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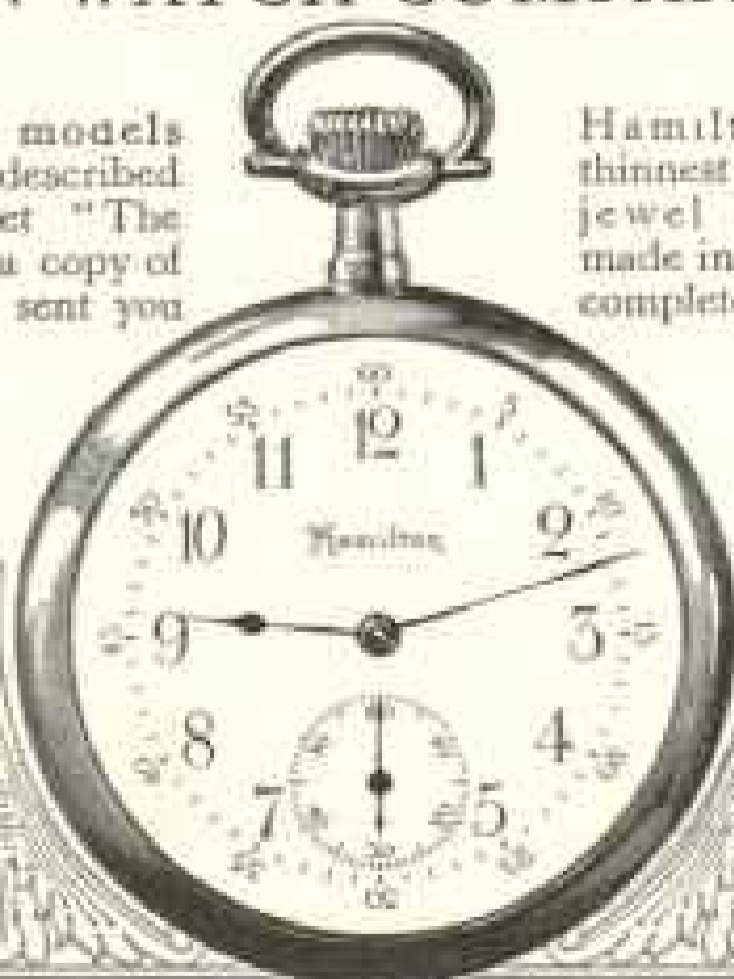
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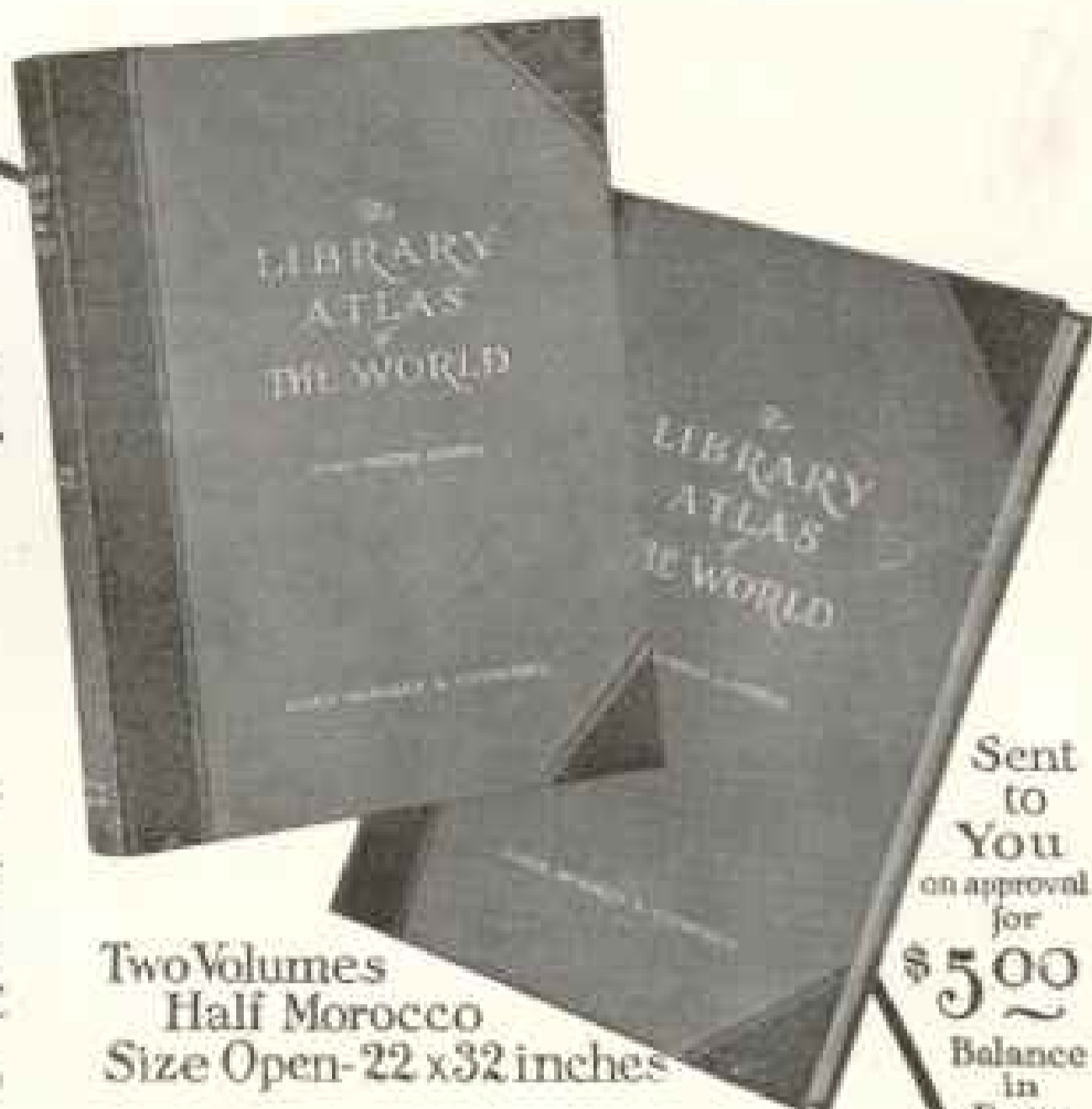


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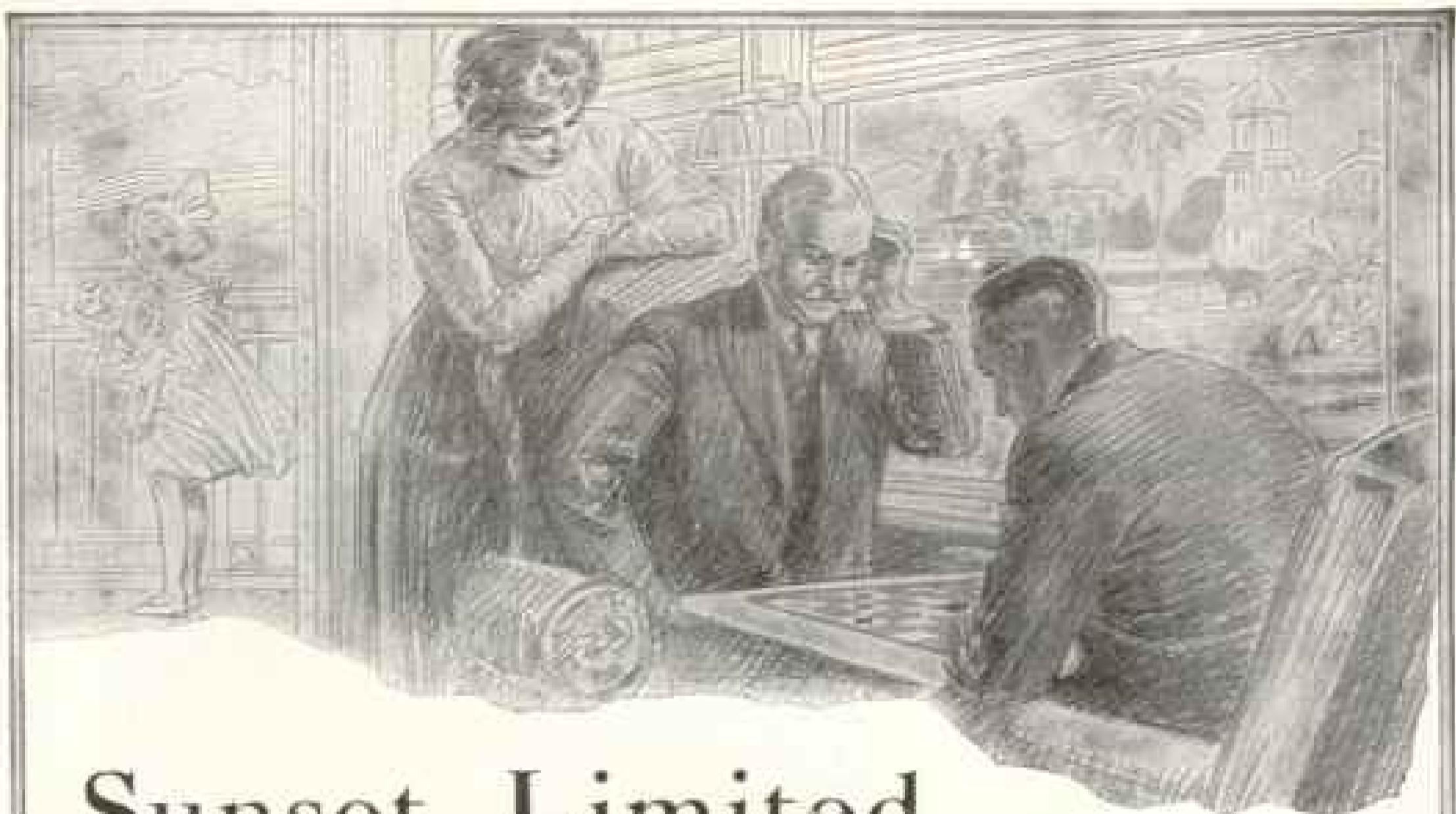
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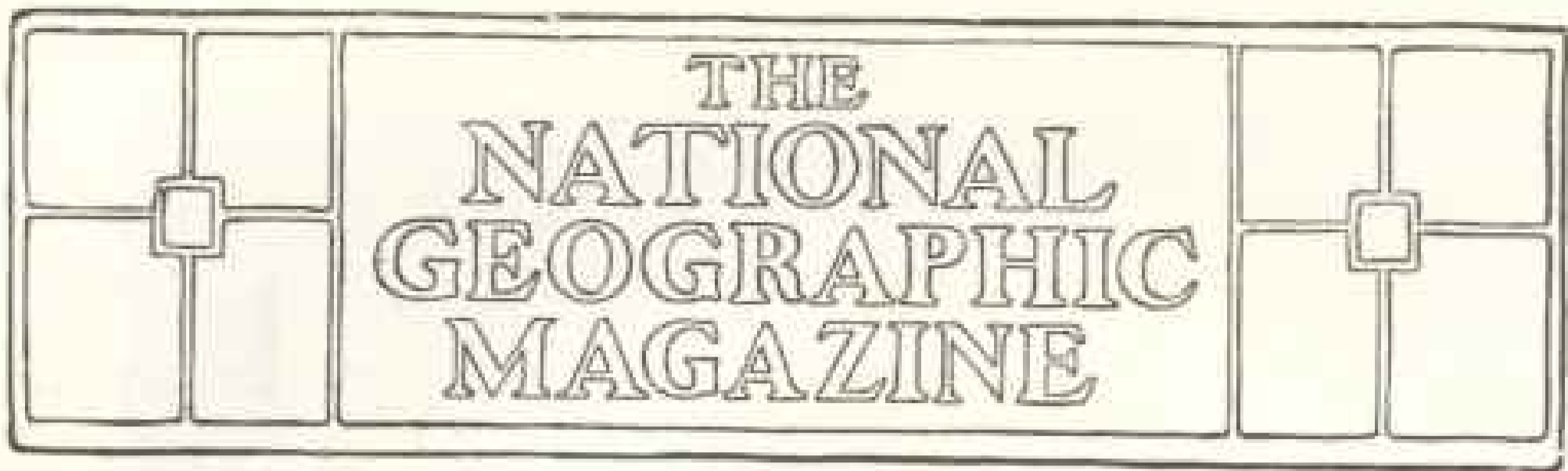
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EAST OF THE ADRIATIC

Notes on Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina

BY KENNETH MCKENZIE, OF YALE UNIVERSITY

EVERY day steamers leave Trieste and Fiume for the ports on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The express steamers stop at only four or five of the chief Dalmatian towns, and make the journey to Cattaro in about twenty-four hours. Other steamers touch at many more places, tie up at night, and take three or four days to go the same distance. Other steamers, again, go on to Albania and Greece or across to Italy.

There is probably no region so easily accessible from the beaten track of European travel which offers so much attraction in the way of picturesque old-time life, quaint towns, interesting and beautiful national costumes, and extraordinary scenery as Montenegro and the Adriatic provinces of Austria.

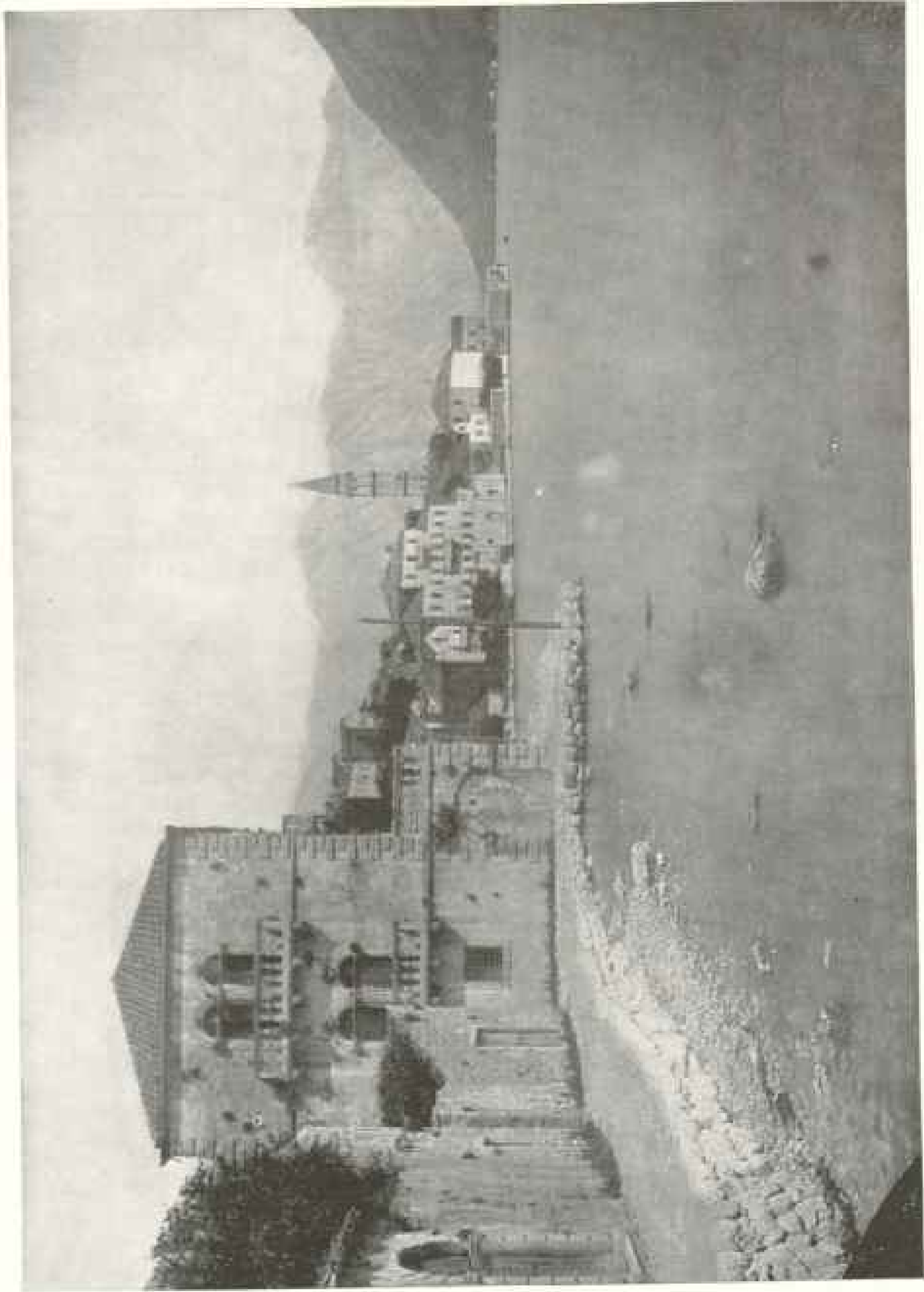
Recent events in Turkey have so absorbed attention that they have crowded out of mind a change in the map of Europe which in the latter part of 1908 almost precipitated a war—namely, the formal and definite annexation by Austria of the Turkish provinces Bosnia and Herzegovina. To be sure, the change was rather in name than in fact: Austria had occupied and administered the provinces, as England has administered Egypt, for thirty years, and it was scarcely conceivable that Turkey would ever regain control of them. Before the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, the provinces had been in a constant condition of turmoil and lawlessness, and

hence the powers consented to the military occupation by Austria. In consequence, roads and railways were built, commerce and agriculture developed, and the region became, like Dalmatia, as safe for resident and traveler as any part of Europe.

Some writers maintain that the influence of Austria, outwardly beneficial, has in reality been harmful to Bosnia; however that may be, Austria is now in secure possession not only of the narrow strip of coastland called Dalmatia, a remnant of her Italian history, but of the inland region between Croatia, Hungary, Servia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia.

It remains to be seen whether this political change will make Bosnia and Herzegovina less picturesque and attractive from the traveler's point of view. Probably the large proportion of Mohammedans among the inhabitants will prevent any rapid assimilation to the commonplaceness of more frequented resorts.

The Bosnian Mohammedans call themselves Turks, but in reality they are of Slavic race and language, like the other inhabitants. Various Christian churches—Roman, Russian, Servian—are represented in Bosnia, and a practiced eye can tell the religion of a man or a woman by slight variations in costume. The Mohammedan women usually go veiled; in Herzegovina they wear a heavy cape, with a projection in front of



PERASTO, PERCHED ON A LEDGE AT THE FOOT OF A GREAT MOUNTAIN WALL, IN DALMATIA, 12 MILES FROM THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO

Perasto overlooks the Bocche di Cattaro, a winding and beautiful inlet of the Adriatic Sea (see page 1173), and during the 14th century was for a time an independent State

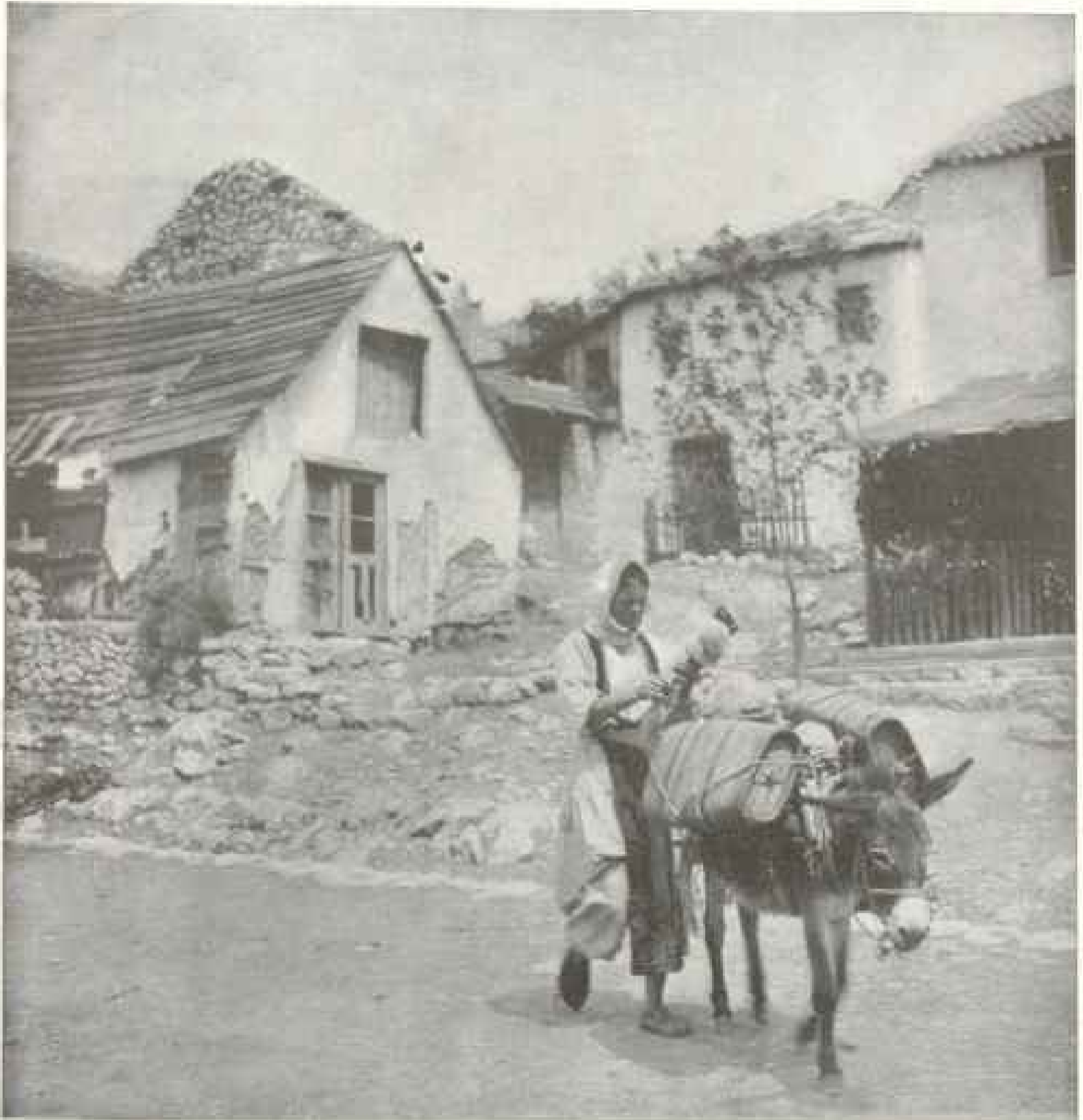


Photo by Felix J. Koch.

A WATER-CARRIER IN HERZEGOVINA

Note that the woman spins as she drives the donkey. The divided skirt originated here

most peculiar form. Croatia and Dalmatia are Roman Catholic, while Montenegro adheres to the Russo-Greek church.

The language of all these regions is the Servian-Croatian. In Dalmatia, Italian is everywhere understood; English, German, or French rarely; while in Bosnia German is serviceable. In Montenegro the sign-language will be found useful, although occasionally a man will be found who speaks Italian or German.

In Montenegro the Russian alphabet is used; in Dalmatia, the Roman, al-

though the language is the same. In Bosnia both alphabets are used side by side, and before the formal annexation, Turkish signs were frequently to be seen; sometimes one name would be repeated in the three alphabets.

The Austrian coinage prevails throughout the region, and the coins of the different countries are interchanged. Each country has, however, its own postage stamps, and those purchased at Fiume, for instance, being Hungarian, are useless in Trieste or Zara. The stamps of Bosnia were among the most beautiful

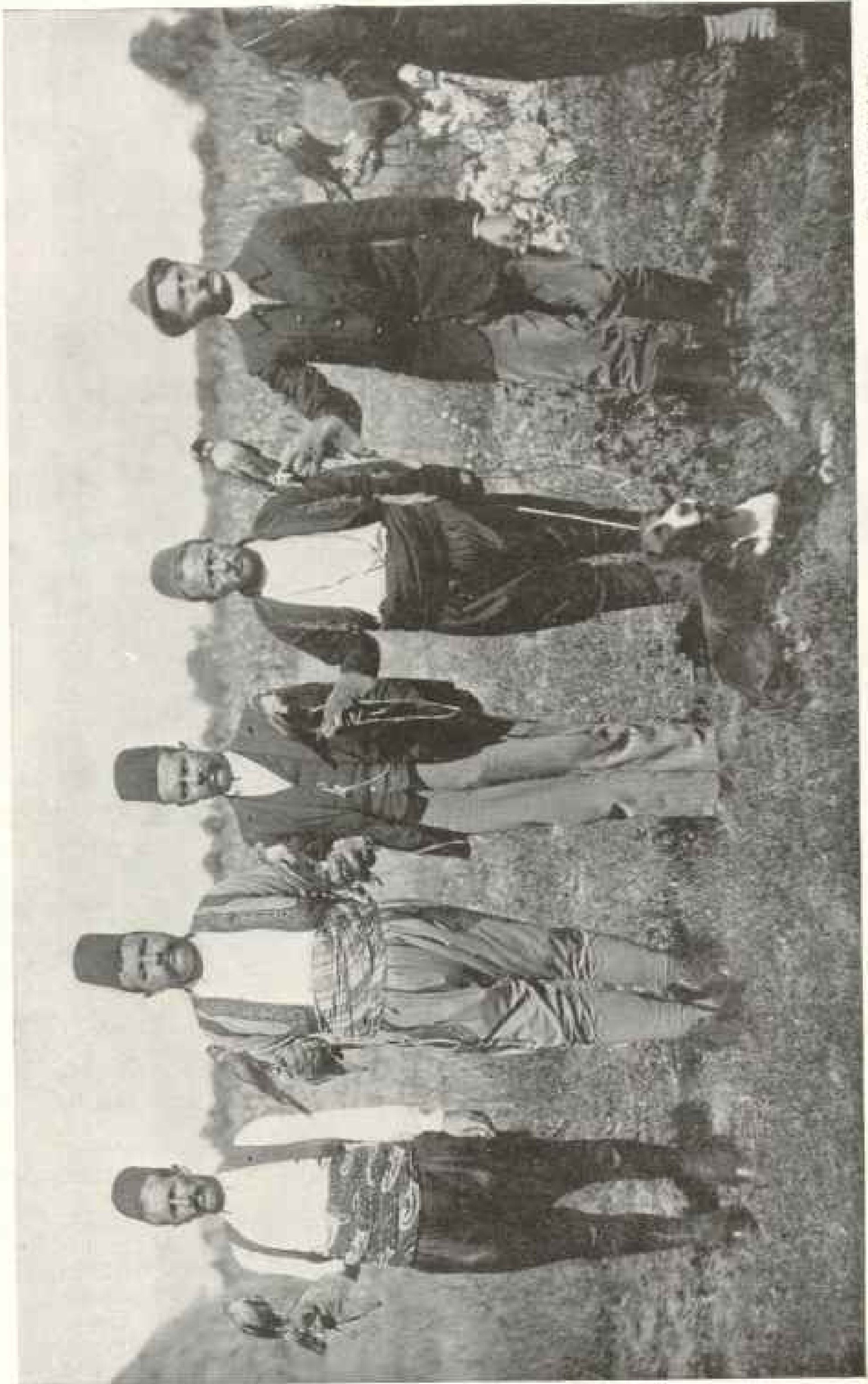


Photo by Felix J. Koch

THE FALCONERS; IN HERZEGOVINA

The employment of falcons, or hawks, in the chase has from earliest times been a favorite sport of the rich in China, Japan, Persia, India, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria; it is still practiced in Southeastern Europe. The list of quarry includes pheasants, partridges, quails, ducks, woodcocks, gulls, muggies, blackbirds, hares, and rabbits. In Asia, particularly in Mongolia and Chinese Tartary, where the sport still flourishes, hawks are flown at larger game—storks, spoonbills, vultures, and even gazelles being captured by trained falcons. Until the middle of the 17th century falconry was followed with greater ardor in England than any other sport.

ever issued by any country; they are large, with finely engraved pictures of Bosnian scenes. Those of Montenegro bear a portrait of the prince.

The trip may begin with Dalmatia and its coast towns, then taking Montenegro as a side trip, and ending with Bosnia, whence one goes by rail to Budapest or to Agram and Fiume. Starting from Fiume, one sails down the channel called Quarnero, leaving Istria and the Gulf of Quarnero to the right. The island of Arbe, about half way to Zara, has an old cathedral with a twelfth-century tower. Coming from Trieste, one skirts the western shore of Istria, stopping perhaps at Rovigno and at Pola. The stay of an hour enables one to get a hurried glimpse of the great amphitheater and other Roman remains of Pola, now an important naval station and strongly fortified. The language here is chiefly Italian. Istria would well repay the time devoted to a trip of several days; but we pass on, stopping at one or two of the islands, to Zara, the most northerly town of importance in Dalmatia.

Zara is noted all over the world for its maraschino. Aside from this, however, the town has many attractions to offer. On landing from the steamer in the landlocked harbor, we find ourselves in front of a gate in the town wall. Over the gate is the winged lion of Saint Mark, often met with here and elsewhere in Dalmatia, and a symbol of the former dominion of the Republic of Venice. Passing through the gate, we enter the narrow paved streets of a typical Italian city, such as we may imagine it to have been two or three centuries ago, except that the hotels are more comfortable. There are a number of medieval churches in the town, interesting architecturally, and containing works of art. The cathedral in particular, a majestic Romanesque church, is richly adorned outside with many arcades of little columns and



Photo by Felix J. Koch

PROMINENT CITIZENS OF ZARA

inside with marbles and paintings. It is in the best Italian style of the Middle Ages. Its campanile is a landmark.

Wandering among the narrow streets, we come upon several open squares and market-places, where in the morning scores of peasants may be seen in their brilliant-colored costumes. There are Roman remains, too—columns and statues. No railroad as yet reaches Zara.

The steamer comes out of the harbor, encircles the point of land on which the city stands, and skirts low-lying shores, passing among innumerable islands. All at once a narrow opening appears; we go through it, and find ourselves in the spacious harbor of Sebenico, with the town rising from the water to a fort crowning the hill. In the middle of the town stands the cathedral, of which we get charming glimpses from the harbor



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A BOSNIAN TURK AND HIS SON

Turkish boys up to three or four years of age are dressed much in the same way as their sisters, except that their trousers are a little tighter about the ankle and they wear no shawl.



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

SOUTH HERZEGOVINIAN WOMAN AND RAGUSANS

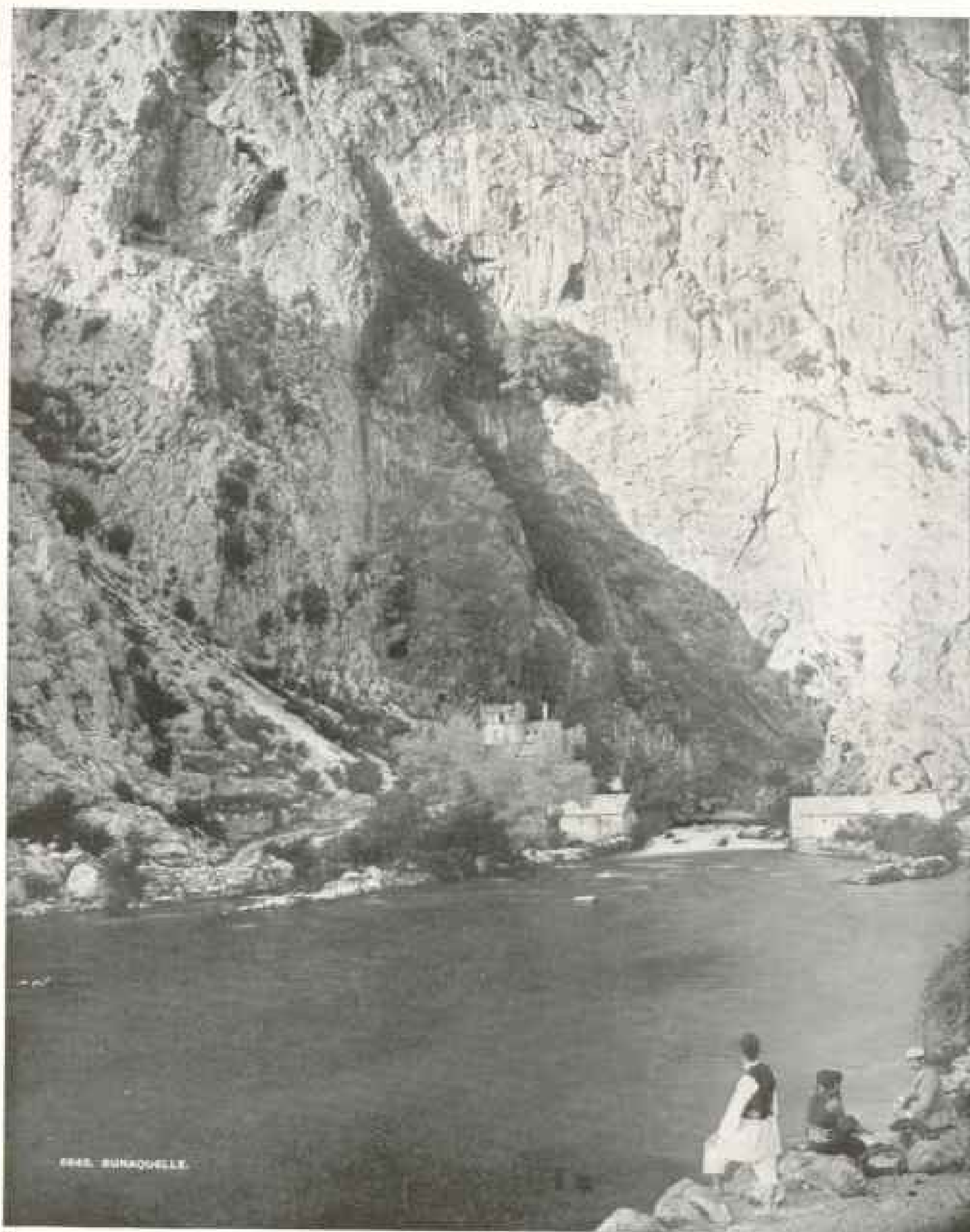
and through the narrow streets. It is a beautiful example of the Venetian gothic of the fifteenth century, richly adorned with carving, and surmounted by an octagonal dome. Here also the streets are filled with strange and brilliant costumes; red is the predominating color. From Sebenico a railroad runs to Spalato, and also into the interior; but it has no connections outside Dalmatia.

The next important station is Trau—important, at least, from the tourist's point of view, for this little town is one of the best worth seeing in all Dalmatia; but commercially the case is different, and only a few of the steamers stop there. We had chosen the *Danubio* partly for the very purpose of seeing Trau, and the timetable gave us a full hour there.

Trau, called by the Romans *Tragurium*, was a city even before the time of Christ. Later it was one of the strongholds of Venice, as the towers, walls, and public buildings testify. It occupies the entire surface of a small island lying between a larger island, Bua, and the mainland. From every direction it presents a ravishingly picturesque appearance, both for the natural beauty of its situation and for its wonderful architecture. The traveler longs to walk through every street and examine every house, but he must devote special attention to the cathedral, the most interesting church in Dalmatia.

We were examining the quaint sculptures of its portal, when we heard a whistle; but as only a quarter of our hour had elapsed, we paid no attention. A few minutes later, however, our wandering course through the maze of narrow streets brought us unexpectedly back to the broad landing-place, where we saw the *Danubio* calmly sailing off through the raised drawbridge, and headed for Spalato, whose towers we could dimly see ten miles distant across the bay.

We consulted our watches, our time-tables, and some of the natives; but there was no denying the fact that the *Danubio* had left us behind. We knew that she would remain at Spalato until six



CHAS. BUNAUWELLE.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN DALMATIA, EAST OF THE ADRIATIC

"We reach the Bocche di Cattaro, an extraordinary fjord, suggesting Norway in its grandeur and the Italian lakes in its luxuriance and its wealth of color. As the boat winds through one narrow channel after another, new arms of water keep opening up, until after a long course, but still quite near the sea, we reach Cattaro, at the head of the fjord" (see page 1173).



A PROSPEROUS GROUP IN CATTARO (SEE PAGE 1165)

"The whole of the Bocche di Cattaro is very strongly fortified. Cattaro itself has had a tumultuous history and many masters. At one time it was a republic, like Ragusa. It is not an interesting town, except for the beauty of its situation and for the varied costumes that one sees" (see page 1173).



A FAMILY CONSTITUTIONAL

in the morning, and so we prepared to spend the night in catching up with her.

We had observed a plaintive horse drawing an antique carriage, and, thanking our stars that we had not been left on some inaccessible island where no steamer would touch for a week, we set out vaguely for the distant railroad station. The driver thought there might be a train that night, though he could not be sure, and he thought we might catch it. The drive along the shore, among seven little villages called *Sette Castelli*, is one of the most beautiful in Dalmatia, and this we could appreciate in the twilight. After driving several miles on the main road toward Spalato—the entire distance would have been over twenty miles—we turned inland, and began to climb the foothills toward an apparently impassable wall of mountains. The darkness was now intense as we drove through a thick forest, and no railroad in sight. Finally, however, we drew up at the little station on the mountain side and learned that the train would arrive in a few minutes. After paying for the carriage, we had just enough change in our pockets for third-class tickets to Spalato—and there we arrived about nine o'clock. We tried to walk aboard the *Danubio* as if nothing had happened, but Captain Gopceevich saw us.

"Aren't you the two who were left behind at Trau? Yes? Well, how did you get here? By train? Ah, yes; the



Photos from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

TURKISH CHILDREN RETURNING FROM MARKET: RAGUSA

train! But I whistled before I started. The time-table? Oh, we never bother about the time-table except when we leave the big ports. Yes, tomorrow morning at six." May this experience warn other travelers to keep an eye on the boat when visiting some too tempting Dalmatian city. Trau can, however, like the Roman city of Salona, be visited by land from Spalato if one has the time to make the excursion. Incidentally, the remarks quoted above were made in Italian, but we afterwards discovered that the captain, an excellent fellow, had been in America and spoke good English.

Spalato, the largest city in Dalmatia, consists of two parts—the old town, built entirely within the walls of the great palace of Diocletian, two hundred yards long and almost as broad, and the new town, stretching to the west along the shore and to the north toward the mountains. In the old town, buildings of Roman, medieval, and modern times are inextricably mingled. The streets are mere tunnels, and to walk through them at night is a weird experience. In the middle is the cathedral into which the mausoleum of the emperor has been transformed. The new quarters of the town are spacious, and of course comparatively commonplace, but the old town is unique.

From Spalato to Gravosa the express steamers go in seven hours, but the *Dan-*



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A RAGUSAN WOMAN AND LOAD



Photo by Emma G. Cummings

A TURK ON THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE, MOSTAR (SEE PAGE 1185)



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

CANALESÌ WOMEN IN NATIONAL DRESS

ubio took two days to cover the distance, stopping at many ports on the islands that lie off this part of the coast. The most interesting of these islands are Lesina, Lissa, and Curzola. Lissa has given its name to two famous naval battles—one between the English and the French in 1811, and one between the Austrians and the Italians in 1866. The two harbors of the island, Lissa and Comisa, are exceedingly beautiful. The

chief source of income in this part of Dalmatia is from the sea, and the costumes of the fishermen are less picturesque than those of the islanders who come to the coast towns on the mainland. In architectural beauty Curzola is particularly striking; it is a diminutive walled city on a point of land which juts out from the large island of the same name into the channel which separates it from the mainland. Opposite, the mountains rise



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A BOSNIAN BEAUTY

As a rule the Bosnian women are not handsome, but this one had skin like a peach, features of a Greek statue, and smiling brown eyes. She wore a diadem of gold coins, a row of flowers above, and a snow-white veil reaching to her feet.



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A UNIQUE COSTUME IN JAJCE, BOSNIA: A BREASTPLATE OF COINS

directly from the sea, with a few villages here and there along the shore.

Gravosa is the harbor of Ragusa, the great show place of Dalmatia, and surely one of the most lovely places in Europe. The road between the two runs through gardens, with glimpses of the sea. Ragusa also has a little harbor of its own, where small boats land. Here one may find a launch or a rowboat to cross to the

island of Laceroma, to sail around the promontory to Gravosa, and to ascend the Ombla River, which issues in a mighty stream from the foot of a mountain. The palaces, churches, cloisters, and gates of Ragusa, while they may be seen in a few hours, leave on the mind a lasting impression of beauty.

We made the excursion to Laceroma in company with a Hungarian artist, who



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

MANGERS AS CRADLES

Amongst the Bosnian peasantry, mangers or wooden troughs for animals to eat out of are in general use as cradles. This woman is carrying her baby in this way.



VILLAGE SCENE AT NJEGUS, MONTENEGRO



Photo by Kenneth McKenzie
MARKET DAY AT NJEGUS, MONTENEGRO (SEE PAGE 1175)



Photo by Kenneth McKenzie

MARKET DAY AT NJEGUS, MONTENEGRO

took pains to inform us that he was a "Kunstmaler" and a pupil of the great Arnold Böcklin. The trip was to him almost a pilgrimage, for one of Böcklin's most famous pictures, "The Isle of the Dead," was inspired by the rocks and trees of Lacrova. The view of the city, with its walls rising directly from the water, is particularly striking from this point. In the market-place, especially in the early morning, the wealth and variety of national costumes is greater than elsewhere in Dalmatia.

Before taking the train from Gravosa for the interior, we continued by steamer to the south in order to visit Cattaro and Montenegro. There are no harbors until we reach the Bocche di Cattaro, an extraordinary fjord, suggesting Norway in its grandeur and the Italian lakes in its luxuriance and its wealth of color. As the boat winds through one narrow channel after another, new arms of water keep opening up, until after a long course, but still quite near the sea, we reach Cattaro, at the head of the fjord.

For some time, on the sides of the

precipitous mountains rising behind the town, the zigzags of the road to Montenegro have been visible—the one easy means of entering the principality. First the road takes a long turn to the south, three miles in a direct line from Cattaro—much more as the carriage goes; then it returns, mounting in numberless windings, until it reaches an altitude of some 3,000 feet and is directly over the starting point, where the steamer can be seen still moored to the pier. The view over the various arms of the gulfs, with their many villages, over the surrounding mountains, and in the distance the Adriatic, is indescribably grand. The whole of the Bocche di Cattaro is very strongly fortified. Cattaro itself has had a tumultuous history and many masters. At one time it was a republic, like Ragusa. It is not an interesting town, except for the beauty of its situation and for the varied costumes that one sees.

Soon after passing the frontier of Montenegro the road turns inland, and as we descend into the valley of Njegus



MONTENEGRIN GENTLEMEN



BLIND BEGGAR AT NJEGUS, MONTENEGRO

Photos by Kenneth McKenzie

we find ourselves in a different world. The entire country seems to be one enormous gray rock, cut into the most fantastic peaks and ridges, with here and there a patch of green. Wherever there is a depression or a level to hold a little soil, there is a farm, with grain and vegetables growing, and here and there are clumps of trees. The houses are of blocks of stone, small and plain. The people, on the other hand, as many travelers have testified, are magnificently handsome and strong. All, rich and poor, from the prince down, wear the national costume. As a rule, they pay no attention to the traveler.

It was market day when we drove through the village of Njegus, and peasants were gathered there with their cattle and sheep. Some young men were bowling in the village square, just as they might have done in France or Italy. Several magnates, armed to the teeth, were taking coffee on the terrace of the Hotel Njegus—a house where the traveler will probably stop for lunch and where the night could be spent. The road now mounts again, and as it leaves the valley of Njegus for that of Cetinje it attains a height of over 4,000 feet.

The view at this point is not only overwhelmingly grand from its great extent, but is also unique in character. In the distance one can see the lake of Scutari, as our Italian-speaking driver calls it, and here and there a little green between the crags, but in the main, so far as the eye can reach in every direction, there is nothing to be seen except absolutely bare rocky crags of a uniform gray color, rising in range after range like enormous waves on a stormy sea. Then one understands the name of the country—Black



MONTENEGRIN BOYS

Mountain. We pass a few shepherds and goatherds with their flocks, which somehow get a living among the rocks. More vegetation appears as we descend rapidly to the broad, level valley of Cetinje, which is about 2,000 feet above sea-level.

The road is excellent, although in places narrow, and our carriage rolled along smoothly enough. All at once, however, the driver discovered that one of the horses had a loose shoe. After futile attempts to have the damage repaired at several farm houses, he adopted a novel device: he took a bag which had held fodder and tied it tightly over the horse's hoof, loose shoe and all. The horse, after his first surprise, trotted along contentedly; but the repairs were evidently of only temporary effect. A passing teamster, however, was able to attend to the matter properly, in the mid-



Photo and copyright by Underwood & Gulliver

MONTENEGGIN ARTILLERY + NOTE THE NATIONAL COSTUME

dle of the road, on top of the mountain, with nails, hammer, and a new horse-shoe, for which service he was sufficiently paid, it seemed, with four cents. We were glad that we could enter the town in good style, for as we approached we met a carriage containing His Highness Prince Nicholas and the princess, his wife. They were dressed in the national costume and enjoying their afternoon drive. A few minutes later we passed one of the young princes. The drive of eight hours ends at the Grand Hotel.

