

# BRYN MAWR ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

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# THE BRYN MAWR ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



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IDA LANGDON, '03.

CAROLINE S. DANIELS, '01.

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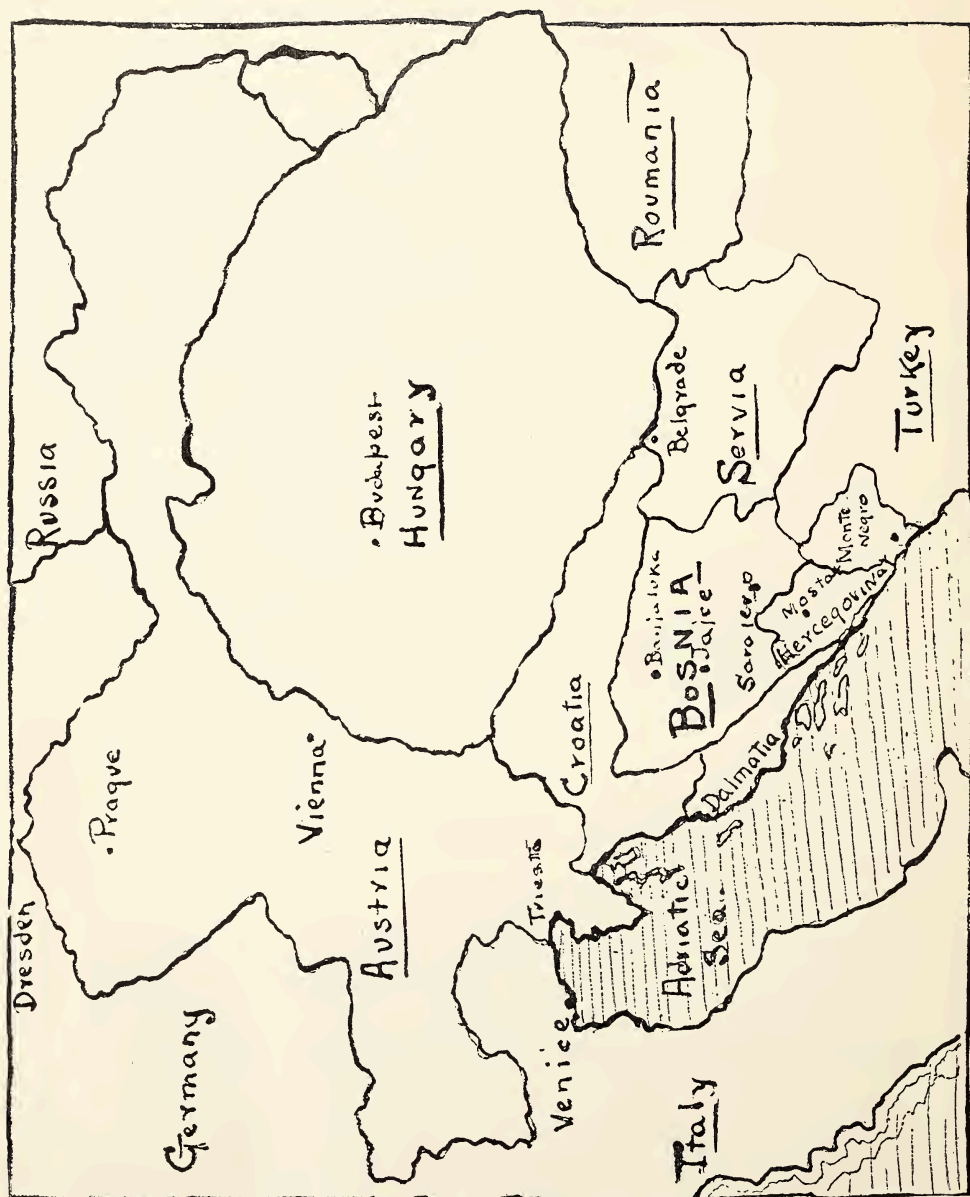


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## A WEEK IN HERCEGOVINA AND BOSNIA.

