

DUCHY OF CARNIOLA

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Contents

Aviso for Strangers	2
Alpine Province of Carniola.	3
Page: 4 National costumes - the Carniolans.	4
Page: 5 Laybach (Ljubljana).	5
Bathing place of Veldes (Bled).	7
Wocheiner Feistritz - Wocheiner See (Bohinjska Bistrica-Bohinjsko jezero).	8
Kronau (Kranjska gora)	9
Kamnik (Stein)	10
The valley of the Save.	10
The Grotto of Adelsberg	11
The Carniolans at Home. - Their Manners and Customs. - Legends of Carniola.	12

Aviso for Strangers

Carniolan Tourist-Office
Laybach, Miklošičeva cesta 6 (Austria) opposite the Grand Hotel »Union«.
Central Office of the Association for the Travelling of Strangers.
Gratis Inquiry-Office in all Matters concerning the Travelling of Strangers.
Permanent Exhibition of Views, Paintings, Pictures of Costumes etc.
Reading-rooms with Carniolan and Foreign Travelling Literature.
Publication and Sale of Albums, Photographies, Guides and Picture-cards.
Gratis Correspondence and Agency concerning the Accomodation of Strangers.
Gratis Inquiry-Office for Mountaineering, Winter-Sport, Excursions, Visits to the Grottoes.

Page: 1



Picture 1 M. RUPPE: CASTLE OF VELDES.

Alpine Province of Carniola.

The duchy of Carniola the country of wonders, as Sir Humphry Davy has called it, is situated in the high Alps of Austria near the Adriatic Sea. It is the only Slavish country in the Alps. Mountains towering toward the sky and covered with eternal snow, lakes of crystal purity, green alpine pastures, fragrant forests, the healthy and bracing air that blows from the Alps, all these entice every year thousands and thousands of strangers to this country. It is well provided for the tourists by summer retreats and winter sports.

Page: 2

Direct express trains with dining and sleeping cars, modern hotels, alpine huts and societies for the Information of strangers are aiding the traveller.

The duchy is Slovene (South Slavish), her inhabitants have a pretty high degree of culture and instruction and take much interest in the welfare of strangers.

The Capital of the province, Laybach (Sl. Ljubljana) has 45.000 inhabitants and is a charming modern town.

Her principal mountains are: the Julian Alps, the Karawanken and the Alps of Kamnik (Stein) or of the Sanntal, the Karst (Kras).

High tours to the summits of the Triglav (2865 m), the Mangart (2678 m), the Grintavec (2559 m) and the Stol (2239 m).

Lakes: the Wocheiner See (Slov. Bohinjsko jezero), Veldeser See (Slov. Blejsko jezero), the two lakes of Weißenfels and the seven lakes of the Triglav.

The chief bathing-places and summer resorts are at Bled (Veldes), Bohinjska Bistrica (Wocheiner Feistritz) on the Wocheiner lake, at Kranjska Gora (Kronau), Mojstrana, Kamnik (Stein). Except these there are many summer resorts and smaller bathing-places.

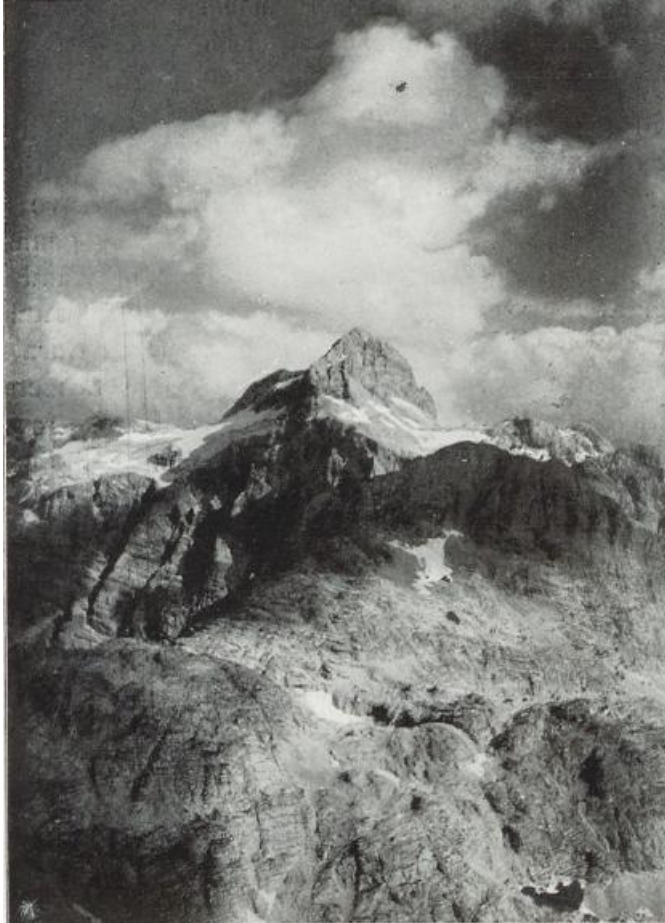
A wonder of the world is the Grotto of Adelsberg (Postojna), the finest grotto of Europe.