The capital of Montenegro consists of one broad street, flanked by houses one or two stories in height, and three or four side streets. The hotel is at the end of the main street, and beyond it the road continues, first through a simple park, then over a pass to the Lake of Scutari, to Antivari, the port of Montenegro on the Adriatic, and to Albania. At the right of the main street are the palace of the prince, impressive only by contrast with the rest of the town, but surrounded by a charming garden, the few government buildings, and a monastery-church containing the graves of former rulers. The finest buildings in the town are the legations of Austria, Russia, and Italy. Each of these countries desires to have the preponderating influence, and each would probably try to gain possession of the principality if an opportunity should offer. The sights of the town and the modest shops are soon seen, but the traveler will not soon tire of looking at the



Photo by Emma G. Cummings

TURKISH HOUSES: JAJCE (SEE PAGE 1185)

Jajce is considered one of the most interesting towns in Bosnia. It was formerly the home of the Bosnian kings



Photos from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

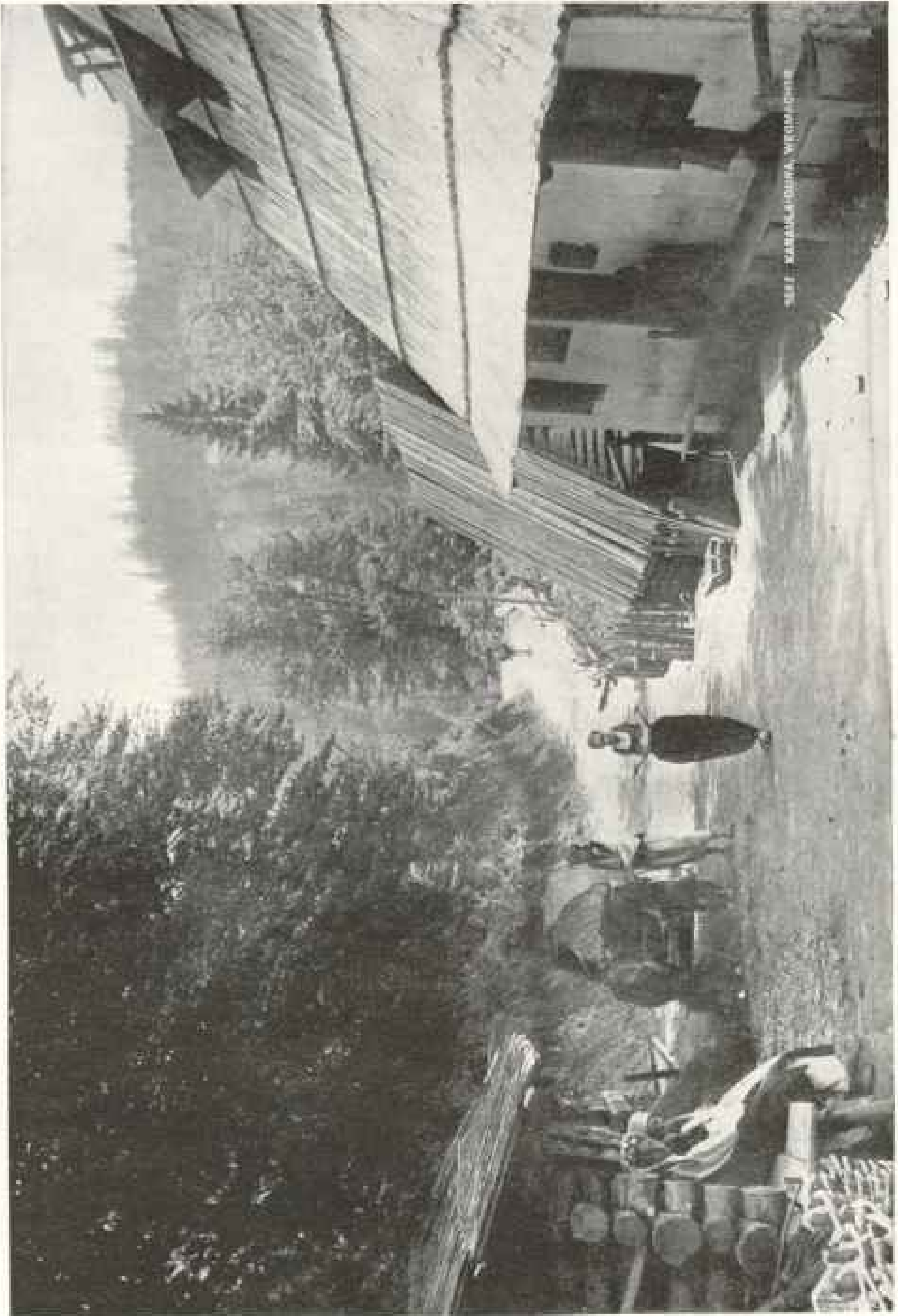
CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES: JEZERO

A cross between a bishop's mitre and an inverted flower-pot (see page 1183)



SHEEPSKIN COATS, SEEN IN BOSNIA, NEAR JEZERO

These are of undressed skins and are similar to the poshteen of Northern India. In the summer they are worn with the leather inside and the fur outside, and this is reversed in the winter.



A RURAL SCENE IN BOSNIA, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY



Photo by D. W. and A. S. Iddings. Copyright by Keystone View Co.

NATIVE MOSLEM BOYS IN NARENJA GORGE, NEAR HERZEGOVINA, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY



Photo by Felix J. Keen

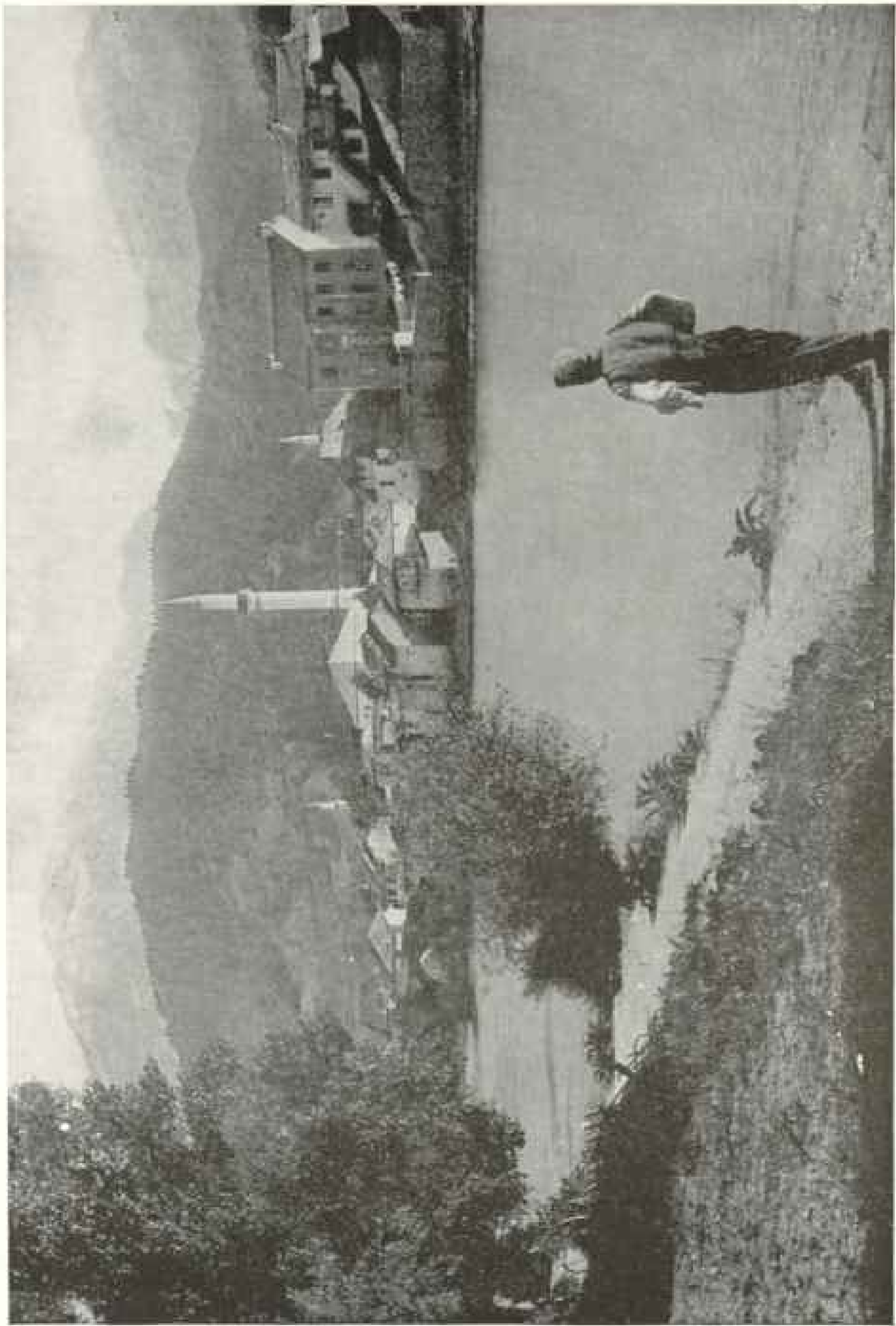
RAISING THE OPIUM POPPY IN BOSNIA



Photo by Felix J. Koch

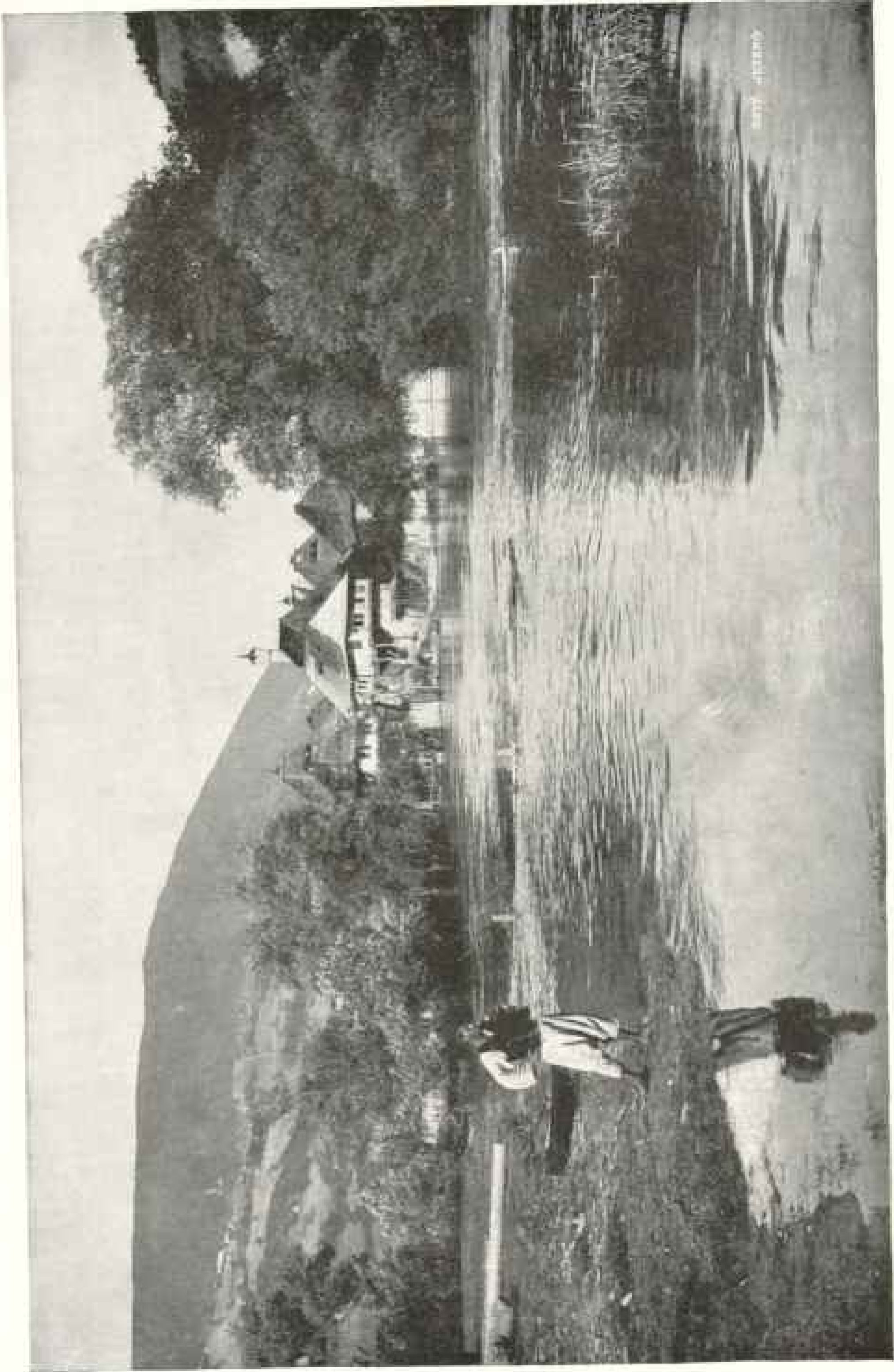
TURKISH PILGRIMS AT THE SACRED ROCK, NEAR BUGOJNO, IN BOSNIA

"Germans who have lived among them speak in the highest terms of the Bosnian Turks. They are excellent craftsmen, and Oriental rugs, embroideries, brass, copper, and silver work, and fabrics, all of Turkish or Arabic style, but of local workmanship, can be found in the shops" (see page 1185).



KONJIC, IN BOSNIA, 40 MILES FROM THE MONTENEGRIN FRONTIER

“Throughout the provinces the most striking architectural feature is the slender white minarets of numerous mosques. Cypress trees have been planted around the mosques either with the perfection of art or with a most happy instinct for effect, and the varied groupings of the slender dark green trees, with the domes and minarets, are ravishingly beautiful” (see page 1175)



JEZERO: AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Jezero, sometimes called the Bosnian Venice, is a charming little village in a grove of trees at the head of a small lake. It lies embosomed in hills whose sides, sloping down sharply to the lake, are covered with luxuriant walnut and fruit trees

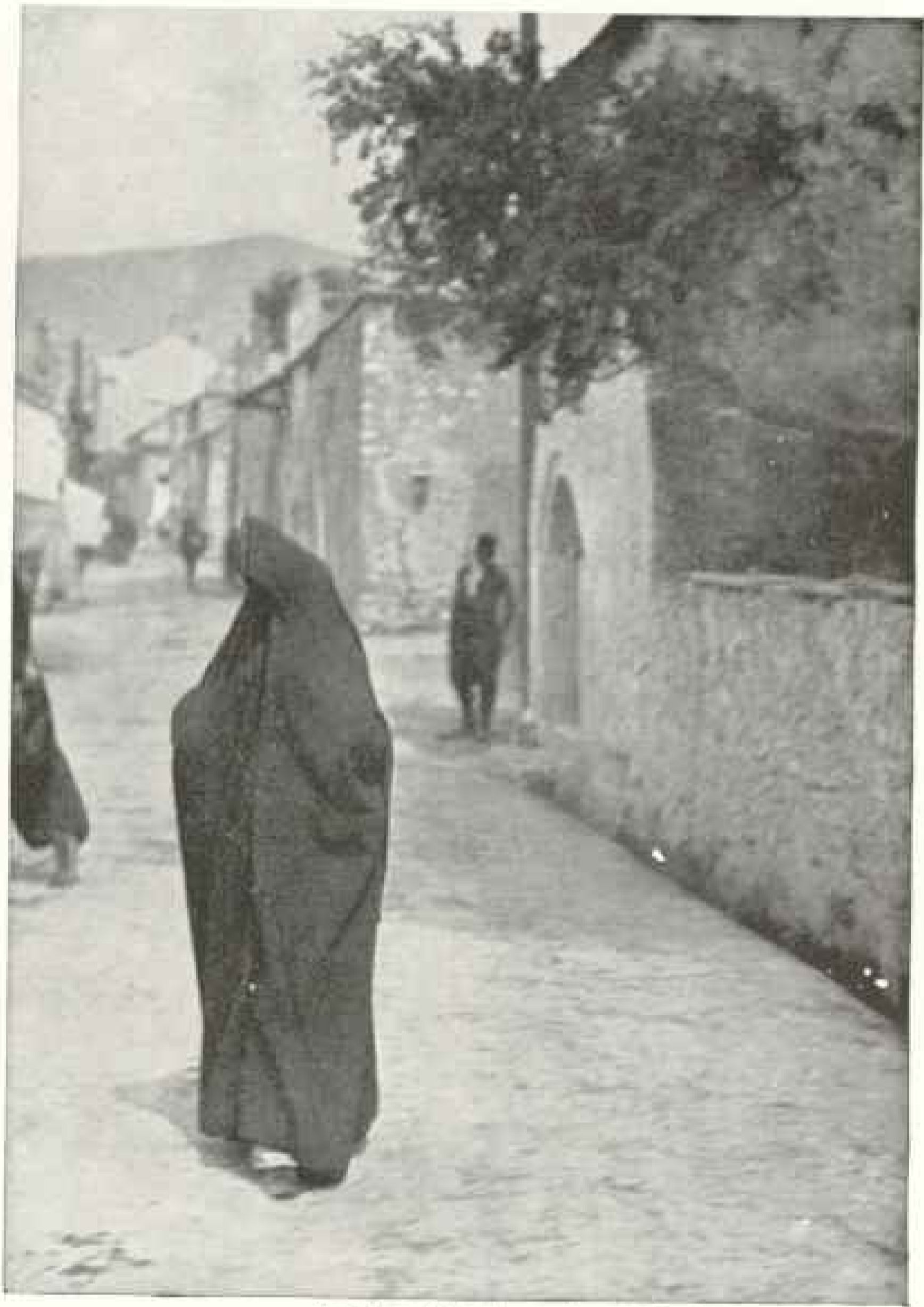


Photo by D. W. Liddings. Copyright by Keystone View Co.

VEILED MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN: MOSTAR, HERZEGOVINA

handsome people and their really beautiful costumes.

The drive back to Cattaro offers no especial novelty as compared with the drive in the other direction, but the effect of the view over the different arms of the Bocche di Cattaro, as it suddenly comes into sight from an altitude of 3,000 feet, is indescribable. At this moment we also saw our steamer slowly

approaching the pier, and our progress down to sea-level was a race with time. We drove up to the gang-plank just in time to scramble aboard, and after a sail of four hours we were once more in Ragusa.

There is also a railroad, running partly in Dalmatian and partly in Herzegovinian territory, from the Bocche to Gravosa, and then into the interior. Leaving Gra-

vosa, the train passes along the picturesque River Ombla, mounting rapidly, and soon crossing the frontier of Herzegovina. The scenery for the most part is arid and desolate; sometimes there are flourishing fields of wheat or tobacco, enclosed by bare mountains; at other times not a vestige of vegetation is to be seen. On reaching the River Narenta the road turns to the northeast, and follows the river as far as Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina.

Mostar is a thriving town, built on both sides of the river, and shut in by bare hills. The chief sight in the town is a famous stone bridge, crossing the river with a single lofty span of about a hundred feet in width. The bridge has been called Roman, but more probably it was built by the Turks in the middle ages. The town itself has a Mohammedan quarter, with the usual characteristics familiar in the Orient, and a European quarter, Austrian in character. Here, as at all the chief places in Bosnia, are excellent hotels belonging to the government.

The Mohammedan women of Herzegovina wear a remarkable hood; otherwise all the peculiarities of costume seen here will be found again in greater profusion at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia.

Throughout the provinces the most striking architectural feature is the slender white minarets of numerous mosques. Cypress trees have been planted around the mosques either with the perfection of art or with a most happy instinct for effect, and the varied groupings of the slender dark green tree, with the domes and minarets are ravishingly beautiful. The court-yards of the mosques, with the prescribed fountains and the interior decorations, are also extremely attractive. The houses are small, usually with steep thatched roofs.

The people are generally indifferent, but courteous. Germans who have lived among them speak in the highest terms of the Bosnian Turks. They are excellent craftsmen, and Oriental rugs, embroideries, brass, copper, and silver work, and fabrics, all of Turkish or Arabic style, but of local workmanship, can be found in the shops. The chief resource

of the provinces at present is agriculture. It is curious to see Turks in heavy turbans, baggy trousers, and flowing robes gathering hay or grain in the fields, and the first thought of the traveler is that those costumes, beautiful as they are, must be hot and uncomfortable under the summer sun.

The railroad is narrow-gauge, and at times fitted with the cog-wheel system where the grade is steep. Our observation and experience led us to prefer third class, where our fellow-travelers were the people of the country, invariably clean and perfectly polite. First class was expensive, and nobody used it; second class was patronized chiefly by German commercial travelers; and fourth class, otherwise quite possible, had no seats in the cars. The road from Mostar to Sarajevo follows the Narenta, which flows through a rocky gorge for many miles. At one point a powerful waterfall bursts directly out of the face of the cliff on the opposite side of the gorge. At other places the banks are soft, and the river has undermined them.

Sarajevo is splendidly situated in a basin of mountains, with the river rushing through the middle of the city. Its bazaar affords a satisfactory view of Oriental life, while the well-paved streets and substantial buildings of the European quarter suggest comfort and wealth. The churches and mosques, the museum of national costumes, and the hills around the city offer varied interests, but most travelers will be chiefly fascinated by the Mohammedan quarter.

From Sarajevo the railroad goes north to Hungary, joining the main lines of travel. The interesting way to leave Bosnia, however, is to take the branch line to Jajce, thence drive by stage over an excellent road in eight hours to Banjaluka, and there take the train for Agram, on the line from Budapest to Fiume.

Jajce affords the most beautiful scenery that can be imagined. The town rises steeply from the river to the top of a hill crowned by an old Turkish fort, the pointed roofs of the houses are half hidden in trees, and beyond are mountains. Around one side of the town flows a stream that plunges over the lofty bank



Photo by Emma G. Cummings

MARKET PLACE IN AGRAM, CROATIA, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY



Photo by Emma G. Cummings

CROATIAN CHILDREN RETURNING FROM SCHOOL: AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Men, women, and children dress mainly in white.

into the river, making one of the finest waterfalls in Europe. The drive to Banjaluka is through a richly cultivated but comparatively commonplace section, but the town offers beautiful views and several interesting buildings. The costumes here are different from those already seen, but no less elaborate.

We are near the borders of Croatia, and the Austrian military railroad, so called, brings us in three or four hours to Agram, the ancient Croatian capital, under the crown of Hungary. The trip as we have described it gives a vivid idea of the great variety in land and people of what is only a small part of the dominions of Emperor Francis Joseph.



Photo by Emma G. Cummings

CROATIAN CHILDREN RETURNING FROM SCHOOL, NEAR AGRAM



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans," By Major Percy Henderson, J. B. Lippincott Co.

DANCING THE CSARDAS

The national dance is graceful and fascinating when well performed. Each dance is kept up for about twenty minutes, and goes on for hours with short intervals.

THE LAND OF CONTRAST: AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

BY D. W. AND A. S. IDDINGS

THE name "Österreich," or "Austria," literally means "Kingdom of the East," or "Eastern Country," from its position relative to the rest of the old Germanic Empire.

It occurs for the first time in history in 996, in a document signed by Emperor Otho III, the last of the Saxon dynasty of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation." At that time it was a frontier district and served as a buffer land between the Western Empire, as the "Holy Roman Empire" was then sometimes known, and Hungary, an unchristian nation only begun to be proselyted.

In spite of its important position, both geographically and politically, but few people realize exactly what they mean when they speak of Austria-Hungary, and to many the words Austria and Hungary seem interchangeable terms for the same country. What, then, is Austria, what is Hungary, and why are they always bracketed together?

The Austrian Empire is a constitutional monarchy formed of three kingdoms, Bohemia, Galicia, and Dalmatia, two archduchies, Upper and Lower Austria, and a collection of duchies, countships, and margravates of princely rank; all of them united in the person of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

No country in Europe, except only Hungary, contains within its borders so many diverse nations and tongues as the Austrian Empire. Each of the three great ethnic stocks of Europe is represented—the Latin, the German, and the Slav. The Slav is the dominant race, as to it belong 15 out of the 26 million people inhabiting the Empire; yet, owing to division into a number of peoples differing from each other in language, tradition, and culture, this race has to yield place to the German minority, which is a compact integral body animated by the same tradition, religion, and political aims. This minority, however, has a relative majority over the other peoples of Austria, as more than 9 million speak the German language, while its next competitor, Polish, is used by but 4 million of the people. Moreover, the Germans, both historically and intellectually, have contributed more to the Empire than any other of its varied nations, and they feel, not without justice, that they are entitled to the favored position which they hold.



Photo from "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. J. B. Lippincott Co.

VILLAGE HEIRESSSES IN CROATIA, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

It is the fashion at fêtes for the unmarried girls to dress in as many petticoats as possible, even as many as twelve, one over the other, with the result that they present the appearance of inflated balloons. When a girl wishes to sit down, she must subside on to the ground in a squatting position, producing that elegant effect known to school girls as "making a cheese."

THE HUN IS PERHAPS THE KEENEST PATRIOT IN EUROPE

In the adjacent and entirely independent Kingdom of Hungary a somewhat similar state of things exists. The Hungarians, or, more properly, the Mag-

yars, number very little more than half the total population, yet in wealth, position, and influence they enjoy the first place in the "realm of the crown of St. Stephen," as the country is officially known.

In addition to Hungary proper, St. Stephen's realm includes Croatia, Slavonia, and Transylvania, countries formerly independent, but now through intermarriage, conquest, and inheritance, all possessions of the Apostolic King of Hungary, who happens by a purely historic chance to be also sovereign of the Empire of Austria.

The possession of a unifying link in the person of their common ruler has led to the *Ausgleich*, or "Compromise," whereby the two countries, for mutual convenience, have agreed to join forces in maintaining joint diplomatic and naval and military services. Beyond this the two countries are entirely independent, each having its own constitution, legislature, and administration.

The Magyar is perhaps the keenest patriot in Europe, and he manifests his enthusiasm by seeking to impose his language and customs upon his Slavonic fellow-citizens with a persistence that neither opposition nor passive resistance can diminish. The ideal of the Hungarian statesman is the "Magyarization" of the entire country, and, while a certain measure of success is undoubtedly being obtained, the land is losing the flower of its young manhood by the constant drain of emigration, usually to the United States. In an agricultural State, as is Hungary, where three-fifths of its inhabitants gain their living from the soil, this constitutes a grave danger; but the Slovaks, Rutheni-



Photo by Marie Helms

THE COSTUME OF A MAN FROM STEIERMARK, AUSTRIA
(GRAY AND GREEN)

Notice the chamois tail in his hat

ans, Croats, and Poles, with the stolid obstinacy of the Slav, prefer exile to the loss of their language and national sentiment.

In these lands, so mixed in nationality and language, there is, naturally, no less a variety in religion; Roman Catholics preponderate, but Greek Orthodox, Uniat Greeks, Lutherans, Calvinists, Jews, and even Armenian Gregorians, are found within their borders. It is not too much to say that Austria-Hungary is a frontier Christian State. Beyond her confines in her little Balkan



Photo and copyright by G. R. Hallauer

A CALVARY AT BOZEN, TYROL

There is a profusion of nice walks amid novel and truly beautiful scenery round Bozen, and the archaeologist can visit a great number of interesting castles and churches, some in ruins, others in semi-habitable condition.

neighbors of Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece there is a blending of the Eastern and Western civilizations and religions, finally fading into the pronounced Eastern type in Turkey herself, the last real remnant of Asiatic influences in Europe.

AUSTRIA IS INDUSTRIAL, HUNGARY AGRICULTURAL

The customs-union between Austria and Hungary has rendered these countries a commercial unit; but, roughly speaking, Hungary is the agricultural and pastoral country, while Austria is industrial.

The great Hungarian plains, with their rich pasturage, produce magnificent cattle and yield great quantities of cereals of every variety, and in both there is an important export trade. Hungary is also the richest country in Europe in mineral deposits, the range of which is singularly wide; gold, silver, and opals are found; the most precious but the least important, more prosaic but of infinitely greater

value, are the coal and iron deposits, while the salt mines in Transylvania—a government monopoly—are famous throughout the world.

The industrial life of Hungary is still in its infancy, as the Magyar government did not realize the value of native manufactures till a few years ago; recently it has been exerting strenuous efforts in this direction and, taking adverse conditions into account, has so far been very successful. Flourishing mills have sprung up all over the country, the flour they produce forming the principal article of export.

Austria, while by no means lacking in the production of raw materials, bulks larger as an industrial power. Her glass, especially the Bohemian glass, is in great demand the world over, and her fancy goods—the Vienna novelty—yield a large revenue. Austria manufactures the raw iron that Hungary produces and does a considerable trade in ironware, especially with India and the East.



Photo and copyright by G. R. Ballance

LANGKOFEL FROM SEISER ALP: TYROL

THE WONDERLAND OF EUROPE

The dual monarchy, and particularly Austria, could derive a considerable revenue from the tourist traffic. The charm of some of the old towns, as, for example, Prague, is very great, the mineral springs of which are numerous and valuable, but two only—Carlsbad and Marienbad—are well known. The Dalmatian coast rivals the Riviera both in climate and beauty, and the mountains alone could form a very considerable attraction.

That Austria is, after Switzerland, the most mountainous region in Europe, and that more than four-fifths of her vast territory is over 600 feet above the level of the sea, is no doubt news to the majority of people.

To the popular mind, that vast range of mountains which overruns a large portion of southwestern Europe and to which the name Alps has been given, suggests Switzerland, little Switzerland, and nothing more. And yet there are Italian, French, German, and Austrian Alps as well, so great is the extent of the range.

The reason for this general misapprehension seems to be that Switzerland has for years advertised, if we may use the word, her mountains for the pleasure of outsiders and has made a great resort of them, whereas Austria, for instance, has used her mountains for the enjoyment of her own people—and the Austrians certainly do enjoy them.

Mountain-climbing is their great national game, like baseball among us. Old, young, middle-aged, all take a keen interest in it. And even Emperor Francis Joseph himself is an enthusiastic mountaineer at more than 80 years of age. In his time it is said he has scaled most of the great peaks of his country.

THE DOLOMITES

There are five central points in the Austrian Alps from which the several sections of that vast mountain region are accessible. Innsbruck for the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, Salzburg for the Salzburger Alps and the Salzkammergut, Bozen for the Dolomites and South Tyrol, Villach

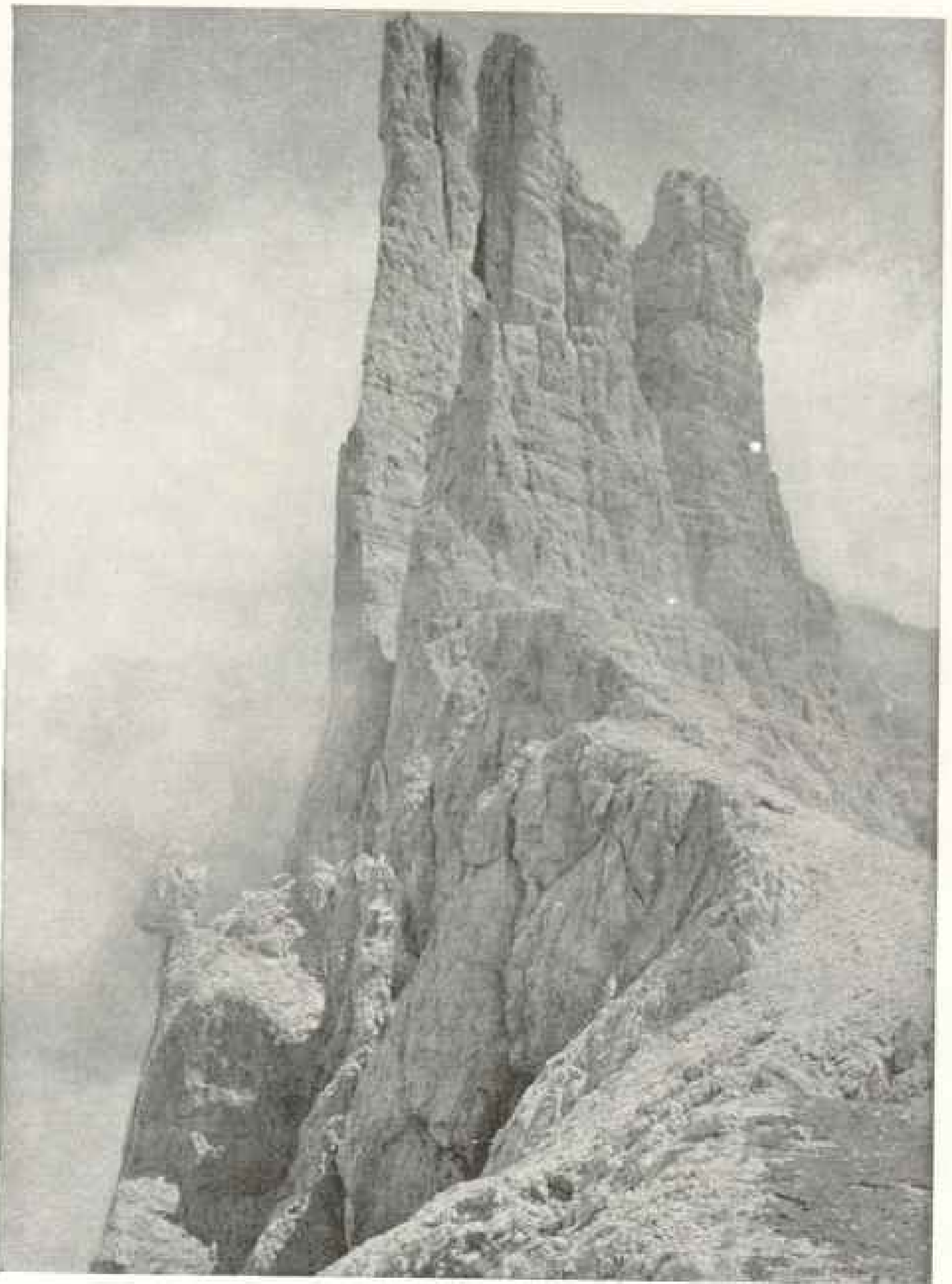


Photo and copyright by G. R. Ballines.

THE VAJOLET TOWERS: TYROL

"The Dolomites stand in a class entirely by themselves, their tall spire-like peaks of bare brown-red rock matching neither the green slopes nor the snow-white peaks of the other mountains" (see page 1200).

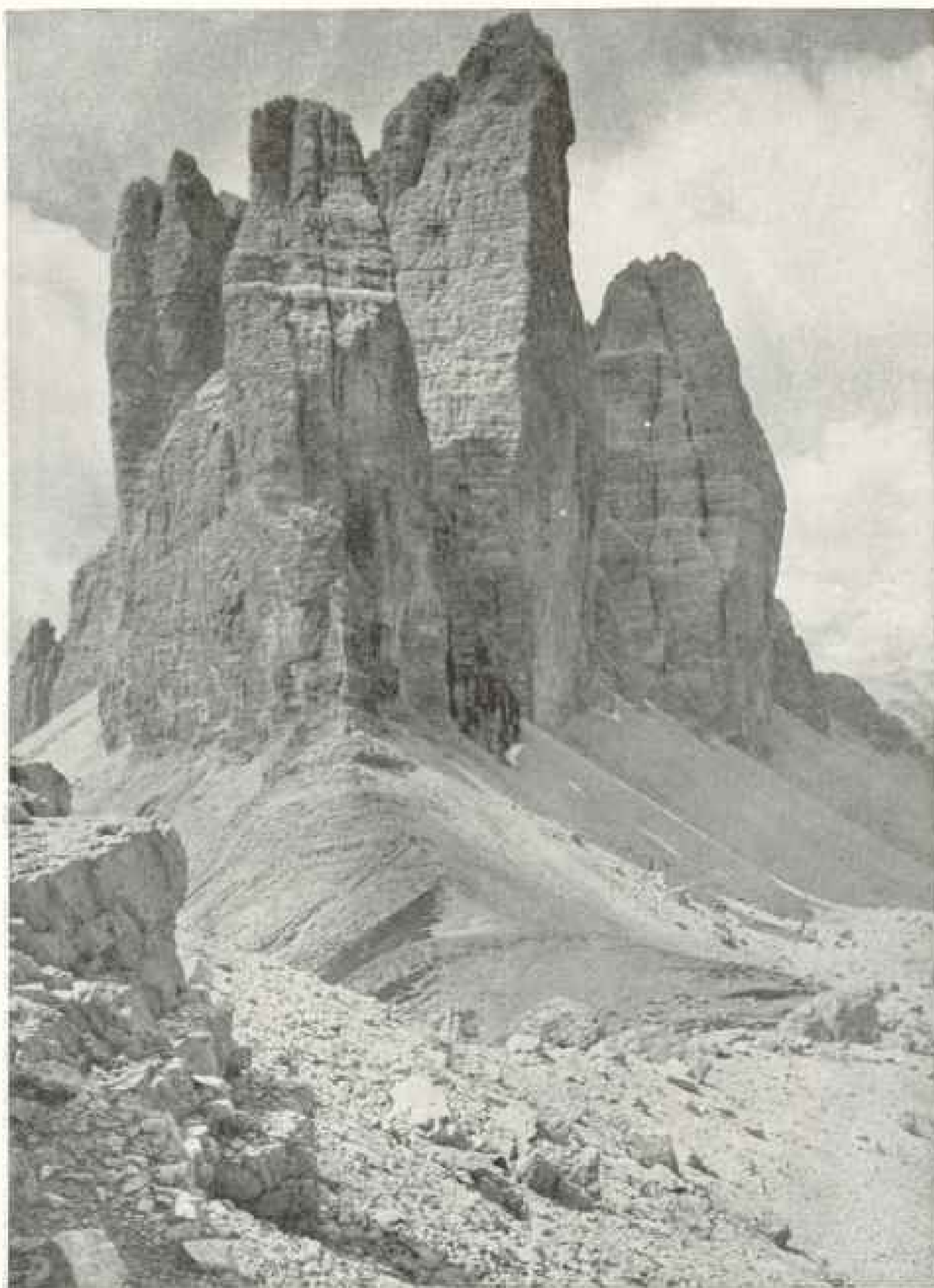
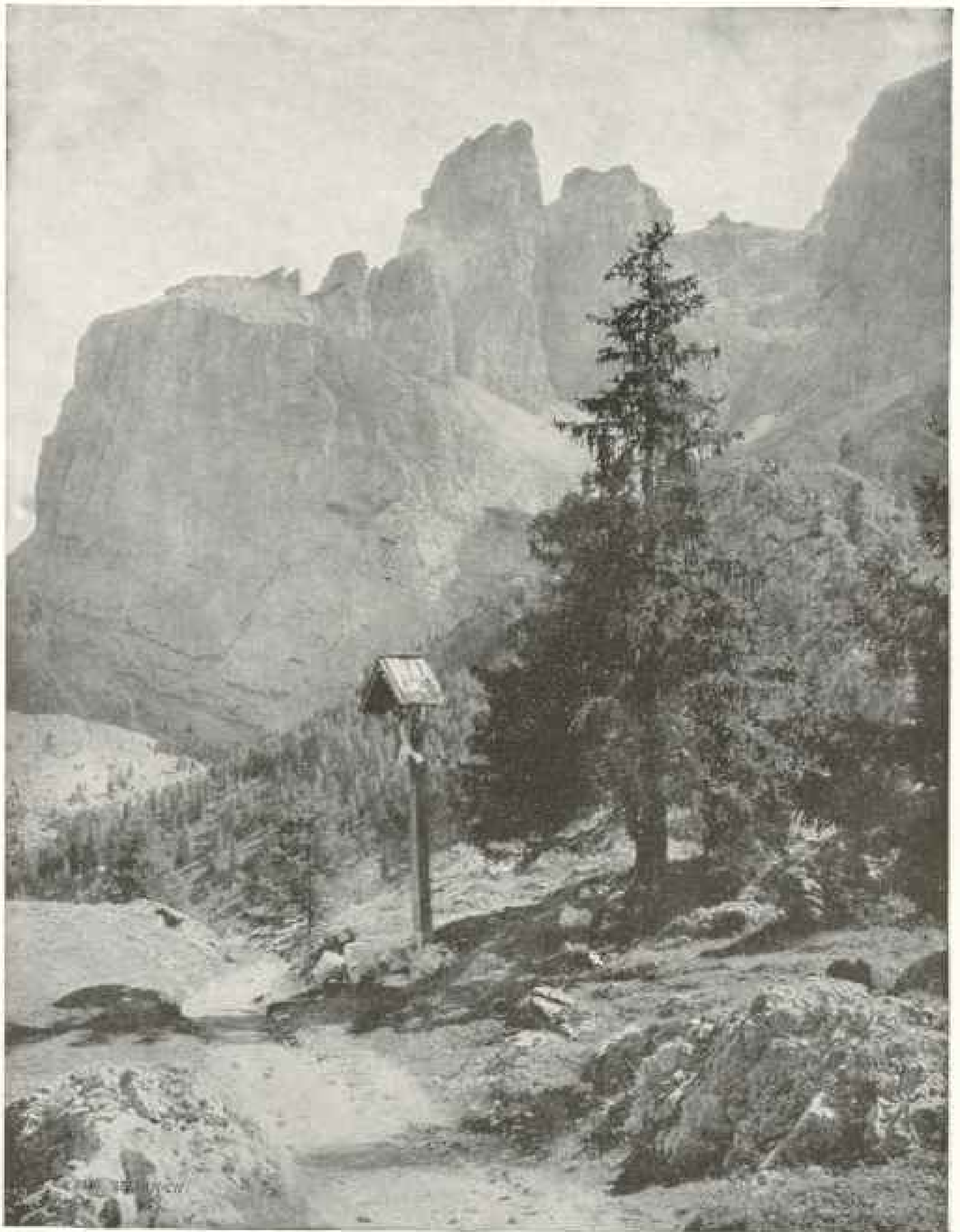


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AMONG THE DOLOMITES; TYROL.

"Until recently the heart of the Dolomite region was pretty much shut off from the traveling public owing to the difficulty of its means of communication with the outer world, but this has all been remedied, and now an ingeniously constructed highroad penetrates it from Bozen, and one may travel the whole way in a government mail motor, although perhaps the best way to make the trip is on foot" (see page 1200).