Only some thirty hours from Vienna, and in Sarajevo we were in the Mohammedan East. From the point of view of picturesqueness our week in Hercegovina and Bosnia was, perhaps, the culminating point of a journey that had been full of unexpected revelations of the picturesque. We had started, Euphemia and I, to study emigration from the Slavic provinces of Austria-Hungary. At the outset I had warned her that this was a journey for business not for pleasure, and lo, no pleasure journey that I had ever taken compared with this for pure joy of travel. It led us through parts of Europe, which, while not distant, are comparatively little known and where the old European peasant life still lingers, almost unchanged from the Middle Ages. The Slovak country of upper Hungary, parts of Galicia, the Bukowina, Carinthia, the entrancing Adriatic coast and all the rest, each had its own vivid and varying interest, but here we seemed to be in a world still more novel and far away.

Up to 1878 the two provinces, Bosnia and Hercegovina, were still under Turkish rule, but in that year the Congress of Berlin gave them over to Austria-Hungary to be "administered." They are still, however, by a diplomatic fiction under the sovereignty of the Sultan.\* The actual situation is a curious blending of East and West. One notes the signs of active progress; order and safety, religious tolerance, business activity, handsome school buildings, railroads, excellent highways, and other public works, postal service

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\* This episode of travel in the summer of 1905 was written, of course, before the recent changes in Turkey and the still more recent annexation of the two provinces by Austria-Hungary.

and, for the traveller not least important, good hotels. Yet the East is not less present. The closely veiled figures on the street, the thronged and sounding lanes of the bazaar, the muezzin calling to prayer to the different quarters of the heavens, the secluded



CHRISTIAN PEASANT WOMEN, MOSTAR.

homes with their bayed and latticed windows, all speak of the Turk and the Orient.

But this is anticipating. We had been down the Dalmatian coast as far as Montenegro, the strange little independent principality which has given Italy her queen. Now we were making

our way North again, on the newly built railroad, striking across first Hercegovina, then Bosnia, on our way back to Croatia. Everywhere along the Adriatic shore, even if the immediate foreground had been luxuriant, the imminent background of the scene was karst or limestone desert. At some places among the mountains the face of nature was as bare of vegetation as a pile of cracked stone awaiting a road mender and looked indeed much like such a pile magnified to mountain size.

Consequently as our train struck inland from Ragusa the radiance of the country was doubly marked. It was the last day of April and the valleys that opened back of the coast-range of mountains were green, and in some cases full of water. At one place the train ran for some time along the shores of a lake, said to be thirty miles long and a hundred feet deep, yet in a month or so, we were told, all this water would be drained off through the underground channels that pierce this porous limestone country, leaving the whole basin of the present lake ready for cultivation. Through jade-green water we could see, in shallower parts, the patchwork of the submerged fields. The harvesting sometimes has to be done in haste to secure the crops before the mysterious waters return from their source and drown the land once more.

The day happened to be the Greek Easter and the people gathered at the railway stations displayed quite different costumes from any that we had met. They were striking even to those already a little blasé with all that is to be seen in Agram, Ragusa and Cetinje. The men, indeed, wear much the same dress that one sees in some places on the Adriatic coast, and which there strikes such a curiously Oriental note. A red fez, generally without any tassel; two or three short Figaro jackets, one over the other, the outer one often red or wine colored, sleeveless and heavily trimmed with braiding; under all a white shirt, often wide open at the throat; Turkish trousers, baggy and square cut, coming to the knees only, and generally of a dark blue; gaiters or socks knit in bright colored patterns and a low sandal-like shoe, called *opanka*—roughly this is the dress which holds among the men through a wide region.

The women's dress varies more from place. Here at these Bosnian way stations it was strange enough. On the forehead, under the shadow of white kerchiefs, many women wore large silver pendants,



round or diamond shaped. Others had great silver belt buckles of two embossed pear-shaped pieces showing below embroidered jackets. In some places, however, the upper garment was a long skirted white linen coat, which on this day, probably because it was muddy, was generally worn with the lower corners tucked up under the belt, revealing a pair of straight white trousers ending in a sharp level line about midway below the knee. Over these trousers some wore an apron, dark and very narrow, which dangled like a tail against the trousered legs. Below the trousers were stiff black gaiters wound about the ankles like bandages, and for foot-gear, the usual opankas with peaked upturned toes. The costume seemed infinitely less feminine than the full loose trousers of the Turkish woman, which are capable of taking such graceful and flower-like lines. In strange contrast with what was, to my eyes, the harsh masculinity of the lower part of the dress were the grave matronly faces of the wearers, most womanly under smoothly parted hair, and lined with the experiences of hard and simple lives.

