before her.

About five miles beyond Abbazia is another winter resort, Lovrana, — less fashionable, perhaps, than her frivolous neighbor but with pretty villas by the sea and charming walks on the hillsides. Her tiny harbor was alive with color and movement. The sails swayed in the gentle breezes and the fishermen seemed to have leisure to spin endless yarns as they sat on the sand and mended their brown nets. We followed a band of wandering musicians to watch the street children dance in an abandon of joyous passion to the deep notes of an old trombone. In this diversion, at least, all nations join in sympathy and racial difficulties are momentarily forgotten.

I think it must have been a native from the island of Arbe whom we met one morning walking rapidly down the main street in Abbazia, carrying somebody's carefully prepared dinner. Her long, red-figured apron trimmed with white lace almost covered her dark skirt and reached just below her knee. Black shoes and stockings protected her liberal proportions, and her bright blue figured basque, with tight-fitting sleeves, added the proper amount of color to her costume. She had chosen a black velvet fringed kerchief for her head, with but a narrow border of those gay brocaded flowers so dear to the heart of the mountaineer. How soft, yet brilliant were her large dark eyes! With what splendid freedom she walked! Truly one sacrifices something to be civilized!

Perhaps it was this train of thought which prompted the

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Gentle Lady, one cloudy morning, to exclaim unexpectedly, "I am terribly tired of 'Tag'-ing people!" We laughed, but we sympathized with her;— for there did seem, to our Western ideas, a plethora of politeness. The elevator boy takes off his cap and makes an elaborate bow when we arrive at our floor, breaking into "*Guten Tag*," no matter how many times a day we ride up and down. A maid disappearing around a corner in the corridor does not forget to send an explosive "*Guten Tag*" echoing down the long expanse. The waiter who passes you, the porter busy at his desk, the errand boy at his manifold duties, never fails to "*Guten Tag*." It is all very well if we might accept and ignore it, but this is impossible. It would be the height of rudeness not to respond. Fortunately a plain "*Tag*" uttered explosively satisfies the demands of etiquette, and if on entering or leaving a shop, I forget the magic formula, a gentle poke from Madame Content never fails to bring it forth.

"What a queer-shaped under part that desk chair has!" the Enthusiast exclaimed casually one day, as from the sofa where she was lounging she contemplated the Gentle Lady, busy at her diary.

"Yes?" remarked the latter absently.

"What do you suppose it is for?" continued the Persistent One. "See — that other one at the dressing table is just like it! Why, they're all alike! Perhaps they were made that way to kneel upon if used for a church service." The Enthusiast was thinking aloud.

"They hardly project enough for that," remarked the Gentle Lady, turning around to inspect hers more closely.

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“Well, perhaps they were meant for foot-rests if the floor is draughty. They are certainly not pretty. They look just like bootjacks.”

“Bootjacks! Of course.” The Gentle Lady was by this time fully interested. “That is just what they are. I used to find those queer mediæval articles in my room in Germany, I remember.”

“Why, yes, they must be for the army officers who all wear boots. It is quite a sensible idea to have every chair a bootjack!”

“Do you suppose we shall ever have to order our breakfast in Slavic?” asked the Enthusiast anxiously. “It’s pretty long.”

“How does it sound?” quizzically demanded the Leader.

“Rather odd. Of course I make it as simple as possible. ‘Coffee with milk, bread and butter, one egg boiled four minutes. *Kafa sa miljeko, hljeb i maslo, jedan jaje rovita cetiri minut.*’” I finished amid peals of laughter and the commiserating glances of my companions.

“I do hope you will have a chance to use that carefully prepared sentence,” encouraged the Leader, “but I would not waste time learning any more.”

“Oh, just one more,” insisted the Enthusiast. “I feel sure I may want to ask the name of a village or a flower somewhere, and really it’s such a neat phrase. ‘*Kako se zove ova selo?*’ Say it fast and it sounds quite Italian except the first word.”

We are amused, now, when we think of our elaborate

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preparations, our forebodings, our doubts and our fears. I must confess that these were confined to the feminine camp, — the other side was far too sensible for misgivings, and only filled with pleasurable expectation in contemplating our journey into the wilds of Dalmatia.

CHAPTER III

ABBAZIA TO ZENGG

IT was at Abbazia that we bade a long farewell to our big trunks and sent them to await us in Vienna. For thenceforth the baggage of our entire party was to be limited to such as we could stow away on the automobile. Our car was of 28/32 H. P. with a double phaeton body and a Cape cart hood and carried ninety litres of gasoline in the tank with two extra tins of twelve litres each strapped on the side. In Trieste the Leader had made arrangements to have tires forwarded by parcel-post to any point on receipt of a telegram, so we took only three extra ones with us. Two good-sized trunks were strapped on behind, the hat-box slipped within the tires, and the night things packed in a huge sack which was placed in the tonneau.

Dressed in cloth suits and waterproofs we started off amid discouraging reports about roads, after heavy rains, but with immense determination and a large stock of enthusiasm. How lovely was the view back over Abbazia, the bay and the islands streaked with sunlight as we climbed the hill that windy morning on the first stage of our journey toward Dalmatia! The air was mild; but the roads, sticky after the rains, degenerated into deep holes at Fiume. Bumping and splashing through seas of mud and water, sometimes in dangerous proximity to great vans loaded with coal or stone or hogsheads of wine, we labored

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by the wharves and soon rolled smoothly over the pavement of stone slabs before the government building and park. A ruined castle on a height beyond Fiume presented an effective picture, but we were looking, more or less openly, for guide-posts. Oh! in the distance one is seen. We approach:

“U Dragu 4 K.”

We search the maps in vain for “Dragu” or any similar name; perhaps it is too small a place to be mentioned, perhaps it has another name entirely in Hungarian, for no two words could be more dissimilar than Fiume and Rjeka,—yet they are one and the same city. This difficulty of having at least two distinct names for each town, we soon discovered, was universal in this Balkan region. The only way is to know them both.

“We have seen, now, the one seaport of Hungary,” remarked the Leader, “and should soon be in Croatia.” Even as he spoke we crossed the ravine where flows the stream which has always been the boundary of the Croatian kingdom.

Passing under the railroad which connects Fiume with Agram, we climb a steep grade, thankful that the road is dry. The lilacs are budding, and the April morning seems quite like our own springtime. Another guide-post, but this time without a directing finger!

“U Sasak 2 K.”

As this is a suburb of Fiume, “u” evidently means “to.” We mount a fearful grade and go down one equally vertical into Draga. The hawthorn hedges are in blossom and in

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this sheltered valley vines are trained on the sunny slopes. The road resembles nothing so much as a scenic railway with its steep ups and downs. There is no attempt at grading but the track is fairly worn. Fruit-trees are in blossom, plums and almonds, cherries and peaches. A little chap herding sheep by the wayside, terrified at sight of us, forgets his precious charges and rushes into a cave to hide his face until we have passed. Near "U Bakar 3 K." we stop for the lovely view over the Bay of Buccari. It is like an inland sea, surrounded by high hills cultivated in terraces to the top, amidst which nestle the clustered houses of Meja and Dolmali. A steamer with rippling wake slips noiselessly toward the town of Bakar, or Baccari, which, crowned by its church spire, rises in soft rose tints from the water's edge. At the foot of the long descent the Hotel Jadran on the quay seems so neat and inviting that we are tempted to alight. Indeed, the whole town is conspicuously well-kept and we look back across the water many times to its attractive situation upon the sheltering slopes.

"Kraljevica" says the next guide-post, but our maps scorn these high-sounding syllables. A small boy by the roadside points straight ahead in response to our raised eyebrows and gesticulations; but an approaching teamster differs from him and insists on the other cross-road. They speak only Croatian, but their meaning is unmistakable, and we discover, later on, that both are right, as the two roads soon become one.

On a commanding point where the Bay of Buccari joins the sea, stands a square mediæval castle built by the Frangi-



THE HOTEL AT CRKVENICA



YOUNG WOMEN WORKING IN QUARRY NEAR CRKVENICA

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pani. Porto Re is the name of the settlement and so well protected is its harbor that Napoleon had intended to establish an arsenal here. Now, however, the castle has been modernized, painted yellow, and is used by the Society of Jesuits. High above it we obtain a splendid panorama of blue mountains above azure water. The roads are dry and hard and in due time we come to Kraljevica, a commonplace collection of scattered houses.

Continuing our journey, the canal of Maltempo, separating the rocky gray plateau of the island of Veglia from the mainland, soon appears below us, and, beyond, fjord-like basins glisten, ships look like toys upon the water, and the guide-posts begin to be marked "Crkvenica." Past Suriki and Smokovo and Klanfari we descend, midst fruit and grain farms, pastures and olive groves, down and ever down toward the rippling sea. It is nearly noon when we stop before the big Therapia Palace Hotel on the outskirts of Crkvenica. Here it is really warm. The sun pours down upon the long pier, the bath houses, the avenue of kiri-trees along the beach, the music pavilion, and the newly laid out gardens of the hotel.

Although this is a favorite resort of the Croatians, there were not many people in the house. We had an excellent luncheon and were interested in noting the difference in customs between this and other lands. For instance, it looked a trifle odd to us, — provincial as we are, perhaps, — to see prim, elderly, very proper-looking ladies enjoying their after-dinner cigarette; even the clergyman's wife joining them, quite unconscious of the commotion she was

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creating in the minds of those "singular Americans." From beneath the lowered awnings, we looked upon the fishing-smacks drifting lazily on the wide Morlacca, a scattering village outlining the near shore, and a passing steamer going across to Veglia. It was all very quiet and restful. Three hours can do wonders for tired senses and we renewed our journey with zest.

"Gasoline? Why certainly, — up the Vinodol. I will go with you," the porter insisted, "and show you the way."

What a charming little valley we ran into, this one of Vinodol! A dancing stream, a rustic bridge, overhanging oaks, young elms in winged blossom, and people so gay, so friendly! Imagine women being gay when carrying baskets of rocks from a quarry to a wagon! Imagine being on good terms with life on thirty-two cents a day! Imagine women who really seem to enjoy the making of roads! One balanced a heavy table on her head as she climbed the hill. A tiny child of five running beside her already had her bundle strapped upon her back, in imitation of her elders. Here at the mill where we bought the gasoline, we found that the overseer had been in America; he had worked in the mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, he said. Now he was home again, very much looked up to, evidently, as a travelled personage.

Returning to the village of Crkvenica, we paused to see the picturesque water front. The stone embankment with its many iron rings for mooring was a delight to watch. Row-boats and sail-boats, fishing-boats and market-boats,

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ferry-boats and even an occasional steam-boat, made enough color to run the gamut of the spectroscope.

Speeding onwards over an ancient five-arched bridge, past a castle of the Frangipani, we catch wonderful effects of light as the sun touches the sea, the valley, and the mountain peaks with slender, swiftly moving fingers. Our route follows the water, although high above it, and we look down on fishermen in small boats and on shore, drawing in a huge seine with its wooden floats. Is it tunny fishing? They pause to look up with flashing smiles as we fly by. We climb by a steep ascent over a neck of land, and on the other side, far below us, appears the tiny harbor of Novi. How favorably this ravishing drive compares with the famous Cornice! Opalescent mountains reflect the scurrying clouds. At their base lies the town of Novi in shades of mellow brown, roofs and walls one blended whole;—an occasional blue or green door, delicately distinct, only emphasizing the general tone. Up from the water's edge, in long flights of steps, rise all the city streets. The women rub their eyes and blink in startled wonder as we sweep by them. The road is firm and dry, if somewhat narrow, and it is remarkable that not a wagon have we passed to-day. But what need of wagons or animals to draw them when the women are such beasts of burden? We meet one "happy pair,"—she staggering under an enormous load of fagots, he carrying the axe!

Still following the convolutions of the coast, we climb to the Karst again. The Karst has been defined as "a country covered with loose splintered rocks which the land 'grows' faster than they can be picked off it, although the

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great heaps that divide field from field cover more ground than they leave exposed for cultivation." How precious one square mile of this dreary waste would be, transported to the stoneless prairies of America where the occasional gravel pit proves a gold-mine to its discoverer and the only road-dressing procurable is from the banks of streams and lakes!

However, in Croatia the Karst fails to be appreciated — there is too much of it. Between barren boulders the sheep search industriously for food; a bit of genista hangs out its yellow banner from beneath a projecting crag; there is not a tree in sight, — only sage-brush and the endless ruin of the jagged rocks. Suddenly below us shines a deep inlet of the sea, and as we cross the promontory we pause on the ridge to enjoy the backward view. Dark clouds are rushing over the sky, casting weird shadows upon dancing water and castellated islands. Before us, wandering up the bare gray mountain side, our road appears, a narrow dust-colored line.

Crossing this last barrier we come upon signs of habitation, green almond-trees grow on the southern terraces, young calves, nibbling at an invisible herbage, surround our car in dazed fearlessness. A platform near the road is protected on the two sides whence blows the Bora by high stone walls and in the centre bears that great blessing of the Orient, a deep cool well. We are nearing Senj, Segna, or Zengg, now, and soon catch sight of it through the falling mist.

"And the pirates?" demands the Enthusiast, for the surroundings are so very propitious and the former inhabitants so notorious. "Do you see any?"

ABBAZIA TO ZENGG

“Oh! there’s no danger here,” quoth the Leader. “Those red-capped groups in the harbor are only innocent fishermen about their daily toil.”

We peered anxiously from beneath the curtains as we thundered through the mediæval gateway and dashed across the square to a neat-looking building marked Hotel Zagreb.

“But our hotel is the Agram,” ventured the Enthusiast.

“Well, Zagreb is Croatian for Agram.” And my wonder was increased, for the hundredth time, as to how it was possible for the early geographers to evolve the names they did from the native words.

A cheery landlady came from the tiny box of a kitchen in the centre of the house and led us up two flights of steep and shining stairs. With conscious pride, throwing open the door of a spotless chamber, she preceded us to open a small compartment in the double windows and to watch our faces when, our veils being removed, the full splendor of her best apartment should burst upon us. For although we had sent no word it was evident that some one was expected. The immaculate sheets were turned half-way down the bed, over tufted satin quilts; the ruffled and embroidered pillow cases glistened; a vase of bright artificial flowers ornamented the columnar stove in the corner; and Dresden shepherdesses looked coyly down at more ordinary *bric-à-brac* upon the whatnot. A gracefully shaped glass pitcher stood in the porcelain-lined *tin* bowl on the washstand and plenty of fresh towels were brought. Only the landlady herself seemed to understand German, so all orders were given through her. With the big-eyed Croatian

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maiden we found gesticulations ample and sufficient. After all, our needs were few — something to eat and a clean bed. It did not seem exacting.

We wandered out to the quay through the narrow winding streets and from the pier looked back beyond the warehouses to the Nahaj Castle on the hill — a likely place indeed for a pirate band; but we saw nothing piratical on the slumbering sunlit shore, or even in the tortuous streets of the tiny town. A quiet good-nature seemed to prevail and everywhere we were sped on our way with the greeting, “*Küss die Hand.*”

CHAPTER IV

ZENGG TO GOSPIĆ — OVER THE VRATNIK PASS

VERY early the next morning our party is perforce awake for there are no shades or curtains or blinds to shut out the brilliant light. Already the city is astir, and at the fountain in the public square a girl is filling her wooden tub. How is she going to carry it away? To my amazement she lifts it lightly to her head, balances it deftly, and walks up the hill without spilling a drop. Before our breakfast is ready she is back again and as she trips along with a peculiar lilt-ing motion the water dances in little pointed wavelets in the tub but it never dances out. Boys, great and small, many of them wearing the Croatian cap, crowd around the automobile intensely interested in every detail; but with a politeness of demeanor that reassures us.

We are susceptible to each new impression this morning and an unwonted air of excitement seems to pervade our party, for to-day we are to enter the promised land;— to-day we are to try strange routes and cross the mountain passes of Vratnik and Mali Halan. What knowledge we have been able to acquire is so meagre, so contradictory, that it really is with a thrill of prospective adventure that we leave our friendly Hotel Zagreb and set out at last for Dalmatia.

There is a coast road as far as Carlopago, thence to Gospić; but being assured that the better route lies straight inland we leave the sea and start up the valley where the blue hills overlap. On the southern slope the trees are

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already tinged with green and the sun shines in brilliant patches from a wind-swept sky.

It is indeed a day for adventures. Should one of the Frangipani, who were masters of this territory in the thirteenth century, appear, surrounded by his body-guard, to demand toll from this new invasion, it would not surprise us. Or should the Uscocs dart from any one of the many convenient ambushes, it would seem quite natural and fitting. The original Uscocs were honest men when driven by the Turks from Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia to find refuge, first in Clissa, and then in Zengg under the protection of Ferdinand of Austria. Here, at first, they made an ideal frontier guard against the Turks; but after being checked in that direction they turned their attention to the sea, degenerating into lawless marauders, attracting to their number adventurers and outlaws, from all nations and "becoming the terror of Christian and Moslem alike." After unheard-of atrocities culminating in a three years' war between Venice and Austria, in 1618 the Uscocs were dispersed and Zengg occupied by German troops; but the pirate tales of barbaric bloodshed, of hideous crimes for gain, still create a background of darkness and gloom which enfolds the harbor of Zengg and its overhanging rugged heights.

Up these heights we crawl slowly for an unexpected detail delays us; — the sharp stones of the road are well worn down in two fairly smooth ruts and we might mount the somewhat steep incline with ease were it not for the *cassis*, or bumps, which at every forty feet or so force us to slow down or break a spring. We might almost as well ride in the dry

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bed of the torrent, so faithfully do we follow its capricious bends. Beside us a whitewashed chapel lifts its tiny belfry above the wooden crosses at its feet. Up and up we go by long windings on the mountain side until at length, far above us, we see a cleft in the crags.

“That,” says the Leader, pointing to it, “is where our road goes through and over. The many white pyramids of stones which dot the mountain between us and that cleft show where the route lies, and are ready for repairing it.”

Below us the inlets of the sea lie like crater lakes among the peaks. Although we have passed the last straggling pines and firs, we still hear bird songs above the hum of the machinery and catch occasional glimpses of the happy songsters. “Bransevina” we read on a sign-post and look down sheer two thousand feet to where the islands seem cut in ivory out of the blue water. Even far-away Cherso comes into view and then —

Suddenly a loaded wagon drawn by two horses appears on the road ahead of us. Poor things! How frightened they are! And the teamster — how he trembles — how his teeth chatter! The predicament is not a pleasant one for either party, as there is no parapet to the road and the distance down that precipice is many hundred feet. We instantly stop on the outside and the chauffeur talks soothingly to the horses and rubs their noses until they consent to be led by the evidently harmless although terrifying monster. The man is grateful and smiles pleasantly as he pursues his downward course and we hope fervently that we may not meet many vehicles on this narrow pass.

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Soon after, we stop at a wayside spring for the marvellous view below us. Beyond the heights of Veglia the island of Arbe rises like a shimmering opal out of the turquoise sea. The play of color on her shining cliffs changes with each dimpling cloud. So unearthly is the vision it seems floating in ether and I half expect anything so lovely must soon vanish when — I hear a sharp click beside me and the motor continues its climb.

“This is the top of the Vratnik Pass [2326 feet],” remarks the Leader, as we slip through that cleft in the crags and turn away from the shimmering sea. “We have taken fifty-nine minutes to climb fifteen kilometers. At this rate we will have to make other arrangements for the night.”

The road is very muddy from recent rains, the bumps are farther apart now for we are on a high plateau, a cultivated open country with wooded hills rising on either side. Cattle scramble up the steep inclines like goats to get out of our way, palisade-like fences take the place of stone walls, snow lies by the roadside. “Vratniku 25 K. Otočac,” says a guide-post, and we feel encouraged, for Otočac is our first halt.

A walled-in well and a few scattered adobe huts constitute this settlement of Vratniku. The huts are shingled with five or six rows of long “shakes” and in lieu of a chimney have a pointed board placed at a slight angle from a hole in the roof. Neatly piled stacks of white birch-wood stand beside each door. We soon discover that this primitive shelter is the characteristic Croatian farmhouse, differing only in proportions.

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“22 u Otočac” — and three horses abreast stand stiff with horror before the advancing monstrosity. Again we stop and the chauffeur quiets the frightened beasts. The language is totally unknown to them but the tones are soothing and comforting so they consent to be led by, and the strain is less intense since this time we are not on the ragged edge of a precipice. The wild hellebore grows rank among the stones, a hawk circles overhead, gayly marked small birds fly from the *corniolo's* yellow blossom, and primroses peep from beneath a tangle of dried clematis.

“Zatalowka,” but the tiny hamlet is soon passed. We are on the great plateau of the Velebit and the road is drier in places. Men in picturesque costumes consisting of blue sleeveless coat, white woollen stockings drawn over the trousers to the knee, and gaiters above the string sandal, or *opanka*, pass us; on their heads is the inevitable red Croatian cap and they carry a flat bag woven of horsehair with red fringe.

A tumble-down chaise appears and the horses threaten to smash it in their struggles to get away from us; but nothing really happens. I will omit our further experiences with horses on this one day. There seems to be a certain monotony in the telling of them, which, however, did not pertain to the reality! At the time there were always elements of danger; but we successfully emerged from every one of our ten encounters. Cisasitch is passed, and here a road leads to Dabar; but there is no mistaking our own route carefully marked with guide-posts from the top of the Vratnik Pass.

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Near Kompolje our exhaust has to be cleaned from the accumulated mud, and I welcome every stop, as there is always so much to see. Here the houses resemble Swiss chalets. From over the high-railed wooden balconies the mountaineers peer at us, reserved yet friendly, and seem less suspicious than the inhabitants of the coast.

Eager to test their hospitality, we go toward one of the simple dwellings, and as we approach every head disappears from the balcony, whether in dislike of my kodak or fear of ourselves, we cannot tell; but after a moment's delay the mystery is solved, for all the family have rushed down to open the door and welcome us. They stand in a huddled group, looking at us curiously, but not quite certain what to do. With the one word "*voda*" (water), uttered in an appealing tone and with a gesture of drinking, we throw ourselves upon their mercy. Their self-consciousness vanishes in flashing smiles, and the youngest runs inside while the older ones motion us to enter. An unmistakable odor of onions and soup rushes out through the half-opened doorway.

"We are so bundled up," the Gentle Lady explains; — "will they pardon us for not accepting their invitation?" I stare in amazement at the variety and lucidity of her gestures. When the girl returns with two cups of water all formality disappears. How good it tastes! How pleased they seem to be at our delight! They finger frankly our strange garments; my pongee mackintosh especially amuses them, and the one who discovers the rubber lining has to exhibit it to each in turn. They talk all the time, and we do the same,

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each in his own tongue; the tone, the inflection, the expression, are even more telling than language. By the time the Leader calls us, we have become good friends, and bid these kindly creatures a half-regretful "*Au revoir.*"

Once more we surmount a forest-covered ridge, and from the top we see Otočac in the distance. It is nearly eleven as we stop at the "Oest Automobil Club Auto-Benzin und Oel Station" for supplies, and are immediately surrounded by a crowd in holiday attire.

"Oh, do take the kodak and go across the street," I beg the Leader, who, busy about his gasoline, looks up a bit annoyed. But one glance at the picture is enough for him, and he obediently seizes the kodak and crosses the broad street.

"If it would only take color!" I cry as he returns. "Do see this beautiful man at my side." By this time we speak our minds quite freely and aloud, for English is a tongue unknown in the interior of Croatia. The "beautiful man" is meanwhile devouring with his big eyes every detail of the mud-bespattered car.

"Is n't that white knit jacket becoming? And do you see each one has a different colored border and cuffs? Are n't the brass-studded belts effective? And did you ever see such long pipes?" The women wear big black silk aprons trimmed with white lace and carry the gayest of tasselled bags, large enough for panniers on a donkey's back.

From the neat-looking inn across the way, from the feed store and the low houses, come slowly a gathering throng, who, — making the *benzin* seller their interpreter, — ask

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intelligent questions of our Leader as to our nationality, the distance made to-day, and our destination. The word "America" always brings a glance of pleased recognition. Is it not the dream of many a boy to some day visit that wonderful country and, of course, bring home a fortune? Scarcely a hamlet is so small that it has not sent at least one representative to the New World. So as we leave Otočac the people speed us upon our way with pleasant nods and smiles of friendly sympathy.

"That is the road to the Plitvica Lakes," calls back the Leader, as we pass a post which says "u Priboj." "If it were later in the season, we would go over there from here, but as they lie two thousand feet above the sea, I am afraid it would be too cold just now."

As we cross a tiny stream, we meet a cart, whose owner, fearing to pass us, turns about hurriedly and runs before us seeking shelter; in his anxiety he fails to notice the loss of one of his wheels! It is a comment on the usual roughness of the roads! We pick up the wheel and carry it to him where he is waiting in a hospitable farmyard and he receives it with a mingled expression of amazement and gratitude.

Past Lesce and a cross road to Ravljane, we climb into a charming dale where the Gacka River begins its gentle course. A mill is half hidden behind low falls; a group of men bow politely as we move by; the road becomes drier as we mount a long well-graded hill with pleasing views back over the grassy valley and the little stream meandering through its green length. We have time to enjoy it, for our

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poor engine cannot breathe, the radiator is so choked with mud. Farther on we enter pine forests and hills of spruce and cedar, — then snow by the wayside and many granite boulders.

We look about for water, to replace the loss caused by the overheating of the engine. Not a brook nor a pool anywhere! Finally at a turn in the road a house appears bearing the welcome sign "*Gostiona*," (inn) and the willing peasant, in response to our gestures, brings out a pitcher and a glass. We point to the engine, and pour in what he has brought; when, smiling at his own cleverness in comprehending these queer foreigners, he darts toward the well and soon reappears with a kerosene can full of water. This receptacle, fitted with a wooden bar for a handle, has usurped the place of the pail as a carrier of water throughout these regions.

"Gospic?" we ask — for we are growing hungry. "25 K.," he writes on a slip of paper. Luckily figures are alike in most languages!

We thank him for his precious draught, and go on our way over the hilltops, through low thickets of "*maquis*" and masses of rock. "*Maquis*" is a name given to a certain type of vegetation, grayish green in color, which abounds on the dry boulder-strewn slopes of the Mediterranean region. It consists of aromatic plants, such as the rosemary, thyme, lavender, myrtle, mastic, and helichrysum, with cistus of various kinds, oleaster, and *lavendula*, intermingled with the buckthorn, wild olive, and juniper. Their perfume is said to protect them from animals, and they are able to withstand the long droughts of midsummer: here evidently

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the same conditions prevail. The mountains are covered with snow on our right, and we can see our road winding in long loops up the other side of the valley. In the deep hollows the crops are green and sheep graze among the stones. We gain another crest, — two thousand and eighty feet, — with a wonderful glimpse of snow fields on summits veiled in clouds.

Past the towns of Kvarte and Perusić, we meet four loaded wagons at the door of a wayside inn. Fortunately the men are inside the house and we are by before they have a chance to communicate their fright to the dumb beasts. The lamb's-wool horse-blankets, dyed in brilliant colors, contrast gayly with the grayness of the road. Flocks of wheatears flit back and forth across our way. Such beautiful creatures!

Descending into a plain of ploughed fields, and crossing the river Lika, a wide, straight road brings us to the village of Gospić at the foot of the snow-crowned Velebit Mountains.

Evidently, it is market-day, for the way is lined with picturesque groups of peasants. The sleeveless sheepskin coats, striped waistcoats, and red caps of the men, the bright yellow kerchiefs of the women, make dancing spots of color amidst the sheep and cows, the donkeys and chickens, — to say nothing of the pigs, each one of which has to be cajoled into believing that this is the direction he wishes to take. All this forms an amusing spectacle, and we move with the utmost care to enjoy it as well as to avoid unpleasant entanglements.

At half-past one we arrive at the door of the Svratiste

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Lika, the hotel in Gospić. We have made only fifty-four miles in five hours; but considering the condition of the roads, we are satisfied — and also very hungry. Yet it is with difficulty that I sit quietly at table in the primitive restaurant; for just outside the low windows groups of gayly dressed peasants, men and women, are passing and repassing, stopping to chat or gossip, and slowly strolling down the long street. From the onion-shaped steeple of the church near by, comes a hideous din as of pounding on copper, and small boys in the street swing dull wooden rattles vigorously.

“Why?” I begin, but the Leader has already informed himself.

“It is Holy Thursday, and they are celebrating,” he answers.

After luncheon we hold a council of war as to whether we would better rest here over night or push on to Zara.

“How far is it?” asks Madame Content.

“We have still about seventy-five miles to go. Of course I know nothing of the roads. Unless they are much better than we have had this morning, we shall not get in until very late.”

“Is there any place to stop between here and Zara?”

“None that I know of,” he answers. “Is any one too tired to go on?”

We all protest our willingness. The Leader has all the responsibility; whatever he decides is best we will do. The hotel is not inviting, the sky looks clearer, the promised country lies so near. We conclude to go on.

CHAPTER V

ENTERING DALMATIA—GOSPIĆ TO ZARA

“**H**OW far is Dalmatia from here?” queries the Enthusiast, as we leave Gospić and speed down the fairly good road over a level plain beside an imposing range of snowy mountains.

“It is thirty miles to the frontier,” replies the Leader, “but we must first climb a pass over four thousand feet high.”

For fifteen kilometers the road is encumbered with the wagons of the country folk returning from market. It is very narrow, and the horses are terrified at the unwonted noise of our approach, for no railroads have accustomed them to steam engines or other mechanical conveyances. In these countries the chauffeur not only has the care of the motor, but of every horse or donkey or pair of oxen along the way, and his vigorous “Whoa!” spoken from the car, seems to have a wonderfully calming influence upon the plunging steeds. Does the mere sound of the human voice coming from this strange machine reassure them? Certainly the syllables must be new to them!

Over a slight rise and straight away across a plain, — where the oxen ploughing in the field stop, terror-stricken at our flight, — we come to a cross-roads whose signs have tumbled down; but following the telegraph poles as well as the indications on the map, we keep to the right and sweep over a hilltop into a rolling dale. Before us rises the snowy peak of Vakanski Vrh (5843 feet); below the white

ENTERING DALMATIA

expanse, glistening, ice-covered trees stand in serried ranks, and we strain our eyes to see whether we can discover any sign of road or horse or vehicle within that silent wilderness. Leaving Vakanski behind us, we enter a region of blue mountains veiled in dark, low-lying clouds; "Sv. Rok," we quit the highway leading to Knin, turn to the right, and in four minutes are reassured by the first sign bearing a Dalmatian name: "Obrovac 36."

Soon we begin to climb in earnest, — no soft rolling over hilltops with a gradual rise at each new height, but a long, steady pull up the mountain side, through forests of budding beech-trees: the landscape is pink with them. Patches of snow appear by the roadside and increase to long drifts; then the mountains are covered with thin layers growing ever deeper. Meanwhile the snow in the road increases so as to somewhat impede our progress, but banks three and four feet in height on either side are evidence that this pass over the Velebit, the best inland communication between Croatia and Dalmatia, is kept open all winter.

As we rise, the great valley of the Rīčiće spreads out in wonderful perspective below us; lakes and tiny threads of rivers, dotted villages, and distant hills, until the whole horizon is bounded by range after range of lofty mountains lost in clouds. Up the steep ascent we continue to climb, scattering the tiny pebbles in our path. The cleared way is so narrow that we shiver at the mere thought of meeting anything; but when the emergency arises we find it is possible to pass,— by testing each inch of soft snow so as not to go over the edge!

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When the poor, overworked engine, clogged with the mud of the valley, gets hot, handfuls of snow are pushed into the steaming radiator, and we go onward, ever upward. Now we are in the clouds, and we push forward cautiously, sounding the horn at frequent intervals. An eagle sails out of the driving mist above us, and a hut half buried in the snow is seen. It is the government station of Mali Halan. We are still in Croatia, but the top of the pass (3483 feet) must be close at hand. Making a sharp turn through jagged cliffs, we pass a frontier post. This is Dalmatia.

As if in sympathy with our ardent desires, the clouds lift, slowly disclosing a world of crags and precipices; a gray world, without a touch of green; no budding beech-trees here,—indeed, no trees at all, nor bush, nor spear of grass, — naught but the grandeur of towering peaks beneath a threatening sky. Down the inclines we wind and twist, the turns are broad and no *cassis* impede our flight, and the snow soon disappears behind us. We stop to lower the hood, and — “What is that inscription on the cliff?” cries the Enthusiast. “I can see it is not Slavic.”

The Leader goes over to investigate, and returns with the following lines in his note-book and a touch of emotion in his voice:

ALLA MEMORIA DEL GENDARM FRANCISCO FRACASSO IL
QUALE NEL GIORNO 27 MAGGIO 1851 IN DIFESA DELLA PRO-
PRIETÀ CADE COMBATTENDO CONTRO 22 ASSASSINI.

(To the memory of the soldier Francisco Fracasso, who on the twenty-seventh of May, 1851, while protecting property, fell fighting against 22 assassins.)

ENTERING DALMATIA

What a picture it brings to us here in this desolate spot!
The hopeless struggle, the death for duty's sake!

As we continue our journey the mist rises, and an indescribably magnificent panorama is revealed; the ribbon-like highway clings to the mountain side,—twelve different levels can we trace before it takes its arrow-like course across the plain,—that plain which soon resolves itself into a series of terraces, with the blue lakes of Novigrad and Karin like jewelled bosses on its pearly breast.

At the west opens the Canale della Montagna. The long rays of the afternoon sun touch the small white villages of Starigrad and Tribanje, Nona, the Island of Pago; and far off Lussin, where rises Monte Ossero in dream-like outline. The faintly glittering sea is studded with tiny reefs and islands of varying sizes, extending as far south as Sebenico.

At the southeast rise the snowy Svilaja Mountains beyond the Krka River, and still farther away the Dinarian Alps upon the Bosnian boundary. The great northwestern peninsula of Dalmatia lies unfolded like a map before us, with the white walls of Zara seventy kilometers away. Yes, Dalmatia is wonderful, and this is surely the best way to enter it,—dropping from the clouds, as it were,—securing the first impressive picture in its length and breadth before descending to inspect it bit by bit.

Under overhanging precipices and over deep ravines we slide down in long loops. Suddenly far below us a collection of ant-like objects appears upon the road. At nearer view these resolve themselves into a caravan of at least fifteen

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wagons, drawn up in single file upon the outside of that mountain highway, where no parapet protects them from falling into depths some hundred feet below! Evidently the men are on their way up the pass, and on account of the grade and heavy loads, have no fear that their horses will run far; but they take all possible precautions, blocking each wheel with a large stone, and placing themselves at their horses' heads to await our onslaught. Although we advance very slowly, with engine off, at sight of us the first horses instantly shy, throwing the whole line into confusion. We are terror-stricken! What can prevent them from going over the embankment? Why have they not at least taken the inside of the road? But the teamsters speak soothingly to their poor beasts, with an apologetic expression toward us.

We found this attitude all through Dalmatia. The peasants seem to say: "You must excuse us and our ignorant animals. We know we are behind the times, but we want to see what is going on in the world. We welcome strangers and the strange new carriages. Do not be angry with us, — we will grow accustomed, in time, to the noise and the smell, for we too wish to be civilized."

Of course we stop at once and the chauffeur goes forward to assist in untangling broken harnesses and in calming the frightened animals. After a few moments they seem to appreciate our harmlessness and permit us to glide slowly by, thankful that matters are no worse.

Across the high plateau lying to the southwest of the Velebit Mountains we merrily speed, — where only the small huts of the shepherds, dotted here and there, keep us com-

ENTERING DALMATIA

pany, and a tiny chapel lifts its cross by the wayside, — past the hamlet of Mekdolac, — and approach Obrovazzo, or Obrovac, the end of the Velebit Pass.

This great piece of engineering, connecting Zara with the highway between Karlstadt and Knin, was constructed in 1829-32. It is twenty-one feet wide, with nowhere a grade of more than five per cent, and is twenty-three kilometers (fourteen and three-eighths miles) in length between Obrovac and the Dalmatian frontier on the top of the pass.

It is possible to go by water from Obrovac to Zara, by way of the Zrmanja River, the sea of Novigrad, the canal della Montagna, stopping at Pago, and on through land-locked channels. This is a delightful sail of about nine and a half hours. Obrovac is charmingly situated at the bottom of a narrow ravine through which flows the Zrmanja River. The small steamer lies at its dock below the ruined castle on the hill in wonderful green water.

Fruit-trees are in bloom and the air is soft and mild. The inhabitants rush out to see us but we make no pause, — the hours of daylight are slipping away. From the quays they watch our upward flight, as we climb in short windings to the plateau separating this shut-in valley from the Lake of Karin. The red sun is sinking in a burst of glory over the waters of Novigrad; long brilliant rays shoot up into the sky and turn to rainbow tints the rocks and sage-brush of the rolling desert. On the protected slopes around Lake Karin both grain and grapes are growing, — a welcome change from the gray landscape we have passed through. Over the inlet connecting the two lakes, a strong bridge is in course of

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construction, and the temporary structure looks so insecure that we slow down to reconnoitre; but from a group of picturesque peasants a friendly Franciscan brother steps forward and with gestures of reassurance beckons us to cross. After exchanging salutations with the kindly friar we ascend a last steep incline in loops, catching glimpses of the monastery in its sheltered cove beside the lake.

At the top, to our surprise, our road, — as far as the eye can see, — lies straight and smooth and empty! Only the heart of a true automobilist can appreciate the delicious sensations which such a sight produces! Without a word, the chauffeur bends over his wheel, each one of us snuggles down into his or her heavy wraps, and in rapturous flight we race with the gathering dusk.

Through alternate rock-bound pastures where flocks of sheep are watched by gayly gowned young girls — some of them distaff in hand; by small settlements embowered in fig and olive trees; past a Turkish fortification rising from stony meadows where flourish low juniper bushes; past Smilčić and Zemonico, both upper and lower, we hasten, for the light is growing fainter and fainter.

Hardly do we perceive the mulberry trees bordering the route near Babindub! Scarcely can we distinguish the sea as we approach its dark expanse; but the lights of a fairy city begin to gleam in the distance. Nearer and nearer they come; a tiny harbor, mediæval walls, and an imposing gateway — the Porta Terraferma. Through this, in perfect confidence, the Leader signals.

ENTERING DALMATIA

“Turn to the left two blocks, and then to the right”; and we stop at the Hotel Bristol, Zara. We have travelled only one hundred and twenty-nine miles to-day; but have crossed two mountain passes, one of 2326 feet and the other of 3483 feet, starting from and returning to the sea.

CHAPTER VI

ZARA

GOOD FRIDAY!

A never-to-be-forgotten morning at Zara!

As I throw open the shutters the whole exquisite scene is disclosed; the soft sky, the pearly slopes of the mountainous islands, the limpid water, the fishing-smacks at anchor beyond the low embankment. Even the black-and-red steamer approaching the pier is transformed by the matchless light into an object of beauty. An Austrian officer has kindly loosened his blue cape, which falls in graceful folds as he strides smartly by. A Roman priest, in black cassock, red sash, and broad-brimmed hat, eagerly exchanges views with a stolid parishioner, and two lovers of the beautiful are having their morning coffee on the terrace below "*en plein air.*"

A woman in a blue gown, red hose, and white kerchief walks slowly by, balancing a three-gallon can of milk on her head; on her arm she carries a heavy tin pail, thus leaving her hands free for her knitting. A fisherman's boat moves leisurely along with limp and flapping sail, two men stand at the oars, their red caps nod in unison. The clumsy black craft passes all too soon but here is another one painted blue. The white shirts of the oarsmen gleam in the sunshine and their constant chatter rises faintly to my upper window. This boat is laden with pine branches which exhale their pungent

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fragrance in the placid air. Are these for Easter decorations, I wonder? Here below the quay which has replaced the ancient city walls the water is so deep that the boats pass close, and the men may exchange greetings with the passer-by. When the discussion becomes especially intense, the boat is stopped at one of the stone pillars along the way and the owner comes ashore to enforce his theories.

Are the colors really more gorgeous in themselves, or is it only the atmospheric effect? That golden brown of the velveteen on the lad who lounges by! That rich tan of the flying sail bound for the opposite isle! A faded green hull drifts by with a woman leaning on a long oar. Is she really helping or merely making an exquisite picture in her snowy coif and dull blue gown? In another boat the whole family are evidently out for an airing as a kerchiefed child squats upon the covered prow and a baby crows from his mother's arms. Flocks of terns, those graceful swallows of the sea, whirl and dart over the rippling waves. How restful is the stillness! No railroad or trolley within sixty miles! No steam tugs or cranes or whistles! The ships and fishing-boats move noiselessly. Even the occasional steamer slides with bated breath through the waters of this enchanted sea. My thoughts follow her in idle reverie.

"Do you intend to spend your entire day gazing out that window?" calls a mocking voice from the neighboring balcony.

"Oh, no indeed! Of course not. I want to see it all, but could anything be more fascinating than this?" And my hand moves vaguely over the constantly changing scene.

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"Where first?" I demand, as we stroll toward the pier.

"I suppose you know that the cathedral here is a famous one," begins the Leader.

"What is that women carrying?" I interrupt. "Can it be a turkey? And do look at her full short skirts, gay apron, and leggings! Oh, I must try to get a kodak of her." And I gaze carefully in the opposite direction as the unconscious *poseuse* approaches.

"Did you see her embroidered kerchief?" I cry, as she passes. "And oh! there are some more over by the post-office."

I try to walk sedately, not stare too intently, and yet to grasp in all its details this gay and lively scene. For this is our first experience with the barbaric costumes of the Morlacchi and no background could be more effective than these gray stones and stucco walls beneath this cloudless sky of Zara. Descending from the land of Rascia in the fourteenth century these swarthy Slavs settled in the interior of Istria and along the canals of northern Dalmatia. The name Morlacchi is derived from the Slav words "Mauro Vlach," meaning "black Wallachs."

The market-place is resplendent with oranges and onions, lemons, wild asparagus, and chicory, under scarlet awnings in the dazzling sunshine. Gaye than all are the moving groups of picturesque peasants. Such bravery of color! Such gorgeous raiment! Such charming caps and kerchiefs! Such bags and belts and baskets!

For be it known that each island of the Quarnero, each village on the mainland, even each sect in that village,



IN THE MARKET-PLACE
THE BASKETS ARE BEAUTIFUL IN ZARA



THE RIVA VECCHIA, ZARA

Z A R A

whether Greek or Roman, has its own peculiar dress. The men vie with the women in splendor, for their red caps and sashes, blue trousers slit at the ankle to disclose the embroidered leggings, waistcoats shining with silver buttons, and white lamb's-wool coats thrown over the shoulders form an attire both comfortable and becoming. Most of the men and women wear the *opanka*, or leather sandal, laced and curiously worked with string. But alas! even here civilization is about to encroach upon picturesqueness, for a long row of baskets filled with clumsily made low shoes, evidently the very latest imported fashion, are attracting many purchasers in the market-place.

At one corner, leaning lightly against a column, stands a beautiful young girl with the air of a Greek goddess, clasping in her hands a basket of snowy eggs. Should any one choose to buy, well and good, — but she scorns to persuade.

Not far away a worthy dame exposes for sale her stock of olive oil. It stands beside her in a brightly polished kerosene can with a glass carafe full of it as a sample. She squats comfortably on the ground, a customer approaching assumes also the Japanese posture, sniffs the small carafe and tastes its contents. There is much discussion as to quality and price, both enjoying thoroughly the good-natured banter. After some minutes, the bargain being completed, the purchaser extracts a bottle from his saddle bags, pours the rich oil into it, and saunters on in search of other bargains.

We stroll from group to group. There is no monotony of costume, no two are dressed precisely alike. Some

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women are distinguished by a short jacket, others by a long sleeveless coat, others by a fringed native shawl, but all are decked with odd barbaric jewelry, rings and beads, brooches and a curious medal called a "Maria Theresa." This is a silver five-kronen piece made in Dalmatia, encircled with a fixed style of filigree and the whole gilded.

Suddenly, in the distance, appeared two attractive figures, their stiff brocaded aprons glistening in the sunlight, their "Maria Theresas" carefully displayed beneath their knotted kerchiefs.

"I am going to ask them to pose for me," I muttered.

Before a remonstrance could stop me I was endeavoring by gestures to explain my desires. They spoke nothing but Slavic. For such an unheard-of request, however, the services of a linguistic policeman were necessary. Just outside the Porta Marina we found an accommodating official, who explained our meaning in loud tones to the bewildered peasants and in an equally loud voice translated into Italian their smiling affirmatives. If I could only have photographed the group, the interested onlookers, the ancient lion of St. Mark looking down from the city gate! But the light was wrong and I succeeded in getting only faint reproductions of these comely country women.

"The cathedral," began the Leader again, and we turned a corner to face its lovely cream *façade*.

"It does recall the Duomo at Pisa," I granted, "and it is charming. The arches and attached columns being graduated give just enough variety and play of light and shade."

"The two rose windows are later work, Jackson says,"

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continued the Leader, "but as a whole it is considered the finest *façade* in Dalmatia."

"How beautiful the campanile is!" exclaimed the Enthusiast.

"Yes, it carries out exactly the style of the period, although it did not receive its two crowning stories until within the last few years. They are from designs by the distinguished English architect, Mr. Jackson."

The Dalmatians are a deeply religious people. No chimes were heard that whole long day, no clocks struck, or bells of any kind. The flags on the club-house, the post-office, and all the government buildings, as well as on the passing steamers, were at half mast. For was it not Good Friday?

Not only the cathedral was crowded with worshippers, but also San Simeone, where we joined the admiring throng who mounted the narrow stairway behind the shrine. The body of the saint who held the infant Christ at the Presentation lies here, enclosed in a magnificent silver Arca presented by the unfortunate Queen Elizabeth of Hungary in 1377. This is not only a splendid specimen of goldsmith's art but also interesting for the scenes from contemporary history depicted upon its carved panels. Formerly it "was supported on four angels of silver. These were melted down at the time of the war between Venice and Cyprus, and have been replaced by two of stone and two of bronze made from cannon taken from the Turks and given to Zara by Venice in 1647." (F. H. Jackson.)

At San Francesco, after examining the Gothic choir stalls

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which have been called "among the finest in Dalmatia," we went into the sacristy where hung a beautiful old picture in an elaborate blue and gold Gothic frame. This was something for which we were not prepared.

"Who painted it?" we demanded of the young Franciscan.

"I do not know," he answered. "It came from Ugljan, was sent to Vienna for restoration, and has been here only five or six years."

"It is certainly fifteenth century," murmured the Leader.

"Perhaps," indifferently replied the youthful friar, and endeavored to lead us on to other treasures in the usual round. But it is not every day that one discovers a new painting by an old master, and we stood in thoughtful contemplation before the sweet-faced Madonna with the Christ child on her knees. On either side of her were St. Peter Martyr, St. Ambrogio, St. Francis, St. Jerome and a turbaned saint, while above and below were medallion heads of other saints all on a glowing gilt background.