SÉLLAJÖCH, IN THE TYROL

Nature seems to have delighted to treat this, the most exclusively mountainous country in Europe, as a football for experimental kicks. In few territories on the face of the globe have rivers cut deeper gorges, have titanic mountains been piled up into more bizarre shapes unlike any other peaks—the unique Dolomites, with their wonderful spires and pinnacles, being an instance. Nowhere else have moraines, landslips, freshets, vast inundations, and terrible earthquakes tested more frequently, and in many cases ruthlessly destroyed, man's handiwork.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

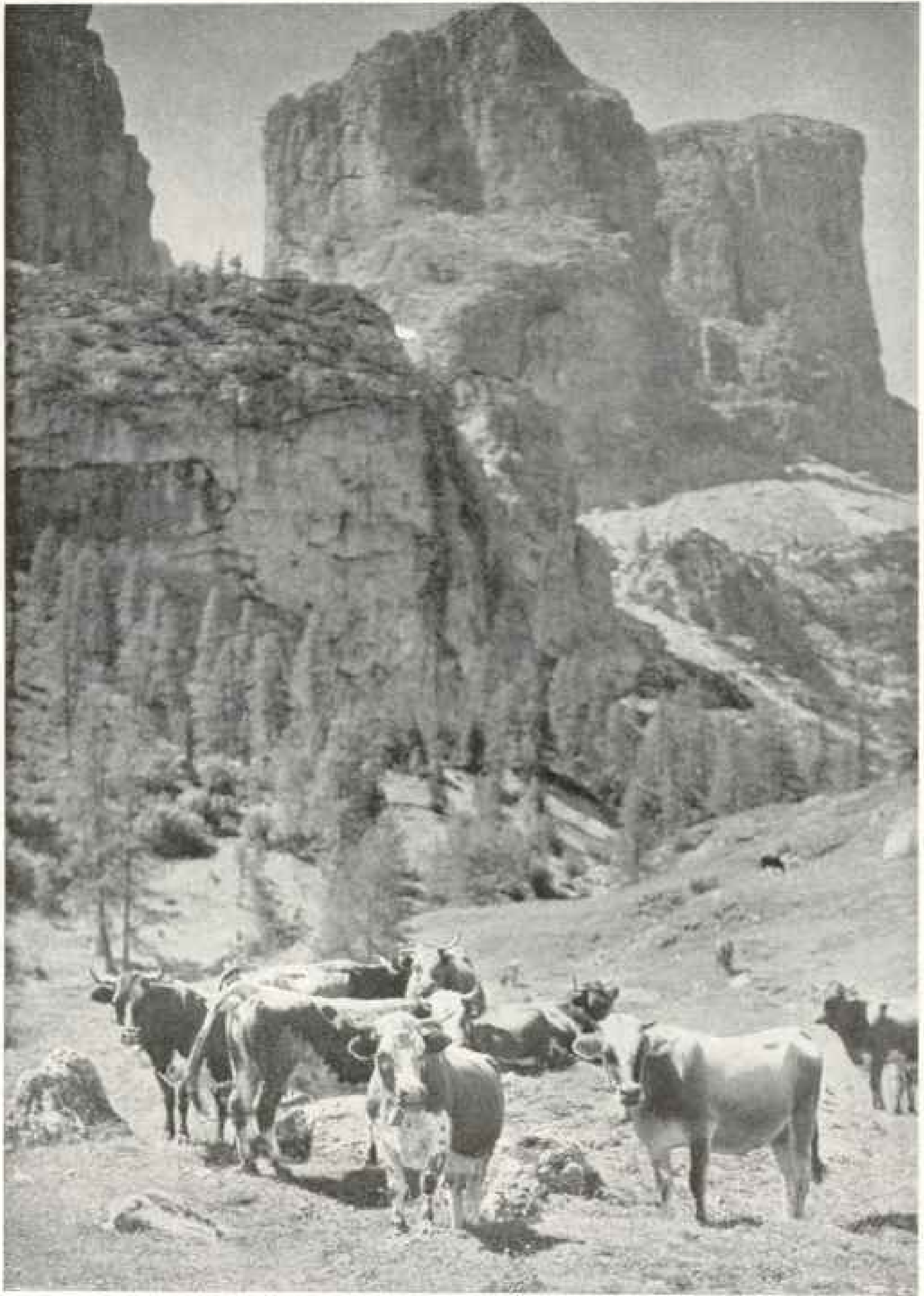


Photo and copyright by G. H. Ballance

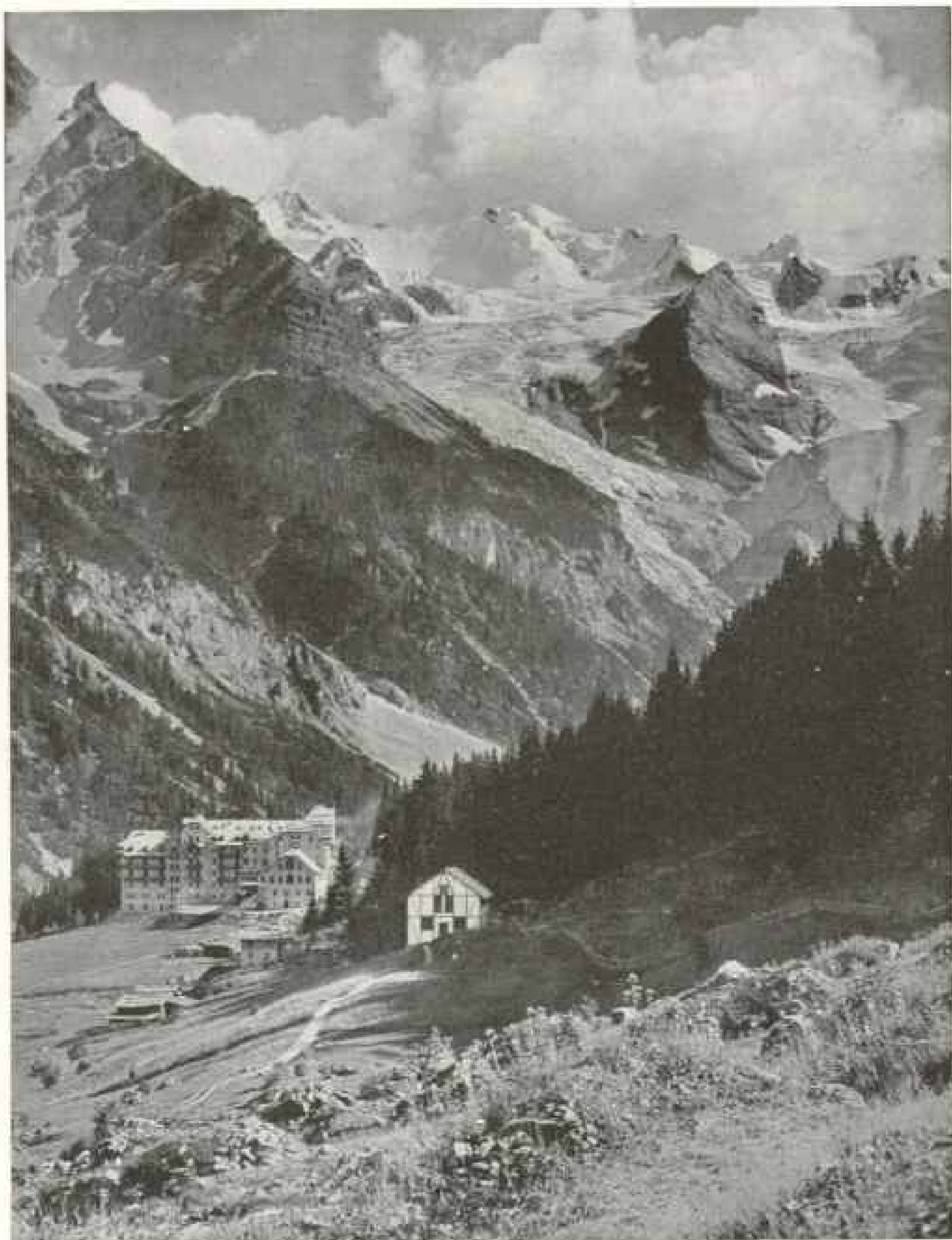
CATTLE ON THE GRODNER JOCH : TYROL.



Photo and copyright by Donald McLeish

A WAYSIDE CROSS: TYROL

No other country of its (Tyrol) size, it is safe to say, has in the course of the last twenty centuries witnessed such grim fighting; no other pigmy territory has been swept, partly in consequence of its geographical position, by vaster movements of marauding hordes, or has been turned into a medieval cock-pit oftener and more ruthlessly. Nowhere on the globe do we find within such a limited area a more varied agglomeration of the remnants of conquering races who, when each in its turn went under, sought and found a last sanctuary in the inaccessible alpine fastnesses of the "Land in the Mountains," the refugees being naturally the fittest of their kind to survive.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.



A PALATIAL HOTEL IN THE TYROL (5,266 FEET)

Among these upheaved races were the Austrasian Franks from the lower Rhine, the Lombards from the Po country, the Sclavic Wends from Slavonia, the Marcomanni, the Alimanni, the Goths, the Vandals, the Burgundians, the Suevians, and the Baiuvarii. They all left their racial impress upon their progeny, and to this day it is possible to trace the origin of the larger part of Tyrol's population by the language, physical appearance, mental idiosyncrasies, costume, or ancient customs and institutions, as well as by folk-lore.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

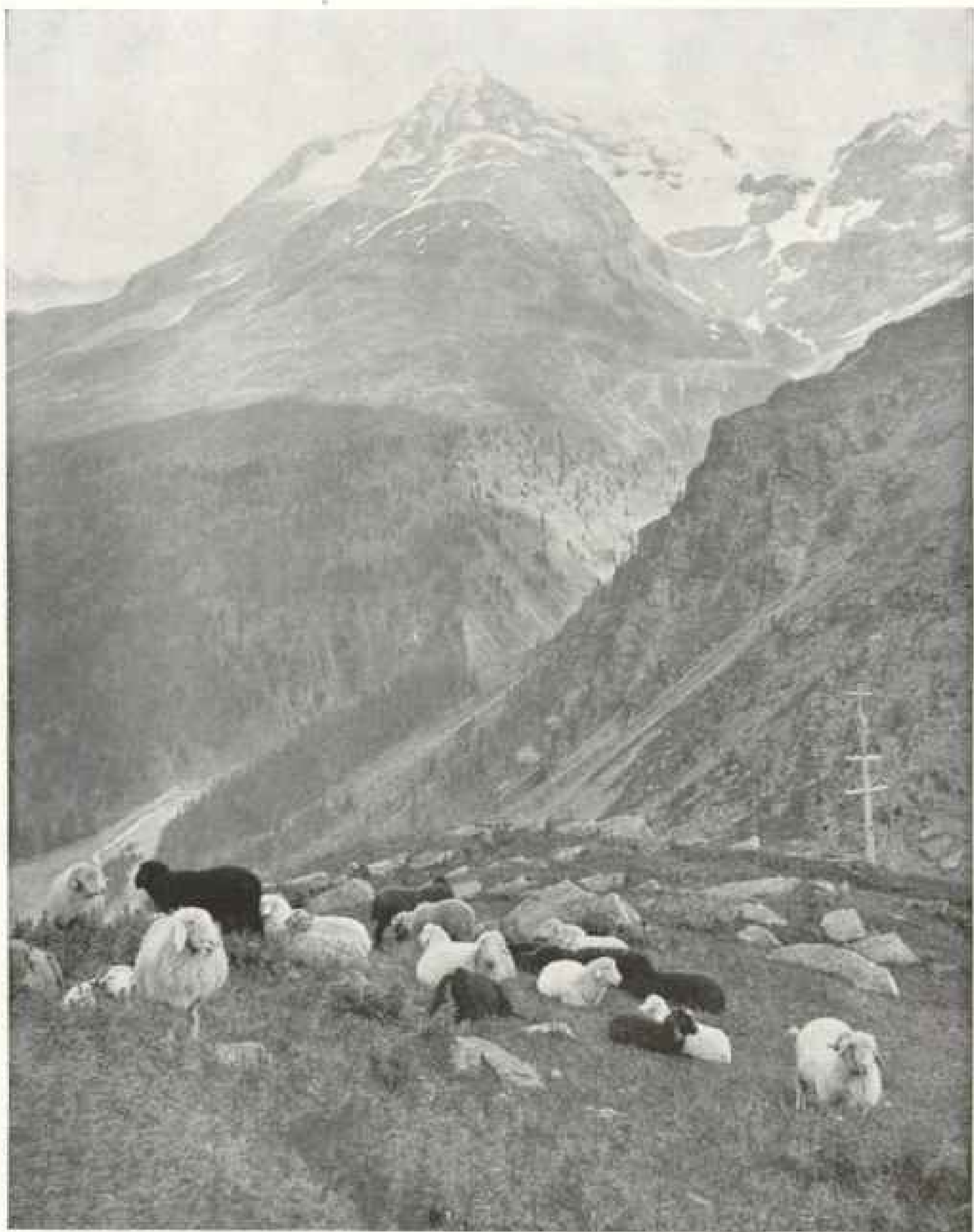


Photo and copyright by Donald McLain

A TYROLESE PASTURAGE

The game played by the Tyrolese peasant, his wife and children, from their tenderest years upwards, six days out of seven is a hard one beyond description. The soil is poor, the little patch of arable land is situated on a slope steep as a church-roof, and the necessary manure has to be carried up in baskets, mostly on women's shoulders, for the men are away doing yet harder jobs; the climate is rough, hardly a month without frost, and seven months of deep snow, which in some years falls to an incredible depth. Last winter, according to official sources, 21 feet of snow fell in the valley of Brandenburg, and the houses were buried up to the first-floor windows. Sparse crops of rye and oats are all he can raise beyond his dairy produce wherewith to feed himself and his offspring.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.



Photo and copyright by Donald McLeish

BRINGING HOME THE STRAYED LAMB: TYBOL

The hardships of his daily life have steeled his fibre, and his courage, as well as his fearlessness of pain, is extraordinary, as the following instance may go to prove. Not long ago a young peasant of the Zillerthal, by occupation a wood-cutter, had his leg crushed to pulp by a falling tree. His single companion rushed down the mountain-side to fetch the distant doctor. When the latter arrived, after many hours, he found that the injured man had cut off the crushed part by severing the ligaments with his pocket-knife; and, tying his braces tightly round to stop the hemorrhage, had actually hobbled some distance down the path to meet him, though by that time night had fallen. The doctor saw that it would be necessary to amputate what remained of the stump higher up, and he did it there and then, the man lying on the ground propped against a tree, and holding during the operation the lantern, the other man having gone off to fetch some men with a litter.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROTMAN.



Photo and copyright by G. R. Ballance

A BIT OF OLD SALZBURG: AUSTRIA.

for the Tauern Mountains and Carinthia, and Graz for the mountains of Styria.

The chief differences between the mountains of these several sections, excepting the Dolomites, which are of an entirely distinct formation, are attributable to climatic conditions. Thus the slopes of the South Tyrol, warmed by the soft winds from the Adriatic, are for the most part wooded and green, giving way to snow only when a very high altitude is

reached, while farther north in the fastnesses of the Vorarlberg, North Tyrol, and Tauern Mountains there is much of snow and ice the year round.

The Dolomites stand in a class entirely by themselves, their tall spire-like peaks of bare brown-red rock matching neither the green slopes nor the snow-white peaks of the other mountains. Until recently the heart of the Dolomite region was pretty much shut off from the travelling public



Photo and copyright by G. R. Bullauer

SHRINE AT ST. MAGDALENA: TYRÖL

owing to the difficulty of its means of communication with the outer world, but this has all been remedied, and now an ingeniously constructed highroad penetrates it from Bozen, and one may travel the whole way in a government mail motor, although perhaps the best way to make the trip is on foot. Stopping places are frequent and the journey may be often broken over a mug of beer and a slice of good cheese, as some grotesque

formation of the rock or inspiring landscape holds the rapt attention.

The Carpathian Mountains form the watershed between the Northern Seas and the Black Sea. They are almost wholly in Austrian territory, extending from the valley of the Danube River, which separates them from the Alps, to the frontier of Roumania. To the main chain of the Carpathians the name Western Carpathian Mountains has been given.



THE VILLAGE OF TRAUNKIRCHEN AND SPITZELSTEIN PEAK: SALZKAMMERGUT, NEAR SALZBURG

This division includes the Tatra Mountains of southern Galicia and northern Hungary. These splendid mountains, though of far less mean altitude, are in no wise second in grandeur of scenery to the Alps or other far-famed mountain regions. The Tatra Mountains, or High Tatra, as they are commonly called, are noted for the magnificent beauty of their mountain lakes, found in great frequency nestling in deep hollows between the steep and jagged granite peaks. To these little bodies of clear cold glacial water, held in Nature's palm away up among the clouds, the significant name "eyes of the sea" has been given.

The Tatra Mountains are deeply forested with gigantic firs. Through their almost virgin wilderness well-built stage roads lead by easy grades to the centers of population and points of particular interest. On these highways the chief traffic is carried on in crude native wagons, of which the *furka*, a wicker basket body set without springs upon a wooden bed of the simplest design, is used for passengers.

BOHEMIA AND PRAGUE

Bohemia (German *Bohmen*, a perversion of *Boheim*) derives its name from the *Boii*, a race of Celts, whose occupation dates back many centuries. They were driven out by a savage horde called the *Marcomanni*, whom the Slavonic race in turn expelled. The Slavonic peoples still predominate in Bohemia, although there are certain vast and prosperous sections, largely under the influence of the German Austrians as distinguished from the Czechish or Bohemian, which make up what is called *Deutsch Bohmen*, German Bohemia.

Bohemia's beautiful capital and chief city, Prague, is the second city of Austria. It is splendidly located on both banks of the Moldau River, and lies about 150 miles northwest of Vienna. The city dates back to the ninth century, when it is supposed to have been founded by the Princess *Libussa*. Like all mediæval cities, it was once surrounded by walls but few traces of which now remain, busy and beautiful streets having taken their

places, just as the Rings have been built on the site of the old walls of Vienna. Enough of the old walls and bastions of Prague still stand, however, to give an idea of their architecture and extent.

But Bohemia is perhaps best known for her baths, the most noted of which, Carlsbad, is four hours from Prague by rail.

Perhaps no better testimonial to the efficacy of the Carlsbad waters needs be offered than is to be found in the fact that over 65,000 ailing people visit the springs annually to take the cure by drinking and bathing, not to mention over 170,000 casual visitors and tourists.

GALICIA, WHERE THE POLES LIVE

Galicia and the Bukowina, the extreme northeast provinces of the Austrian Empire, are bounded on the south by Hungary and Transylvania and on the north by Russia. Many mountains and great forests overrun the region, which is one of the wildest in Europe. Here a primitive people, descendants of the proud Polish Kings, live a decadent, backward existence, pursuing farming and herding for a scant livelihood.

They clothe themselves in suits of blanketing and furs, fashioned at home, with which to withstand the long and rigorous winters. They wear their hair long, live in rude slab board and log huts, and altogether strangely resemble the North American Indian in his semi-civilized life today in the American Northwest.

By one of those curious anomalies of which the Austrian Empire is full, Galicia, which has the most backward people, enjoys a larger measure of self-government than any province of the Empire, being practically autonomous. This is the more extraordinary when it is recognized that nearly half the inhabitants are Poles—members of a nation who have steadily refused to be governed by outsiders and yet absolutely incapable of governing themselves. Perhaps the governmental success of Galicia is due to the fact that the Poles have found a rallying point in opposition to their Ruthenian neighbors, who are in everyway their opposites.



ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF INNSBRUCK, TYROL.

Its position on a wide plain, surrounded on all sides by sheltering peaks, with the silver band of the Inn winding along the green and extremely fertile valley, is one of the most picturesque in Europe.

Galicia is also the Jewish stronghold of the Empire and the business of the entire province is in their hands, and they maintain a valuable transient trade to Russia and the East. The chief industry of the province is distilling, Galicia supplying 45 per cent of all the spirits used in the Empire. Outside this the production of the province is confined to peasant household industries, as cloth and linen weaving.

Education in Austria is compulsory, and all children must attend the "Volkschulen" (schools for the people, or elementary schools) from the end of their sixth year until the end of their twelfth or fourteenth year, varying in the different provinces.

Although education is compulsory, it is only so where schools have been established, and there are as yet few schools in Galicia and the Bukowina. Hence in the Bukowina only about 34 per cent of the children are now in attendance in the public schools, and in Galicia only about 59 per cent. The large mass of the people are illiterate.

VIENNA—A MODEL MODERN CITY

Vienna, the Imperial City, the capital of Austria, had a great Burghermeister in Dr. Karl Lueger, lately deceased. Under Lueger Vienna became a city of municipal ownership. She owns her own electric and gas light, street railways and omnibuses, ice manufacturing plant, warehouses, stock yards, brewery, wine cellar (the celebrated Rathaus-Keller), all the pawnshops and even the undertaking establishments.

Quite in harmony with the history of Vienna—really a series of sieges from the earliest to modern times—were the splendid fortifications she possessed. The inner city was protected by a rampart, fosse, and glacis, while a series of external fortifications marked and defended the outer boundaries.

In 1860 the last of the inner fortifications was pulled down to make way for a great civic improvement, and on the site of the glacis was laid the beautiful Ring-strasse, or boulevard, two miles in circumference and 150 feet in width, the chief and distinctive glory of

the modern city, what with its wonderful shade trees and the massing of the splendid public buildings along its course. The Ring-strasse, as its name implies, is a real ring or circle, though knocked out of true in a number of places until it is more of an octagon, and yet you can return to your starting point if you keep to the Ring. A system of street cars operates entirely around it, known as the "Ring Rund." The Ring is variously named in its different sections, as Operaring, as it passes the Opera; Kartherring, where the great business street, Karthnerstrasse, crosses it; Burgring, by the Hofburg or town palaces of the Emperor, and Franzensring, Schottenring, etc.

Vienna is popularly misunderstood to be on "the beautiful blue Danube" River, but that mighty stream in its long course to the Black Sea really encircles the city some miles from its center. A canal winds through the heart of the city and connects with the Danube below the Prater, Vienna's great playground.

The Danube is the second largest river in Europe, being exceeded only by the Volga of Russia. Below Vienna its winding course of more than 1,200 miles to the Black Sea traverses a region richer in ethnological interest than any other in Europe, or perhaps in the world, and holding many commanding scenic beauties, as yet but little known.

LIFE IN BUDAPEST

The greatest city of the Danube—Vienna being in strict justice excluded from consideration—is Budapest, which is fairly cut in two by the broad expanse of the river. Formerly two cities, Buda on the right-hand side struggles up a picturesque mountain, and here on a high terrace is the magnificent palace of the King of Hungary, with a wonderful outlook over the river. Pest, on opposite side of the river, is the modern city and commercially important. Its location is upon a flat, so characteristic of the rich Danubian plains.

The population of the combined cities is about three-fourths of a million, and here is the center of all Hungarian ac-

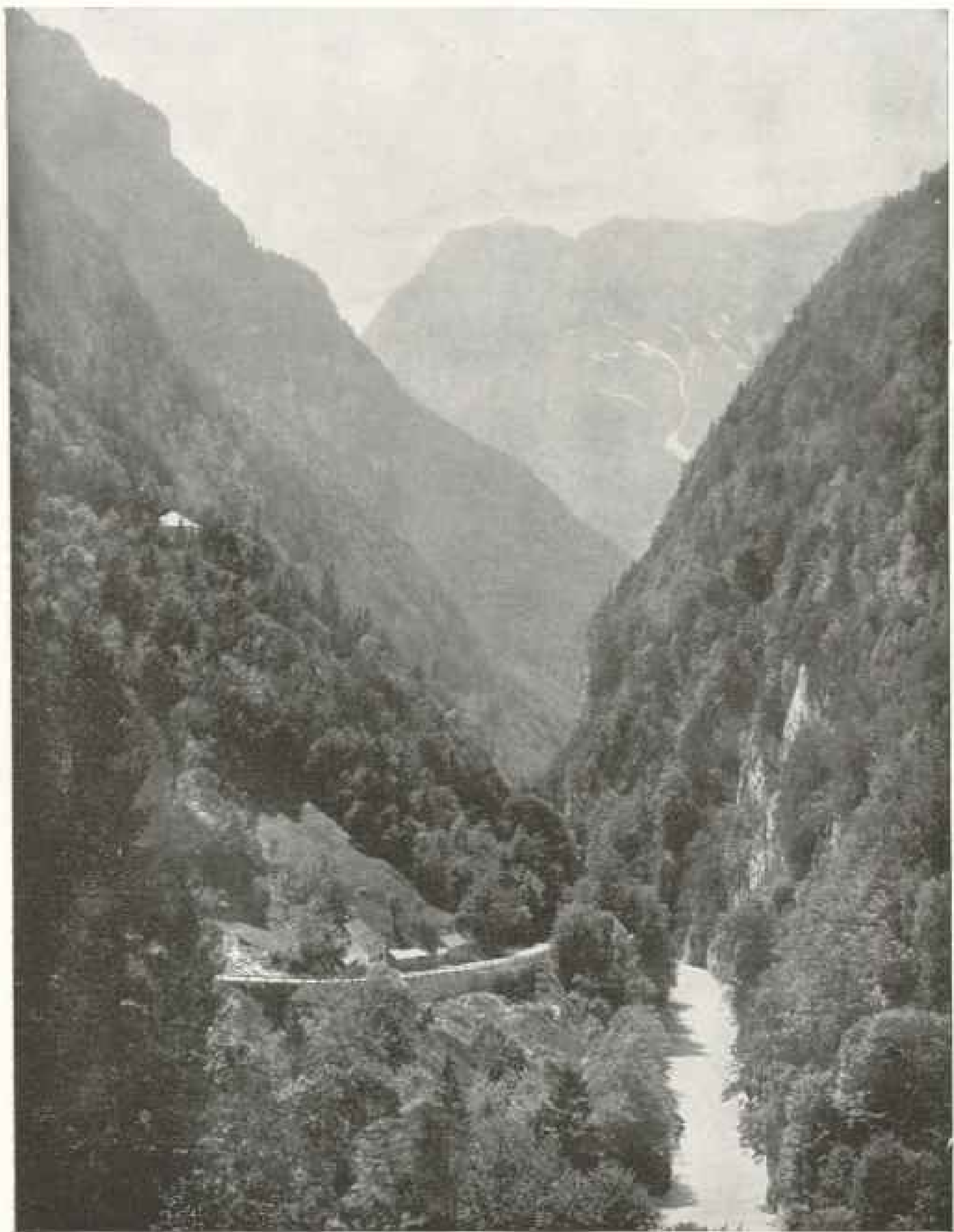


THE BRONZE GUARD AROUND EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S TOMB; INNSBRUCK

No visitor to Innsbruck fails to look at Emperor Maximilian's tomb in the Church of the Franciscans, or Court Church, attached to the Imperial Palace, for it is the most famous of its sights, and the group of 28 gigantic bronze figures, most of them weighing a good deal over a ton, that stand in the form of mourners around the gigantic marble sarcophagus, is among the most imposing and interesting specimens of 16th-century modelling and casting. Twenty-three of the figures represent ancestors or then living members of the Emperor's family, while the rest are the effigies of his favorite heroes of past ages.



THE MATCHLESS FIGURE OF KING ARTHUR OF BRITAIN, IN INNSBRUCK.
One of the most striking of the bronze figures guarding Maximilian's tomb. Maximilian,
as Count of Tyrol, was much beloved by his subjects.



PASS LUEG: AUSTRIA

"That Austria is, after Switzerland, the most mountainous region in Europe, and that more than four-fifths of her vast territory is over 600 feet above the level of the sea, is no doubt news to the majority of people" (see page 1191).



THE CITY OF LANDECK, IN THE TYROL

tivities, Hungary as a nation having little real culture, no manufacturing to speak of, in short, naught but a pastoral existence, outside of its capital city. The rich fertility of the Danubian plains has always made agriculture the natural exertion of the people just as the plains themselves constitute the principal area of the Kingdom. But the life in Budapest is compensatory for the dullness that pervades the rest of Hungary. Budapest is Paris, Vienna, and London in one, a combination of the gayeties of the capitals of the world, with a little distinctive Hungarian paprika spice thrown in.

The "Corso" along the Danube in Pest is the promenade whose group of open-air cafés and restaurants forms the hub of the gay Magyar life. Throughout the city almost every other building houses a café, so important a part do these establishments play in the national life.

There the business man partakes of his early breakfast of coffee and rolls, there he adjourns from his office on numerous occasions during the day for important business conferences, which are best had according to the semi-oriental idea of the Hungarians over a cup of coffee. And after the family dinner, which is almost invariably partaken of in one of the restaurants which are scattered through the city and among the parks which surround it, the café is again resorted to by the whole family as a last thing before retiring, which is often postponed till early morning, so enthralling are the gypsy music always to be heard in these public places and the other attractions of café life.

THE KINGDOM OF INDEPENDENT SERBIA

Twenty-four hours by steamer down the river from Budapest is Belgrade, the capital of the Kingdom of Serbia. "White Town," as its name signifies, is situated high on the right bank of the Danube where the Save River has its confluence with the mighty stream. Just behind the city are the heights of Mount Avala, crowned by the remains of a citadel, the origin of which is variously credited to Prince Eugene of Austria or some early Serbish noble.

The chief charms of the city are its superb location, commanding for miles the winding course of the great river through the low Hungarian plains, and the interesting picture which its market presents, crowded with Servian peasantry in their brightly colored costumes, standing out sharply against the deep shadows of the great trees of the market site.

Servia is richest as an agricultural land, like all the Danubian countries. No one can survey the sweep of landscape from Mount Avala without conceding its rare farming and grazing possibilities. When Servia is fully developed along these natural lines she will be no mean nation. Indeed, she is not today, having rapidly in recent years forged away from the contemptuous appellation of being a nation of swine herds. True, hogs are still a great by-product of the fertile Servian soil, but wheat and corn and tobacco are becoming larger crops each year, and cattle and sheep bigger herds.

With stability of good government, which seems to be now vouchsafed, the Servian people seem to be entering upon an era of great national prosperity.

Beginning at Belgrade the Danube forms the boundary between Hungary and Servia; on the left are the low Hungarian flats, on the right the highlands of Servia.

Near where Hungarian and Servian territories end, the river becomes a narrow gorge as it penetrates a spur of the Carpathians or "Sieben Bergen," as these mountains are locally known. The gorge past the river widens into the semblance of a superb mountain lake of wild romantic grandeur called the Kazan. This and the Iron Gates or Cataracts a short distance below are the picture points of the Danube, and indeed the scenery here is as fine as any river scenery in Europe. On both sides of the Kazan and the passes leading in and out of it are ingeniously engineered highways hewn out of the solid rock. The older of these highways is on the right-hand side, and is now mostly in ruins. Said to have been built by the Roman Emperor Trajan, a tablet to



Photo by Nox McCain

TYPES OF SERBIAN WOMEN: BELGRADE

"The chief charms of the city are its superb location, commanding for miles the winding course of the great river through the low Hungarian plains, and the interesting picture which its market presents, crowded with Serbian peasantry in their brightly colored costumes, standing out sharply against the deep shadows of the great trees of the market site" (see page 1210).



Photo by Nox McCain

A STORK'S NEST ON A HOUSE IN BELGRADE, THE CAPITAL, OF SERBIA

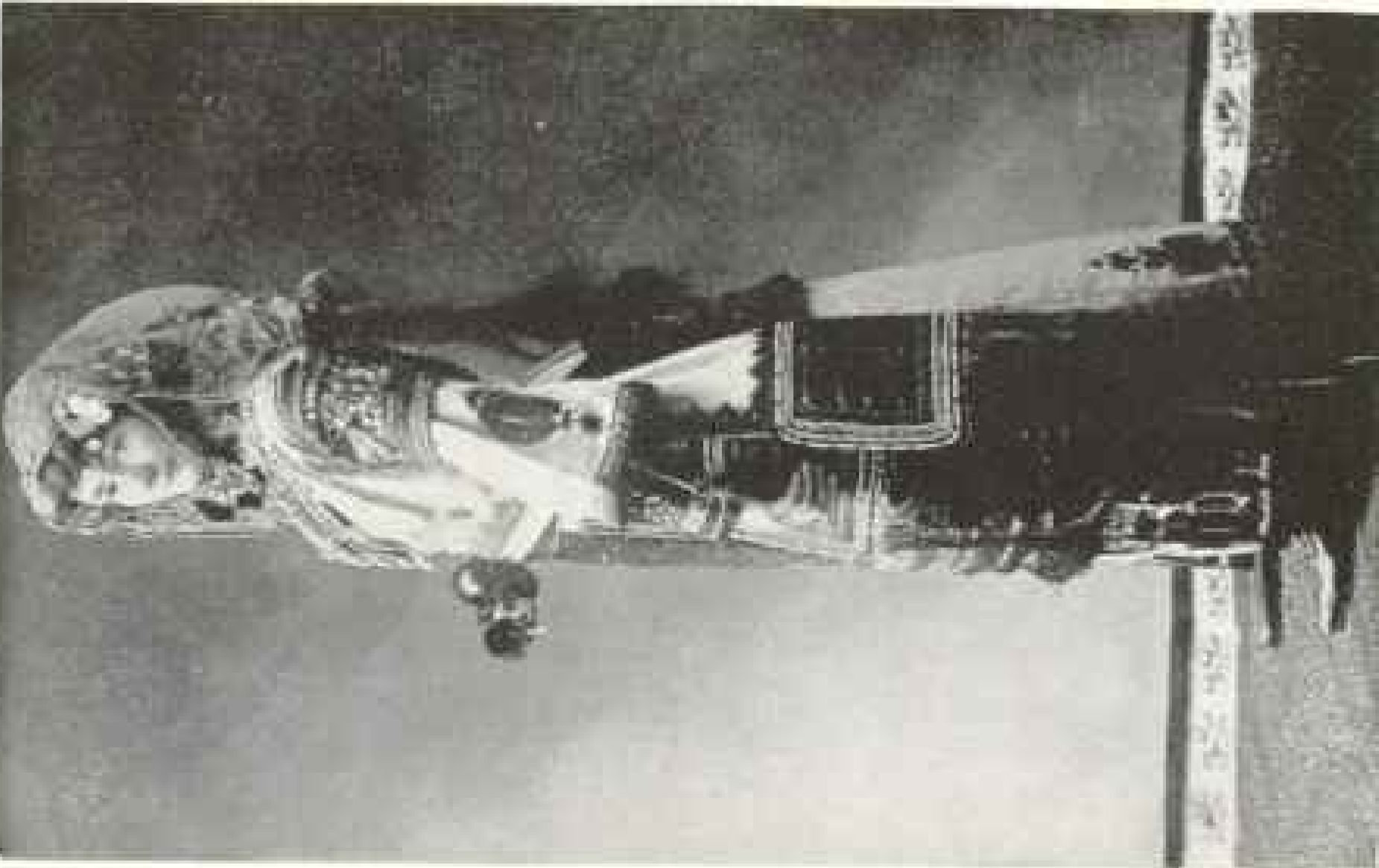


Photo by Nora McClain

HANDSOMELY EMBROIDERED COSTUME OF A
SERBIAN LADY: NISCH



Photo by Blair Jackson

COAT WORN BY THE WOMEN OF NISCH, SERBIA

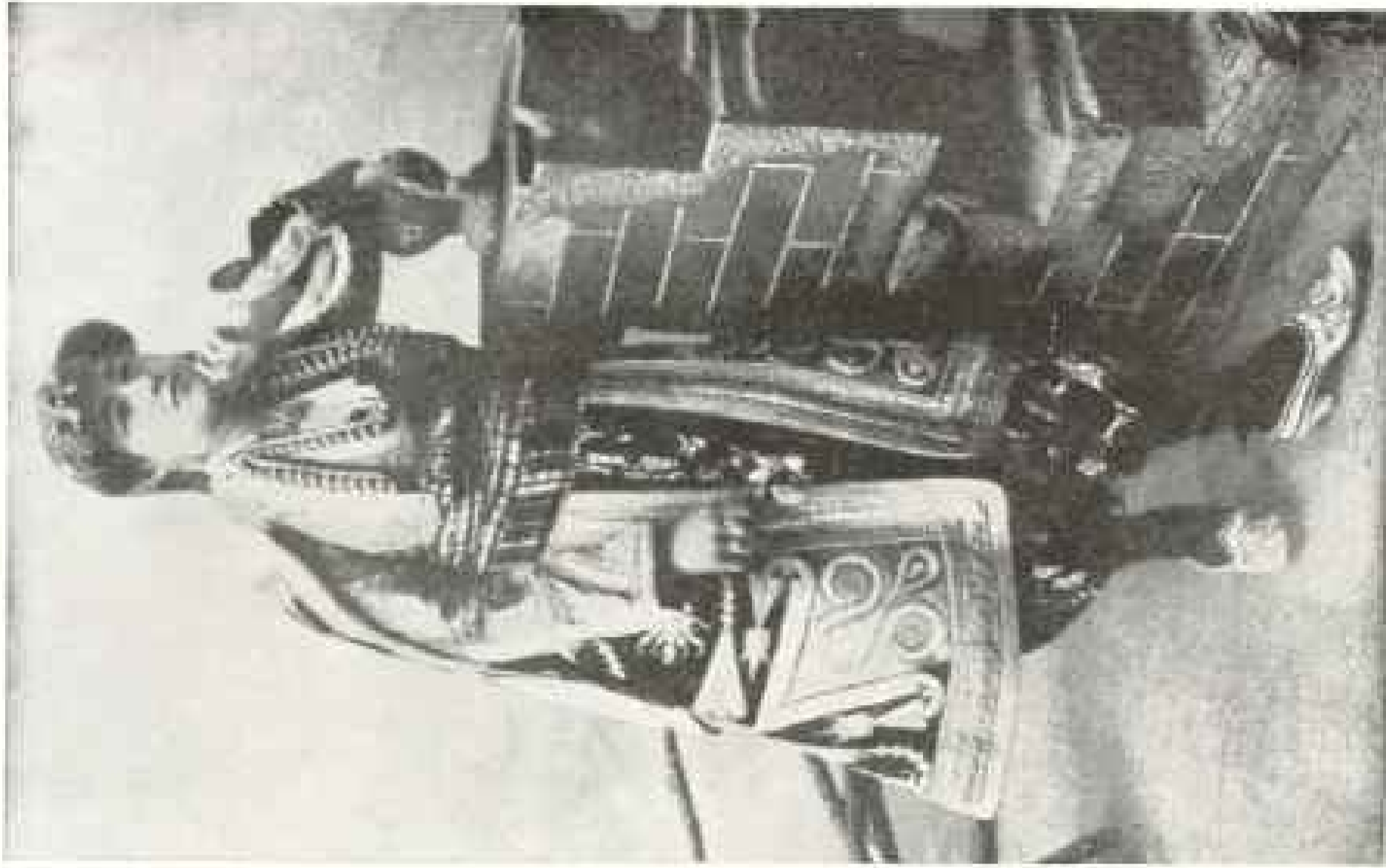


Photo by Nora McClain

THE PRISHTINA COSTUME, WORN BY SERBIAN
WOMEN ON FEAST DAYS



Photo by Nos McCain
A PEDDLER OF BELGRADE

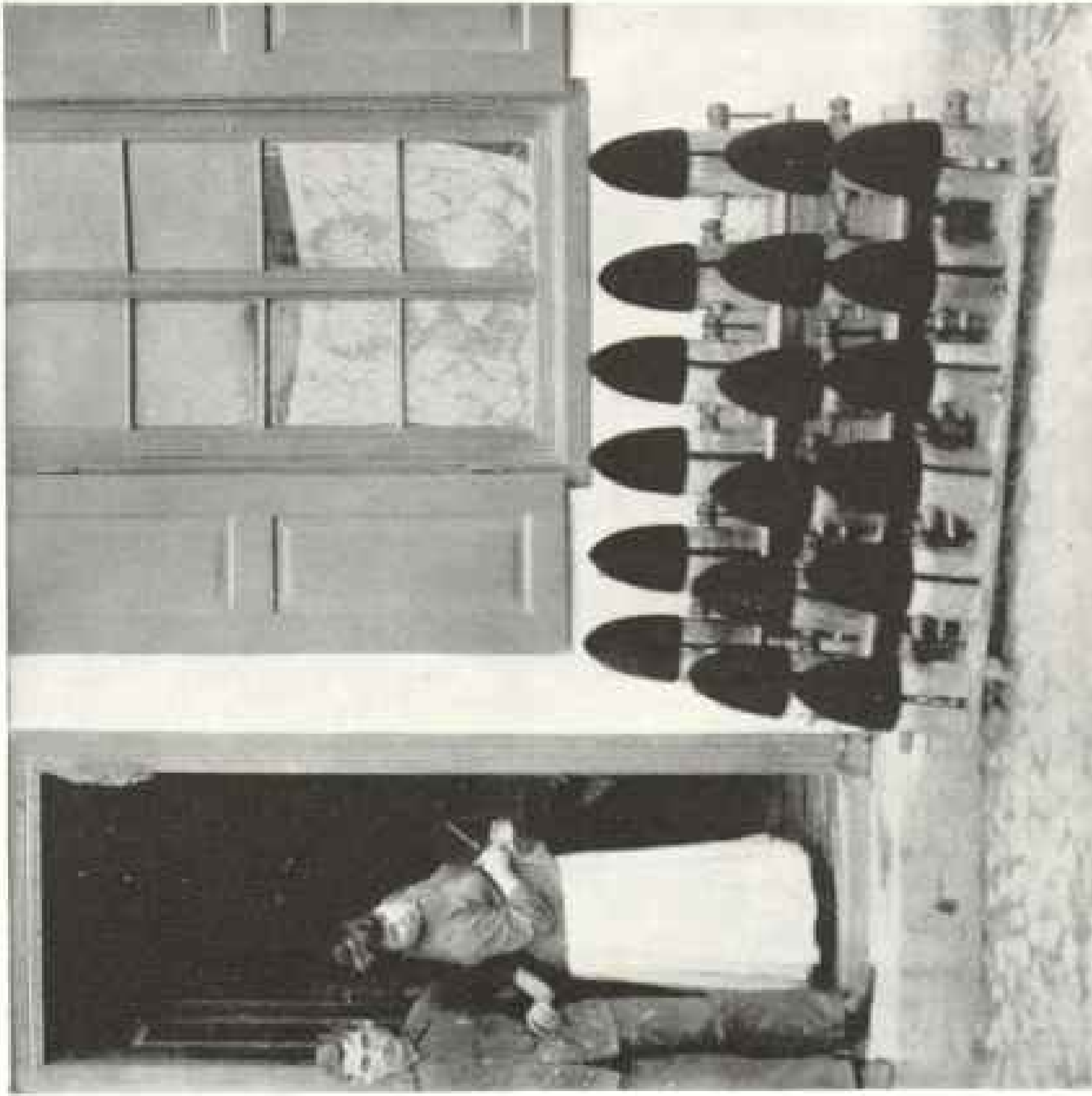


Photo by Nos McCain
A HAT STORE: BELGRADE, SERBIA



Photo by Nox McCain

A FRIENDLY GLASS OF SLIVIVITZ: SERBIA



Photo by Nox McCain

ROYAL PALACE: BELGRADE, SERBIA



THE CHERRY SELLER: BELGRADE MARKET

Photo by Nox McCain



STREET SCENE IN BELGRADE

Photo by Nox McCain

"Serbia is richest as an agricultural land, like all the Danubian countries" (see page 1210)

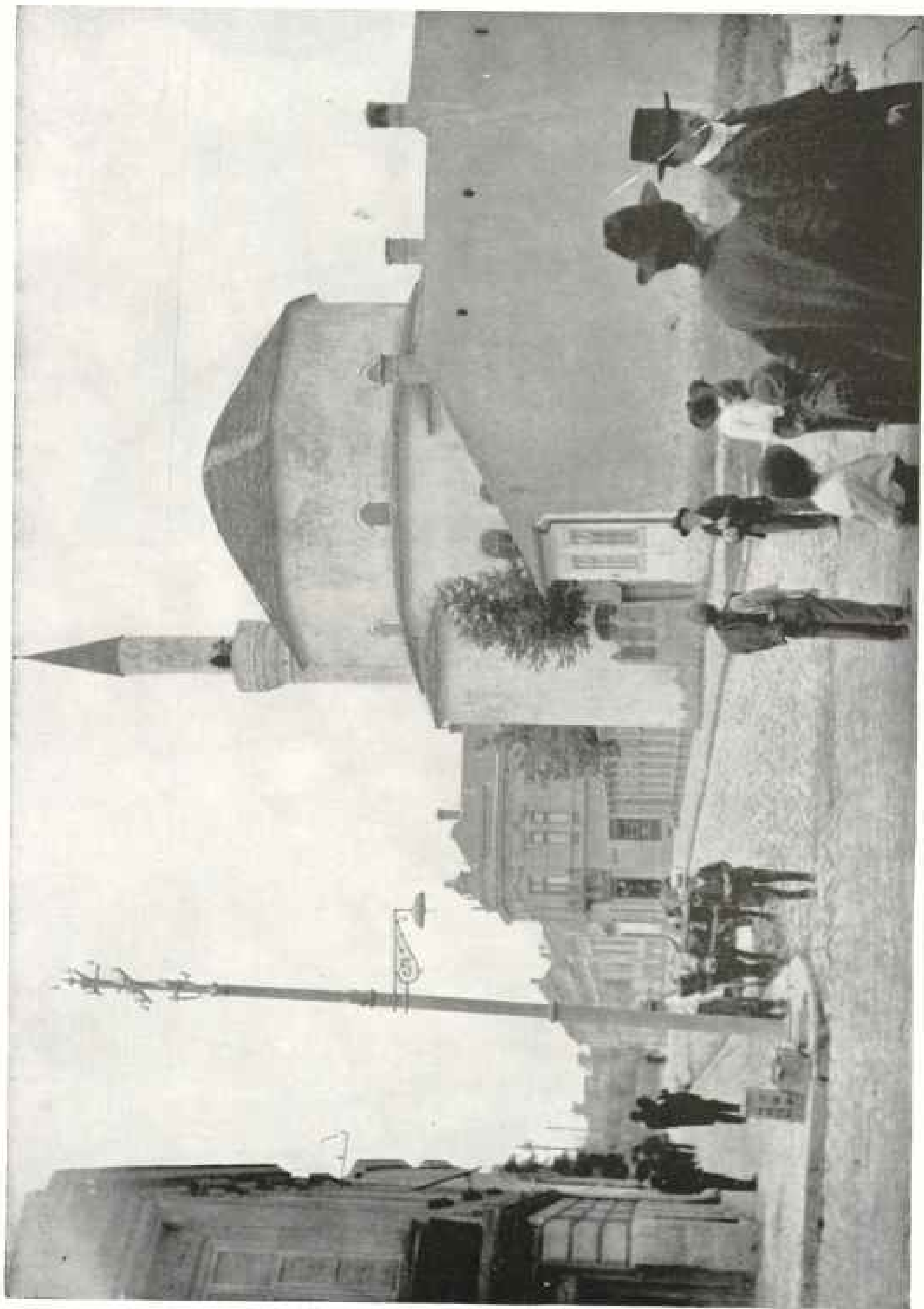


Photo by Non-McGinn

THE ONLY TURKISH MOSQUE IN BELGRADE; NOTE THE MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER

whom is still to be seen, a more likely story credits the road to Emperor Tiberius in A. D. 33-34.

In places, where to hew out the solid rock seemed too big a task, the road was of wood. The wooden structure has long since rotted away, but the holes in the solid rock, into which the supporting timbers went, are still plainly to be seen.

On the left hand or Hungarian side is the Szechenyi Road, a splendid and comparatively modern structure, and a monument to Count Szechenyi, one of the most illustrious of Hungarians, who in the early days did much to foster Danube navigation.