At one station a bridal party of peasants boarded the train, seen off by a jolly company of groomsmen and friends. For a long time after we were accompanied by curious dragging melodies, sung by one of the bridesmaids or was it the bride herself? She put her head out of the window, elaborate headgear and all, and with amazing resolution shouted her song against the din of the train, in the roar of narrow cuttings as well as in the open, for mile after mile. Perhaps the smile of admiration on a brown face under a red fez, sticking out of the window behind her, helped sustain her. Finally they reached their destination and were welcomed by another hilarious group of waiting friends.

Not long after we reached Mostar, the chief town of Hercegovina. It was late and we were glad to go to bed. In the garden below us a fountain plashed and in my head kept running Heine's lines:

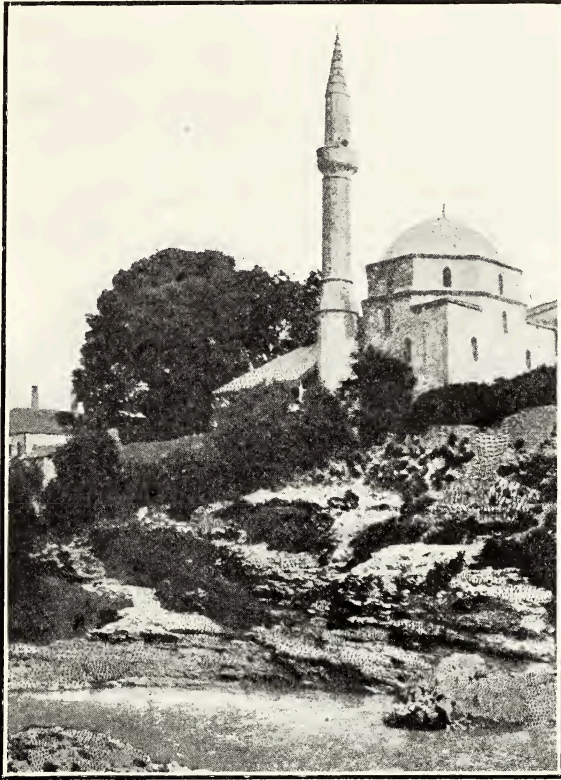
"Täglich ging die wunderschöne  
Sultanstochter auf und nieder  
Um die Abendzeit am Springbrunn  
Wo die weissen Wasser plätschern."

We woke next day eager to be up and seeing. As is always the case every crumb of information that we had gathered about the



history of the country added to our interest in what it had to show us. And as some knowledge of it is indispensable to any understanding I will share my small store.

This history is a curious and tragic one, full of fierce and



THE MOSQUE, MOSTAR.

romantic episodes. In the fourth or fifth century the sway of Rome was broken by Gothic invasions. Early in the seventh century came certain South Slav peoples, the Serbo-Croatians, to give the country its permanent character as to both population and speech. Before the end of the ninth century the whole country was Christianized. The period that intervened before the Turkish conquest in 1463 was varied and stormy in both provinces. There

was no political stability. Elective princes, sometimes called bans, sometimes kings struggled for power and united now more now less of territory under one rule. At times they were themselves feudatories of Hungary, again they stood as independent princes. The name Hercegovina is from a Slavonized form of the German Herzog, and might be translated principality.

A considerable element of the population seems to have received the Turks, when they came, without great reluctance, if not with relief. The explanation of this attitude seems to be found in the religious situation of the Bosnians. The Manichæan heresy of the Bogomils, spreading westward from Bulgaria, had appeared during the period from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries in the most distant countries, Italy, France, Germany and England. Its adherents were called by different names in different times and places—Cathari, Patarenes, Bogres (Bulgarians), Albigenses. Bosnia, so close to Bulgaria, both in situation and in race and speech, was strongly affected by the heresy and was in consequence ravaged by the most frightful persecutions by the Roman Church. The invading Mohammedans, with their promise of toleration, seemed, therefore, to offer to the heretics a way of escape from Christian bigotry. Possibly, too, the character of their belief, their inclination to a unitarian conception of the Godhead and their opposition to the use of images, made the Mohammedan faith seem less alien to them than to other Christians. In fact not only did Bosnia become subject to the Turks, but a very considerable part of its population went over to their faith, so that the province presented the spectacle of a country Slavic in blood and speech, feudal and European in constitution and culture, and Mohammedan in its dominant faith.