"Have n't you a photograph of it?" asked the Enthusiast.

"No, it has never been taken," asserted the monk, more and more astonished at our enthusiasm. "Yes, it is indeed a beautiful picture." And he looked at it curiously, as if he saw it for the first time.

Wandering through the narrow streets of this mediæval city we came upon a gracefully curving apse and stopped to admire its arcaded gallery.

"It must be San Grisogono," hazarded the Leader.

Before the entrance little children in groups of twos and

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threes, the older ones leading tinier tots by the hand, kept lifting the heavy curtain to pass in and out.

“San Grisogono is the patron saint of Zara,” read the Leader; “his body was brought here from Aquileia in 649. The interior of the church has been modernized.”

“Why is it that only children are visiting this church?” asked the eager Inquirer. “Can’t we go in a minute?”

The interior was dark and still. At the farther end the altar was illuminated with small cups of oil on which floated lighted wicks screened by texts illuminated on vellum, simple texts that the children could understand. On the pavement beneath the altar, pots of creamy grasses, each glowing with a mysteriously hidden light, outlined a great white cross. How chaste and sane a symbol for this holy day! What a contrast to the agonizing figure which, in varying degrees of realistic detail, is usually exposed for the adoration of the faithful!

Zara, or Zadar, the Roman Jadar, the capital of Dalmatia, is an attractive city, built upon a long peninsula and surrounded still on all sides except the sea front, by its sixteenth century fortifications. To be sure, some of these have been modified. Above the Porta Marina a shady promenade has been planted, where, on that sunny morning in the springtime, the elm-trees were heavy with blossom. Leaning over the parapet, we traced the narrow entrance to the port, where, in days of old, chains stretched from shore to shore kept out the enemies’ fleet. In this small, quiet harbor the Romans and Dalmatians, or descendants of the earlier Illyrians, the Franks and Byzantines, the Venetians

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and Croatians, the Hungarians, Bosnians, and Turks, the French, and finally the Austrians have each in turn fought for supremacy.

How peacefully the yachts and steamers lie now upon the quiet waters! With what security ships from far and near cast their anchors here and greet the swarming small boats that come to give or take the cargo! Fishing-smacks from the Croatian coast, Chioggia, Lesina and many neighboring islands, are moored at the quay. Their brilliant sails are utilized for awnings and on the shaded decks lounge varicolored groups. Back and forth through the Porta Marina, the fisher folk pursue their occupations, while we look down in keen enjoyment upon the shifting scene.

At the farther end of the Riva Vecchia, a broad street is being opened through the old walls which will doubtless add to the material prosperity of the city. The foundations of a magnificent Roman triumphal arch have thus been unearthed for the second time, and it is to be hoped that some way may be found to preserve them in their present situation.

Before the Giardino Pubblico, planted on an ancient bastion, is an open square containing five *pozzi*, or wells, all communicating with one vast cistern, where the water, after being elaborately filtered and purified, is free to the citizens of Zara. As we linger in the shade of a neighboring guard house, a sturdy, short-skirted damsel comes swiftly across the hot flagged square, and resting her wooden tub upon the curb, fills it from the cool well. I cannot but feel that I am looking on at a bit of stage life. The setting is perfect, — except for her, the place is deserted. We stand

ZARA

motionless as she lifts the brimming vessel to her head and moves off steadily down the long shadowy street.

"I am sure it is time for luncheon," suddenly exclaims Madame Content, and we return to the hotel to test the variety of sea-food exposed on tempting trays in the big restaurant. Fresh from the water, they are brought in glistening and palpitating, the *dentale*, the *branzino*, and many others whose names I never learned. Delicious were they, and well cooked. In fact, all the food was excellent, but the proprietors had a strange aversion to fresh air. The double windows were not only nailed down, but it seemed as though every chink was stuffed with cotton. The doors were carefully kept closed, and smoking was permitted, nay, encouraged, at all hours of the day or night. However, we were far more comfortable than we had expected to be in Dalmatia. Our own rooms were fairly clean and the pillows were of feathers. There was a bath-room, too, in the hotel, where a hot bath could be obtained on giving notice of an hour and a half! To be sure there was no lift and our rooms were in the third story; but every one knows that going up and down stairs is one of the best forms of exercise. However, what compensated us for these lesser inconveniences was the possession of a tiny balcony facing the sea and the western sky. The bare limestone crags of Ugljan were just far enough away to catch and give back the full radiance of the morning sun. And at evening what glorious cloud effects were reflected in the shimmering water!

But Saturday it rained. To be sure the tiny row-boat tied to the buoy all the day before had plenty of companions

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in this propitious weather. A *trabaccoli* glided gently over the oily water with one orange sail and one of browner hue. Slowly they filled with the mild south wind and disappeared toward the village of S. Euphemia. Through the mist loomed the distant fortress of S. Michele, crowning the heights of Ugljan.

“We have n’t seen the Museum yet,” suggested the Leader.

It proved to be well worth a visit. Agreeably displayed in the round ninth century church of San Donato, — in itself a treasure to the archæologist, — were Roman fragments and jewels, Greek vases and other antiquities from Aquileia, a collection of coins and inscriptions, Lombard and mediæval reliefs, historical objects, and bits of architectural decoration. The woman in charge permitted us to wander about and examine at our leisure whatever attracted us. No other visitors distracted her attention. She answered our questions intelligently and bade us God-speed when we departed, quite as if in her own domain.

It has been said, that in Dalmatia a stranger will find much to surprise and perplex him. “He will wonder at the extremes of civilization he encounters, ranging from high culture to something lower than semi-barbarism; and above all, he will be perplexed by the existence, unaccountable to those who have not studied Dalmatian history, of the two elements in the population, — Latin and Slavonic, — which for twelve centuries have lived on, side by side, without losing their difference.” (Jackson.) In the shops the people speak Italian; the signs, too, are in that language. *II*

ZARA

Piccolo della Sera arrives daily from Trieste and *II Dalmate* is published twice a week in Zara.

This is the only Italian municipality in Dalmatia and here are the only Italian schools. Forty years ago Italian was used generally in the schools throughout the country, then for a short time German was introduced, but now that branch of the Slavic tongue called Servian-Croatian is, according to recent authorities, "universal." Instead of using that cumbersome compound I have followed the example of modern writers and designated the language of these Slavs as Slavic.

Just south of Zara, on the coast, is the small Albanian village of Borgo Erizzo which has an interesting history. In 1726, when Vincenzo Zmajevich was made archbishop of Zara, he brought with him from Perasto, his native town, twenty-seven families of Albanians who shortly before this, fleeing from the atrocities of Mehmed Begovich, pasha of Albania, had sought his protection. Count Erizzo, who then commanded the fortress of Zara, assigned them land near by. Being sober and industrious they prospered and increased until now they number about three thousand souls. The women work in the factories until they marry, after which they remain at home. The men own vineyards and fields within a radius of seven or eight miles.

We took a very personal interest in the Hungarian Lloyd steamer which arrived at half-past five that afternoon, bringing the Paris mail. It was a pretty boat, white with a red band about the black funnel and a white star on the red. Many port-holes and a roomy deck indicated its concession

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to the passenger service. The crowd that welcomed it formed a moving mass of black umbrellas, for the rain was steady if light. At six the steamer started once more upon her way, but it took two long hours to distribute and deliver that precious mail.

In the Piazza dei Signori is the Biblioteca Paravia, the gift of a benevolent citizen of Zara. This occupies the ancient court of justice, a fifteenth century loggia. The street connecting this piazza with the Duomo is the fashionable promenade and on that Easter Sunday afternoon it was filled with a throng of well-dressed persons. But one might have been in Rome or Glasgow, in Boston or in Munich, so far as any local color was concerned.

“How monotonous a world entirely civilized would be!” exclaimed the Enthusiast in a disappointed tone. “Let’s go over to the Porta Marina.” So we wandered back to the shady walk on the old city walls above the little harbor. Alas! Not a fishing-boat remained beside the Riva Vecchia! Gone were the craft from Chioggia, from Croatia, from Arbe and her sister islands! Deserted was the market-place and empty the Fossa! Back to their own villages had returned the Morlacchi and all the picturesque country folk! What a different impression Zara would have left upon us had we missed that brilliant market-scene on the morning of Good Friday!

CHAPTER VII

SCARDONA—FALLS OF KRKA—SEBENICO

THE morning that we leave Zara for Sebenico is cloudy, with brief spatters of sunshine. As the coast road goes only as far as Pakoscane, we turn away from the Adriatic and journey inland through avenues of chestnuts, almonds already green, elms, and cherry-trees heavy with blossoms. In this pebbly soil, olives, vines, and vegetables flourish astonishingly. Walls of green brambles border an excellent road. Plantations of pine alternate with sheep pastures and fields of grain. Farther on, the hawthorn hedges are in flower and beside them bloom large pink anemones and asphodel. Looking back from the top of a hill we have a beautiful view of Zara, lying lightly on the sea like an outpost of Venice.

At Zemonico are the ruins of a cavalry station fortified by the Venetians against the Turks. Here in 1346 Ladislas of Hungary encamped with 100,000 men, ostensibly to assist the Zaratines who were besieged by the Venetians, but like the King of France in the nursery rhyme, who

“Went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.”

So Ladislas appears to have done nothing on either side, and after a few weeks he took his army back to his

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own country again. The plain has a peaceful appearance at present, and nothing more inimical than barking dogs pursues us as we speed through the village. We are afraid of running over them, and the Gentle Lady is obliged to threaten so vigorously with her whip that she drops it.

“Oh, wait! I’ve lost my whip,” she cries, but we are half a mile away before we stop. As we start back, a friendly lad comes running toward us, bearing our precious weapon, and he refuses to accept anything for his services but our hearty thanks.

So far, we had retraversed the highway which brought us to Zara; but just beyond Zemonico we turned south, and after four kilometers more the road lay straight before us the entire distance to Biljane. According to tradition, on this plain of Grobnica the Tartars met defeat in the thirteenth century. It is a pleasant country with green willows, more fields of grain, many vines and olives, even fig-trees in sheltered nooks.

Peculiar to these limestone regions are shallow lakes formed by the winter rains. In the spring the water gradually recedes, leaving a rich soil in which the crops are planted, so that by midsummer the whole is a waving mass of green. One of these, known as the Lake of Nadin, now appeared in the distance, but gradually the Karst reasserted itself and the small shepherdess in her lamb’s-wool coat and crimson cap became once more a feature in the landscape.

Biljane is a hamlet of half a dozen houses, with perhaps as many more scattered through the fields. Here our course

SCARDONA — SEBENICO

turned to the southeast, sharply dividing the rich valley on the left from the rocky waste on the other side. The way was stony but we met no vehicle and hence could stay in the smooth wheel tracks. Clusters of low houses guarded the crops on the southern slopes. It seemed curious that the road should pursue the even tenor of its way without regard to them, but it was probably built for military purposes and took the shortest route between two points.

At Benkovac the Karin, Novigrad, and Vrana highway crossed our own route. Here a dismantled castle had a certain charm of age and our Leader strove to interest us in it. But our attention could not be distracted from the gorgeously dressed populace, who gathered in frightened groups about the doorways and peered eagerly at us from well-guarded corners, for this was Easter Monday and we had arrived just as service was over in the little church.

"Oh, do go slowly," we begged from the back seat; so we loitered on the long ascent until we had scanned each picturesque peasant to our heart's content.

"In these marshes," said the Leader, pointing toward Vrana, "many ancient stone pipes have been discovered. They are believed to have been part of an aqueduct which Trajan built for the Roman colony at Zara. For similar pipes have been found on the shore near Borgo Erizzo and Zara Vecchia and in the ruins on top of the hill Kastelj, above the Lake of Vrana. Here near Biba was a spring which probably supplied part of the water."

Near the thirty-ninth kilometer post we spied a stately

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chateau or fortress on a summit at our right. Instinctively I reached for Baedeker and sighed as I remembered how inadequate he is in the interior of Dalmatia.

“It must be the castle of Perusić,” explained the Leader. “I don’t think we can see from here the famous ruins of Asseria, although they must be near. It was one of the important cities of Liburnia, Pliny says.”

“The Castle of Perusić, a most imposing pile of mediæval fortification which is often mentioned in the warfare of Turks and Venetians during the sixteenth century, and is, I believe, still partially habitable. It seemed to consist of a square enclosure with curtain walls and towers, and a huge castellated building within.” (Jackson, 1885.)

Beside a wayside fountain, a woman stood in unconscious grace, twirling her spindle rapidly. A magpie disturbed by our clatter flew slowly before us. The dusty diligence from Benkovac to Knin passed us; and suddenly we realized that the Karst had been driven back to the hill-tops, and once more ploughed fields, fruit-trees, and flowering elms surrounded us. The tiny Morpolaca River on our right flows into the shallow lake of Prokljan, and as we begin the ascent, following the northeast boundary of the marsh, Mt. Ostrovica rises on our left.

Here our further progress is apparently blocked by a curious buttress of rock, but as we slow down in momentary hesitation, a carriage (!) appears from behind it. This ancient landau, brown and rusty, is not only filled to overflowing with crimson-capped countrymen, but bears upon its top a load of “knobby” articles, presumably potatoes, guarded by

SCARDONA — SEBENICO

a vociferous small dog. The horses are too weary to be frightened and pass us without lifting an ear.

We continue to travel over foot-hills, amidst herds of grazing cattle, sheep, and goats. The women courtesy from the doorways of their huts and the men doff their caps as we rumble through the gray village of Zavić. Just beyond a pine grove we perceive the ruins of Bribir on an eminence in the distance. At the Ponte de Bribir the road to the left goes on to Knin, that to the right to Scardona, which is our goal. In the Middle Ages this was an important corner, but now there is nothing here but a tumble-down inn where two or three peasants are lounging.

Was not this Province the ancestral home of the famous Stephen, Count of Bribir, who in 1247 was created Ban of Slavonia and Dalmatia? His successors were virtually rulers of the country, under various titles, during the following hundred years. Indeed, by 1308, when Charles Robert became King of Hungary, the then Count of Bribir, Paul, was not only Ban of Croatia but "succeeded in getting himself elected Count of the maritime towns of Traü, Spalato, and Sebenico." I suppose that means he was allowed the privilege of protecting them with his soldiers from any other foe. Zara alone still swore allegiance to Venice; but it also was persuaded, after three years, to throw off that yoke, and to elect Paul's son Mladin to govern it. Mladin is a fascinating hero; indeed, the history of these Counts of Bribir would form by itself a volume well worth reading.

Looking back from the modern village of Bribir, we enjoyed a splendid panorama of the hills and vales we

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had traversed. The road improved. Near Krcma — these fantastic and extraordinary combinations of consonants delight me! — we met two wagons loaded with hogsheads of wine. The drivers were resting within the inn and we dared not try to pass without notifying them. At the sound of our horn they rushed pell-mell from the house, shrieking directions at us and jerking their horses' heads, quite beside themselves with fear; but the horses took all this commotion very quietly. For five kilometers more we rode through alternate lands of plenty and barren waste, then crossed a small river and entered Scardona, stopping before a building where a sign read "Restaurant Buljan."

We within the tonneau looked at each other in dismay. We were hungry, too — but here? It seemed to us extremely doubtful whether we could possibly find anything eatable here. But it was past twelve o'clock. The Leader had already dismounted and had disappeared through the dark doorway. A crowd, mostly men in fine old costumes, gathered about us. Polite but curious, they discoursed together in a tongue beyond our comprehension. Suppose at the inn, too, they spoke nothing but Slavic? We began to be more and more concerned as we waited for our chieftain. But when he did return, with smiling reassurance he explained that he had been ordering our luncheon in a mixture of German and Italian, that the place was n't at all bad and he thought that we might be very comfortable.

"Where can I put the motor?" he asked, by signs as much as by spoken word.

"Why, here." And willing hands opened a shed door in



A TYPICAL COSTUME
(SARDONA)



A BRILLIANT CROWD, SCARDONA
THE FERRY ACROSS THE KRKA

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the wall, hastily moving out an ox-cart to make room for our cumbrous car. The chauffeur carefully measured the opening so that there might be no possibility of accident, and amid the awed admiration of the populace he backed the motor into its temporary home.

We, meanwhile, had stumbled up the dim but spotless stairway and found a neat room for our wraps and a quiet corner for our mid-day meal. The dishes were peculiar but palatable, especially the soup and a dessert called *Dolce Grj*

But I could not keep away from the queer, box-like, double windows, beneath which the red-capped natives sauntered up and down, the light reflecting from their silver buttons and giving more color to their gay sheepskin coats and silken sashes. I finally mustered up courage to ask one of these splendid creatures to pose for me. How kindly and courteous they were! Although we must have been equally objects of curiosity to them, no crowd followed us as we wandered through the limited streets of the tiny town, but if we needed advice or assistance they were eager to be of use.

It was difficult to believe that Scardona was once an important city, that she shared with Salona and Naronna the honors of capital. To be sure, that was in the days of maritime Illyricum about A. D. 9. The Avars first swept down upon her, and after 639 she seems to have been thrown back and forth between the Latins and the Slavs for centuries. She was rebuilt only to be sacked and burned again, until it is not surprising that nothing now remains of her former

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greatness. Pillaged by our grewsome friends, the Uscocs, in 1607, she revived, only to be condemned to final destruction by Napoleon in 1809. But there must be something very tenacious about the inhabitants of this small town. She purchased her safety by the payment of an enormous fine and has already developed a profitable silk industry. Surely, some day, she will be able to utilize the enormous water power which the Krka represents, and so become again an important commercial centre.

We had heard that there was a ferry here on which we could cross the Krka River, but whether or not it would carry the automobile was the question. In four minutes from the Restaurant Buljan we had arrived at the broad bed of the stream and were inspecting the flat barge with its protecting sides which lay at the quay. It looked very small, but cautiously we ran up on it, and to my surprise, at least, it did not perceptibly sink. A shepherd draped in his brown *kabanica* came aboard, and three men of varying aspects bent, standing, to the oars. Slowly the boat swept out upon the wide river. The sensation was not an altogether pleasing one to the feminine portion of the party. A rope, or chain, stretched across from shore to shore, would have inspired us with confidence, but no such guidance was at hand, and the creaking craft seemed to make small headway against the strong current. The Leader, perhaps to divert our minds from the swirling water, called our attention to the fact that although Scardona lay just behind the pine-dotted cliffs it was invisible. The boatmen were so interested in my kodak that at times they almost forgot to row.

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Why is it that, the world over, at sight of a camera the whole body involuntarily stiffens?

Although it seemed much longer it was only fifteen minutes from the time we stopped to enter the ferry before we had started up the other bank of the Krka. Ascending the steep incline we were surprised, at a bend in the road, by a charming view of Scardona and Lake Prokljan. For miles and miles, on either side of this highway to Sebenico, the government has planted double rows of young trees on this otherwise barren tableland. It is a wise provision for the future and the road is a joy to the motorist.

We, however, wish to see the famous falls of the Krka, so turn to our left at the first opportunity and follow a rough and narrow route to the north. Suddenly the flat tableland yawns apart, and far down in the canyon appears a rushing stream! The road drops down in four long winding loops until we are on a level with the river above the falls. We leave the car and walk on to various viewpoints below the roaring waters. How beautiful it is! The banks are thickly planted with Lombardy poplars and groves of a shrub which looks like sumac or ailanthus and whose twigs are covered with bursting red buds.

“In fifty years the river has not been so high,” we are told.

It is amazing how the small islands of trees and grasses withstand that tumbling, crashing torrent. From its source in the Dinarian Alps near Knin to the sea-level at Sebenico the Krka descends in alternating level pools and high cascades; this is the eighth and last one and has been thus

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described by Mr. Jackson in his well-known book on Dalmatia:

“The falls are on a really magnificent scale, reaching in various interrupted cascades all across the valley. The damp mist they throw up has encouraged a luxuriant vegetation, and the whole is embosomed in rich copses, through which there peeps in every direction the silver of numerous smaller cascades leaping down to join the main stream below. The river does not pour over the ledge in one unbroken sheet, as at Niagara, but in several independent cascades of various widths, the largest of which cannot be much less than 200 or 250 feet across. The total height of the falls, which are broken into several steps divided by stretches of glassy rapids, is said to be 170 feet. The upper fall is magnificent, formed by two streams falling together at an angle and uniting as they fall, but the lowest fall is perhaps the finest of all, thundering down into a great basin and throwing up clouds of spray, in which we saw a rainbow.”

Our own blue-backed swallows were circling in lovely curves above the swirling waters as we left the bed of the rock-girt stream and mounted once more to the tableland. It is only a ten-minute run from the corner where we regain the highway to the hotel at Sebenico, for the road is excellent. Passing a modern fortification, we get a charming view of the broad Krka where it merges into the sea, the islands beyond, and Sebenico crowned by its mediæval castles. Down a long, straight, stone-paved street we go, turn sharply to the right beside the Public Garden, cross the Marina, and stop at the Hotel de la Ville.

SCARDONA — SEBENICO

No one appeared in answer to our persistent tooting, so the Leader entered the deserted doorway to reconnoitre. It was the hour of the siesta — how could one expect a guest? The sleepy porter was finally aroused and persuaded to take our bags up to some rooms facing the sea. Could we have some drinking water? He would inquire. Soon after, I heard the faintest murmur at my door and the fat landlady stole softly in without knocking, carrying a bottle of mineral water nearly as round as herself. "*Prego,*" she said, and the handle of the door came off in her hand as the wind slammed it. Nothing daunted, she went for tools and was soon back, bearing wire and a cutter with which she deftly fastened it on again.

The landlord, the chef, the porter, even the chambermaid, assisted at the important function of ordering our dinner. The market-place was before the door and fresh peas looked very tempting. The rest we left to their discretion.

It was only a little past four, none of us were tired, so we went out to get an impression of the town. How absolutely different is this port of Sebenico from the one at Zara! Neither could anything be more diverse than the appearance of the two cities. The flat peninsula of Zara, with its encircling walls and towering campanile, only serves as a charming contrast to this terraced town mounting the hill-side, with its domed cathedral and dominating forts. In the large land-locked harbor a training ship was anchored, and through the tortuous channel sailed grimly a man-of-war. Near the pier lay a half-submerged steamer which had gone down the week before. Already the wreckers were at work

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raising her. An enterprising photographer with a studio overlooking the scene had taken advantage of his location to secure good pictures at different stages of the disaster. This was a bit of Western enterprise most surprising in this Eastern land.

The pictures, as well as the ship itself, were surrounded by an interested crowd of country folk. The costumes of the women were more sombre here, although the red streak below the coarse brown serge petticoat and the orange kerchief, topping the loose brown sleeveless sack, gave a touch of color, which added to the effect of the full white sleeves and bodice. The red caps of the men were smaller than any we had yet seen. The seams of their brown jackets were corded with magenta and the front covered with many rows of crinkly magenta fringe. These coats opened over double-breasted embroidered vests set with filigree silver buttons.

In the Public Garden is a statue erected to Nicolo Tommaseo, who died in 1874, aged 72 years.

"I wonder who he was!" murmured the Enthusiast. Slowly and impressively the list of this celebrated man's attainments was read aloud, thereby causing the Enthusiast to blush for her ignorance. — "A philologist, philosopher, historian, poet, novelist, critic, psychologist, statist, politician, and orator. He left nearly two hundred works." Surely his fellow-countrymen appreciated him and gladly honored him in this his native place.

Up flights of steps from the quay we toiled, catching a glimpse of the apse above a band of curiously carved heads



IN THE MARKET-PLACE, SEBENICO



THE ROWS OF HEADS ON THE CATHEDRAL APSE
THE PLEASANT LOOKING LIONS AT THE CATHEDRAL
DOOR, SEBENICO

SCARDONA — SEBENICO

before we reached the picturesque piazza where the cathedral stands. These sculptured heads are extremely interesting, as they depict the different types of the period, princes, scholars, courtiers, and peasants, both Slavic and Italian. Across the square extends the open loggia of a casino, and from either side wind up more stone-paved paths, which disappear under archways leading to houses on steep terraces above. A Venetian window or door-frame at odd corners gives one a thrill of reminiscent joy, and looking down from the farther end of the square, once more we see the Krka, broadening as it nears the sea.

A pelting rain sent us home again, — “home” being wherever our bags happened to be unpacked. By the dim light of a single electric bulb I looked about my large apartment. Evidently it had been the parlor of the hotel, for the red velvet curtains and grand piano imparted an air of elegance to the simple bed and washstand. Later on I made a further discovery. Beneath the flimsily constructed floor was the restaurant, and the day being a holiday the merry-makers were driven by the rain from the terrace, where usually they sang their songs of joy, to take refuge in that warm and comfortable spot. Ringing voices, not too well in tune, came to my drowsy ears, with the clink of heavy mugs and an undertone of lively conversation. This gradually diminished as the “wee sma’ hours” drew nigh, until finally only one reveller was left, and as reveling all alone is wearisome work, even he subsided and quiet reigned.

The next morning it was still raining and we thought

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dubiously of the roads. The market in the square before our windows, however, opened in good season, the tenders of the booths, mostly women, standing just within the dripping awnings. I cannot say that trade was brisk, but every now and then a customer with yawning basket would appear and would bargain with as much deliberation as if clothing were impervious to slanting showers.

“Shall we go on to-day, in spite of mud and water?”

“Why not wait until the afternoon?” — and I quoted my favorite maxim: “Rain before seven, clear before eleven.”

In this case I was justified, for by ten o'clock the rain had stopped and we sallied forth for new experiences. Now we appreciated the stone-paved stairways, for the rain had washed them clean and by proceeding slowly, we managed to climb to the cemetery just beneath the ancient fort of San Giovanni. We stopped to take breath at its locked gate and a dozen dancing little demons in rags surrounded us, begging for coins.

“The key?”

Two dirty youngsters darted down the steep incline after the *custode*, returning in an incredibly short time with outstretched hands. But no! The key must be forthcoming first, which fact they accepted philosophically and returned to their gambling for pennies. It was some time before the healthy figure of a young woman came laboriously up the hill carrying an iron key over a foot long.

“*Ecco!*” cried the small band of robbers, thrusting forth their dirty palms.

SCARDONA — SEBENICO

“Patience! We must get some change first!” said the Leader.

“Very well.” They could wait, their game was interesting. The *custode* carefully locked the gate behind her as we entered the cemetery, and went up to the foot of the old fortifications. Here we obtained a magnificent view over the city and the splendid harbor with its surrounding heights. It was a restful place, the lilacs — our first lilacs — were sweet with blossoms and primroses starred the grassy banks.

“I wonder what Sebenico means,” idly ventured the Enthusiast. “Was it a Roman colony, too, like Zara?”

“No,” answered the Leader, half-reading, half-relating. “Sebenico is not of Roman origin, but is first spoken of as a Croatian town. According to traditions, some brigands built a fort here, overlooking the sea, and surrounded it with a palisade, or *Sibue*, hence the name Sibenik in Slavic, or Sebenico in Italian. It did not become important until after 1127, when the Croatian city of Belgrad (Zara Vecchia) being destroyed by the Venetians, the inhabitants took refuge here, and in 1298 it was made a bishopric. Gradually it became Latinized and although it suffered from various sieges and changes of masters, ‘in the sixteenth century the arts and sciences flourished in this city more than in any other in Dalmatia.’ In this period the cathedral was built — ”

“Oh! I should like to see the cathedral again,” exclaimed the Enthusiast.

So duly rewarding the waiting gamins, we descended the countless steps and once more looked upon the creamy

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walls of the Duomo, lingered before its splendid Gothic portals, admiring especially the two pleasant-looking lions which guard the northern entrance. The barrel roof is constructed entirely of stone, which forms the inner ceiling as well. The dome, also, is of stone. Indeed, neither timber nor brick are used in any part of this noble building. Within, time has mellowed to an ivory tint the marble choir seats, the ancient walls and railings supporting tiny lions in various postures, and lent deeper shadows to the richly foliated band which, at the ceiling, encircles the church. But the famed baptistery, elaborate as it is and rich with much exquisite detail, leaves one with a sense of confusion and disappointment!

We emerged to find the sun shining brightly, the clouds rolled away, and a wind which promised to dry the country roads. Could motorists ask for more?

CHAPTER VIII

SEBENICO VIA TRAU TO SPALATO

THERE is a railroad from Sebenico to Spalato and up to Knin, "with two trains daily," we were proudly informed; "making the entire distance of fifty-six and one-half miles in three and one-half hours!" But the highway to Spalato goes via Zitnić, an extremely roundabout route. Is there no other way? Oh, yes, there is a road; but it is little used, going over the Boraja direct to Traü and thence to Spalato. Is it possible to motor that way? Well, opinions differed as to that, some asserting it was all right and others assuring us that it was bad; but neither side could give us any details. After thinking it over we concluded to try the shorter route, following the railroad until beyond Vrpolje. The road-bed is firm and dry. By the wayside blooms the ever-present genista, with asphodels and pink anemones; fruit and fig trees are bursting into leaf.

"Oh, do see that mass of yellow by the railroad track!" says the Enthusiast. "It is a new flower! Can't we get some?"

"Probably we shall see it again," comforts the Leader, as we speed onward; for fields and ditches and fences separate us from those coveted blossoms. Curiously enough, however, we do not see them again during the whole day, although we look industriously for them. Later, on returning from the source of the Jadro, we find quantities

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of them in a marshy spot amidst thorns and brambles. Some of these we gather and send to a wise man across the ocean, in order to learn their name and habit.

But to return to our Spalato route. It proves of the same type as on the other side of Sebenico, desolate gray hills with occasional patches of green grain. At an angle in the road a church with many sheds confronts us, but no houses or people are in sight; not a wheel-track can be discerned on the whole well-graded highway. Sometimes low-growing coarse grass gives a touch of color to the roadbed. We cross a substantial five-arched stone bridge over the now nearly dry bed of a mountain stream; and, leaving the railroad, enter a canyon where sage-brush and shaggy goats alone accompany us.

Ascending very gradually by this forsaken government road, we come suddenly upon an oasis of almonds and figs, olives, cherries, and vines. How beautiful it is! No human habitation can we see, — yet some one must have planted them here in the midst of these boulder-covered fields. Leaving this garden spot we are once more traversing the hilltops, up and down, in apparently aimless wandering; the road, no longer good, is covered with sharp bits of rock, at sight of which the motorist shivers.

Suddenly the car stops — and a sound of running water under the machine strikes consternation to our hearts. What is that? In an instant both men are out. It is the radiator! Can it be cracked? That would be a catastrophe indeed! There follow moments of tragic suspense when each imagination travels far; for if this be true it means at

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least a week of waiting. And where? Will we have to camp by the wayside or sleep in the automobile? Already I can fancy hordes of ravening wolves, — of course, they would be ravening, — or possibly a bear creeping down those rocky heights and across the desolate fields! But the Leader laughs at our forebodings; there are no bears in Dalmatia, nor wolves, nor wild animals of any kind except coyotes; the fact that we have seen no village since leaving Vrpolje, miles back, would indicate that we must soon come to one; oxen could draw the car there by taking time, and the priest or school teacher or mayor of the town would take us in while the chauffeur went to Trieste, or possibly further, for the needed parts.

Meanwhile, an examination is being made. “It is only the rubber connection which is broken,” the chauffeur finally announces, “and I can fix it all right. I’ll wind it with adhesive tape. That will last until we reach Spalato and we can get a new piece of rubber there.”

Sighs of relief are exchanged by the sitters in the rear seat.

“But we cannot run without water, and there is not a drop left in the radiator,” continues he.

At this, our eyes search the wide horizon; as before, there is not a house in sight. We have not met one solitary person the whole distance from Sebenico, — either driving or riding or walking! The chauffeur is rapidly completing his repairs, — still no sign of help; stir from the spot we cannot!

“Of course there must be some one within a mile or two

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who cultivates these stony pastures so carefully enclosed, but this may not be his day to visit them," remarks the Leader.

Is it in answer to our united longing that in the distance at last appears a shambling lad? He ambles up to the machine in curious contemplation, but the Leader immediately extracts the canvas pail from under the seat and points to its emptiness, looking in all directions and shaking his head. This language is universal. With eager gesture the Slavonic youth points to the mountains; and, as we present him with the pail, he stretches his arms to their utmost extent to signify the distance; but is finally persuaded to the task. We watch him running swiftly down the road, leaping wall after wall in his flight across the fields, until he disappears in a hollow where trees denote the presence of the precious well.

The birds sing blithely, the afternoon is young, the chauffer is getting on successfully, and we wait for the reappearance of our Heaven-sent help. If he runs, coming back, there will be little water in the pail by the time it reaches us; also, unless he knows enough to soak the canvas thoroughly first, the contents will soon leak out; but our forebodings are, as usual, utterly unnecessary. From afar we watch him cautiously climbing the stone walls, deliberately walking up the long road, and our enthusiastic reception of him and his brimming pail seems to surprise as well as please him.

Of course, a small pailful of water does not fill the radiator; but by some mysterious process of mind-reading,

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the Leader manages to learn that only a kilometer or so beyond there is a wayside well with plenty of water in it, and we prepare to go on.

Noticing how wistfully he eyes the car, the Leader motions the lad to sit down at his feet in it and cautions the chauffeur to run slowly, so as not to frighten him. We do run slowly; but, whether from fright or because this is his stopping-place, suddenly the boy steps off as he would from his ox-cart! We scream as he rolls on the rough road, luckily away from the machine; but by the time we have stopped and backed up to him he has risen, rubbing his bruised elbows and protesting that he is not hurt, though he looks a trifle pale, and we feel the need of language to express our sympathy. Evidently when too late, he understands his miscalculation and bears us no ill will, and in five minutes we are stopping at the wayside well in an oasis at the foot of an embryonic village.

Out from every doorway, down the steep hill, pour the entire population, men, women, and children! Such a brilliant procession! Different costumes from any we have yet seen! It is bewildering! And with what keen appreciation these people enjoy the species of circus chariot brought to their own doors. A gorgeously gowned young woman, evidently a bride, does not stop to drop the big cloak she is mending, but follows down the hill to see the wonderful sight. The others take a lively interest when my kodak is brought forth and assist me in posing her. Silver coins almost cover the front of her sleeveless jacket and her white kerchief is spotlessly clean. She is almost as attractive as

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the unconscious shepherd with his kid tucked under his arm.

"I never can get used to those silly pancake-like caps on these broad-shouldered men!" murmured Madame Content. "Do you see that one has an elastic, at the back, to keep his on!"

After this pleasant interlude we bowl over sterile hills with higher mountains rising on either side, the road constantly improving. A few scattered shepherds watching their flocks are our only companions until, at the end of a long straight road, we reach a precipitous cliff and stop in keen delight. Far below us lies the sea-girt city of Traü, with its mediæval walls and towers rising picturesquely from the water; and, beyond, the cloud-flecked peaks of the Dinarian Alps. Two miniature ships approach a fairy-like port, — it is Seghetto, with its steepled church and clustered houses. The islands of Solta, of Brazza, and even of Lesina, are gradually disclosed as we slip down in long loops through pine nurseries and fields of fragrant lentils. The descent is not always smooth; but the views are so splendid and varied that any discomfort of that kind is soon forgotten.

Crossing "the silver streak of sea that saved the city from the Tartar hordes," we stop before the Porta di Terra Firma and dismount to see the city of Traü, or Trogir. From the masonry of this gate a cypress bush has sprung, which, according to local superstition, miraculously flourishes to hide the sculptured lion of St. Mark, that hated symbol of Venetian domination. Bits of Italian architecture



THE STONY ROAD TO TRAU
SUCH TINY CABS!



THE LITTLE KID

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greet us from neighboring walls and dark, mysterious corners; a charming balcony, still well preserved; a group of quaint, arched windows; a well-curb in a tiny square; — as we wander through the deserted, dusky, narrow streets.

It is but a short distance, really, to the centre of the city, — the Piazza dei Signori, — where rises the splendid cathedral, the loggia or open-air Court of Justice, the clock-tower, and the Palazzo Communale, all of the fourteenth century. It is a wonderfully interesting spot. The graceful campanile above the Galilee porch of the great church calls us with irresistible force, and we enter the round, arched doorway and stand transfixed with admiration before “the sumptuous western portal of the nave, — the glory not of Traù only, but of the whole Province, a work which in simplicity of conception, combined with richness of detail and marvellous finish of execution, has never been surpassed in Romanesque or Gothic art.” (Jackson.) Erected in 1240, its naive bas-reliefs give us many pictures of the life and costumes of that period; the huge lions guarding the entrance still preserve their original charm! “No nobler or more impressive beast was ever conventionalized by mediæval fancy.”

As we enter the cathedral our eyes are lifted unconsciously to the lofty ceiling above the gray walls lighted but dimly by the narrow windows and “great western rose.” At the farther end rises the elaborate *baldachino* over the altar with the octagonal pulpit and beautiful fifteenth century choir stalls before it.

What endless ingenuity of design, what careful and deli-

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cate execution, what playful fancy went towards the formation of the stalls in the mediæval cathedrals! Not only is each church individual, but almost each sculptured seat, and a study of these curious carvings alone would fill a bulky volume. One is constantly surprised in Dalmatia, — which, some way, seems to belong to an Oriental civilization, — to find these Italian edifices often created by native architects, who, having absorbed the art of their Italian neighbors, developed an amazing skill.

Across the square from the Duomo stands the loggia, so recently restored that its bright new roof of tile presents a somewhat incongruous aspect in contrast with the ancient rail and columns. The stone table of the judges is still in its original position on a dais at the east end, and the omnipresent lion of St. Mark in high relief looks down from the wall behind it. Beyond the quaint clock tower is the Palazzo Communale, also happily restored and containing in its *cortile* a delightful out-door stairway, reminding one of the Bargello in Florence. Through the dark, somewhat dirty streets we stroll to the bridge leading over to Bua, where we have a view of the striking Castel Camerlengo.

This island of Bua, Bavo, or Boa, in Slavic Ciovo, is almost ten kilometers long, and protects the entrance to the ancient port of Salona. It was used by the Romans as a place of exile. Later, one of the ancestors of the historian Lucius endowed a Franciscan monastery here. In 1432 the city of Traü built a refuge for the Benedictines, which became a favorite place of pilgrimage, but now this shrine is in a ruinous condition and shelters but two monks.

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There is always a feast of color and movement along the quays of these island cities and we are loath to leave, but Spalato must be reached before nightfall, and soon we are on the wing again, amidst flowering snowballs, century plants in blossom, and all the luxuriance of a Mediterranean vegetation. Mignonette grows wild along the way under the apple-trees that are bouquets of perfumed bloom. The road is excellent, built by the French, but following the old Roman road running close to the sea, at first, then back among vineyards and orchards through the Riviera of the Sette Castelli. This district takes its name from seven castles built as a protection against the Turks in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These castles and the villages which grew up about them are called: Castel Papali or Nehaj, Castelnuovo, Castel Vecchio, Castel Vitturi or Luksić, Castel Cambio or Kambelovac, Castel Abbadessa or Gomilica, Sučurac and Castel.

Other Castelli there are along the shore in varying stages of picturesque decay, each with its tiny village, contiguous fields, and quaint traditions — Stafileo, Andreis, Cega, Quarco, and Dragazzo. Castel Vecchio is the oldest, founded in 1476 by Cariolanus Cippico with booty gained in the war against Mahomet II. Castel Abbadessa was erected by nuns and here the abbesses used to spend their summers. Castel Sučurac is a corruption of Sut Juraj, the Croation for S. Giorgio. "The most ancient Croat document existing is a deed of gift of this place and church to the archbishop of Spalato, Pietro III., by the King Trpimir in 837 in exchange for £11." (F. H. Jackson.) "Wine of the Castelli,

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honey of Solta, and milk of Bua" is an ancient proverb which is still true.

As we near the city we notice the names become more Slavic, and the word "Split" appears on the guide-posts, to our mystification. A Roman tomb close to the roadside, fragments of bas-reliefs built into modern huts, a column or antique sculpture put to strange uses, — all these indicate that we are nearing Salona, the ancient Roman capital of Dalmatia. We cross the Jadro with a glimpse of rushing waters and a willow-fringed bank; glance hastily at Vranjic, or Piccola Venezia, as we surmount a low ridge and see just beyond us the city of Spalato.

Slowly we feel our way past the Porta Aurea, around sharp corners and along the outskirts of the city, until we reach the sea and the Grand Hotel Bellevue.

CHAPTER IX

SPALATO

SPALATO, Split, or Spljet, the largest city in Dalmatia, has burst the bounds of Diocletian's Palace, in which she was once confined, and is now spreading far beyond. Her harbor, with Monte Marjan on the west, has been protected by an enclosing mole five hundred and thirty yards long, extending to the Punta di Botticelle on the east and forming a sheltered bay where all manner of sea-craft find safe anchorage. At one time the Austrian admiralty were inclined to make this the principal military port, but on account of better railroad facilities the preference was fortunately given to Pola.

Our hotel, — adapted from a former city hall, — faced the quay and many were the scenes we witnessed from behind our curtained windows. Within its stately loggia the automobile was kept in full view of the city populace, both day and night. To be sure, when undergoing renovation it was surrounded by an admiring crowd, but unless the chauffeur was there the people never ventured near and nothing was disturbed. At the other end of the loggia we had our meals in the pleasant outer air, and groups of peasants roamed through the silent square or sat in patient waiting on post or step or curb.

On one side of the square is the Court House; a modern building, soft yellowish tan in color, with light stone trim-

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mings, and not unpleasing in its quiet outlines. Beneath the statues on the roof, the lion heads on the *façade*, the flagstuffs and the royal shields, are five entrances exactly alike. On the low door-sills sit beggars muffled in heavy coats, — the men finding solace in their pipes, the women in regarding the men. I wonder at first what building possesses such an attraction for city and country folks alike. Upon the narrow curb about the Franz Josef fountain lounge peasants in picturesque groups. The women have aprons over their dark blue skirts and tight-sleeved shirts under the corded bodices. They draw their shapeless cloaks about them and peer out from the voluminous white kerchiefs which, concealing the red roll on their heads, are brought about in a half-Turkish, half-Italian fashion, so as to almost cover the mouth. Is it a survival of Oriental tradition, or are the poor creatures merely cold?

The men look anxiously across at the formidable doorways of the Court House; every now and then one disappears within its darkness, — sometimes reappearing to beckon a selected one from the small group. Occasionally a pair of excited individuals come rushing out, shaking their fingers angrily in each other's face. Are they quarrelling? Not at all. They are merely arguing a point at law. Evidently the Tribunale has as much fascination for these good people as for their brothers across the Adriatic. It is somewhat surprising to an American, however, to see a horse brought forth from one of these same doorways.

A turbaned peasant stalks across the square, stopping to tap his pipe against his pointed *opanka* before he fills it

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from that capacious belt wherein his entire stock is carried. The woman following respectfully behind him is sheathed in a long brown cape with square hanging hood below her brown kerchief. Many men wear turbans, some dark red, some Persian in coloring. Are they Bosnians from the mountains, or is this a relic of the early Illyrian occupation of Dalmatia, about the time of Christ? What is that woman carrying as she moves swiftly across the square? Can it be a calf? It is — and not a small one, either — for its legs hang to the ground. She stops to rest a moment against the fountain's railing but her burden remains quiet in her strong embrace.

A nattily dressed young man has been standing at the door of the Court House for an hour. His new red cap, — jauntily awry on his curly locks, — his embroidered trousers, silk-fringed jacket, red sash and silver-buttoned vest and immaculate, collarless white shirt betoken a holiday attire. He swings a clumsy umbrella nonchalantly, — in an endeavor to show his indifference; but furtively looks at his watch. Is it some “not impossible She” who is late, — or is it merely a business engagement? The air is cool, with a north wind, and men don their overcoats. Half an hour later my tall young Adonis is still waiting. Still he looks down every corner. He glances at the big clock in the church tower as it strikes ten, and yawns unhappily; he saunters beyond the Franz Josef fountain and gazes down the broad quay; — among all that moving mass of people where is the expected she?

Suddenly there is a great commotion in the streets and

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voices, whose vehement tones seem to indicate anger, if the tongue is incomprehensible. It is not necessarily a fight, — although the sound of blows comes to my ears. No. It is only a man using the more forcible arts of persuasion to induce another to lead his donkey for him. “Much ado about nothing!” What excitable people these Dalmatians seem to be!

Still Orlando waits and Rosalind comes not.

Between the Court House and the sea, on this side of the square, stand the church and monastery of St. Francis. The Friars have put a brave new white *façade* and belfry upon their former creamy buildings, but fortunately have preserved the beautiful mottled roofs intact. Within that belfry are bells which ring in and out of season. One expects it at the hours, and quarters, even, — but to ding in a constant hammering at noon, — at 7:25 P. M., — and particularly at 4:45 A. M., — without apparent reason, seems a trifle superfluous. It is not a solemn and dignified tone, either, but a dancing dingle, out of all harmony with priestly functions.

Loading and unloading at the quay adjoining the monastery are broad-prowed native boats; the sky is heavy with thunder clouds and the water suspiciously oily; at the end of the long stone breakwater, the lighthouse stands outlined against warm-tinted mountains; in the distance a ship under full sail is just entering the Canale della Brazza. The real harbor is far to our left, and as we walk toward it along the quay, this first morning, we pass quaint Dalmatian boats, their masts draped with fishing nets hung in graceful fashion



DIOCLETTIAN'S PALACE, MAIN FACADE, SPALATO



CORRIDORS CONVERTED INTO STREETS, SPALATO

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to dry, and each awning-covered deck displaying a tempting cargo of oranges and lemons. So fascinating are these bits of sea-life that it is difficult to tear ourselves away.

Facing this harbor lies Diocletian's splendid palace, — erected 305 A. D., — which, in spite of its adaptation to modern usage, still retains its ancient charm. A stately palace, indeed, did this great Dalmatian build, when, at the age of fifty-nine, he gave up the glory of an imperial crown, — which he, first of all Roman emperors, had dared to wear, — and returned to the obscurity of a private citizen in the land where he was born a slave. "Obscurity," perhaps, but magnificent obscurity; for this royal villa on the sea-shore covers nine and a half acres, and was so solidly constructed that even now, — after the vicissitudes of sixteen centuries, — so much of it remains that we can easily imagine what it must have been in all its pristine glory. "Such stupendous workmanship is only for the masters of the world, Egyptian Pharaohs, Roman Cæsars: it has never been possible in any state of society since that of the Roman Empire in the fourth century and it can never be possible again."

Within its walls a city has been cradled; with streets, temples, campanile, market-places, forums, and hundreds of homes. To be sure, the town has now outgrown these swaddling clothes; but its most interesting quarter lies still inside the old palace.

We follow the busy crowd under its dark archways and through its corridors, converted into streets, until we come to a tiny piazza encumbered with a rough shed; story on story of scaffolding reaches into the sky.

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"But I thought we were going to the cathedral," remarks Madame Content.