Even in this remote corner of Austria-Hungary the strong arm of the law is ever present, the river stretches and the back country being policed by a heavily armed rural constabulary. Splendid order

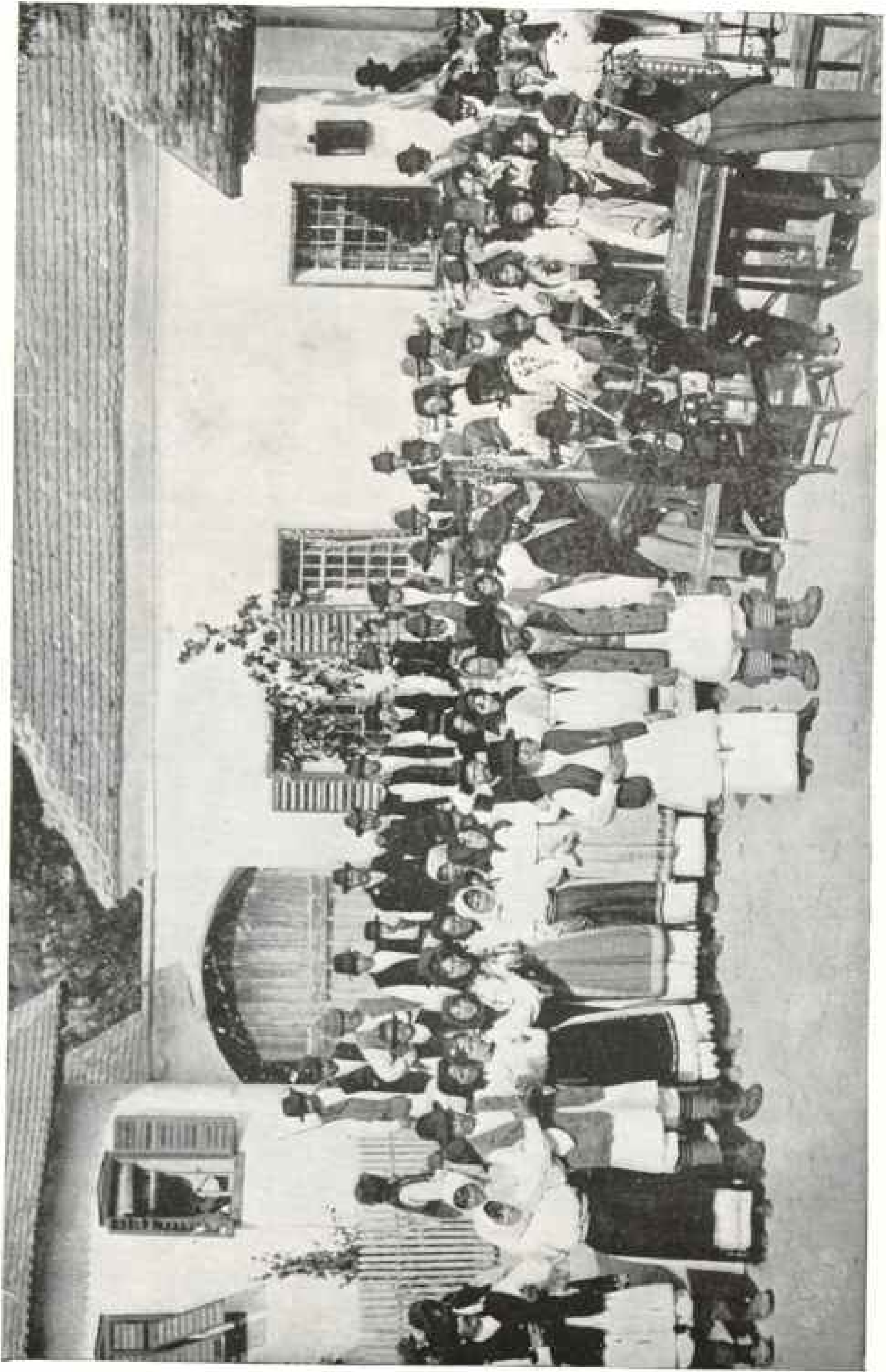
is maintained and the valuable fishing along the river is protected from poaching. In these lower reaches of the Danube, as in the other rivers emptying into the Black and Caspian Seas, sturgeon of the variety contributing the choicest of caviare and the best quality of isinglass, are found in abundance, and their catch forms a quite considerable occupation of the river people. Strangely enough, though, at Orsova, Hungary, in the center of the Danube caviare industry, one pays almost as much for a small portion of these palatable fish eggs as in a first-class New York restaurant.

At Orsova Hungary ends, and as the traveller follows the Danube to the sea he finds Rumania to his left and on his right the dominions of the luckiest of all the princes of the lucky house of Saxe-Coburg, Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria.



Photo by D. C. Falls

HUNGARIAN GENTLEMEN IN PROCESSION: BUDAPEST



THE ANGELEAN, OR NATIONAL DANCE OF RUMANIA

This dance is performed almost every Sunday afternoon in the village square. Men and women join hands, and all pull in different directions, trying to break the chain thus formed.

Photo by Trans-Atlantic Photo Co.



Photo by International Press Photo Co.

RUMANIAN DANCE GIRLS.

NOTES ON RUMANIA

THE general public had been wont to regard the little nations of the Balkan Peninsula as comic-opera governments until recent events advertised the fact that they had been growing up into strong and lusty manhood. Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro have always kept themselves well in the public eye, the marriage of a daughter to the king of a great power, a spectacular revolution, or the change of faith of a crown prince, all having contributed to attracting and keeping the attention of the Western World.

One kingdom alone has kept to the even tenor of its way, and its history since its establishment has been a record of quiet progress.

Formed in 1859 by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, two principalities tributary to the Sultan of Turkey, Rumania's beginnings were not auspicious. Its first ruler, Prince Cuza, a dissolute but well-intentioned man, strove by the

most despotic methods to bring to fruition his democratic ideals, with the result that he was compelled to abdicate after a reign of seven years.

The choice of the people then fell upon Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, a member of the elder branch of that famous family, the younger branch of which is headed by the Emperor William of Germany.

To Charles of Hohenzollern, ably aided by his consort, Princess Elizabeth of Wied, better known as Carmen Sylva, the remarkable progress of Rumania is mainly due. He has raised her from a bankrupt vassal principality into a contented, prosperous, and independent kingdom.

Rumania is shaped like a boot, the Transylvania Mountains—the Hungarian boundary—forming the front and instep, and the River Danube—the Bulgarian boundary—the sole until it turns north, flowing through the country till it joins



Photos by International Press Photo Co.

A PASTOR AND HIS WIFE: BUCHAREST, ROMANIA



A ROMANIAN DANDY HAVING HIS SHOES SHINED



Photo by International Press Photo Co.

CADETS OF RUMANIA WITH THE PRIEST



Photo by International Press Photo Co.

COUNTRY PEOPLE OF RUMANIA

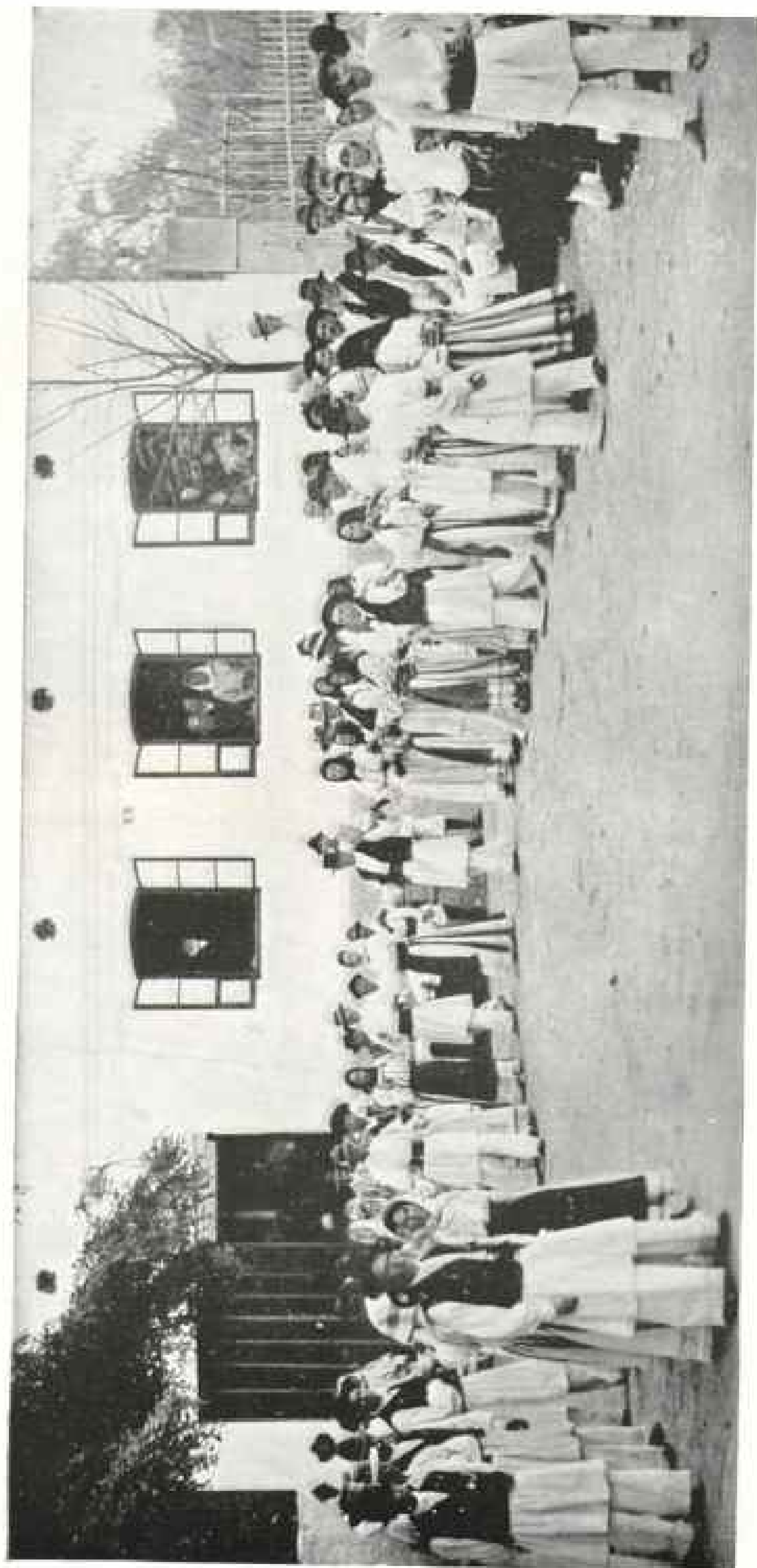


Photo by Treaty-Atlantic Photo Co.

RUMANIAN DANCE; WHICH IS PERFORMED ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS IN FRONT OF THE DWELLINGS OF THE POPE OR PRIEST; IT STARTS WITH A MARCH AND RESEMBLES TO SOME EXTENT THE AMERICAN LANCERS

the Black Sea at the top of the heel. Along the seacoast lies a great sandy plain, interspersed with lagoons and marshes, called the Dobrudja; further inland is a rich inclined plain, stretching gradually upward to the mountains, and on this plain grows the wheat and maize that have made Rumania one of the great grain-producing countries of the world.

Here, too, grow valuable crops of tobacco, beans, and potatoes, while pleasant orchards of plum, damson, and apricot trees are found on every hand, the produce of which is distilled into a mild spirit known as *tsuica*, highly esteemed throughout the kingdom. In the foothills of the mountains are mile after mile of vineyards, which have raised Rumania to the rank of the fifth wine-producing country in Europe. Higher up in the mountains are vast forests, all carefully conserved—King Charles is an ardent forester—and their timber forms a valuable item in the country's exports. The coast fisheries are a source of considerable wealth, quantities of caviar being dispatched to Berlin, which is the distributary center of this industry, while the choicer fish are sent to Russia, Hungary, and Turkey to such an extent that coarse fish is actually imported from Russia.

The backbone of the kingdom is a race of sturdy peasant proprietors, most of them owning 12 to 25 acres of freehold land, most of it being worked on a coöperative system. Most of these peasants are Vlachs, a race which is Latin in its language, culture, and descent. Their original progenitors were a colony of Roman soldiers, established on the banks of the Danube by the Emperor Trajan in A. D. 106. Their language descends from the rustic Latin of these soldiers, and, in spite of a long isolation, surrounded by Slavonic tongues, it retains its Latin characteristics to a remarkable extent, so much so that any one reasonably familiar with Latin will be able to read a Rumanian newspaper with but little difficulty, as many words are found which remain unaltered, just as they appear in the orations of Cicero.



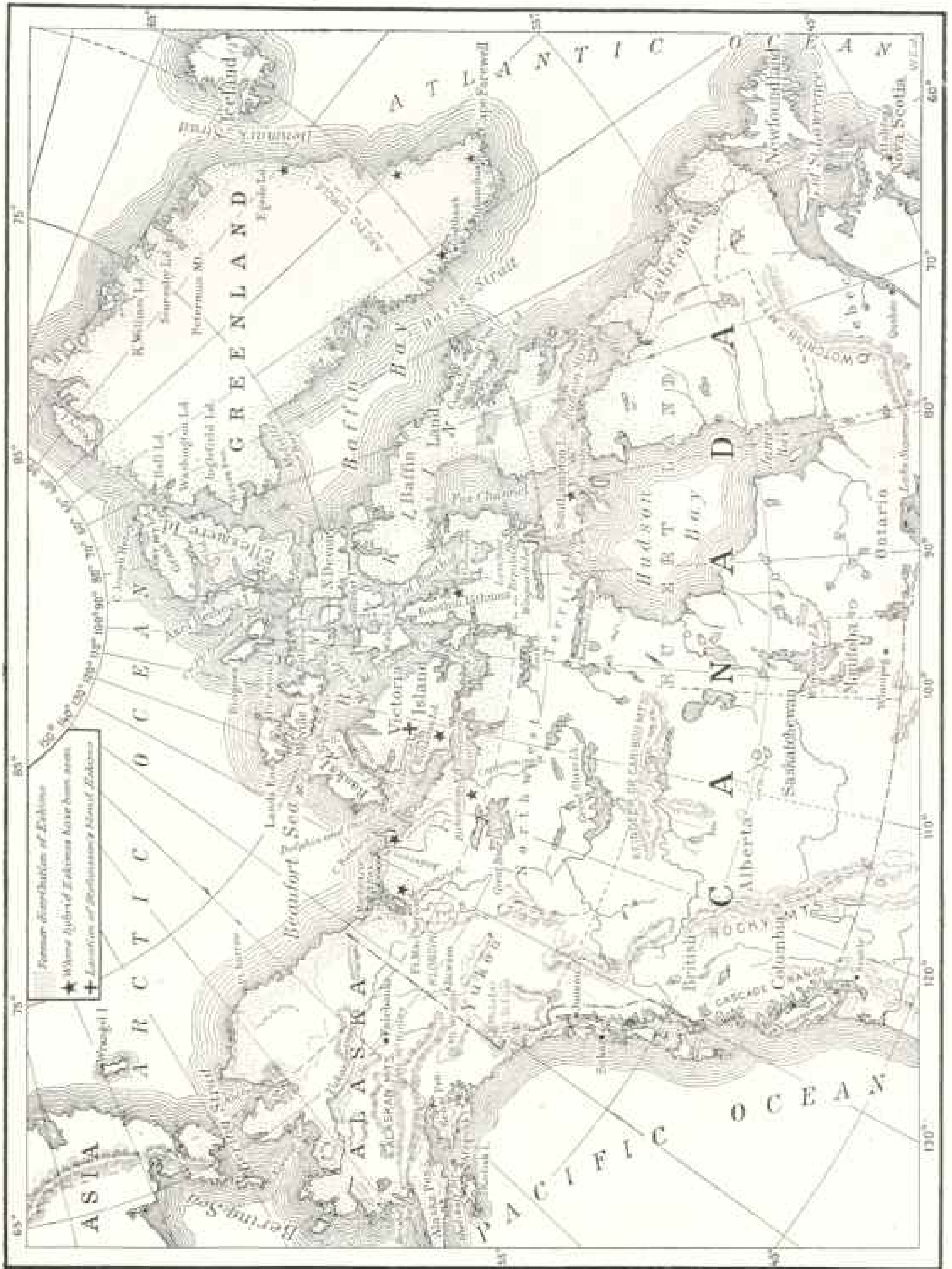
Photo by International Press Photo Co.

HIDING MASTER OF THE RUMANIAN KING

While the Rumanian is intensely proud of his Roman language and descent, he gives his allegiance to the orthodox church. The State church is national and independent, but recognizes the Patriarch at Constantinople as the chief dignitary of the Greek Orthodox Church. Religious liberty is accorded to all, but the great bulk of the people belong to the national church. It must, however, be admitted that a great deal of anti-Semitism exists throughout the kingdom, due not to religious intolerance, but to a variety of other causes.

Rumania has a Jewish population amounting to one-twentieth of the entire inhabitants, a larger ratio than any other country in the world. These Jews are all of foreign origin, mainly from Poland and Russia, wear a distinctive dress, and speak a foreign language.

The country folks cling tenaciously to the national costume; for the men, white



MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF BLOND ESKIMO

trousers, a long white linen tunic, girded at the waist, embellished on high days and holidays with little sleeveless jackets of bewildering color and embroidery. The women on feast days emulate the rainbow in their clothes and bedeck themselves with endless strings of coins and necklaces of beads.

All classes are passionately fond of music and dancing, and when a dozen peasants get together there is bound to

be a dance, the favorite time being after church on a Sunday, when they will dance for hours for the edification of the village pope and his wife.

There is a wealth of folk-lore, ballads, dance songs, and romantic tales, and these, together with an implicit belief in werewolves, vampires, and revenants, render the Rumanian peasant one of the most delightful and entertaining companions in the world.

THE ORIGIN OF STEFANSSON'S BLOND ESKIMO

BY MAJOR GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U. S. ARMY

IN THE past few years there has been no Arctic discovery that has excited more general interest than the finding upon Wollaston Land, or Victoria Island, of native tribes who have never seen white men, and among whom are numerous individuals of the so-called blond Eskimo type.

The detailed account of these peculiar and hybrid Children of the Ice is due to the courage and endurance of an American explorer, Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. With Dr. R. M. Anderson, he has made, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, extensive and valuable contributions to the geography and the ethnology of the continental coast of North America and of the adjacent islands. Few are aware, however, that Stefansson has added a new inhabited district to Canada; yet such is the case. In that most valuable geographic publication, *Atlas of Canada*, issued by the Interior Department of the Dominion of Canada in 1906, on map 29, showing the aborigines, the word "uninhabited" is printed in red across the extent of Victoria Island.

As these reports of the current existence of hybrid Eskimo have given rise to wide discussion, and at times to adverse comment, it appears timely to present in connected form such detailed accounts of earlier explorers and investigators as bear on the subject. These extracts, which on the whole confirm the accuracy of Stefansson's observations,

naturally relate to two differing phases of the question. First, as to the actual existence and as to the geographic distribution of the hybrid Eskimo—for such are the blond natives—and then as to their probable origin.

EXISTENCE AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE BLOND ESKIMO

Stefansson reports that during more than a year of intimate life among the Eskimo of Coronation Gulf and of Prince Albert Sound (off the west coast of Wollaston Land) he met about 1,000 of an estimated total population of 2,000 different natives who had never seen a white man. He adds: "The 200 visited in Prince Albert Sound differed in general features from the Eskimo of Alaska and of the Mackenzie River. Some of the Wollaston Land natives have blue eyes: 50 per cent have light eyebrows, and a few have reddish beards. The characteristics of these people seem to suggest a mixture of European and Eskimo blood."

The following extracts from the reports of various Arctic explorers—men of high standing and of unquestioned probity—disclose that many hybrid individuals have been found among the various Eskimo tribes, the country covered extending about 2,000 miles, from the coast of East Greenland westward to Wollaston Land. *Attention is called especially to the fact that the tribes herein mentioned are those so situated that in*

modern times—say since the discovery of America by Columbus—for the greater part of them could have had no contact with white men.

The presence of hybrid natives on the east coast of Greenland has always been credited by the Eskimo of the west coast. In his *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, Dr. H. Rink, who lived 22 summers and 14 winters in Greenland, translates the following tale from the Eskimo language: "Iviangersook started for the south of Greenland, and having passed Cape Farewell, he came to the eastward to some light-haired people of European complexion."

In 1828-1829 Capt. W. A. Graah, Danish Royal Navy, explored the east coast of Greenland in search of the lost Scandinavian colonies, whose descendants were believed by some to still inhabit it. Of an east coast Greenlander who came to trade at Julianahab, on the southwest coast, Graah says: "He had the long, lank, black hair and the black eyes of his race, but nothing else in his exterior characteristics of the Eskimo. He was about 6 feet high and strongly built."

Of the new tribe discovered at Kemisak, on the east coast, he adds: "They were like the generality of their countrymen of the east coast—a tall and well-made set of people. Most of the men had their eyebrows blackened, and some of them wore large mustachios. One had a long, black beard."

In describing a family of six, which he met at Iluidlek, he continues: "I observed on this occasion that the countenances of the two women had nothing in them of the ordinary Greenland physiognomy. Their whole appearance, indeed, presented none of the usual characteristics of their race, and, in particular, they had neither the prominent belly nor the corpulence of their countrywomen of the west coast. They were, both of them, above the middle size, and were remarkable for their clear complexion, their regularity of features, and the oval form of their heads."

In his summary on the inhabitants, Graah says: "The natives of the east coast of Greenland seem to me to have very little in their exterior in common

with the genuine Eskimo. They have neither the full, fleshy person, nor the prominent paunches of the Eskimo; but on the contrary are slender and even meager. They are, moreover, distinguished from the Eskimo by their form of head and cast of countenance, which is handsomer and more expressive. The women and children have, many of them, brown hair and a complexion scarcely less fair than that of our (Danish) peasantry."

Graah's rather meager reports have been greatly extended and strikingly confirmed in definite and scientific detail by Capt. G. Holm and his associates in the Danish Royal Navy Expedition of 1883-1885. It is sufficient to quote only from the ethnological summary written by Prof. Soren Hansen. In this he says of the Eskimo of East Greenland that in their eyes the color of the iris was brown, shading from very dark brown to a light brown, with a single exception—a young woman of 20 years, who had blue eyes. Observations were made of the color of the hair; of 38 women only three had the characteristic black hair, while 30 had dark-brown hair and three brown hair. None of these natives had ever seen white men. It was most striking that on the southwest coast, where European half-breeds have been born in large numbers during the past two centuries, no less than 16 out of 24 women had black hair.

The hybridization of the west coast Eskimo of Greenland during the past century has progressed so fast that its present 10,000 inhabitants are out of consideration. Rink says: "A pretty numerous class of half-breeds has originated, many Europeans belonging to the classes of sailors or laborers having married native women. In 1855 the half-breeds were calculated at 55 per cent of the inhabitants."

The west Greenland conditions of earlier centuries are worthy of consideration. Hans Egede, who entered west Greenland in 1721 and permanently established Christianity therein, says: "The Eskimo have broad faces and thick lips, are flat-nosed and of a brownish com-



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

TRACKING AN ESKIMO CANOE (UMIAK) IN CALM WEATHER



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

STEFANSSON'S PARTY BRINGING ASHORE A BEARDED SEAL

The party averaged seven Eskimo, four of these seven remaining with the expedition the entire four years. Among these four were Ilavimik; his wife, Mamayauk; and their daughter, Nogosak. (Mamayauk is shown in the photograph at the extreme right.)



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

THE WIFE OF ONE OF STEENSSON'S ESKIMO COMPANIONS

plexion, though some of them are quite handsome and white."

We are able, however, to go still farther back to a time when Greenland was yet free from modern European contact. Mr. David McRitchie has published an account of a voyage in which a Flushing captain, Nicholas Tunes, claimed to have reached in the summer of 1656 latitude 72° N., in Davis straits. In the original French of de Poincy he quotes Tunes as saying: "In regard to the inhabitants (of Greenland) we saw two kinds, who lived together on the most friendly terms. Of these one kind is very tall, well built, rather fair complexion, and very swift of foot. The others were very much smaller, of olive complexion, and tolerably well proportioned, except that their legs are short and thick. The former kind delight in hunting, for which they are suited by their agility and natural disposition, whereas the latter occupy themselves in fishing."

BLOND ESKIMO SEEN BY PARRY

Of the natives seen by Sir Edward Parry on the shores of Lyon Inlet in 1821 he writes: "We could scarcely believe them to be Eskimo. There was a degree of lankness in their faces. Their countenances impressed me with the idea of Indian rather than of Eskimo features; but this variety of physiognomy we afterward found to be not uncommon with these people. . . . Two men and three women (of one group) had good Roman noses. . . . Several children had complexions nearly as fair as Europeans. It may be added that the portraits of a few of these people in no way resemble Eskimo. . . . The people had never seen Indians."

Of the same tribes Dr. Alexander Fisher, surgeon of Parry's expedition and a keen observer, records in an unpublished journal as follows: "In making a few remarks on the people themselves, I must observe that although the major part of them displayed in great perfection the genuine Eskimo features, form, and other characteristics of these people, yet there are some who differ so materially in this respect that the most superficial observer could not help noticing it."

Speaking of the tallest Eskimo, 5 feet 9½ inches, he continues: "I think that the tallest men and women are of an Indian or mixed extraction." In describing the hybrids he adds: "In the first place, the most striking difference is that of the countenance, which is long and narrow. The nose is large and of that shape which is called Roman. In their persons, also, the mixed race are somewhat taller, better made, and less inclined to corpulency. Several other distinctions might be pointed out, but I think those already mentioned sufficiently show that those in question are not of the genuine Eskimo stock. It may be added that these people had never seen either Indians or Europeans."

Capt. G. F. Lyon, Royal Navy, in his attempt to reach Repulse Bay in 1824, fell in with a group of Eskimo near Cape Pembroke, Southampton Island. These natives had never seen Europeans, and of them he records: "The face of the woman was as perfect an oval as that of an European girl, with regular and even pretty features. Her mother was with her and had the same cast of countenance. The other women had the usual broad, flat faces and high cheek bones."

Capt. John Ross, Royal Navy, in his voyage to Boothia Isthmus, 1829-1833, saw many natives. He states that "the features of an elderly man, which were preserved by a portrait, differ considerably from the general character as if he had belonged to a different tribe. Another native from west Boothia had Indian rather than Eskimo features, though the tribe had never seen Indians."

Capt. G. Back, Royal Navy, in his journey to Back River in 1833 mentions an Eskimo who "could not have matured a more luxuriant beard," which, he adds, "yielded the palm only to that of Master George Killingworth, which was not only thick, broad, and yellow colored, but in length 5 feet 2 inches in size." Presumably from Back's reference the Eskimo's beard was brown in color.

ESKIMO SEEN BY FRANKLIN

Sir John Franklin, in his journey to the Polar Sea in 1821, met a single Eskimo near the mouth of the Coppermine.



Courtesy of Harper's Magister

STEFANSSON'S PARTY PREPARING TO CAMP IN A PERMANENTLY DESERTED WINTER VILLAGE OF THE BLOND ESKIMO IN CORONATION GULF

The minimum winter temperature of the Coronation Gulf region is 55° F. below zero. The holes in the walls of the houses are not windows, but are made for convenience in passing household goods out at time of leaving. These blond Eskimo are migratory and build no permanent houses of any kind, which fact in large part accounts for their relative freedom from contagious and other diseases.

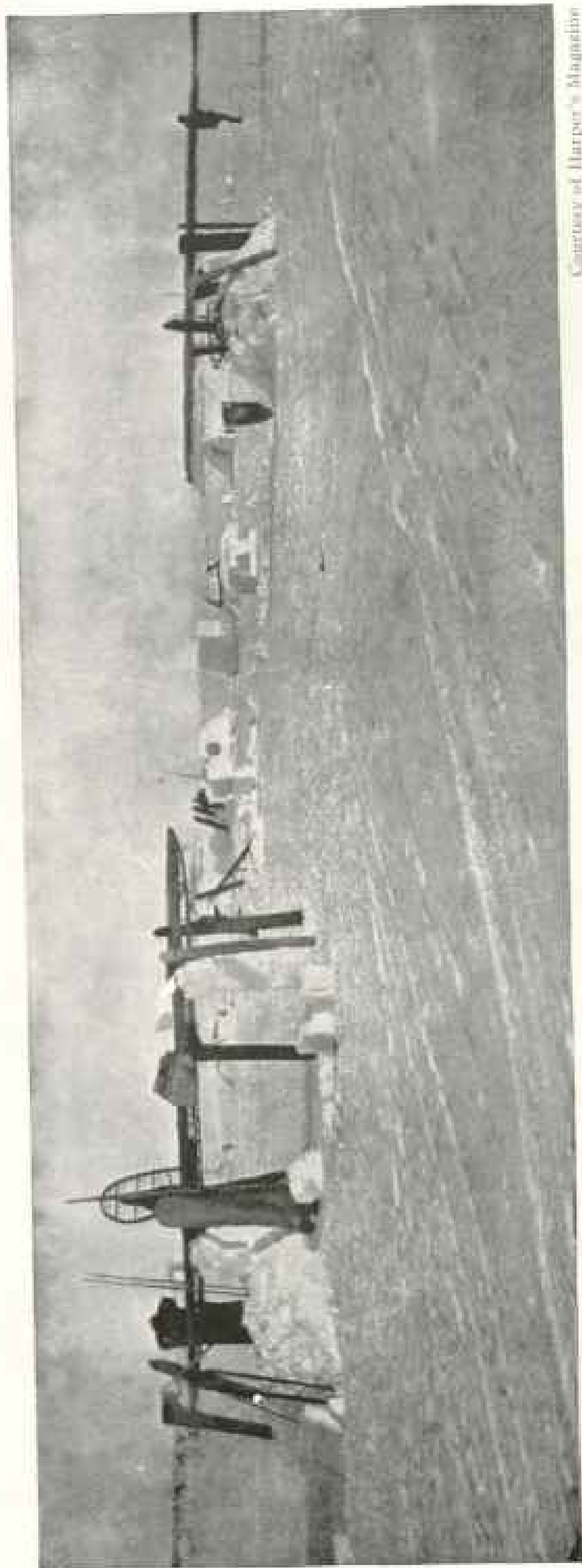
He writes that "the countenance of White Fox (Terregannoeuck) was oval, with a sufficiently prominent nose, and had nothing very different from a European face except in the smallness of the eyes, and perhaps in the narrowness of the forehead. His complexion was very fresh and red, and he had a longer beard than I had ever seen on an aboriginal inhabitant of America. It was between 2 and 3 inches long and perfectly white."

Thomas Simpson, who in 1837 explored the continental coast west to Point Barrow with P. W. Dease, met a band of 60 Eskimo to the west of the Mackenzie River. He records that "three men were remarkable for their good looks and a stature of 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet. Some of them had light-colored eyes and complexion, which if cleaned from grease might have passed for fair in most parts of Europe."

On the lower Coppermine, in 1838, Dease fell in with an Eskimo man and his family. Dease says: "The stranger was about 6 feet high, stout, and well looking, with brown hair. He wore no labrets."

In 1839 Simpson met near the mouth of the Coppermine a party of four Eskimo, of whom one was "an average stout man about 6 feet high, with brown beard. His countenance would have been noble were it not disfigured by a hideous wen on the temple." This fair-bearded, noble-faced Eskimo giant was also seen by Dr. Richardson during his "boat journey through Rupert Land" in 1848, and again by Dr. John Rae in his Franklin search journey of the following year.

In his second land expedition, 1825-1827, Franklin met many Eskimo in the Cape Bathurst region, and writes: "One of them had a different cast of



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

STEFANSSON VISITING A TEMPORARILY DESERTED VILLAGE OF THE BLOND ESKIMO ON THE ICE IN CORONATION GULF

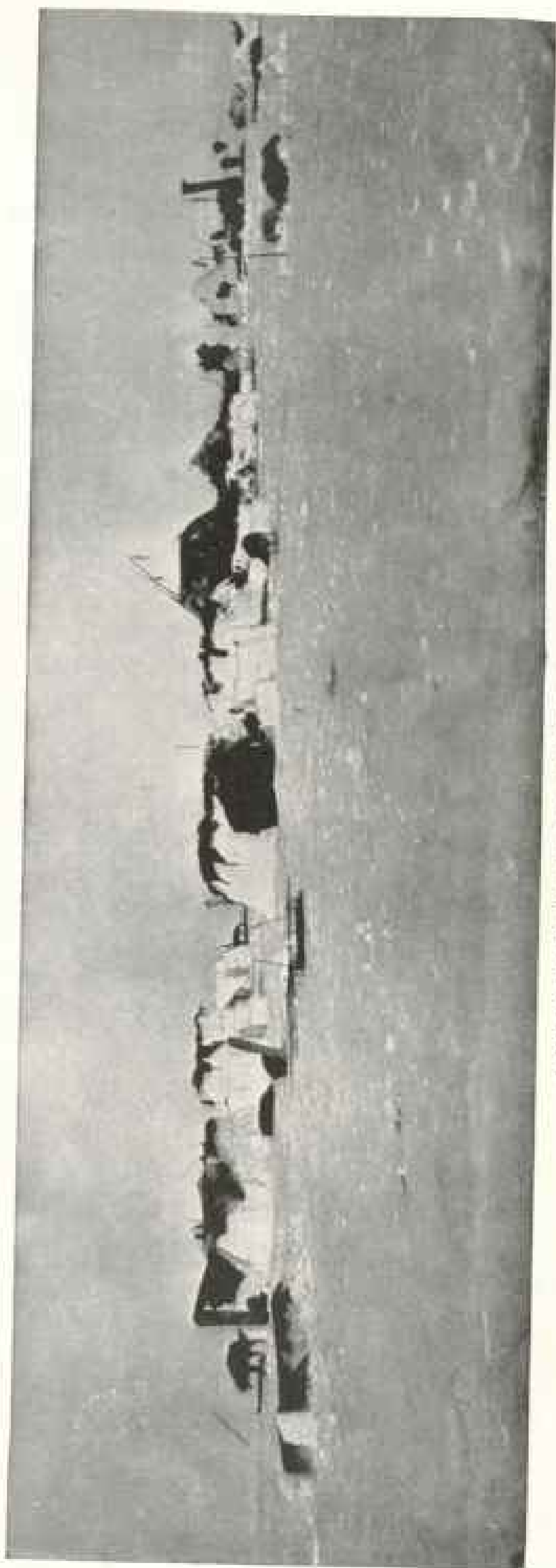
The Eskimo intend to return before the ice melts in the summer. The Eskimo of Cape Bathurst settle in the interior of the island in summer, where they live on caribou

countenance from the rest; we supposed him to be descended from the Indians (with whom, however, they had long been at war).⁷

In 1865 a French missionary, Pere Emile Petitot, visited the Eskimo of Cape Bathurst, traveling down the Anderson River with four natives. He considered all his companions to be Eskimo, but, describing them carefully, states that they presented "four examples of various shapes of countenance. One was tall, well made, nearly white in complexion, with eyes quite devoid of the characteristic obliquity. The second had a large Roman nose, his eyes nearly at the top of the forehead, and his complexion was dark bronze, quite like that of an Indian. The third had a square-shaped face and a fair European complexion, reminding one of either Scotch or Russian physiognomies. The fourth was of the common Eskimo type—olive complexion, broad face, and flat nose." Petitot met one woman of fine face, with straight eyes, and having features that indicated a strain of European blood. Another woman had yellowish white hair.

In 1868 Petitot visited Fort MacPherson, on Peel River, where he saw many Eskimo. He adds: "Among these Eskimo coming from the west there was one whose hair and full beard were of a fiery red. His complexion was white, spotted with freckles. Doubtless he was a Russian halfbreed, as he was said to have come from the shores of Bering Sea."

Coming to Wollaston Land and Prince Albert



A VILLAGE OF THE BLOND ESKIMO IN LATE MAY

Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

The warm sun has caved in the snow-roofs and they have been replaced by caribou skins

Sound, where Stefansson found his blond Eskimo, we have confirmatory evidences of hybridization from two English sources of unquestioned reliability. One of these was that keen observer, Dr. Alexander Armstrong, surgeon of McClure's ship *Investigator*, whose crew made the first northwest passage. Wintering in Prince of Wales Strait, their parties discovered the Eskimo of Wollaston Land. They were living under the same conditions as when visited by Stefansson. Building a village on the sea ice, they lived by sealing, changing camp when the sealing grounds were exhausted. They used copper weapons and utensils entirely, and were devoid of both mercenary and thieving habits. They had never seen whites and were hostile both to the western Eskimo and to the Indians.

Of these Eskimo Armstrong writes: "I fancied that I could trace the outline of Indian features in both of the sexes. One woman had a good complexion, aquiline nose, and black hair. Those apparently of Indian extraction were taller, from 5 feet 7 to 5 feet 8 inches, and in one or two cases even more. In a few cases the forehead was somewhat vertical, but narrow. Our interpreter had less difficulty in understanding the Cape Bathurst Eskimo than those west (at Mackenzie River and Point Barrow) from the greater similarity of the dialect to the Eskimo language of Labrador."

Capt. R. Collinson, Royal Navy, in the *Enterprise*, wintered in Walker Bay, Prince Albert Sound, in 1851-1852. He saw much of the natives, of whom he writes: "Some among the tribes were of different features to others, their faces being oval, with a Jewish cast, and the nose aquiline. In one particular, that of having no means of going on the water, they differed from all the Eskimo that have yet been met with."



DESERTED HOUSES ALL OF SNOW, AND ONE INHABITED HOUSE, WHOSE SNOW ROOF HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH SEALS' DOLPHIN
AND UNION STRAITS

Courtesy of Harper's Magazine



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

IN THE LAND OF THE BLOND ESKIMO, SKINNING CARIBOU AND EXAMINING HOLE; DOGPELLE AND UNION STRAITS

This was the first caribou which these people had ever seen shot with a rifle. Note the peculiar swallow-tail coats worn by the men, resembling in cut the formal dress suit of civilization. These people had never seen white men before



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

TWO CARIBOU HUNTERS: CORONATION GULF

Caribou hunters armed with bows of spruce driftwood, reinforced with sinew backing, and arrows tipped with native copper. The hunters wear goggles of wood. Isolated from civilization, these people have been living in what is practically the Stone age. Stefansson says that he "found them independent, self-respecting, and prosperous. They did not beg; they did not pry into our affairs; they were hospitable, courteous, and truthful. In Prince Albert Sound I made a present of one needle each to the forty-three married women of the tribe. Of course I kept no books, but I feel certain that every one of those women brought me something with which to pay for the needle, most of them saying that they did not want me to think that they were people who accepted gifts."

The foregoing extracts show conclusively the existence of hybrid individuals among various Eskimo tribes, and of their distribution in quite unbroken continuity along the entire northern coast of North America in early days, prior to the general corruption of the Eskimo by contact with whites during the past century.

CONTACT OF ESKIMO AND NORSEMAN

The suggestion that the natives of Coronation Gulf have a strain of Scandinavian blood makes of interest the possibility and the probable date of personal contact between the two races. The researches of Dr. Thalbitzer show that the Eskimo formerly occupied the northerly coasts and inlets of North America from southern Labrador to the peninsula of Alaska, as well as the outer coasts of all Arctic islands, Greenland included. The record of Norse explorations in the new

world, extending from the 10th to the middle of the 15th century, covered the Greenland coast south of the Arctic Circle, and the shores of the American continent probably from Baffin Land south to Nova Scotia, but certainly to include Labrador.

The latest word on the subject appears in two quarto volumes, "In Northern Mists," by Dr. F. Nansen. While recognizing Helluland as Labrador and Markland as Newfoundland, he considers Vineland as purely mythical, and rejects the views put forward by American scholars as to a Norse settlement in Nova Scotia, viewed by some as the most southerly colony. In this advocacy a distinguished American botanist, Dr. M. L. Fernald, brings botanical evidence to prove that the three plants most depended on to locate Vineland—the *rubus*, *lyciti*, and *mosurr*—are, respectively, the mountain cranberry (or a wild



Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

BLOND ESKIMO DISCOVERED BY STEFANSSON IN PRINCE ALBERT SOUND, VICTORIA ISLAND

All individuals in this picture have light eyebrows. The men have light beards so far as they have any, and the man next the woman has light blue eyes as well. They may be descended from the Scandinavian colony which disappeared from Greenland centuries ago (see page 1237). The characteristics of these people seem to suggest a mixture of European and Eskimo blood.

currant), the strand wheat, and the canoe birch.

In any event direct and prolonged contact of the Norsemen with the Eskimo could have existed only at the permanent Norse settlements, of which two only are known—in the Greenland districts of Godthaab and of Julianehaab—whose fortunes will be discussed.

ARE THE BLOND ESKIMO DESCENDED FROM THE LOST SCANDINAVIAN COLONY?

In a letter of Stefansson from Langton Bay he wrote: "A point of some interest is our discovery of people in southwestern Victoria Land who are strikingly non-Eskimo in type; in fact, look more like north Europeans than Eskimo. Their speech and culture is Eskimo, though I found one or two words that might reasonably be thought to be from old Norse. . . . It seems to me that if admixture of white blood is the explanation of the origin of the fair type in western and southwestern Victoria Land, then the only historical event that can explain it is the disappearance from Greenland of the Scandinavian colony of 3,000." He adds that these natives had never seen white men.

It may here be said that the opinions expressed by the majority of previous explorers, based on their own observations, as shown in the foregoing extracts, incline to the belief that the admixture is of Indian blood. But it should be added that *they were unfamiliar with the ethnological history of Greenland, and that they fail to indicate how an Indian admixture should produce fair complexions instead of bronze.*

The Norse colonists of the West Bygd (Godthaab) and of the East Bygd (Julianehaab) must have numbered several thousands, as several hundred ruins of houses, churches, etc., have been located around the fertile, ice-free fiords of southern Greenland. Their fate is unknown since near the end of the 15th century, possibly 1476.

Dr. Nansen, in *Northern Mists*, writes of them: "Owing to the long severance from Europe, they were obliged to adopt more of the Eskimo way of life. By degrees they adopted the Eskimo's more

migratory life along the outer coast. Then, again, the Eskimo women were probably no less attractive to the Northerners of that time than they are to those of the present day, and thus much mixture of blood gradually resulted. The children came to speak the Eskimo language, and took at once to a wholly Eskimo way of life, just as at present the children of the Danes and Eskimo do in Greenland. The Norsemen must have by degrees become Eskimo, both physically and mentally; and when the country was rediscovered in the 15th and 16th centuries, there were only Eskimo there, while all traces of Norwegian-Greenland culture seemed to have disappeared."

Nansen continues: "It would doubtless seem reasonable to expect that the descendants of the ancient Norsemen of Greenland and of the Eskimo, with whom they became absorbed, should have shown signs in their external appearance of this descent when discovered in the 16th and 17th centuries."

Dr. Rink, in *Danish Greenland*, says: "An ancient and not untrustworthy account makes mention of certain Christian Greenlanders, who, in the year 1342, fell off from their own religion, consorted with the Skrellings (Eskimo), and adopted their mode of life." He adds: "When, subsequently to the rediscovery of Greenland, the southern districts were again visited by European travelers, many individuals were found amongst the natives exhibiting a complexion, and also a frame of body, which seemed to indicate an admixture with European blood—a fact which has also been observed with regard to the natives east of Cape Farewell."

Of the hybrids of the west coast of Greenland, McRitchie, commenting on Tunes's voyage of 1656, adds: "The small, olive complexioned, short-legged people are at once recognizable as Eskimo; but their taller and fairer comrades give rise to speculation. The readiest suggestion is that they were descended from the early Norse settlers. It is believed by many that the Norsemen were not exterminated by the Eskimo, but were gradually absorbed by them,

through successive intermarriages," Tunes's report would indicate that the fusion was not entirely complete in 1656.

Of the fair-haired people on the east coast of Greenland, Graah says: "But as I should venture to conclude that the Eskimo of Hudson Bay have not any claims to the honors of a Roman parentage from the circumstance of Sir Edward Parry's having seen among them many good Roman noses, neither do I conceive that the natives of the east coast of Greenland descended from the old Icelandic colonies because they resemble Europeans in some points." Graah believed that "they were originally of the same stock as the Eskimo."

Graah's opinions are clearly controverted by Hansen's anthropometrical measurements of 91 Eskimo of the east coast, which prove that they are not of pure stock, for the Eskimo is decidedly dolichocephalic, or long-headed. The cranial indexes of but 29, less than 30 per cent, of these East Greenland natives are of this type, while 57 are round-headed and 8 short-headed.

Of the Eskimo of the central North American coasts and islands, Sir John Richardson says: "In their position they have little or no intercourse with other nations, and have borrowed nothing whatever, either from the Europeans or the *Tinné*—the conterminous Indian people." Bearing incidentally and adversely on their freedom from Indian hybridization, he continues: "I merely remark that the Eskimo differ more in physical aspect from their nearest neighbors than the red races do from one another. . . . The dissociation of the Eskimo from the neighboring nations, on account of their physical dissimilarity, is met by an argument (from other sources) for the mutual affinity deduced from philological coincidences." While refraining from a definite decision, he incidentally remarks that "they seem to have most of the vices, as well as the virtues, of the Norwegian vikings."