The political results were a twofold oppression, the misrule was of the feudal overlord at his worst, being united to the abuses characteristic of Osmanli tax-gathering and general official corruption. These abuses and consequent disorders filled the following centuries, until finally the outbreak of 1875 forced the hand of Europe and obliged the Great Powers to inaugurate the change always referred to as "The Occupation." To the chagrin of Austria, the new régime, instead of being welcomed, was opposed in arms by the population, or by elements in it, encouraged it may be by Servian influences, so

that it was only after a pretty sharp campaign that the new order was established.

At present, of the million and a half of population in Bosnia and Hercegovina, the Mohammedans are a little over one-third. Among the two-thirds who are Christians, the Greek-Orthodox are almost twice as many as the Roman Catholic. There are, beside, a considerable number of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, refugees hither three or four centuries ago, an aristocratic and wealthy group, marked by an antique costume of their own.

The day that we spent in Mostar was Easter Monday among the Greek Orthodox, and we started out in the morning to find the Servian cathedral, drawn by the ringing of its bells—bells so often a cause of strife in Balkan countries, symbolizing as they do to the Turk the very essence of Christian unfaith. The cathedral is finely situated on a height above the main part of the city, and the rites within were interesting and impressive with the strange ceremonial and the striking dress of the Greek clergy. But we were glad to come out and enjoy the view over the town below us. To the north the beautiful Narenta, jewel-green and arrow-swift, flows through its midst. We could count the slender needles of sixteen minarets, many of them with a dome or two beside them, but this accounted for only one-half of the mosques in the city.

Descending through steep and narrow streets we had the opportunity to see some of the people at close range. Indescribably quaint was the effect of the dress of many of the women who wore ordinary ready-made shirt waists with skirts which seemed to begin like our own, only to suddenly gather in at the ankles and turn into Turkish trousers. Little boys were dressed in clothes like a child's night-drawers, or a Kate Greenaway costume, a single garment buttoned up the back and reaching to the ankle. Some women were in full Turkish dress, heavily veiled, with a masque of black and gilt horse-hair over the upper part of the face and a white veil below. Among bareheaded girls and women of the lower class I noticed the most amazing copper colored hair, literally glinting like polished wire in the sun. I was surprised at this among a generally dark haired people, but learned afterwards that the effect was artificially produced.

Our walk gave us many pleasant glimpses of courtyards, ver-

andas, wooden window screens, curiously patterned and colored, and took us past closed and forbidding doorways adorned with much worn carving on the unstained wood, or with rude iron handle-rings dangling from ornamentally perforated disks. Once we made friends with a poor woman, through the freemasonry of smiles and nods eked out with a few broken phrases in Serbo-Croatian, and she showed us her house. A rickety outside staircase led us from the courtyard to her rooms, which were very bare and unexpectedly clean, whitewashed and extremely tidy. Square kerosene tins and a portable stove were evidently of the West; while the East was suggested by the low table hung up on the wall, the tiny coffee cups, and the girl squatting on the floor as we came in.

Soon we passed a mosque, the first we had been near, and as we lingered a little a party of half-grown lads offered to show it to us. To judge by the way that they nosed about for the key, which they found at last hidden on an overhead rafter of the deep porch, they were hardly its rightful guardians. The interior was Oriental in every line, in every color and detail, in the clean worn rugs which covered the whole floor, the painted pendant carving, like colored stalactites, over the niche which indicates the direction of prayer, and the crude frescoes representing the fruits of Paradise—figs, dates, cherries, oranges, lemons and grapes, upon the walls.

By the time that we reached the beautiful bridge over the river, the sun was almost intolerably hot, and we were at once charmed and tantalized by seeing, far above the sloping hillside with the town, the gleaming snowy head of Mount Porim. Po Rim—that is the mountain toward Rome, for to the inland Greek-Orthodox Slavs what was Westward was “toward Rome”—Rome being represented to their minds by the Roman Catholic coast land of Dalmatia.