"The *façade* of the cathedral," answers the Leader, "is behind the shed and this scaffolding encloses the campanile."

It has been in process of restoration for over twenty years, the *custode* informs us. A costly, as well as tedious, undertaking; may it prove successful when finished!

No, we cannot enter here, — we must go back through the rotunda. This was formerly the vestibule of the palace and covered by a dome; now it is in crumbling ruins. Through narrow lanes and up a flight of temporary steps we reach a side door and enter what is popularly known as the mausoleum of Diocletian, — although antiquarians call it the Temple of Jupiter, — now consecrated to the Virgin and St. Doimo. Circular in form, its interior instantly recalls the Pantheon at Rome, although it lacks the central opening in the dome; it is much smaller, too, being only thirty-five feet, three inches in diameter within the columns. At one point in the gallery a word spoken low in an opposite niche can be plainly heard. Was this peculiarity utilized for oracular responses? The pulpit is rich in vari-colored marbles and columns, with capitals of marvellous interlacing and undercutting. "In point of technical execution and ingenuity of design, I know of nothing in Romanesque art to surpass them." (T. G. Jackson.) Guvina is accredited with this work by late authorities.

The carving at the back of the choir stalls is curiously like the *mushrabieh* work of Cairo; but the delicacy of the execution of the whole and the resemblance to the style of

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the great doors show that they were probably by the same hand. They are said to have been made for S. Stefano de Pinis, which was afterwards destroyed. The ends seem to date from some three centuries later; while a heavy cornice, which adds nothing to their effectiveness, was probably added when the present choir was built and the stalls brought over, from near the pulpit, where they originally stood.

Later on, — at the Baptistery, where they have lain for twenty years, — we saw the great doors of the cathedral; “among the earliest as well as the finest specimens of mediæval woodwork in existence.” Fourteen panels, divided by scrolls and knot-work, represent scenes in the life of Christ. They were executed in 1214 by one Messer Andrea Guvina, — a Slav, if one may judge by his name, — who settled in Spalato, and, absorbing the art of his adopted country, became a painter as well as a famous carver in wood. Here, at the Baptistery, we see again the curious stone-arched roof construction which the architects at Sebenico used with such extraordinary effect.

The entrance to the Baptistery is through a monumental doorway formed of three stones, the full thickness of the walls, but covered with exquisite carving. It is amazing to think that this delicate ornamentation has remained intact through sixteen hundred years of siege, sunshine, and storm. Except for the font, the interior of this small rectangular temple is exactly as it was when Diocletian first sacrificed upon its altar, — dedicating it to Esculapius. The coffered ceiling is superb, leaving nothing to be desired.

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The font, which takes the place of the ancient altar, is in the form of a Greek cross, and was constructed in 1527-1533 by the archbishop Andrea Cornelio from panels probably brought from the cathedral. It consists of fourteen slabs "of Greek marble with blue veins. Six of the external slabs have early mediæval carvings, one has Roman ornament; a Roman inscription is on the back of another, the rest are smooth back and front, and several have been sawn. They are nearly the same height and thickness, but vary in length, and were part of some chancel enclosure, altar, or sarcophagus. The carvings are probably of the eleventh century, and are extremely curious. It is possible that they may be works of Mag. Otto, though the character of the patterns points rather to the Comacines." (F. H. Jackson.) The fine sarcophagi formerly here have been removed to the museum, where they are crowded in with a jumble of antiquities without pretence of installation.

Through a dim labyrinth of archways, — opening at intervals into small irregular piazzas, — we saunter, amusing ourselves by gazing into the tiny shops where cheese and pickles, silver filigree and embroideries, bread, meat, and gay calicoes are displayed. We watch the swarthy Morlacchi with their curious bags of merchandise slung over their shoulders, their snowy kerchiefs and full sleeves making bright spots in the dark shadows of the street.

Following the gay procession we come to the Piazza dei Signori, where every angle discloses a new and delightful picture — a mediæval clock tower, a balconied palace, a stately *façade*; but perhaps most interesting of them all

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is the former loggia, a relic of the fourteenth century, restored in 1891 and now used as the Town Hall. In this piazza, too, is an excellent bookstore, where maps and plans and photographs, besides books and any quantity of useful information, may always be obtained.

From the quay a corniced tower rises high above the surrounding roofs and, searching, we found it in the market-place. A new tower, this, — for the Venetians erected it about 1450, in a line of fortifications just beyond the walls of Diocletian's Palace. Now a market-place is always a fascinating spot, — full of local color and kaleidoscopic effects. Aside from the people the booths themselves are a study and often their contents appeal to a more carnal sense; for this is a fruit and vegetable market and great baskets of luscious products are displayed under the sheltering canvas.

The oranges are too tempting to be resisted and I stop to buy of an enormously fat woman eating from her little sauce-pan what looks like a delicious lamb stew with rice.

"Where do you come from?" she sociably inquires, as I wait for my change. A small child has suddenly appeared and taken the kronen to a neighboring shop.

"From America," I proudly answer, but am somewhat taken back when she asks "Which one?" For usually there is no distinction at this distance.

"From Chicago," I respond. "Do you know it?"

"E — h!" she replies, with that expressive intonation with which the Latin nations adorn their language. I know

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instantly that she has never been there, but she has heard of it.

“Does this country please you?”

“Very much,” I answer.

“How long have you been here, in Spalato?”

“Only yesterday we came, but we are to stay four days.”

It was now my turn. “What are those blackish pods?”

“They are carob beans and very good to eat.”

“Like this, or cooked?”

“Like this, — try one,” and she insists that the small child, who has by this time returned with the money, shall wipe the dust off from four and that I must take them for nothing. They are good, with a thin, sweetish layer around the kernel, like figs, but a bit dry unless one is very hungry. So attractive is the little maid that I persuade her to stand in shy dignity for her photograph.

“Marinovic K —,” she writes in answer to my question; — and the address? “Oh, Trg Voca — Spalato.”

When I went back, on another day, for a chat, making no pretence of buying, the woman greeted me with stately friendliness. “That is beautiful, your necklace,” she remarked, after the fine weather had been discussed. “It is old, is it not?”

“Yes,” I answered, “from India.”

“Oh, I knew it was old,” she asserted.

“And yours?” I ventured, for she wore a curiously wrought gold chain with heavy pendants.

“Mine, too, is old. It was my mother’s mother’s — and

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perhaps older than that," — and her fat fingers felt of it lovingly.

"We are going away to-morrow," I regretfully exclaimed; "I would like so much to stay longer."

"But you will come again," she calmly prophesied, — as if Dalmatia were close to far America, and Spalato a station on the great highway.

CHAPTER X

SALONA — CLISSA — SOURCE OF THE JADRO

“**W**HY would n’t this be a good time to see Salona?” asks the Leader on a golden day in Spalato. And to Salona we go in a native “carriage,” — as the road into the ruins is said to be unsuitable for the motor; thus we have ample leisure to admire the elaborate harness with which so many horses are bedecked. Such brave display of shining brass in rings and cut designs; such gorgeous tassels almost touching the ground! The distance is only four miles and the countryside enchanting with hawthorn hedges, Stars of Bethlehem, and the white bells of the giant snowdrops, — growing, however, in such marshy places that even my enthusiasm has to be restrained. The sea is radiant beneath the stern gray mountains and reflects the towers and many colored houses on the Riviera of the Sette Castelli in rippling shadows; on our right the aqueduct of Diocletian extends across the green fields; and far ahead looms the ancient pyramidal fortress of Clissa.

At an inn, or, *gostiona*, where the Virginia creeper hangs in charming festoons between antique columns, we turn sharply toward the ruins and stop at the house of Professor Bulic to secure a guide. There is more to see at Salona than I had expected, although every ruined city has to be studied carefully in advance in order that one’s imagination may be able to reconstruct it from the fragments. We

SALONA — CLISSA

knew that Salona was the ancient capital of Dalmatia and "one of the proudest provincial cities of the Roman world"; also that it was situated at the base of Mt. Kozjak at the mouth of the Jadro River; — but to stand on the spot and look up at the splendid towering mountains, then down at the sparkling sea, — how different the impression. How much more real the Romans become! On this same landscape they were wont to gaze, over these blue waters came their loaded boats! Did the nightingale sing in the sunshine for them, too? And the white terns sweep in great curves overhead?

The ancient city walls have been traced with remains of eighty-eight towers; but only the most ardent archæologist would care to follow their half-buried foundations. We are interested in the sixth century Christian Baptistery whose walls are still several feet high, circular in form and colonnaded; in the centre is a sunken pool, lined with marble, in the shape of a cross and formerly used for immersion. Several fragments of Roman mosaics, carefully covered with earth as a protection from the sun, are swept bare for our benefit by a crowd of gamins, who, knowing well the course of tourists, keep constantly ahead of us.

The arrangements of the baths are similar to those at Pompeii and plainly to be traced. Most curious of all, however, is the Basilica of the fifth century, which was destroyed in 639, when the Avars burned the city and forced the inhabitants to take refuge in the empty Palace of Diocletian. Recent excavations under the floor of this Basilica have disclosed the fact that it was built on the site of an early Chris-

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tian cemetery. The ground was apparently levelled at the height of the largest tomb and the church erected upon it. Stone sarcophagi, with and without lids, — sometimes sculptured, often inscribed, but always mutilated, — lie about in such profusion that it is difficult to follow the foundations of the church. The most important ones have been taken to the museum at Spalato, although there is a long row of them lying end to end in what is known as the Necropolis Suburbana outside the walls. We spent an inspiring afternoon roaming over this historic ground and brought away a sprig of the rosemary, growing in abundance between the stones.

One sparkling morning, when the air is mild, we motor by the Salona road up the slopes of Mt. Kozjak in long, climbing loops, the Roman Via Gabiniana, through olive orchards, figs and pomegranates, succeeded by flowering raspberries and sweet-brier, until the rocky soil finally refuses to produce anything but junipers or an occasional pine. Below us, as we mount, the panorama grows more extensive; Salona and the Jadro, Spalato and the sea with the far distant islands; how magnificent a spectacle!

The strange, bare peak of Mt. Mosor confronts us across a deep abyss; so twisted, so dishevelled by volcanic action are its sides that the rock strata lies in great swirls like gigantic oyster shells! Nearer us on an isolated rock is perched the ruined fortress of Clissa which formerly commanded the pass between Sinj and Spalato. The road has been carried with great skill to within a short distance of its vine-draped walls, and we walk up the path to enjoy the



MARKETING IN SPALATO



FORTRESS OF CLISSA, NEAR SPALATO

SALONA — CLISSA

splendid prospect. Below us is the small village of Clissa, with its curious roofs of overlapping stones; the white campanile of its church stands as a beacon for the workers on the long slopes of the mountain. It is a wonderfully interesting landscape, rich in historical associations; for Clissa (in Slavic Klis) has been the shuttlecock between Slavs and Latins, Bosnians and Venetians, Turks, Austrians, and Frenchmen, each in turn, for fifteen hundred years. Beyond the green valley southward lies Spalato, by the shining sea, with Piccola Venezia reflected in the still water of the Salonian Gulf; farther away the gently rolling island of Solta and Brazza's towering peaks; then Bua, seeming, from this high level, almost to touch Spalato.

"In that wooded hollow the Jadro rises, according to the map," points out the Leader. "Do you see any road leading that way?"

"Yes, there by the mill; can't you see it?" And we trace it to the Clissa highway.

Without discussion, on our homeward way, we turn aside at the "Gostiona Kate Grubič" and follow the narrow excuse for a road leading to the source of the Jadro. Before we have gone far along it, however, a ford deepened by the recent rains compels us to abandon the car and cross the stream on stepping-stones. Beyond, the road is low and wet; but we keep close to the willows thickly planted on the river banks and come at last to the mill of Vidović. Such a beautiful spot! — thickly overgrown with vines and many trees. *Wistaria* and *Judas* trees are in blossom; above the stone walls hawthorn blooms; the combination of violet, rose color,

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and white, is exquisite. But the Leader never hesitates, — this, evidently, is not the “source,” and he marches resolutely onward. We resist the wild anemones growing in profusion along the way and follow half-reluctantly, expecting at every bend to see the “source”; but instead of becoming smaller, more brook-like, the Jadro seems to increase in size, the current is swift, and occasionally the river broadens to a tiny lake. At last a precipice rises before us, and at its foot pours forth from a reverberating cave a tumultuous, tossing flood! Behold the source! The noise is deafening. Huge birds sweep down in circling flight from the bare crags. The rocky banks are gay with flowering shrubs, genista, wild daisies, and calendula. Two tiny mills bend beneath the weight of ivy nourished by the continual mist. It is our first sight of these strange subterranean streams which are born, full-flooded, from the mountain-side, to disappear again at times beneath a wall of rock. The Jadro has a short career intact; for its waters are partially diverted into the aqueduct of Diocletian, six miles long, which again, since 1879, supplies the city of Spalato.

The return walk through the country is delightful. On a sunny slope a shepherdess sings “Dolce Maria” as she knits, her rich, sweet voice rising and falling in melodious cadence. The child by her side forgets to munch his dry bread as he listens, and we, too, pause to hear.

On reaching the ford again we discover that the stream has risen and all the stepping-stones are under water. The natives calmly take off their shoes and stockings and wade over; but the cramping and inconvenient habits of civiliza-

SALONA — CLISSA

tion prove too strong for us. What can we do? The Leader scoffs at wet shoes, — not so Her Ladyship. “My only pair! I’m sure I should take cold. No, there must be some other way.” Thereupon, as if in answer to her cry, appears an empty wagon and by gestures we induce the driver to lay the adjustable sides of his cart on stones across the flood. With smiling complaisance he accomplishes this so successfully that we cross dry shod and happy.

The further south we travel in Dalmatia, the less Italian influence is visible. Outside of the cities the language is never understood and even in Spalato the notices in our rooms at the hotel are in Slavic, as well as German and Italian. The proper names are very confusing. It is hard enough to remember one name for each new place, but when forced to memorize two the brain rebels; also, there seem to be so many ways of spelling the same word that one’s principles of orthography become sadly lax. No two maps agree, until finally we decide to adopt the phonetic method and be content.

One of the joys of travelling by motor is that there are no iron rules in the matter of time, no railway accommodations or hotel rooms engaged in advance; so when Her Ladyship begs for one day more in Spalato we stay on.

“Why another day?” asks the Leader, curiously, “What do you wish to see?”

“Nothing at all,” she makes answer, “I want a free day to wander about in, with nothing especial that I *must* do.”

It is a still sunny day and the feeling of freedom is delightful. We even sit by the window with our sewing, as

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if we were at home, and the Leader reads aloud to us, reviewing what we have seen.

"I wonder where that street leads!" I say, casually, pointing to the corner between the Court House and the monastery, "The country people so often disappear in that direction."

"Why not go and see?" urges the Leader, always charmed with new suggestions.

So in the late afternoon we turn the familiar corner and face a stone-paved street, which soon resolves itself into shallow steps. This is lined with low houses, and the atmosphere is heavy with odors by no means agreeable; for we are just above the famous Sulphur Springs which here flow into the sea. This water, carried into certain elaborately appointed baths, is one of the luxuries of the city.

Hordes of children are at work or play before their homes, and in that sociable fashion peculiar to Italy the labor of the house is transacted in the open air. Gradually the houses disappear and woods of maritime pine and juniper, with newly laid out avenues upon the hillside, take their place; a lofty terrace with convenient benches beguiles us, and we are well rewarded for our steep climb. Below us lies the lovely bay of Spalato, glowing in the sun's last rays; the walls of Diocletian's Palace can easily be traced; and beyond it and the green valley rises Clissa on its solitary peak, with Mt. Mosor beside it; — for we are on the fair slopes of Mt. Marjan, in the midst of vines and fig-trees, with countless wild flowers nodding in the grass beside us, and the glory of an Oriental sunset transforming the scene.

CHAPTER XI

SPALATO TO METKOVIC

THIS last morning in Spalato, roused by the monastery bell at five o'clock, I lean from my window. A crescent moon hangs in the western sky, pale against the coming light. Already the cargo boats are stirring at the quay. A belated blue one, with white sail, comes dashing over the water before the fresh breeze. A fishing-smack pushes off, — under the touch of the sun her patched and discolored lateen sail is changed to a sheet of silver, as the boat glides swiftly toward the island of Solta. A trim white yacht enters the port. The sea is the richest sapphire, the mountains a rosy tan, at their feet nestle white villages, — Zrnovnica and Mravince, and the belfrys of St. Peter and St. Luke.

The cargo boats are tugging at their ropes, — they beg the men to hasten with the unloading, — this breeze after so many days of calm must not be wasted. We, too, are eager to be on our way.

The Leader looks upon the motor merely as a means to an end; as a method of transportation, comfortable and rapid enough, making possible many excursions only accessible to the walker, bicyclist, or caravaner. Not so, we two. We love the motor for itself alone. We climb into its capacious tonneau; sink into its luxurious springy seat, just the right height, with a back which touches just the

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right places; tuck the fleece-lined leather robes about us tightly, and as the car moves gently off, — gradually increasing its speed until it settles down to the steady hum which tells of perfectly adjusted machinery, — we look at each other in sheer sensuous joy of the motion, and up to the very last day of our journey we exclaim, “Is n’t it blissful! Is there anything to equal it?” Tired heads clear in this rush of pure air, knitted brows unconsciously relax in the splendid ozone. No one ever feels the obligation of talking, — there is too much to observe in the near as well as the distant landscape.

“*Kako se zove ova selo?* (What is the name of that village?)” I murmur, as we roll along the highway, leaving Spalato behind us, bound for Ragusa via Metkovic.

“What *are* you talking about?” asks my companion.

“I am trying it in different intonations to see which sounds the best. I wish I might hear some one say it just once, — it would be such a help. That is where the phonograph — ”

“It must be a holiday to-day,” interrupts Her Ladyship. “Do see all the peasants coming to town. What beautiful costumes!”

Donkeys amble before them, laden with all manner of products in wide baskets or saddle-bags, — for five kilometers we are forced to run very carefully, often stopping, to avoid frightening them. We catch a last glimpse of Clissa above the green valley, surrounded by misty mountains, and on our right the blue sea bounded by Brazza’s rocky heights.

COUNTRYWOMEN IN METKOVIC





WITH WHAT SPLENDID FREEDOM SHE WALKS!
(RAGUSA)

SPALATO TO METKOVIC

The attention of the Leader, however, is taken up with the exciting episodes of the road; for women are leaping from their donkeys and dragging them to the safe harbor of the ditches. The men, and especially the boys, sit more calmly on their small beasts and look in delighted wonder at our comparatively swift flight.

Crossing the Stobreč River we look back at a picturesque huddle of houses on a rock jutting into a bay. It is Stobreč itself.

Over a small ridge, then down a straight, smooth coast road, well marked with kilometer posts and lined with vines, olives, and figs, alternating with young pines, we speed. Here the grapes are actually in leaf and planted in rows to the very edge of the gravelly beach; for these southern slopes of Mt. Mosor are finely cultivated, and for nearly six hundred years, from 1235 to 1807, formed the tiny Republic of Poljica until seized in the octopus-like grasp of France.

The road runs close to the sea, bending around its sharp points and curving through tiny hamlets. Many cherry and almond trees spring from the rocky soil, for here the cherry, known as *marasca*, grows wild, from which is made the famous maraschino wine. In one deep cove, whose vineyards reach to the top of the cliff, a tiny chapel dedicated to "Sv. Stipan" stands on a projecting rock, while near by a solitary villa flies the national flag.

Around another point, and the rose hedges are pink with new leaves. We notice that with every mile southward the vegetation is more advanced. At last before us lies the

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lovely bay of Almissa, with its charming little town, a mere strip at the water's edge below the cone-like Mt. Dinara.

From the precipitous Mt. Borak the ruined castle of Mirabella looks down,— so long the headquarters of a pirate band. “Unassailable by land on account of the barrier of mountains at their back, and protected by the intricacy of the channel from attack by sea, the Almissan corsairs drove a splendid trade and robbed every passer-by, even pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land.”

Here we cross the Cetina River, and leaving the sea turn into a narrow gorge with tremendous cliffs on either side. The rains have swollen the river and formed cascades down the bare precipices. At each turn we expect to find the road submerged, so near the water's edge is it. Sheer crags rise beside us, dotted with emerald spurge (*euphorbia biglandulosa*); but across the stream the slopes are gay with pale green poplars. Flocks of swallows circle above us. Closer and closer the crags approach, narrower and narrower grows the canyon until the road and the river fill it completely; but this proves to be the entrance to a sunny, open valley, where pines and olives vie with the willows, poplars, and elms in the green garb of Spring.

Close to the road, in a grove of forest trees, nestle the picturesque mills of Vissech (sometimes known as the Radman mills). Here is evidently a birds' Paradise, for they rise in bewitching variety as we fly by.

Our route now leaves the Cetina and turns toward snow-capped mountains, ascending in eight loops with very sharp turns but over an excellent road, affording us delightful

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glimpses of the foaming green river far below. Another series of ascending loops with changing shadows on the mountain sides brings us to the settlement of Kučiče. Down again to the Cetina, with snowy Mt. Brela (5117 feet) rising before us; — “This is what *I* call a smiling valley,” asserts Her Ladyship, not always agreeing with the guide-book’s adjectives.

No sooner have we passed with due precaution, but successfully, a crowded diligence, than we encounter three donkeys convoyed by one man. In vain he tugs, in vain he beats; every one of those twelve small feet is firmly planted; not one will budge from the centre of the roadway. Once more our gallant chauffeur must to the rescue, while the Leader indulges in pat, though dignified, remarks about the cussedness of donkeys in general, and Dalmatian donkeys in particular.

As we begin to rise on another zig-zag course, we hear a sound like distant thunder, and behold a torrent leaping over the shelving rock straight down one hundred feet into the basin below. It is the Falls of the Cetina, or “Velika Gubavica,” as the guide-posts inform us.

Near the top of our last climb, beneath a village called “Banja,” a heavily loaded team blocks the way. The driver gesticulates anxiously and pours forth a torrent of Slavic syllables. “The road is so narrow he cannot turn out; — let the signori have patience, soon a cross-road will be reached; — his horses cannot increase their speed, exhausted by the long pull up the mountains; — he will do the very best he can”; — and so, with much cracking of the

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whip and encouraging calls, he leads the way at a snail's pace, while we follow up the steep grade.

Duare is a forlorn, treeless town in the stoniest of stony regions. Its ancient castle, twice destroyed by the Venetians, and as many times rebuilt by the Turks, is now a ruin. Turbaned men look lazily at us as we pass. Long processions of ponies, laden with rocks, accompany us for some distance.

But we are nearly at the end of our cross-country road from Almissa, up the Cetina to just above Duare. At this point, two hundred and seven kilometers from Zara, according to the guide-posts, we enter the national highway from Zara to Ragusa over the Turia Pass, known as the "Strada Mæstra." Soon we make the turn and facing Mt. Brela go southwest through the country of the Karst. This highway is more worn than our pleasant river road, and fertile hollows in the midst of tumbled boulders are small compensation for the wild scenery of the Cetina gorge. But the chauffeur, enchanted to see five hundred feet of clear running ahead of him, sits firmly in his seat, grasps the wheel tightly, and we fly through the monotonous landscape at such a speed that, when we do pass a small collection of huts, the faded sign-post is one blur.

"Did you see the name of that village?" the Leader calls back satirically.

"We did *not*," shrieks the chorus.

"I think it was Grabovac," and orders are given to slow down for the villages.

As we ascend once more, the Dinarian Alps, — white with fresh snow, — appear beside us. At Zagvozd we

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cross a route which leads to Imotski and over the border into the Herzegovina, but we keep to the right over a rolling country along steep inclines and hills covered with a stunted oak.

Probably this was part of the old Roman highway; but on the top of the Turia Pass (2643 feet) is an inscription saying that "under the Emperor Napoleon the Great and under the direction of the viceroy of Italy Eugène, at the time when Marshal Beaumont was commander-in-chief in Dalmatia, this route was opened between 1806 and 1809, under the technical management of General Blancard, with the aid of the engineers Grljic and Zavorio, and that from the Croatian frontier to that of Albania it is two hundred and fifty geographic miles long." It is interesting to note that the Great Napoleon employed native engineers; but we would have known this even if it had not been so stated, so heavy is that one last grade over the summit. What must it have been before the recent improvement? A new dressing, some three inches thick, of coarse broken stone adds to our difficulties.

But if the ascent seems high from the northern side, what are our sensations as we view the descent on the other slope? "Slope" is assuredly not the word! From the top we slide down with screaming brake in eleven cork-screw loops! The panorama is extensive and inspiring, but after one glance I pay little attention to it; the automobile itself demands all my admiration,—with what surety we make the short turns,—how it obeys the strong clutch of the brakes! Will the tremendous friction set it afire as it

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has the machine of a friend? But no! It sails along in safety to the end of the descent. It is a comfort to find ourselves once more on comparatively level ground. To be sure we run up inclines only to coast down on the other side over and over again, as there is not the first attempt at grading. But the road is hard, if the pebbles are many, and we are making good time when —!

“What tire is it?” calmly asks Her Ladyship; and we dismount to look at the break.

“What a fine place for a picnic!” comments the Enthusiast. “Here in a flowery field under oaks and feathery beeches. I know it is early for luncheon, but it is three hours since we started and I am hungry.”

So the sandwiches are unpacked and a boulder selected for a table, behind the tangle of hawthorn. We are safely hidden, when a group of charmingly gowned girls gathers about the automobile.

“I really ought to try to kodak them,” I mumble between bites.

“Oh, they ’ll be there when we have finished,” declares Her Ladyship, loath to be disturbed; but they are not, for some sudden call starts the whole flock, and they disappear toward the village, while I look helplessly on. I do not say “I told you so,” but I am sure I think it; and throughout the entire length, — breadth it has none, — of Dalmatia never again do I meet so characteristic, so brilliant, so eminently kodakable a company!

However when, the tire being nearly ready, we climb into the machine again, some few stragglers happen along

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and I rather tentatively try my Slavic sentence: "*Kako se zove ova selo?* (What is the name of this village?)" With a brilliant smile, which shows all his white teeth, one of them breaks into a flood of language; delightful, instructive discourse, I'll be bound, but wasted on us all. In vain I look intelligent, in vain the Leader tries to get his attention, — with expressive gestures of appreciation he turns to me and eloquently, — I am sure it is eloquently, — tells his tale. Gently I lead him back, nodding my head in agreement, — but "*Ova selo? Kako se zove?* (This village? What is it called?)"

"*Rotuji dolac,*" he answers, and we search for it on the map. The Leader, with small faith, mentions two villages, one on either side of us, which the man motions are both far away, — on both ends of the horizon, in fact.

"*Da Spalato, — u Ragusa,*" I reply, thinking that a safe answer to one of his questions. That much I can manage and "*Da America,*" a word which always brings a light to the eyes wherever it is mentioned; for there is sure to be some member of the family, some friend or neighbor who has been, or is going to, that El Dorado.

Leaving the old tire by the roadside, to the joy of the small boy who evidently expects to make his fortune with it, we start for a fine blue-pointed peak at the end of the valley. Past shrines and guide-posts; by hills of juniper and live oak, with an undergrowth of bayberry; beneath the ruins of its ancient castle where ivy covers the donjonkeep, we finally enter Vrgorac. Tiny houses cling to the hillside like swallows' nests, and the minute square is filled with peasants

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and booths, with merchandise and sheep; evidently it is an important market-day.

"I wish I had a pair of those beautiful *opanka!*" I cry as we creep slowly through a wide street lined with booths displaying the sandal in all stages of its development from the plain leather strips cut from the hide to the elaborately finished product.

"Do you really want them?" questions the Leader. "For we can stop as well as not."

"I really do," and as soon as the car stops, accompanied by the Gentle Lady and by a mob of interested onlookers, I begin my shopping expedition. In walking down the narrow street we inspect carefully all stocks of merchandise, frequently being invited, nay begged, by eager venders to purchase. The crowd of country folk about our heels increases, the ones at the rear trying to get nearer, pushing those in front almost upon us in their desire to see; but they are never intentionally rude.

"This looks like a good place," I murmur; and stop before a booth whose owner has a dignity which pleases me.

"*Quanto,*" I hazard in Italian, pointing to a pair of *opanka* richly wrought with cord, but the man shakes his head. "*Koliko?* (How much?)" I venture.

Ah! the strange lady speaks his tongue. With a rapid gesture of dismissal to the curious crowd, he motions us to enter his tiny shop, sweeps two stools from a dark corner, polishes them swiftly with a cloth, and bows deeply before us, — talking all the time with so deferential an air, such expressive gestures that we almost understand what he

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says. Now if the worthy ladies will sit down in his humble shop and indicate their pleasure. I point to the *opanka* which I prefer, then to my feet. Instantly he is on his knees and measuring, — such a pair of *opanka* I shall have as no one else in all Vrgorac can supply; and with surprising agility he mounts to a shelf near the ceiling, returning with a pair of sandals which he displays with a sureness of appreciation which brings its own reward. They are in very truth most beautifully made. He stoops to compare them with my modern shoe and I agree with his disdain. For picturesqueness, for charm of color, for artistic design, there is no comparison! Poised upon his delicate finger, the *opanka* swing in tempting nearness.

The keen eyes of the Slav never leave my face, and he enjoys hugely my delight, — but what will the visitor be willing to pay? He finally makes up his mind to ask me ten kronen (about \$2.50). This seems to me reasonable enough; but remembering the Oriental custom, I look shocked at the price, and with my fingers indicate eight kronen, — not tentatively, but with decision, — as I can see down the street the Leader is growing uneasy at our absence.

“Very well,” he assents, pleased with his bargain, and throwing the connecting string of the sandals over my arm we sally forth followed by the good wishes and pleasant smiles of the shoe merchant.

The country folk are immensely pleased at this tribute to their good taste, and come running from all sides toward the motor to nod their heads, show their own *opanka*, and

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congratulate me upon my worthy purchase. I show it proudly to each one who can reach me, and they pour forth a chorus of farewells as we move slowly off toward Metkovic.

Below, as we mount, the valley is mostly under water; on the other side rise the snow-capped mountains of the Herzegovina. Here we meet a dignified old seignior, — a Bosnian by his looks, — on a short and stubby pony, accompanied by a lad on foot. At sight of us the boy turns the pony's head quickly away and attempts to drag him out of the road up the steep hillside. With all his might the stubby beast resists, planting firmly his short fore-legs. The rider scorns to interfere, — but simply keeps his seat. Cluckings, urgings, threats, and even blows avail naught; in exhaustion the lad desists, — when the stubborn pony turns and gives us one good long look, then scrambles out of our way without a murmur!

We are now travelling on the ridge, which here separates Dalmatia and the Herzegovina, and the prospects on both sides are full of interest. Where the road to Ljubuski branches to the left, we catch a glimpse of Dusina on the edge of one of the winter lakes.

At a place where the declivity is bare and sheer, we stop carefully on the outside to permit a carriage to pass; but all caution is vain at the next encounter, which is with an animal carrying a big load of fire-wood on his back. With one gasp he breaks away from his master's grasp and scampers down a winding path, leaving his burden scattered in fragments along the way. Even this poor peasant does

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not seem to blame us, but rather the foolishness of his ignorant beast.

Another winter lake appears below, with walnut-trees upon the edge. "Otric-Struge," says the guide-post, then two kilometers more to a comparatively level stretch. White terns circle about us and the meadow larks sing.

"Borovoci-Novasela," and we leave the heights and go swiftly down to the edge of the Narenta delta, where pond lilies are a pleasant surprise. As we cross a dyke, a man guiding a native boat called a "*trupina*" makes a fine silhouette between branches of poplars and fig-trees bordering the highway. These peculiar boats, which the Narentines use in paddling among the reeds and rushes, are so light that they can be carried on the shoulder, yet so strong that they are used for the transportation of hay, rushes, and crops of all kinds. For shooting, also, they are in demand, as from January to March there is an abundance of game along the Narenta, — moor-hen, marsh wood-cock, the wild duck and goose in abundance. Eagles, also, are found there, and white-headed vultures, pelicans, wild swan, herons, and sea-gulls. A very Paradise for the hunter! Salmon trout, up to twenty kilograms, are caught in this stream; and fat eels of the Narenta, taken from October to January, are well known, as are also the crabs. The catching of leeches is another favorite industry; but of all this we see nothing. Only the graceful sprays of pomegranates, red with their new growth, dogwoods in glorious flower, and mulberries shading the river road, call for our enthusiastic admiration.

Across the lake the houses of Metkovic melt into the

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hillside. It is a fascinating ride of five kilometers before we come to the watch-tower of Norino, and, turning sharply to the left, follow the new dyked road on the north bank of the Narenta; passing the docks where steamers from Trieste are unloading, and the railroad station, we cross the river and draw up before the Hotel Austria, Metkovic.

CHAPTER XII

METKOVIC TO RAGUSA

ALTHOUGH Metkovic was formerly on the frontier between Venetian Dalmatia and the Turkish Herzegovina, the city itself has absolutely nothing in the way of antiquity, or even of picturesqueness, to offer to the tourist; — but what she has she presents in good will and abundance. A smoking hot, palatable meal is not to be disdained after six hours of touring. In fact, this small hotel was the only possible spot where we could have procured such a thing the whole distance between Spalato and Ragusa. Imagine, therefore, the disapproval of the Leader when, delaying our luncheon, I rushed down the street in pursuit of a couple of country women dressed in lamb's-wool trousers and long coats, sleeveless jackets of sheepskin, the wool side in and the outside embroidered in bright colors, and, of course, the universal white kerchief and flat bag stuffed with purchases.

A passer-by in the raggedest outfit I ever saw looked curiously at me, and then at them, wondering what I could find extraordinary in two such common-place creatures, but when I paused to “take” a young befezzed and brilliant Bosnian, stepping jauntily down the street, in what we have always been taught to call a Turkish costume; — yes, that was understandable, and he looked a bit enviously at the man's gorgeous clothes and general air of prosperity.

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Across the way from the hotel is a small park, where two magnificent trees guard the entrance. On one side of it flows the Narenta River. In Roman times this stream, called then the Naro, bore an important part; for Narona, one of the three capitals of Dalmatia, was situated near its mouth. It was the barrier between the two republics of Venice and Ragusa in the Middle Ages, and forms now a convenient highway for the transportation of goods in and out of Bosnia.

For nearly fifteen kilometers after leaving Metkovic, the rough road follows the contours of the hillsides above the flooded delta of the Narenta, crossing narrow inlets on dykes. Wherever the water ends, the fresh, green growth begins; young walnut-trees are bursting into red-bronze leaf; many vineyards are under water; and the highway from lack of use is covered with a weak, thin grass. On the stone walls, near the village of Vidouje, large round nets are drying.

Here we begin the ascent over the mountains into the Herzegovina. No wonder the road was grass-grown below, nor that we meet only pack animals and no vehicles of any kind; for although we make two long windings we reach the top of the pass in two kilometers, the last grade being fifteen per cent! Such a desolate conglomeration of water-worn rock, such a tumbled gray sea, suddenly petrified! A billowy field of mountain peaks bounds the eastern horizon, and on the first loop downward we get a superb view over the Adriatic, starred with islands.

The road continues steep and stony, with an economy

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of space at the turns not at all approved by the automobile. As we descend, near the three hundred and fifteenth kilometer post, we meet a file of Herzegovinians in well-worn, picturesque costumes, toiling up the mountain from the sea, under the weight of many burlap bags. "From Neum, I suppose," calls back the Leader. "Soon we go out of the Herzegovina and enter Dalmatia again. For this is the peninsula of Klek, with about two-thirds of a mile of coast and the tiny port of Neum, which Ragusa, in 1718, ceded to Turkey so that the Venetian territory might not touch her borders."

Beautiful black and white terns fly before us, an occasional flock of sheep is seen guarded by trousered young shepherdesses, — after all, it is a sensible costume for their rough, out-of-door life. Below us, suddenly, a blue estuary appears in the landscape; a mountain point; a tiny town.

"What is it?" we ask in chorus of the map-holder.

"It is the Canale di Stagno piccolo." Oh, the musical Italian syllables!

"And the village is Hodilje, on the peninsula of Sabioncello?" The fishermen's boats look like flies on the water. We pass under a ruined watch-tower on the hilltop.

"Probably that marks the frontier, a relic of Turkish domination; now we are out of the Herzegovina and in Dalmatia again," remarks the Leader.

But the landscape does not change, nor the appearance of the people. Two women pass us, bent double under immense bundles of firewood; the two men accompanying them carry between them — one umbrella! This attitude,

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of course, is a survival of the ancient barbaric customs, when the man was the warrior, the hunter, the food provider; and the woman did the rest. It is said that the man loses the respect of his kind if he condescends to assist his wife; and that the wife would be the first one to object, with horror, at his taking a share in so-called woman's work.

A beautiful, great bird, as big as a crow, bright blue, with golden brown and black striped wings, rises from the ground and sails before us. "Oh, I do wish I knew what it was!" But this time our Leader fails us,—of ornithology he pretends no knowledge.

We pass a pine plantation, struggling for existence in this rocky waste, and stop to tie on more firmly our extra cans of gasoline.

"This must be the very top!" we cry, as we look down a sheer thousand feet to the Canale di Stagno piccolo, with an undulating range of mountains on islands beyond. The road takes a deep fall down, another high incline, then a loop, and slides down into a land of plenty. We meet men in a new costume of short, blue baggy trousers, brown jacket embroidered with red, a yellow sash, and the inevitable crimson cap of Dalmatia. Another cleft in the hillside and another glimpse of a sea of islands.

At the three hundred and forty-second kilometer post, Slano is plainly perceived below, amid flourishing vines, fig-trees, and olives. We do not enter the village, but keep on our southern course over hillsides covered with genista, over banks pink with the campion, or purple with the heather. The road, too, is better, in that the stones are

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smoother, and the views more varied and enchanting. At a sharp corner we meet a man riding on a horse, and, accompanying him, a handsome woman *walking!* However, huge gold beads and a Maria Theresa, with four gold rings on her large fingers, betoken the affection of her husband as well as her lofty social position!

We climb another short incline to another hilltop, where the panorama is magnificent; — the open sea with estuaries well defined; the heights of Giupana and Meleda; and the tiny town of Mezzo, nestling in a cove beneath a ruined fort. Our exclamations, as well as our adjectives, are exhausted before we reach a sunny slope, planted with apples and olives and hedges of rosemary, — where from a terrace above an excited voice attempts to stop us, and a man gesticulating frantically points to the shady vale. More peasants, all in the fetching yellow-sash costume, appear upon the roadside, and also point eagerly to the lower road. Has there been an accident? Is there a bridge broken? Very cautiously we crawl down the hill and around the turns finally to discover that this anxiety is not for us after all, but for one poor little donkey driven by a patient, somewhat dazed lad, who is the innocent cause of all this commotion. Do they think that we are going to run over everything in our way? Evidently! — an engine of destruction, without heed or guidance, running about the country, seeking whom it may devour, like the lions of old. The frightened lad dismounts, with trembling limbs, and tries to coax his steed out of the narrow road; but the donkey, — by this time fully aroused to his opportunities, — the moment he

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is free from his master's weight, decides to have a good roll; and roll he does, kicking up his heels in derision,— while we await his pleasure. Shocked by such discourtesy to strangers, the villagers look apologetically first at us, then at the donkey. Finally His Royal Highness deigns to get up, shake the dust from his coat vigorously, and move on out of our way. With mutual smiles, — our only language,— we exchange congratulations with the crowd and continue our journey.

More olive groves and the first carob-trees; a chapel and a cemetery; a wayside cross, cut from the mountain stone;— and suddenly two magnificent planes or sycamores, monarchs of all the countryside! At this time we do not know that these trees, — forty feet in circumference, with a spread of one hundred and ninety-five feet in diameter, — are one of the sights in the environs of Ragusa. We experience all the joy of discoverers. Their fresh spring foliage is exquisite in color, contrasting with the dark branches and mottled bark — and their enormous size dwarfs all comparison!

“We are only about fifteen miles from Ragusa,” the Leader calls over his shoulder, “for that must be Canosa, or Tristeno, as the maps say.” From here the highway follows the convolutions of the coast, with wonderful views over land and water like another Cornice, with which it is well worthy of comparison.

On through more olive orchards we speed with a glimpse of Gravosa in the distance. Beyond Orasac, on an inward bend, we get an exquisite picture of the deep blue bay of

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Malfi, then sliding down a hideously steep curve we are close to the water's edge once more. It is the Ombla River, — with Gravosa before us on the other side; but we turn away and follow its gayly colored banks. Here we see the first palms and Japanese medlars, with quantities of yellow genista and purple gilly flowers.

“Is there no bridge?” I ask, “or ferry?”

“Yes, there is a ferry at Mirinovo close by; but it is only four miles to the source, and we may as well go around.”

Small villages succeed one another, or peep from the wooded hillside. Here is midsummer, indeed, with roses and elder in blossom; artichokes in tiny gardens and our own familiar perennials in abundance; for this is the valley of the Ombla, a favorite spot with nature lovers. The Ombla, called by the Greeks Arione, is supposed to be a continuation of the Trebinjčica River “which becomes subterranean some two and a half hours' journey away in the Herzegovina.” (F. H. Jackson.)

“All these ‘sources’ are alike,” announces Her Ladyship calmly. “A mass of water boils out of a precipice.” So we do not dismount to see the Ombla's exit or entrance into the outer air. We only receive an impression of an immense cliff of stratified limestone, bare and bleak, above a smiling valley; a big building which we afterward learn is the pumping station for the aqueduct supplying Ragusa; and a tiny chapel; — then we turn again toward the sea, and soon reach the harbor of Ragusa, called Gravosa.

Large steamers find a shelter in this protected port, and

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here the railroad ends, a mile and a half from the gate of the city.

The sun is sinking in the sea, birds are singing their vesper hymns, the solemn sound of monastery bells comes clearly to our ears, work is ending, rest beginning, in the tired town, as we climb the last hill and speed along the fine "Bella Vista," in the soft twilight, to our much-longed-for hotel.

The Imperial is in the midst of splendid palms and pines, magnolias and bamboo. Masses of bridal wreath and multiflora roses, rich blue iris and forget-me-nots, fill its charming garden. An arbor of wistaria, in all the delicate beauty of its violet blooms, stretches its long length beneath our windows, the sea tosses restlessly in the distance below an ancient fortress; and close beside us rises the walled city itself, mysterious and fascinating in the early dusk.

CHAPTER XIII

RAGUSA

RAGUSA was the crowning point of our Dalmatian experiences. Never did I appreciate the beauty of the open sea until I came to this stronghold of the Adriatic, this proud and ancient city, this wonderful survival of mediæval times. Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, Ragusa, each has its own peculiar charm, the interest increasing as we go southward. Zara, complete in itself, a tiny walled city on a narrow peninsula shut in by islands; Sebenico and Spalato built on large bays with more extended outlooks; but of them all Ragusa alone basks in the freedom of the open sea. Great waves dash against her worn rock fortress, and no islands shelter her from the Adriatic's storms. To be sure, there are the "Pettini," sharp, teeth-like rocks, projecting just enough to warn the sailor where hidden danger lurks; and Lacroma, a dome-like wooded islet, crowned by an old fort, but on every side the sea stretches away to meet the sky in limitless horizon. One sees the faint smoke of far-away steamers, or catches the gleam of snowy sails against the blue, and longs to follow the white-winged gulls "over the world and far away."

How brilliantly the sun shone on that first morning! We wandered to the little park close by. It is a charming combination of rocky cliffs above a crystal sea, — grass-grown terraces planted with resinous pines and aloes,

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yellow gorse and endless small wild flowers just beginning to blossom, lupines and vetches and pittosporum of sweetest fragrance. Ivy clings to the old wall and barred gate that shuts off a convent garden, where white-coiffed nuns walk in the formal paths. The wistaria flaunts its graceful banners, spirea von Houttei sends forth its cascade-like branches of bridal blossoms, and the pink sprays of the tamarisk make a huge bouquet in the green tangle.

The "plain people" appreciate well this flowering beauty; they, too, wander in this, their own fair garden; they stop to admire the sweet-smelling shrubs and gay borders and fold their tired hands contentedly, as they sit here in the cool of evening, looking out at the glory of sea and sky.

Love of nature is universal and forms a bond of fellowship between all nations. I feel a glow of friendliness for the driver of the little diligence, which plods between Gravosa and the city, and has its stand under the mulberries at the Porta Pile; for on one of his late "runs" he brought a big bundle of spirea and when the sun had set decked his horses' bridles with the white branches. These low, green stages, little more than wagons, drawn by three bony horses, and always filled with a gay crowd of soldiers and peasants, are a feature which I hope will not soon be replaced by the ubiquitous tram. The driver, with one leg thrown over his knee, chats sociably with the nearest passengers.

I really need not go outside for amusement, for under my window passes a constant procession from the fascinating old city gate to the surrounding country. Occasionally



THE GREEN OMNIBUS TO GRAVOSA
THE PORTA PILE, RAGUSA



THE STRIPS OF STREETS
A TYPICAL SHOP ON THE STRADONE, RAGUSA

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one sees an open landau, with red-fezzed gentlemen gazing about, as strangers are wont to do.

There is great variety in the costumes and they are prettier than those of the north. The skirts are dark wool and finely plaited. The aprons vary, and the fluted and fringed white kerchiefs are worn either tied under the chin or looped up on top of the head. Neither are the gold filigree beads allowed to hide their elegance; but, strung on a plain cord, which is supposed to lie snugly in the folds of the fichu at the back, they begin just at the collarbone in front and fall low on the bosom.

An officer in the pale blue uniform of the Austrian cavalry goes slowly by on his well-groomed horse. A young woman in a dark stuff gown, red and white checked apron, green kerchief, and carrying one of the flat embroidered bags of the country, accompanies a child of six, perhaps to school, for there is a fine new school-house on the hill. A Dominican friar, his white frock floating about him; a flock of small school-children with an old servant in their midst; a man bent double under a load of firewood; three more officers gravely walking their horses down the long hill; a pretty kerchiefed Ragusan; an unmistakably English tourist in knickers, with his red guide-book; three women, each carrying a brilliant-hued bundle on her head, like walking poppies; a squad of cavalry; —

“There must be a parade somewhere! Do they celebrate the *fête* of St. Peter Martyr?” I ask wonderingly. More gayly dressed women, one bearing a large, round basket surmounted by a full-sized broom, deftly balanced

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on her head! And so the kaleidoscopic panorama goes on *ad libitum*.

I am aroused from my absorption by the suggestive tones of the Leader, saying: "Suppose we get just an impression of the old town to-day, and later examine it in detail."

It is delightful to feel that we have ample time for our sight-seeing; no steamer leaving at a fixed day and hour, no train holding us to rigid schedule. We may even do nothing at all, if we wish; for no limit has been set to our stay in Ragusa, and the motor is comfortably installed beneath the shelter of its own curtains beside the hotel door. There it stands in perfect safety during our entire stay.