It is most interesting to note an opinion hazarded by Thomas Simpson, who in 1838 was exploring Richardson River,

accompanied by an Eskimo interpreter and by two Hare Indians. Meeting a fair-haired Eskimo, he says: "The slender, agile figures of the Hares contrasted with the square, rugged forms of these natives of the sea. It seemed as if on the northern confines of a new continent I had together before me descendants of the nomadic Tartar and the sea-roving Scandinavian, two of the most dissimilar and widely separate races of the ancient world."

Probably this opinion of 74 years since is among the earliest assumptions that Scandinavian blood is an element in the hybridization of the Eskimo of the coasts of the continent of North America.

That the admixture of alien blood among the hybrid natives of Victoria Land originated in regions to the eastward seems assured from the greater homogeneity of the language and of the customs of the blond Eskimo with those of eastern tribes than with the tribal characteristics of their Inuit brethren to the west.

If the blond Eskimo are descendants of Norse-Greenlander ancestors of four centuries since, the Norse strain must have been overwhelmingly diluted through pure Eskimo intermarriages. If such is the case, one must consider the "blonds" of today as perchance a remarkable instance of that occasional reversion of types, whereby a passing race gradually resumes the general form of its ancient ancestors.

Possibly, however, it may be a case of atavism—that is, the recurrence in a descendant of characters of a remote ancestor—instead of those of an immediate or near ancestor, similar to other abnormal developments that have been pointed out by scientists.

Finally, it may be said that the conditions and facts developed by Stefansson's explorations and discoveries, when associated with information drawn from the accounts of earlier explorers, present an intricate racial problem that may well tax the acuteness of American ethnologists for some time.



Photo by D. W. and A. S. Iddings. Copyright by Keystone View Co.

RUMANIAN CHILDREN IN NATIONAL COSTUME

"The country folks of Rumania cling tenaciously to the national costume; for the men, white trousers, a long white linen tunic, girded at the waist, embellished on high days and holidays with little sleeveless jackets of bewildering color and embroidery. The women on feast days emulate the rainbow in their clothes and bedeck themselves with endless strings of coins and necklaces of beads" (see pages 1219-1223).

THE TAILED PEOPLE OF NIGERIA

IN THE remote part of northern Nigeria, not yet under the complete control of the British, there dwell a people whose women wear tails and are proud of them.

True it is that these tails are not of flesh and blood, but none the less they play an important part in the social life of the people, for they are the outward and visible sign of the matronly dignity.

When a woman of the Kagoro, Kajji, or of four other neighboring tribes—the Atakka, Morva, Katah, or the Jaba—becomes a bride, she puts off forever the simple girdle of twisted grass that, up to that moment, had been her sole adornment, and assumes the apron of leaves and the tremendously significant tail, or *kunnok*, as it is called.

In each of the tribes the *kunnok* varies



From "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria," by Maj. A. J. N. Tremearne. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE TAILED KAGORO WOMEN OF TUKU TOZO

The tail worn by most of these women is shorter and thicker than that in favor farther north. The woman with the hair is an Attakka, the hair being probably a sign of mourning.



From "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria," by Maj. A. J. N. Tremearne. J. B. Lippincott Co.

KAJJI WOMEN OF MERSA

The tail—the sign of marriage—worn by most of these tribes is like the above, and is nearly always worn over a bunch of leaves. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 have decorated the edges of their tails with beads, and in the case of Nos. 1 and 3 the stumps have been cased in brass.



From "The Tallod Head-Hunters of Nigeria," by Maj. A. J. N. Tremearke. J. B. Lippincott Co.

NIGERIAN NATIVES WITH TAILS

A Kagoro woman from Tuku Tozo and an Attakka woman

in form, sometimes long and thin, at others short, mushroom-like and stumpy or shaped like a long bell. These tails are made of palm-fiber, plaited or bound tightly together with string and usually stained red with an earth, which is also used for the further adornment of the lady's body.

Often the *kunnok* is worn quite plain, but the more ambitious modes prescribe an embellishment of brass wire and colored glass beads.

The Kagoro women are distinguished by the Quaker-like simplicity of their attire; they wear the shortest and plainest of tails, a few beads round the neck, occasionally a beaded band by which the tail is attached, and perhaps a really fashionable lady will add a bracelet or leglet of beads; but the *kunnok* itself remains in all its native severity.

The ladies of the Kajji tribe, however, affect a greater elegance; their tails are of greater length, the "stumps" being covered with intricate designs worked in brass and copper wire, while the wheel-shaped terminal is gay with colored heads set in a bed of liquid rubber, of which there is a great deal in the country. In this tribe the *kunnok* is generally worn over a bunch of leaves or grass similar to that which the ladies of all the tribes depend from their girdles in front. Sometimes a Kajji matron who desires to be a leader in the fashionable world will wear a tiny iron bell just above the tail, but this is a rare occurrence, and the bell is not often seen.

While the tail is essentially the mark of the married woman, there are certain occasions, such as dances or feasts, when it is worn by the little girls, who at such

times may also wear the bunch of leaves at front of the girdle. This is a rare privilege and has some religious significance.

To add further to their beauty, both the upper and lower lips of these women are pierced in order to admit a flat, round disk of wood called the *tichiak*, which is usually about the size of a half dollar. The effect of this custom is, from an occidental point of view, singularly distressing, for when viewed in profile the lady presents an appearance by no means unlike that of a pig. The lips of the little girls are pierced when they are about seven or eight years of age, and a piece of wood is inserted and worn for a time until a larger one takes its place, the opening being thus gradually enlarged until a full-sized *tichiak* can be carried without discomfort. The object of this singularly disfiguring adornment is to prevent the women from eating dogs, which are considered the greatest delicacy by the men of the tribes.

Both sexes decorate the body with regular designs; the chests and backs of the little girls are scarified at a very early age, the incisions forming the design being painted with grease mixed with soot. When they arrive at marriageable age, the girls undergo a further ordeal, for

two sets of parallel lines are cut both on the chest and the back, and as soon as possible after marriage the head lines are made. These consist of a number of short cuts across the forehead, extending from ear to ear, and 13 long, slanting lines are cut on each cheek from ear to chin, so that probably no other woman in the world better exemplifies the old French proverb, *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*.

Not one of these ladies would dare attire herself in other than the prescribed fashion, although no punishment would be inflicted save the general disapproval of the community; but that in savage countries is apt to assume very disagreeable forms.

The authority upon these people is Major A. J. N. Tremearne, upon whose book, "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria" (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), the above notes are based. Major Tremearne has served in Nigeria both as a police and political officer, and has had singularly good opportunities of observing these primitive people, and as a trained anthropologist his description of their manners, habits, and customs is of great value. The volume has 355 pages, 38 photographic illustrations, and a map.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET FROM MOUNT SINAI

BY REV. SARTELL PRENTICE, JR., D. D.

WE SAW the sun rise from the summit of Mount Sinai, a sight few of us will ever forget.

Sinai! What word has greater power to awaken slumbering memories of the past! We, too, were going to Sinai, and as Palmer's words recurred to us we decided to camp one night upon the summit; to watch the sun set and rise again. Palmer has said of that early morning glimpse of glory: "The effects were, if possible, more beautiful than those of sunset, and the few clouds that still lingered around the peaks heightened and concentrated the lovely coloring of blue and gold and rosy light."

Letters from our dragoman were eloquent with his dismay. No one had ever before pitched tents upon the mountain; there would surely be snow to hinder; the monks would be certain to object; in brief, it was not possible. Opposition but fed the desire until it grew into an obsession, and the sunrise from Mount Sinai threatened to become the *raison d'être* of our pilgrimage.

We reached the convent of St. Catharine, at the foot of Sinai, on the 24th of February, and pitched our tents among the olive trees of the garden preparatory to the climb next day. The almond, peach, lemon, and orange trees were in

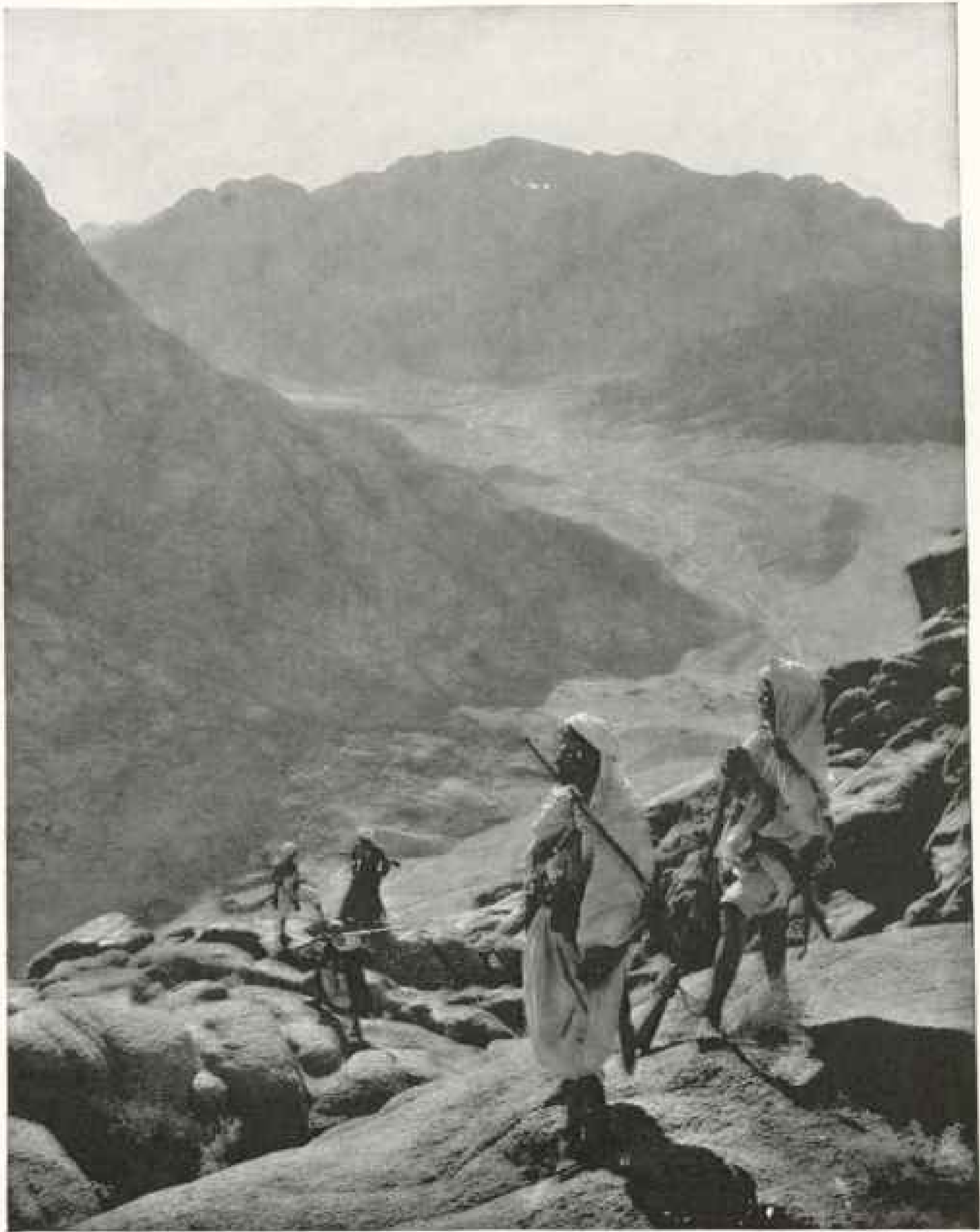


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THE VALLEY OF EL RAHA: SHOWING TO THE RIGHT THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE,
WHERE IT IS BELIEVED THE ISRAELITES GATHERED WHEN MOSES
DELIVERED THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (SEE PAGE 1251)

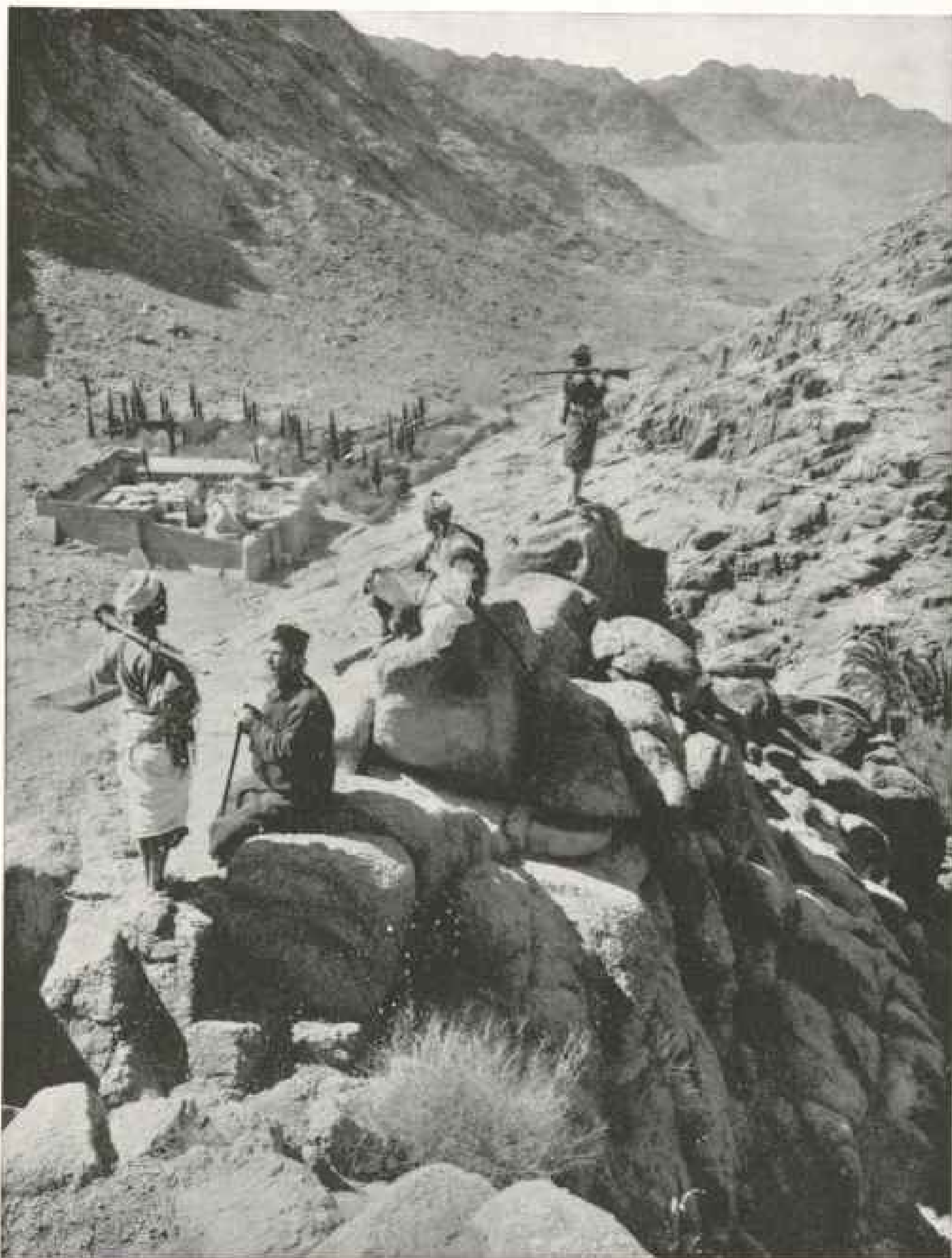


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LOOKING DOWN ON THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE, IN THE DESERT OF SINAI

Excepting for the Mount Sinai Monastery, which from these heights looks like a little toy fort built of blocks, the region is still and hushed and almost deserted. Its massive walls, raised by the peace-loving and God-fearing monks under Justinian, in 527 A. D. (as a protection against the marauding Bedouin tribes that infest this part of the country), when the wealth of an empire was possessed by the builders and occupants of the monastery, are in the same condition as when built, 1400 years ago. Today, however, the Christian world keeps a watchful eye over this mountain monastery and its contents, and the Bedouins, knowing this to be the fact, are on friendly as well as visiting terms with the monks.

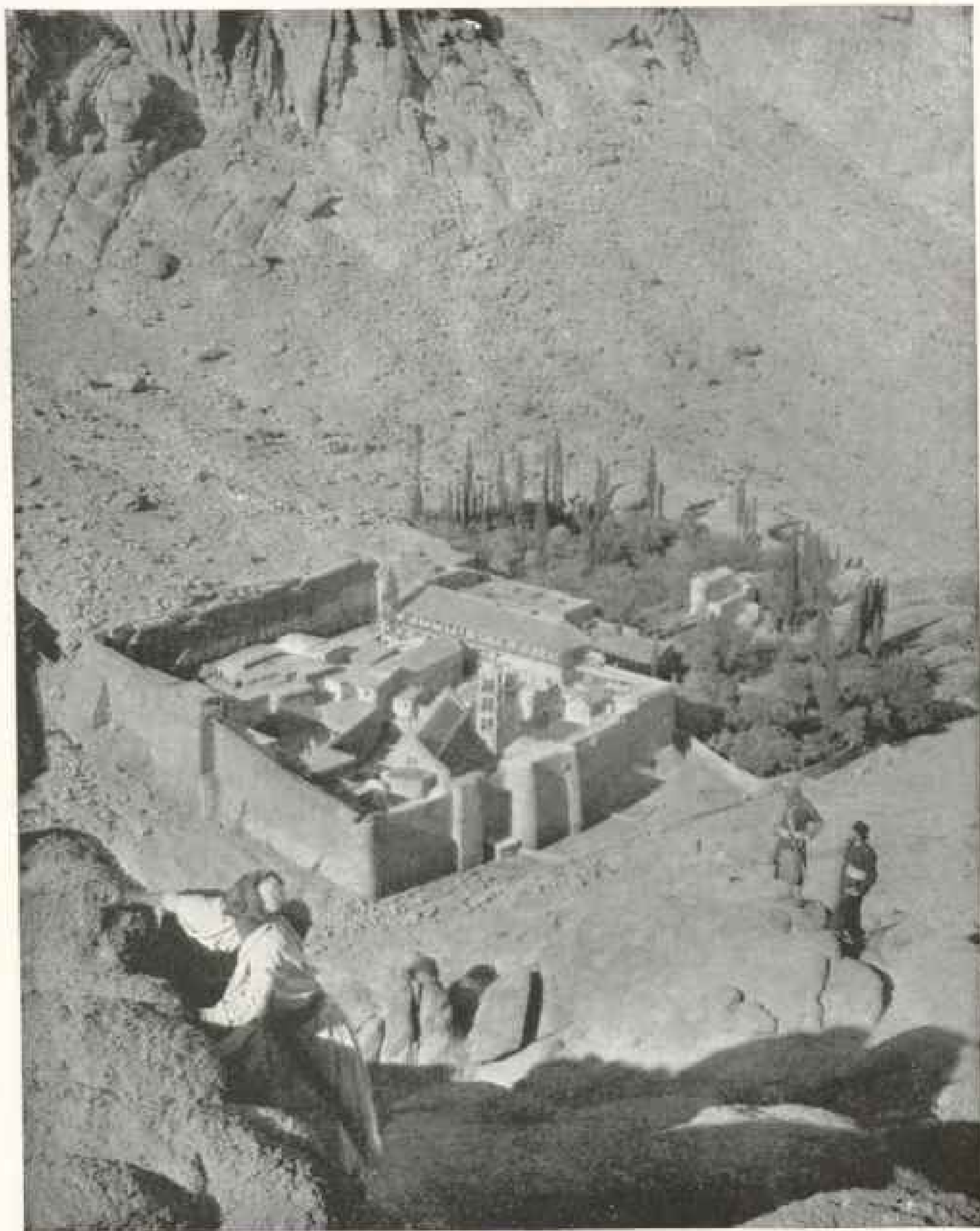


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In the monastery are stored the priceless books narrating the history of Christianity in the tongue of every Christian nation. Slowly the Brotherhood of the Mount Sinai monks is dying out, there being but 20 or 25 at the present time. The life and the pay (not even enough to buy tobacco) are not sufficient inducements for young recruits to join the forces that year by year are growing smaller, and in the course of a few years the treasures of the monastery will no doubt be removed, and the Mount Sinai Monastery will be only a memory to remind one of the greatness of its founder—Justinian.



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ST. CATHERINE'S MONASTERY: SINAI

Showing the outside wall and the little cage through which, until not many years ago, visitors entered the monastery, being drawn up by a rope which was hauled by a windlass within the wall.



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SOUTH SIDE OF MONASTERY ENCLOSURE, SINAI: LIVING ROOMS OF HUMBLE BRETHREN

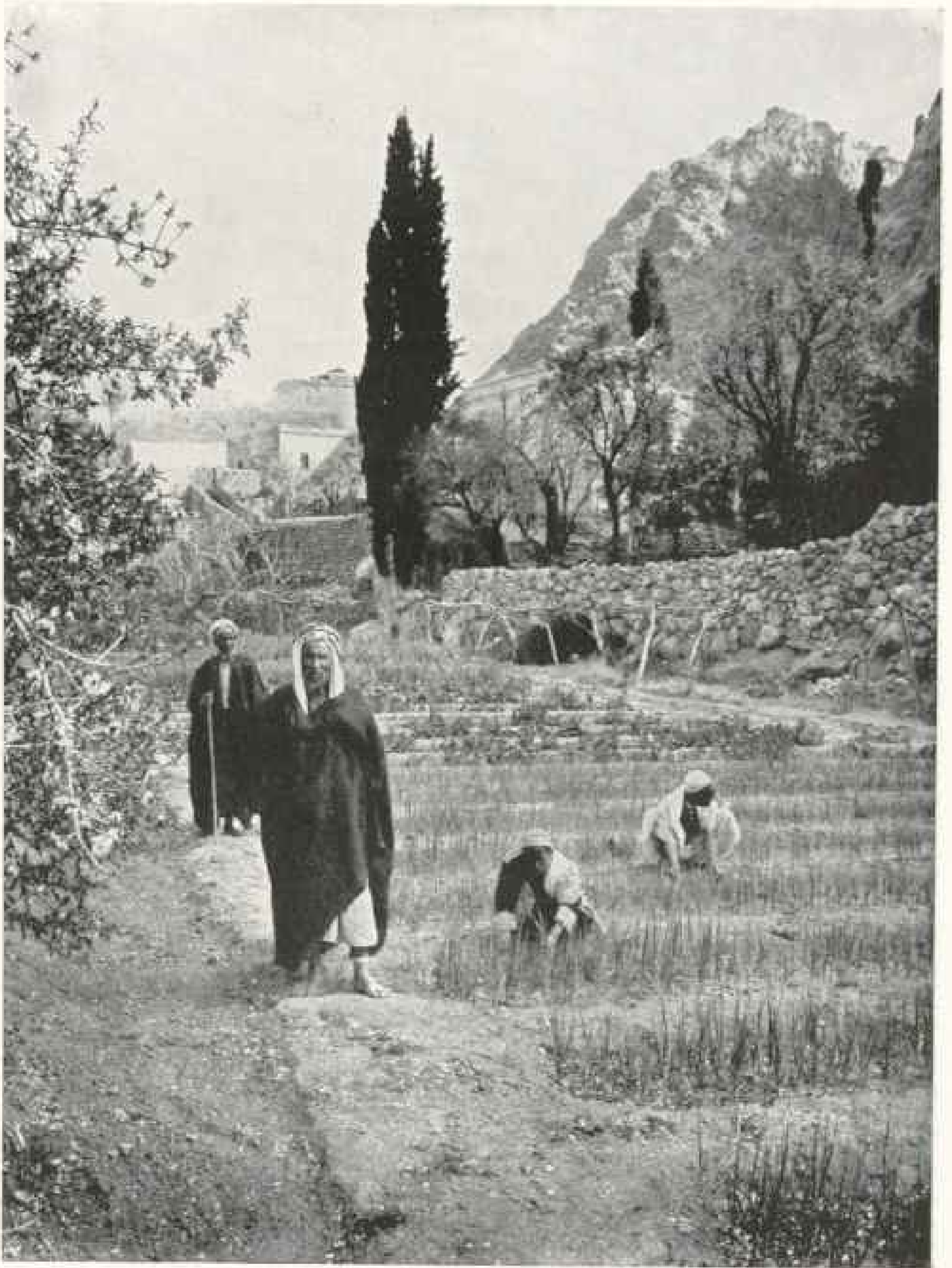


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GARDEN OF ST. CATHERINE'S MONASTERY, AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN OF THE
TEN COMMANDMENTS

"The gardens flourish by virtue of irrigation, their fruit trees, flowers, and vegetables making a mass of color and green whose beauty is enhanced, if not created, by the memory of the sands and barren deserts that must be crossed to reach them."

full bloom, and their white and pink blossoms mingled with the green of the olive leaves and carpeted the ground, filling the air with the burden of their fragrance.

No photographs that we had seen prepared us for the beauty of the Valley of Leja, in which the convent stands. The broad plain of El Raha, where tradition says Israel encamped, narrows to a gorge. The cliffs rise on either hand, sheer masses of red granite a thousand feet in height, their sides furrowed and seamed with massive buttresses thrust out and tortuous crevices receding, the crests, ragged and crenelated, cutting a fantastic outline against the sky, while so abrupt is the ascent their brows fairly seem to overhang the valley.

Far up on the higher crags of the giant ellipse of cliffs the faintly penciled outlines of the huge wooden crosses, with which the monks have sentinelled their valley, lie against the deep blue sky, thrusting their message out to all the mountains clustered round about.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE'S

We spent the afternoon in the maze-like gardens, which descend from the convent walls in terraces, each with its flight of steps, for a thousand feet or more. Below the last garden are grouped the ruins of the stone huts that housed the soldiers brought by Abbas Pasha to build his palace on the mountain and the road to the summit, which still bears his name. Next comes a low hill at the entrance to the Wady es Sheik, the scene of the worship of the golden calf, so tradition asserts, and beyond that is the plain of El Raha, encircled by the rugged red mountains.

The gardens flourish by virtue of irrigation; their fruit trees, flowers, and vegetables making a mass of color and green whose beauty is enhanced, if not created, by the memory of the sands and barren deserts that must be crossed to reach them.

In the meanwhile the monks had swept and aired the crypt of their mortuary chapel, had burned incense in its vaults, and now invited us to enter.

A monk dying at Mount Sinai is bu-

ried in the ground for a year; during that time his grave is watered, for the atmosphere is so dry that lacking such care his bones would turn utterly to dust. After the year the bones are disinterred and placed in the crypt of the chapel; those of the higher dignitaries at one end; those of the monks and brethren at the other, neatly squared and banked in regular and precise lines, which are broken only by the bony hands which occasionally project in ghastly welcome.

Behind the door, in velvet skull cap and monkish robe, sits St. Stephen, the porter of the convent nearly 350 years ago. His bony jaw rests in one fleshless palm, while the other hand rattles among the keys lying in his lap—the symbols of the office he vacated centuries ago. When he last kept watch and ward over the portals, Philip II was king in Spain, the Armada was threatening the coasts of England, the bells of St. Germain were ringing in the day of St. Bartholomew, and Calvin's voice had hardly fallen silent in Geneva. The world has traveled far since then.

The moon rose full that evening. The jagged mountain line lay in blackened silhouette against the sky; the shadows of the olive leaves, gently swaying in the evening breeze, fell upon the white surface of our tents. The moonlight cast a checkered pattern upon the almond blossoms lying about our feet; it lit up the opposite cliffs of Sinai, throwing dark shadows into the crevices, veiling yet magnifying, until the mountains seemed to grow and tower above us, more stern and forbidding by night even than by day. One cross, of all that crowned the heights, stood out for a moment in penciled blackness against the full white surface of the moon; then, sinking over its lower rim, it joined its brethren in obscurity.

I woke once during the night, just as the convent bells were ringing to call the brethren to prayers, for from midnight until 7 in the morning the monks must keep their vigils. The bells fell silent, their echoes died away among the rocks, but they called into momentary vision the recollection of the spires of New England churches rising white above their

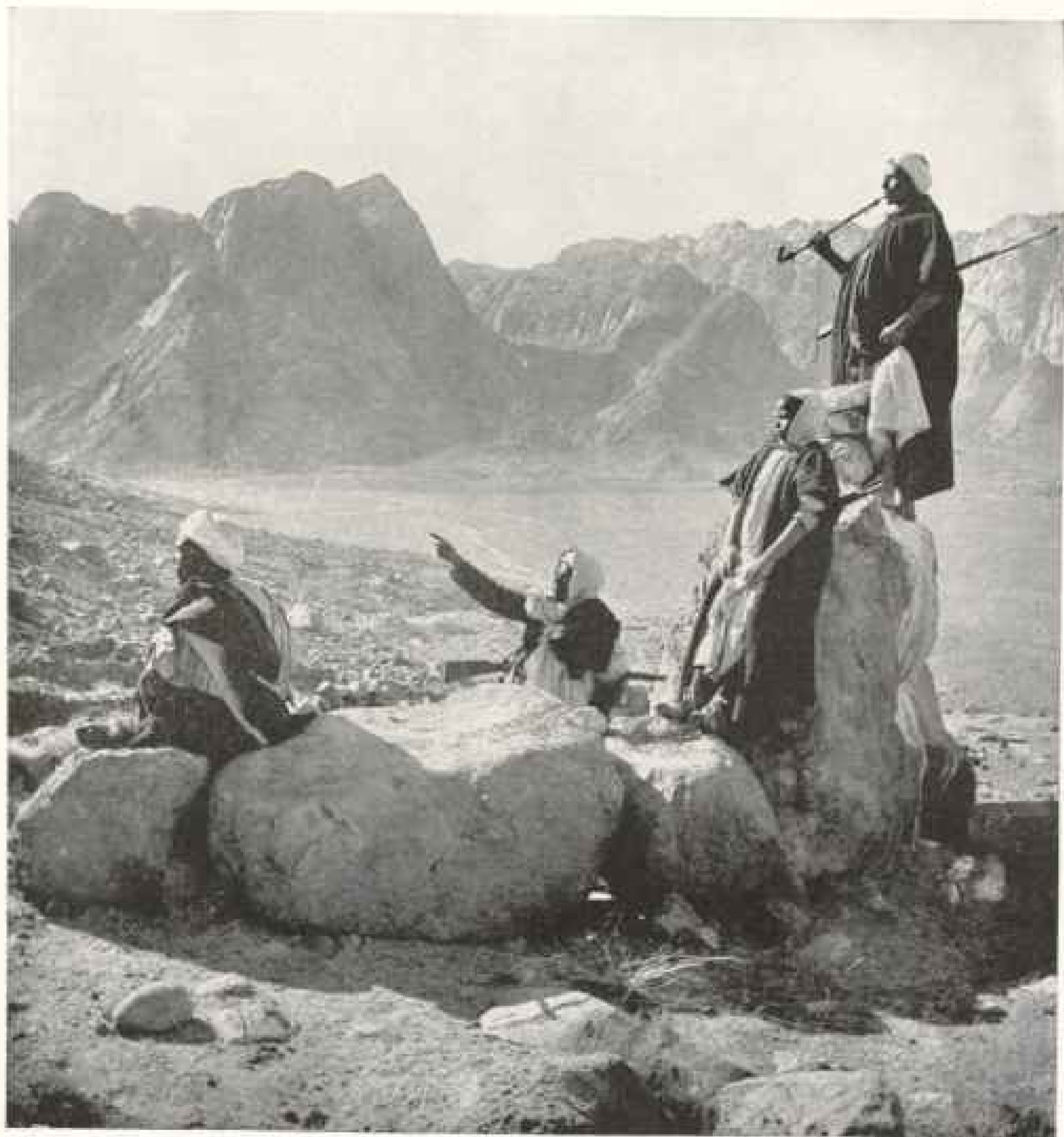


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THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE

"The cliffs rise on either hand, sheer masses of red granite a thousand feet in height, their sides furrowed and seamed with massive buttresses thrust out and tortuous crevices receding; the crests, ragged and crenelated, cutting a fantastic outline against the sky, while so abrupt is the ascent their brows fairly seem to overhang the valley. Far up on the higher crags of the giant ellipse of cliffs the faintly penciled outlines of the huge wooden crosses, with which the monks have sentinelled their valley, lie against the deep blue sky, thrusting their message out to all the mountains clustered round about" (see also page 1243).

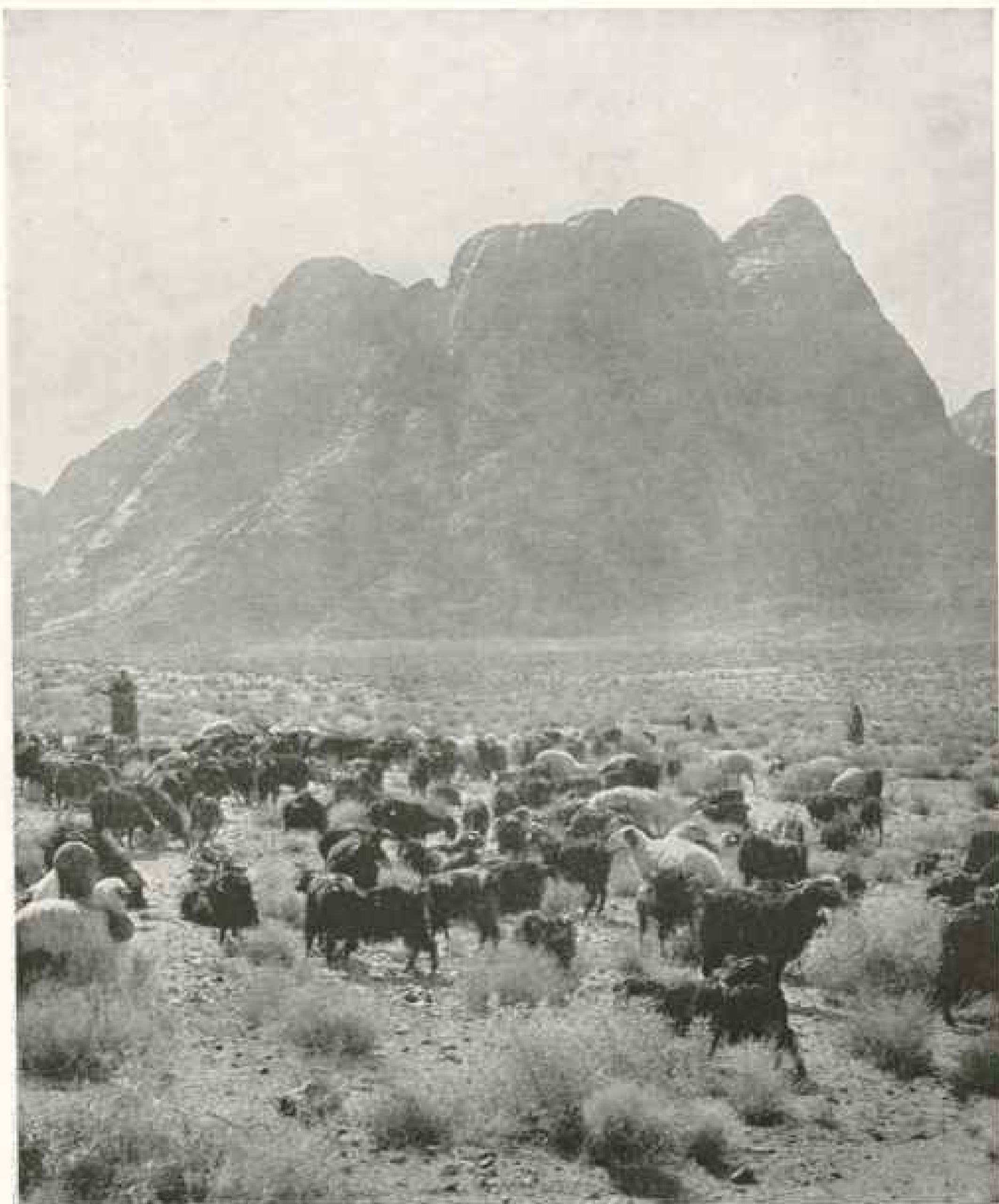


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MOUNT SINAI TOWERING ABOVE THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE

Here on this plain, where the goats and sheep are now grazing, there were gathered the Children of Israel during the 40 days and 40 nights that Moses, obscured from sight on the mountain-top by the clouds, was holding communion with Jehovah, just previous to the deliverance of the Ten Commandments.

"And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount; and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up." Exodus xix: 16-20.

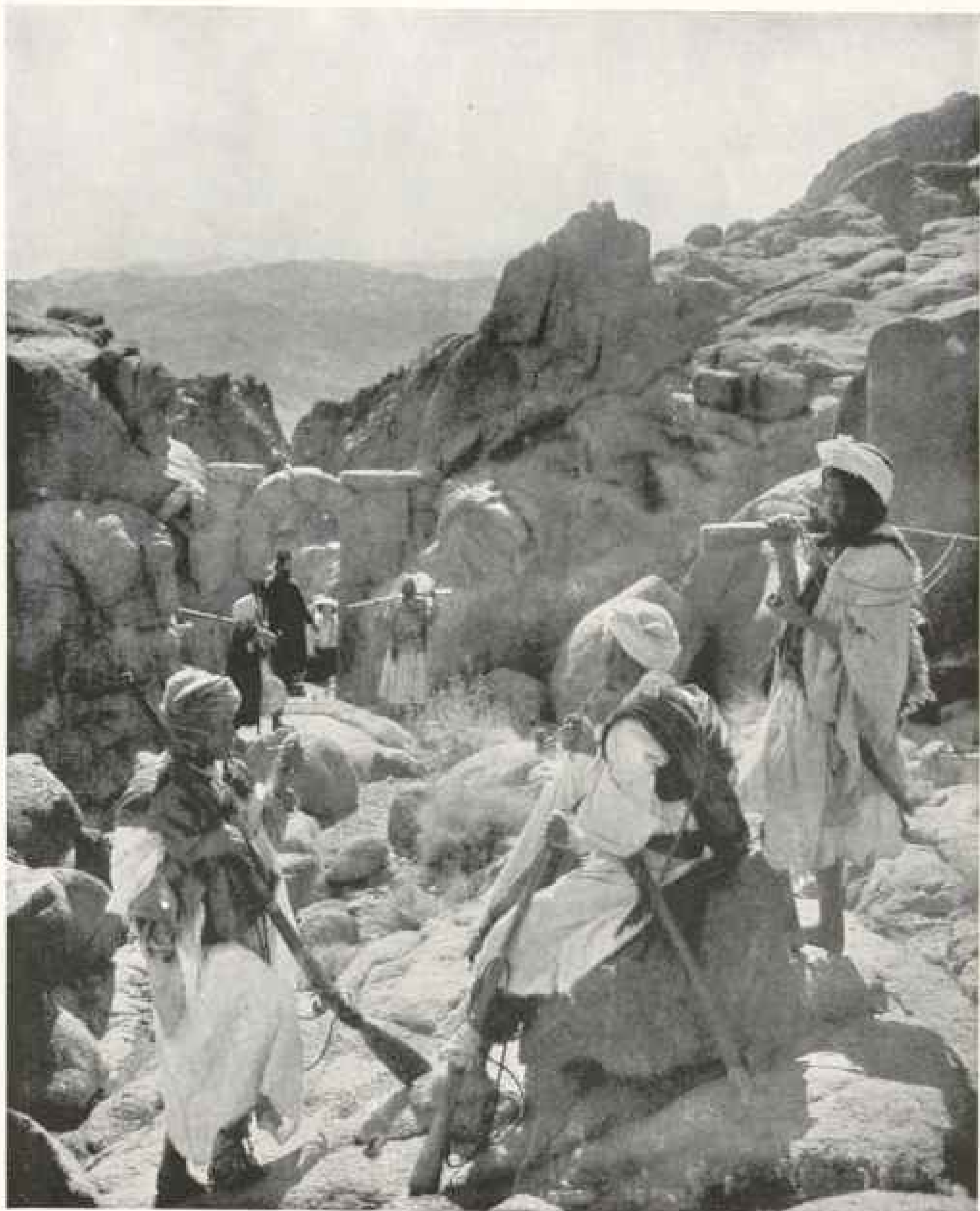


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THE STONE GATE HALF WAY UP MOUNT SINAI

Formerly there was a monk placed at this particular gate, to pass only those who were freed of all sin by the Holy Communion and who bore a pass from the monastery as a proof

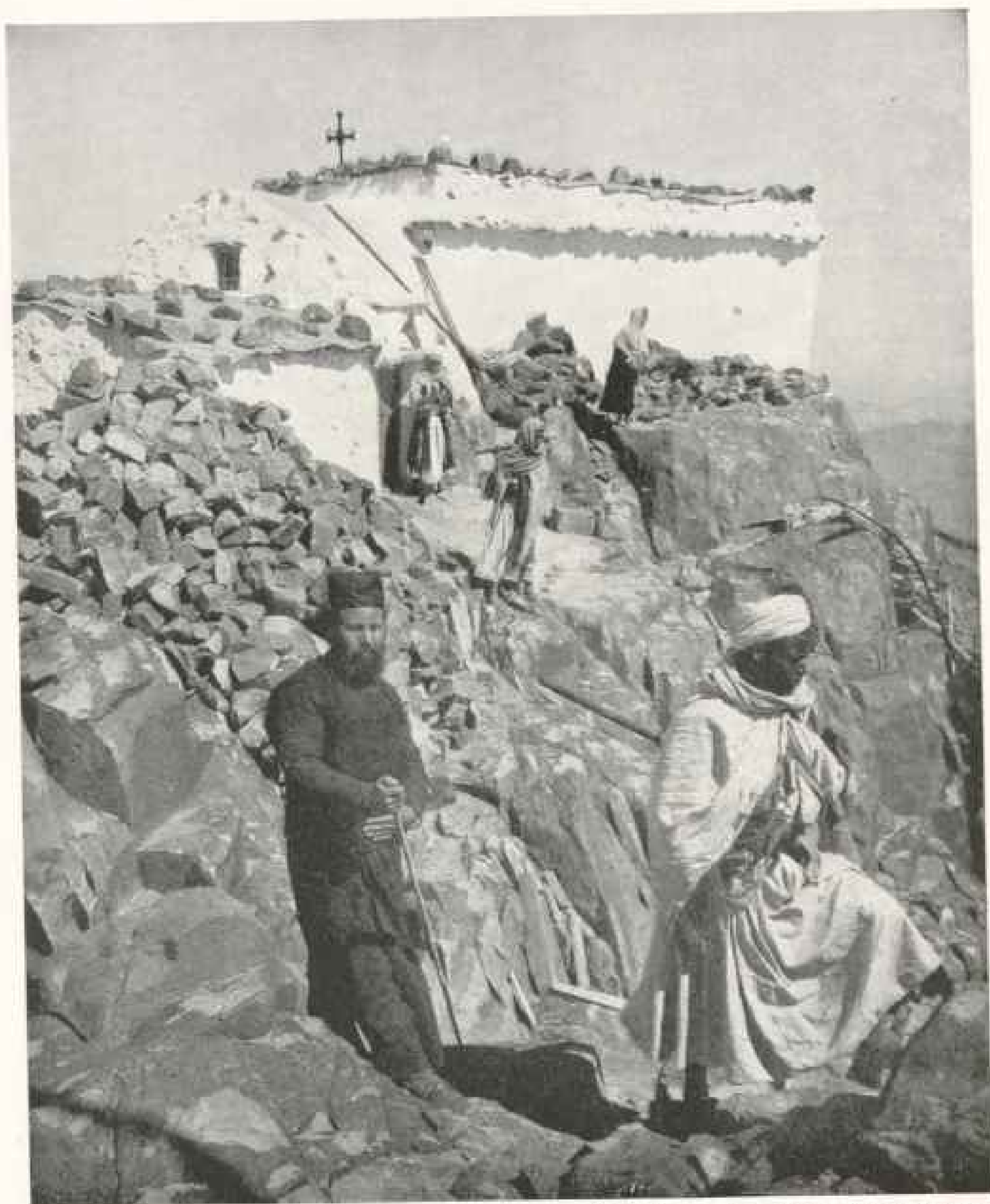


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THE CHAPEL ON THE TOP OF ST. CATHERINE, THE HIGHEST PEAK OF JEBEL MUSA,
"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LAW," 8,536 FEET HIGH

"Here, on a narrow platform, we found a mosque and a Christian chapel almost side by side, symbols of the two great faiths which today command the worship of so many millions of men and whose antagonisms once convulsed the Mediterranean" (see page 1258).