The old bridge itself, from which the town takes its name (*Most* means bridge), is said to have been originally a Roman work. It certainly looks worthy of any pontifex, a single pointed arch nearly one hundred feet above the rushing green water. The footway, which alone it carries, is itself quite steeply curved. Here again was a tantalizing charm to the hot and thirsty; by our side a delicious gush of smaller streams was falling sharply into the river just beside the bridge, keeping the garden growth through which it passed fresh and sparkling with the constant beads of spray.



Once more we found a point of human contact among these strangers. Two peasants, a man and woman, presumably Christians, greeted as they passed. Their good gray Slav eyes in their sun-browned faces were both friendly and intelligent. We conversed with signs and broken words, the woman let us examine the carved distaff from which she was spinning as she walked, and both were quite willing to be photographed. Some people in these parts showed, on the contrary, such a shrinking from being looked at—to



THE BRIDGE AT MOSTAR.

say nothing of having their pictures taken—that I could only suppose that they feared the Evil Eye.

As the afternoon cooled a little we started to drive to the village of Blagaj, to see the source of the river Buna—source indeed where a full-grown river wells up in a cavern under an enormous cliff.

Our guide to the cave was an old man in very ragged Turkish dress, with manners gentle and almost courtly. Fortunately we could talk with him freely, for he had learned German, though not, as is so usual, in the army. He cautioned us to carry our wraps

with us from the carriage, suggested putting them on as soon as we came into the chilly shade of the rock, and took them from us when we came out into the sun; he brought us little cups of Turkish coffee from the Mohammedan cloister at the foot of the cliff; he rolled a cigarette and on our invitation smoked it; he told us what we wanted to know, all with a curious friendly detachment of manner as far from familiarity as from obsequiousness.

The cave itself, large enough to row into when the water is a little lower than when we were there, was filled with the eddying swirling river. Wild pigeons, with the barred plumage that interested Darwin, were flying in and out of holes in the face of the rock; one lighted on a stone just inside the cave mouth and drank and lifted its head and drank again. Swallows darted back and forth glinting a most brilliant and lovely blue in the sunlight.

Above, on the top of the cliff stand the ruins of a ducal castle, Stjepangrad, the subject of much tradition, more or less historical. An opening in the face of the cliff is said to be the mouth of one of its underground passages, though it looks an inconvenient place at which to emerge.

One story, which connects castle, cave and cloister, shows a very curious blending, in the folk mind, of classic and Eastern elements. Below, in the cave, it relates, once dwelt a dragon, who in thoroughly conventional fashion, required the sacrifice of a maiden each year. Once the lot fell on Milica, the daughter of the duke, and she was chained against the rock, a Slavic Andromeda. But here the story diverges—the blonde Sari Saltik, a young dervish from Syria, appeared at the right moment and slew the dragon with his mace, though the writhings of the beast knocked great pieces out of the cliff. The happy father gave his daughter to her deliverer and built for him, moreover, a Mohammedan cloister on the rock shelf below the cliff, and made him its head. The cloister has been recently much injured by a fall of rock, but is still inhabited by one or two Mohammedan recluses. It is, moreover, sanctified by the tomb of Sari Saltik himself, which is visited by pious pilgrims. Our guide, though a Christian, showed it to us with obvious reverence. We saw, too, the mace with which the dragon was killed, hanging upon the wall by the tomb, an antique and murderous looking weapon. On the floor close by stands an earthenware jug, which is nightly



filled with water for the saint's ablutions. That he uses it is shown by the jug's being empty each morning and the earth wet beneath, but this we did not see for ourselves.

Meditating on the possibilities of refined and satisfying living inside ragged clothes, we followed the tatters of our guide to see an old fulling mill of the most primitive construction. As in Solomon's temple, there were no nails; everything was of wood and kept in place by clumsy wedgings. The home-made woolen of the neighborhood is here washed, shrunk and half felted by being pounded, in the running stream, under two great trampling blocks of wood, alternately caught up and dropped by the cogged wheel.

On our return drive we passed for the second time along by vineyards, under the lee of the snow-clad mountain, by the barracks of an Austrian detachment, by neglected Turkish cemeteries, where the graves of the men were marked by turbaned headstones, like toadstools, and past a Gipsy encampment. The small dingy tents were made of a single strip of dark cloth drawn over a ridge pole, with no sides of any sort. The children ran after us begging, some of the younger ones with perfectly naked little brown bodies.