Through the pretty hotel garden and mulberry-shaded square by the Post Office, we reach the bridge over the old moat! What a charming picture between the poplar-trees looking up at the city walls and towers against the barren slopes of Mt. Sergio! Before us stands the Porta Pile, evidently a mere gateway for the many citizens going in both directions; but for us, — a brilliant, sun-lit frame for ever-changing scenes. Within, a sharp elbow leads to the inner gate, and we are at once in the Stradone, the main and only wide street in the city.

"This was at one time a marshy canal," relates the Leader, "separating the original Roman city from a rural colony of Bosnians settled on the slopes of Mt. Sergio. But as the city grew, the two factions came together, the canal was filled up, and a line of fortifications built about the whole, much as we see it to-day. The patron saint of

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the Slavic colony was Sergius, of the Latin colony Bacchus, and neither being willing to accept the guardian saint of the other, they agreed to choose a new one. At this opportune moment a pilgrim arrived from Armenia, bearing the head of St. Blaise, or Biagio, an Asiatic bishop. While resting at Ragusa the saint appeared in a dream warning the Ragusans of an impending attack by the Venetians. In gratitude for this kindly interest, the Ragusans adopted the good bishop as their future protector. Did n't you see his statue over the gate as we came through? There is another, very curious one, of silver in the church dedicated to him and in the Treasury of the Duomo Jackson speaks of a wonderful reliquary containing his skull." I am only half listening, for the passers-by are so delightful to watch, men and women in such a brave and bright array.

"Did you ever see such steep strips of streets!" exclaims the Enthusiast, pausing before a long series of steps between tall buildings.

"And here is another!" cries Her Ladyship, from a corner near by.

Clothes-lines stretch from window across to window; the owners on the opposite balconies could touch hands, I believe; while in this crystal atmosphere the frowning fortress on the mountain-top seems to rise straight up from the last house. The shops are filled with silver ornaments and embroideries, such as the natives love, and we saunter on very slowly, enjoying the fresh, first impression of this quaint old town.

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“Did you notice that big Oriental-looking fountain just inside the gate?” the Leader asks.

“No, the sun was so hot I was hunting for a shady spot.”

“There should be a cloister near here,” he answers, — following the new lead, — and we turn aside where a sign reads “Ljecarnica, Farmacia, Apotheke,” with an index hand.

A charming spot, indeed, is this old cloister of the Franciscans, with its double columns supporting narrow arches, its fifteenth century fountain between long stone benches, and the roses! — only the orange-tree in the corner opposite vies with them for fragrance, while the palms’ sharp fingers cast black shadows on the friars’ walk.

“I am sure you have shown us the most enchanting spot in Ragusa”; but the Leader only smiles mysteriously and bids us wait and see.

On one side of the cloister is the famous Franciscan Farmacia, where the shelves are still filled with rare blue jars and vases, — an inheritance from the Middle Ages, for this apothecary shop, founded in 1307, is one of the three oldest in Europe.

At the farther end of the Stradone is the fifteenth century clock tower; and beside it stands La Sponza, the ancient mint and custom house, a wonderfully charming building, a Venetian *façade* with a Renaissance loggia, and a double cloister about its small *cortile*, where still the *contadini* gather to dispute over the weights and taxes. This constant presence of the gayly dressed country folk adds so much to

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the charm of Ragusa, that sometimes architectural details are overlooked.

But for the loveliness of the Rector's Palace, a short distance beyond the Custom House, no adjectives are adequate. The massive columns, the richly carved capitals, supporting graceful arches, are but an introduction to the splendid entrance, — the Porta della Carità, flanked by long, arcaded benches of marble; and the dignified double cloister, with its comparatively modern stairway; and the details, — it is not enough to revel in the sensuous beauty of the whole, the perfect proportions, the creamy color, the lights and shadows in its deep reveals. Surely those curious pictured scenes upon Onofrio's capitals, the exquisite finish of those leaves and flowers, veritable gems of Gothic sculpture, must not be overlooked.

“It was built toward the end of the fifteenth century,” broke in the voice of the Leader, “by the Neapolitan Onofrio de La Cava, assisted by Michelozzo and Giorgio Orsini, who did the cathedral at Sebenico. You remember Michelozzo designed the Palazzo Riccardi in Florence and the Library of San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice.”

No wonder it is so peculiarly satisfying with that combination of architects for its sponsors. Every day during our stay in Ragusa we linger a while before it, and every day at some new viewpoint discover more of its lasting beauty.

The Duomo, built during this same period, was completely destroyed by the earthquake of 1667, so that this new (?) cathedral contains nothing to compare in interest with its

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famous Treasury. On Wednesday mornings at eleven it is shown, and shortly before that hour groups of tourists, with some few residents, begin to assemble. After the massive door has been unlocked with its three keys and the bars let down, the priest and his two assistants take their places within and set before the astonished gaze of the people gathered at the railing, silver and gold work with inlays of precious stones and rare enamels, until they are dazzled with the quantity and variety of design. Most of the objects appear to be of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, although possibly made at a later date. There are several monstrances, two elaborate processional crosses, and many curious thorax-reliquaries, besides one supporting the jaw of St. Stephen of Hungary, interesting as an example of early Hungarian silversmiths' work. With business-like despatch, other reliquaries of wrought silver representing in natural size arms and other portions of the human body are submitted to our necessarily casual inspection and then not a tenth part have left their cases when the priest for crowning effect, produces the reliquary containing the skull of St. Biagio, the patron saint of the city, the gem of the collection. This is a truly marvellous work of art, with its twenty-four medallions of saints, — Byzantine in style, and probably of the twelfth century; these are surrounded by the most exquisite scrolls and flowers and leaves in enamel of astonishing delicacy and richness. During his close examination Mr. Jackson discovered that the date of this latter work was 1694.

Truly many hours could be profitably spent upon this

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precious relic alone, but the most curious piece of silversmiths' art is yet to come. When the ewer is taken from its case I wonder why that bunch of dried grass is allowed to remain in it, but learn only by actually touching it that it is silver imitation. This ewer and basin were, they told us, intended as a present from the Ragusans to the Hungarian king, Mathias Corvinus; but he dying before the ambassadors reached him, it was brought back to their own city again. Mr. Jackson disputes this date, and believes that it belongs to the end of the sixteenth century; but, in any case, it bears upon its surface an extraordinarily realistic representation of eels and lizards, ferns, flowers, and reeds, stained and modelled with a fidelity to nature nothing short of marvellous.

"Suppose we have a brisk walk this morning," suggested Her Ladyship, one cool, clear day; and instantly the Leader rose to the occasion.

"Why not to San Giacomo? It ought to be attractive all the way."

So we set out. Through the Porta Pile, — always with renewed delight, — along the Corso, by the Dogana and the Roman stairs leading to the church of San Domenico, under the triple archway of the Porta Ploce, we follow the ancient route above the sea. We do try to walk briskly, but hotter and hotter grows the sun, and more and more dusty the road. Between high walls, as in Italian suburbs, it leads us until we reach scattered villas, and can look down into their lovely gardens. When we arrive at San Giacomo degli Olivi, we find only an abandoned and bolted building;

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but the views of Ragusa between the cypress trees, beyond the aloe blossoms, against the sparkling sea, — with La-croma as a pendant jewel, — well repay us.

A group of Ragusan misses are sketching the picturesque belfry of the old monastery, with its attendant sycamores against the blue green of the mountain-side. In their short walking suits, shirt waists, and sailor hats, they seem like well-bred English girls; indeed, their low voices, gentle manners, their interest in their work, and attention to the criticisms of their young teacher, set an example for the school-girl of any country.

Returning from San Giacomo, we stop at the Dominican monastery to rest a bit within its lovely cloister. A tiny balcony, high up against the wall, has the utmost fascination for me. Does the Father Superior look from it over the blue sea and refresh his soul with glimpses of a heaven on earth, — or is it merely a gallery from which to announce great tidings. Beneath the willow trees are pots of marguerites and lilies; low evergreens and oranges in bloom; an open flagged space enclosing a stately well; and all around, the Gothic arches with their strange interlaced circles casting cool shadows upon the quiet walk.

CHAPTER XIV

RAGUSA — LACROMA — LAPAD

HAVING been told that Tuesday is market-day at Ragusa, I start out early in the morning toward the square where fruits and vegetables are offered for sale. There is no such picturesque crowd as at Zara on Good Friday, but here and there roaming about the narrow streets are country women, brave in rich costumes, jewelled belts, and dangling head-dresses. These are the Herzegovinians. One, so well dressed that I hesitate to ask her if she is willing to be photographed, tosses her head and moves her fingers, unmistakably demanding money.

“One kronen.”

“Oh, no!”

“Well, sixty heller.” By this time another splendidly attired specimen has appeared — from the ground for all I can see.

“One kronen for the two,” I bargain from sheer force of habit.

“No, sixty for me and sixty for her first!” What a sad comment on her experiences with another race!

When I have given the promised sums they stand like statues and will so stand by the hour if desired. Every trace of animation leaves their faces. In vain I say “*Parla!*”

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Guarda!” — they will not be diverted from their grim purpose. They are having their pictures taken, and every nerve and muscle betokens it!

The white lace veils which the women wear fastened with filigree pins and tassels to their tiny caps, or beaded fillets, and floating over their shoulders, are very effective. I quite sympathize with an English tourist, who is apparently attempting to persuade one of the women to sell him something. She looks puzzled and shakes her head, but later on from a tiny shop comes loud and clear in the up-and-down intonations of the Cockney; “No, I want a female costume.”

The harbor of Ragusa, Porto Casson, is a delightful place to linger. Here are to be seen the large fishing-boats, — with their curious night lanterns for attracting sardines, — quaint barks from neighboring lands, ships from distant ports, and occasionally a steamer or two. Often a new costume may reward one, although the familiar attire is varied enough always to delight the eye.

“Do look,” cries the Enthusiast, “on the deck of that steamer by the dock,” and she struggles to refrain from pointing out a pretty woman, dressed in full Turkish trousers, long maroon velvet coat, trimmed with silver braid, and a white kerchief on her head. Instead of sitting cross-legged on the floor she is evidently very comfortable upon the bench, and instead of peering from behind a veil she is openly smoking a cigarette and chatting with two men in a truly sociable manner.

“Is this the new woman of Turkey?” I ask Her Lady-



HERZEGOVINIAN WOMEN SHOPPING IN RAGUSA



THE OLD HARBOR. PORTO CASSON, RAGUSA.

RAGUSA — LACROMA — LAPAD

ship, but we discover later that even the Christians wear those abominably ugly full trousers in the Herzegovina.

From this same harbor goes forth to Lacroma a small naphtha launch none too clean or comfortable. Before we quite realize what we have attempted, one silvery still day we embark on it for the lovely islet. Her Ladyship makes no boast of seaworthiness, and the Enthusiast becomes limp at the first deep swell, but the Leader encourages us by pointing out the short distance and endeavors to distract us by tales of the isle itself. We finally, — it is only in reality about twenty minutes, — approach close to the wooded rocks, but see no sign of port, only a white cross, which marks the shipwreck of an Austrian man-of-war in 1859.

Slowly we sail on. The soft south breeze blows gently, the sea is transparent, reflecting the mossy cliffs and the wind-tossed forests. Above us looms an ancient fort, and against a tangle of green wildness shines a square campanile. This was at one time the home of Crown Prince Rudolf, and before him of Maximilian of Mexico, who made from the old monastery of San Marco a royal *château* surrounded by splendid gardens. Now it is back in the service of the church once more, being occupied by the Dominicans.

Behind us lies Ragusa, her round towers by the water, her walls and ancient fortifications on the mountain-side, and the grassy banks on Sergius' very top denoting the modern fort.

Lacroma itself is a delight. We climb by shady paths strewn with rosemary and gorse to the monastery court. Then from the orange garden and tangle of roses, from the

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palms and aloes, by successive terraces we descend to a charming viewpoint overlooking the distant city and the sea.

But the great joy of Lacroma is her wealth of wild flowers. Under the ilex forest, yellow and purple, blue and ivory, they star the dusky ground. One exquisite blossom (*Cistus Monspeliensis*) growing in great profusion resembles a Cherokee rose. It is enough to make the studious and would-be intelligent Enthusiast cry out with despair, for all of this flora belongs to another botany than hers, and to be denied even a bowing acquaintance with these fair denizens of the forest is a real trial. The air is sweet with pine and locust and orange blossom. We sit in the cool shelter of the twisted trees and watch the glistening sea.

"I believe the wind has risen," remarks Her Ladyship, scanning the leaping wavelets anxiously.

"You must not exert your imagination so much," mockingly replies her companion. "Let me know when you see the launch," and so saying, he saunters off toward the beach. But it does not have to be announced; we hear it from afar before it turns the corner of the rocky bluff, and hurry to the tiny pier. Silently we take our seats with one or two other passengers and begin our voyage homewards. The wind has risen, nothing to disturb a larger craft, but the short, choppy sea tosses our small launch in horrid, jumping motions.

"It is not far, you know," the Enthusiast comforts, and offers licorice — her favorite panacea — to her pale compatriot.

A smell of naphtha pervades the warm air. There is no

RAGUSA — LACROMA — LAPAD

escaping from its sickening fumes, and still the towers of Ragusa loom afar.

“It does not seem as if we made any headway at all,” I cry at last. “How much longer are we going to be, do you suppose? Is n’t it getting worse?”

“We are passing the most exposed part now,” counsels the Leader. “Look, the sea is quite smooth over there.” And soon we enter the region of calm and thankfully set our feet once more on *terra firma*.

“I think I must be a hoodoo,” cries Her Ladyship that evening when, somewhat strengthened by an excellent dinner, she has recovered her usual good spirits, “but I don’t mean to go to any more islands.”

“We will take the islands some other time in a big boat,” is her lord’s reply.

How completely has Ragusa preserved her mediæval aspect! “From whatever side you regard her, she appears surrounded by a chain of frowning towers and girt by mighty walls, over which little more than the towers of the church can be seen, while toward the sea she presents nothing but a line of walls and towers, crowning the verge of an inaccessible precipice.” One may walk around the city on these walls, thus getting an excellent idea of the sixteenth century system of defence, besides many glimpses into the daily life of the present time. It is not a fatiguing promenade, although there are many short flights of steps, as within these walls Ragusa measures only about 450 yards square.

Each town in Dalmatia seems to have led its own individual life, with nothing but hostility for its neighbor.

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Indeed, "Dalmatia, though nominally a kingdom, has never had any independent national existence. . . . It is not so much a distinct country as a convenient geographical expression." Even its inhabitants are not usually known as Dalmatians, but by the part of the country from which they come. As an Austrian Province, it has representation in the parliament of Vienna.

This fascinating region deserves to be better known and its excellent highways more frequently traversed. I say "excellent" from an American rather than from a French standpoint. They are certainly superior to the Spanish and are fully equal to the average Italian roads.

No one can admire the sea more than I,—its majesty, its color, its ever-changing aspects; my enthusiasm is boundless — when contemplating it from dry land; but when on its fickle surface, my mind, indeed, my whole being, is so fully preoccupied that any appreciation is impossible. Viewing a country from the sea only, one may get marvellous color-effects and charming pictures, but often a false impression. For instance, one author wrote that the interior of Dalmatia must be like the desert of Sahara. Now, nothing could be further from the truth. These ashen, limestone peaks or boulder-covered plains, alternating with green plateaus and valleys, are in striking contrast with the brown-stone mountains or the apricot-colored sand on the rolling surface of the great Sahara Desert.

In no way is the geographical conformation of a country so forcibly impressed upon one as in automobiling. Plains and valleys, gorges, hills and mountain ranges, river

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courses, lakes and waterfalls, with their characteristics and relations to one another, are learned in a manner not soon forgotten. And by no other means can one come in such direct contact with the people of a country busy about their daily tasks.

Toward sunset is the time to visit Lapad, a wooded promontory jutting into the sea westward from Gravosa. Leaving the carriage at the gate of the Villa Bravacic, we begin climbing the rough, steep paths made by flocks of sheep, leading to the summit of Mt. Petka. A shy young shepherdess greets us pleasantly, as we toil upward, and reassures us as to the good intentions of her barking dog. "Gobj, Gobj," she calls, in successive intonations of command and commendation. She is busy with some embroidery, instead of the usual knitting, but hardly glances at it as she talks. Of course we do not know one word of her Slavic speech, but her meaning some way penetrates fully to our understanding.

After this we meet no one, no habitation is to be seen, nothing but shrubby growth of junipers and tangled sprays of greenbrier and the sharp, stiff leaf of a kind of bushy smilax under the twisted pines. One of our number — far be it from me to divulge which one — weakens after half an hour of scrambling over loose pebbles, up steps formed of the knotted roots of ancient trees, through shut-in forests, peering in vain at each cork-screw turn to get at least a glimpse of the promised view, only to find that the wild growth guards its secret well. No hint of sea or shore penetrates these dark preserves.

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"I go no farther," breathlessly, but with determination, cries the Renegade; "You go on, and I will wait for you here," and she throws herself upon the fragrant pine needles, her head upon a hospitable stone, and at once the trees whisper together and begin to move in solemn, slow procession.

"You don't know what you've missed," a familiar voice comes faintly to my ear, and as I jump up hastily it continues, "Why, I do believe you've been asleep!"

"Asleep?" I scorn the word! I have been transported. My soul has gone a-sailing in far-off mystic spheres.

"Was it fine?" I politely question; but I must confess that as I listen to the glowing account of the places seen from that wooded height, my ghostly procession of warriors and clansmen seems much more real than they.

In the early morning a colony of sparrows chatter among the pines of the hotel garden, a flock of whirling swallows swings about the castle cliff, a sheen of white-winged gulls flashes across the deep blue dancing water. How good it is to be alive! In the summer warmth much of our nervous energy has departed, and it seems quite enough to linger on the flower-bedecked rocks, or idly watch the passers-by.

"Have you seen that curious little tree springing from between the stones over the door of San Guiseppe?" I ask the Leader at luncheon.

"Yes, at least I noticed something queer up there."

"I wish we could go that way the next time we go into the city. I want to see if I can get a picture of it."

"I know you can't," he answers discouragingly, "for the street is only about ten feet wide and the top of the

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door must be at least fifteen or twenty feet from the ground.”

But we go over and examine the curiosity, for curious it is. About fifteen feet high and apparently flourishing, the tree is held close to the *façade* by an iron band, and on an encircling piece of pottery are the dates 1806 and 1896. Whence it receives its nourishment, no one can tell. By no method can the kodak be turned enough to get a good picture of it. Opposite, however, is an iron gate in a high wall. I peer within, and quietly pushing it open go inside, whence a flight of steps leads to a terrace, but even there the wall conceals the coveted object, and I keep on up another flight to a small porch from where, to my joy, the tree stands clearly outlined. A kindly faced young woman appears from within, with two children clinging to her skirts and hospitably offers me the shelter of her home. I motion to the tree and she, well pleased at my discovery, pours forth a flood of *patois*, of which I only catch “*miracolo*” and “*bello*” and “*quarent' anni*.”

“Are n't you coming?” sounds clearly from below.

“Yes, yes,” I murmur, and hasten to rejoin my companions.

CHAPTER XV

RAGUSA

“**W**HERE are we going first, to-day?” I ask, as we start out one glorious April morning.

“To the market to buy some chocolate,” gayly answers Her Ladyship. And so to the market we go. While the sweets are being purchased I wander to the other side of the square and stop before the booth of a vender of vegetables.

“Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of that bird?” I inquire. For amidst the fluttering pigeons a tall gray-winged creature, with spotless head and breast, stalks, very much at home.

“It is a sea-gull,” answers the market-man.

“But he has no fear, not even of the dogs,” I remark in surprise. For two or three come bounding along at that moment, barking vigorously and scattering the pigeons at their feast.

“No, he is tame. He was caught very young and taught,—he is most intelligent and knows whether the dogs are muzzled or not. He knows many things and for a barometer he is better than any glass. Three or four days beforehand you can tell by his cries when the weather is going to change.”

“In that case perhaps you will inform me if it will rain to-day,” — for the skies are overcast.

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“E — h! Maybe a sprinkle or two, but not much.”

“And to-morrow?” — I venture, for we have planned a motor ride.

“No, nothing to speak of,” he assures me, — perhaps seeing my ardent desire for sunshine.

“What is his name? I mean, what do you call him?” I ask.

“Piero. Here,” raising his voice, “Piero, Piero!” And the bird, at the other side of the square, picking at some refuse, instantly comes at the well-known call.

“How dear he is! Can’t I buy something for him to eat?”

“Not here, — he eats cornmeal or bread or fish”; and a friendly customer, standing by, opens her parcel and gives me some pieces of small fish, which Signor Piero deigns rather indifferently to taste. The venders are much interested in my photographing him as he stands at my feet.

A band is moving rapidly up the street, and I ask the shopkeeper what is going on. “A funeral,” he replies; “outside the Porta Pile.”

“To San Michele, perhaps?” I ask, to ascertain whether the procession will pass through the town.

“No, to Lapad,” he replies.

“It must be an elaborate ceremonial,” I venture, for I had seen men carrying wreaths, going up the hill all the morning.

“Oh, no! No one but a signora,” he dubiously responds, with the true Oriental attitude toward the fair sex.

The costume of a slim young Ragusan is very attractive;

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the dark stuff gown is trimmed with red bands, short to show white stockings and red shoes; a spotless apron and a white coif over a coquettish red cap complete the charming picture. Not only are the women gay as butterflies, but the men vie with them in the variety and splendor of their attire. Here is a Turk in full Oriental costume smoking a cigarette as he rides along on his ambling donkey; and here is a man in a new costume, a white lamb's-wool fez, black and red striped silk coat with tight-fitting sleeves and a short black sleeveless jacket heavily embroidered in red; a broad Persian sash is twisted about the waist and the tight white lamb's-wool trousers are trimmed with a curious black *appliqué* and fastened close at the ankle with silver hooks. I long with my whole heart to beg him to stand still for one small moment, but he looks so fierce, he takes himself so seriously, — no, I really am afraid I dare not. And he passes swiftly out of sight.

“I think he is from Albania,” remarks the Leader. “We may see more of them in Montenegro.”

A group of women go chattering by, their huge round baskets deftly balanced, as usual, on their heads. These baskets contain anything, evidently, from clothes to marketing and are often topped by an umbrella or broom. By this method, the hands are left free to swing or to assist a weaker sister.

It is a law-abiding country, off here at the edge of Europe. I saw but four policemen in all, — ornamental rather than necessary, — ready always to assist the foreigner with the intricacies of dialect. Where in our own country would it



PIERO THE GULL
(RAGUSA)



A DALMATIAN FUNERAL, RAGUSA

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be safe to leave a motor car at the front door, day and night, the extra tires only strapped on and nothing locked?

In the thirteenth century the only stone buildings in Ragusa were the castle and the churches, all others being of wood. Monte Sergio was then covered with forest; indeed, the Slavic name of Ragusa, Dubrovnik, means "the woody." Many of the now barren mountains in the interior of Dalmatia were once green with vast tracts of the maritime pine; but the Venetians found this wood invaluable for their ships so they ruthlessly stripped the country. Without the protection of trees, the soil was washed down from the slopes by the rains, leaving nothing but the sterile rock. In certain regions the government is planting young pine and beech trees, hoping in time to make fertile once more these waste places.

From what calamities has this charming city of Ragusa risen triumphant! Burned to the ground in 1292, swept by the plague in 1348, continually fighting for her real independence, in 1358 she passed from Venetian protection to that of Louis of Hungary. But aside from tribute to be paid, a certain number of galleys to be furnished, the observation of royal feasts, and the use of the royal banner, she was left to govern herself under her own laws, while Hungary kept her enemies away. During the next century she developed an extensive commerce, not only with the Venetians and the Hungarians, but also with the Turks, then just beginning to make themselves felt in Europe.

In 1420, when all the rest of the country became Venetian, Ragusa attained her highest supremacy, extending her

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territory by purchase or royal grant from Stagno on the north to Punta d'Ostro at the mouth of the Bocche di Cattaro on the south, about 100 miles. Then she was in truth an independent Republic, although in time of need she felt that she could rely on Hungary, and afterward upon Austria, for aid. A very progressive little Republic she proved, for besides enriching her city with splendid buildings, in 1417 she prohibited slave-dealing, in 1432 established a Foundlings' Hospital, and in 1435 opened the first public schools. She brought water from Gionchetto, eight miles away, and erected elaborate fountains at both her gates.

About 1450, many wealthy Slavic refugees, fleeing from the Turks, came to settle in Ragusa. They seem to have taken kindly to Italian civilization and to have become patriotic citizens. In 1460 Ragusa itself was besieged by the Turks, under Mohammed II., but was successful in buying off the enemy.

A second fire and a terrible visitation of the plague occurred in 1462; but the undaunted Ragusans rebuilt their Rector's Palace and many other public buildings, increased their commerce by new treaties, and prospered exceedingly. At this time Ragusa is said to have had 40,000 inhabitants. Its productions were shoes and glass, coral wares and wax, and after 1539 it manufactured woollen stuffs and silks. Think of this tiny Republic sending her products not only to Italy, but to France and Spain, to Egypt and even to the Indies! "The word 'argosy,' or 'ragosy,' is said to have meant, originally, 'a ship of Ragusa.'"

But in 1520 a new terror came to this stanch little

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Republic, — a terrible earthquake, lasting at intervals for twenty months and doing hideous damage. This was followed by so dreadful a plague that 20,000 persons are said to have lost their lives.

With the sacrifice of tribute, vessels, and many soldiers to assist Charles V. against the Turks; with the depredations of the Uscoqs, and the shocks of further earthquakes and more pestilence, Ragusa began her decline; and when finally she had leisure to rebuild her ships, in 1640, she found two new rivals on the sea, — England and Holland. But the most complete calamity that befell her was the earthquake of 1667, which demolished the cathedral, unroofed all the churches and a multitude of private houses, and killed five thousand persons. The city took fire and became the prey of hordes of marauders. After order was in a measure established, another site was proposed to the Ragusans on which to rebuild their city, but they preferred to remain on this dangerous mountain-side, where earthquakes still occur, certainly on an average of once in twenty years. “In 1805 the first capital sentence for twenty-five years was pronounced. The city went into mourning and an executioner had to be brought for the purpose from Turkey.” (F. H. Jackson.) In 1806 the French occupied the city, and on January 31, 1808, Napoleon decreed that this sturdy Republic of Ragusa should cease to exist. Since 1814 it has been joined to the other cities of Dalmatia under Austrian rule.

With what wisdom its rulers must have administered this State that it could survive through all these centuries,

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for its position "exposed it to constant alarms, surrounded as it was by troublesome neighbors, and subject alternately to the intrigues and ambitions of Venice, the unsettled and discordant projects of the Slavonian princes, the unstable friendship of the Hungarians, the selfish views of the Spaniards, and the capricious insolence of the Turks, to the ignominy of whose protection the hostility of Venice obliged it to submit; and the whole career of the Ragusan Republic was a struggle for self-preservation, and the maintenance of its independence in the midst of constant danger." (Sir Gardner Wilkinson.)

The very best time to be in Ragusa is the first two weeks in May, for then the roses are at their loveliest and Summer is in full swing. The day before we leave this happy city I hie me to the market-square, once more to see the dignified sea-gull.

"Good-morning," — I accost the busy market-man at his booth, "where is Piero to-day?" for I had searched both squares.

His eyes wander over the pavement, then lift to the clouds. "He must have gone to the fish market," he answers quietly; "He will soon be back."

"Does he fly there?" I ask.

"Why, certainly," he replies, — as if to say, "How else should he go?"

"But his wings are not clipped, then?"

"No, indeed," he somewhat indignantly responds. "He will be back here soon."

"He is a marvel, your Piero, I think."

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"He is a most intelligent bird," responds the market-man.

I wait before the Rector's Palace, feasting my eyes upon its lovely lines, gazing at the casual and picturesque passers-by, and drinking in the sweet, soft southern air, and it is not very long before my friend, the market-gardener, cries from his busy booth: "Look!" pointing to the sky. With a graceful sweep, the sunlight turning his snowy breast to silver, down flies Piero, the intelligent, alighting within a stone's throw of my hand. How saucily he cocks his head on one side, as much has to say, "It is nothing. It is perfectly easy. Why don't you try it?"

When we were resting after dinner that evening the Leader broached the subject of motoring all the way to Cetinje — a feat not usually attempted by tourists.

"Do you suppose we can do it?" cried the Enthusiast.

"Easily enough," replied the Leader of the Expedition; "if we can only get across the Bocche."

"You know General Winchester had to turn back at the ferry," reminded Madame Content, with her usual caution, for "the ferry" consisted of a good-sized row-boat.

"Yes, — but motors have been over."

"As large as ours?"

"Oh, well, of that I am not sure. If only the road were completed!"

For there is to be a wonderfully interesting drive close to the shore, leading from village to village entirely around the five bays constituting the so-called "Bocche." Beneath towering mountains, it continues from Castelnuovo through

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Meljine, Zelenika, Kamenari, Morinje, Risano, Perasto, Orahovac and Dobrota, to Cattaro, where the climb into Montenegro begins. Already it is finished as far as Kamenari and is passable, although somewhat narrow, for a few miles further on. I believe one intrepid motorist penetrated into its depths so far that he had to run backward a mile before finding a suitable place in which to turn around again. Probably this is the old Roman road which came down from Aquileia through Epidaurus (Zara Vecchia) turning at Castelnuovo to connect these colonies of the Bocche with Durazzo on the coast, just beyond the mouth of the Drin.

“Let us go down to Zelenika, anyway, and look at the facilities for crossing,” advised the Leader; “if we find them inadequate we can easily turn back.”

“You won’t take any risks with our precious car, will you?” begged Madame Content; and being reassured, the date was decided upon.

This was Tuesday. On Wednesday a charming English couple called with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, and naturally the talk fell upon our plans.

“No, I’m afraid we won’t be able to take that wonderful drive in the motor,” answered Madame Content; “and the seven hours’ climb in one of those uncomfortable little carriages rather appals me.”

“Oh, I’m sure you can get your automobile across somehow,” encouraged these new acquaintances. “Why, the Prince has one at least, and a year ago we met two on

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the way up. Do you suppose they shipped them by steamer from here to Cattaro?"

And with this hint the Leader began making inquiries; but the banker and the gasoline dealer both agreed that the steamship company, not being accustomed to handling such bulky, heavy, yet delicate, objects, the landing arrangements at Cattaro would probably be found unsafe. In fact there would be too much risk of disabling the car and so closing abruptly our pleasant journeyings.

"Why not get a government barge?" suggested this resourceful English authoress.

"Of course, a government barge would solve our difficulties, and be the very thing; but we understand that naturally the Austrian navy is not loaning its vessels to stranded motorists without orders from headquarters; and a permit from Vienna might take weeks to reach us."

"Perhaps we could do something," interposed the helpful lady; "the commandant at Castelnuovo was very kind to us last year, and if he could, would be glad, I am sure, to assist you. Certainly it would be no trouble for us to make inquiries, as we are going to Cattaro to-morrow. I think you will find all the Austrian officials most courteous and anxious to do everything in their power for visiting strangers. What day did you say you wished to cross?"

"Why, Friday or Saturday would be equally convenient."

"Well, one of us will get off at Castelnuovo and see what can be done."

I am afraid we were skeptical of their success, although we thanked them heartily for their endeavors. We knew

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that motors had been taken across by lashing two small boats together — at least, so we were told. How they managed to get them down from the dock some six feet above the water into those same boats was not explained.

“Oh, yes! We have taken over big cars — some that weighed ten tons,” boasted one too ambitious native. As our car only tipped the scales at the modest weight of one and one-half tons, we regarded with some suspicion any further statement this well-meaning Dalmatian might make.

Great, therefore, was our surprise and joy when we received from our influential friends the welcome news that they had been able to arrange everything for us; and that by applying to the commandant at Castelnuovo the barge would be sent to Kamenari to carry our motor across that narrow but important strait in the Bocche di Cattaro. It was decided that we start early the next day.

CHAPTER XVI

RAGUSA TO ZELENKA

PIERO was right — it did not rain, — and the sun was shining gloriously when I awakened that morning to the sound of martial music in the street. Opening the shutters, I spied a military band marching gayly by, followed by a company of infantry, and the usual adoring crowd of small boys. It seems to have plenty to do, — this military band, — for scarcely a day passes that we do not hear it in some quarter of the city. It plays well, too, — quite a *répertoire*, from Chopin's Funeral March to the Merry Widow Waltz.

But what is this? The music has turned in by the hotel and halts at the entrance under our windows — rather a delicate bit of attention at parting, I muse, although, perhaps, seven-thirty in the morning is a bit early for enthusiasm on the part of the recipient! But they do not linger, — they are evidently a much-in-demand band. After one tune, down the hill they go, still playing, and the echoes of the music come faint and more faint as they disappear through the Porta Pile and back to their quarters again.

Another band is heard in the distance, another band marches up the hill, another band turns in and stops under our windows. Really, this attention is growing overpowering! They play two tunes in our bewildered ears while the curtains of the automobile are taken off and the top put

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down, ready for travelling. The dust whirls in clouds through the small court. Little girls have joined the procession, some of them leading by the hand brothers too tiny to trudge alone. A victoria below has lilacs at the horses' ears and adorning the lanterns. Is he a nature-loving coachman; or is some one important leaving by the boat this morning; or is this a May Day celebration?

Behold, still a third band makes its appearance! I had no idea that there were so many in Ragusa. Smaller in numbers, perhaps, this one plays with vim and without the assistance of the drum major. The officer in charge does not enter the hotel and the stay is brief; the big bass drum, conveniently rolling on two small wheels, disappears down the hill, followed by the flower-decked carriage.

The school children twirl a rose or carry a bundle of flowers, the peasant tucks a deep scarlet one behind her soft brown ear. Another vehicle, bedecked with green, passes. Evidently it is a *festa*. And this is the way the lively Ragusans celebrate the first of May.

It is indeed a perfect morning, warm, with a southern breeze, and light white clouds drifting over the sky, tempering the heat of the sun as we leave Ragusa, — bound for Montenegro. A broad new road has been blasted from the mountain side around the walls of Ragusa, thus relieving the Stradone.

“What splendid harness!” cries the Enthusiast, as the sun's rays reflect dazzlingly from big brass plaques and rings holding bright tassels; for we are on the highway to Trebinje and the peasants from the Herzegovina are coming to market.



THE MOAT CONVERTED INTO A PARK, RAGUSA



THE HOTEL SQUARE ON THE FIRST OF MAY, RAGUSA

RAGUSA TO ZELENIKA

“Why do the men wear a thick vest over that long white lamb’s-wool coat, I wonder, when it is so hot?” inquires Madame Content.

“Because it is the custom, I suppose, for one reason, and for another it is so very becoming. Have n’t you noticed how beautifully they are embroidered and the hanging buttons of filigree silver?”

“Yes, but that does not make them cool,” she persists.

“Well, they are prepared for all sorts of weather, you see; when the sun sets and they are climbing the mountains on their return homeward, doubtless they will be very glad of all that clothing.”

The first red poppies are starring the stony fields, long-stemmed dandelions in strange clusters nod gayly from under bare rocks, and the air is heavy with the perfume of gorse. Near the monastery of San Giacomo we look back at the exquisite view of Ragusa, and the green-wooded peak of Mt. Petka rising behind the castellated Minceta Tower. A bend in the road, and three carriages filled to overflowing with men and women in the gayest of clothes and spirits, confront our delighted eyes. The horses, sorry beasts, have not the courage to rebel at sight of this new monster and we pass them all too swiftly. “It must be a wedding party,” I exclaim; “Did you see all the silver coins and buttons and braids?”

“And the gold-embroidered jackets and beads?” add Madame Content.

“Perhaps they are from the Valle di Breno which we soon enter,” remarks the Leader. “You remember, the

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people there are noted for their good looks and becoming costumes."

The excellent road against the side of the cliff overhangs the silvery sea; and as we make the innumerable turns, new and varied combinations of mountains and deep-cut bays are disclosed. Here in the Val d'Orsola the rocks support a slender growth of evergreen, just enough to emphasize, by its rich shade, the opalescent tints of the bare crags. At their feet the water forms a foaming line of white, and point after point juts forth into the sea, — until the Punta d'Ostro tells where the Bocche begins.

The mulberries are in full leaf in sheltered corners, as leaving the water gradually we ascend through pine woods to the top where the Trebinje route branches north. Our way lies before us in the luxuriant valley of the Breno, green with its figs and olives, oaks and cypresses; in the vineyards men are working, raising small hillocks around each precious vine.

"Look! — that man wears his sash outside his long white coat and he has a turban instead of a cap," exclaims the Enthusiast, as a donkey with his rider trots calmly by; "I wish I knew from what part of the country he comes."

"It would take a life-time to learn all these varied costumes," Madame Content replies. "I think it is nice just to enjoy them and not bother."

Out from the sheltered cove where Breno lies, — passing her famous mill and white cascades, — we climb again beneath great towering cliffs. Near Plat the smooth highway ascends more gradually above the crystal water, the air

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is soft with the perfume of gorse, and on the crags grows my Lacroma flower, like a Cherokee rose. I can resist no longer. "Oh, can't we stop and get a bunch of flowers?" I cry.

"Why not?" replies the Leader. And with a sharp knife and protecting gloves, a branch of yellow gorse is plucked and tucked into the hood's supports on either side, while men in a field below gaze in wide-eyed wonder.

At Obed a rough road leads down to Ragusa Vecchia, on a point jutting into the bay. The Dalmatians have a curious custom of calling a bay or gulf a *valle*, which is confusing to unaccustomed ears; thus this ancient town, so picturesquely placed, lies at the edge of the Valle di Breno. Its white bell-towers reflect the morning sun, while the green water forms foam-flecked circles around the dank, projecting rocks of Mrkan and Supetar. These "Pettini" of Ragusa Vecchia serve as a wind-break to protect the city. It is well named old, as its foundations are lost in the mists of antiquity. Since 639, when the Avars ravaged it and drove its inhabitants to a safer harbor at the present Ragusa, it has survived only as a straggling village.

We leave the water now and rise through a low scrubby growth, meeting more gayly dressed pedestrians and coming suddenly upon a groupe of maidens driving loaded mules. With a common impulse, naturally every one of the dumb animals turns and tries to run, but the young girls are fully competent for their task. With concerted impulse each one attends to her own particular charge and the brilliant colors dance over the gray hillock as we stop to let them pass.

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One particularly pretty creature makes a charming picture as she fleetly runs after her escaping beast and drags him to safety amidst the yellow gorse. How triumphantly she stands, one hand on her hip, her cheeks rivalling the bright red of her cap under the demure white coif as she beckons gayly for us to go on!

A wider valley opens before us now, beneath high, sterile mountains, where a long white line winding downward marks the route of the new railroad. At Cilipi it reaches the level of the road and we cross it to descend into a flooded plain, — another winter lake, — where the green is already beginning to show as the water recedes.

Skirting its western side for a few kilometers we reach Gruda, a valley of vines, broad and protected on both sides by high hills. A small rivulet appears beside us, an unusual sight in Dalmatia; blue swallows circle over it and the big blue-and-fawn-colored bird that I saw on the pass obligingly perches on top of a low tree, so that I get an excellent view of him. Following the tiny rivulet to its source, we climb by steep grades to the top of a ridge where, — just beyond a *gendarmerie*, — we get our first view of the Bocche di Cattaro.

Very beautiful they are, those land-encircled bays at the foot of the Montenegrin mountains, white with snow; but the Leader is only giving one-half of his attention to the view, as the narrow loops downward are dangerously steep and the turns short. Another brook has taken us in charge, a tiny stream in a broad gravelly bed, over which gold-

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finches fly, seeming to reflect the buttercups that gild the low-lying meadows.

Crossing the river and valley of Sutorina, — a strip of the Herzegovinian territory, — and passing the dear little cemetery of Igalo, purple with growing iris, we come to the waters of the Bocche near Castelnuovo. The hills bristle with forts; a sentinel looks at us curiously; hedges of pink tamarisk bend over the water, its tasselled flowers in exquisite contrast with the sapphire of the sea! In the distance, to the south, we discern the narrow, well-guarded entrance to the Bocche. The signs over the shops and inns are now in Slavic characters.

As we near Castelnuovo the little garden terraces overflow with roses; great bushes, heavy with pink bloom, hang over the high walls; and at each fresh discovery we on the back seat cannot restrain our enthusiasm. Sheltered by high mountains from the north wind, basking in the splendors of a southern sun, with the waters of an inland sea at its feet, Castelnuovo surely possesses all the conditions conducive to luxuriant vegetation.

In Slavic Erzegnovi, "it was founded in 1373 by the Bosniak King Tvarko I., Kotromanovic." Later it became the capital of the dukedom of the Herzegovina under Duke Stjepan Sandalj. Indeed, the name Herzegovina is said to have been derived from this town. At his death the Turks captured Castelnuovo, but in 1538 they were driven out by the Spaniards. This "was the only part of Dalmatia ever held by the Spaniards." According to tradition, they built the picturesque castle on the hill with its four towers,

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still called Fort Spagnuolo, but only succeeded in keeping the place a few months, when the Turks overwhelmed them. In 1687 the Venetians, assisted by the Knights of Malta, added Castelnuovo to their possessions.

We choose the lower road, passing the ancient fortifications, now in picturesque ruins and heavily draped with ivy. The tiled roofs of the houses peep from the wooded hillside and many ships and barges are anchored in the port. Close to the sea we speed, beneath date palms and cypresses, through the military encampment of Meljine, under the monastery gardens of Savina, to the present end of the railway, Zelenika.

Why Zelenika? Because there a "Pension" awaits the traveller, clean, although furnished with Spartan simplicity, and the cuisine of the Hungarian Major is far-famed throughout the countryside.

CHAPTER XVII

ZELENIKA

“**T**HERE is n't a single solitary thing in the Baedeker about Zelenika; just the name all by itself in the fine print at the end of the line,” gleefully comments Madame Content, looking up from her guide-book as, — after a delicious luncheon, served on a sunny balcony overhanging the water, — we sit on the beach enjoying the sweet perfumed air and the sails drifting by. “There is n't a thing to see, no church, no view, no village, even. We can be lazy this afternoon,” and there is a distinct note of exultation in her voice.

How beautiful it is, with a restful stillness broken only by the buzzing of an occasional bee hovering over the flowery meadows, dipping into the genista blossoms, or stealing sweetness from the wild thyme at our feet. The apple-trees are in bloom and the larches in newest, softest green against the pines; up the hillside great magnolias flourish and everywhere rose vines clamber in profusion. The air is sweet with gorse and wild finocchi; forget-me-nots and buttercups, daisies and yellow mustard, star the ground; and in our steamer chairs we idly watch the sea.

A man-of-war rides at anchor just outside the inlet and a black launch floating a pennant half as big as itself goes puffing by from Castelnuovo.

“Do you suppose a train comes out every day, or only

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

once a week?" asks my companion, dubiously. "Do you know, I feel as if this were pretty near the jumping-off place, don't you?"

Possibly the absence of her liege lord has affected the Gentle Lady's attitude; for he has gone to Castelnuovo to pay his respects to the officials who have so kindly offered to facilitate our crossing the Bocche.

But, divertingly, I point out the big steamers passing to and fro, and the sailing ships tacking back and forth from the narrow neck of the Canale di Kumbor toward the Baja di Topla. The sails here lack the Venetian coloring and the broad hulls are crowded with people. Are they, too, "observing their first of May as a holiday"? A fine breeze is blowing off shore and the barge-like crafts speed merrily along, one of them so near that we can hear the voices of the merry-makers.

"Are they coming in?" asks the Gentle Lady. Yes, a row-boat puts off for the shore with a rope and the sailor attaches it to the rocks as simply as if he were tethering a horse. Soon the sloop floats, silent as a dreamship on the water, her sails lowered, her jolly cargo landed.

"Oh, do come here," cries Madame Content, "what is that brown thing floating on the water? Here is another, and that one has feelers ten inches long, at least. Would n't it be fun to catch one and see it closer?"

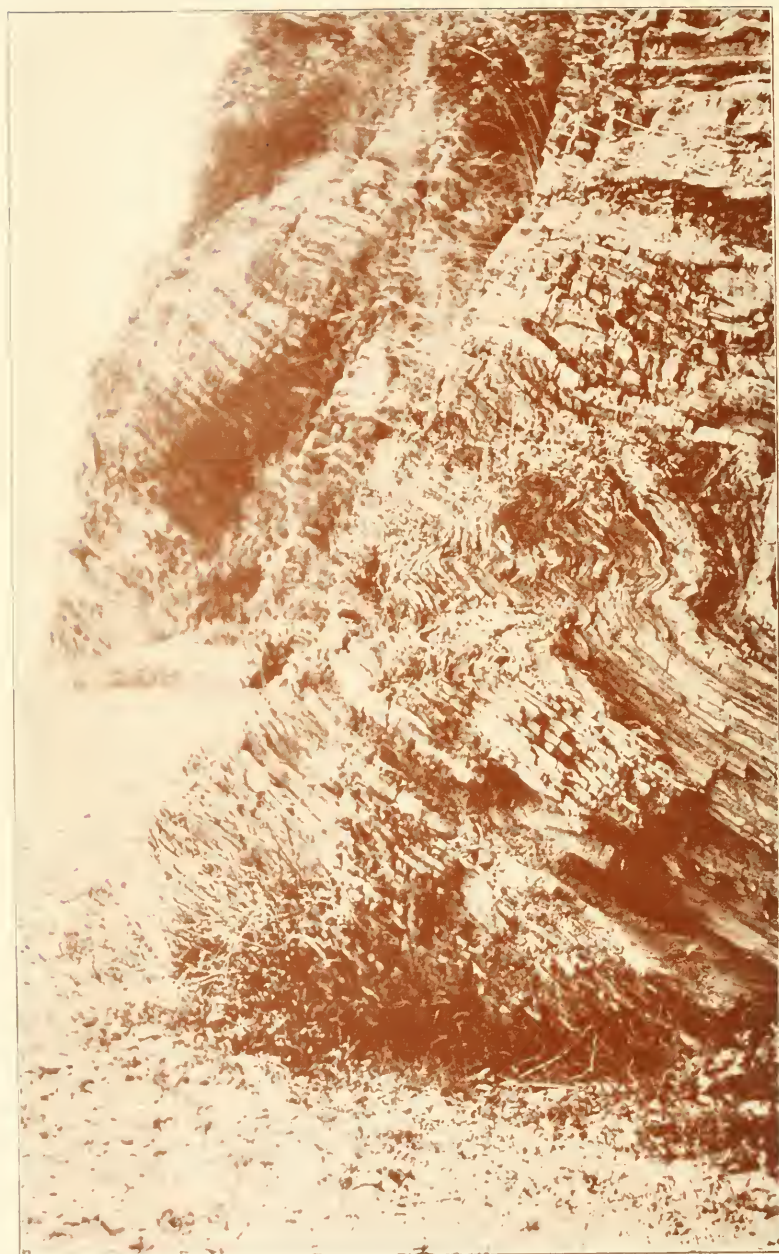
"If one only had a stick or a pail," and I go determinedly towards the hotel.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to get one."