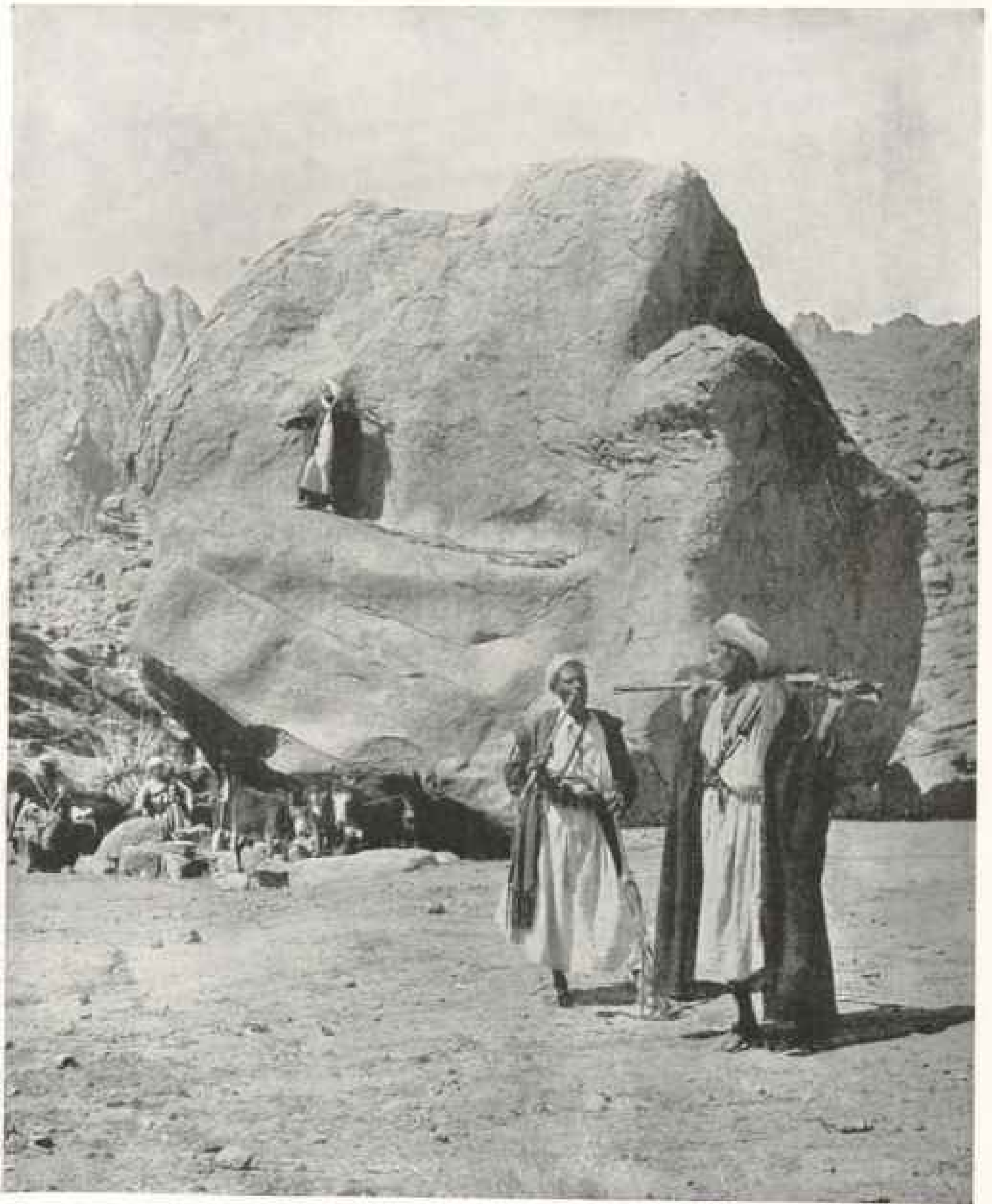


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A HUGE ROCK ON THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE, UNDER WHICH A BLIND BEDOUIN HAS
LIVED AS A HERMIT FOR FORTY YEARS

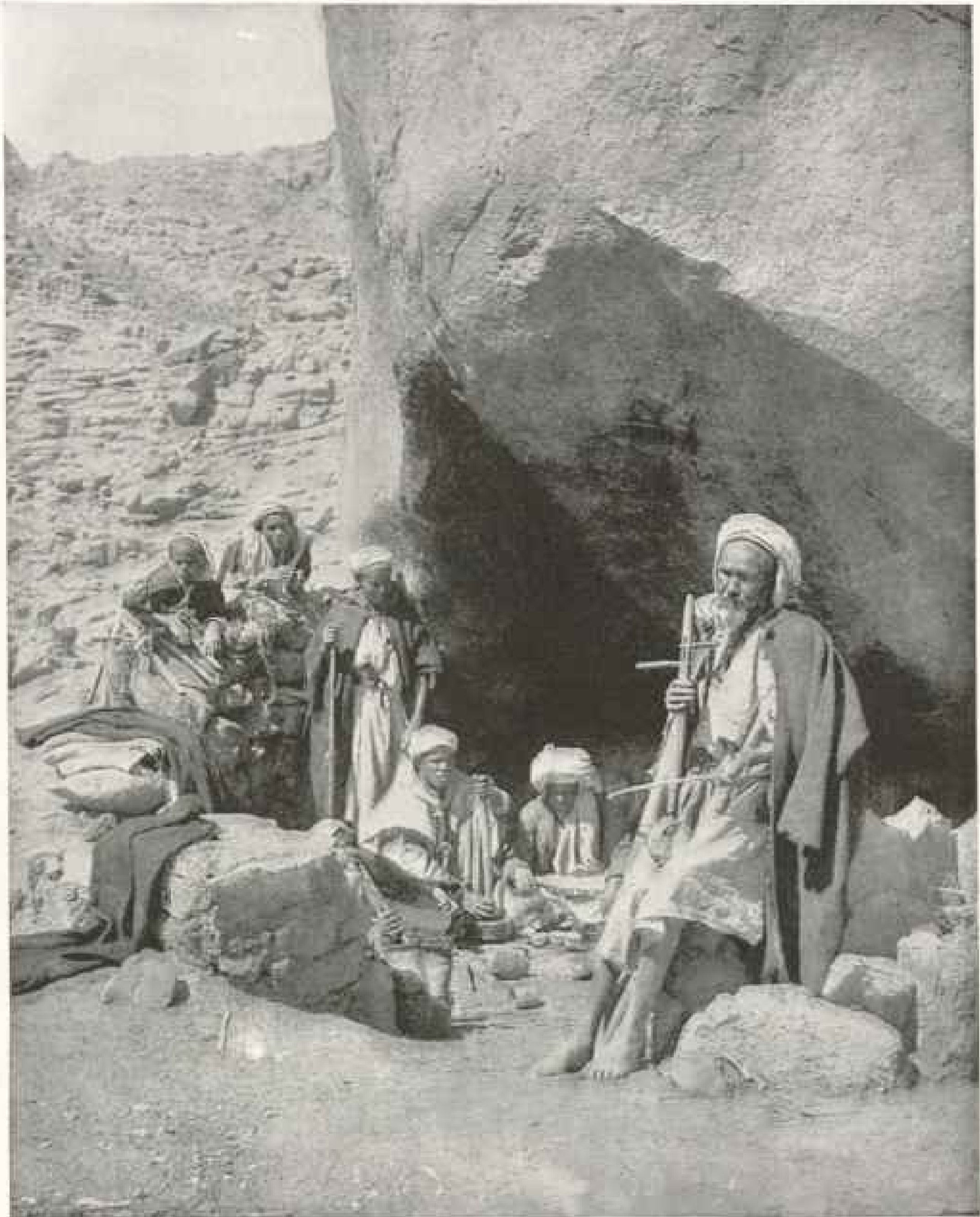


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THE BLIND BEDOUIN WHO HAS LIVED UNDER THIS ROCK ON THE PLAIN OF
ASSEMBLAGE FOR FORTY YEARS.

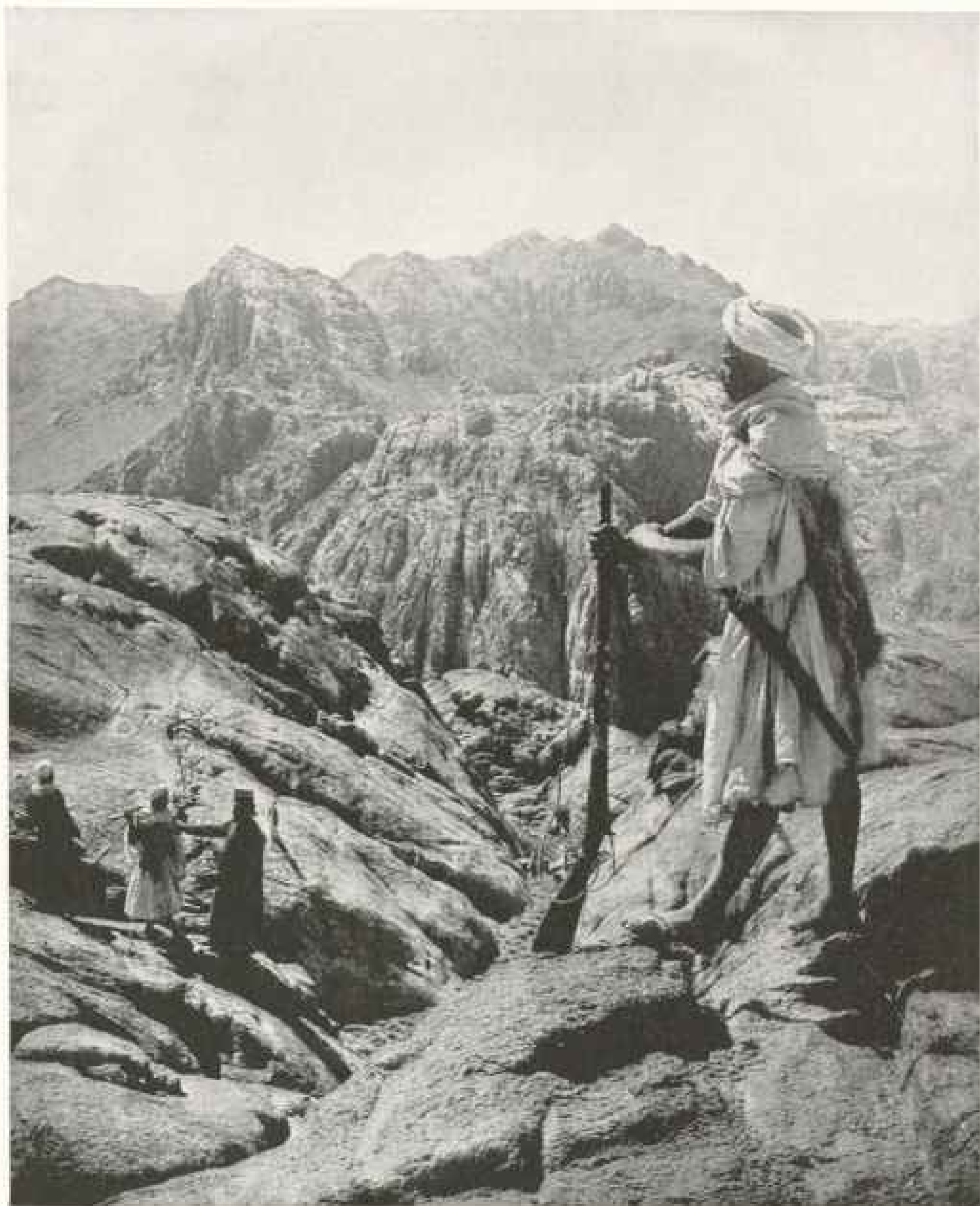


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"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LAW"

Mount Sinai from the north, viewed at an elevation of 6,740 feet from the summit of Jebel Meraji.

"And the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel. And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights." Exodus xxxii: 15-18.

church-yard trees, and the sound of their bells ringing faintly down the valleys of the Green Mountains.

CLIMBING THE SACRED MOUNTS

It was broad daylight when I next awoke; the sun was shining in under the tent, and voices in Arabic were sounding without. After breakfast our tents were packed on three camels and sent up the road of Abbas Pasha to the plain of the cypress tree, near the summit of Sinai, while we, with a monk as guide and a Bedouin for a porter, set out to climb the pilgrim steps. While we were waiting for our guide, I searched the face of the great precipice of Sinai with a field glass for some evidence of a practicable pathway, for some break in the mass of rock, but though I searched almost inch by inch, I could detect no possible entrance through the cliff.

Leaving the convent, we walked up the valley for perhaps a third of a mile, picking our way over a boulder-strewn slope, until we came to a crack in the face of the cliff, a mere seam down the mountain side, where we found the first of the steps. There are some 7,000 of these, which lead up a gorge 12 to 15 feet wide, zigzagging from side to side. The cliffs rise sheer on either hand, water-washed and time-worn, cracked and fractured by the extremes of heat and cold. Fragments of rock project and overhang the path, looking as if the lightest touch would send them flying. In fact the pilgrim steps have suffered severely from falling boulders; they are chipped, cracked, and smashed, in places utterly destroyed, and the path is thickly strewn with the fragments.

Few things testify so eloquently to the vitality of the spirit of ancient monasticism as the paved road which leads into the Sinai range through the Nakb el Howi Pass and these steps up Mount Sinai. The labor of cutting, carrying, and placing such stones must have been enormous.

Early in the ascent we came to a spring of clear, cold water, issuing from beneath a gigantic boulder. Here, the Bedouins say, Moses watered his sheep. For some time after leaving the spring

we kept the convent in sight; it seemed to come nearer and nearer to the mountain as we climbed and to lie more immediately below us, until a curtain of rock crept out and hid it from our sight.

The path led steeply up between high and narrow walls of rock, the sky a mere slit above our heads, until we halted for a moment's rest at the Chapel of the Virgin, and here, tradition says, a plague of fleas once so harassed the monks that they decided in desperation to abandon the convent. They took their way up the mountain on a final pilgrimage to its holy places, when the Virgin met them at this spot and commanded their return. On again reaching the convent they found it utterly deserted by the insects. Presumably they had gone out in a body to find the monks, but how they had missed them in the narrow path the legend does not say.

The path grew steeper after leaving the chapel until we came to an archway, where formerly pilgrims were confessed; then we mounted a flight of a hundred perfect steps to a second archway, where they received their certificates of absolution and were permitted to pass on. Just beyond lay the Plain of the Cypress Tree. A few hundred square feet of coarse grass, a pond a hundred feet across, and a huge cypress tree lay beneath a circle of low cliffs. Such a spot would be passed unnoticed anywhere in our Eastern States, but in these wastes of sands and barren rocks, grass, however coarse, water, and a tree halt the attention and haunt the memory.

THE SUMMIT OF SAFSAFAH

Leaving the ladies here to rest, F. and I set off to climb Jebel Safsafah, one of the horns of Mount Sinai. The path was long and rough. It led us up and down through a succession of valleys until we came to the final ascent of Safsafah, when a rough climb of 20 minutes brought us to a narrow crevice with an abysmal precipice at our feet. Nearly 2,000 feet below was one of the farms belonging to the convent, surrounding the house where the brother lives whom the convent has placed in charge, a restful touch of green against the wilderness

of sand. Near by was a long row of black Bedouin tents, the flocks of goats browsing among the rocks, while to the right the long plain of el Raha stretched out to the Nakb el Howi Pass.

Above this crevice rose a smooth, rounding mass of rock 40 feet or more in height, on the crest of which the monks have planted a huge wooden cross. This is the summit of Safsafah (see picture, page 1259). Baedeker says the ascent requires a steady head. Meis-termann says: "Le dernier pic, droit et glissant, n'est plus accessible qu'aux touristes robustes, qui ne sont pas sujet au vertige, et qui sont déterminés à y grimper en s'aidant des pieds et des mains."

I did not find it so. The climb is difficult, perhaps, but in no place should I call it dangerous, nor does it invite dizziness. The view is limited except to the north: "aere range after range runs back toward the horizon, with great Gebel Serbal in the distance. Except at the north, however, the rim of the Sinaitic range restricts the view.

We came back to the cypress tree for lunch, watched the arrival of the camels and the pitching of our tents, and then we began the final climb of the Jebel Musa summit of Mount Sinai. On the edge of the plain we passed a little chapel dedicated to Elijah, for the Greek Church has located here Elijah's vision of God, when, fleeing from the wrath of Jezebel, he came to Horeb, "the Mountain of God."

Here, they say, he heard the great and mighty wind, which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks; here he witnessed the earthquake and the fire, and heard after the fire the still, small voice saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

THE TOP OF SINAI

Beyond the chapel we entered another crack in the mountain side, where the pilgrim steps resume their zigzag way between high and narrow walls; but the ascent is steeper and rougher than before. After a forty-minute climb we reached the summit. Here, on a narrow platform, we found a mosque and a

Christian chapel almost side by side, symbols of the two great faiths which today command the worship of so many millions of men and whose antagonisms once convulsed the Mediterranean (see page 1253).

Time was when the servants of the mosque swept the Great Sea from end to end, ravaging the shores of Spain and the littoral of France. A pope of Rome wrote pitifully for help against the raids which swept up to the very gates of the Holy City. The crumbling towers that you still see along the shores of Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, and Italy were once watch-towers, whose sentinels scanned the horizon for the slanting sails of Saracen pirates. And time was when the servants of the chapel flung their armies upon the coasts of Palestine, carried by assault the walls of Jerusalem, and planted their castles from Belfort on the north to Petra in the south, almost within sight of Sinai. Yet here on this mountain, sacred to Christian and Mohammedan alike, in silent friendliness, chapel and mosque lie side by side, as if ignorant or forgetful of the antagonisms of their servants in this world.

Our guide showed us imbedded in the rock the imprint of the hands of Moses and the cave where he had hidden when "the glory of the Lord passed by." After he was satisfied that we had seen the things of real interest on Mount Sinai, we turned to the things that were real to us. George, our Syrian waiter, seated himself upon a rock and disturbed the silence with the wailings of his flageolet, while we gave ourselves up to the view.

From our feet the gorges and chasms fell away to the valley below, through which, like a thin white thread, the road ran on to Akabah, Moab, and to distant Jerusalem. Around us stood the ring of red granite mountains—indented, worn, and carved—huge masses of fantastic cliffs. Over this ring range behind range of mountains ran away as far as the eye could see, each range as jagged and fantastic in outline as Sinai itself. In and among the ranges lay valleys of sand, shimmering like still waters, with a white and silvery gleam. The waters of the

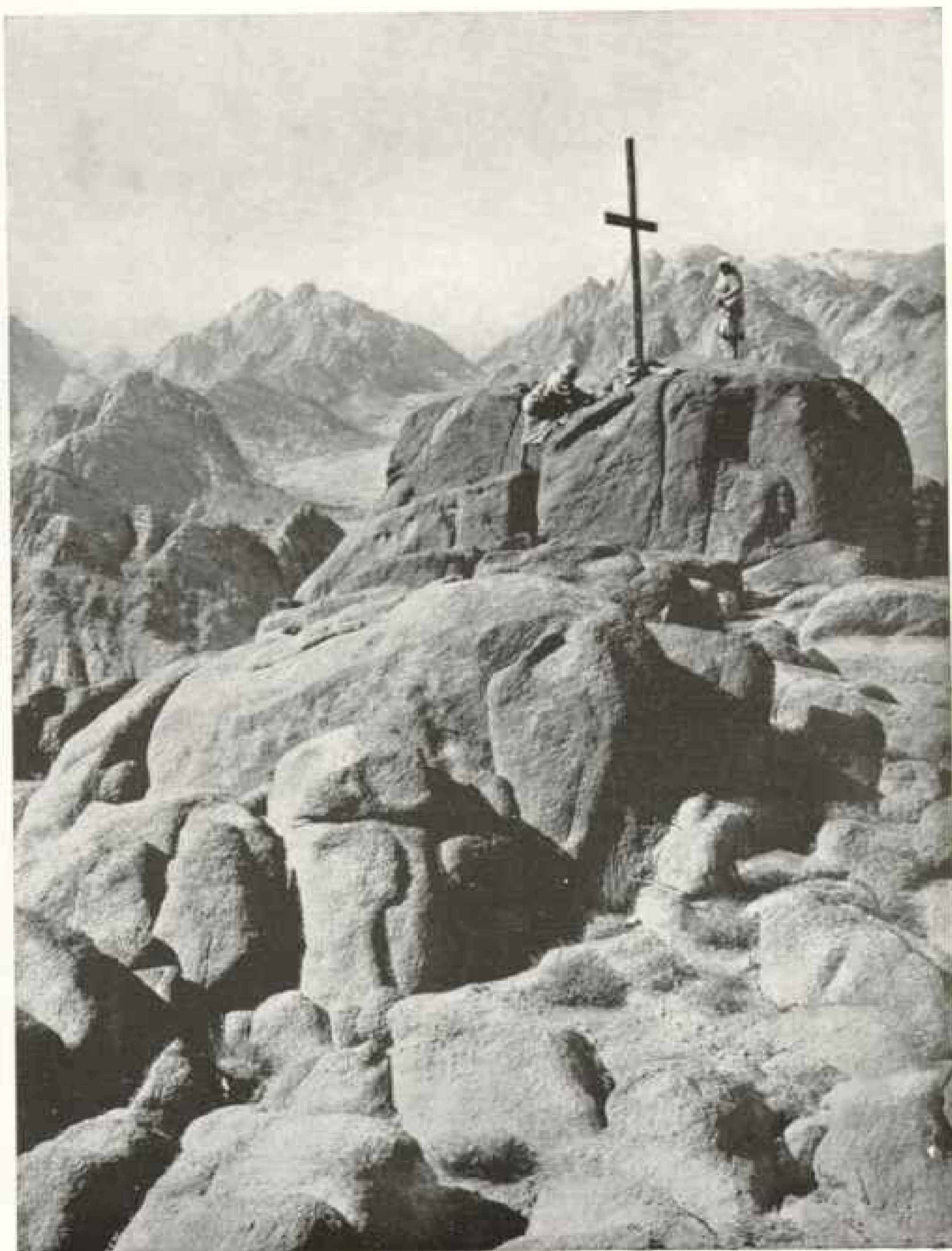


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THE PLACE FROM WHICH MOSES IS BELIEVED TO HAVE PROCLAIMED TO THE CHILDREN
OF ISRAEL THE COMMANDS HE HAD RECEIVED FROM JEHOVAH
WHILE ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

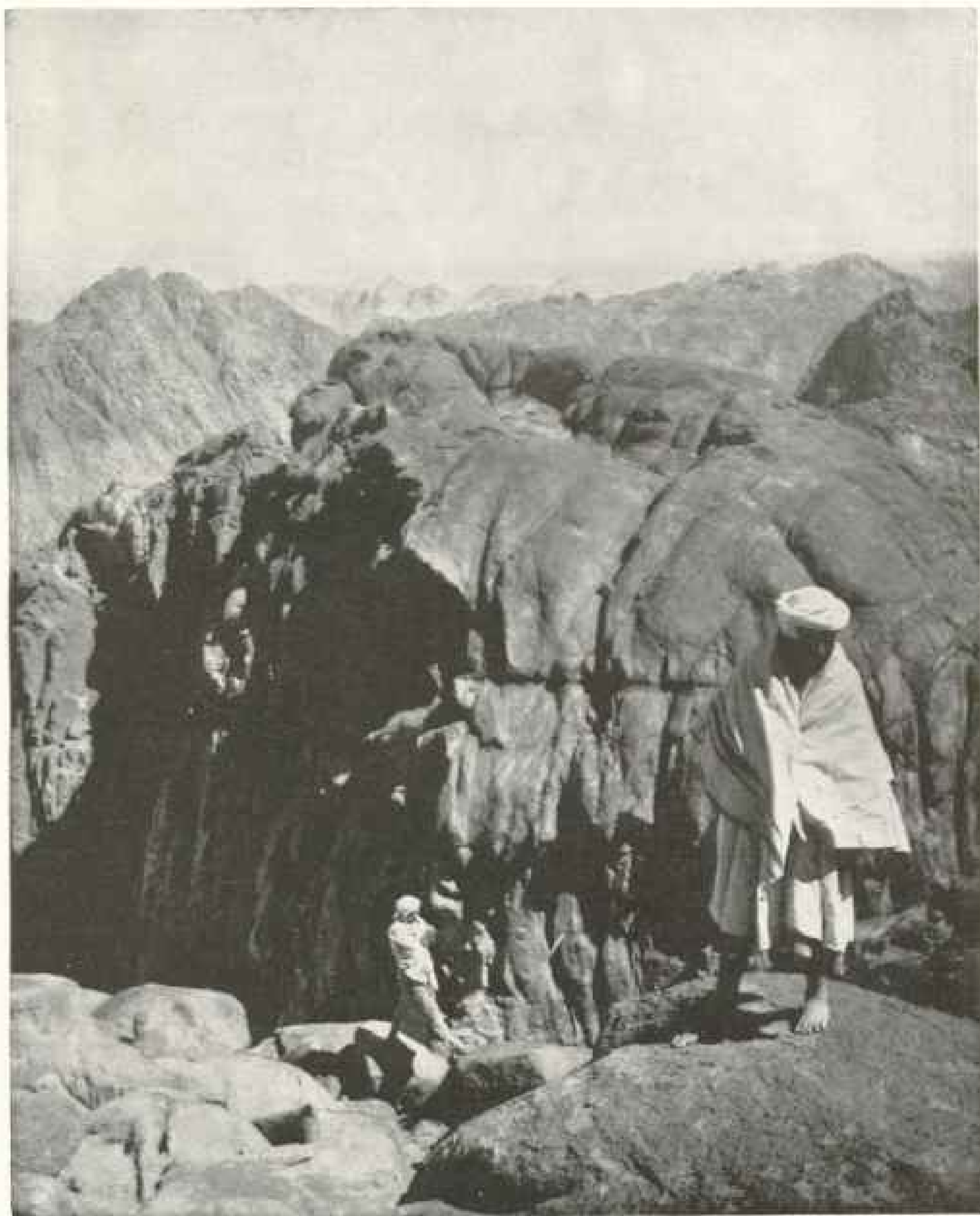


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VIEW OF THE SINAI RANGE FROM THE SUMMIT OF JEBEL SAFSAFAH, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MINOR PEAKS OF "THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LAW," PEAK ST. CATHERINE (SEE PAGE 1253) BEING THE HIGHEST

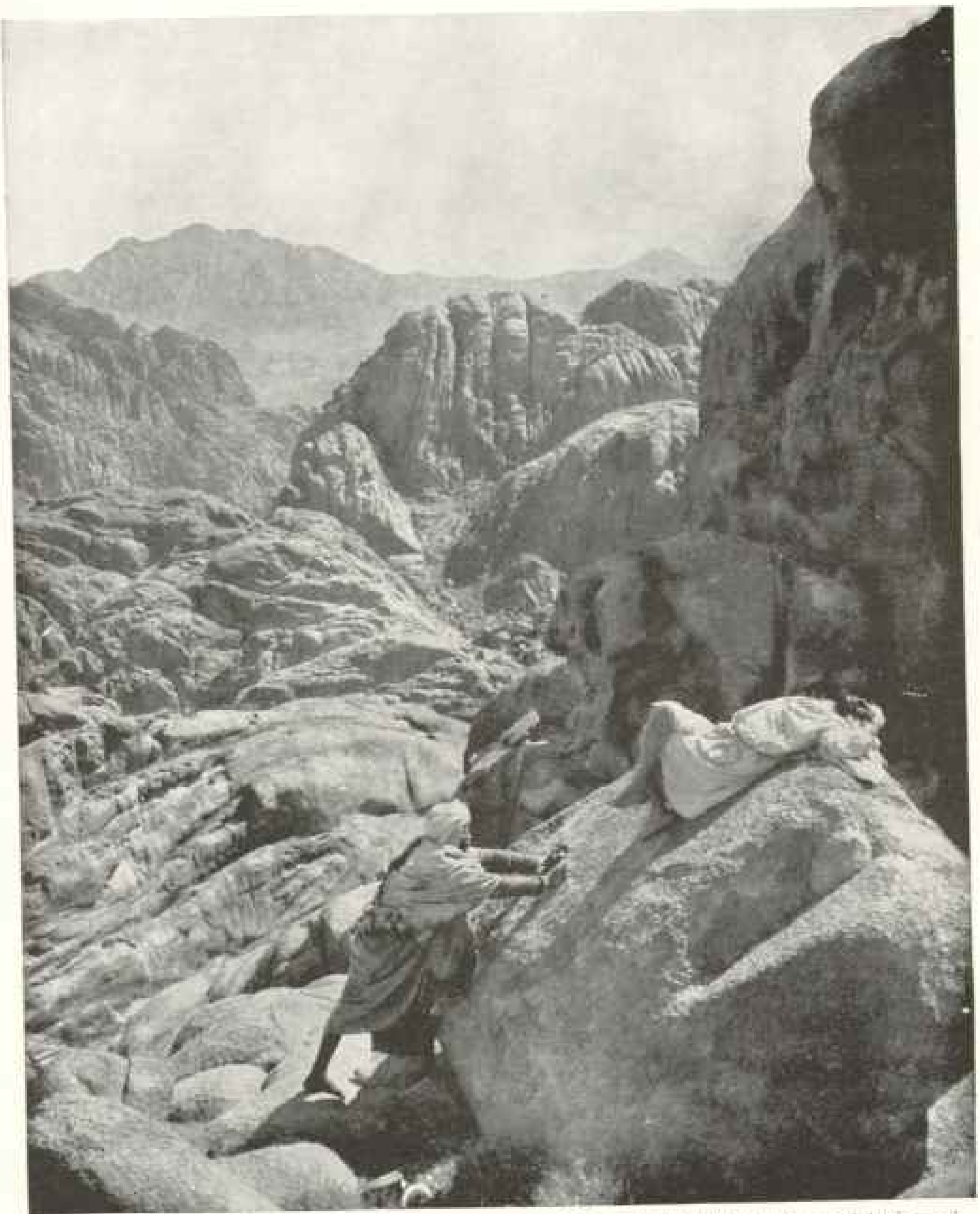


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LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE SUMMIT OF JEBEL SAFSAFAH TOWARD THE MOUNT SINAI RANGE, WHERE MOSES GAVE THE COMMANDMENTS TO THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

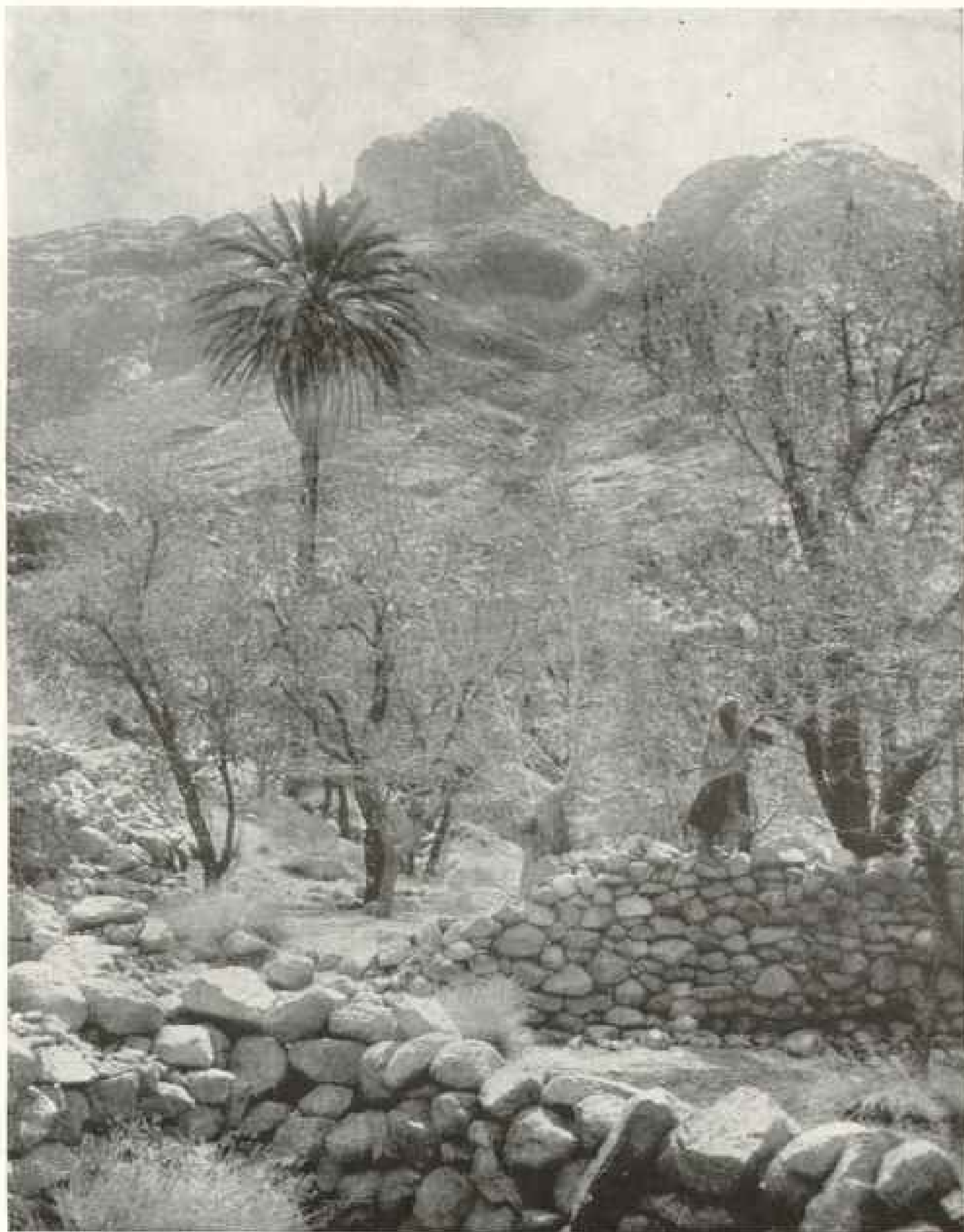


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BEDOUIN GARDENS IN THE RAVINE OF JEBEL SAFSAFAH

The mountain in the background is the Mount of the Law (see pages 1251, 1253, and 1256)

Gulf of Akabah were visible in several places, but the sun was setting behind the Gulf of Suez, veiling it in mist; the African mountains were crowned with gold, and over a golden sea crimson clouds were sailing. A broad band of green half encircled the northern sky, while the earth and the mountains about us were clear violet, darker in the hollows, more opalescent on the heights. Then the peaked shadow of Mount Sinai crept slowly out of the valley up the slopes of the other side; it fell upon the hills beyond, and then, stretching out to the horizon, it fell on range after range until it left the earth and threw its pyramidal shadow on the clouds.

In turn the other mountains rose, flung their shadows upon it and blotted it out. As the sun touched the horizon rim, George threw himself on his knees and, facing the setting sun, with eyes closed, poured out his soul through the reedy notes of his flageolet. The story of the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" crossed my mind. No sooner had the sun vanished than we started homeward, for the desert, difficult enough by day, is positively dangerous in the dark; but rapidly as we went the light faded faster.

In that deep gorge between the high walls the night seemed to creep up out from the rocks below rather than to fall from the skies above, and soon we gave up the attempt to see our path and trusted to the feel of the ground beneath our feet. A turn in the path and the plain of the cypress tree came in sight, lying far and almost sheer below us, for from this point begins the steepest part of the descent; but we could see our tents, the camels browsing, and the light of the camp fire, promising coffee, supper, and rest.

The stars were all out, brilliant and pendant as you never see them except very far from the cities of men; the last gleam of the daylight had faded as we stepped out of the gorge, passed the Chapel of Elijah, and came into camp. Before we slept that night, I left the tent and crossed the valley. The moon was just rising above the cliffs, throwing grotesque images of ogres and of primeval beasts upon the moonlit walls opposite; the shadow of the cypress fell black upon

the face of the still waters. The silence was intense. No frogs sang to us out of the marshes; there was no voice of insects among the rocks; no call of night bird sounded in the air.

I awoke a little after 3 and dressed. The moon was still shining on the valley; the camels lay here and there, one close to the tent. George and the Bedouin were asleep around the ashes of the fire. They sprang to their feet as I came up, and George went for water, while the Bedouin, uncovering a few dull embers from under the ashes, nursed them into a blaze. The air was cold and the warmth most pleasant, and I glanced about. The desert shrubs burned fiercely, sending trails of sparks flying into the night; the firelight flickered on the walls of the tents, on the dark face of the Bedouin, and on the camel as he lay with his long neck stretched out along the ground toward the blaze. We had coffee and a cigarette, and then started again up Sinai for the sunrise. Passing the Chapel of Elijah, I heard the voice of the priest, rising and falling in weird cadences as he intoned the services of his church. Here, alone, in a monk's vigil he had passed the night.

We entered the gorge and began the climb. The moon had set in this crevice and our path lay in the shadow, but the moonlight was falling upon one side of the gorge and the rocks reflected it upon the path. Still its light was deceptive. It foreshortened distances, modulated the shadows and misinterpreted them; it created a false perspective, and I was constantly misjudging distances and stumbling, even though the light seemed ample. However, we climbed rapidly, and without stopping, for I was anxious to be on hand for the first glimmer of the dawn. In 28 minutes we stood upon the summit.

Sinai bears the name of the moon god "Sin," and "Sin" was reigning now; his light fell on the circle of granite mountains, smoothing out their cracks and scars and exalting their huge masses; here it left a valley in the darkness, and there it fell shimmering upon white sands. Overhead moon and stars hung brilliant out of a black vault of heaven, and the distances above the stars seemed vaster than the distances below.

I wrapped myself up in a steamer rug

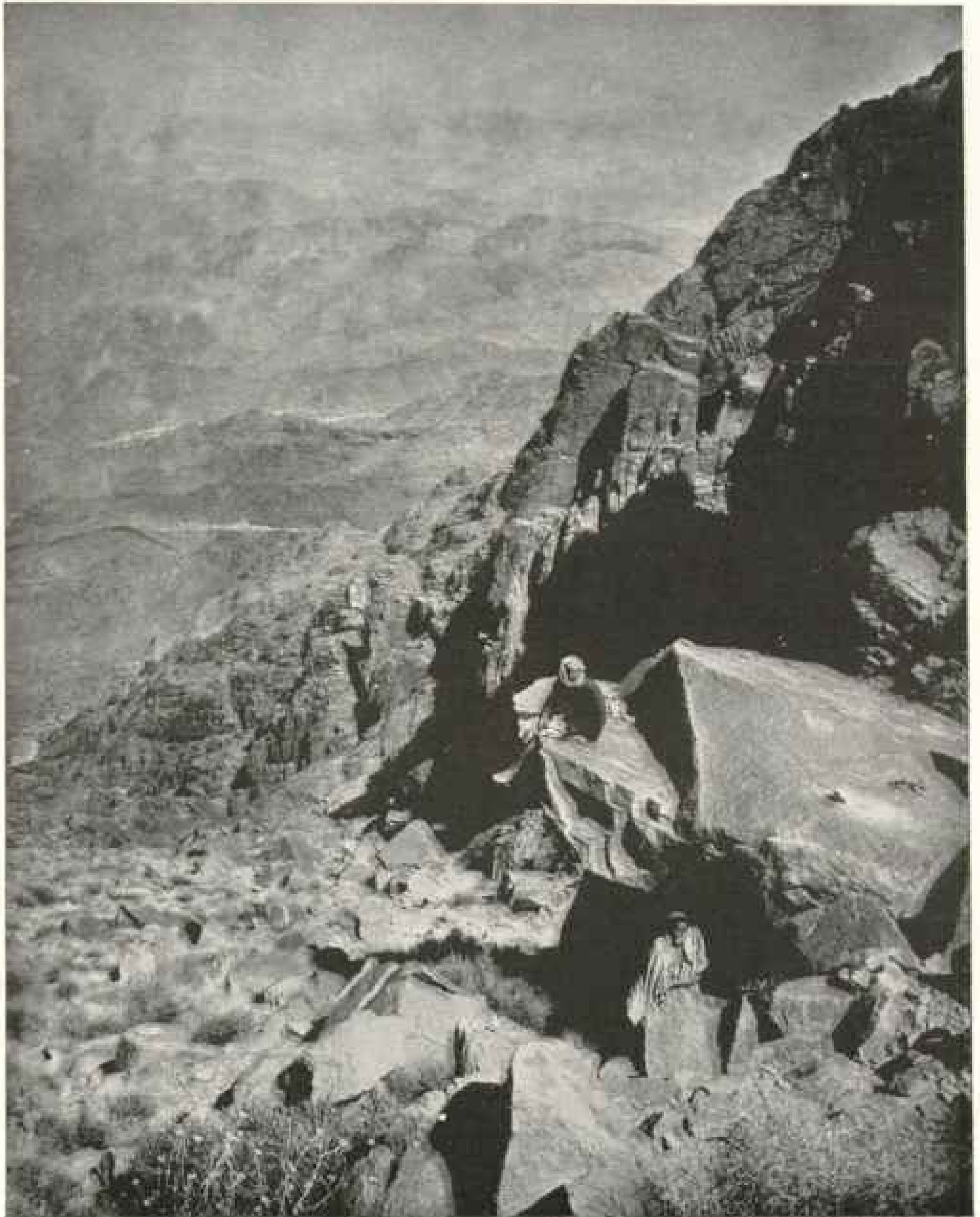


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LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE RIGID SLOPES OF MOUNT SERBEL.

The Wilderness of Sin is 3,000 feet below. The remains of old monasteries and hermits' caves abound on the slopes and rocky cliffs

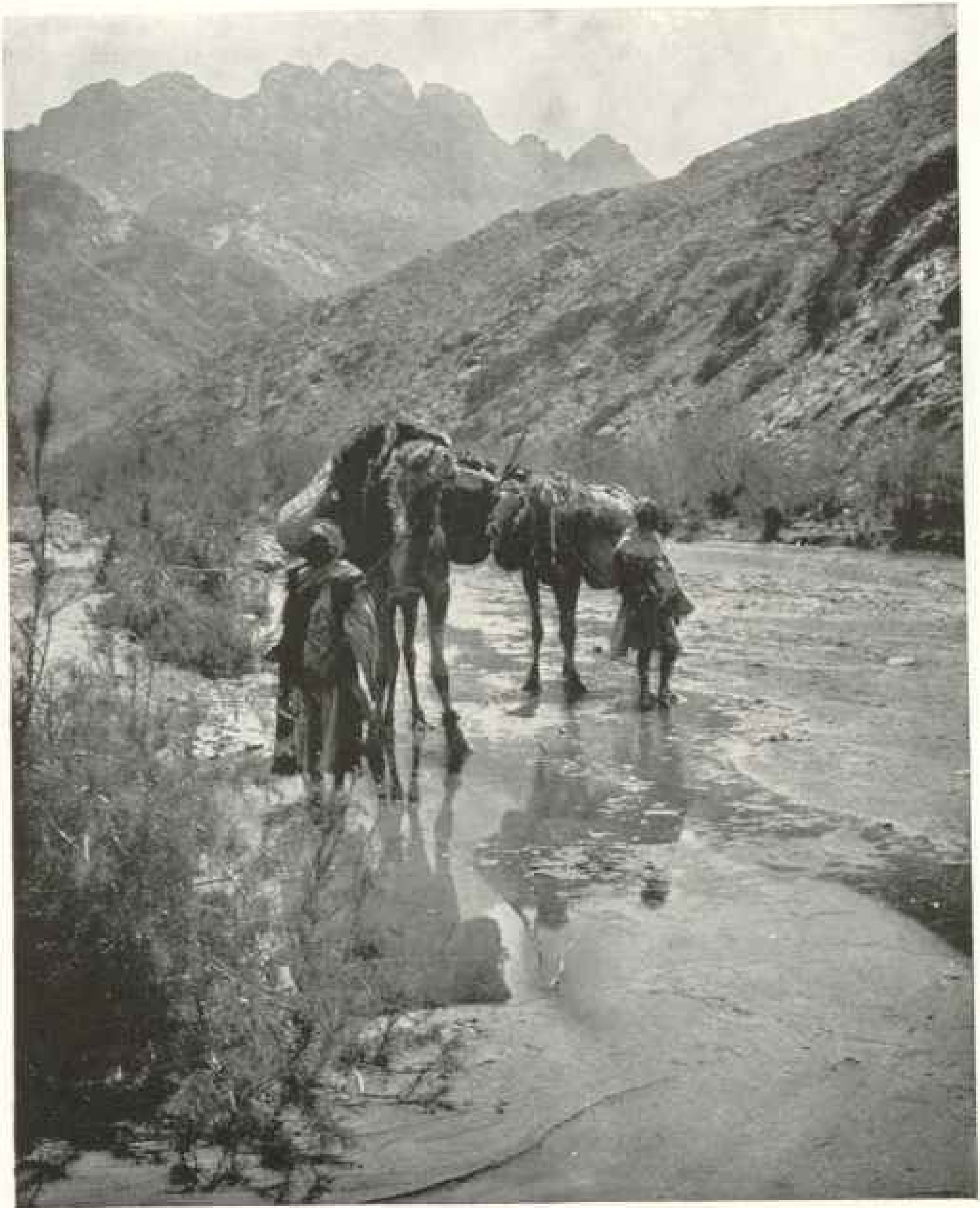


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WADY (VALLEY) FIRAN: TWO MILES WEST OF THE OASIS OF FIRAN

Mount Serbel is seen towering above all the other peaks in the picture. Some historians think that it was on this mount, rather than on Jebel Musa (see pages 1251, 1253, and 1256), that Moses communed with Jehovah.