From Mostar to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, is a journey of some eight hours by train, a beautiful ride up slopes beautifully wooded, largely with beech. The cogged engine picks its way along narrow gauge tracks to the top of the Ivan Planina, the watershed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. Perched here and there are wooden houses, with steep shingle roofs and cloistering outbuildings, including a little house on runners for the dog. This can be dragged to wherever on the hillside his services, I suppose as shepherd, are needed.

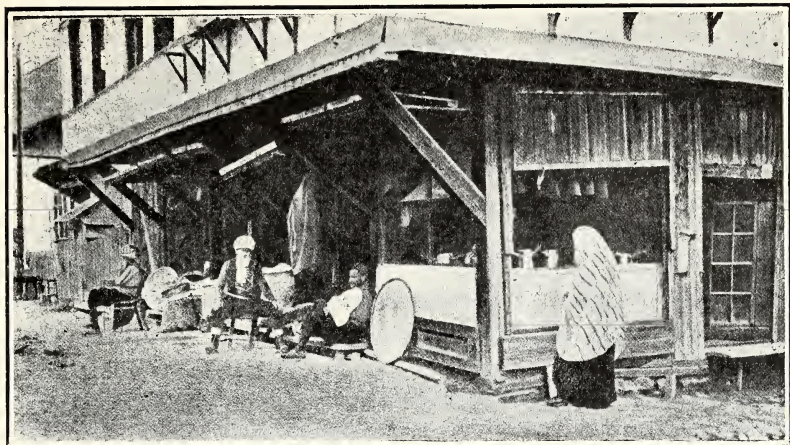
Sarajevo, with a population of some forty thousand, impresses one as a considerable city. As we approached it we passed pretty scattered villas to which Turkish ladies go to spend the summer season by some fashionable hot springs. The city itself is most modern and European in its Austrian quarters, most Eastern for the rest. The chief sight is the great Casija or bazaar, a labyrinth of lanes lined with booths which are at the same time workshops and retail stores. For the most part each lane is devoted to its own specialty—here shoemakers, here tailors, here coppersmiths, here dealers in stuffs, in grain or in vegetables. The merchants for the

most part do not offer their wares, but show them courteously on request and appear to have fixed prices. Here and there one sees a veiled lady shopping, or a seller of drinks bearing aloft a clinking, glinting brass vessel, shaped like a pagoda. Constantly on the streets one meets little lads in heel-less slippers carrying on a tray a coffee service, consisting of a cup like an egg-cup and a little long-handled dipper-shaped pot.

We arrived at the great mosque as afternoon prayers were being called. The wide courtyard about the building has two main adornments, a noble old linden and a fountain for religious ablutions. These seem to have three objects—refreshment, cleanliness and devotion. Men come up and wash their hot tired feet; they rinse out their shoes; they roll back their wide hanging shirtsleeves, edged with a little coarse embroidery, and bathe their arms to the shoulders; they take off their turbans and rub wet hands over their shaved heads and the napes of their necks. They rinse their mouths and proceed to a vigorous process of washing their nostrils, snuffing up water from their palms.

Thus purified they step up onto the wide porch of the mosque, leaving their slippers below, and proceed to their prayers, standing outside the building, facing it. I will not try to add another description of Mohammedan prayer, for Burton, in his *Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina*, and others have given classic accounts. As we saw it, devout and reverent attention seemed expressed in every one of the rhythmical movements. The often repeated prostrations, bendings and motions with the hands, did not look like the mechanical repetition of a rite. The whole seemed to take about a quarter of an hour, and was gone through in the measured and deliberate tempo which struck us here in the everyday life also.

That evening happened to be the one time in the week in which the so-called dancing dervishes perform their devotions. Accordingly we set out, a little body of guests from the hotel, following the swaying lantern of our guide through rough steep streets of the Mohammedan quarter. It was with a pleasant shock of surprise that we overheard two of our companions talking English, the first time for a long while that we had heard anyone else speak our own language. Inevitably we fraternized with a very pleasant globe-trotting English couple, brother and sister.



SCENE IN THE BAZAAR AT SARAJEVO.



DEALER IN HIDES, SARAJEVO.