THE HOTEL AT ZELENIKA



TILTED ROCK STRATA AT ZELENKA

ZELNIKA

“You are?” and Her Ladyship’s mocking laugh follows me.

“Oh, Signore,” I ask of the immaculate Boniface, “There is such a queer fish out here; it opens and shuts a claret-colored sort of fringed parachute. I do so want to see it near, — might I have a pail or a net or something?”

“It must be a medusa,” he remarks in response to my feeble explanations. “There are many about here and they grow to be ten inches across, but these are young yet. Is that it?” and he points to a spot on the rocks at the bottom of the clear water.

“Yes, yes,” I exclaim, eagerly. A boat is untied, an old tin bucket procured, and we fish up Mademoiselle Medusa. In glee I carry her to Madame Content with the aid of the smiling porter, and we study her strange openings and shuttings, her marks and fringe of softest feathery brown. She turns politely at our invitation, and submits to the kodak without a murmur; but the confinement of the pail plainly palls upon her and after a few minutes we return her to her own briny element. She breathes with new zest and rolls over and over in the lapping water.

When the Leader comes back from Castelnuovo, his alert step and beaming eye denote a new project. “What is it?” we both exclaim, but he only replies, —

“How would you like to take a walk?”

“We would love it, but where?” There seems to be nothing but the dusty highroad.

“I thought I saw a path through the woods just beyond Meljine.” The woods! We two exchange glances in de-

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light at the mere word. Thus tempted, we leave our snug corner under the rocks and seek the promised path.

“This is the first day we have been comfortable sitting out of doors in the shade without a wrap,” remarks Madame Content; “of course, we have been coming south all the time, too.”

“But is n’t it an ideal May Day?” puts in the Enthusiast; “such as we read about in the olden times when children gathered wild flowers for their wreaths and danced about a ribboned May-pole.”

“Do look at those steps! What beautiful moss!” interrupts Madame Content. “Where do they lead, I wonder?” and she follows their aspiring outline with her eyes. “Is n’t that a church or something up there, near that tall cypress?”

The Leader stares fixedly at the white campanile, and his eyes dance, but his voice is perfectly grave as he replies: “Why, it does look like a church. We might go up and see.”

We do; — up, up and ever up, we climb the ancient stony steps half overgrown with thyme, — and gaining the high terrace, sink upon its low wall to look with wonder and delight over the green hillside, down to the beautiful sea. Close beside us are a few old grave-stones inscribed with Slavic characters near a domed church; a tall white belfry; a chapel with a bunch of huge keys hanging hospitably from the door-knob; a long, low monastery with every window thrown wide open; — but not a friar or a priest.

“What is it?” I ask; for this I know is the spot which the Leader had in view when he suggested our stroll.

Z E L E N I K A

“It is the monastery of Santa Savina, not very old, for it was founded in the sixteenth century by the Greek or Orthodox monks driven from Trebinje by the Moslems; but now it belongs to the Bishop of Cattaro, who uses it as a summer residence”;— the Leader is well launched upon his topic. “It celebrates the Assumption with great pomp, and the gathering of the peasants at that time must be well worth seeing.”

“Oh, when is it?” I cry.

“The twenty-seventh of August.”

“Oh, dear! Nearly all the pilgrimages have their special *feste* in the Summertime! Don’t you remember Rocamadour — ”

“Is that a chapel up there in the trees?” interrupts the Leader, “or a look-out? The view must be wonderful from there.”

We rise and follow him up the goat path to another lofty terrace. What a panorama lies before us! Santa Savina guarded by her solitary pine and towering cypress, far below the winding waters of the Bocche di Cattaro merging into the open sea, and on the eastern horizon the mountains of Montenegro rising in opalescent splendor.

As we rest on the ivy-covered wall, where the honeysuckle exhales its spicy fragrance, a hidden bird, after a few preliminary whistles, begins his evening song, — begins it rather low, with soft, reassuring murmurs, — then forgetting all else, bursts into pæans of joy, and trills his ecstasy in gay and rollicking numbers. Other birds hear him, farther

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away, and attempt mimicry, but he triumphantly silences all until the forest rings with his melodies.

In the early twilight we leave the sacred height of Santa Savina and silently descend on the other side by steep, winding paths through its low growth of live-oaks, bay, and laurel,—paths sometimes indicated by half-obliterated signs on mossy stone posts, but alas! the words are Slavic and the letters Greek! There are moments when I suspect that we have lost our way, — in places the walk degenerates into steps roughly hewn from the rock, but farther on becoming smooth and sandy under the whispering pines, it leads us to a “*rond point*,” where the woods have been cut away, enabling one to get a new picture — the gleaming bare crags of the gray Dalmatian mountains behind all this greenness of the shore, and in the foreground, the white tents of the Austrian encampment at Meljine.

“Let me see,” muses the Leader late that same evening, “we have only about sixty-eight kilometers to go to-morrow, — a little over eleven from here to the ferry at Kamenari, than about twelve to Cattaro, and from there I think it is forty-four kilometers to Cetinje.”

“I do hope we ’ll have a day like to-day,” exclaims the Enthusiast.

CHAPTER XVIII

ENTERING MONTENEGRO

IT was with a distinct thrill that we started away from Zelenika that sunlit morning, for we were to be in Montenegro by nightfall, indeed, if the plans went well we should reach Cetinje for luncheon. The sheltered valley of the Ručani River was rich in figs and cherries, olive orchards extended on the slopes above, and splendid poplars and pines cast grateful shade; the level road close to the water's edge gave us a constant succession of changing scenes. Off Kumbor lay some torpedo boats and a detachment of marines passed by us marching. The Bay of Teodo opened before us, disclosing a chain of blue mountains with a snow-capped peak in the centre.

"Do you see that highest mountain?" asked the Leader, turning around in his seat. "That is Lovčen, and we go in behind it to Cetinje." It seemed incredible that we could so quickly reach the lower shoulders and climb the far heights of this mighty mass outlined against the sky.

"I never saw so many soldiers," remarked Madame Content, "and sailors, too. I don't believe you had better let them see your camera."

So the innocent black box was sent into limbo and the incidents of this short ride were recorded only on our memories.

The clumsy sardine boats, with their huge fishing lan-

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terns, were anchored close to the quays, where brown nets were spread out to dry. Cherry and fig trees flourished in small plats of gravelly beach, divided by stone walls, and under their shade lay tiny boats. It made a delightful combination of sea and land life.

But scarcely had we been on our way twenty minutes when around a sharp bend appeared the stage from Risano. The horses, frightened as much by the antics of the terrified driver as by our approach, reared and backed and the poor man shouted and pulled on one rein, not knowing what he was doing. The road was extremely narrow, a ditch on one side, the quay on the other. We had stopped and turned off the power some fifty feet away, but nothing could reassure the frantic peasant. And nothing could calm his terror, until, in his endeavor to turn around, the top-heavy vehicle tipped over and the pole snapped. I knew then what a "sickening thud" meant. Instantly our Leader and the chauffeur ran down to rescue the occupants of the diligence.

"Don't you dare use your kodak," commanded the usually Gentle Lady, as I instinctively reached down beneath the robes. "We may all be arrested any way. I don't feel at all secure."

I have always regretted that I failed to get a picture of that foolish driver and the group of dishevelled people who, disentangling themselves from loose straps and bundles, crept unhurt from beneath the black hood. The horses did not try to run and under the chauffeur's calm guidance were safely led by our silent car. The vehicle was righted and rope procured to temporarily mend the dilapidated

ENTERING MONTENEGRO

harness. To our surprise one of the occupants of the stage spoke English fluently, and assured us that no one had been injured by the accident.

“We shall never get to the ferry at this rate,” exclaimed the Enthusiast as, two minutes after we left the scene of this exciting episode, another horse began to jump about and dance queer figures on the narrow road.

The stone walls above the water were draped fantastically with hides and sheepskins hung to dry. Such loads as the peasants carried! One passed us with four demijohns strapped across his broad shoulders.

Here the Bay of Teodo contracts, becoming so narrow that when Louis of Hungary was defending Cattaro against the Venetians, in 1380, a chain was stretched from shore to shore to prevent ships going further. This strait is still called *Le Catene*, and here at the village of *Kamenari* we were to find the ferry. It was only about half a mile across. How exasperating it would be to any one desirous of penetrating beyond those snowy mountains to know that on the further shore extended a beautiful smooth road but to have no means of reaching it! The water was perfectly calm and of an exquisite blue; in the distance an orange sail appeared against the gray crags above *Perasto*; a whitewashed, green-domed church clung to the verdant hillside; but most beautiful of all to our expectant eyes, the barge, — the government barge! — completely manned and with attendant tug, awaited us beside the quay! The officer in charge was so courteous and pleasant that I determined to risk my request

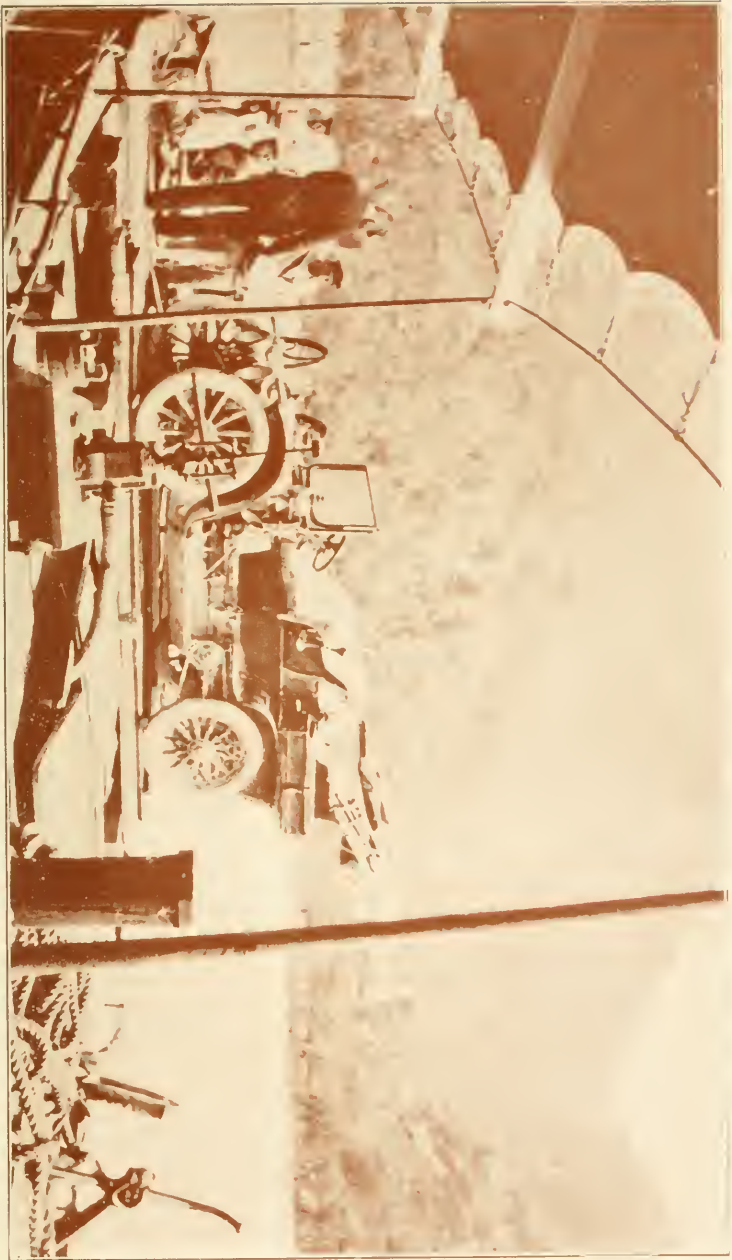
MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

“Would there be any objection to my photographing the car on board?”

“Not the least,” he kindly responded, and the account of our crossing was soon registered on the little black spool.

The actual sailing across that bit of water took us only eight minutes, but there was some difficulty in getting the heavy car aboard, as the gang-way was hardly wide enough. The prepared platform across the barge was so short, too, that the front wheels slipped off when the big motor came up the slight incline under its own power, banging, and, we feared, bending, the pan beneath and perhaps damaging the fly-wheel. However, upon examination, it was found that no serious harm had been done. When disembarking at Lepetane, on the farther shore, no power was applied; the sailors rolled it gently off the barge, the chauffeur keeping the wheel straight from his seat in the car. We exulted in our successful voyage, bade *au revoir* to the captain and his crew, and having made an appointment for a future meeting, sped away on the fine road for Cattaro.

Two fairy islands swam in the bay before us, one with white walls about a blue-domed church and rounded campanile. “It is the pilgrimage church of the Madonna dello Scalpello,” called back the Leader, “and every bit of earth was brought there by the faithful, from the mainland. Year after year it grew, until this island was formed on a single projecting rock. The custom is still continued, I believe, for on the twenty-second of July of each year a boat laden with stone puts off with much ceremony from Perasto



CROSSING THE ROCHE



THAT QUEER, GIGANTIC, ANGULAR WRITING ON THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN

ENTERING MONTENEGRO

bound for this shrine. The other island is the abandoned Benedictine abbey of San Giorgio." They lay like jewels on the water, guarded by the tiny town of Perasto, nestling at the base of huge, bare Monte Cassone.

Then we turned a sharp corner and the Gulf of Cattaro opened before us. Splendid it appeared in the brilliant May sunshine, shadowed by the sharply outlined Montenegrin mountains, fringed by the white houses of many villages! An orange sail moved across the glassy blue. Soldiers lent animation to the scene. Sentinels popped from their boxes at the noise of our approach. Every high point held a fortress, and ranges for firearm practice were plainly to be seen upon the slopes. Nothing could be lovelier than this roadway which skirted the embankment beneath terraced hillsides, overflowing with olives and grapes and other fruits. The Judas trees dropped their flower-laden branches like pink garlands over the gray walls, and on a jutting rock above the tender green of Springtime rose a square white campanile.

"That must be *gornji*, or upper, Stolivo, I think," said the Leader, pointing to the graceful tower.

On the far side of the bay bare peaks rose sheer from the shore, making wide shadows on the water. "Do you see that sharp white zig-zag high up on the mountain's shoulder, beneath the snow of Lovćen?" eagerly asked the Leader.

"What? That queer sort of gigantic angular writing on the wall?"

"Yes, yes, there above Cattaro."

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

"What is it?" I asked, still mystified.

"It is our route," he answered, laconically, "into Montenegro."

I shivered a little and the Gentle Lady whispered, "I suppose it 's safe."

"Oh, people do it every day," I reassured her, boldly!

"But not with a motor," she protested.

"Oh, well, it won't seem so steep when we get there — it never does, you know."

Silently we speed on, past Stolivo *donji*, or lower Stolivo, where more soldiers are marching and drilling in the narrow road; past the long-drawn-out village of Perzagno, where an unfinished domed church and Venetian *façades* tell of former riches. Around another bend we course and the bay narrows, the green dome of Cattaro's Greek church coming into view, with the ancient castle picturesquely placed on an isolated peak above the apparently level town. The line of fortifications connecting the castle and town runs up the cliff in an amazing manner and blends with the mountain rocks so perfectly that only its zig-zag course proclaims its artificiality.

Here the houses are almost continuous along the wayside, each with a tiny harbor and a garden gay with snap-dragons and calendula, gilly flowers and iris, snowballs and lilacs. They say that retired sailors live along here, — an ideal spot in which to spend one's old age. Many bushes are bedecked with ribbons, rags, and colored papers. Are they remnants of the May Day celebration? Locust-trees, heavy with sweet flowers, grow among the vines on the ter-

"INDIVIDUAL" HARBORS ON THE SHORES OF THE ROCCHIE





BOCCHÉ DI CATTARO FROM GROTTA OF KRSTAC

ENTERING MONTENEGRO

raced slopes, myrtle and asphodel spring up in neglected corners. Our favorite Bon Silene rose is also cherished here, and toward the water the forget-me-nots make a carpet of blue.

But the car stops — facing a new dilemma. The road leads between two houses which stand so close together that a donkey tethered beside one, in turning to look at us, completely blocks the way. Madame, leaning from her window, is much amused and calls the boy, who runs up the hill in search of the mule's master. Half of the little hamlet has gathered before he appears, breathless, enjoying the absurdity of the situation as much as any one. "Che! A great highway!" he jeers, — or at least his intonations indicate that meaning if his words are in a Slavic tongue. And he unties the donkey and holds him out of harm's way while we go spinning by.

We meet more soldiers. This time they are carrying kerosene tins filled with water for the morning mess. The flag upon the castle's tower is flaunting its gay colors against the gray cliff as we cross a river, and just outside the town of Cattaro come into the highway leading to Montenegro.

We have been told that every morning, at about eleven, a caravan, with supplies of all kinds for Montenegro, starts up the mountain and that it would be wise to get ahead of it before coming to the sharp turns and steep grades. I sometimes think that it is just as nerve-wearing an experience for the occupants of the automobile as for those in the wagons or carriages meeting it, and we always take every known precaution to avoid danger. As we turn sharply to the

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right to ascend the pass, it is, therefore, a satisfaction to see before us, nearly ready for the ascent, a procession of fourteen large wagons, heavily loaded, standing waiting for the drivers to make their last adieux. Behind them come numerous donkeys, with well-filled saddle-bags.

It is really a feat to pass them without an accident, and with all the waits and caution possible, it takes us fully five minutes, so that we breathe a sigh of relief when we face a clear road and the mountain wall. Meadows, pink and blue and yellow, extend across the fertile valley, where oak-trees flourish in the midst of a vegetation truly Mediterranean.

By four short loops we reach Fort Trinità, which, it seemed but a moment ago, faced us from the clouds. Here one road leads to Badua, a Dalmatian seaport on the Adriatic, one to Fort Vrmac, a thousand feet above us, and the other we take, leaving the Gulf of Cattaro, where a toy steamer has just come into dock, and getting wonderful views of snowy Lovćen, and the Bay of Teodo, and the fertile fields of Zupa, now freed from their wintry flood and green with their harvest of rice. Skirting the base of Fort Gorazda, the terraced hollow leading down to Cattaro again comes in sight, contrasting with the barren declivities of the Montenegrin peaks. At each moment more hills, more bays, more snow-mountains seem to outline themselves before us, until we perceive the open sea beyond Castelnuovo and can trace our route as on a map in the wonderful panorama.

After crossing the empty bed of the mountain torrent,

ENTERING MONTENEGRO

Zvironjak, we soon commence the angular loops upon the shoulder of the mountain, which is so bare, so devoid of vegetation, that they can be seen plainly for ten miles, at least. It is a windless day and warm; the range of snow-capped mountains seems unreal. Fort Trinità lies far below us. The grade is not so steep, but there is not a breath of air and not a drop of water to be had.

We rest our heated engine and throw off our wraps. The Adriatic sparkles in the noon sunshine beyond a range of mottled mountains. A curtained carriage passes from which peeps a woman's red-capped head above her brilliant neckerchief and apron. More loops and ever more extended views until we come to a road-maker's house, where precious water can be obtained. How marvellous it must be actually to live perched up on such a height with such a tremendous landscape before one!

As we wait for the radiator to be filled, a woman appears in the doorway and we look at each other curiously. She does not lack for color among these gray rocks. Her bright plaid skirt and red-striped waist are intensified by a scarlet neckerchief and white head-covering.

Unseen songsters trill their music in this rocky waste, and, from the crags, as we go on, a flock of large, black birds, startled by our approach, wheel and sail overhead, coming so near that we can see their wing feathers free at the outer edge.

"Can you count them?" I cry. "I should think there must be forty."

"What are they?" asks the Leader.

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

"I am not sure," I answer. "Possibly vultures. I must see whether there is a book on the birds of this region."

Waiting two minutes to enable a carriage to pass us, we ascend five steep windings, and a seemingly interminable number of them confront us. I believe that there are sixty-eight altogether. The panorama increases in sublime grandeur as we mount upward. Black and white terns are abundant and we catch the flash of white feathers, denoting vesper sparrows or mountain juncos. Then passing a resonant cavern, we wait six minutes while some Montenegrin horses become acquainted with our automobile and are willing to be led by. The riders are gorgeously attired in blue, baggy trousers, red short coat, red and yellow striped sash, white socks, and blue shoes, and the red cap embroidered with the golden monogram, "N. I." in Greek letters, which all loyal Montenegrins wear. For we are now in Montenegro, having passed the Austrian boundary a moment ago, and soon we reach the top of the pass (3051 feet).

"It has taken us just an hour and a half to rise so high in the world," exclaims the Enthusiast, as we sweep around the shoulder of Lovćen and, leaving the forts and endless windings of our route, leaving the imposing and rock-ridged peninsula of Vrmac between two bays of the Bocche, leaving the gray mountains of Krivošije toward Ragusa and the sparkling Adriatic, we descend into a stony high plateau and get our first impressions of Montenegro. The roadbed is distinctly rough, the landscape barren beyond words, but with a grandeur of vast towering heights and great snowfields,

THE ROAD TO MONTENEGRO





THE HOTEL AT NJEGUS, MONTENEGRO
CETINJE FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW

ENTERING MONTENEGRO

the mighty peaks of Lovćen rise into the clouds. In scattered coves small patches of young oaks are growing, and in queer circular fields the men are ploughing, a woman twirls her distaff as she walks, boys in white lamb's-wool clothes take off their red caps as we approach, standing at attention in military fashion.

The straggling village of Njegus is soon passed and the simple summer home of the reigning dynasty pointed out. It is a curious country which lies behind us as we begin to climb over the pass of Krivačko Ždrjelo (4298 feet). The low houses are roofed with flat, overlapping stones, the green crater-like fields are enclosed with stone walls, and round, paved spaces, evidently threshing floors, are also surrounded by rough boulders; from this gray basin rise bleak and sterile hillsides, beyond which extend the eternal snows of Lovćen. Here, evidently, the women are not mere butterflies of fashion, nor kept secluded in a place apart. They have the freedom of the open fields, and should the fancy seize them, may walk down the stony mountain paths with barrels of water on their backs. We know this, for we saw them doing it.

In four long loops we continue our ascent, interested in each new bird or wild flower. At a wayside trough, where precious water is abundant, we again give our faithful motor a drink, and making one more loop attain the top of the pass. What a marvellous, overwhelming, and different panorama now extends below us on this day of great sensations! We realize, as never before, the tremendous age of Mother Earth, so wrinkled and creased, so haggard and worn are

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her features. There is no smooth surface anywhere, only broken heaps of rock in inconceivable disorder, chain after chain of distant peaks, and on the horizon a long range of snow-covered mountains.

“That is Albania,” cries the Leader, when we have taken breath, “and there — do you see it sparkle? — lies the Lake of Scutari.”

Near us the Karst is dappled with the shadows of flying clouds; forests of budding beeches and small oaks lend color to the scene, and a bird's song, rich, full, and free, adds the last touch to our satiated senses.

We descend rapidly by sharp and narrow windings, passing picturesque thatched houses and peasants in graceful costumes. Soon Cetinje comes in sight, surrounded by soft blue peaks set off by snow-capped heights, and in the distance Scutari. More windings and twists and short turns down, above a valley mapped into green and brown fields separated by gray stone walls!

A treeless highway leads straight into a red-roofed city. It is Cetinje. The men working in the fields rise and salute us; the little boys doff their caps, stand very straight, and bow from the waist down, deeply; the little girls drop a timid and graceful curtsy. Do they think us the royal family? For motor clothes are a complete disguise, and royalty alone owns automobiles in Montenegro.

By the time we arrive at the door of the comfortable hotel we are quite ready for our luncheon, and to our joy discover that French ideals reign in the kitchen. Only the Turkish coffee reminds us that we are really in the Orient

CHAPTER XIX

CETINJE

“ARE you tired?” asked the Enthusiast, as we went up to our rooms.

“No, I’m not particularly tired,” answered Madame Content, “but I think we ought to rest a little before seeing anything more, don’t you?”

It seemed a waste of time to rest when such opportunities were within our grasp. But there was no law against looking out of the window, and that alone might well keep one interested for hours. It is a continuous mediæval celebration, a succession of brilliant pictures on a stage setting of soft tans and greens, with the billowy blue hills rising beyond the red-tiled houses.

How truly splendid the men appear, sauntering down the broad avenue in all the bravery of scarlet and blue, with gold embroidery and hanging cloaks! When they approach there is a dazzling effect of gorgeous color, when they turn away the sun goes with them. But for their stern countenances and long revolvers thrust carelessly through the broad sashes, they seem just ready to go on for private theatricals. The universal round scarlet cap bound with black “as a sign of mourning for the loss of Servian freedom,” with the Prince’s initials in gold within a rainbow, is very becoming to these handsome men, and their uniforms of dark blue, or pale blue, or white, show off to per-

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fection their magnificent physique. One sees no European clothes except on the occasional foreigner. Only rarely a wheeled vehicle of any kind appears in the broad avenue, but six and eight abreast the officers, marked by their clanking Russian swords, walk leisurely up and down, objects of admiration indeed. Do the women peer at them from behind the blinds of the pale pink and green stucco houses? — for no ladies are to be seen in public.

A countryman drives his rebelling pigs before him toward his home outside the city. He has his hands full, for there are eight of them and they have eight minds among them. His long white coat-tails fly in the breeze as he strides after one or the other, while he uses the end of his brown *struka* as a whip to guide them. One man with a plough on his shoulder walks behind a yoke of oxen; has he sold his wagon in the market-place? A group of Albanians in their tight, white trousers, with black *appliqué*, red jackets, and white fezes amble into town on donkeys. A man climbs up his ladder placed against the post, his kerosene can on his shoulder; he carefully wipes the chimney with a clean rag, fills the lamp, and descends, to repeat his task all down the street, for not even gas has come to illuminate this quaint little capital.

“Is n’t it time for a walk?” asks a voice at the door, and we hasten to make ready.

Placed at the end of the main street of the town, the Katunska Ulica, the hotel commands its whole length. Still farther to the south are the newly laid out park and the palace of the Crown Prince. The royal palace of Prince

CETINJE

Nicola I. is on a street to the left, an unpretentious, comfortable-looking, large, sunny building, with a tiny balcony over the main entrance and a beautiful garden at the back. Opposite is the palace of Prince Mirko, the second son, who married Nathalie, the daughter of Colonel Constantinovich, the senior representative of the Obrenovitch dynasty, formerly rulers of Servia. Their son, the baby Michael, is, owing to the childlessness of the Crown Prince, the heir presumptive to the crown of Montenegro. Prince Mirko is much liked everywhere.

“Wonderfully gifted as a poet, a composer, and a musician, adept in all manly sports, high-spirited and at the same time sunny-tempered, having, moreover, managed to keep his name clear of all those scandals in which his elder brother has been implicated, he has always been the best loved child of his parents, the favorite brother of his sister, the Queen of Italy, and the most popular member of his house among his people.”

A little farther on in the sunny street is a fortress-like building called the Biljardo, the old palace, now used for a supreme court, a grammar school, and various administrative offices. Beyond it, at the base of the Orlov Krs, is the historic monastery of the Virgin, with its dignified little church, a square campanile, and the burial place of the Petrovic dynasty. On the very top of the hill, a gilded dome protects the tomb of Danilo II., who was assassinated on the quay at Cattaro in 1860. He was the uncle and predecessor of the present Prince. The view from that point of the little city, in the midst of green fields surrounded by

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bare mountain peaks, is beautiful in the sunset and we were well repaid for our climb.

The principality of Montenegro was founded by the few Servians who fled to these Black Mountains when the Turks conquered Servia in the fourteenth century. Here they have maintained their independence with astonishing skill and courage. Every Montenegrin, be he old or young, belongs to the army and can be relied upon to fight for his country in time of need. But it was only in 1878 that by the treaty of Berlin this principality was recognized by the Powers and the two seaports of Antivari and Dulcigno assured to them. The progressive policy and accomplishments of the present ruler, his simplicity and good judgment, have not only made him dear to his own people, but won for him the respect of Europe. He introduced an improved code of laws in 1888, and by sanctioning the new route from Dalmatia, made it possible and pleasant for strangers to visit this interesting country. Only 3500 square miles in area, it contains a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and when one realizes the stony character of the soil, the severe climate, the conditions under which they labor, one cannot but admire the loyalty, the courage, and the kindness of this splendid mountain race.

“My brain is just as full of new impressions as it can possibly hold,” I asserted, boldly, as we meandered homeward in the twilight. “How grateful the darkness will be!”

But with the blessed light of a new day fatigue had dropped from me and I was eager as ever for novel sights and experiences. It was Sunday morning, and a brilliantly

CETINJE

marked songster in the sycamore close to my window had awakened me. Between the stuccoed houses the same gayly attired crowd sauntered slowly, four or five abreast. But in the distance appeared a white charger — no mere horse could look so dignified nor bear his trappings with such noble grace. Salutes and lifted caps told of some personage, and I watched as he approached deliberately down the long avenue. He was a portly gentleman, of splendid stature, with white hair and iron-gray moustache. Over his coat of robin's-egg blue he wore a sleeveless scarlet jacket, elaborately embroidered in gold; his crimson velvet saddle cloth was wonderfully beautiful, too, but his cap was the same that the subjects wore, although this was the Prince. With a benevolent smile he greeted his people, and passing under my window, enjoying his cigarette, he disappeared toward the mountains.

“I'm afraid the car won't look very well to-morrow morning, sir,” I hear in muffled accents outside my door, “for they 're afraid I 'll spot the clothes. But I 'll do the best I can.”

My curiosity is aroused.

“Where is the garage here?” I ask at breakfast.

“Come and see.” And through the spotless kitchen I am led out into a small yard hung thickly with the weekly wash.

“Don't they ever take it in?” I ask the chauffeur, after we have unearthed the motor in its midst.

“If they do, another set is put out right away,” he answers, “and of course, with just a pail and a cloth you can't

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make it look very well." And he regarded with distinct disfavor his precious car. "There are six cats in this yard, too, and they all live in the automobile," he drawls.

Evidently he does not take the same rosy view of out-of-the-way places that we do. But this was, I must say, as near finding fault as he ever came. Resourceful and determined, adaptable, punctual, and keen, quick to act in time of need, quiet and respectful, he contributed much to our comfort in this tour through strange lands.

We join the sauntering groups on the broad avenue and admire anew the festive throng. Some of the long coats are bottle green, some lined with red, some have an extra jacket hooked to the shoulders. Many drape about them the long fringed *struka*, a native shawl of a rich brown shade, touched here and there with brilliant tones, ending with "a long flowing fringe of various colored wools in knots and tassels. This fringe swings heavily from side to side as they walk, nearly sweeping the ground, and giving the wearers a very magnificent and stately air." If not needed it hangs from the shoulders; if it rains it is put over their heads and protects them perfectly; if cold it is wrapped around them in graceful folds. The men wear their rich sashes over their wool coats, but the women let the coats hang free. We are fortunate enough to see one lady in the national costume. Her white wool skirt is made with a deep flounce, possibly in deference to European ideas, the long sleeveless cloth coat of an exquisite robin's-egg blue is worn over a thin white blouse with tight sleeves and trimmed with bands of



THE STRUKA



MONTENEGRIN OFFICERS

CETINJE

embroidery. A black lace veil falls from her braided hair and she carries a white parasol.

One morning as we walked idly down the Katunska in the dazzling white light, which reminded us of Greece, we saw a long line of soldiers drawn up outside the door of a small church.

"It is the service in the court chapel," replied a guard at the palace, on being questioned.

"Is the Prince there, too?"

"*Si, Signora,*" he answered.

"Will there be any objection to my kodaking him?"

He shrugged his shoulders and kept his eyes on my little black box as I sat upon a friendly boulder, patiently awaiting the completion of the service. It was but a step from church to palace, and a pretty sight when the Prince appeared between his two daughters, walking across the square, and followed by his escort of officers and a company of soldiers. Upon gaining his balcony, he turned and stood quietly attentive, smoking his cigarette as the men, carrying no arms except the inevitable revolver thrust through the belt, marched by into the garden of the palace. There was no music, no attempt at display, only the regular Sunday morning ceremonial, very charming to see.

A handsome young fellow, moulded into his spotless uniform, dangling his white kid gloves, hurried up the steps as the Prince went within.

"Do you think that was Prince Pierre?" cried the Enthusiast.

"It might be," was the calm reply.

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"It certainly resembled his photographs," responded the Enthusiast, "and I think it was."

"Oh, if your kodak would only take color," exclaimed, for the hundredth time, the Gentle Lady.

"*If*, indeed!" I answered. "When that happy time comes, — just think! We shall have to go all around the world again to get fresh pictures."

In the afternoon a military band marched gayly by our windows, playing strange music with agreeable skill, and went on into the park to give the usual Sunday concert. But we had other projects. From the old Turkish battery on the hill we had seen a long white road, beginning behind the hospital on the edge of the town and gradually ascending a low ridge to the top, where it disappeared.

"That must be the way to Rjeka," mused the Leader. "I wonder how good the road is."

"The only way to find out is to go and see," somewhat mockingly replied the Enthusiast.

So after luncheon a small carriage, drawn by three horses, appeared at the door and we trotted briskly through the short streets of the tiny city until the long ascent began. We missed the steady upward motion of the automobile, but we had all the more leisure to watch the sights about us as we rose above the regularly built and dignified little city. We passed many country people who greeted us with courteous salutes; the older peasants, especially, were punctiliously polite, the young women shy and with downcast eyes. Swinging up the long hill were well-dressed city folk, — this was evidently a favorite promenade when

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more exercise was needed than the broad Katunska afforded.

At the top of the ridge, beyond the small inn, we descended to an elbow curving toward the east, and there we obtained a splendid view of the Lake of Scutari and the snow-capped Albanian Alps. The Leader's enthusiasm was undiminished by the surfeit of landscapes on which we had feasted the day before.

"The Lake of Scutari," I murmured. "I associate it with tales of the Orient. It does not seem possible that we are actually looking down upon it. It occupies a neighboring cell in my memory to the Vale of Cashmere and Lalla Rookh! The very words Albania, Macedonia, mean to me romance and strange adventure."

"We could just as well have come in the automobile," interrupted the Leader, "and then we could have run on down to Rjeka. The road looks very good."

"Why can't we drive down? It is only eight and a half miles from Cetinje, the book says."

"Yes, but it is 2000 feet below it, and think of the climb back! We would not be home before midnight."

The valley immediately below us is bleak and stony and sterile, and as we slowly wend our way back to the tiniest capital in Europe a crescent moon hangs in the western sky, with Venus brilliant above it. This star and crescent is not our only reminder of the Turks in these parts. In their new museums are many trophies and flags, swords, cannon, and pistols, taken from their hereditary foes by the small Montenegrin army. One native gun is of enormous length and is

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said, in the hands of a famous hero, to have held at bay three hundred Turks. Three times even within the last century have the Turks invaded this "troublesome country," but after their last severe defeat at Grahovo, in 1858, they ceased to molest the Montenegrins.

CHAPTER XX

BACK INTO DALMATIA

IT was the most beautiful, clear, crisp morning when we left the attractive little capital of Montenegro and started on our long drive back over the Black Mountains into Dalmatia. The streets were filled with the same gay throng. Indeed, by half-past five there were already four groups of men walking up and down in heavy overcoats, although the sun was sparkling, and as we left the hotel door we caught a glimpse of the Prince on his white charger, getting his morning exercise.

The snowy heights of Lovćen rose straight before us at the end of the road, as if to prevent our passage. Soon after we began our winding ascent the mortuary chapel of Prince Peter II. could be plainly seen in the midst of glittering fields on its summit. Near the guard house at Krstac, from where the ascent of Lovćen is often made, we encountered a shepherd in the raggedest outfit I have ever seen hold together, but he swung a silver-handled umbrella as he walked along, and through his sash was thrust a revolver of beautiful workmanship.

The loops seemed even steeper than we remembered them and the turns shorter. When it was necessary to back to get around, and there happened to be no parapet to the road and the distance down was many hundred feet of sheer rock, our sensations were grewsome! But we had gained the top of Krivačko Ždrjelo in thirty-nine minutes

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from the hotel, and looking down the long winding on the other side, discovered the daily diligence before us.

"They must have started about five o'clock, I should think," remarked Madame Content, "and what time do you suppose they get to Cattaro?"

"Easily enough for luncheon."

"I am thankful we could get the motor across," she answered, and sank back with new appreciation of her blessings, as we slid by the dusty diligence and saw Njegus in the rocky basin below.

When we stopped at the hotel to procure a picture of the Prince's birthplace, we discovered that one of our extra tins of gasoline, taken in case of need, had become loosened by the tremendous jolting and had slipped somewhere down the mountain-side.

"I do hope some one will find it," commented the Leader, looking back searchingly along the bare highway. "Won't there be a celebration when a twelve-litre tin of gasoline is picked up among the boulders?" And he thought of the ragged shepherd with his silver heirlooms.

Across the stony valley we rolled, and in seven minutes we were on the top of the second pass, with again the wonderful prospect of the Bocche and mountains surrounding it. The marvellous beauty of this indescribable scene impressed us anew. The shadows of the morning seemed to give an entirely different impression from the flat noon-light in which we had seen it. Beyond the Krstac grotto the extraordinary highway lay in apparently careless folds on the side of the bare mountain. Twenty-six different

BACK INTO DALMATIA

levels we could clearly count before it was lost in the verdant valley back of Cattaro. We left Montenegro behind us and all our senses were absorbed by the new phases of the route.

The Bay of Traste beyond the green Zupa valley came nearer. And now at almost every turn we were forced to back. What confidence it implies in your chauffeur and your car when you can sit calmly poised on the outer edge of awful abysses waiting for the right lever to be touched, which means a gentle impulse forward around the short curve! It is never wise to think of what would surely happen if the wrong lever were pulled!

Coasting quietly down the steep incline with the reassuring brake to control our flight, the Gulf of Cattaro, fringed with the white houses and tiny enclosed harbors of happy sailors, stood forth sharply in the brilliant sunshine. The yellow green tufts of the bush spurge (*Euphorbia biglandulosa*) were a distinctive feature of these rock-strewn slopes, the spiny-toothed eryngiums and thistles sprang from masses of fine *débris*, and here in rank abundance grew the curious plant known as "Christ's thorn" (*Paliurus acetulus*), for it is supposed to be the one of which the crown of thorns was made.

We slipped by the water fountain at the wayside, by the sheer rock of Fort Gorazda, by the sentinels at Fort Trinità, and descended to the green valley before the caravan had formed. Then bowling merrily along the smooth, level avenue, by Perzagno and the two Stolivos, we came to where Perasto, on the opposite shore, with its pointed campanile,

MOTORING IN THE BALKANS

its overshadowing precipice, and its commanding fortifications, was perfectly reflected in the glassy water.

With a farewell glance at the Gulf of Cattaro, at the cypresses and straight, gray walls of San Giorgio and her sister islet "floating like the flat leaves of the water-lily on the surface of the bay," we turned into the narrow straits of Le Catene and pulled up on the tiny quay at Lepetane. It was not yet ten o'clock and we had an hour to wait. Sitting under the spreading mulberry-trees, in the soft air away from the heat of the sun, we could not choose a quieter, lovelier spot.

"May I change my kodak spool in here?" I asked, as I looked in at an open door of a plain stone house adjoining the quay. I had seen that there was another door directly opposite, which served to light the dark interior. A counter ran across one side, with bottles and boxes of various kinds displayed on shelves to the ceiling. Behind the counter a little dried-up, sweet-faced woman looked mystified. I sat down in one of the chairs before the tables on the other side of the shop and began my work. As soon as she understood that she had nothing to furnish in the way of photographic material she was relieved and most hospitable.

"*Prego, Signora,*" she continually interpolated. I racked my brain and searched the shelves for something I could buy.

"Have you any *cartoline*?"

"*Illustrate?*" And such a medley of tinsel and actresses as she produced!

"But of Lepetane? The Bocche?"

BACK INTO DALMATIA

"*Non c'è*," she cheerfully remarked. "It is too small a village."

"Would n't Madame like to rest her while waiting?" And a sister conducted us up a steep, bare, clean little stairway to a spotless room, where bunches of lilacs in vases on the stand captured our hearts. She closed the small windows and set forth chairs, but we had caught a glimpse of a garden on this level and looked out so eagerly that there, too, we were allowed to wander. The turnips and lettuce, the roses and lilacs, all grew in friendly company; a tiny place with paths carefully marked by stones, a screened yard for the chickens, about as big as a dining-room table, and beyond the stone wall the blue waters of the Bocche, with snowy mountains still farther away. The friendly soul searched the garden for the best rose and placed a crimson wall flower in the bunch of lilacs with which she presented us. These two gentle sisters were ready to do for us whatever they could; they did not intrude, but were plainly interested in our curious doings.

The huge mulberries shading the tiny port; the pink roses hanging over the creamy stone walls in lavish profusion; the steep paths of steps straight up the hill to other streets and houses perched among the olive orchards; an occasional kerchiefed damsel with copper jar coming after water to the well; a ferryman calling in musical cadence from his boat; a passing black craft, low, with draped sail, propelled by standing men at long oars; — what pictures one could get! But plainly, in three languages — in German, in Italian, in French — was "Warnung" set up

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on a conspicuous pole. "No photographing about the Bocche."

After an hour of impatient contemplation of this signpost, a soldier appeared who either just happened along or was sent to watch my poor little innocent box. I immediately took advantage of the opportunity and asked him to kindly tell me to whom I must apply to secure permission to kodak our motor standing helpless before that narrow strait. I thought that opened negotiations very diplomatically. He looked perfectly blank. He knew no Italian. Again my good friend, the mistress of the shop, came to my aid and translated into Slavic my request. The officer in charge was away. As the good dame addressed him most respectfully as "Sergeant" I asked her to see if he thought there would be any objections to my pictures. He assured her that if the Madame kept her camera "pointed to the earth" it would be all right, but as to the heights, "Nay, nay."

I cannot see now why those green and gray hillsides should be forbidden to me — the modern forts all look so exactly alike. However, I respected his prejudices and confined my attention to the "earth."

A demure little girl of about eleven, dressed in black and with neatly braided hair and long downcast lashes, gathered courage to approach the stranded visitors, and I risked my useful Slavic sentence, with a smile. "*Kako se zove ova?*" pointing to herself. (How do they call that? or, What is the name of that?) Without hesitation she answered "*Agusta,*" and I was lost in admiration of her understanding.

BACK INTO DALMATIA

Now my linguistic abilities were reduced to naught. I knew no other phrase, but — a happy thought struck me. Pointing to a green-domed church on the hill above a lighthouse on the opposite shore, I repeated my useful phrase. Again an answer — “*Josica*” — and as that was the word I expected I recognized it with delight.

Probably I should have gone on indefinitely indicating different features of the landscape had not a tug just then appeared from the Vallone of Risano and approached our dock, but alas! it steamed by us. “Is it going for the barge?” We watch it until, instead of proceeding toward Castelnuovo, it turns and skirts the south shore of Teodo Bay. Before very long it reappears, however, towing the expected barge, and we welcome effusively the courteous captain and his efficient crew. This time they have procured a larger sort of a tank barge with a flat deck which comes even with the dock, so that our car goes on without the least difficulty. Under an awning on the accompanying tug, seats are arranged for us and as we steam away I look back at the shady quay and the gray stone house beside it. Over the door is a sign: “Rachella Marchesini, Prodaja, Jestvina Rukotvorine L vina.” And from a half-open upper window, a sweet-faced old woman is leaning, gayly waving “*Buon Viaggio*.”

We part from our government aid on the quay at Kam-enari with mutual expressions of satisfaction and meet with no further adventures as we speed by fields of yellow daisies and gardens of pink valerian, towards the “Grünen Strand” at Zelenika. More delicious Hungarian cooking awaits

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us there and after luncheon and a short rest we leave for Ragusa.

The fearless blue-backed swallows rest quietly on the wires as we whiz under them, the bells of Santa Savina sound the quarter-hour far in the distance. Through the entrance to the Bocche a two-masted schooner is fleeing from the rising wrath of the Adriatic. The round tower of Fort Spagnuolo appears above ivy bastions and we stop at Castelnuovo in order that our Leader may call upon the Austrian officials to thank them for their courtesy in facilitating our Montenegrin trip.

“It’s pretty warm, but let’s just walk up to that little tower — won’t you?” as the Gentle Lady hesitated, and we climbed the stone-paved street looking down through narrow openings to the blue waters of the Bocche far below. Patient little donkeys toiled up the steep incline laden with heavy bags. To my surprise they did not pause at the entrance of a shop, but calmly walked up the steps and in at the open door. Occasionally they needed some assistance to get through, as the saddle-bags were stuffed and bulky. I wanted to follow them to see whether or not they climbed to the higher stories as I am very sure they could.

The sun was dazzling. “I must find a place to change my kodak spool,” exclaimed the Enthusiast. An open archway led by shallow paved steps to a small court, where a carpenter’s shop disclosed a store of shavings. I peered within.

“Might I arrange my camera here? It is necessary to get out of the light.”



THE GOVERNMENT BARGE



AT CASTELNUOVO

BACK INTO DALMATIA

"But yes," exclaimed the man, delightedly, and rushed for a damp cloth, with which, in a trice, he wiped off one end of a long table and watched me intently as I began my accustomed task.

"From Trieste?" he muttered.

"No, from America," I answered.

"Ah, indeed. I have a son in America," was his proud response.

"Have you? And whereabouts in America might he be?"

"In Buenos Ayres," he answered.

"Oh, America del Sud — I am from America del Nord."

This made little impression, I could see. America was America — a far country across the sea — why make invidious distinctions?

"And how long has your son been there?"

"A year."

"And does he like it?"

"Very much."

"It must be different from here."

"Madame likes it here?"

"Very much indeed. The Bocche is enchanting and Cetinje —! We left Cetinje this morning after seven o'clock [It is now about three.] What a wonderful drive down the mountain!"

The man was looking at me more intently. I am sure he did not hear my enthusiastic remark. There was no steamer that day, and to drive from Cetinje meant eleven hours without stopping.

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"Yes," I went on, enjoying his speaking countenance, but apparently occupied with my camera, "and we had to wait two hours at the ferry for the boat — otherwise —"

"She would have been here two hours ago, only she had to wait for the ferry," mechanically repeated the man to his assistant, who had joined him — an apprentice, apparently. And they both fixed me with a solemn gaze.

"Oh, and we were an hour and a half at Zelenika for luncheon," I went on, casually.

"An hour and a half," he whispered, and edged away a little, with the shock of it all, trying to make up his mind what kind of a lunatic had strayed into his establishment.