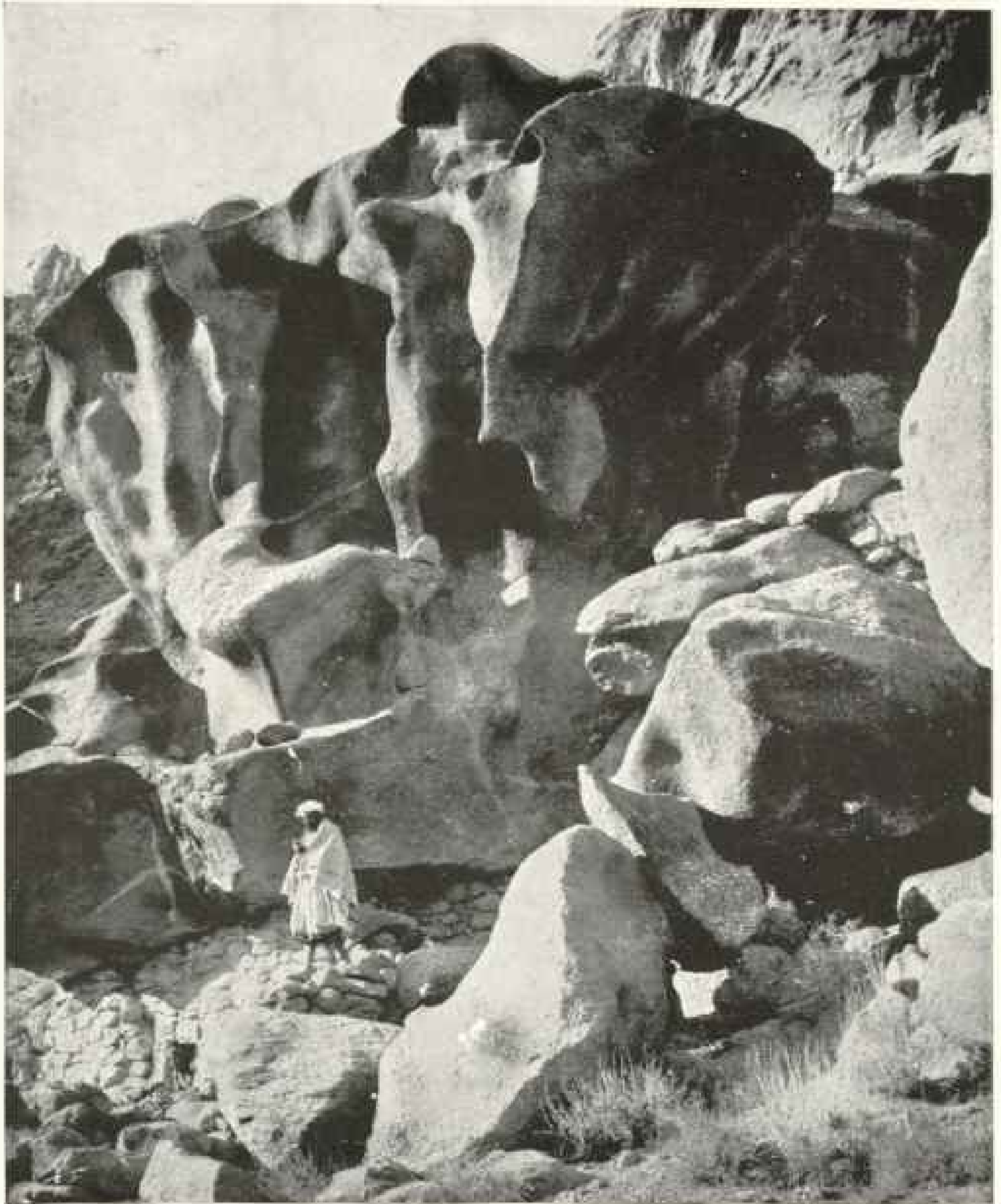


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THE MARK OF THE ELEMENTS: A STRANGELY WORN ROCK ON ONE OF THE SLOPES
OF JEBEL SAFSAFAH.

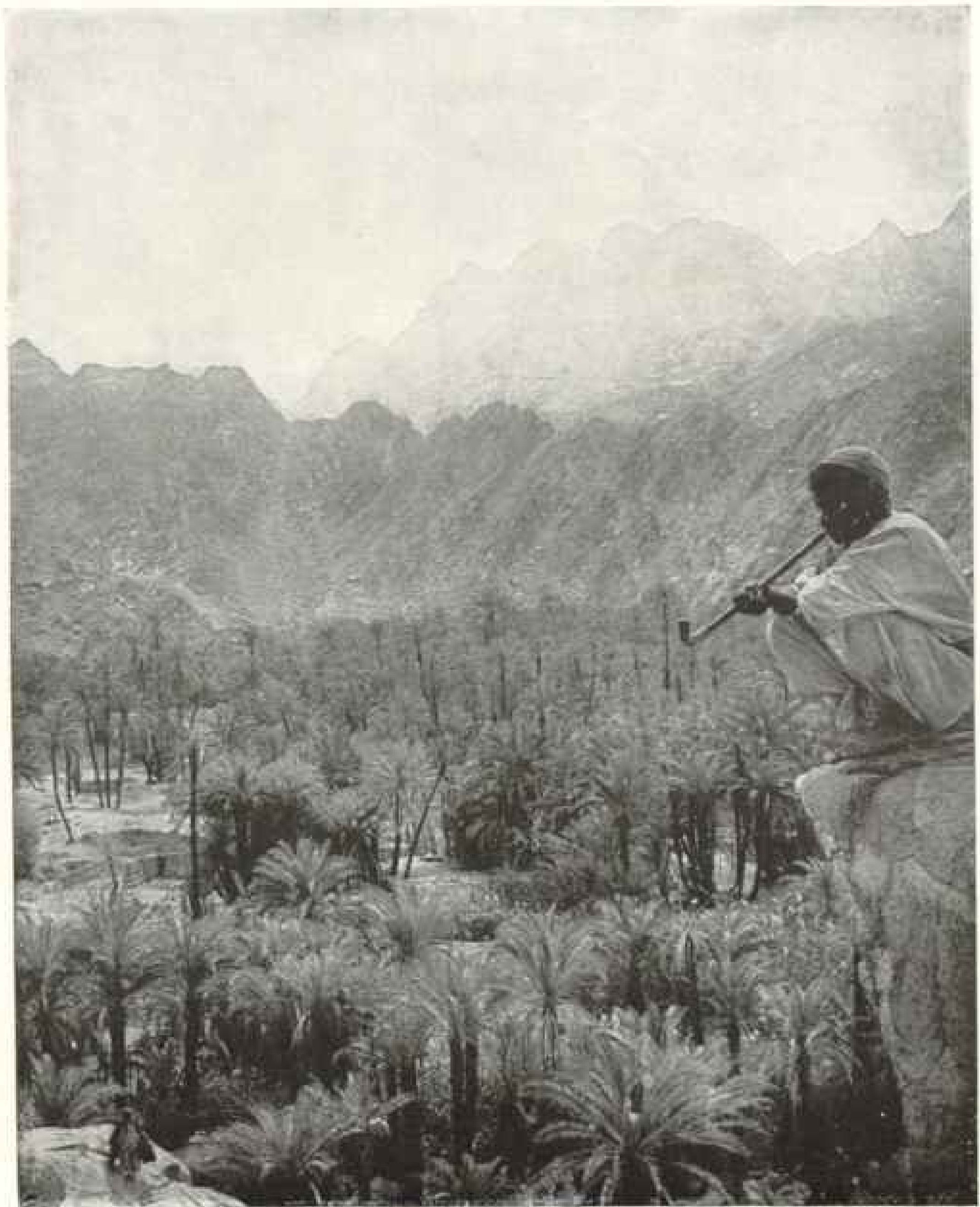


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MOSES' SPRING, IN ONE OF THE RICHEST OASES OF THE SINAI PENINSULA

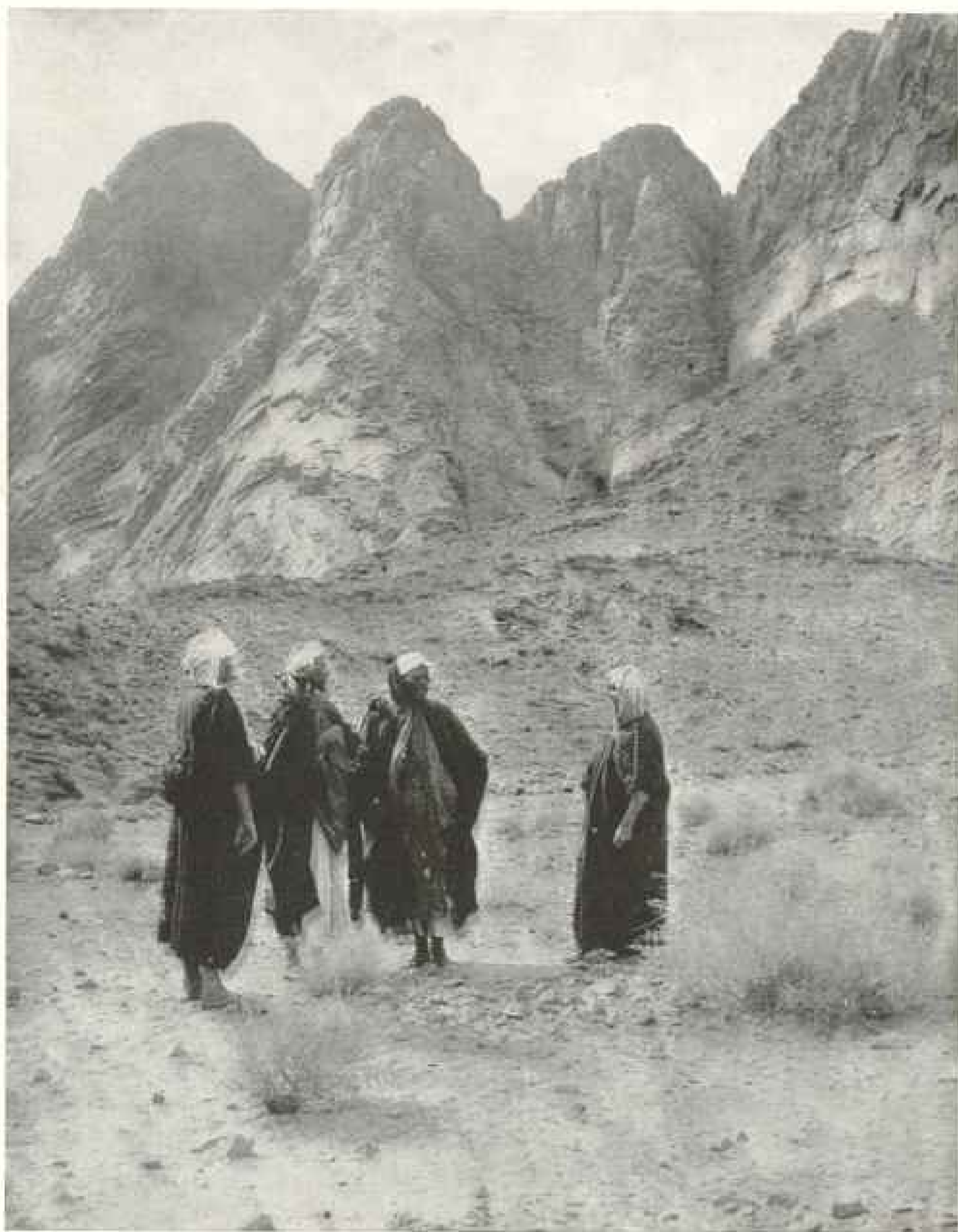


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JEBEL AARON, SUPPOSED TO BE THE HILL WHERE AARON SET UP THE GOLDEN CALF.

It is a round hill, upon which the Moslems have erected a shrine.

"And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, 'Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.' And Aaron said unto them, 'Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.' And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf; and they said, 'These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.' And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it." Exodus xxxii.

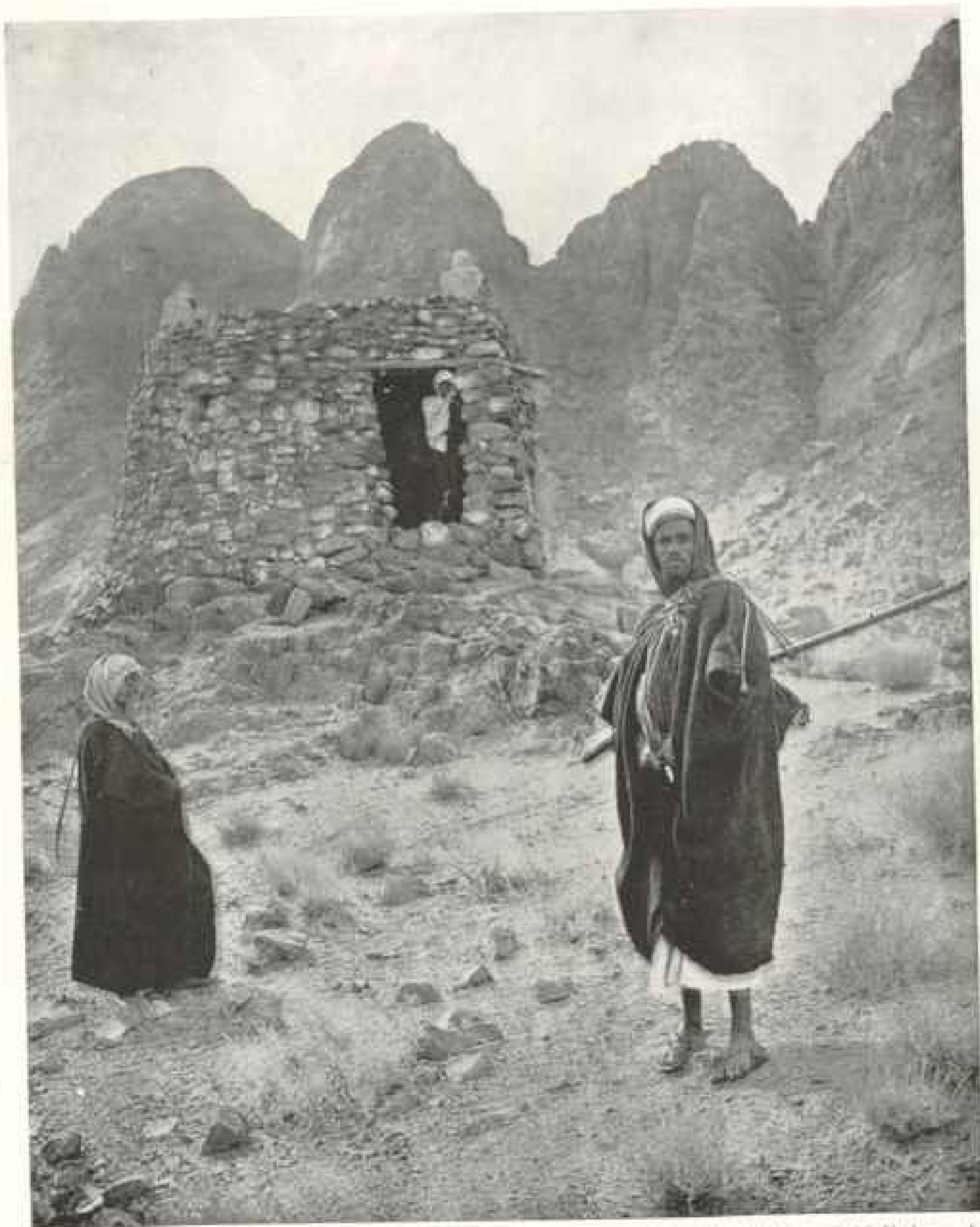


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TOP OF THE HILL OF THE GOLDEN CALF, WITH ITS ROUND MOHAMMEDAN CHAPEL,

Behind are the lofty peaks of Jebel Safsafah of the Jebel Musa Range.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves.' . . . "And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand; the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables. . . . And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing; and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and straved it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it." Exodus xxxii.

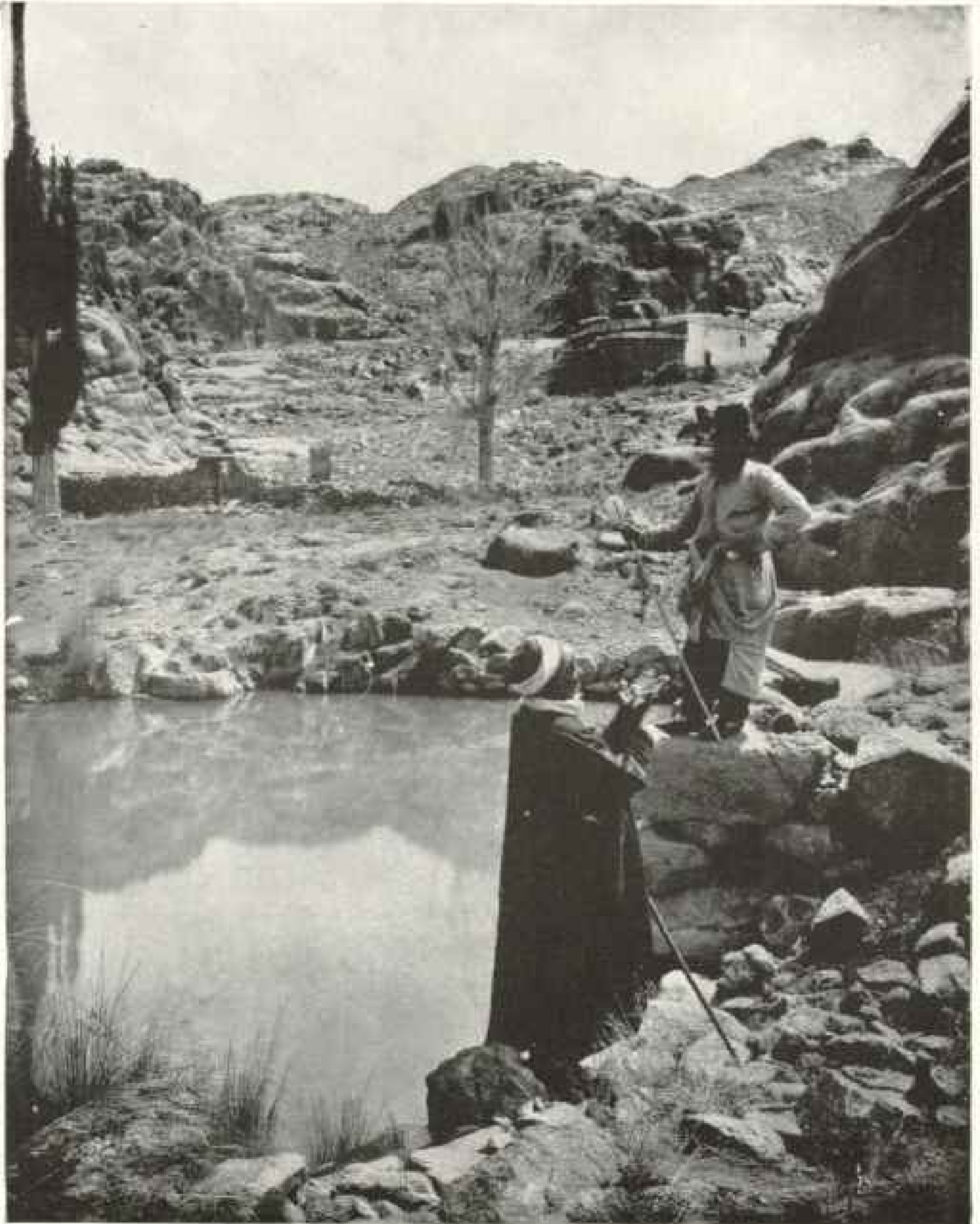


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THE CHAPEL OF ELIJAH IS ON THE RIGHT OF THE SPRING OF JETHRO, WHILE IN
THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND THERE STANDS A CYPRESS TREE
SAID TO BE OVER 1,000 YEARS OLD

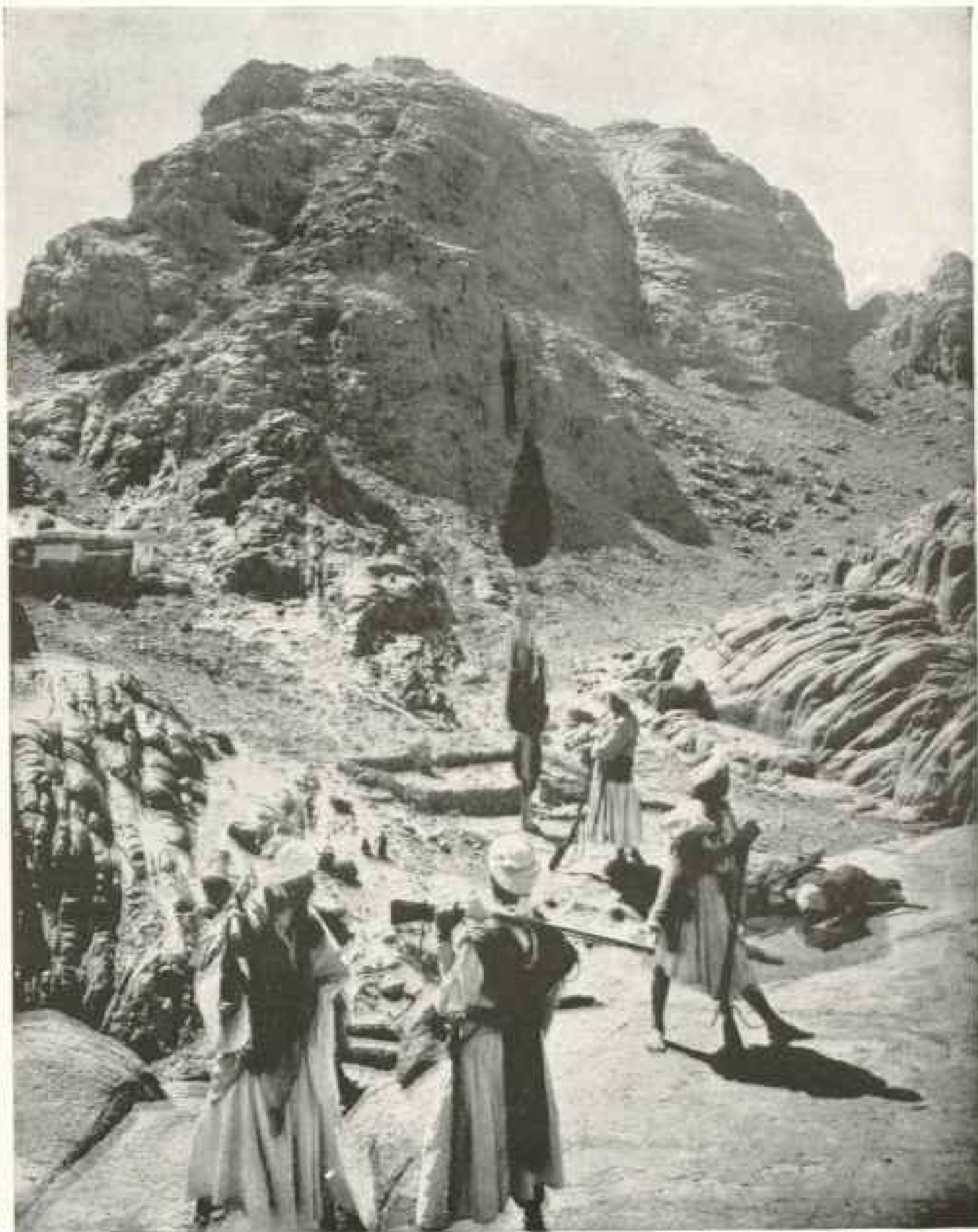


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THE DOME OF MOUNT SINAI AS SEEN FROM THE PLAIN OF CYPRESS.

To the left is the Chapel of Elijah, dedicated to the prophet Elijah

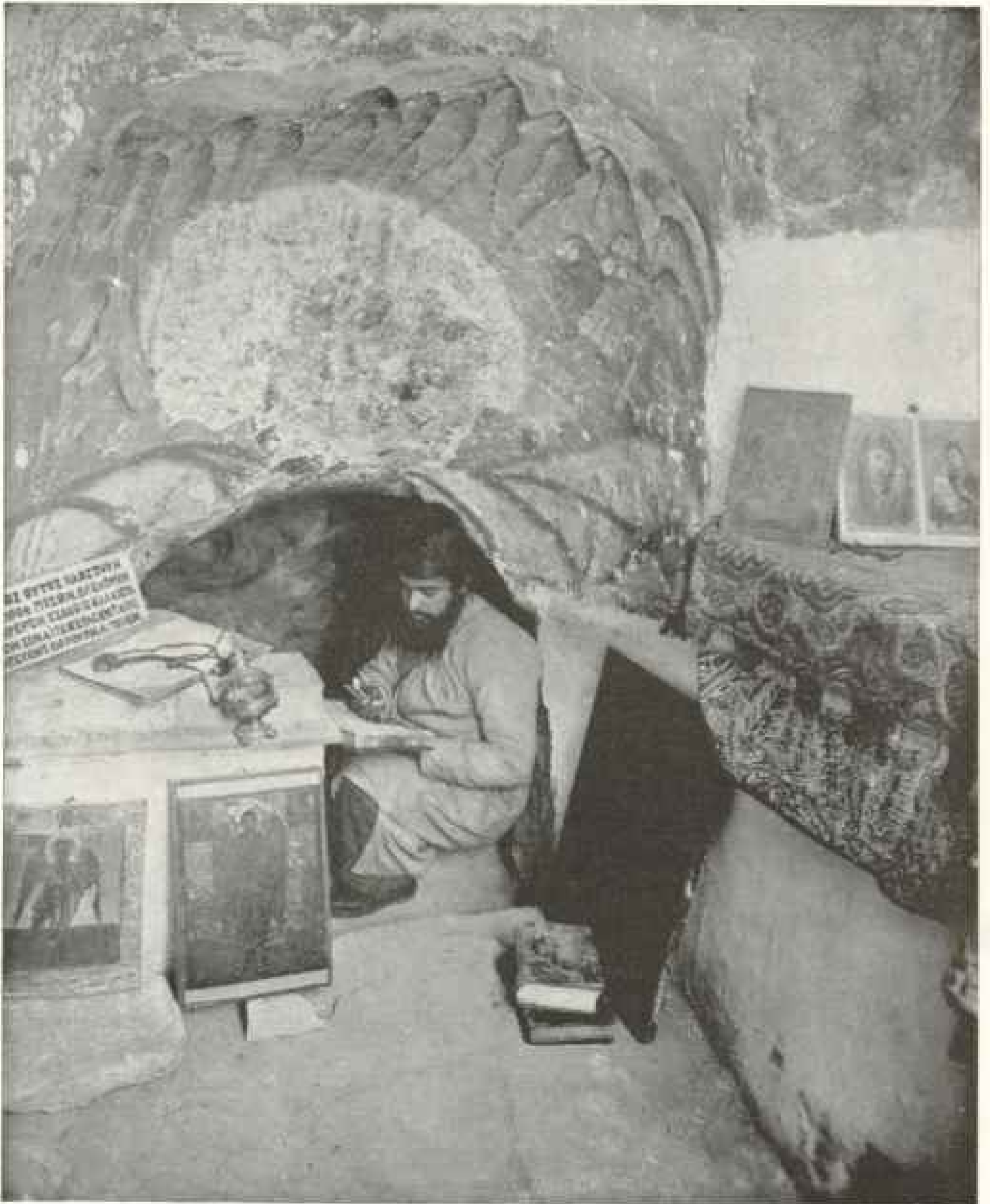


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ELIJAH'S CAVE

A large Greek orthodox chapel is built over the cave which the monks keep locked. This cave is pointed out by tradition as the cave where Elijah lodged when he came to Horeb

and sat out on a ledge of rock which overhung the valley, hundreds of feet below. "Sin's" eternal enemy—the Day—was coming, and I was about to witness the battle of the gods. The faintest streak of white was creeping into the eastern sky; it broadened slowly, and crept around the horizon. Our moon-cast shadows were growing fainter; step by step "Sin" was being driven back from his own mountain. The little clouds and the morning mists, those white and fleecy sheep which Polyphemus herded in his cavern of the night, lay out along the mountain sides and down in the valleys to watch the contest.

Some tiny clouds in the eastern sky turned silver and then glowed with a white fire, while a band of pink spread around the west. The mountains began to stand forth, range beyond range, and in the uncertain light they looked like the waves of a great sea rolling in upon Sinai, and pressed forward by billowing clouds behind. Like a faint thread, the Jerusalem road crept out of the darkness that yet lingered in the valley below, a line of wavering white. The stars were fading rapidly, the moon lost her gold and turned to silver in the sky. Then the rim of the sun gleamed over the bank of clouds, a new and clearer world of shadows began to fall behind us and about us, and the day had come. The light filled the eastern valleys with a silvery haze and blotted out the Gulf of Akabah, but the Gulf of Suez came into sight, with Jebel Atakah veiled in purple and crowned with crimson.

As the sun cleared the eastern clouds, George dropped upon his knees, folded his hands, and prayed with the sunlight full upon his wrinkled face. What far-off inheritance, what ancestry of sun-worshippers spoke in the act, I doubt if he knew, and I wondered whether he himself understood the impulse that brought him to his knees.

On our way down the mountain we came again to the ledge of rock that almost overhung our camp. I saw the tents lying silent and far below; one camel was browsing near the pond, while the smoke of the camp fire was rising in the still air. As I looked one of our party threw up the flap of her tent and came out into the open. I shouted to

her; she waved her arm, but her reply came back faint and unintelligible.

I stood for a second longer and turned to descend, when the mountain suddenly awoke and thundered at me, "Hello!" it roared, and then

"Hello -ello -ello-lo-lo-lo-lo-lo."

Faster and faster the echoes rolled on until all syllables were lost in a roar that died down into a muttering. It was as if some one had given a galling the voice of a 12-inch cannon.

But the amazing thing was the length of time that had elapsed between my shout and the mountain's first reply. I sent the echoes flying again and again, awakening the mountains to unaccustomed life; but time was passing, the camp was all astir; so, throwing caution to the winds, I hastened down the steep descent.

After breakfast we left George and the Bedouin to pack up the tents and began the descent to the convent. On our way we found that a boulder had fallen in the night. Some of the steps had been crushed to powder; others had been driven from their settings, leaving gaping holes. For a thousand feet we traced that flying boulder by cracked, chipped, or broken steps, and by bright scars on the walls where fragments had caromed off. Four or five hundred feet below, we came upon a fragment of the rock that may have weighed a ton; it lay wedged in the path and we had to climb over it. Further down, the path was again blocked by the fallen rocks. It seemed as if the boulder had literally exploded, so constant were the scars it had left behind.

The wind that Elijah heard, which "rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks," might easily become literal fact in this gorge where run the pilgrim steps, for boulders are constantly falling, even on still nights, and any tempest of wind, tearing up between its narrow walls, would send the boulders flying.

So we came back to the convent, and another fortnight found us once more in Cairo and civilization. But the memory of the pendant stars, of the brilliant moonlight among the rocks, of the glories of the sunrise and the sunset over the mountains of Sinai, abides and does not fade.

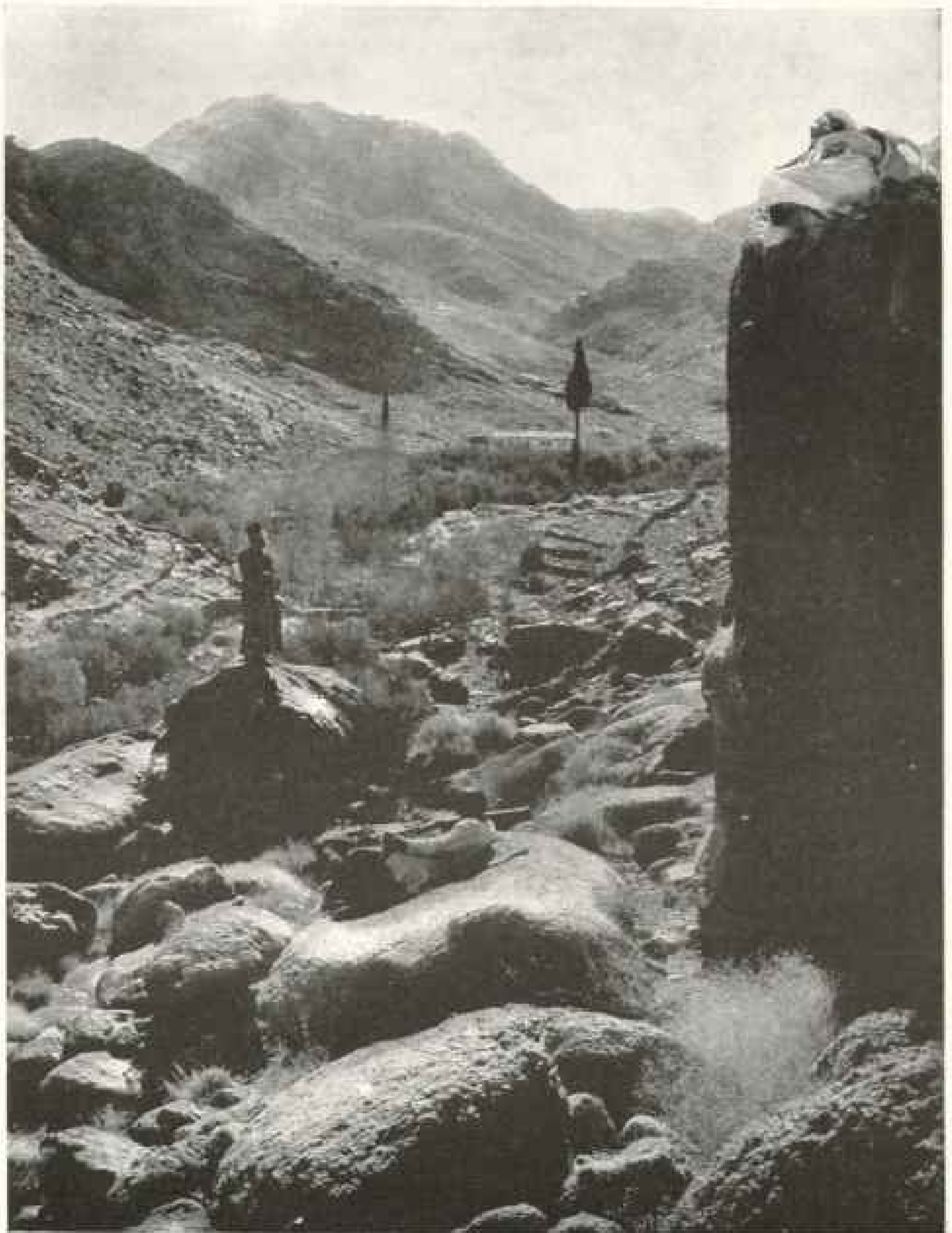


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THE MONASTERY OF THE FORTY MARTYRS WHO WERE SLAIN BY SARACENS

It lies in a valley between huge granite walls of the Sinai Range

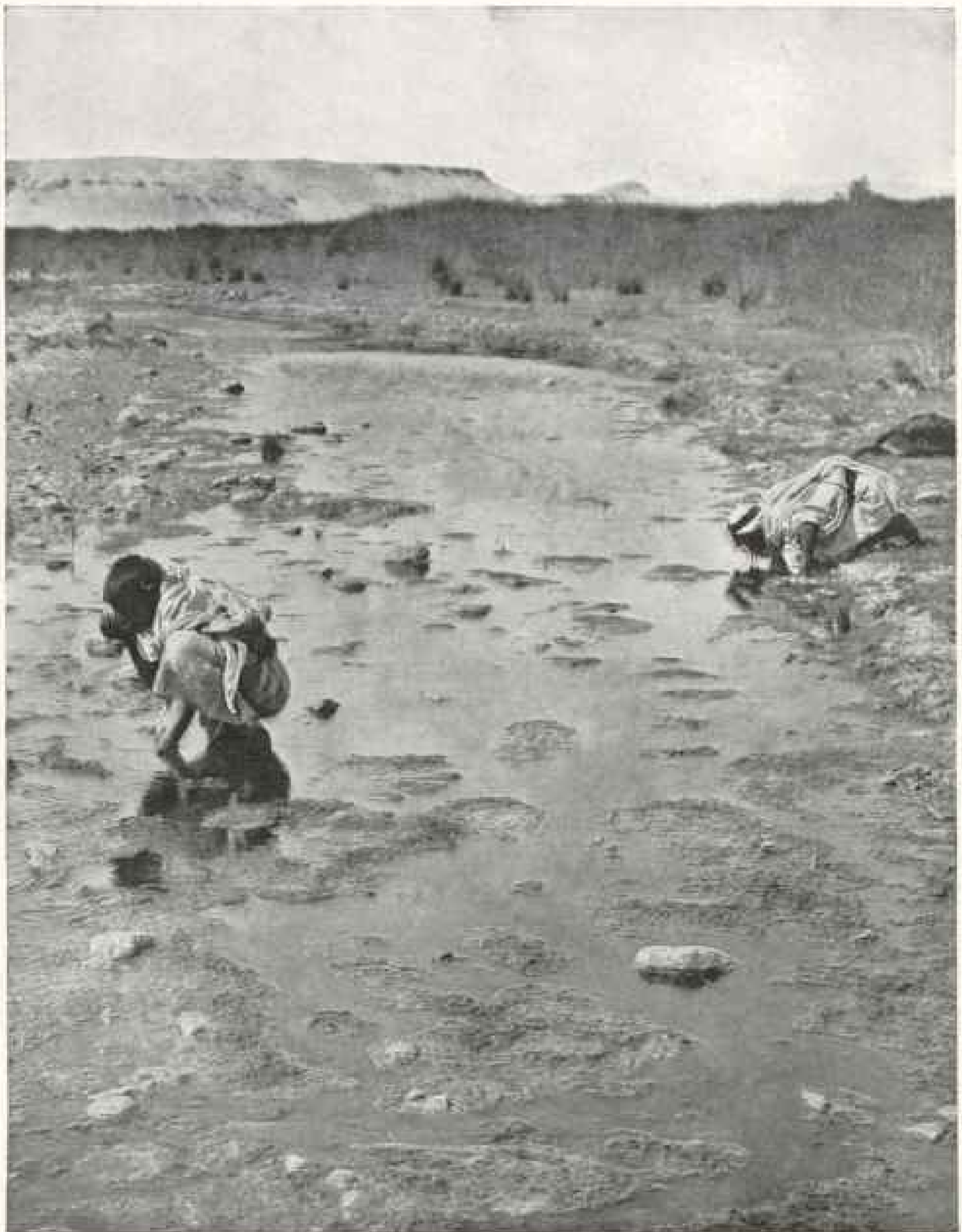


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THE LARGEST STREAM OF WATER IN THE SINAI PENINSULA

The rock in the background is presumably the one which Moses was directed to smite. "And all the congregation of the Children of Israel journeyed from the Wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim: and there was no water for the people to drink. . . . And the people murmured against Moses, and said, 'Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?' And Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, 'What shall I do unto this people? They be almost ready to stone me.' And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go. Behold I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink.' And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel." Exodus xvii: 1, 3-6.

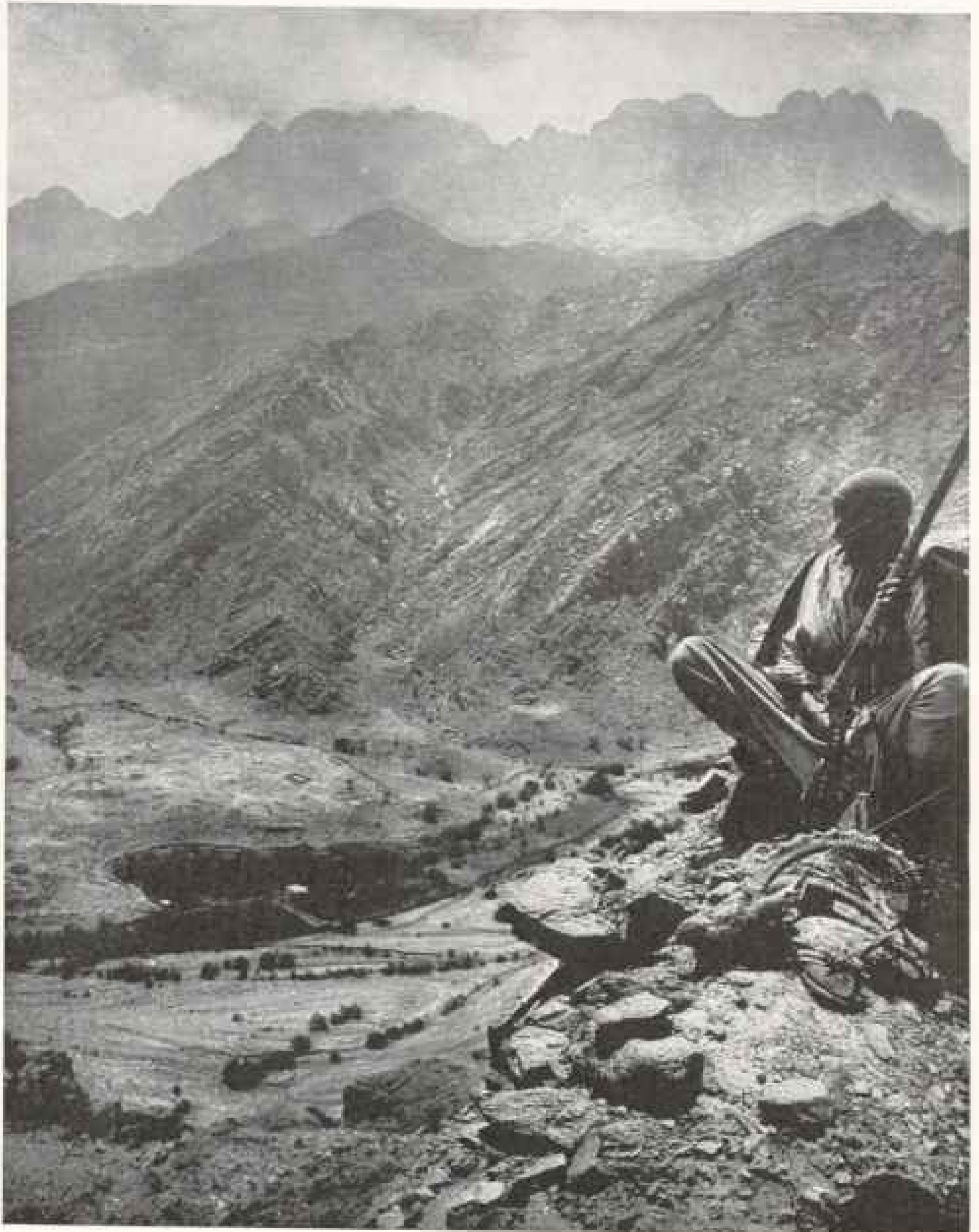


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LOOKING SOUTH 1,000 FEET ABOVE THE BED OF THE VALLEY, WHERE THE BATTLE
BETWEEN THE AMALEKITES AND THE HEBREWS WAS PROBABLY
FOUGHT (EXODUS XVII)

It was in this region that the Children of Israel lived for 40 years. There are any one of a hundred peaks among these vales where Moses could have stood and watched the wavering conflict between the Children of Israel and the Amalekites, defending their most precious possessions of water and pasturage and ancestral camping places against the inroad of the Children of Israel when they, driven desperate by the lack of water for their families and their flocks, fought under God's guidance their way through and upward to the Promised Land.—FRANKLIN E. HOSKINS.