Our guide had warned us with great seriousness that we must be as nearly noiseless as possible, and obey his directions implicitly, and it was in hushed silence and with a sense of unpleasant possibilities of outraged fanaticism that we made our way through a courtyard to a squeaking wooden gallery overlooking the interior of what I suppose was a mosque, but, if so, a very rough and unadorned one. A wooden lattice screened off part of the gallery for Mohammedan women. In the dimly lighted room below a mullah in a high cap was praying before the wall, and leading the devotions of a number of men and boys in the usual fez and Turkish trousers. The floor was strewn with unshorn sheepskins, cut to a point at one end, to serve as prayer rugs. As the evening progressed more men and boys kept coming in till something like fifty were present; some of them quite small boys. The rugs were dragged back and spread in a rough circle and the devotees squatted in a close ring. The exercises seemed to consist essentially in the repetition of a verse or phrase, first chanted by the mullah, then taken up by the circle also, and shouted louder and faster, louder and faster, accompanied each time by some special sort of swaying movement. The most violent involved a swinging and tossing of the head, which in some cases was carried so far as to become evidently spasmodic and beyond control. The mullah, however, always paused when the excitement seemed to be reaching this point, and inaugurated, first a pause, then a new versicle and new motion. After about an hour and a quarter he made a rather sudden end of it, and the whole company quietly passed out. We were told that there is much greater excitement on these occasions in winter.

Another very interesting glimpse of Mohammedan life came through a chance made acquaintance, a Croatian lady who taught in a school for Mohammedan girls. She kindly invited us to go with her to make a call on some Mohammedan friends. This meant a visit to a harem, but not the harem of one's preconceived ideas. The curious and interesting fact is that the Bosnian Slavs in becoming Mohammedans still retained their loyalty to their racial morality, and the sense of a moral obligation to monogamy. To take more than one wife, while legally permitted, is practically unknown among them, and would create a great scandal. The harem is simply the women's part of the house, where they enjoy privacy

which probably tempts to greater dishabille, which in turn heightens the sense of the impropriety of masculine approach.

The old lady, our hostess, was decidedly *grande dame* in spite of a certain shabbiness of aspect as she squatted on her heels and smoked. Her pretty young daughter-in-law, in all her finery, brought us Turkish refreshments and showed us her heavy forehead adornment of gold coins, which was her dowry, or part of it. It always makes her head ache to wear it, but it cannot be avoided on state occasions, if only to show that the coins are untouched. Our visit, which seemed to have a background of curious and amused maids and children, was perhaps as interesting an experience to our hostesses as to ourselves, but as a purely social occasion even our kind introducer and interpreter could not prevent its being somewhat meagre and embarrassing. I think that we were all glad to have seen one another and relieved to part.

I could not help speculating on the curious contrast in the color scale affected by Christian and Mohammedan Slavs. Where the former delight in robust though skillfully combined reds, whites, blues, greens and blacks, with a rarer use of orange and yellow, all very pure and bright, these trousered and slippered ladies make much use of turquoise blues, purple pinks, emerald greens and such tints. Does the difference go back to industrial grounds—home dyed stuffs versus manufactured? Is it a question of imitation through fashion of a different racial taste, that of the Turks? Or has it, conceivably, some psychological relation to the contrast between days of out-of-door labor and open sun, and stifled, artificial lounging life indoors?

The next stage of our trip, the journey to Jajce, was a series of idylls of shepherd life. Spring showers drawing a bright wet veil between us and the hillsides only made the pictures more lovely. Once it was a little child taking shelter from the rain under the skirts of her mother's long white woolen coat. By a brook, in an interval of sunshine a shepherd boy was playing on double pan-pipes, here called *Svirale*. In a field a group of boys were playing a game, and in a stony upland pasture a lad had left his pigs to look after themselves, and was fraternizing with some shepherds.

At Jajce we were at one of the most picturesque spots in Bosnia, both for history and beauty of site. The steep hill is

crowned with a fortress, which once stretched encompassing arms down and around the town, their oval shape giving it its name, which means little egg. The glory of the place, however, is a waterfall of perfect beauty. The Pliva drops a hundred feet into the river Vrbas in the most exquisite cataract imaginable. Niagara is more sublime, but this is the most lovely fall that I have ever seen in any country.