"In an automobile one can get over a great deal of ground, you see." This explanation so relieved his mind that he unconsciously relaxed and became the attentive host again. As I thanked him at parting he was all smiles and "*Küss die Hand*," and when we whirled away from Castelnuovo some time after, he stood bareheaded by the roadside and waved us a respectful salutation. How kindly the people are! With what joy they serve one!

It was very hot. Our poor engine gasped for breath before we reached the top of the ridge separating the Sutorina from the Val Canali, but our friend, the brook, rippling down the stony slope, offered her services for our relief. The radiator tank was emptied and refilled, an extra pailful carried along, and merrily we sailed above the silver sea, the ancient Epidaurus, the cascades and the mill of Breno, Lacroma's wooded isle and Orsola's gray crags, until the welcome walls of Ragusa, lying below Mount Sergius, grew

BACK INTO DALMATIA

ever nearer and nearer, and as we dismounted from the motor at the hotel door we realized that our tour to Montenegro, instead of being a doubtful future experiment, had now become one of our most unusual, delightful, and thrilling experiences.

CHAPTER XXI

ENTERING THE HERZEGOVINA — RAGUSA TO GACKO VIA TREBINJE

RAGUSA means to me purple iris and wistaria against old ivory walls; black rocks where sea-green water breaks in a million sparkles; air sweet with gorse and pine; and a moving crowd in brilliant national costumes! Eight golden days in all we linger there, — wandering up the wooded slopes of Lapad and Lacroma, or climbing the rough paths of Monte Sergio, where wild flowers in new and tantalizing variety spring from between the rocks, sauntering through the sunlit streets of this southern city where Slav and Latin meet. I dare not think that this may be our last visit to the fair Dalmatian city, or never could I leave it with so light a heart on this gay and cloudless morning when we set out for the Herzegovina.

Around the old Minceta Tower and the castle at the port; passing many women with their white-covered baskets on their heads; through sloping acres of wild iris and aloe, poppies and the yellow gorse; above the hazy sea we continue our journeyings. We glance at San Giacomo and take a last look at Ragusa as we round a promontory; then after following the lovely curves of the Val d'Orsola, near a small settlement known as Dubac, we turn to the left on our way to Trebinje. Below us, in our curving ascent, the Val di Breno lies, perhaps the prettiest valley in Dalmatia. And this must

RAGUSA TO GACKO

surely be the loveliest time of the year, with all the varying shades of green from cypresses to the new grain. A sheltered vale, indeed, protected from the northern winds where the sun pours down with fervid heat.

We are glad to reach the mountain top and the little group of houses on the Herzegovinian frontier, known as Ivanica. Here a breeze is blowing and a woman, wearing the tiny red cap with dilapidated white veil over it, is grinding coffee in a long brass cylinder, which she twirls as she stares at us. Only Slavic characters are to be seen on all signs. The road is fine; and as we put on our coats we turn back for a last look at the Adriatic, which during so many weeks has been our constant companion. The country does not differ materially from that of upper Dalmatia, — rocks and junipers, fields of grain, some young trees, but no yellow gorse. As we enter the defile of Drijen, two old *koulas*, or Turkish watch towers, appear on the hilltops, and my Cetinje songster, with others of his kind, flits by us. Suddenly I look up and the rocky aspect has disappeared, oaks and elms abound with many yellow-flowering bushes, whose locust-like racemes stand upright. Is it a kind of *laurustinus*? A crested lark alights on the ground, nearby. Gradually the rocks enclose us again; hills rise on either side and mountain peaks beyond crowned by the snows of Montenegro. A beautiful green stream is seen below us, which we soon cross.

“What did you say its name was?” I ask.

“Wait — I will write it,” he calls back, after vainly

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trying to make me understand; and soon he hands me a slip of paper. "The Trebišnjica or Tribinjčica."

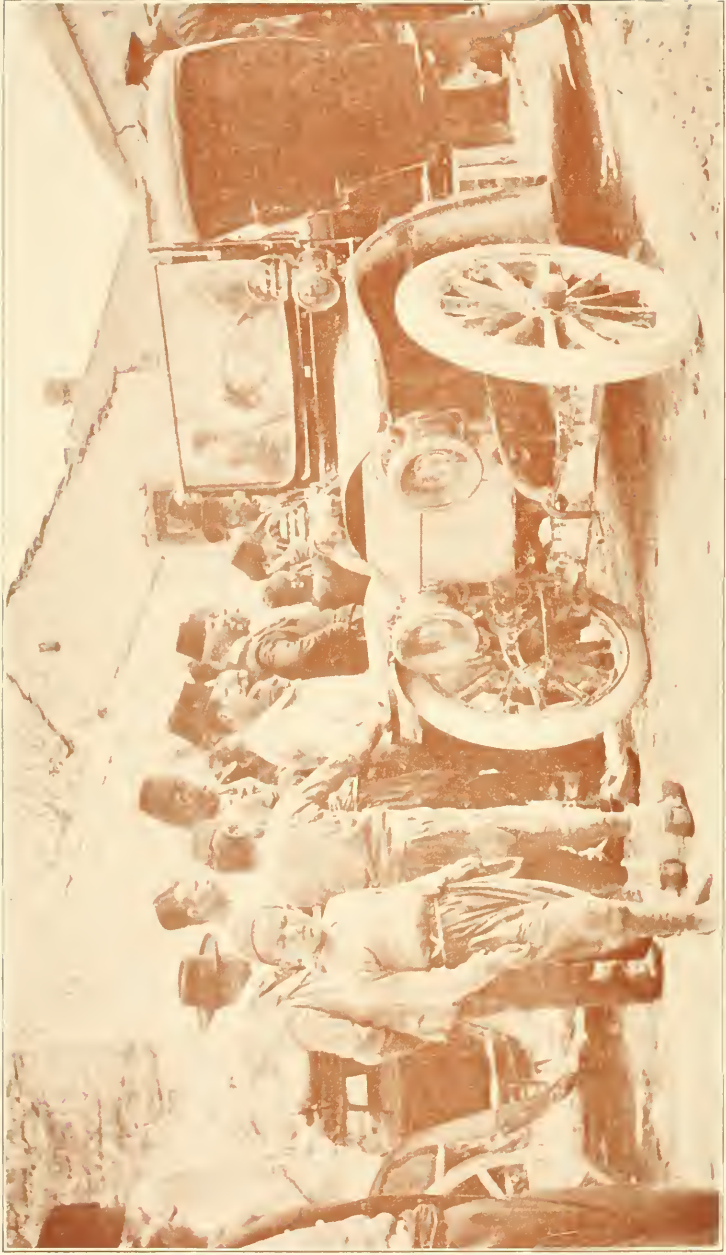
"No wonder I did not catch it," I remark, somewhat wearily. "I am going to call it the Trebinje River."

A curious round fort loop-holed for musket-fire stands at each end of the bridge and the river twists in serpentine curves through the richly cultivated valley. Here vineyards as well as rice and tobacco flourish, but the surrounding mountains are bleak and bare. Even in the dog-days, when the heat is intense, the snow lingers in the crevices of a neighboring crater, so near that the natives bring it down, at night, to cool their favorite drinks.

Trebinje is divided into two parts. The old town is quaint and curious, and there is a charming bit of moat, where moss-grown walls are reflected in still waters. The new town outside is modern and clean. But the children — particularly the little girls! It was my first glimpse of the female Turkish costume and all I could think of was a swarm of butterflies as, turning a corner, a group of some twenty wee maidens caught sight of my black box and fled in all directions — getting behind every available object and peering from around dark corners. They were far too nimble for me in my astonishment at their objection to the camera. Such brilliancy of color! The short waists and baggy trousers, the kerchiefs or round caps, were too quaint for words! How I longed to argue with them, to persuade them to pose just once, but that was hopeless! I must remember that the Herzegovina and Bosnia were Turkish territory until 1878 and although now under the administration



THE YOUNGER GENERATION ARE ADOPTING EUROPEAN CLOTHES
(TREBINJE)



THE CROWD AT BILEK

RAGUSA TO GACKO

of Austria, still the Moslem traditions are carefully respected.*

To any one who has been at Cairo or Constantinople, the bazaar at Trebinje is but a poor affair and the mosques indifferent; although minarets, when used for the musical call to prayer, always produce a pleasing impression. The hotel is fairly comfortable and the restaurant so popular that when the numerous officers are at table there is little room for mere casual guests.

"Where can we leave the motor?" asks the Leader. He has long ago outgrown the habit of asking for a garage.

"Oh, in that little garden. There is a fence about it and I will have a man to watch it while the chauffeur eats his lunch."

It is quite evident that we are not in Dalmatia, where the car has stood at the door, day and night, unmolested. Our anxiety leads us to visit it as it stands in state under the shady trees, and we find a red-fezzed native solemnly walking around it, with a stout stick, which he brandishes over the heads of the small boys when their curiosity leads them too near. His task is no sinecure, either, as the youngsters are numerous and agile.

As we leave Trebinje, a company of soldiers marching in the road parts and we have the novel sensation of riding between ranks of armed men! There are soldiers everywhere and forts on all the heights. The macadamized road from Trebinje to Gacko, instead of following closely the

* This was in May, 1908. In the following October these two provinces were formally annexed and became an integral part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

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waterway in the valleys, climbs among the foot-hills keeping near the forts along the frontier and is maintained in fine condition. When one sees the Turkish mule tracks, formerly the only means of communication in the mountains, one appreciates what Austria has done in her thirty years' control of Bosnia and the Herzegovina in making these excellent roads throughout the country. The wind is in the south and the day is very warm as we climb slowly along the Karst, toward our destination for the night, Gacko. We have not been able to find any one who has been in Gacko, nor does the guide-book give us much encouragement; but the leader pins his faith to a fellow motorist, who has assured him that there is a government inn there, entirely possible.

Just beyond a guard-house on a hilltop, a woman, spinning, stands spellbound as we pass, erect as a young Greek goddess, the wind blowing her black lamb's-wool coat back from her embroidered apron. As long as we can see her, she stands motionless.

"Almost the Victory of Samothrace, is n't she?" comments my companion.

A group of shepherdesses among the rocks seem to us very much dressed up, tending their flock of goats or sheep or cattle. The dark blue skirt, reaching just below the knee, is trimmed with bands of red, the sleeveless long white coat goes over a blue long-sleeved waist and the small red cap has a white kerchief pinned over it, while a red-tasselled flat pouch is borne on the arm. An older woman is draped in a brown *struka*. An Othello stalks by in gorgeous raiment;

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his red velvet jacket embroidered with gold, and the flower in his turban, making an effective picture.

After a particularly trying "up" in the midst of our undulating progress, we stop to beg for water from a barrel by the wayside. For water is a valuable commodity in this barren desert and every drop is highly treasured.

"Is n't there any level country at all?" asks the chauffeur, in the intervals of changing speed and applying the brakes.

"No, it is all mountains," quietly assures the Leader; and we continue going down and up again, meeting more gorgeously attired gentlemen ambling along on donkeys. Huge horses, splendid in brass and tasselled harness and drawing loads of supplies to the military encampments, pass us. We descend to cross a three-arched stone bridge over the Trebinjčica River and rise to new heights at Mosko. From the low doorways of the tiny settlement pour the picturesque inhabitants, men, women, and children.

"The source of the Trebinjčica is beneath that mountain wall," points the Leader; as we pass Neu-Bilek and are confronted anew with the striking imperial initials, "F. J. I.," some ten feet long, outlined in white stones upon the mountain slope. The lilacs and fruit-trees are in bloom here in this oasis watered by the river.

Taking advantage of a particularly smooth bit, we are flying along the highway when — bang! A tire has burst. Of course, no one of us rejoices when we lose a tire, but if it must occur, no place could be more propitious than in this town of Bilek, some eighteen miles from Trebinje and the only place of any size until we reach the plain of Gacko.

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A group of natives gather in silent awe and curiosity to watch the chauffeur repair the damage. They form a brilliant picture in their gay costumes, against the gray stone walls. Only one adventurous little girl steals, silently, close to the huge chauffeur; while from a neighboring balcony a woman leans for information and a gay retort. A Turkish house, with overhanging eaves, stands at the corner where our highway leads and higher up, above some turbaned graves, a mosque with tall white minaret appears. Near us, before a high stone wall, a woman turns a squeaky wheel, filling her shiny cans with water from the village well, and every animal that passes stops to get a cooling draught before he wanders on again.

While the Leader goes to the telegraph office to wire Trieste for another tire to meet us farther on, we two seek further diversion.

"Oh, do come here!" calls my companion, in an excited whisper, as I turn my film for a fresh exposure, and following her fixed gaze, I see striding up the hill toward us a wonderfully picturesque couple. He, of course, marches ahead, brave in his holiday attire, leading his trusty mountain horse loaded with well-filled saddle-bags. But the coy young mountain maid,—how truly splendid her appearance!

"Oh! Do you suppose it's a bride?" asks Madame Content; but I am too busy trying to get a picture to answer, for the countenance of the man is stern and forbidding. He is no Turk, but he may have prejudices against the camera. She may be from Albania, possibly, for she wears over her wool skirt and embroidered apron a long red velvet sleeve-

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less coat trimmed heavily with gold; her open jacket has great silver knobs, as big as sleigh-bells, down both sides of the front and lace ruffles at the wrist; a rich gold chain is around her neck and from her cap hang coins and pendant jewels; her belt buckles are enormous and of beautiful workmanship; on her fingers are silver rings and over a white head-kerchief, is draped a scarlet *bashilik* with tasseled fringe. She walks with the easy pace of the mountaineer and her pony follows with slackened rein. They, too, stop at the well for refreshment and I long for an interpreter. The young woman does not seem averse to our acquaintance, if friendly smiles mean anything; but the dark-skinned man, be he husband or father, hurries her away, and in an incredibly short time they disappear down the long road.

The chauffeur is now putting away the air pump, which is our signal for adjustment of veils and of dust coats. We fairly whiz across a fertile, blossoming valley, and as we climb the other side get a charming view of Bilek, under the terraced hillside crowned by her fort. A fawn-colored "hooded crow," with black head and wings, flies fearlessly by, and from a passing carriage two Turkish women peer at us behind their veils.

There are no kilometer posts but sometimes numbers painted on the rocks, whether distances or military marks we fail to discover. The road is excellent and we go twisting up and down the low hills. At our right a black cloud is forming, and from it sharp lightning at intervals denotes a storm.

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"Yes, that is our direction," placidly answers the Leader, to our anxious inquiries. "Will you have the top up?"

"Oh, not yet," we answer in our usual chorus. "This fresh air is so delightful."

We pass many flocks of sheep and goats and some small herds of cattle guarded by the brightly gowned Herzegovinian peasants.

"Thirty kilometers more to Gacko," calls back the Leader, and a cuckoo utters his plaintive note.

"Is n't that a sign of rain?" asks Madame Content.

"I'm afraid it is — or snow," responds the Leader, for very near us the snow appears and white fields surround us. This is the top of the pass, he informs us, — Troglav (4340 feet), and we put up the hood just in time to escape big drops of rain. Luckily, only the edge of the heavy shower reaches us so that we enjoy the splendid panorama of the Montenegrin Alps rising on our right, white with the freshly fallen snow. Into a defile of curious ridged rock we descend, — where green hellebore and yellow orchids abound, — then through a cultivated valley, watered by a mountain torrent, where the hawthorn hedges are white with blossoms.

We discern the fort of Cernica on our left and follow the rippling brook up into the recesses of the mountains again. It rains when we have gained the crest, but not enough to prevent our seeing the flat Gacko plain, or *polje*, across which we are soon bowling; a rockless valley, broad and undivided by walls or hedges. Waterways intersect, with locks for controlling the flow, and on this fertile floor the grain is three inches high in some places, in others men are harvest-

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ing, and in still others scattering the seed. The vesper sparrows follow in great flocks and a brilliant yellow bird, as large as a robin, but with dark wings, eludes my persistent glass. Is it the golden oriole? Over the Musiča River, and passing the branch road to Avtovac, we reach Gacko and its government inn.

CHAPTER XXII

GACKO TO MOSTAR — SOURCE OF THE BUNA

A COLD rain is falling, the snow on the neighboring mountains comes down very near us. We are glad of our heaviest wraps and hesitate to remove them even in the cheerless shelter of the inn, for Gacko is three thousand, two hundred feet above the sea.

Whoever planned this primitive hostelry had no nose, I am sure. As soon as we enter the large front room, with a table on one side evidently used for eating, we know that onions have been cooking for some time; in the square staircase well the scent becomes overpowering, and no wonder, — for the kitchen opens directly beneath! If it has another outlet, this is the one most used, and into each chamber penetrates the odor with a strength and a persistence worthy of a better cause. The inn seems to float in a mild, hazy atmosphere of garlic! Of course, the occupants do not perceive it, accustomed as they are to its continuance, but fresh from the delicious ozone of the heights, we nearly suffocate. The Leader dares not sympathize with us, for there is no other place to go. We stumble up the stairway in our dark veils; and at the top, I being first, stop in dismay; for, stretched entirely across the landing, lies a huge hound. "She won't trouble you!" calls out a voice from below; and after lazy hesitation, Madame, the dog, consents to move along a little to let us pass.

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The rooms marked "*Fremden Zimmer*" over each door are clean, but certainly not luxurious, as the German guide-book plainly said. The windows are small and few, the glass of the poorest, and the woodwork of the cheapest. The floor boards are guiltless of paint or stain, about ten inches wide, not too closely set; there is a tiny, worn rug by each bed, and those beds are of iron — to my relief. On each is laid a red cotton quilt, neither long enough nor wide enough to tuck in, and the sheets match the quilt in size, while the pillows are stuffed with cotton; but there are two mattresses and the woven wire has not lost its spring. Each room boasts a stove, but no fire.

Wondering what we will get for dinner besides onions, I think hopefully of the cracker box and the prune bottle safely tucked away in the automobile. In due time we are conducted to a not over-clean table in the inner room, evidently the banquet-hall (?); and shortly a maid in a sailor blouse of fancy red and white stripe, cut very low in the neck, a dark cloth skirt and an apology for an apron, bursts into the room.

"*Küss die Hand, gleich, bitte schön,*" she explodes, and departs again.

Evidently custom is brisk. We wait patiently. After a long time, she reappears with two plates of Hamburg steak and potatoes, and two of lettuce.

"*Bitte schön,*" she apologizes, as she disappears through the open door. Our stock of exclamations seem inadequate to this demand upon them, and we remain gravely silent, contemplating the feast before us.

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"I choose the lettuce, please," I say, after a slight pause, for each one of us is determined not to be the first to find fault. In travelling through strange countries this is an excellent rule to follow: we had decided upon that in the beginning, but not having had any occasion for its use, we had almost forgotten our resolve.

"Perhaps we could have some beer," cheerfully remarks the Leader, attacking with a good semblance of zest his overflowing plate. The beer is brought and is excellent.

"You should learn to eat onions," asserts Madame Content, "this steak is n't so bad."

At the other side of the hall is the "Casino," at least that is what the sign over the door says. The Leader goes in to see it, and reports two men playing billiards, three women and two babies listening to a mechanical musical instrument.

"Probably if you lived in Gacko, that would be sufficient to give you an evening's amusement, too," replies Madame Content, at the report of her liege lord.

As we go upstairs a voice from the dark depths of the kitchen shouts: "*Küss die Hand! Guten Nacht!*" And we at least can respond to that "*Guten Nacht!*"

When I open my blinds in the morning it is rarely that a new picture fails to greet me, and Gacko is no exception.

The snowy mountains and blue sky and green valley are bound together by the glorious arc of a rainbow. The buds are just beginning to swell on the forest trees before my window, but in the garden opposite the currants are in blossom.

Some one is coming across the plain, — is it man or

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woman muffled against the morning's chill? Evidently a woman, — for as she approaches town she draws her white head-covering closer to shield her face while the long black cloak reveals bright blue Turkish trousers. As she passes I see an oblong piece of black cloth trimmed with dull embroidery hanging down her back. Has she come in to see the parade of the Austrian Automobile Club, which, sixteen strong, is hurrying over the mountains from Mostar to-day? They are to stop here for luncheon before going on to Ragusa. Will it be Hamburg steak and onions, I wonder?

Great is the excitement of the populace waiting their arrival. The town proper of Gacko lies perhaps a quarter of a mile up the hill behind the hotel, and at least one-half of the inhabitants have come down even at this early hour to secure good vantage points on the post road. The little girls are a repetition of those at Trebinje, only more ragged and dirty, and less shy. Leather straps hold the wooden sandals on their bare feet; full cotton trousers, gathered at the ankles; a short waist, always of another material, but equally bright; a kerchief over the head; — the costume might be suitable for the Bosphorus or the Levant, but must be an inadequate protection in this frosty mountain air.

Our morning meal, looked forward to with doubt and apprehension, turns out even worse than we have anticipated. The coffee — save the mark — served in tall glasses is lukewarm; the bread, heavy and sour; the butter, impossible! The eggs are merely warmed through, and the

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spoons far too large to enter the shells. I look at the tooth-picks hesitatingly; at another village we have seen them used for such purposes — can I do it? There is no other way but to follow the custom of the country; salted and stirred with this implement, the egg is made palatable and drunk!

It is amusing to hear the light tone adopted by the party when we come together after the morning meal. No reference is made to personal experiences, but a unanimous verdict is rendered for an early start.

“I would like, if possible, to get by the narrowest part of the road before meeting the Austrian cars,” explains the Leader; and we accept this excuse without question, though smiles lurk in our Yankee sleeves. “We will have to be careful and run slowly, as they will not be expecting to meet a motor, and the turns are sharp.”

Just then a man on a white horse gallops around the corner shouting violently, and scarcely has he drawn up by the roadside, when a gasoline runabout appears in the distance and dashes into the village. It seems that men are stationed on the heights for miles along the way who either halloo or wave a blue flag, thus signalling the coming of an automobile, and the news so carried is repeated by the gallant horseman to the town. We do not wait to exchange courtesies, but take advantage of the distracted attention of the populace to get away. Many women are squatting on boulders without the town, their faces covered to the eyes. Oxen and donkeys are relegated to the fields. We have a clear road. The men salute us politely as we wind through

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a narrow pass, and one drops his blue flag in amazement at seeing us approach from the wrong direction.

Passing a wretched Mohammedan cemetery — not even enclosed and with the headstones at all angles, — we cross the Zalomska and from an adjoining hilltop a whole company of soldiers rush down to look at us. It is after we have gone through the narrowest part of the defile, fully half an hour after leaving Gacko, and just beyond Fojnica that we meet the second car of the Austrian Automobile Club, a large open motor from whose depths a begoggled enthusiast waves his hat in exuberance of friendly greeting. Back and forth across the Zalomska the excellent road zig-zags in and out between high limestone hills, occasionally relieved by groves of pollarded oaks on curious rock strata. The green tufts of the hellebore denote the sterile character of the region, yet from the cliffs four streams pour their waters into the Zalomska's flood. Here we meet four more cars in quick succession.

"It is a comfort to see the kilometer posts again," remarks the Gentle Lady; "it seems so much more like the right road." A huge snow mountain appears just before we emerge from the gorge into a plain, from which the towers of Nevesinje rise on the hillside.

"That snow mountain is Velez," says the Leader. "How many have passed now?" as another automobile rolls by us.

"That is the seventh," — and in the town of Nevesinje we encounter the eighth.

"We have only five hundred feet altogether to ascend to-day," the Leader said, when we left Gacko, but no sign

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of any climbing have I perceived until we reach Nevesinje and begin the long loop leading over the Grabok Saddle. From the top (3640 feet) we get a magnificent view over the plain, the snow-topped mountains and the town of Nevesinje with its steep streets, its conspicuous barracks, its roofs of tile or shining tin, its minaret, and white spire holding aloft the Holy Cross. Here we pass six cars in a line, one of them of American make. The "Saddle" is charming, winding through a world of birches under mossy rocks and coasting down a shady glen, but no water drips from the gray boulders into the gravelly bed.

Many birds hover over our heads and sing from the tree-tops as we climb again and from the summit of another height discover the Narenta valley lying half in shadow thirty-five hundred feet below us! Soon after a shimmering lake sparkles in the far distance; and at the edge of a widening view the city of Mostar appears. The flat-topped hills of Hum surround us and at the right towers the snowy Podvezlez.

The last car, the seventeenth, we meet before we come to a point in the road where the view into the valley is stupendous! In loops and twists the road coils down the mountain side; the castle of Stjepangrad on its lofty perch, six hundred feet above the plain, is yet far below; but gradually the conformation of the lower hills assumes its proper proportions and that same ruined castle on the "torn bare peak" now rises above us. Vines are already in leaf and poppies in blossom, and the air is warm and fragrant in this fertile Narenta valley. "That is a fifteenth



SOURCE OF THE BUNA



THE BRIDGE AT MOSTAR

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century castle," remarks the Leader, turning around in his seat, "and belonged to that same Duke Stjepan, who lived at Castelnuovo, you remember. His last exploit was to run away with his son's wife, but he was caught and kept in prison here until he died."

We stop outside the village of Blagaj, — pronounced *Blackeye* with the *K* like a hard *G*, — to visit the source of the Buna. Our car is immediately surrounded, but where the people come from is a mystery, as only a few low houses are in sight. The way is not difficult to find, but a lad in picturesque rags takes possession of us, — and in the noon-day heat, — up the little path bordered by hedges of pomegranate, above a rushing river, past a mill and through the ruins of a painted mosque, — we follow our small guide to a huge precipice overhanging the chapel of a Turkish saint. No water is to be seen! At a rough, locked gate in the high wall the boy pounds and waits and pounds again. Either the *custode* is at his prayers or very deaf, or away from home. With an encouraging look the boy darts away, motioning us to stay where we are; we wait, nothing loath, in that cool shady spot after our hot walk.

"Is it possible that only this morning I wished for my fur coat?" asks the Gentle Lady, with incredulous emphasis.

"I don't believe you will want it again during our tour this year," comforts her liege lord.

And just then down the path our pilot appears beckoning vigorously for us to join him and pointing into a dilapidated mill. Over the rickety floor the Leader leads the way between the belts of rolling wooden wheels, up a ladder

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to a window three feet high, and scrambles through, turning to help us follow him. At the foot of the ladder the Gentle Lady balks, but the Enthusiast gathering all her courage struggles through and comes out on a terraced garden facing a sheer white cliff. Pigeons wheel in countless numbers and swallows' nests by hundreds cling to the crag. From underneath the limestone wall, pours forth a seething flood, spreading into a charming clear blue pool before leaping over the shelving rocks in a succession of foaming rapids. It is the source of the Buna. This river is said to be a continuation of the Zalomska, which disappears the other side of the "Grabok Saddle" some twelve miles away.

The change into the blackness of the mill again is so complete that at first I can see nothing; but the turbaned miller at our look of interest lifts a rude wooden stake in the floor and the whirling millstones stop;— he dips the flat paddle in the rough hopper and shows us the corn, then goes to the open bin where the meal lies yellow and fine. In the next hopper is whole wheat, and below, the flour ground finer than the corn-meal. How picturesque it all is, — the rushing water seen between the wide cracks in the floor, the three whirling millstones, the clumsy machinery, the age-darkened roof outlined with powdery streaks, and the bent-over old man quietly awaiting our departure.

Our car is still the centre of an admiring throng when we return. How incongruous it appears beside the crooked stones of a Mohammedan cemetery, a mass of yellow wild flowers! One Herzegovinian peasant has a curious decoration on the side of his jacket, consisting of four silver hearts,

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each two inches across, connected by chains and a fringe. Now, one silver heart might well be understood, and even two silver hearts could be explained — but four! Is he the village Adonis? Never have I regretted more keenly my inability to speak their tongue.

Across the smiling valley on a fine level road, through avenues of young mulberries; past fields where Turkish women, tending sheep and goats, at our approach fling their skirts over their heads and hold them tightly; past big barracks flanked by masses of blue iris; under the many hillside forts we speed merrily from Blagaj into Mostar.

CHAPTER XXIII

MOSTAR

AT Mostar we are surprised to find a comfortable modern hotel on the banks of the Narenta River whose eastern windows face a shady park and all our meals are served on the open terrace. "I think I shall stay here at least a week," announces the Gentle Lady, after luncheon, as, sitting on her tiny balcony above the fair green garden, she watches the passers-by.

Eight little girls are playing "ring-round-a-rosy" under the paulownia trees. They sing with the same perfect rhythm, but utter disregard of tune, so characteristic of children the world over. Have the Slavonic syllables really a familiar sound? Or is it only that the ceremony, the circling around, the stopping to choose, the clapping of hands, bring back so vividly our own childish vernacular that we unconsciously supply the words?

The lemonade vender, with gorgeous shining brasses, no sooner appears than small be-fezzed boys swarm about him. It must be recess at the Turkish school-house, for a flock of trousered mites run gayly to the fountain. They are like a *parterre* of tulips in their brilliant colors. A woman enveloped in a superb dark blue silk and gold-threaded *jerediza* ambles by, her parasol matching her cloak but her red and black tasselled boots striking a dissonant note. A white-hooded being approaches and turns toward the bridge,

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her hands discreetly folded; only a narrow slit in the spotless muslin enables her to see her way. A Servian peasant in coarse white linen knickers and tucked-up skirt, a bag over her shoulder, stalks by with a free and splendid swing, her veil blowing back from her braided hair. With all her toiling she is more to be envied than her Turkish sister in the harem.

The bridal wreath hangs in graceful sprays from huge spirea bushes, the blue paulownia bells lie withering on the ground; the splashing fountains lend a breath of coolness to the air; and the great bare mountains of Hum loom before us, seamed with paths and crowned by forts.

“Do see that curiously dressed woman coming down the street by the mosque. What is that pointed thing she has on her head?” cries the Gentle Lady, breaking the long silence.

“That is a costume peculiar to Mostar,” answers a voice in English from below, and looking down in surprise we discover the English acquaintances whom we had left in Ragusa.

“Why, I thought you were to be in Sarajevo by this time. What luck to find you here!”

“Yes, we did intend to go on before now, but we have found Mostar so delightful that we cannot bear to leave.”

“I can well understand that,” assents the Gentle Lady. “Now you must show us all the sights.”

“First, there is the bridge, of course you know —”

“No, I don’t know one thing about Mostar, or what there is to see.”

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“So much the better,” is the answer, “you ’ll enjoy it all the more.”

“Are n’t the lights wonderful on those bare mountains?” And just then from a nearby minaret sounds the call to prayer in minor, long-drawn cadence. To the four points of the compass the muezzin sends forth his command and from the depths of the bazaar and narrow, high-walled streets gather the Moslem faithful.

“Don’t you want to go out for a walk? It is cooler now,” and the party start out to see the little town.

“Mostar is called the capital of the Herzegovina in some books I have been reading recently,” says the Enthusiast. “It is certainly the largest city we have been in since leaving Trieste, with the possible exception of Spalato. Not that the size makes it attractive. It must be very closely built, for it does not seem to cover much ground.”

Just then we come out on the bridge and stop unconsciously to enjoy the picture. I cannot describe that exquisite arch, which seems to spring like a living thing from shore to shore above the foaming water. I hear, “It is sixty feet from the water; it has a span of one hundred feet, while the Rialto span is seventy-four.” The figures mean nothing to me,—its rich, creamy color and its ancient guarding towers; its moss-grown parapet and moving, varied throng; but above all else the wonderful perfection of the whole,—these enrapture me. An archaic inscription on it reads: “Kudret Kemerı”—that is, “The Arch of Almighty God.”

I make an inward vow, “Here is where I will come in early morning and here I can stay through long delightful

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hours. For a stone bench extends the whole length of the parapet, and while I rest the people in their varied daily tasks will pass in long procession to and fro."

Mounting the incline to the centre of the bridge we look down at the green water rushing between its rocky shores, then raise our eyes to the city on either side. "Eleven, twelve, thirteen," a voice beside me counts, and I turn to question. "Yes, we can see thirteen minarets from here, I have counted them."

How symbolical they are, — those slender, balconied towers pointing skyward!

"What wonderful old trees by that green-domed mosque just above the river! I wonder whether we would be allowed to see them a little nearer."

"They may be in a private garden," suggests the Cautious One. But we hurry across the bridge and dive down into the narrow street of the bazaar in eager search of a way to them. Before a sunlit archway we linger a moment and one of the squatting figures, laying aside his long pipe, rises and without a word leads the way down the stone-paved path and within the stuccoed wall. Behold, a fountain of running water under a protecting roof, great spreading green branches, and a broad, covered portico of a mosque. Here, we being women and therefore forbidden entrance, he halts, removes his shoes and recites his formula of explanation in the few words of German which he knows: —

"The mosque of Mahomet Pasa, the first one in Mostar, four hundred years old, and that is the Mecca — the name Mahommed, — there where the preacher stands, and this

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leads to the minaret," pointing to a tiny, winding stair. "I am the muezzin," he proudly adds. The rich rugs, the dim light, a cross-legged figure conning the Koran by a low window, the age-mellowed walls and Moorish lattices make a most effective picture.

Turning away we linger in the charming, restful portico, enjoying the peaceful scene. Between the waving branches of the great trees we see the Narenta girt round with lovely mountains. Across the high arch of the old stone bridge moves a procession of gayly dressed figures, so quaint, so mystical! Are we dreaming, or is this an Arabian Night's tale come true?

As we wander homeward a peculiarly lovely bird-song rises on the silent air. I look up startled. "Yes, it is our nightingale," our English companions proudly answer my unspoken question. "They sing here constantly, everywhere, even in the hedges along the railroad track."

The calendar declares it to be the ninth of May, but the air is like July; one looks in vain for any tiny cloud in the brilliant blue. Tablelands of mountains cut sharply into the sky, their deep clefts and projecting angles casting shadows, pink and mauve and green. An exquisite weeping hemlock rises above my window and seems as foil to the "*Hêtres-à-papier*" (beeches) in the park below.

A woman wearing the full Turkish trousers passes, leading a tiny child by the hand, and balancing on her head a board on which rest two round loaves of unbaked bread. Is she going to the public oven? The combination of Turkish trousers, a gingham apron, and exposed head is

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amusingly incongruous, but even the Catholic women wear these mannish garments. On Sundays they are of black silk, rich and full and long. It is comical to see the stately matrons endeavor to lift them up from the dusty highway as they walk. But the fashionable out-of-door costume for Turkish women in Mostar has been so graphically described by Major Henderson in his delightful book on the Balkans that I cannot do better than transcribe his words:

“Figure to yourself a long, very thick, dark blue great-coat, very similar to that worn by Mr. Thomas Atkins, except that it is furnished with an enormous collar standing up nearly a foot in height. This garment is thrown over the wearer, whom it envelops, head and all; the hook fastened, not over the throat, but just below the nose, leaving the high stiff collar to project forwards, above and beyond the forehead, a huge beak. The chink left open below this in the shadow of the projecting beak is fitted in with a muslin mask that covers the eyes of the wearer. The cloak is hooked closely all the way down, with the sleeves pinned back and flapping loosely, rather like embryo wings. Huge black or bright yellow clumsy, untanned boots complete the costume.”

In yellow trousers with red polka dots and short red blouse, her black round cap clutched in her hand, one lively little girl stole a ride on the bottom step of the hotel omnibus that morning, as it went slowly around to the front door. Here in true feminine fashion she stepped off backwards and rolled in the dust, showing her bare feet in wooden

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sabots. She must have had something to eat in her hand, for, as she rose and shook her cotton clothes, two geese with outstretched necks barred her way. She "shooed" at them in vain, and finally had to slip behind some passing pedestrians to get by.

A merciful Mussulman has stopped his horses with their load of logs and brings them, one by one, fresh water from the fountain. The sweetmeat seller comes into the park, slowly trundling his attractive cart, and like a swarm of butterflies the kerchiefed children surround him, two having babies in their arms. Should one of the number be so fortunate as to have the necessary penny, the rest look on with devouring eyes while she slowly consumes the cold *fiorini* (ice cream).

From the tourist's standpoint there are not many "sights" in Mostar; but there are pictures, living ones at all times, and the costumes are even more varied and attractive than in Dalmatia, — which is saying much. The Oriental character of the buildings, too, forms a fitting background and the brilliant white light reminds one of Cairo and the East. In the bazaar, through high-walled streets, beside the mosque, on the curving bridge, men, women, and children gather in gaudy groups daily; but on Sunday the service in the Franciscan church is a sight long to be remembered. The soldiers in their khaki and red fezes forming one solid mass of color; the peasants in their gay-embroidered sleeveless jackets over clean white shirts, full baggy trousers, white gaiters and *opanka* and scarlet fezes; the white-gowned women with veils over their coin-bedecked head-dresses;

HERZEGOVINIAN CATHOLICS, MOSTAR





AFTER SERVICE AT THE FRANCISCA'S CHURCH, MOSTAR
THE MEN ARE EQUALLY PICTURESQUE.

MOSTAR

all rising, bowing, or kneeling in unison, produce an effect as striking as it is picturesque.

Nor is the scene less charming when the congregation pours out into the sunlight and under the shady trees of the clean white street, the groups mingle in friendly intercourse. They have no horror of the camera, either,— these pleasant people; but the Turks, even the men, shake their heads in silent negation when the subject is broached.

“What a hideous custom that is of staining the hair brick red with henna,” comments the Gentle Lady, as a trousered girl so decorated passes us. “Do you suppose that medal hanging down in front, like a label, on her cap, is an amulet to keep off the evil eye, a mere ornament, or her name in case she should get lost?”

But our attention is diverted by the sound of music. “I do believe it is a ‘*gusla*,’” I excitedly exclaim, “can’t we go down that street and see?”

Looking on from a respectful distance we watch the old musician twanging on the national banjo and the dancing circle in the street; but, alas! — this group of Servians are so well-to-do that they have discarded their national costumes and donned the prosaic clothes of civilization.

“Yes, it is a wedding,” answers a pleasant young Herzegovinian, stopping to look at the pretty scene, “and that is the bride.” She wears no veil nor different costume from the others, but the groom is distinguished by a broad blue and white sash worn over his shoulder.

“What does that queer white cap, like a chef’s, mean on that woman?” I ask without making any attempt to

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moderate my voice, for we have been so long in far-away places that it never occurs to me that any one can understand. But the woman gives me so keen a glance that I unconsciously apologize.

"It is the cap of the Jewess, I think," replies my companion after a moment. "Sometimes they wear a sort of queer decorated round rim which may be pasteboard, although it has all the appearance of a tin pan."

On Saturday evening the military band played in the park from seven-thirty until midnight, and all the fashion of the city in latest Viennese toilets gathered about the many tables bright with pretty lanterns. From our balcony it was like looking down on a stage scene, the speckless uniforms of the military adding not a little to the "brilliancy of the occasion." My last recollections that night were of gay laughter and the pleasant hum of many voices between the strains of waltz music from the regimental band.

CHAPTER XXIV

MOSTAR TO SARAJEVO

WHEN we finally induce Madame Content "to take to the road again," it is still hot and the sun blazes from the clearest of skies. A latticed window in the Turkish quarter half opens and, looking up, we catch a glimpse of long-lashed eyes above a gauzy veil. In the Moslem cemetery high yellow wild flowers conceal the stones; over our road hang locust blossoms thick with bees; and in the grain fields on either side bloom scarlet poppies and "Queen Anne's lace." The hedges are pink with roses as we cross the wide valley, facing the Prenj Alp, with snowy Velez on the east.

"Snowy, did you say?" questions the Gentle Lady. "It seems incredible." And she pushes back her veil to get a breath of air.

A caravan of horses laden with firewood descends from the mountains led by women. Later we meet an industrious peasant woman twirling a carved spindle of wool as she walks rapidly along, driving her pack-mule. European mountain ash are in blossom and flocks of birds rise overhead, — yellow, black, white, and brown, in tantalizing variety.

Just without the gorge lies a group of Bogomile stones in a field about three hundred feet from the road, and we go over to look at them. They are most extraordinary in

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their huge bulk and barbaric markings. As we return to the car we beg the Leader to enlighten us. "The name, even, is new to me," remarks the Enthusiast in a grieved tone.

This is in substance what he says: The Bogomiles are a religious sect among the southern Slavs, who, in the thirteenth century, rebelled against the Roman Catholic Church and founded this kind of Protestantism. At first they were protected both in Servia and Bosnia, and the faith made rapid strides, even reaching to Cattaro, Spalato, and Zara. Strenuous persecution began and continued for centuries; but they have never been entirely extirpated and even as late as 1876 it is recorded that over 2000 Bogomiles took refuge in Ragusa from the one district of Popovo in the Herzegovina. Little is really known of their habits or opinions, as their annals have been written by their enemies, and their faith is held in secret to this day. In various parts of the country their strangely shaped gravestones have been found, some with rude carvings, and in the museum at Sarajevo are reproductions of the most important examples. One of these is a block between nine and ten feet long, four and a half feet broad, and five feet high, with elaborately sculptured sides. It is supposed to have belonged to a Djett or Bogomile bishop.

About sixteen kilometers from Mostar we enter the gorge of the Narenta, the great precipices of the Velez (6450 feet) on our right. The flowering may, the fig, the wild pomegranate, even the faithful giant spurge struggle in vain to cover these rocky slopes. Beside us, a foaming

GORGE OF THE NARENTA





AN INTERESTING GROUP IN THE NARENITA VALLEY
HERZEGOVINIAN CHILDREN NEAR JABLANICA

MOSTAR TO SARAJEVO

green torrent rushes down a succession of low terraces into the Narenta.

“That must be the Schwarzequelle,” cries the Enthusiast, “now we are in the ‘Great Defile.’” The strata of rocks opposite are lying in tilted swirls, their lines accentuated by low trees and bushes; on our right tower castellated crags and through the gorge of the Drežanjka River we see a succession of snow-touched peaks. Our own valley grows more contracted and traces of avalanches occur at intervals close to the road. We notice a large apiary, a wayside memorial cross, a cluster of thatched huts, with vineyards wrung from the rocky slope. Often a heavy wall is built against the encroachments of snow. A strange conglomerate formation curves over the road, looking as if it would crumble at a touch, but it is as hard as iron. Against the sky is seen a perfect outline of the Madonna and Child in heavy drapery done by Nature’s hand.

Going through a short tunnel, we perceive an extensive valley on our right, near Grabovica, where the fantastic dolomite formation gives the rocks all manner of strange disguises. How blue the sky is beside their rich brown hue! Passing another series of cascades, we cross the river and exchange sides with the railroad. On our right the valley of Glogosnica, with its fantastic peaks and crags and tilted strata, is the wildest we have yet seen. Beside us the Komadinaquella gushes from beneath the mountain wall and flows under the road, falling into the Narenta some seventy feet below.

Now the magnificent snow-fields of the Prenj Alp ap-

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pear, above verdant, overlapping mountains. It is a beautiful scene! The greens of the forest and of the new grass are intensified by the blue lights upon the snow of the Prenj. Before us the river winds in serpentine bends. Under arching walnuts our route runs by scattered houses and at last a shady garden, into which we turn. It is Jablanica, and here we have our luncheon.

"It is really cooler in the house," remarks the Leader, but we prefer "God's out-of-doors." When the Judas tree is pink with bloom; when the air is filled with fluttering chestnut blossoms; when the mountain ash and blue paulownia are gay with flowers; when columbines and roses combine to feast the eye; when mocking birds and black-birds are whistling their delight — who could for a moment desire to calmly stay indoors? We feed the dog, we feed the chickens, we even feed the sparrows, and I think the only reason the crows do not come down to our *festa* is that they are not hungry.

Our black coffee is brought over from the *café* by an imposing, white-turbaned Turk, who, in his brilliant costume, carefully balancing the three tiny long-handled brass pots, approaches slowly down the avenue, making a picture which I long to reproduce. Out of deference to foreign prejudices, this coffee is made without sugar, and served in cups that carry me back to my childhood days when just such dishes for my dolls filled my heart with joy!

"How different the Herzegovina is from Dalmatia or Montenegro," muses the Gentle Lady. "One would suppose that mountains and rocky precipices would have a

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close resemblance to each other, but all those were so gray, so desolate, like the burned-out craters of the moon; while here the vegetation in the valleys extends far up the hillsides and the colors of the highest peaks, when not white with snow, are a soft, warm brown."

"I suppose this is a sandstone," continued the Enthusiast, "It is almost like the Grand Cañon formation in places, is n't it?"

"This afternoon we have the Ivan Pass," said the Leader, "3172 feet."

"How high are we here?"

"Only 665 feet."

"Well, we will certainly have some climbing to do and the wind — what there is of it — is behind us. Let us hope the grades are not steep and the roads are smooth."

"We ought to have some fine scenery," replies the Leader, quite ignoring such prosaic considerations, and we start off in the highest of spirits. Crossing the Narenta, — with splendid views of the Prenj Alp behind us, — on an excellent road above the now foaming torrent, — clinging to the grateful shade of the green hillside, with more woody mountains before and waterfalls at frequent intervals, cooling the air with their spray, — we come, at length, to a sharp bend in the river and a crossroad with a sign-post marked "Prozor" in Latin characters.

"That is the direct road to Jajce, up the Rama valley," points the Leader. "We could take it by returning here from Sarajevo. They say the scenery is very fine. But

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there is another shorter way by Kseljak and Travnik, joining this road at Vakuf."

We cross the river and follow it, going almost due east, past the snowy range of Bjelasnica on our left, past Ostrovac, and enter an open valley with cultivated slopes. Below us a cluster of stone-roofed huts, with a minaret in a level spot close to the river, denotes Sisicič.

"I'm sure we could n't wish for a better road, so far," remarks the Gentle Lady. "It is neither dusty nor muddy, and we have it pretty nearly to ourselves."

On again by the river's brink through a gorge where we catch glimpses of snow-crowned Visočica Planina above the nearer hills, we come to a bridge of graceful arches with red-roofed, latticed houses in high-walled gardens on the other side. This is Konjica, formerly a border town between the Herzegovina and Bosnia, later the seat of a Turkish governor, and now the centre for excursions to the surrounding peaks. We glide over the ancient bridge and through the thronged bazaar and, leaving the Narenta River, turn into the Treščanica valley. As we pass under the railroad, I notice that the "Warnung" is in Turkish, Croatian, Hungarian and, of course, the official language, German.

The Treščanica is a beautiful tumbling mountain torrent; soon we cross it, and begin to climb the Ivan Pass. Here the road is a bit stony and the grades are a trifle steep, but it is the following south wind which makes our faithful motor car rebel. As we stop at a convenient cascade, a shepherd lad upon the green hillside is playing on his lute;

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the strain is exquisitely melodious, and re-echoes in the silent mountain glen. An old woman, toothless, but with friendly smile, has come up to the car, twirling rapidly her spindle as she walks. We indicate by gestures our delight in the musical shepherd call, and she is manifestly pleased at our appreciation. I ask her whether I may take her picture and she is very much amused, but poses with willing grace, while her daughter looks on in satisfaction.

“I am so glad that we have to stop occasionally,” cries the Enthusiast. “It brings us so near the people of the country, and they are such a kindly sort.”