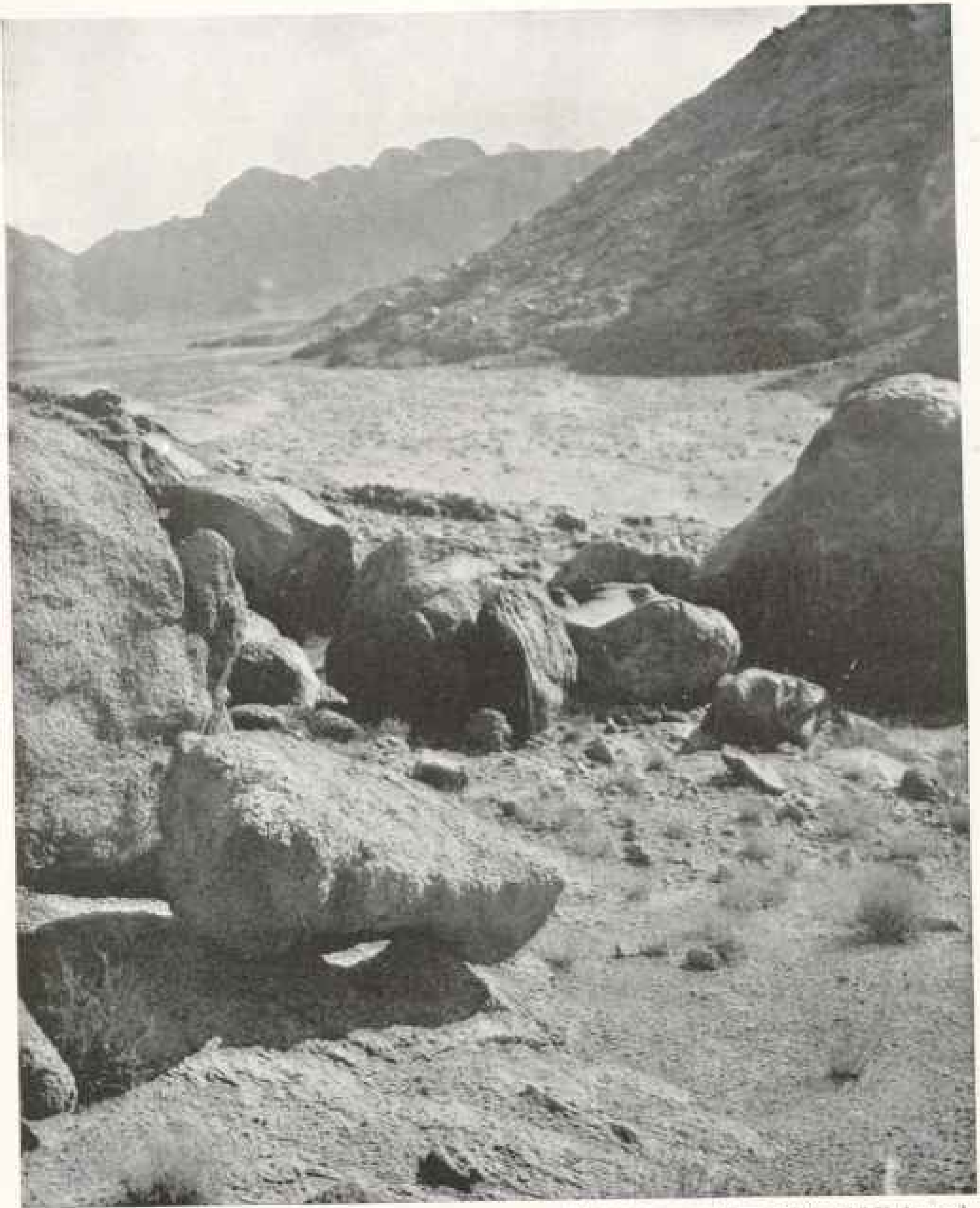


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THE WADY (VALLEY) OF ESH SHEKH

The broad passage through which the Israelites must have made their way toward the Promised Land after they received the Ten Commandments at the foot of Mount Sinai

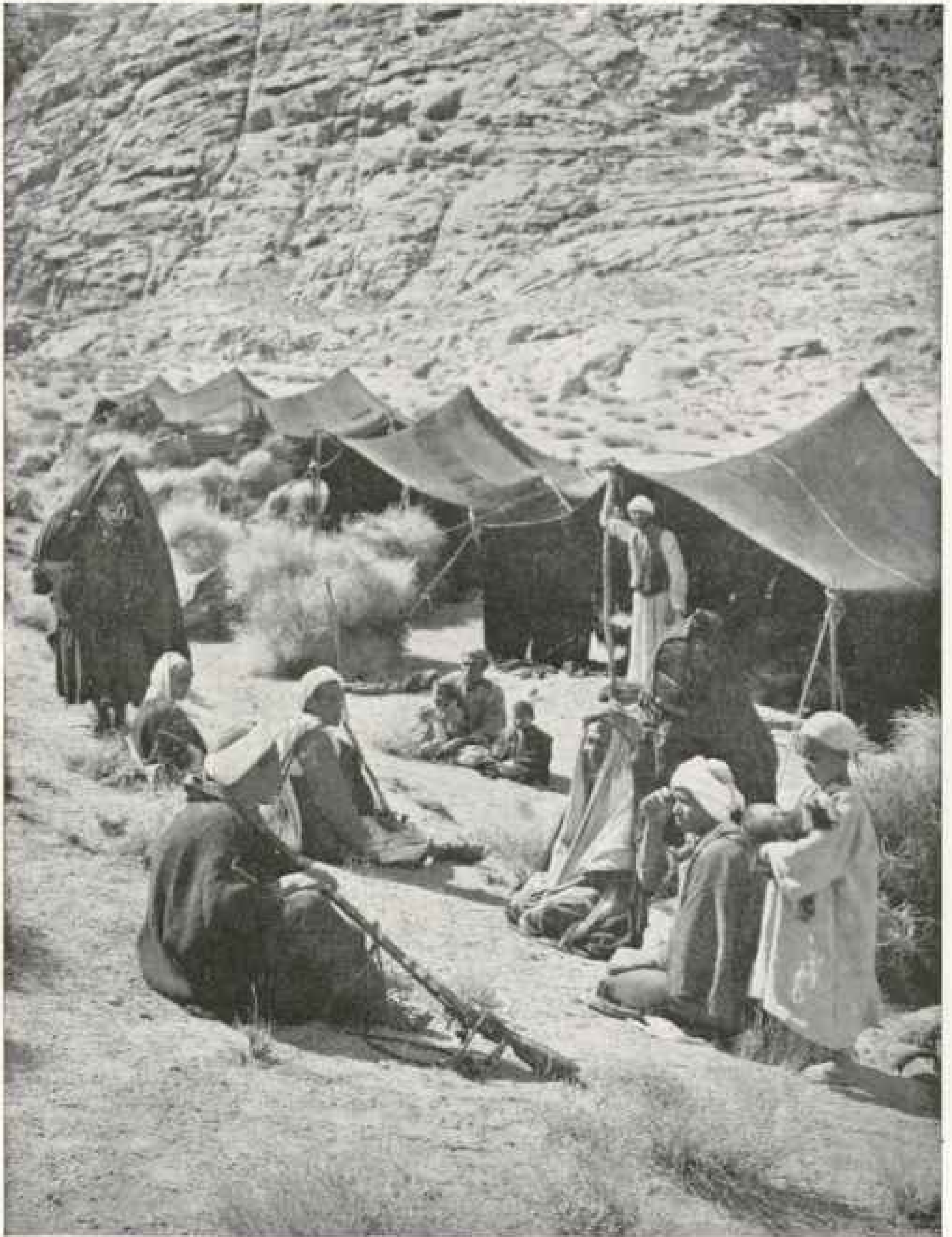


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BEDOUINS AT HOME, WITH THEIR GOAT-HAIR TENTS, IN A VALLEY IN THE SINAI COUNTRY

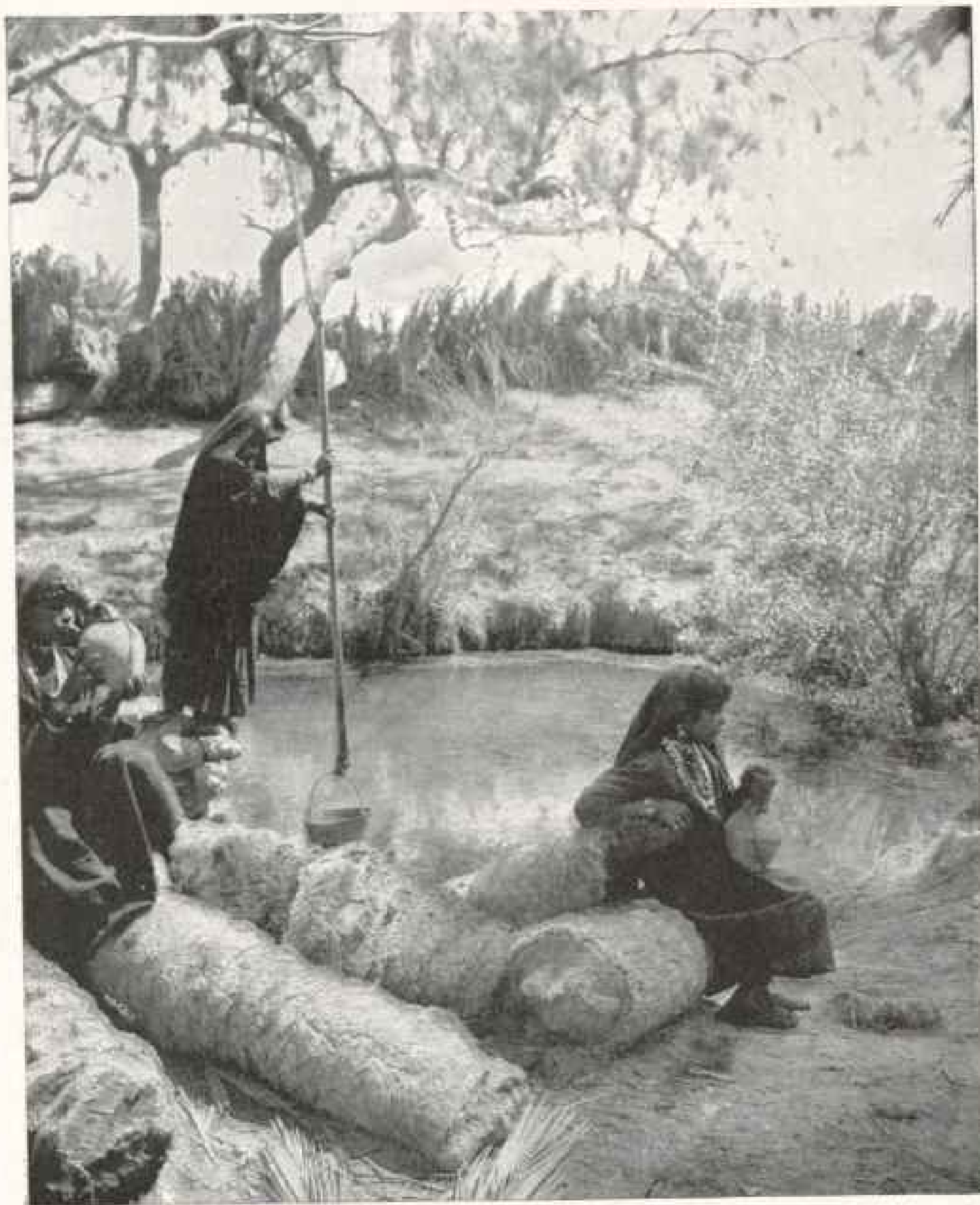
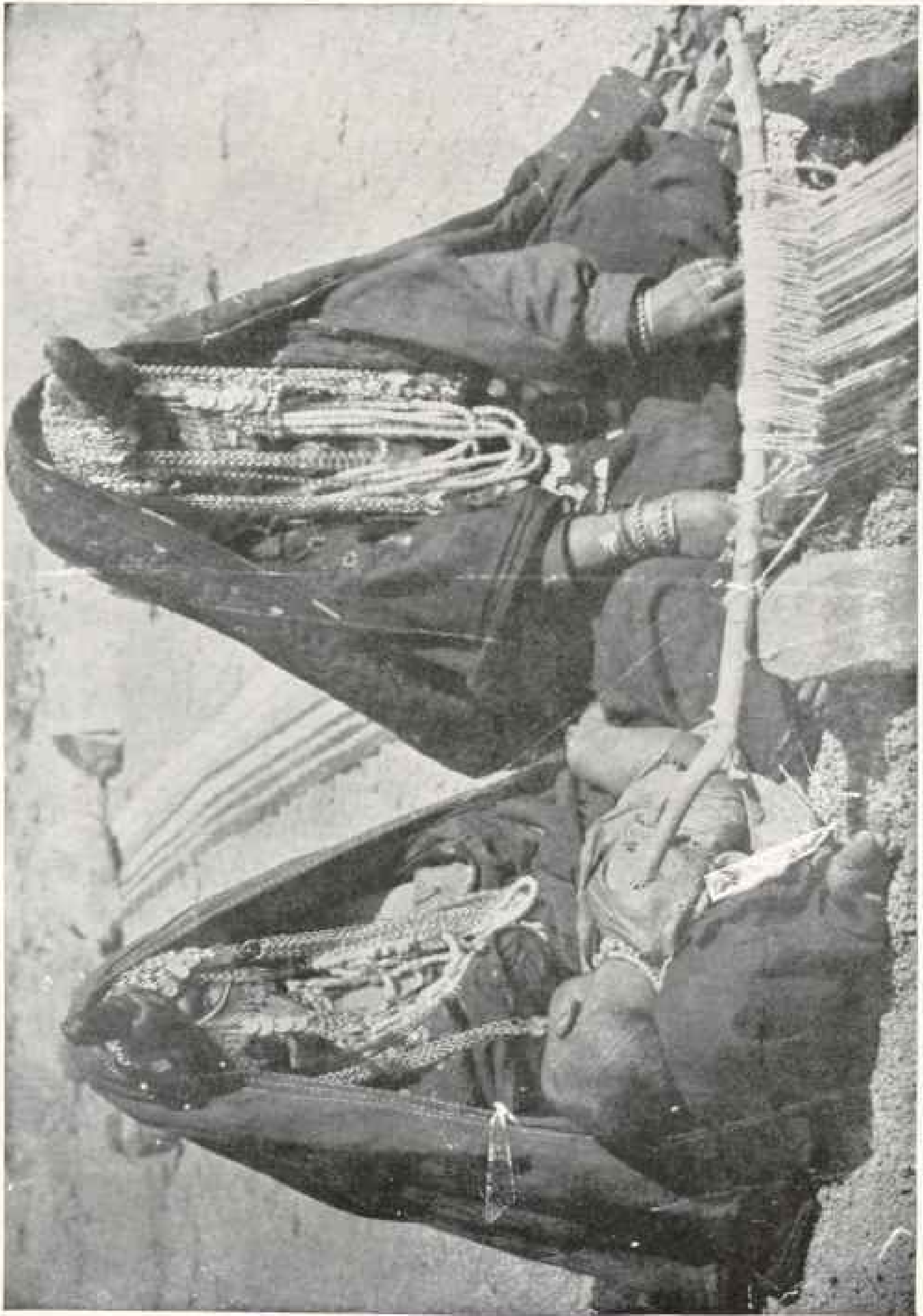


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A POOL IN THE DESERT

It was probably at a pool like this that Moses in his youth succored the daughters of Jethro.

"Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well. Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters; and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away: but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock." Exodus ii: 15-17.



BURCHEN WOMEN WEAVING WOOLEN CLOTH: SENAL. NOTE THE E. A. VY CHAINS OF BEADS, ETC., WHICH THEY WEAR

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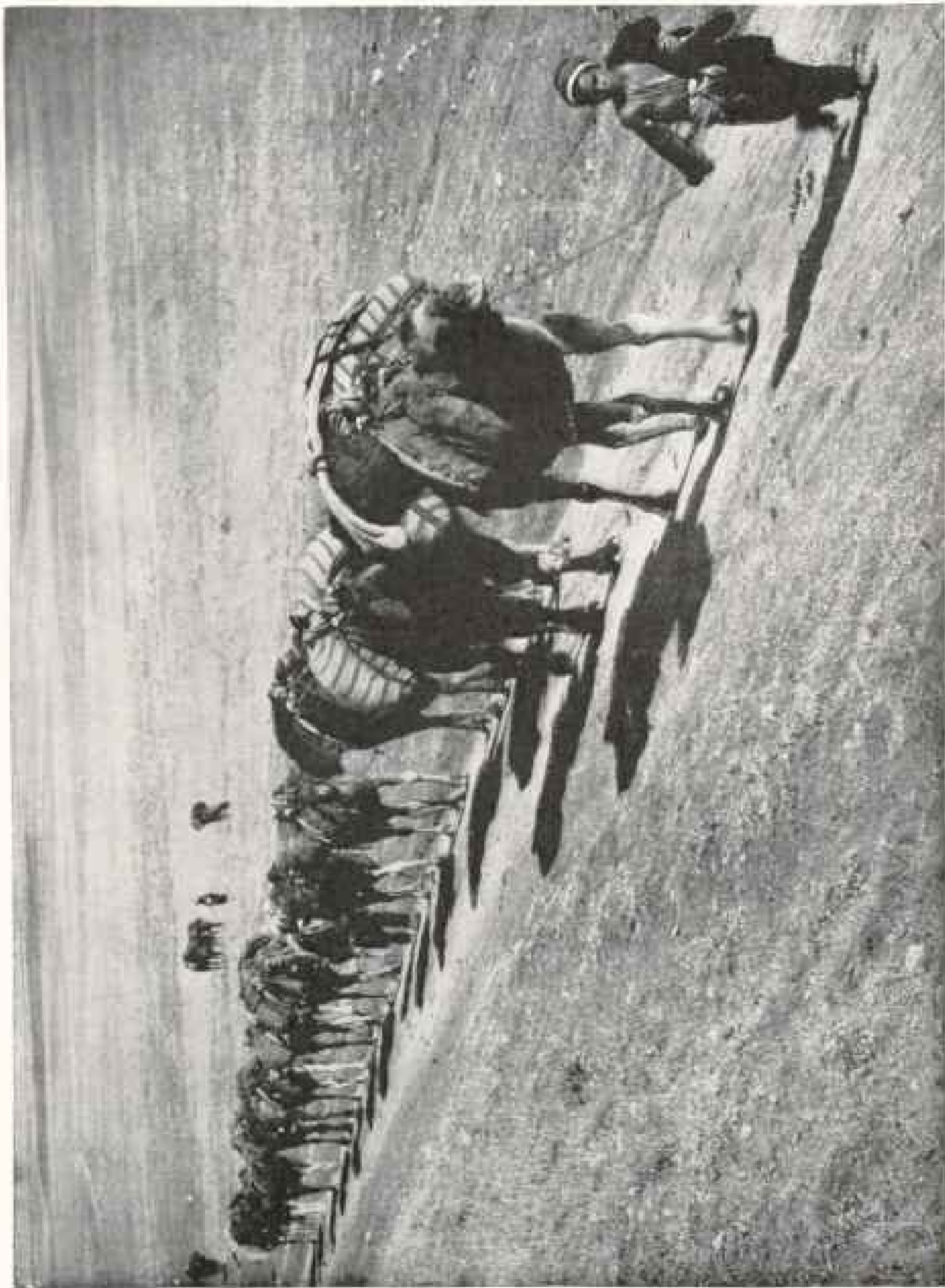
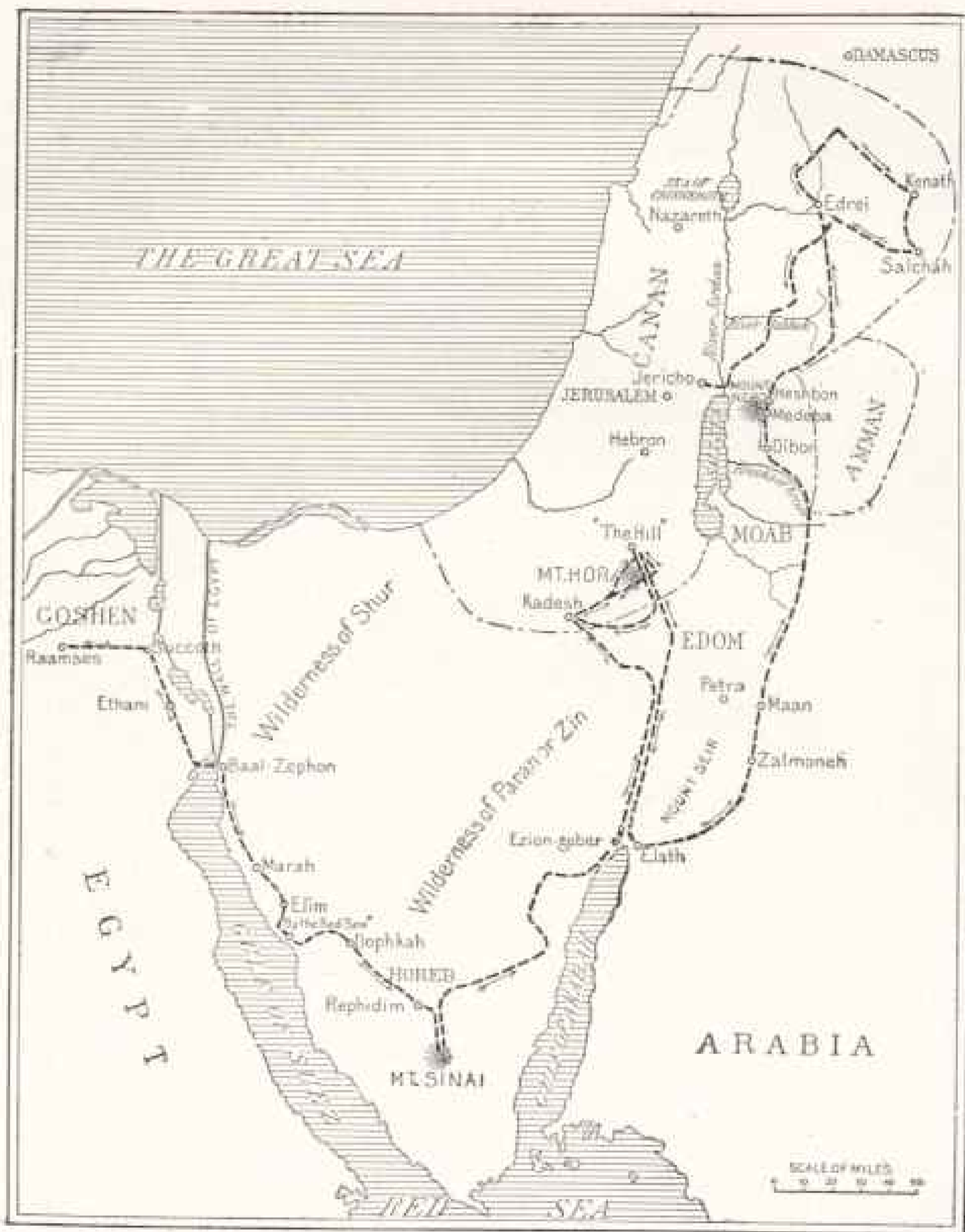


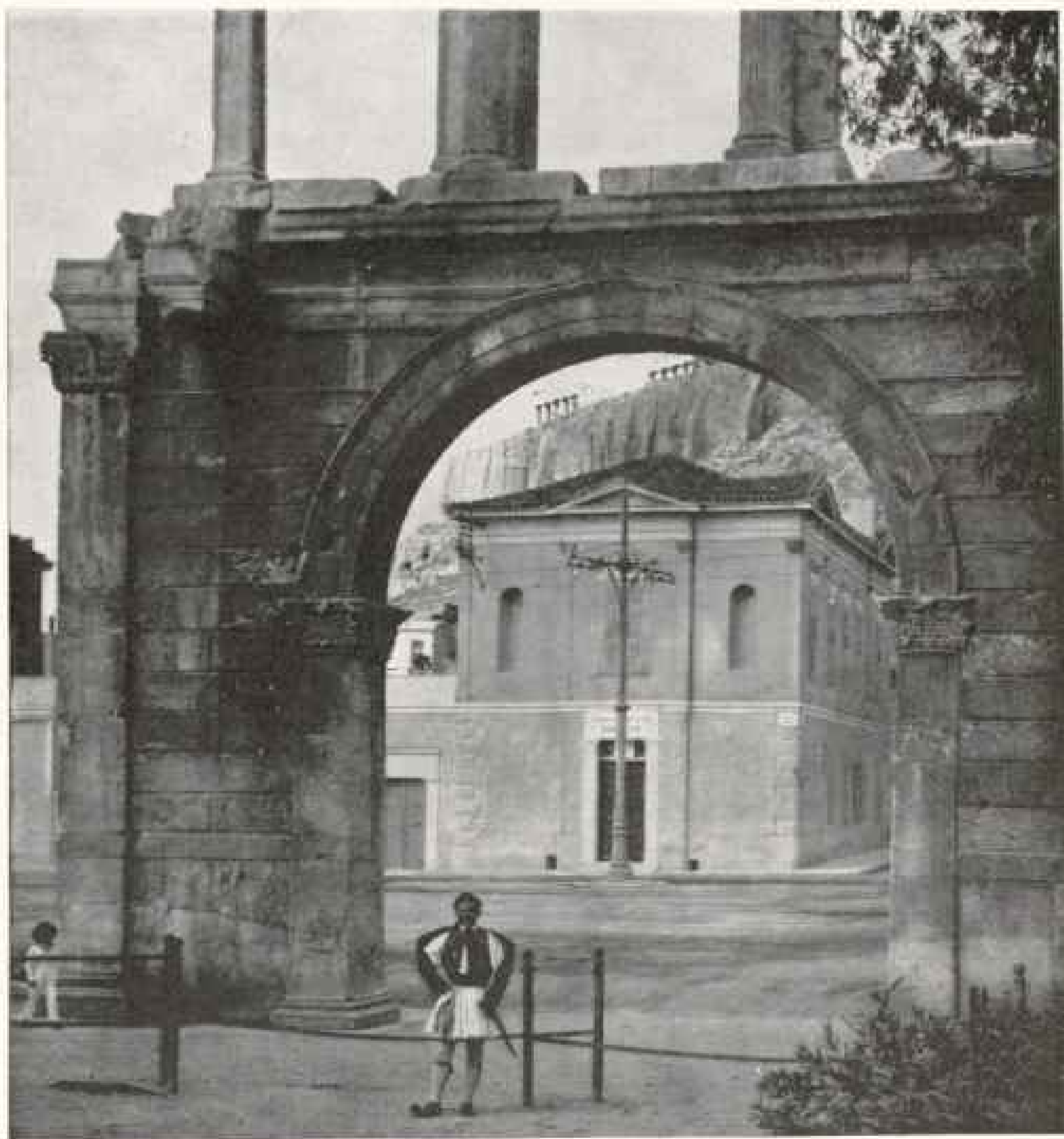
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PILOTING A CARAVAN ACROSS THE HOT SANDS OF THE ARABIAN DESERT



MAP SHOWING MOUNT SINAI AND THE ROUTE OF THE EXODUS. FROM
W. S. AUCHINCLOSS

For further information about the Sinai country see "The Route over which Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egypt," by Franklin E. Hoskins, D.D., in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, December, 1909.



Photos by D. W. and A. S. Iddings. Copyright by Keystone View Co.

HADRIAN'S ARCH IN ATHENS

The Emperor Hadrian was the greatest of all the Roman benefactors of Athens. He inaugurated an era of municipal improvement, built the enormous Olympieum, and enlarged the city walls to include his new and handsome suburb of Hadrianopolis. The Arch of Hadrian shown here stood at the boundary between the old and new town.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

January 3.—"A Vanishing Empire." By Mr. E. M. Newman. Mr. Newman will tell of Constantinople, Salonica, Adrianople, and the other historic cities which are the center of the present Eastern War.

January 10, 4 p. m.—Annual Meeting. Hubbard Hall.

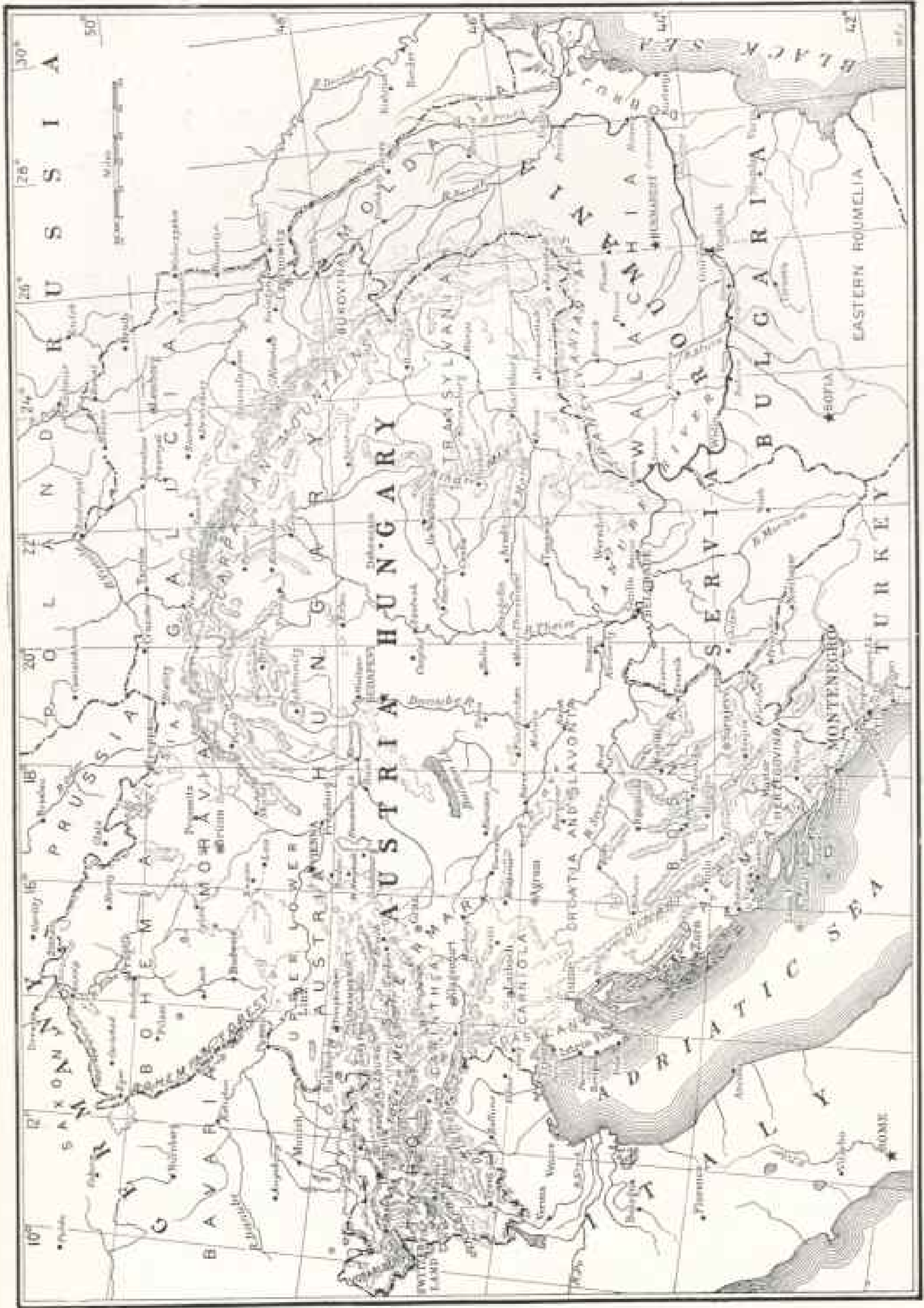
January 10.—"The Discovery of the South Pole." By Capt. Roald Amundsen, gold medalist of the National Geographic Society. This will be Captain Amundsen's first lecture in the United States.

January 11.—Annual Banquet. New Willard.

January 17.—"New Women in China." By Dr. Yamei Kin, the foremost woman physician in China. She is an unusually brilliant speaker and addressed the Society on her last visit to America, in 1911.

January 24.—"Hunting Big Game Across the World, from Borneo to the Rockies, including Central Africa, the British Isles, India, Canada, etc." By Mr. Cherry Kearton, of England. Mr. Kearton shows 3,000 feet of motion picture films of hunting the tiger, elephant, Indian bison, orang-outang, lion, etc.

January 31.—"Modern Greece and Montenegro." By Hon. George Higgins Moses, U. S. Minister to Greece and Montenegro, 1909-1912.



OUTLINE MAP OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

See articles, "East of the Adriatic," by Kenneth McKenzie, and "The Land of Contrast," by D. W. and A. S. Iddings, printed elsewhere in this number.

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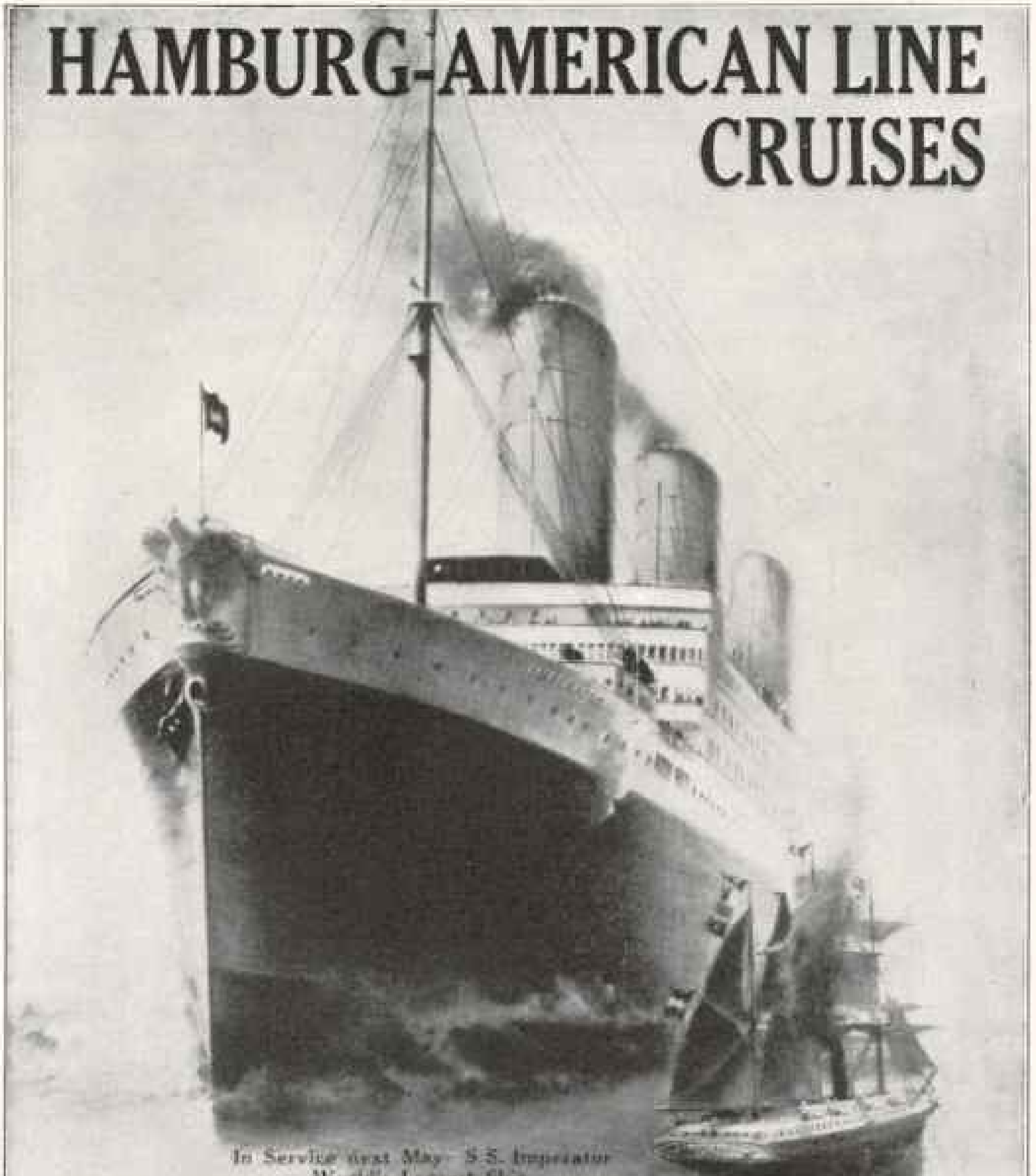
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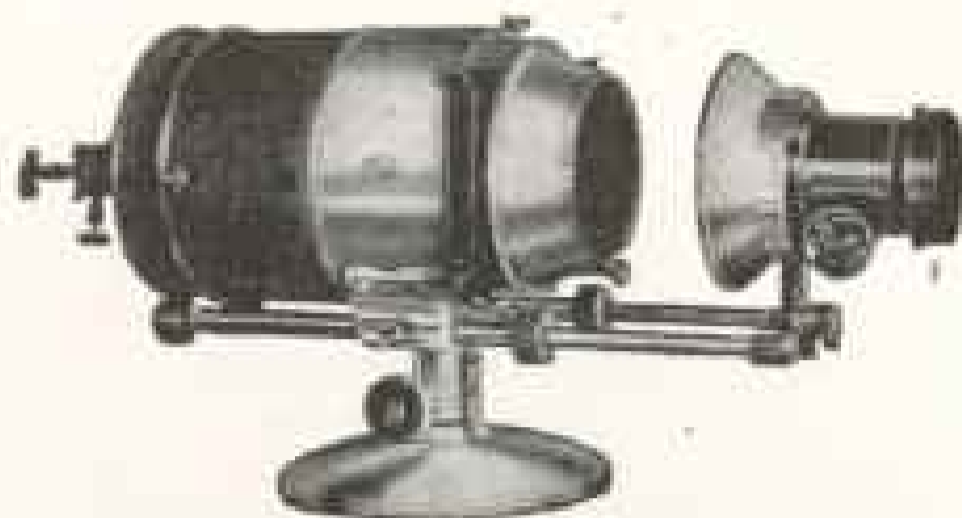
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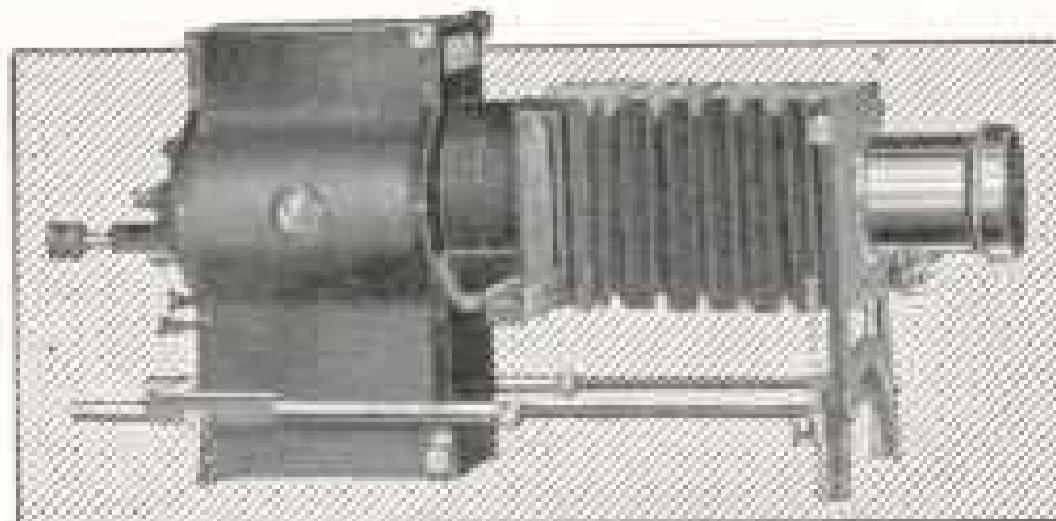
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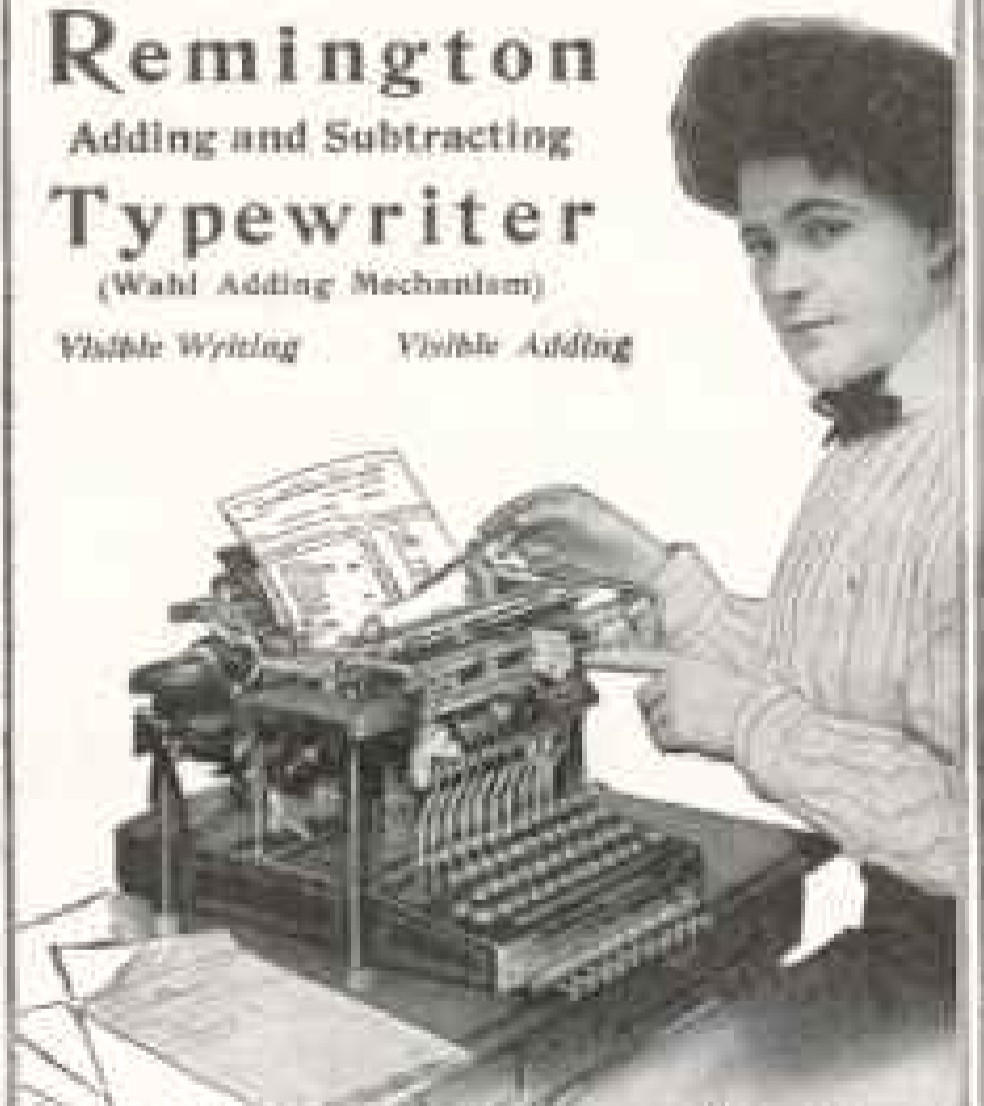
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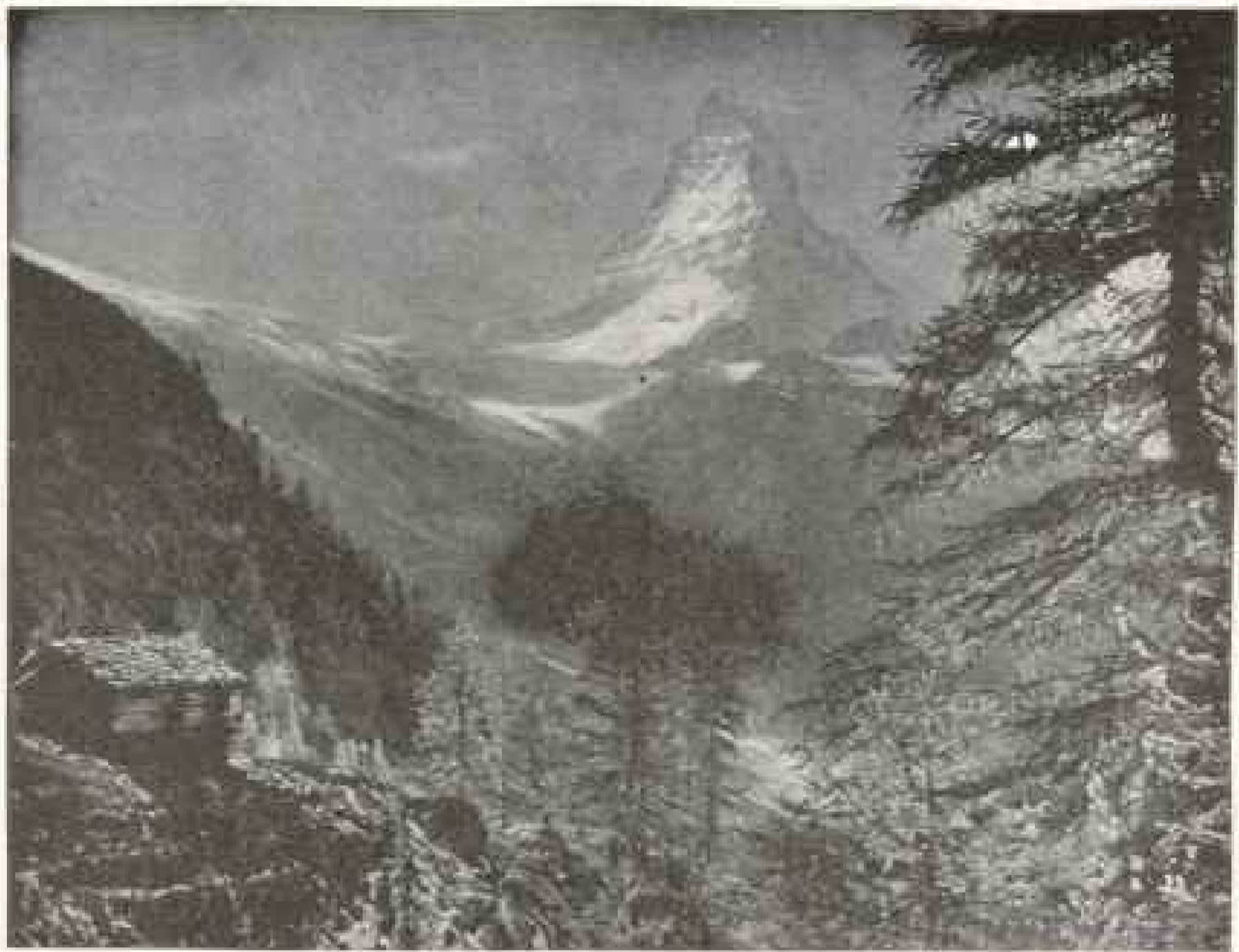
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