The principal river is the Save which arises in two sources out of the waterfalls in

Upper Carniola, the two branches meet again at Radovljica (German: Radmannsdorf) in one single impetuous clear course of emerald green flowing towards the South.

Laybach is 3 hours distant from Triest, 3 and half hours from Fiume (Reka), 9 hours from Vienna, 16 hours from Prague, 9 and half hours from Budapest, 26 hours from Paris and 35 hours from London.

Page: 3



Picture 2 TRIGLAV

Information, prospectuses and pictures are sent gratis by the Tourist Office of the Provincial Association for the circulation of strangers and tourists, Miklošičeva cesta 6, opposite the Grand Hotel Union, Laybach.

Page: 4 National costumes - the Carniolans.

In Carniola the national costumes are partially still in use and they are worn on holydays. In these later days patriots have taken pains to revive the national dress, and thanks to their encouragement, you may, at the present time, on holy-days and on the national holidays, see the beautiful native costumes of the country. The national dress of Upper Carniola is of a dark shade, but rich, that of the women is adorned with

embroidery in gold or silk. The frocks in Lower Carniola are of showy shades and very picturesque.

What a treat for the eyes to see the well-built and strong Slovene people in their Sunday suits of by-gone days which show forth so well their self-possession and national pride.



Page: 5 Laybach (Ljubljana).

The Capital Laybach (Ljubljana), called by the people “the white town” (Bela Ljubljana) is about 297 m above the level of the sea; it is connected with the express train of the Südbahn Triest-Vienna-Abbazia; junction of the lines towards North Carniola to Veldes, Bistrica, the Wocheiner See, Mojstrana, Kronau and beyond the boundaries to Villach and Klagenfurt; starting-point of the branch lines to Kamnik (Stein), Novomesto (Rudolfswert), Gottschee and Vrhnika (Oberlaibach).



Picture 3 OF. A. WAGNER: BEFORE THE CITY-HALL AT LAYBACH.

Page: 6

The town has 45.000 inhabitants, is the seat of the provincial government of a bishop and all the central authorities. It is also the centre of culture and commerce of the Slovene nation which, except Carniola, inhabits also Carinthia, the South of Styria and the Litoral.

Laybach is beautifully situated on the Ljubljana at the foot of a hill crowned by an old castle. It is a thoroughly modern town with broad streets, an electric tramway, excellent waterworks, model sewers, gas and electric light; interurban telephone Vienna-Triest; modern provincial hospital, infant hospital, sanatorium Leoninum, Emona, hydrotherapeutic sanatorium Hygiéa, river, pool and warm baths. — Laybach has a view of rare beauty. The town itself has numerous parks and squares. Among these is the one in the middle of the town laid out in the form of a star, the “Zvezda” (Sternallee). Lattermann-avenue leads to the big gardens, groves and forests of old trees of the town round the Castle of Tivoli.

The ancient public monuments, the great churches with beautiful entrances and architecture, recall the surroundings of artistic Italy. Especially worthy of notice is the townhall with a massive marble fountain, the monument of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the statues of the Slovene poets, Prešeren and Vodnik, of the founder of the literary Slovene language, Trubar, and that of the historian Valvasor; commemorative columns and so on.

Page: 7

Scientific and literary institutions "Slovenska Matica", the renowned singing society "Glasbena Matica", the association of singers "Ljubljana" and others; military and civil bands in summer and on popular holidays; highly remarkable is also the provincial museum "Rudolfinum", especially for its celebrated collections of palafittes from the antique city Lacustre, which was discovered at the Marsh of Laybach, and the numerous objects of the bronze period from the excavations at Watsch and elsewhere; then the national costumes and the national works of art.

But what gives the most characteristic features to the town is the fine view in the proper acceptance of the word that one enjoys from the Grad (Schloßberg); according to many travellers there is no equal in any other town of the realm. On a fine sunny day it is worth while to make the easy ascent. From the esplanade belonging to the old castle a view of great extent and unforgotten variety opens before the enchanted visitor. To the north, the eye soars above a fertile plain, dotted with villages, towards the lower Alps, and the peaked summits of the Steiner Alps (Kamniške Planine); farther to the West mount the characteristic pinnacles of the Karawanken and terminate in the majestic Mount Triglav (Three Heads) in the Julian Alps. Then the gray coloring of the mountains begins to shade with the verdure, the elevation little by little descends, and ends in an enormous circle surrounding the whole of Lower Carniola, and forming a succession of hills and green mountains with the two most characteristic summits of the Austrian Karst, the Nanos and the Snežnik (Schneeberg, Snow-Mountain), bordering the south of the horizon.