As we go on, ascending in two loops, we look back again at the Prenj Alp, and see just above it the white half circle of the rising moon. The hillside shades us for a short way, while the river falls in a succession of foaming rapids far below. As we stop by a brook to fill our pail, in case of need, we see a tree on fire! Has it been struck by lightning or —

“Oh, look!” cries the Gentle Lady. Beyond the dancing river, the white houses of Brdjani rise in a gentle incline to meet young apple orchards, pink with blossoms. Above, the hills are clothed with verdure to the snow line, whence in wonderful majesty of outline, extends the Prenj Alp! Beyond Zukici the cliffs approach so near that there is just room for the railroad, the road, and a splendid waterfall as the Treščanica makes a leap into the glen below. Gnarled chestnuts, white birch and beech trees flourish in the pretty, high-lying valley. Passing a tumble-down mill, we cross the stream and railroad. It is Bradina.

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The cherry-trees are in blossom, — such enormous ones I never saw! They are like forest trees and apparently grow wild, as they are scattered on the slopes in the midst of oaks and alders. As we climb, the full length of the tremendous Prenj Alp closes the valley behind us. The rippling stream and the wooded hills are forgotten in wonder at the changing lights, blue, pink, and mauve, over the snowy fields of that great jagged mass.

At the top of the Ivan Pass, — 3172 feet, or “961 M,” as the sign-post says, — we cross the frontier, leaving the Herzegovina with her magnificent mountain scenery, and enter Bosnia.

“This is the watershed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea,” says the Leader. “The Black Sea” sounds Asiatic, indeed. How deliciously cool the air is as we slide down through green and shady forests, winding in and out above a green valley! What though the road be narrow and covered with stone, — have we not ample compensation?

A new snow mountain appears. “It is Igman Planina, I think,” says the Leader, but my attention is distracted by a flock of long-wooled sheep branded in red, that will not leave the road.

“You must look at that big cherry-tree, there in the woods,” cries Madame Content.

“That is a giant,” agrees the Leader. “It must be two and one-half feet through.”

We whirl through Rastelica, whose wooden houses resemble Alpine chalets, and a few minutes after get another superb view.



ONE OF THE FATES' (ON THE IVAN PASS)
WOODEN SPINDLES IN THE MUSEUM, SARAJEVO



THE PRENJ ALP

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“It is Igman again, — we are coming nearer,” says the Leader. With what grandeur it lifts its snowy summits above the fruitful fields! Passing the sawmills of Tarčin on the Lepenica River, and going cautiously over the Vilovac Saddle, for the road is rough, we come to Pazarić, where a gypsy camp, with its tents, bonfires, and swarm of dusky children, makes a pleasing picture.

Barren heights and stony downs are behind us now, for Bosnia is one of the most heavily timbered countries in Europe. As far as we can see in every direction green fields and forests mount the hills to the snow line; we are entering the Bosna valley and soon cross and recross one of its tributaries, the Zujevina. Past the big saw mills of Hadžići, past the inn of Križanje, where the road leads off to Jajce, we speed on our way.

There seem to be two distinct types of houses in all these villages, one low and square, with latticed windows and overhanging eaves, which we soon learn belongs to the Turk; and one with a very steep pointed gable, as if it could not sufficiently emphasize its difference, which belongs to the Christian. After crossing the Bosna, we get a charming view of Sarajevo, seven miles away, but turn aside to the pretty park of Ilidze, on the Zeljeznica, where there is a group of summer hotels, an open-air restaurant, and delightful hot sulphur baths.

How heavenly it seems to find a fine hotel away from the rush and roar, the dust and heat of the city! This sulphur spring which here bubbles up from the earth at a temperature of 136 degrees Fahrenheit was well known even in

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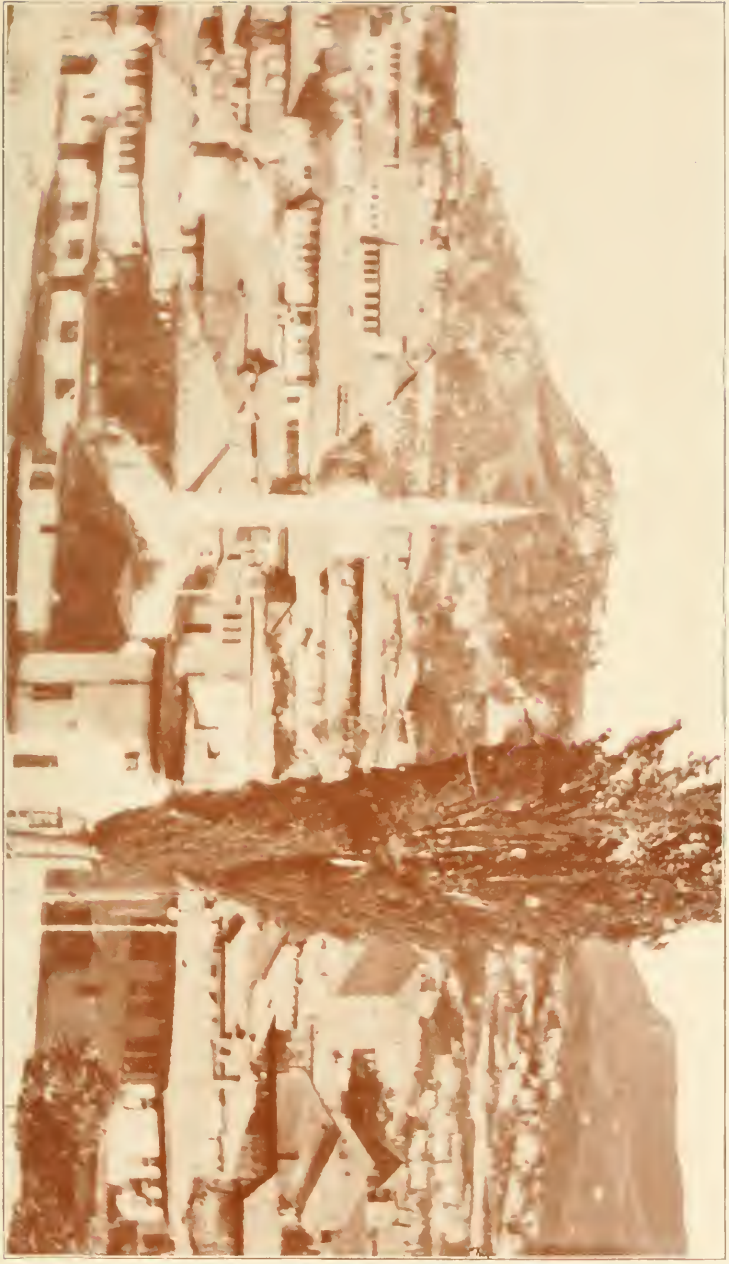
Roman times. Blossoming trees shed their sweet perfume, the moon casts wavering shadows on our vine-hung balcony, and nightingales fill the still air with music. "Here, too, I stay," quoth my Lady Content, and no one says her nay.

The next morning, after a leisurely breakfast, we motor to Sarajevo for a day of sight-seeing. It seems strange that even in the motor we are too warm. Four rows of chestnut-trees extend along the avenue the whole distance, but the road is very dusty from much use, and none too smooth. Sarajevo at first sight is disappointingly modern. During the last thirty years under Austrian administration much has been done to sweep away the old order of things, to replace the Asiatic by the European, and the attempt has been lamentably successful.

"But the museum," I cry, "that should be interesting."

The Gentle Lady and I wait near the post office in a strip of shady sidewalk, while the Leader seeks the custodian,—for the place is closed. It takes some time, but he is finally successful and we mount three flights of stairs to a hospitable door. Rarely has a museum appeared to me so enticing. Cool and clean and quiet, the change from the sizzling streets is in itself a treat. The small rooms contain figures of peasants lying, sitting, or standing, and are furnished with ancient ceilings, woodwork, and hangings. Each form being carefully labelled, well made, and attired in the choicest embroideries and stuffs, the whole forms a wonderfully life-like, entertaining, and instructive collection of Bosnian and Herzegovinian costumes and customs. Native jewelry, old belts and waistcoats; embroideries, harnesses,

A VIEW IN SARAJEVO





AN UNEXPECTED MEETING: YOUNG TURKISH GIRLS
(SARAJEVO)

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and carved spindles; *repoussé* silver-handled blunderbusses, swords, and knives; wooden cups, scythe-handles, and whetting cases, rich in native carving; various household utensils and even model villages; everything illustrating the ancient and modern life of the people is gathered together here. There is also a prehistoric collection of tombs with bronze ornaments, *in situ*; *papier maché* replicas of famous Bogomile stones; birds beautifully arranged for reference; mushrooms mounted and labelled; and a botanical department from which it is difficult to tear oneself. Here we stay until hunger drives us to the hotel for luncheon, and afterward we rest for an hour in the very hottest part of the day. Every one assures us that this heat is exceptional at this time of the year.

Fortunately we consult no thermometer, but it must be nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The sun feels a bit scorching and I notice that most of the natives take pains to walk in the thin strip of shade on the street, so I follow their example when, led by a guide, we start out to see the sights.

"There are over two hundred mosques in Sarajevo, but by a regulation recently passed no Christian is allowed in any of them," so we content ourselves with the outside, glancing at the shady courtyards with the inevitable fountain and the groups of picturesque men.

Our guide takes us, however, to see an ancient Servian or Greek church, shut away from the business street within a shady court, where beneath a loggia there are arrangements for out-of-door services. It looks odd to see the name of

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Christ outlined in colored lights upon the wall. The small dark interior of the church, with its gilded *iconostas*, its many pillars and few windows reminds us forcibly of Russia.

We visit the new town hall, from the upper windows of which one gets a good view of the city. But to the Occidental visitor the real interest of Sarajevo is in the bazaar and the endlessly queer street scenes. One merchant is selling cherries from a large round tray, but fond as I am of fruit, these look too young and hard to taste. A group of trousered maidens lost in curious contemplation of us, half drop their protecting drapery from before their faces. One bazaar is underground and delightfully cool and comfortable. An open market-place is faced with tiny, box-like booths in two stories, each so low that the owner sitting cross-legged on the floor almost touches the roof with his turban. A tailor is often at work below and a wood-carver above; or a shoemaker at his last, beneath a merchant of brasses; bundles of firewood stand sociably by the old-clothes dealers; a man passes, laden with ropes of all sizes in a basket on his back and in rings and loops around his neck and on his arm; another selling cornucopias of popcorn from a tray balanced on his head. Long-wooled sheep are driven in to market, the lambs carried around the neck exactly as in the catacomb pictures of the Good Shepherd.

In the grain market, too, there is a wonderful play of color, many sauntering purchasers, groups about the weighing machine, and long rows of burlap bags filled with different

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seeds and presided over by dignified peasants. Fruit and vegetable markets are always attractive, but here they are out in such a glare of radiating heat that no amount of strange new types tempt us to linger. We are glad to get into the motor again and flee from pavements and close stucco houses to our cool retreat beyond the Bosna River.

CHAPTER XXV

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

THE sun sets this evening with the colors of the Red Sea, changing from golden into lemon, then to orange, almost crimson, with soft greenish touches. The moonlight is so entrancing that we saunter out into the park, through shadowed pathways and open spaces, on to a pond, guided by a chorus of happy frogs.

In the distance, bright colored lights and merry voices tell of a native *kavana*, or *café*, and the low growl of a bear warns us that we are near the zoölogical garden. We retrace our steps to the vine-hung pergola; strangely enough to us, there is no dew, but that delicious cool air which the night brings to a garden.

Under the awning on our own broad terrace, we listen to the nightingale's romantic song; a gentle twitter, as if to ask his mate, "Are you asleep?" and then a soft whistle, a lovely trill, a burst of melody, over and over again.

One morning, the large formal garden beneath my window is bare and devoid of a semblance of plant life; only the grass borders are green. On our return from Sarajevo, in the afternoon, I rub my eyes to see whether I am dreaming. What a wonderful climate Bosnia possesses! Banana plants have appeared and grown to three feet high, geraniums, heliotrope, salvia, pansies, even roses and fuchsias have come out of the ground and brought forth blossoms, — it is

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

Aladdin's magical lamp again! I don't know at what time the gardeners begin their work, but at 6:30 they are in the midst of it, — between 8 and 8:30 they all disappear, possibly for coffee. In their spotless turbans, red vests and broad sashes, dark full trousers, embroidered leggings, and pointed *opanka*, they are very decorative among the flowers. Every bit of watering is done with a sprinkling pot filled again and again from a convenient fountain.

A flock of goldfinches flash by in the dazzling sunshine. I hear the strident note of the cuckoo, then his call, and see the white thumb-marks on his tail as he flies silently into the wood. The golden oriole gives his flute-like call over and over again, and the magpies are both numerous and noisy. The bees are almost too friendly, for they whiz in and out of one's room and help themselves to the sweets on the out-of-door breakfast table.

I do not get accustomed to the mode of salutation which has pursued us ever since entering Austria. I open my door to bring in my shoes. "*Küss die Hand*," salutes some one from the corridor; a knock on the door, — as I call "*Herein*," I hear again, "*Küss die Hand*," and my morning coffee walks in; the woman in charge of the "*Bad*," not only says "*Küss die Hand*," but does it, as I enter and leave; the cashier who changes my bill, the porter who opens the door, even the little girl scrubbing the steps as I pass explodes with "*Küss die Hand*," until I am shaking with the absurdity of it. I am embarrassed, too, by my own discourtesy in accepting so much and never even answering "You're welcome." I have never learned just what to say.

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The notices in the rooms here are in German, Hungarian, Slavic, and Turkish. Not only the names on the railroad stations, but all the time-tables, large and small, are printed in the old Slavic, as well as the modern Roman characters.

Perhaps one reason that we feel so very far from home is that we have not seen a newspaper since leaving Ragusa. There are plenty of journals lying around but they seem to be mostly in the Slavic, Turkish, or Hungarian languages.

Are there no native women in Ilidze, I wonder. I've seen but one on the village street. She passed this afternoon, dressed in black full trousers to ankle, wooden sabots, short black sleeveless jacket cut low in front over a full white shirt with sleeves rolled up, and white kerchief bordered with pale blue on her head.

The parcels-post is very convenient throughout Europe, and wanting to send some things to a friend near Vienna, I concluded to attend to it myself. Surely a government official would know German, and possibly English. Slipping out just before luncheon, I discovered that the post office was closed from twelve to two; leaving plenty of leeway, I sallied forth again at about four o'clock, and met the post-master on the door-step. He politely remarked "*Küss die Hand*"; and after unlocking the door, waited for me to precede him into the office. He looked long and critically at the simple address in Wien, and vainly searched his books for the suburb to which it was directed.

"But there is no post office at D——."

"Oh, yes," I reply, "I am sure there is, but it may be the mail is distributed from the main office in Wien."

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

He finally makes up his mind to accept the parcel on these terms and turns it over.

“But it is not sealed.”

“Oh! Is that allowed?”

“Yes, it is better so.”

“Could you perhaps do it for me?” I ask.

“Certainly,” and with the utmost deliberation he procures a large stick of red wax and a box of matches and proceeds to seal the parcel at each end. By this time three people have come in, and, while waiting their turns, watch with keen interest these apparently unusual proceedings.

“Please write your name there,” he indicates the place and watches me as I write it. Then he walks across the room to some big scales and back again for the weights, to a cupboard for the necessary label, and to a drawer for the receipt book. It is rather a relief, — all this quiet, if somewhat clumsy, business method. Such a contrast to our rushing way at home!

Upon settling our account, he again says, “*Küss die Hand*,” as he rises, and the three waiting suppliants stand gazing after me as I leave the office.

In the cool of the late afternoon, we walk out the straight avenue of chestnuts for about two miles, to where the Bosna gushes from the rocks in several separate streams at the foot of Mt. Igman. The government trout-breeding establishment here is extremely interesting. They show us the fish in all stages, from the egg to the big fellows weighing nearly a pound. Of course these sources are a good deal alike, as the Gentle Lady asserts, but it makes an excuse

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for a fine tramp, and on the way back the air has become so cool that we are glad to take it rapidly.

The fragrance of the trumpet honeysuckle tells us that we are nearing the park surrounding the hotel; the Chinese magnolias, in exquisite mauve tints, stand like ghost flowers in fairyland, against the waving linden branches; the larches cast feathery shadows upon the white pathway, and the woodbine, our own Virginia creeper, seems to bring home very near us as we enter the wreathed doorway.

The hotels at Gacko, Mostar, and Ilidze are operated by the government, and we discover that our enthusiastic motorist who waved to us so cheerfully on the way from Gacko to Mostar is the director here. He is curious to know how we Americans happen to come all the way to Ilidze by motor, and begs us to spread the knowledge of this comfortable establishment among our countrymen. He overwhelms us with kind attentions, decorates our car when we leave until it looks ready for the Battle of Flowers at Nice, and even orders our luncheon prepared for us at Travnik, besides giving us valuable instruction about the state of the roads throughout Bosnia.

Bound for Jajce we cross the Zujevina, take a road to the right by the Krisanje inn, and are soon in the midst of undulating hills green with forests or fruits or grain. I am unaware that we are climbing, until we come to a steep descent down which we go in four loops into the valley of the Lepenica. Here the houses are sometimes adobe, sometimes of wood with long shingles for the roofs; whitewashed ovens, standing separate or under a corner of the roof, are



THE HOTEL AT HLIDZE



A TYPICAL COUNTRY MOSQUE NEAR GROMELJAK
THE PAINTED MOSQUE, TRAVNIK

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

a noticeable feature. The country is well cultivated and no rocks are visible, except, alas! upon the road; for Bosnian carts make such narrow wheel-tracks that one side or the other of the motor must be always on the sharp stones.

Following the Lepenica River we cross and recross it before reaching Kseljak. Here we find many inns, a Turkish khan, and a Hotel Schwab, which looks inviting; but we roll by without investigating. Soon the road turns, becoming smoother and wider, and crossing the Fojnica at Gromeljak. We stop to get a picture of a typical country mosque with its minaret of wood.

Our way clings to the river's brink with the snowy range of Vratnica on our left. Village follows village in quick succession through this pleasant region. Jehovac, with a view of Mt. Igman behind us, Mt. Vratnica beside us, and before us Mt. Vlašić, covered with snow; Breslovsko, with forests of maples, white birch, and oak; then Bjelalovac, where a crowd of men in white, with red turbans and sashes, lounge in picturesque attitudes before a Turkish khan, saluting us as we pass. There are wooden posts every half-kilometer now, although sometimes the painted figures have become obliterated. The fences are of woven boughs and the wandering pig wears two stakes, twelve inches long, attached to a belt, which prevents him from getting into the fields.

"How do you suppose that woman keeps any water in those shallow pails?" cries the Gentle Lady, as we meet a trousered female, almost running, balancing on a straight rod across her shoulders, two brimming buckets of water.

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As we cross the Kozica River the road is green with grass. Women ploughing with oxen in the fields here wear skirts instead of trousers, and the men take off their fezes, or turbans, instead of touching them, in salutation. It must be that we are in a Catholic section.

At Busovaca the making of sun-dried brick seems to be an important industry, and here we come again to the railroad, which has taken another route from Sarajevo. We cross the Lasva River, turning to the left by a big lumber yard and sawmill, into a narrow valley between forest-covered hills with an occasional projection of limestone or sandstone rock. There is only room for the river, the railway, and the highroad in that narrow canyon; but soon the hills recede, farms and fruit orchards lie on gentle slopes, birds are singing, the temperature is perfect, with an overcast sky, and still before us towers snowy Vlašić. The road is wide and smooth as we cross and recross the serpentine Lasva. Tiny mills are suspended over tributary streams. These characteristic Bosnian structures have been described as box-like huts raised high on piles with small solid wheels turning horizontally under the water. In varying stages of dilapidation they prove a continual temptation to the camera fiend, each one seeming more attractive than the last. We pass white stucco houses with long-shingled, pointed roofs, and crosses on each end of the ridge pole, the poorer houses being of adobe bricks, or sometimes of wattles under plaster.

The rock-hewn sides of Mt. Vlašić seem close to us, near Dolac. Orioles flash by us, and, as we cross the Lasva



A BUTTERFLY OF A MAIDEN
(TRAVNIK)



TOMBS OF THE VIZIERS, TRAVNIK
THE FOUNTAIN BY THE TOMBS

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

again, we see in mid-stream a Turkish wagon overflowing with women and children, their bright garments forming a veritable poppy bouquet. How the horses enjoy the cool water! The women stare fixedly at us from beneath their silken hoods.

Soon the old walled castle of Travnik crowning the hill comes into view. According to tradition, it was built by Tvertko II., Ban, or King, of Bosnia in the fourteenth century, and although the town has been burned many times in its change of masters, the walls and towers of the castle still stand intact.

Crossing the rushing Lasva and slowly traversing the crowded bazaar, we stop at the farther end of the town before our hotel door. It is very hot. As soon as we step from the motor we feel the reflection from the burning pavements; but the Leader says, reproachfully: "Did n't you see those tombs we passed just a little way down the street? We will just have time to look at them before luncheon."

The bazaar holds pictures that I long to snap, so we start out. It did not seem any distance at all in the car, but plodding along on foot in the heat of noonday gives us a very different standard, and it seems to me we shall never reach that painted mosque, which the guide-book says we ought to see.

The street groups are worth while. A gypsy family squatting in a shady corner of the sidewalk; a trio of country women strolling toward the market-place; a company of turbaned men under an awning around a table; a vender

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of some sort with a huge can of water in one hand, a heavy basket in the other, and on his head an oblong tray. One tiny butterfly of a maiden I intercept on her way home from school, to the grinning delight of her older brother. The bazaar is almost deserted, but the tables of piled-up vegetables and fruits are charming in color beneath the loggia of the painted mosque. For this differs from other mosques in having an arcade around three of its sides, and in this arcade are small booths under sheltering tilted umbrellas, for the sun seems almost fierce enough to melt the nails and bells and odd-shaped tools, not to mention the sweets and cheeses displayed in great variety. The paintings on the outside walls of this mosque are more attractively caught in a flying glimpse from a motor when their crude colors are somewhat softened by distance.

The canopied tombs of the Bosnian viziers under magnificent oak-trees are really interesting. Instead of a turban in the usual Mohammedan fashion, these gravestones are surmounted by a kind of tall fez cut in one piece with the column; a carved slab outlines the grave, and the pillars supporting the stone roof have simply wrought capitals. The open dome is screened with wire netting and heavy iron bars placed between the pillars to keep off marauders. The inevitable fountain is close at hand with constantly running water. Travnik was the chief city of Bosnia for four hundred years until the seat of government was transferred to Sarajevo.

“Do you know, we are on the very last page of the Baedeker,” says the Gentle Lady, as after an excellent luncheon



THE ANCIENT POPLAR, NEAR TRAVNIK
THE BOGOMILE GRAVESTONE



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY OF BOSNIA
A CHRISTIAN FARMHOUSE IN BOSNIA

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

we are preparing for the afternoon ride. "What are we going to do next?"

"Going through it backwards, perhaps!" — the Enthusiast is daring.

Leaving Travnik by way of a charming avenue of ancient poplars, following the willow-bordered, wandering Lasva, passing a mossy wayside fountain where sits a long-haired dervish, we come to the tomb of the Holy Mohammedan, Ismail Baba. However, it is not to do homage to this good man that we pause; but to the colossal poplar which, nine feet in diameter and nearly four hundred years old, lifts its enormous trunk into the air, bearing branches the size of ordinary forest trees.

A little farther along, on the right-hand side, in a field above us are four or five Bogomile stones, much worn by the weather, but very curious. A whole family comes out of a neighboring house and stands in the shade of their own doorway watching us wistfully until we leave. They are certainly Christians, as the women are not veiled. Do they belong to that once persecuted sect, the Bogomiles?

It is very warm, even with the motion of the car, and we half envy the bare-legged peasant standing in midstream, mending his wattled barrier. There is plenty to occupy our attention in the road, however, for no sooner do we wait for a drove of cattle to be urged by than flocks of sheep and goats and even pigs advance toward us, and long lines of laden horses tied six or eight in a string.

The valley becomes narrower, the sheltered slopes are covered with forests, and both apple and cherry trees are

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masses of fragrant bloom. Beyond Goleš station, the hills are lower with open fields, but no villages, and we begin to climb over the Komar Saddle. At the first long loop we face the other side of snowy Vlašić, which we have had before us most of the day, and stop for water at a house by the road. Three picturesque peasants saunter out through the open door, yawning, — apparently disturbed at their siesta, — fine muscular fellows, with keen interest in the motor car. Another one looks out lazily from an upper window, which is evidently on a level with the floor.

After another two loops and a long ascent, we arrive at the top (3090) feet, in an hour and four minutes, including stops. The distance from Travnik (1150 feet) is twenty-two kilometers, or thirteen and three-fourths miles. The descent to Oborgi is so steep that the railroad is a rack and pinion one, but the grades of the highway are well managed and the stones are few, so that we coast easily down to the wooded valley of the Jablan. We are enjoying the marsh marigolds which spangle the meadows beyond Oborgi, when we encounter a dust storm, which is so violent that we are forced to stop. Finally putting on goggles, — it is too hot for coats, — and bending our heads, we move on through the blinding gusts.

The whole countryside is returning from the market at Vakuf, this pleasant morning in May, I am sure, for we meet them all; Turks and Christians of both sexes, riding and driving and leading their mules. One man, while conducting his flock homeward, is busily knitting a stocking. His imposing big turban makes his occupation all the more in-

ILIDZE TO JAJCE VIA TRAVNIK

congruous. When we reach Vakuf itself, a Turkish town on the Urbas River, full of color and movement, the crowd is even greater, and it is with the utmost difficulty that we traverse its bazaar on our way through the village.

Here we turn north, following this charming river in all its caprices, at times between wooded heights, again widening with a swift current, breaking into cascades near Dogonovci and reflecting the lofty precipice near Vinac. Are those half-overgrown ruins faintly to be seen upon its summit the work of nature or of mediæval man? The kilometers slip by, the air gains a bit of freshness, and Jajce appears, on its conical hill in the midst of trees and gardens.

Crossing the Pliva River, with its array of quaint old mills, we slip through the narrow gateway, and in a moment are at the door of the hotel in Jajce.

CHAPTER XXVI

JAJCE

I THINK that was our hottest and dustiest ride, but we enjoyed it notwithstanding and could imagine how perfect it would have been had the temperature not been so unseasonable. After dinner we were not too exhausted to go out in the flooding moonlight; out in the narrow streets with overhanging latticed balconies; by the fountain where a turbaned figure squatted; through the mediæval gateway which looked strangely stern and savage; across the rushing river; down, down, down an interminable flight of dusky time-worn steps; — to where, with deafening roar, the Pliva hurls itself into the Urbas, one hundred feet below. Clouds of spray from the thundering torrent blew over and around us and the tumult was overpowering. But not content with this experience, the Leader went on down still more flights of mossy, shelving steps — and we, perforce, must follow — to a point below the falls. In the full glory of the moon's rays, that foaming, tossing, tumbling flood plunged over the black projecting rocks of the abyss. It was indescribable.

The morning light draws us irresistibly to the river's brink again and to the clattering mills above the falls. How impossible it seems that anything so thoroughly picturesque can really serve a useful purpose! The huge wheels, dark and dank, turn with a solemn slowness; the water gushes from every loosened paling and falls in sheets of foam below



THE TINY MILLS OF JAJCE
THE PLIVA ABOVE THE FALL



THE GATE OF JAJCE FROM OUTSIDE
THE SAME GATE FROM THE INSIDE

JAJCE

the low foot-bridges; and on the shores of each projecting islet, a tree or bush extends its spreading branches. The smaller streams turn into bridal veils below the tiny mills.

A square, arcaded campanile rises on the hillside, reminding one of Italy. It looks curiously out of place among these blackened Bosnian roofs. Just within the gate is a group of Turkish houses surrounding a minaret; beside the mosque rises a Lombardy poplar, beneath which is a fountain of running water and, close by, an octagonal turret. It makes a charming picture. So does the little village of Kosluk on the other side of the Urbas, the low houses with overhanging eaves climbing up the hillside in a Japanese effect which is adorable.

With all that, the hotel here is a great disappointment; comfortable enough, superbly located on a cliff above the Urbas, but with no terraces, no balconies, no garden, and no view from the rooms because the windows are too high. The entire slope opposite has been thickly planted with spruce below and beech above; many paths zig-zag through its thicket, but not one road.

A creamy horse with curved neck and waving mane went rapidly along the path one afternoon; the man in his white homespun, with red fez and sash, walked as rapidly beside him. I thought of the fairy stories in the days of my youth, as the Arab charger and his master wound through the dappled shadows against the green hillside.

On Friday we meet many Turkish women out walking, enveloped in heavy black coats and thick white headgear, in spite of the melting heat; but this is the only day in the

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week that they are permitted the freedom of the streets, and whole families are visiting the cemeteries and sauntering through the park opposite, some of them carrying babies with big staring eyes.

“Would you like to visit a harem?” asks our guide. “Perhaps the ladies would find it interesting; my wife can take them this afternoon.”

So about four o'clock we accompany a pleasant young German matron to a gateway not half a block from the hotel. Pushing it open, we go across a cobblestone court, up a few rickety steps to a second story porch, with holes in the floor big enough to put one's foot through. Here are three or four green trunks, a cupboard or two, and a few nails for clothing. From one side opens the man's room, comfortable and clean, containing a big stove, a glass case of Turkish books, a divan a few inches high built under the window and covered with a rug. From the porch another door is pushed open, and these are the women's quarters. A kitchen first, the furniture consisting of a big platform of clay with a brazier of ashes and a brass coffee-pot on it; behind the door hang tongs and irons, and the roof is blackened with smoke and full of holes. Into the sitting-room we are invited by the hostess, who, dressed in faded calico trousers and a brown shawl which conceals every vestige of hair, receives us pleasantly. Only one blackened tooth remains, but she does not on that account hesitate to smile.

Taking up a large part of the room, is a hand-loom for weaving the thin white muslin so common in the Orient; besides this, a porcelain stove, two low divans covered with



TRKISH WOMEN OUT FOR THEIR WEEKLY PROMENADE (AJCL)



A MODERN SHOP AT JAJCE

JAJCE

rugs, and a corner cupboard holding the beds, which are spread on the floor at night. The woman's black cloak and white street head-covering hang on a hook in the corner.

A young woman with badly scarred cheeks enters, and, after some persuasion, shows us her needle work. "Without instruction she makes her own designs and stitches, embroidering handkerchiefs, towels, and napkins in gold thread and bright silks for her trousseau," translates our guide. This is the famous gold-thread work of the harem alike on both sides.

"How old is she? What is her name?" I ask.

"Vedigia. Oh, about twenty. She does not know. They never know their age. They keep no account — they cannot read or write. She is a daughter."

Just then another pale, scrawny woman appears, bare-footed, and dressed in dreadful calico trousers, but on her head is a tiny red cap sewn with gold sequins and seed pearls. "She is a step-daughter," we are told, "and that is her little girl who clings to her so tightly. Her father, a priest, has been dead six months." They all look with dread at the camera, but finger our embroidered waists and ask if we do it ourselves.

Turkish women comb their hair but once a week, it being considered bad for the hair to do it oftener! The young girl has had a dreadful carbuncle on her cheek, but before she would permit a man to look at it she would die,—and she nearly did. It is difficult to believe that there are still thousands of poor women living in this dreadful atmosphere of ignorance. We shiver, as we come away, at the

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hopelessness, the misery, of these forlorn creatures. For man, the Moslem religion may be all very well, certainly there are phases of it which are extremely beautiful! But for women!

One evening, strange minor cadences falling from a height called us to the window, and, in the darkness, we leaned out to hear again the muezzin at nine o'clock, as he walked around the tiny gallery of the minaret and to the four winds of heaven sent forth his plea for prayer. The voice was strong and young and vibrant with feeling. In the distance a deeper tone was heard, and faintly, still farther away, another, before stillness settled over the sleeping city and the nightingales took up their ceaseless love songs.

The combination of radiant moonlight and the melodies of nightingales made sleep for me impossible. Above the swiftly flowing river, far below, I leaned from my casement and drank in the exquisite beauty of the night. A twitter, an oft-repeated note, a trill and another note in a higher key, — then, when an answering call was heard, the songster burst forth with such a mad revelry of song it seemed unearthly, so wild the melody, so piercingly sweet the tones! When do the nightingales sleep? For they sing all day and all night, above the rushing river.

Late one afternoon, in desperation over the intense heat, we motored along the Pliva River, by its rapids and green pools, by its swamps of yellow iris, where goldfinches and magpies flock, to the lake of Jezero, about six miles from Jajce. Here we stopped at a *Theahütte* for a cup of tea, but the porch overhanging the water proved so temptingly



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH
IN THE MARKET-PLACE AFTER THE SERVICE, JAJCÍ.



THE BEADED AND EMBROIDERED COATS IN JAJCE

JAJCE

cool, and the trout in their cage moored to the steps looked so delicious, that we determined to have our supper there. Men in a native canoe passed, their red fezes making a bit of color on the green water. Gradually the twilight deepened, and through its shadows we motored back to Jajce.

That evening the great waterfall was to be illuminated for us. "I do not know whether it will amount to anything, but I thought we would try it — they seemed so anxious to do it," said the Leader. So we walked down to the river level, crossed the bridge, and up on the other side, to a pavilion in the park directly opposite the cataract. Here taking possession of a garden bench, the only seats, we patiently waited. Silent figures by twos and threes glided along the paths and dropped down on the grassy banks outside, until we thought most of the population was abroad. Soon a great flash of softened ivory played upon the foaming waterfall, and the illumination began. It was really very beautiful, lasting about half an hour, with varying effects, not only on the dashing water, but on the picturesque fortress above the terraced town and the crowds of gayly costumed people who occupied each vantage-point on both sides of the river.

One day we climbed to the old castle which was last captured by the Turks in 1528. There is not much to see but ancient walls and grass-grown spaces; however, the view is charming over the city, river, and adjacent hills. Here we caught just a glimpse of the shut-in little town of factories and mills, which, in order to utilize the valuable water power without marring the beauty of Jajce proper,

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has grown up behind a concealing cliff at one side of the city.

Near the campanile of St. Luke is the entrance to what is called the catacombs. With visions of the Roman subterranean galleries in mind, I hesitated to go down the steep, dark stairway which led into the depths below; but the guide held up his blazing torch, the Leader waited to follow me, and I stumbled down the broken steps, coming very soon to an irregular chamber excavated in the solid rock. This evidently was one of the cave churches where the early Christians used to worship, and which they used also as a burial place. The dome, the arches, the altars and recesses, as well as the sculptured decorations, are done with remarkable skill. Beneath is a crypt more roughly hewn. No date is assigned to this work, but on one of the walls of the ante-chamber are carved the arms of that Hrvoja after whom the octagonal tower in the market-place at Spalato was named, and who died in 1415.

But the great sight of Jajce was on Sunday morning, when the whole countryside gathered in the Catholic church, and afterward assembled in the market square. After twenty-four days of sunshine, a heavy shower in the night had cooled the air, and we felt quite energetic as we walked down the steep paths, between high walls, to the Franciscan church. Alas! we were not early enough to get inside. The congregation overflowed at each of the doors and followed the service devoutly, holding up their hands with open palms at the Adoration, and at the Elevation touching the forehead to the earth. The air was so stifling that I could



BRAVE IN SCARLET AND GOLD
WITH COIN NECKLACES AND HEAD-DRESSES



A BOSNIAN COUPLE
(JAJCE)

JAJCE

not stay within six feet of the entrance, for it issued in great, heated waves from that mass of humanity; but they all looked very clean, and the white garments had a cool appearance, even if made of wool.

Inside the church, the men unwound their red turbans, and flung one end over the left shoulder. As they came out into the sunlight, they made an effective picture in all the postures of turning and winding them around their heads again. After service many women went entirely around the altar on their knees repeating a prayer. We entered to see the skeleton of poor Tomasewitch, the last king of Bosnia, who was cruelly put to death by the Turks in 1493. He lies in a glass coffin above a wooden slab inscribed with his name.

Following the crowd through the shady streets, we came out on the market-place, and here I grew bolder and bolder. Evidently these good people had no objection to the camera, for they posed with childlike eagerness. Some one near by would translate for me, and I was so busy turning my spool, I scarcely had time to look up and thank him before another subject still more beguiling appeared.

The scene was most diverting; the people themselves enjoyed the opportunity for a pleasant chat, the women seemed to be more on an equality with the men, and certainly they were openly admired by them in many cases. A boy selling doughnuts strung on a stick called his wares in sweet, minor tones. Some girls were buying shoes, others were laden with cotton cloth. There were Spanish Jewesses wearing the unbecoming cap which distinguishes them;

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and many gypsies at their traditional craft of begging. The women were lavishly bedecked with jewelry, necklaces, belt buckles, rings, and head bands; often they wore an oval silver box on a chain around their necks. In Cyprus this would contain a prayer, in India the betelnut. Both men and women had drawn-work and embroidery on their shirt sleeves, and beaded *opanka* on their feet. Girls of the Greek Church let their hair hang in long braids, while those of the Roman wound their braided tresses about their heads. A lady in black satin Turkish trousers, short, fitted jacket, and a close black cap was evidently of the higher classes. The town men in their black silk trousers trimmed with dark red, tight below the knee and opening over the trim shoe; a sash of yellow or red; a blue, short jacket braided with red over the soft embroidered white shirt; and wearing the red fez jauntily, have a well-set-up appearance. The older men sport wider sashes and splendid turbans.

“I am so tired and so warm — do let’s go back to the hotel and rest,” said the Gentle Lady in pathetic tones. So “back to the hotel” we went, — and “rested” during the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER XXVII

JAJCE TO BANJALUKA—ON TO BOSNISCH-NOVI

“**B**ANJALUKA,” repeats the Leader, half to himself.

“What an Asiatic sound the word has!”

“Like Bokhara, Belgrade, Bucharest. They mean to me fine rugs and embroideries, and that is all.”

“Well, to-morrow we go on to Banjaluka. It is only forty-eight and a half miles and a famous ride.”

It is cool and bright when we leave the bewitching city of Jajce, with its glorious waterfall, and passing under the gateway follow the Urbas toward the north. At a stone bench under a pollarded oak a short ways out we turn back for a last look. From the lofty castle the battlement wall extends down the hillside, enclosing the low-roofed houses, the minarets, and the big white Franciscan church and monastery, in the midst of trees and gardens, just above the narrow, rushing river.

The road is in excellent condition without any dust and shaded by cherry and walnut trees, blossoming locusts and the white hawthorn. After crossing the river the cliffs of creamy stone draw nearer and nearer, the spangled fields disappear, and we enter the gorge. The genista hangs its yellow flowers over the brown-streaked rocks, the mountain ash is in its native haunt, and beyond a magnificent beech-tree we stop to light the lanterns, for an iron bridge leads into a curving tunnel. Two faint specks appear in the dis-

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tance, marking the centre of the curve. We are very glad not to meet anything in that reverberating darkness.

As we emerge a man hastily takes off his coat and covers his horse's head to keep it from seeing us. The corners are sharp and we blow the horn in warning, going cautiously. Many water troughs are placed along the route for the refreshment of man and beast.

The precipices now are so sheer that the road enters this second gorge through a short tunnel, and on our left a tiny mill is placed over a small cascade which tumbles into the rapids of the Urbas. Here huge beeches and locusts, lindens and maples, willows and the fragrant walnuts, cover the cliffs below the rocky heights and fill each bit of earth beside the stream. The elder is in blossom, and masses of wild flowers, yellow, purple, and white, carpet the ground under the big trees.

The Ugar River joins us on the right and, beyond the road leading to Omarsko on our left, there is a striking view of great gray crags rising sheer and seeming to close the way. Slipping around the over-lapping points we see on the height the huge ruined castle of Bočac and beside us the inn, — the half-way house, where the diligence from Banjaluka to Jajce daily halts for three-quarters of an hour.

Gradually the cliffs become lower and the open country smiles upon us, the green fields and scattered farms of Aginoselo. Then another mountain wall looms ahead and we plunge in, still following the way made by the rushing Urbas. Close to its rocky bed we keep, for there is no

PEASANTS AT DUNCHION JAYCE





TURKISH CHILDREN
(1A)C(2)

JAJCE TO BANJALUKA

other space. Walnuts and lindens shade us from the sun, clematis twines and spreads over low bushes, many birds are seen and heard, and above us are ever the towering crags. We meet peasants walking, dressed in attractive creamy wool, bound with leathern belts studded with coins. They are driving horses for whom we wait until they make up their minds to pass us quietly.

Suddenly on the height appears an old watch-tower, another and a third, completing the ruins of Krupa's castle, which on the other side of the cliff resolves itself into a picturesque whole. They say there is an inn at Krupa, but we did not see any likely place to stop.

At the end of a broad valley, another old castle, with vine-draped walls, the Zvečaj-Grad, guards the entrance to the wildest part we have yet seen, — the Tjesno Gorge. The mountain walls approach so closely that the road is blasted from the overhanging rock, a huge cave on our right echoes with our rumbling progress, and it is with a feeling of relief — to me at least — that we emerge from these depths and cross the Urbas into Jagare and Karanovac. A woman, with peacock feathers in her cap, looks at us curiously from the bazaar. We re-cross the river and soon after enter the uninteresting, long, straggling street of Banjaluka and turn in at the hotel entrance.

Imagine horse chestnuts planted so closely together that not a ray of sunlight can penetrate, clipped high enough to permit people to walk about comfortably underneath them; imagine these trees in blossom and the birds singing; imagine small tables set with clean linen in the grateful

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shade; imagine delicious trout, fresh asparagus,— and a cool breeze with the coffee! That is what awaits us in Banjaluka. What a joy to again take our meals out of doors!

Do we miss the view of the roaring river Urbas? Not at all. New costumes on the women claim our attention; queer country carriages — Heaven save the mark! — go rattling by; and an orange vender wanders in, a flat basket on either arm. Might I kodak him? He almost blushes with delight. He is n't exactly handsome, and shows his blackened teeth in as foolish a grin as any maiden of sixteen could furnish. Mysteriously enough there are no flies or disturbing insects — at least in sight.

Banjaluka is in a flat plain, the streets are broad, and the sidewalks are beautifully shaded with locusts and chestnuts now in full blossom. They are kept sprinkled, and it is a delight to walk in the cool arch of greenness.

“I never heard of a fort here, but there at the end of that side street is something that looks like an old wall. Would n't you like to go down that way?”

Half reluctantly we leave our cool shade to walk even for a short distance in this white glare of sunlight, but as we turn a corner against the green trees in a gap of the ancient fortifications, we behold a moving mass of red fezes. What can it be? We go nearer and discover hundreds of young peasants in their holiday attire, gay with embroidery and overlapping coins, before the entrance to the barracks. It is a brilliant scene, — evidently a conscription. As they stand in groups, or play a game of ball, or lounge upon the sward under the big trees, the play of light and shade is

JAYCE TO BANJALUKA UP THE TRIBAS VALLEY





THE CONSCRIPTION AT BANJALUKA

JAJCE TO BANJALUKA

wonderful. Only two women are to be seen, and those are both old. This experience does much to redeem the little town in our eyes. "For it must be confessed the name is much more Oriental than the place," remarks the Enthusiast at dinner that evening.

"There is no view, there is nothing to be seen. There is only comfort and coolness and the fragrance of flowering trees."

"We are spoiled perhaps," answers the Gentle Lady.

"If we had come here first before seeing Mostar or Jajce, or even Sarajevo, doubtless we should appreciate it more." For Banjaluka is distinctly ambitious and bears an aggravating air of prosperity. One has to hunt for the fast departing bits of its old *régime*. Its younger inhabitants are adopting the hideous clothes of civilization, and the blocks of new buildings are a sore trial to the lover of the picturesque. However, the country people, — Heaven bless them! — with their fringed trousers and sheepskin coats, their gay sashes and embroidered waistcoats, are still to be seen in abundance, bringing their produce into the city in quaint wagons of woven basket-work.

At Banjaluka no nightingales above a rushing river keep us from sleep. But another and different sound awakens us in the morning, for the workmen here have no foolish prejudices about beginning their labors at seven o'clock. If a fence needs repairing, whether under one's window or out in the open, by six o'clock the man is hammering nails with a vigor and vim worthy of a later hour. However, we mean to get an early start to-day, as we are not sure of the

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conditions on these northern Bosnian roads. Indeed, the route we are to take as far as Prjedor is not marked upon our map.

It is market-day also at Banjaluka, and as we start out we become thoroughly convinced of this, for the way is lined with groups of men and women coming toward us. Again the costumes differ from any that we have yet seen, a long white tunic embroidered on the front and sleeves, belted with a wide piece of bead work, and finished with a deep-fringed bead bag hanging across the back. The hair is parted in the middle and smoothed down behind the ears under a white close cap, worn on the back of the head and trimmed with a strip of cross-stitch embroidery. Some have deep borders of red on their head-kerchiefs and a few have dark blue aprons, but both men and women look immaculately clean, and the women's figures are trim and slender in contrast to the heavier outlines of the Jajce peasants.

At a near cross-roads we turn to the left, for the post reads plainly "to Prjedor," and underneath locusts and hawthorn, with an occasional white birch, we speed over the rolling hills. Charming views of grain fields surrounded by wattled fences alternate with copses and the whole is enveloped in a thin blue haze. The meandering road is smooth and the friendly landscape restful after the mountain scenery of yesterday. The sun is hot, but the air delicious. Under a grove of weeping birches in a damp hollow, finely cut ferns are growing in profusion. Farmhouses, with thatched out-buildings, are scattered along the roadside.



THE ORANGE VILDER, BANJALUKA



A SHEEPSKIN COAT, BANJALUKA

JAJCE TO BANJALUKA

“What a nice little country road!” comments the Gentle Lady, “so much more comfortable than the dusty highway.”

“Have you noticed, we have n’t seen a single Turkish house since leaving Banjaluka?” asks the Enthusiast.

“This must be a Catholic section, I suppose,” answers the Gentle Lady.

The many culverts remind us of our roads at home; we look at them askance; they seem so insecure; but although the boards often squeak and rattle, we always cross in safety. A woman’s bright yellow head-kerchief reflects the sunlight as she guides a horse and harrow across a distant field; larks are singing and a hawk soaring overhead; magpies flash by us; and we cross the railroad again, near the station for Ivanjska.

The grades over the Kukovica Saddle are rather steep, but short, and the whole effect of the countryside resembles Wisconsin more than any region we have seen for a long time. To be sure, we miss the countless lakes, but the many small streams keep the landscape green. A big Catholic church in a grove of trees with no houses near, but surrounded by sheds and booths with wooden tables and benches seems to indicate a centre for a number of scattered hamlets. Men are busy ploughing the fields with oxen and horses; the houses look well kept, the people prosperous; we see in the barnyards sheep, horses and cattle, goats, turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese;—and at a sharp bend in the road we confront a big black buffalo and her calf!