Stories of the sieges that the citadel has sustained (and much other curious, informing and entertaining matter) may be found in Evans's "Through Bosnia and Herzegovina on Foot during the Insurrection, August and September 1875." One story is that an army of besieging Turks, having failed to take the place by force, resorted to stratagem and made a feint of withdrawing. But the general in the fortress was an old fox himself, and learned through informants of siege ladders being prepared; so he laid a trap of his own. It was a feast day, and he directed that the girls of the village should observe it in the usual way, dancing the kolo or wheel dance of the Croats at sunrise in the king's meadows outside the walls. The Turks heard the shrill songs of the girls, and forgetting everything else, rushed on their prey, only to fall into an ambush prepared for them, and perish almost to a man.

In Jajce we had another glimpse of an interior—brief and unexpected. We had been coquetting with a group of half-grown girls; we wanted to photograph them; they wanted and did not want to be photographed. Irresistible curiosity would draw them forward to see the strange apparatus which the little boys were so eagerly examining, then there would be a hurried retreat, with much giggling and jostling, behind the walls of the deep stone archway in which they had been framed so prettily—alas, *with the sun behind them.*

Some of these girls had an extreme prettiness of a markedly Oriental type, one especially was like a tiger lily in strange tawny brilliance and slender grace.

It seemed that this little comedy had been watched by three women in an upper window, two matrons and a girl, and they unmistakably invited us to come in and take the girl's picture. Nothing loath, we made our way up to a room where we found them seated on divans and eager to welcome us. On such social



occasions we had to bring out all the few things that we were able to say in Croatian, to eke out, as an ill prepared hostess has to set forth all that she has, appropriate or not. Generally we would begin by remarking that we were from America, a statement always received with much appreciation and exclamations as to the distance. The next step on their part would be "My brother is in New York," or "I have a son in Pittsburg," then very commonly came inquiries if America were not a beautiful land and as to cost and means of getting there. But in this case interest centered not on emigration, but on the question—to be photographed or not to be photographed. The girl, who was a harem beauty, with a pretty pink and white indoors complexion, and narrow, dark eyes, was bashfully willing; one of the older women, apparently herself a visitor, urged it; the mother, if she was the mother, was opposed, and so finally the matter was dropped. Content with our little call for its own sake, we made our adieus, attempting the phrase which we understood to be the Mohammedan equivalent of the usual Croatian *S' Bogom* (with God). Whether our *Dor Allah* (I write phonetically and subject to correction) was understood or not I was not sure.

The next day we spent driving from Jajce to Banjaluka, and this was the last of our too short Bosnian trip. All day we drove through the beautiful valley of the Vrbas. The river itself is of a lovely green, cold and rapid, with the strange ways that rivers have in limestone countries. Sometimes the volume of the stream narrows suddenly, part presumably flowing off through an underground channel. Again great springs or river mouths in its bed suddenly swell the stream. We had been told that it was deadly to bathe in it, and I, for one, heard this with complete scepticism till we stopped for dinner at an inn where a voluble landlord told us that a young Englishman who had recently insisted against all advice upon bathing in the river, being a crack swimmer, had been taken out dead.

Our driver was a Mohammedan, turbaned and inaccessible, for we had no language in common. The day was that in which the Greek Christians were celebrating one of the most important festivals of the year among the South Slavs, Saint George's day. All sorts of quaint customs and observances gather about it in this district; for instance, we were told that the girls go out in the early

dawn to gather flowers with the dew still undisturbed, that they themselves may be strong and healthy throughout the year. Strangely enough the Mohammedans celebrate the day as well as the Christians.

Our imaginations had been fired by Evans's vivid description of the kolo dance, but by an unlucky series of events we had missed it. We hoped that on this day we might be more fortunate, but it was not to be, and we never had the pleasure of seeing this folk dance, though we saw various other interesting Slavic dances, which curiously enough never seem to have come to their own in the recent revivals of national dancing.

The incidents of this last day were, indeed, few, though we were much pleased at seeing by the roadside a shepherd girl in a species of finery that we had seen in museums and which has already become rare. At her lonely work, where it would seem that no one was likely to see her, she was decked out with a sort of plastron of coins covering the front of her bodice.

As happy nations have no history, so our long, beautiful, restful drive leaves little to record. About four o'clock we drove into Banjaluka, which showed no signs of the feast day beyond having the shops closed, and which appeared to be a dull, uninteresting place. The next day found us in Croatia, where fresh experiences awaited us, but that is another story.

EMILY GREENE BALCH.

*Wellesley College.*