A road to the left leads to Omarsko, and we pass Cikalo-vač, where the cherries are green on the young trees and the

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wild roses are in bloom. How graceful the outlines of the locust branches heavy with their fragrant white tassels! A minaret rises above the treetops; latticed houses hide in high-walled enclosures; henna-stained children appear; — it is Kozorač.

How incongruous the large Catholic church at one end of this rambling Turkish village! We meet several companies of the awkward buffaloes, but strangely enough they are not afraid of the automobile. The road is rougher, dustier, and more used than before we reached Kozorač. Young orchards extend on either side of us and men in European dress are inspecting them. The workmen, too, are in the garb of civilization. We hear something about "German colonists" from the front seat. Great fields of headed wheat bend in the southern breeze.

A man standing in the middle of the road waves his handkerchief frantically. We stop and the Leader gets out to investigate. A small bridge is down and we must ford the stream. Preferring to walk across, we dismount, and while laborers arrange planks on the stones for us, they prepare a comparatively safe crossing for the automobile. Down the steep cutting, and into the soft mud, plunging on to the planks in the swift running water, and safely up the other side goes our skilful chauffeur with the car. I really believe that car could climb the steps of the Capitol if it were necessary!

"Did you notice those men had checked turbans?" asks the Enthusiast, as we are going merrily on again. "They looked as if they were a kind of gingham."



A NORTH BOSNIAN COSTUME, NEAR BANJALUKA



THE CAP IN THE BACK
THE CAP IN THE FRONT

JAJCE TO BANJALUKA

"No, I did n't notice," confesses the Gentle Lady; "I was looking at the automobile."

At Prjedor we come to the railroad again and crossing it, traverse the rambling town with its church and three mosques, its Turkish houses, and a very good-looking hotel. The road twists across the plain, following the Sana River. Grape vines are trained on lattices to the second story of the houses; viburnum blossoms in the hedges, undoubtedly wild; and just beyond Brezičani we cross the railroad again. Meeting a team, the frightened peasants halloo for us to stop, carefully unharness the horses and lead them into an adjacent field where they stand patiently waiting for us to go on; but the road is so narrow with ditches on either side that the abandoned cart completely fills it. They soon recognize the situation, however, return, and back away the cart.

"Any more motors coming?" they frantically ask, evidently thinking we are the advance guard for the Austrian Automobile Club. We reassure them while the horses never move an ear, but watch us calmly from the field.

Crossing the railroad again near Dragotinja, we get an exhilarating spin over a good bit of road. The sun is growing hot; there is not a cloud in sight. Green hillsides and low forests are on our right, and beside us the shallow Sana. Our way is like an English lane; through fields of yellow iris and buttercups, alternating with grain. The houses are arranged with the stable below and an overhanging second story for the family.

Huge log rafts on the river are very picturesque; men

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stand in front with oars, and one at the back steers as the swift current carries them on; occasionally a canopy of branches is arranged somewhere amidship for a passenger. At Bosnisch-Nowi we cross the Sana, which here flows into the Una, and dismount at the clean little hotel for luncheon.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LEAVING BOSNIA — PLITVICA LAKES

BOSNISCH-NOVI is close to the frontier of Croatia, and a road leads from there almost directly north to Agram; but we are bound for the Plitvica Lakes first, so we make inquiries about getting to Bihač for the night.

“Why, certainly, the road is good, a motor-diligence goes every day up the Una valley via Krupa.”

That sounds most encouraging. We decide to follow this road.

Generally there is an old and beautiful tree in the courtyard of a mosque. It may be a tall cypress, a spreading sycamore or linden, a huge oak or a graceful palm, according to the climate; but it is always tenderly nurtured and well repays its care-takers with cool shade and dappling shadows against the fountain walls. Over the mosque at Novi two great lindens lift their towering branches, — but our admiration is cut short by a fearful noise and rolling clouds of dust. The natives do not seem astonished or perturbed, — it is nothing but the daily diligence, — “a motor-diligence,” they proudly add, as slowly it comes groaning and puffing along the highway.

Knowing well that this huge broad-tired affair, which is a cross between a Black Maria and a steam roller, could traverse the rocky bed of a mountain torrent without much discomfort to the occupants, we do not feel that its presence

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necessarily guarantees good roads; but we set out merrily to try our fate.

The green valley of the broad Una River is almost unbearably hot, and as we progress the ruts grow deeper and the stones more numerous; but the kilometer posts are well kept up and plainly marked. Wooded hillsides rise on our left, the Una's rapids on our right; and a succession of wagons and carriages pass us. We feel we are leaving the Orient when the ugly slouch or straw hat appears on men's heads.

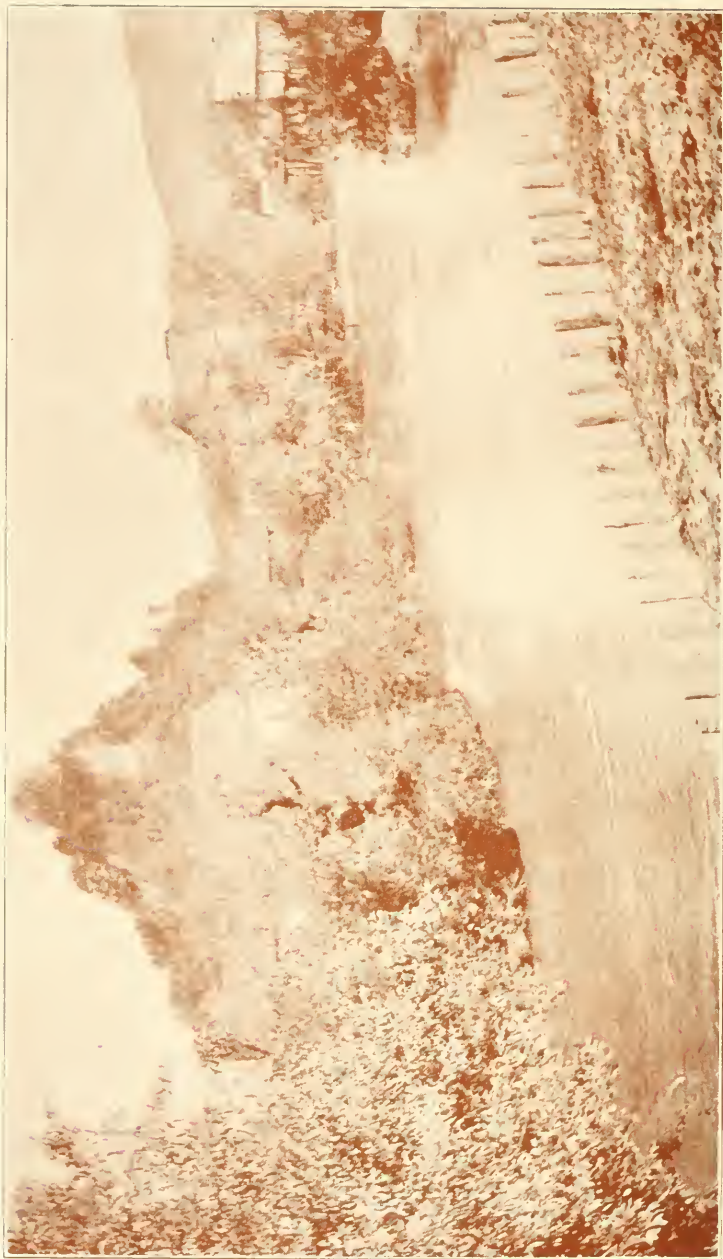
At the Turkish village of Otoka we stop on the bridge to kodak a mill; and just beyond the railroad to Cozin encounter a covered wagon carrying many men, the back carefully curtained off for the women. At sight of the automobile the men leap to the ground; but the poor women only crouch down together until the shying horses are quiet. I suppose if the cart tipped over they would make no move but go unprotestingly into the ditch;—it would be Kismet!

Beyond Podvran, Krupa and its castle come into sight. We cross the Una again, turning sharply to the right in an attempt to follow its serpentine course, and are relieved to pass the up-going motor diligence, which is waiting here. In the shut-in valley, where the green slopes overlap, the heat is intense, the route stony and rough. The peasants carry red and blue umbrellas to keep off the sun's rays, as they march stolidly along. The wooded hillsides grow into gray crags, steep and high; the river keeps close to us all the way.

The route from Krupa to Bihač, recently "improved" in order to avoid the long climb over the Drenovo Pass, lies

IN THE PNA VALLEY





A RUINED CASTLE ABOVE THE UNA

LEAVING BOSNIA

through a beautiful gorge, where the deep green river quietly pursues its course between masses of rock and great forests. Strange new wild flowers, pink and white and yellow, carpet the cool shade; but the road-bed, — the road-bed is enough to make a mere motorist weep! Gradually the cliffs step back, but still the palisades rise on either side. At the gateway the precipitous heights are imposing; then the river broadens, and a curious mud deposit forms small islands in its midst.

On a crag across the Una, connected with the highway by a gate-house and a bridge, rises a large building like a French *château*, with mansard-roof and pointed towers in an enormous walled enclosure. Strangely out of place it looks in this wilderness, and I long to know its history.

“Probably it is a restoration,” asserts the Leader. “There may be a village near, for I can see the top of a minaret on a height beyond. Is it Brekozica?”

At Pokoj we leave our hill-enclosed valley and take a straight road across the plain to Bihač. On our left the ruined castle of Sokolac crowns an eminence and the Plješevica Mountains bound the horizon.

The hotel at Bihač is very plain, but clean, and the food good. What could one ask for better than brook trout, fresh vegetables, and delicious cake? My room, a front one, and double, with two windows, is marked fifty-eight cents a day. To be sure it has no carpet, rug, or even a piece of oilcloth on the floor, but the boards are scrubbed and the linen spotless. We take a walk in the twilight under the avenues of blossoming chestnuts to the old Mohammedan cemetery,

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where the tombstones, all neatly straightened and white-washed, give an individuality to the charming, shady park. The air is delightfully cool, filled with the fragrance of the white locust. A nightingale, in a tree above our heads, sings his whole *répertoire* in delicious abandon.

Bihač is yet quite unaccustomed to the tourist, the men touch their fezes as the stranger walks by and the little girls pass with the pretty salute, "*Küss die Hand.*" Three small victorias go by the hotel. In the first ride two men, the older with a turban, the younger wearing a fez. The two following carriages have white lace curtains drawn tightly before the hood; on the tiny front seats are two children, but crouched in the back sit the women.

From a closely latticed house, in a court opposite my window, emerges a young Turkish gentleman, dressed in pale gray clothes, after the English fashion. His fez betrays him, however, and as he saunters into the street he nearly runs against a cow that turns in at the same gate and calmly enters the same narrow door of the house through which he has just come.

The country carts go rattling merrily by my window before five o'clock. Why do they need bells to add to their already deafening din? No wonder we toot the small horn and the big horn and the siren in vain, — only the sharp, keen whistle of the chauffeur finally penetrates through that racket.

Bihač, our last Bosnian town, is at the base of the Plješevica Mountains, up which in the early morning we begin our gradual ascent. Herds of cattle are feeding in the grassy

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meadows of this green valley; catalpas and flowering locusts line the way. Descending to cross a shallow brook, we climb again into a higher, but still cultivated plain, where men are ploughing; then turn through wooded hills, with wonderful views in the clear atmosphere of the heights. The air grows cool as we reach the old fortress of Zegar, where a new building is filled with soldiers; and in a few moments we come into Zavalje, the first Croatian village.

We notice already the change in costume. The women wear dark skirts with black velvet sleeveless jackets, sometimes embroidered with gilt, over full white blouses; and yellow head-kerchiefs, the brighter the better.

“Are we going to climb those mountains?” asks the chauffeur, nonchalantly, pointing to the great peaks rising beside us.

“Yes,” replies the Leader, “but at a point lower down.”

We are on the east side of the plateau of the Plješevica, among barren, rocky moors, affording but scanty pasture to the many flocks of sheep and goats. The peasants tending them smile upon us and touch their red Croatian caps in courteous greeting.

Past Baljevac we fly, merely noting that it is a typical mountain village of log houses, sometimes whitewashed, with long shingled roofs, and only toothed, slanting boards standing in a blackened hole in lieu of chimneys.

Turning a corner in the stony road, we come upon a pretty scene. A half-dozen men and women in a circle are holding a huge white cloth; in the centre a woman with a

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sieve is kneeling; an old dame looks on gayly smiling, with a young child grabbed tightly in either arm.

"They must be winnowing corn," says the Leader.

"What color and movement!" cries the Enthusiast.

Other women are carrying odd-shaped pails of water from the village fountain; lengths of homespun are spread on walled fences to bleach.

At Petrovoselo we turn south by a post marked "U Priboj," and the road improves as we ascend; that is, there are fewer stones and no deep ruts. The prevalent dress of the men seems to be white tunic and trousers, blue sleeveless coat, and red cap. We miss the twisted, brilliant sashes of Bosnia, for here the men wear no belts.

Near the top of the pass we stop to cool the engine. Birds are singing in the stunted growth of alders and larches; among the boulders a cuckoo calls. Men and women are shearing sheep in a most primitive fashion; holding the struggling animal down with the knee and one hand, they clip great tufts of wool with the other.

Priboj itself is twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, a rambling collection of houses, a post office, and a wayside fountain.

"Now we have twenty-five miles to go," says the Leader. And leaving the highroad down to Gospić, we turn to the right, going due west; and at the cross-roads still keep to the right, getting a pleasant view of brown ploughed fields and of waving grain. Farmhouses are sprinkled along the way, and a large Catholic cemetery is beautifully placed at the edge of the forest. The bushes over the slopes have

THE PLITVICA LAKES FROM OUR WINDOWS





ONE OF THE PLITVICA FALLS

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a curiously clipped appearance up to a certain height. Are they eaten by animals, or cut for firewood?

As we near our destination the road becomes a boulevard for smoothness, winding down through magnificent birch woods, while between the dancing leaves gleam and glisten the peacock-blue water and foaming cascades of the Plitvica Lakes.

I catch my breath in rapture! If these exquisite pools were anywhere else but hidden away in the mountains of far Croatia they would have a world-wide reputation. The nearest point upon the railroad is Ogulin, more than forty miles away; and Ogulin is seventy-one miles from Agram. Here in the midst of a dense forest of birches, two thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by green mountains, are nineteen exquisite lakes of varying shapes, sizes, and levels connected by falls and cascades, each one of a different hue! Nothing has been done to spoil the wilderness, but convenient paths encircle the clear basins and rise to points of vantage upon the higher hills. It is a bird's Paradise, too, and the air resounds with their happy songs.

The flora is wonderfully varied. Here seems to be the home of our cultivated perennials; columbines of a marvelous hue; centaurea, not only the bachelor's button, but the fringed ones with the dark red centres; lilies of the valley; dandelions more like asters; violets, of course, and lupines in many shades; a fine yellow brassica and blue lobelia; *allium Neapolitanum* and baneberries; anemones of astonishing size and vigor; marsh marigolds and vipers bugloss; pink starry campion; rose-colored mint, something like our

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self-heal, but with flowers nearly an inch long; the gay yellow tufts of the anthyllis and the bird's-foot trefoil, or *lotus corniculatus*; the gorgeous sulphur-colored cheiranthus; our own pink ragged-robin; the effective rosy flowers of the *polygonum bistorta*, which has fourteen English names — perhaps Patient Dock is the most pleasing; the *majanthemum bifolium*, or two-leaved lily of the valley, exactly like our Canada May-flower; the plantago media, with its spike of bright pink petals. Think of a plantain being desirable! Unlike our dull, beady blossoms, this variety is a joy to behold. Here is a thrifty blue-branching campanula; an ethereal morning-glory with fine-cut silvery leaves; a rich blue salvia; a splendid violet vetch; the curious yellow bells of the *cerinthe major*, or wax plant; the fragrant three-flowered laburnum, or *cytissus triflorus*; pink meadow rue and orchids; — the yellow lady's-slipper in abundance, the showy orchids and the delicate green habentaria orbiculata, an odd little nodding flower rising from its whorl of leaves like the pogonia verticillata, the dainty white cephalanthera, the wonderful pink military orchis, and, queerest of all, the insect-like ophrys family, — the spider-shaped, the bee-shaped, the fly-shaped. They are most appropriately named.

Many are the hours I spend hunting new species; every inch of forest turf seems to hold a secret and invite exploration. One morning, as we sit above the Lake of Galovac, birch-trees framing deep pictures of the falls, and at our feet strange wild flowers in such abundance and variety that I despair of ever learning their names, I ask, —

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“What do you see in this small bit of earth, say four feet square?”

Lowering his eyes from the distant landscape, my companion concentrates his attention. “Well, — I see men have been chopping wood here.”

I laugh outright! I had n't noticed the chips.

“Anything else?”

“Nothing but weeds,” he insists.

I stoop and pick half a dozen sprays of exquisite brown and green tiny orchids, and hold them up for his admiration.

“They are n't pretty at all. They look just like black bugs crawling up the stem!” but that they are extraordinary he has to acknowledge.

Strangest of all, in this far-off forest grows the *Conopholis Americana*, or squaw-root, which I have never found anywhere except in our native woods. Great birch-trees, three or four feet in diameter, lie prone where they have fallen; if in the water, they are soon covered with a velvety growth and gleam like silver beneath the surface. Ferns in endless variety and beauty cover the ground and fringe the cascades; the maidenhair quivers in the soft breezes; and beside the rushing torrents, hang ivy and thick grasses.

Spruce-trees and hedges of bridal wreath, with marguerites and geraniums, adorn the grounds of the hotel, in rather startling contrast to the surrounding wilderness. This building was put up by a club of Agram gentlemen who take turns at managing it. The season has not yet begun, a preoccupied bride and groom being the only other guests. We know that the Croats are intensely patriotic and cling

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tenaciously to their mother-tongue; — but we are hardly prepared for the extent to which they carry it here. All the room notifications, the announcements, the time tables, the bill-of-fare, even, are printed in that Slavic language. The only bottled water obtainable is tagged with the, to us, formidable cognomen, “Jamnicka Kiselica”; but it tastes like our Poland water and so thoroughly satisfies us. The steward is the only person on the premises who even understands German; the boatman, who ferries us across Lake Kosjak, knows no language but Croatian, and when we wish to make excursions along the beach into pools where water lilies grow, all explanations have to be by gestures.

The bath-houses at the pier are built into the water, so that if one wishes to swim in the open lake it is necessary to dive under the wooden partition; but the crystal water looks very tempting, and in the early morning a frequent splash and merry shouts betray the presence of appreciative souls.

Later on a gypsy fire flamed upon the shore, and a huge boiler, — not at all a romantic object, — stood upon it; but the gypsy women, in their brilliant gowns, made a dashing picture as they spread the clean white linen on the bushes and young trees.

Half in my dreams, one morning, I heard a haunting melody, — just three or four phrases of a part song, — which came nearer, then slowly died away in the distance. In the evening again I heard the sweet refrain; and, looking out, saw groups of men and women returning from the fields with rakes and spades over their shoulders. Their bright

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yellow and white kerchiefs, and their red caps shone in the last rays of the low sun. The chant was not sad nor in a minor key, but full of joy and cheer; and they walked with zest and rapidity, not betraying the least fatigue after the day's task. As one group passed, another took up the song, — each seeming to await a certain moment in which to begin,— so that over and over the harmonious tones blended and parted and blended again.

CHAPTER XXIX

TO AGRAM AND MARBURG

IT is an exquisite day of sunshine and south wind when, reluctantly, we leave the luminous Lakes of Plitvica; leave the roaring falls and tumbling cascades, the birds and wild flowers, the glorious forest, — and turn our faces northward toward Agram.

Over rocky hills covered with a stunted growth of bushes, passing the road to Saborski and taking the one to the right for Dreznik, we follow the Korana River on its way from the lakes to the sea. The road is very dusty, occasionally sprinkled with fresh stone, and an endless line of horses and oxen drawing empty wagons are upon it. Patient peasants toil up the slopes carrying pails and barrels of water from the river; for every field, however steep, is carefully cultivated and the Korana is the only source of irrigation.

A church steeple in a small town before us indicates Dreznik. At times we ride in the grateful shade of big trees, but as a rule the highway is unprotected and the sun beats down upon it unmercifully.

Near the cross-road to Rakovica shepherdesses with fingers busily knitting smile gleefully upon us; a teamster wearing an elaborate brass-studded belt and a sheepskin coat over his white clothes salutes us awkwardly as we speed by. A magnificent linden sheltering a poor log house; a cemetery on a hill, with many curious wooden crosses;

TO AGRAM AND MARBURG

crested larks and black and white wheatears are part of the swiftly changing scene.

At one of the scattered farmhouses beyond Rakovica, the peasants are having their breakfast out of doors, or say, rather, their second meal; for it is half-past nine and they break their fast with the rising sun. No wonder they have five meals a day! Further on, amidst rocks and bracken, alternating with grain fields, a wayside well surrounded by stone curbing makes a background for a group of children; the boys doff their red caps, the little girls bend from the waist in a quaint curtsy.

“What a charming picture!” cries the Enthusiast.

Near-by are women with long-fringed dark bags hung, knapsack fashion, from the belt across the back. Still winding over hilltops we enter Bredzovac, where, making a long bend, we come to the Korana River again, now swollen into quite a stream, but retaining its peculiar greenish-blue color. Here, again, men with flattened barrels on their backs and women with pails upon their heads are carrying water from the stream two hundred feet below.

Passing through Slunji, with its ruined castle, we cross the river at an island of picturesque mills, over foaming cascades, and then down the stream to the left on the way to Veljun. The pink hawthorn is in flower, and the bracken a foot high, but half unfolded. Fields of bluish barley and green wheat just coming to a head; or acres of brown earth where oxen, in teams of four, are at the plough; a rather monotonous landscape, but there is always a bird to watch, a tree to name, a distant church spire to wonder about, or

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an open-mouthed goat-herd to salute. The children up to five years of age wear but one garment. The cart horses, at sight of us, instantly take to the fields or the ditch, although it is not the dumb animals who are afraid,— it is the peasants behind them.

“Another family around the festive board,” exclaims the Enthusiast;—literally a “board,” with a bowl in the centre containing the food, and, beside it, a loaf of bread. How it must simplify housekeeping not to have to set a table or wash a dish! As we fly by the boys’ school at Blagaj, they swing their crimson caps with a concerted, spontaneous yell, and we respond with fluttering handkerchiefs.

Beyond Veljun, we coast down a long straight hill, with glimpses of a gypsy camp by the wayside, more elaborate crosses in a church yard, and yellow iris beside a brook. We are bound for Krnjak and the posts every few kilometers assure us that we are drawing nearer. A smiling face is framed in a small square window as we stop to permit six loaded wagons to go by.

“Do you realize that we have n’t seen a single so-called English sparrow in Croatia?” remarks the Enthusiast.

“No, I had n’t,” answers her companion.

“Do you suppose —”

At that moment, from a big barnyard, a flock of those same saucy creatures fly across our path,— and we can only look at each other in mutual dismay. But the ditches filled with buttercups and daisies; the meadows with tall nodding hare-bells and yellow iris; the scarlet poppies undulating in the wheat; the brook bordered with the American

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way-faring tree (*viburnum alniifolium*) — all these gladden our eyes until we pass Krnjak, and Karlovac (in German, Karlstadt), where we are to take luncheon, makes its appearance on the sign-posts.

Crossing an iron bridge over the Radonja River we come to the Korana again, just beyond Tusilovic, where boys splashing in a mill-pond fill us with envy; for the highway is bare and dusty, rough and shadeless, and the air frightfully hot. Over a small pass, where wild roses and pink clover comfort us, we have our first view of Karlovac, — and a road thronged with gorgeously costumed peasants, for again it is a market day. We simply crawl through the suburbs of Mostanje, Ubinja, and Rakovac into Karlovac; for the streets are filled with people driving sheep, pigs, goats, and cattle back to the country. In carts and on foot, the gayly dressed natives, — apparently unmindful of the intense heat of noonday, — go stolidly about their affairs. Some of the women are decked with elaborate necklaces of overlapping coins, others wear a heart-shaped sort of breast-plate covered all over with the coins, like spangles; curious frames support the head-dresses; the skirts are embroidered in red or blue cross-stitch, and the *tout ensemble* is most striking.

How grateful the peace and coolness of that upper chamber in the crowded hotel!

“Yes, this unusual heat,” says the landlord, “has lasted for two weeks. We are hoping for a change soon.”

From the shaded windows we watch the throng, and once or twice I clutch frantically at my kodak as a more than

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usually picturesque group presents itself; but the heat is so terrible I really do not dare to venture out-doors. Here we rest until three o'clock and then set out for Agram, only thirty-six miles away.

Through the Oriental-looking shoe market, over the broad Kulpa River, across the railroad, we take the first road to the right. In the maze of animals, wagons, and people we are obliged to go very slowly and often to stop; but the way is broad, if somewhat rough, and the surrounding country charming. More meadows extend beside us, filled with buttercups and clover, or poppies in the fields of grain; if a swamp, 't is yellow with velvet iris; if a grove, brilliant with camping gypsies. A company of geese hiss their disapproval with one accord, coming at us with outstretched wings. No cowards, they!

Through Mrzljaki and Jazvaci and Petasse, small villages in a prosperous plain, we cross, beyond the side road to Krasic, the Kupčina River; and soon after enter Jastrebarsko. Here is a compactly built, comfortable little town, with a pretty park and many shops.

On leaving Jastrebarsko we descend into a woodsy glen, then out again on a broad, smooth road, passing through the hills. The sky becomes overcast and near Klincaselo we are rejoiced by a small shower, — sufficient to lay the dust, yet not enough to spoil our view, for soon we can discern the spires of Agram's cathedral, eighteen kilometers away. Beyond Rakovpotok, at a cross-road, we keep to the right through Stupink and Lucko, where the long well-sweeps remind us of Italy, — and the rain ceases.



PEASANTS NEAR KARLOVAC
A BOSNIAN MILL



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, AGRAM

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The roads approaching all large cities are sure to be worn and rough and this one is no exception; but deep red peonies bloom in cottage gardens; the hedges are white with elder blossoms, and great sprays of wild roses intermingle with the ivory flowers. Hurrying by Blato and Remetinec, — crossing the Save, — we are in Zagreb, or Agram, as foreigners call it.

We are surprised to find here in the capital of Croatia an attractive city with fine public buildings; a characteristic market square, a shaded promenade in the upper town, and a fine cathedral; — not to omit an excellent hotel, where all the fruits of civilization are vastly appreciated, and where we feast on a special kind of sterlet, only found in the Save River. While at luncheon one noon on the shaded terrace, a postman approaches our table with a big automobile tire, well-wrapped, hung carelessly on his arm, and offering the Leader a bit of paper asks if the tire is for him. Yes, this is the one telegraphed for a few days ago. The bill having been paid, the obliging postman carries the heavy ring upstairs to our apartment and we again laud the convenience of the parcels-post.

Probably one cause of the modern appearance of Agram is the earthquake of 1880, which partially destroyed the city. The upper town retains some flavor of antiquity, although the thirteenth century church of St. Mark has a roof of brilliant tiles outlining the arms of the province, which appears to be new. Near here is the Palace of the Governor, or Ban, of Croatia;—how interesting the old Slavic titles are! In the Kapitel Stadt is the Gothic Cathedral of

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the fifteenth century, with two splendid spires restored within the last ten years. Close by is the fortress-like palace of the archbishop, with round towers on each corner.

The Croats are especially proud of the educational opportunities which are here offered to the student. Installed in elaborate buildings are the Francis Josef University, its chemical laboratory, a Natural History Museum, an Agricultural Society, and the South Slavonian Academy of Science; besides good preparatory schools — the instruction being in all cases in Croatian. The shops, the street signs, even the performances in the fine theatre, are all in the native tongue and no other language is understood. Although politically Croatia is at present a province of Hungary the two peoples hate each other as only neighbors of alien races can.

There are usually enough country folk in the busy streets to give individuality to the town; the women in full plaited or short-banded skirts, with plenty of beads and gay headkerchiefs; and the men! — the combination of wide, white, *fringed*, short trousers above high boots, with a long apron, embroidered sleeveless jacket, and tiny rimless black slouch hat, is too absurd for words.

With a red umbrella under one arm, an embroidered reticule slung over the shoulder, these peasants frequently walk all night to the nearest market town. Small wonder, perhaps, if by the next night they succumb to the tempting convivialities of the city, and seek the shelter of a convenient ditch until able to continue their homeward jaunt. We



THE MARKET-PLACE, AGRAM
CROATIAN COUNTRYWOMEN



A CROATIAN PEASANT

TO AGRAM AND MARBURG

saw many instances of this failing and were told that the good-natured Croatian is peculiarly prone to this form of relaxation.

It is very hot in Agram; even at night there is little freshness in the air and we are longing for the north; so after two days we leave the Croatian capital, and follow the valley of the Save to Samobor. The road is good, although narrow and unshaded; the house roofs gay with fancy tiles, sometimes the date, occasionally the man's name, outlined in huge letters. Many gypsies are *en route* and in a shallow pool a boy and a girl are gayly washing pigs, — preparing them for sale, perhaps, — for at Samobor itself we saw our last picturesque market. Here the peasants' clothes are snowy white, with brilliant embroideries and kerchiefs and beads!

Passing Luc and Jazbina and Podvrk, we come to Bre-gana, and leaving Croatia, enter Styria. Instantly the style of house changes and the pretty costumes vanish. Here the people wear ugly dark slinky calico gowns, and hideous shapeless hats in place of the gay Croatian kerchiefs. For nearly two months now we have seen only quaint and becoming costumes and the change to the garb of so-called civilization is a distinct shock.

The road, however, is much better, beneath pines and spruces by the river's brink, with an endless variety of wild flowers; it offers us compensations and restores our drooping spirits. By the *château* of Reichselstein and cottages variously decorated with stripes and crude drawings, we cross the Save at Rann; and here another low *château*, with

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three round towers and vine-draped *façade*, attracts our admiration.

At Gurkfeldt,— one long broad street of houses, shops, and churches,— we turn to the right and follow the narrow valley of the Save again. This river, which in the course of its long career serves as a boundary between Croatia, Slavonia, and Bosnia, is here broad and still, with picturesque rafts of lumber, guided by men at either end. Schloss Neustein rises on a height at the right; on the left the bank is clothed with fragrant woods, sprays of pink honeysuckle clamber over hedges of elder and viburnum; apple orchards alternate with clover fields and patches of flowering beans; — it is an adorable winding way, the sky overcast, the air so heavenly cool. On we go through a beech forest and an avenue of luscious locust; beneath spruces and feathery larches; past Radua, stopping only to gather some of the wild flowers which border the river's brink; then by Verhovo and Hottemesch with their thatched haystacks green with moss.

At Steinbruck, leaving the Save, we cross one of its tributaries, the Sann, and follow it to Cilli. The Sann, too, seems a favorite waterway for lumber rafts, as it flows strong, swift, and deep, between high-wooded hills. The rich blue salvia in the fields reflects the hue of heaven, and the fragrance of the locust is overpowering.

"This is the kind of a road I like!" exclaims Madame Content, apropos of nothing new. It is a sort of glorified cowpath, smooth and shady, wandering around the foothills, or occasionally running up to the door of a farmhouse; passing tempting lanes into deep forests; by open windows

TO AGRAM AND MARBURG

gay with brilliant flowers; and at last entering the stately and famous chestnut avenue at Römerbad. We speed gayly up the winding stream, noting with surprise haymows ornamented with large wooden crucifixes; others have a kind of pavilion in front, with a grape-vine trained over it. A white church with an "onion" steeple stands conspicuously at a bend in the road, and, across the river, on our right, we see Tuffer's ruined castle.

How charmingly the Germans lay out their summer resorts! Here at Kaiser Franz Josef Bad the high-clipped locust hedges surround beautiful gardens; many paths are marked in the forest; and if one is ambitious for a steep climb, the Humberg (1920 feet) is at one's disposal.

Soon, on a wooded height, appears a battlemented donjonkeep, still guarding a crumbling castle. It is the ruins of Ober-Cilli, and crossing the Sann by a toll bridge, we enter the town of Cilli. Although this was one of the colonies founded by the Emperor Claudius (A. D. 54), it bears no evidence of its great age. Its museum contains some Roman antiquities, but its charm lies in its beautiful environs, its river paths, and mountain views. Our luncheon is served under the shade of mammoth chestnuts flourishing in the pebbly pavement and apparently enjoying the protection offered by the walls of the two-storied courtyard.

At Cilli we leave the river Sann and go due north, through hop gardens watered by the Kötting brook, with splendid views of the Steiner Alps still covered with snow. It is a comfort to have excellent roads again, and a respite from constant sunshine!

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“My Baedeker has lots more in it than yours, any way”; I venture to reply when its fat, tied-up sides threaten to give way and cause contemptuous mirth among the other members of the party.

“Such a looking book!” jeers Madame Content.

“Why do you carry it?” demands the Leader.

“For a herbarium,” I frankly reply; and the conversation ends.

At Hohenegg a range of dark blue hills encloses the wide valley on the north. and we turn to the right over a broad, but not dusty highway, bound for Gonobitz. Passing Castle Sternstein on an adjacent peak, the road bordered with apple-trees, winds through the forest, following a rippling brook. Flying through a more open valley, the near green hills swiftly become blue in the distance; beyond Tepanje heavy clouds throw purple shadows on forest-clad heights, where a white church lifts its slender spire.

We get charming landscapes from each new hilltop between Preloge and Windisch-Feistritz. How familiar the fringed pinks in the cottage garden, — the windows are gay with flowers, geraniums and fuchsias, marguerites and cacti, even oleanders in the bays.

We have come out of the clouds, here, and the sun is shining over the wide valley as we pass Kötsch, hurry through Wochau with its magnificent avenue of old lindens, beneath the isolated peak of St. Urban, — and enter Marburg through a double row of Lombardy poplars.

CHAPTER XXX

MARBURG — GRATZ — THE SEMMERING

NOW that we have entered a country where there is a choice of roads, the Leader spends even more time poring over maps and hunting for sights worth seeing along the way. Sometimes he asks politely: "Where shall we stop to-night?" — hoping that some inspiration may suggest the most interesting spot *en route*. Once the Gentle Lady answered from her heart: "I think it would be real nice if you could find a little inn by a small river with trees all about it; a clean, quiet place, where there will be no one but ourselves and, of course, good things to eat."

"They must n't keep chickens, for they are so noisy in the morning," added the Enthusiast, "and —"

"I suppose the inn must be in a garden, away from the dusty highroad, and no waterfalls must disturb the peace!" sarcastically interrupted the Leader.

"And the windows must have heavy curtains to shut out the morning glare," went on placidly the Gentle Lady, half seriously.

"Well, I think we shall be far more apt to encounter my ideal than yours," said the Leader, in a tone of finality. "What we really want is a great cathedral, a splendid *château*, an historic ruin, a mediæval building, a famous painting; — what matters the rest?"

"But to-morrow night we will be up in the mountains,

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won't we?" asked his companion, with an air of putting aside all those earthly glories.

"Yes, but I think we will stop at Gratz for luncheon." And there was a twinkle in his eye which, to the initiated, told of "sights" to be seen.

Church bells woke me early the next morning, then the sound of moving footsteps on the flagged streets, and rushing to the window I witnessed a bit of mediæval life, very charming in this prosaic age. For over an hour, long files of men and women, priests and nuns, schoolboys and girls, bearing banners of varying degrees of size and beauty, marched slowly through the streets of Marburg, chanting in unison.

"What is it?" I asked the little maid.

"It is a procession," she gravely responded. "To-day is Monday,—they will be going on all this week."

"But why?" I persisted.

"It is the month of Mary." And she looked her surprise at my ignorant questionings.

On the broad river Drau, or Drave, rise Marburg's red roofs in the midst of waving green; for its wide avenues are planted with chestnuts in quadruple rows and each tiny walled garden overflows with vines and shrubs. The quaint market-place retains its charm of age and the newly laid-out Stadt-Park, with its flowery meadows and shaded lanes, seems a bit of the real country preserved for the city's use.

Over a smooth highway, lined with apple-trees and bordered by vineyards alternating with clover fields, orchards, and hop plantations, we bowl gayly northward. A growth



THE ILIČA, AGRAM
A CROATIAN HARNESS



THE PROCESSION AT MARBURG

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of young forest trees covers the low hills, where neat plaster houses with broad thatched or tiled roofs peep from the shade. The temperature is perfect, — sunshine but cool air, — so that once more we have donned our coats and waterproof dusters. Near Strichowitz we meet an immense load of broom-corn tied for the factory. The shrines are very beautiful on this highway; one of faded pink stucco is shaded by rosy hawthorn branches; another twined with wild roses and clamboring honeysuckle.

Crossing the Mur, we stop to kodak an attractive seventeenth century *château*, with an adjacent chapel, and get our first view of the Schwanberg Alps. It is difficult to resist culling an armful of wild flowers, they are so abundant; — purple larkspur and buttercups, yellow and white daisies, wild carrots and a kind of branching dandelion twelve to twenty inches high; a pinkish and lavender scabiosa; all sprinkled through tall grasses and nodding in the soft air. But the smooth straight road is too attractive, the motion too enticing. Speeding through Kleinwagna, across the Mur again, with only a glance at Leibnitz, we hurry along, and — to our surprise, meet an automobile! To this we are totally unaccustomed and we slow down in disgust, until its trail of dust shall have passed!

“On this plain once stood the Roman city, Flavius Solvense,” remarks the Leader. “Near Leibnitz they have found many fragments and inscriptions. It might be interesting —”

But our persistent silence puts a damper upon this suggestion and we proceed up the valley of the Mur, climb

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over a small ridge, and descend to the summer resort of Wildon. Up its one steep street we mount, sliding down to the Kainach River; the hills recede and in the fields men and women are spading. The cottages have quaint legends inscribed so all may read, — “Gemütliches Heim,” “Fröliches Heim,” in large letters on the gables, — and near them stand tall poles, each topped with a bush or a tree or a banner. Are these last in honor of the Kaiser’s jubilee; or only the usual May-poles? On one house is a tablet:

F. J. S.

1879

I. H. S.

A travelling show goes by us; the camel looks his accustomed weary self and quite disdains our noisy flight; the monkeys make faces and chatter from their cage; but evidently the entire company are quite used to automobiles.

White clouds are gathering about the horizon and snow can be seen on the Schwanberg Alps. By Rattsdorf and Ledern we crawl carefully along, as the valley is so thickly populated as to form an almost continuous village. The road has become rough and muddy and we meet companies of artillery on the way to field-practice; for Gratz is the capital of Styria and has a garrison of 5100 men. It is a cheerful and attractive little city on the Mur, and I am sure one might be very comfortable in its “Hotel Elephant”; also it has enough “sights” to interest a traveller for three days, at least.

But we were not sightseers that day; we had frankly joined the ranks of motorists only; — and we refused to be

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beguiled into museums and art galleries, or led to heights for "wonderful views." The shelter of the shady terrace where we had our luncheon satisfied us completely; only the Leader, indefatigable and untiring, went bravely forth and "did" the town.

On his return he was genuinely enthusiastic and reported, besides an excellent modern city hall and museum, a sixteenth century building called a Landhaus, or Hall of the Estates, with a beautiful Renaissance *façade*. "Adjoining this is the Arsenal, or Zeughaus, built in 1644, kept exactly as it was at that time and filled with weapons of the period. In the Imperial Palace there is a curious spiral staircase, done in 1500, and in the cathedral, six exquisite ivory reliefs, Italian work of the sixteenth century, representing scenes from Petrarch's 'I Trionfi.'"

When the Leader paused to take breath, we almost suggested stopping over. "There are two libraries, also, — one in the Museum Joanneum of about 140,000 volumes, including a collection of rare books; the other in the University, of 190,000 volumes. Besides the Karl Franz University, with 1750 students, there is a Technical College; and in the Historical and Industrial Museums are old Styrian rooms, completely furnished, of 1564, 1577, 1596, and 1607, with the travelling carriage of Emperor Frederic III. and the double litter of Spethan Bathory, King of Poland, and his wife. You know he died in 1586. In another part of the building is a very good exhibition of modern Styrian art industries."

By this time we were speechless with regret. "From the

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Schlossberg the view is superb and the crumbling fortifications, overgrown with wild flowers, extremely picturesque. Constructed in the fifteenth century as a protection against the Turks, they were blown up by the French in 1809, after a garrison of five hundred Austrians had defended the place against three thousand French for four weeks."

"I read that in Baedeker," interrupted the Enthusiast.

"You can see the enormous clock-dial on the hill, as we go out," continued the Leader, contenting himself with a reproachful glance at the scoffer, "but we must come back to Gratz, some day, and enjoy leisurely its fine collections."

"Yes, some day, when it is cool," assented Madame Content.

"Now for the mountains!" quoth, gleefully, the Enthusiast, as we leave Gratz, bound for the Semmering. Almost due north we go, close to the river, where, on this twenty-fifth of May, women are raking hay in sunny fields. Long tassels of curled shavings hang over the doors of the country inns; a curious survival of the "bush." Crossing the Mur, we enter a narrower valley, where an excellent bicycle path lies under the apple-trees. We meet fine big draft horses in elaborate harness, with long strips of bright cloth, ornamented with brass insertions, hanging from the collar.

Beyond Peggau the road is very bad, — rutty and stony; the castle of Rabenstein, on the other side of the river, is a dreary, common-place building. Not so, however, the ruins of Pfannberg, rising from the depths of the forest, with its square tower and octagonal donjon. We enter Frohnleiten through a beautiful avenue of chestnuts and find it a charm-



THE MARKET PLACE, GRATZ



AT THE SEMMERING

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ing little resort, with well-laid-out paths up the forest-clad hills. Beyond, the air is sweet with spruce, gray crags rise into the blue sky, and snow appears upon a farther height. Closer and closer grow the cliffs and the precipice of Röthelstein looms on our right.

After passing Mixnitz we look curiously for "the American's *château*," and discern a comfortable square house, with sunny terraces, inviting woods, and, doubtless, beautiful views down the winding valley of the Mur.

Above Pernegg the overlapping folds of the wooded slopes shut us in; the clasping fingers of the clematis reach up from the tangled hedges; nearer and nearer come the snow mountains. At Bruck we note a fifteenth century Gothic church and the open loggia of the old ducal palace, built in 1505 and called the Kornmesser-Haus.

Here we cross the Mur and leave it, ascending the valley of the Mürz. Through Kapfenburg, where a wonderful pink May is trained over a high gate; by Hafendorf, where the road improves, as there is less heavy teaming; and on to St. Marein through a wider valley. Quantities of wild barberry, mountain ash, and pear trees are in blossom; houses are scattered over the slopes; through the long, broad, treeless street of Kindberg; through Wartberg, with the ruins of Lichtenegg Castle on a hill across the Mürz; — we come to Schloss Pichl's towers quite near the river's brink.

We have climbed so gradually that we are surprised to find at Mittendorf we are already 1935 feet above the sea. Gratz is 1135 feet and Marburg 880 feet. The valley is

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still broad, enclosed by pointed, pine-covered hills, and a constant succession of villages enlivens the way. Queer yellow streaks upon the mountain side among the spruces show where barkless telegraph poles lie ready to slide down to the river for transportation.

We pass Langenwang, with the ruined castle of Hohenwang on our right. At Mürzzuschlag the white lilacs vie with the horse chestnuts for our admiration, and after passing Spital-Rettenegg we enter the region of apple blossoms again. The station of Steinhaus lies below us as we leave the railroad and begin the final climb to the summit of the Semmering. The air is really cold, patches of snow whiten the hillside; but the road is excellent, with carefully prepared grades, until we make one last steep turn and reach the Hotel Panhans at the top of the Semmering Pass (3520 feet).

Do the mountains really bring one nearer Heaven, or do they only seem to? Do the birds' songs sound sweeter, are the trees a brighter green, do the wild flowers nod more gayly, and is the air more heavily laden with the delicious fragrance of the balsam and the fir, or is all this mere imagining? As I lean from my balcony and look over this wonderful prospect, I cannot help asking myself these questions. Far in the distance, below the piled-up thundercaps, I can just distinguish a winding stream amid low grassy hillocks;—that way lies Vienna and our morrow's journeyings. If one could but leap from mountain top to mountain top and live always upon the heights!

“Do you remember our uncertainty about enjoying

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Dalmatia?" asked the Gentle Lady that evening, as she idly turned the leaves of her illustrated diary.

"Indeed, I remember well," confirmed the Enthusiast, "and how mention of the Herzegovina and Bosnia brought only visions of bandits and rocky fastnesses! "Just think, it is only about six weeks, to be exact, 46 days, since we left Trieste —"

"And we have gone 2253 kilometers, or 1408 miles," added the Leader looking up from his notebook, "and have stopped in 35 towns."

"As you look back what picture comes first to your mind?" persisted the Gentle Inquisitor.

"I don't know," answered the Enthusiast, "that Good Friday at Zara, I fancied, nothing could be more brilliant than the mass of the Morlacchi, but think of the Montenegrin uniforms at Cetinje!"

"And Mostar," she prompted, "when the Herzegovinians in their soft white veils and creamy costumes floated over the ancient bridge!"

"And Jajce," I continued, "at the Franciscan church, — what variety and richness of garments on both men and women! And so many hundreds of them! Perhaps that was the crowning scene. If a person should come blindfold the whole distance from America, and see but these four cities, he ought to feel richly repaid for his trouble!"

"Are you forgetting the extraordinary landscapes we have looked upon?" corrected Her Ladyship. "That first sunset over Dalmatia, from the Velebit Mountains? How about the Riviera of Ragusa and the Bocche? Surely

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that climb over the Lovćen into Montenegro has not slipped from your memory, or the Prenj Alps from the Ivan Pass just the other day, or —”

“Stop, stop,” I cry; “no one of them have I forgotten, nor many, many more. It is as impossible to compare people and scenery as a portrait and landscape in art. My brain is filled with pictures. At the word Trebinje, — I see trousered Turkish schoolgirls flying in every direction at the sight of my kodak; Travnik, — strange canopied tombs on the way to a hot bazaar; Jablanica, — a lovely garden and the splendid Turk who made and brought our coffee; Gacko, — snow mountains, seen through an atmosphere — of onions; Mostar, — novel and varied costumes on pretty women; Ilidze, — fragrant woods and moonlight, with many nightingales; Jajce, — more nightingales above a roaring river.”

We look at each other with the keen appreciation of kindred souls in a reminiscent mood. Each fascinating scene, each happy day has a special corner in our memories, and with the utmost satisfaction we recall the interesting experiences, the wonderful scenery, the picturesque people which have made this motor trip in the western Balkans over the highways of Dalmatia and Montenegro, the Herzegovina, and Bosnia one continuous delight.

THE END

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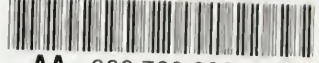
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