Page: 8

The panorama of this grand basin is formed by the vast plain through which, like a silver ribbon winds the river Laybach.

Because of its parks and beautiful environs, Laybach is very advantageously situated for a summer resort, and by its accessibility, as a tourists destination; after a two hour's drive the traveller may be in the centre of Upper-Carniola and in a few hours he reaches the Adriatic Sea.

Hotels: Grand Hotel Union, Elephant, Parkhotel Tivoli.

Bathing place of Veldes (Bled).

501 m above the level of the sea; the express train of the Staatsbahn stops at the station Lesce (Lees) between Tarvis and Laybach. Veldes is a real little alpine paradise. In the center of a basin, towered by an old, well-preserved castle, glitters the clear water of a charming lake forming a big shield from which rises a beautiful high island crowned with a white church, which mirrors itself in the smooth surface at its base. The lake is circled by many comfortable hotels, charming villas, interspersed with magnificent summer residences and charming cottages harmonizing with the surroundings. And farther on is the splendid amphitheatre of verdant mountains forming the boundaries of

the giant Julian Alps. —

Hotels: Imperial Park-hotel late Mallner, Luisenbad.

Page: 9



Picture 4 M. RUPPE: VELDES-ISLE.

The temperature of the lake is, in summer, 26° C. and invites bathing. Luisenbad possesses strengthening, hot, mineral waters. — Velde is a very renowned summer resort which is, from year to year, more frequented; it has an elegant Curhouse, music, sporting grounds, beautiful promenades; trips into the high mountains are much recommended.

Page: 10

Summer resort and winter sporting place

Wocheiner Feistritz - Wocheiner See (Bohinjska Bistrica-Bohinjsko jezero).

You enter it by the defile of the Save which broadens at the Wocheiner Feistritz (railway-station of the Staatsbahn) and ends at the Wocheiner lake that sleeps in grand stillness guarded by high rocky walls and fed by the Savica waters which, higher up,

break from their rocks, and form a very high and abundant waterfall, the finest of the country. The Wochein valley offers a grand panorama which is almost solely formed by the formidable Julian Alps. Half an hour's drive or an hour's walk will take you to the lake.



Picture 5 SAVICA WATERFALL.

Page: 11

The lakes of the Wochein as well as the river Save and its tributaries abound in trout and fish of all sorts and are therefore warmly recommended to people liking the fishing sport.

Places on the shore: Hotels: St. Johann (Sv. Janez, St. John), Heiliger Geist (Sv. Duh, Holy Ghost) and Zlatorog near the Savica waterfall.

Since the opening of the new alpine railway line Tauern-Adria the Wochein has become a very frequented summer retreat, and later in the year the winter sports are much enjoyed.

Kronau (Kranjska gora)

842 m above the level of the sea, a very fine alpine place surrounded by the grand landscape of the Save, the valley of which extends between the high summits of the Karawanken and the Julian Alps. Noted for its invigorating air, pure water, good taverns, baths, magnificent promenades, especially in the Pišenca valley (pron. Pechentza). — Dovje (Lengenfeld) - Mojstrana, 705 m, summer resort with very salubrious alpine climate starting point for the Triglav.

Kamnik (Stein)

is situated on the branch line Laybach-Kamnik and lies immediately at the foot of the Steiner Alps. On the Bistrica a brook rich in trout Stein is a charming summer retreat with a hydrotherapeutic establishment, shady promenades, salubrious alpine climate, Curhouse; starting point for ascents.

Page: 12



Picture 6 M. RUPPE: "KLEINFESTE" AT STEIN.

The valley of the Save.

The railway of the Staatsbahn extends along the valley as far as Kronan and offers many summer resorts: Medvode (Zwischenwässern), Škofja Loka (Bischoflack), Kranj (Krainburg), Tržič (Neumarkt), Lesce (Lees), Vigaun, Polič, Žerovnica, Ratschach and Weißenfels; near this place are the two Weigenfels lakes with the Mangart in the background.

Page: 13

Südbahn railway: Steinbrück-Laybach-Triest, resp. Fiume-Abbazia, offer likewise a good number of hot thermal waters and summer retreats: hot thermal springs at Čatež

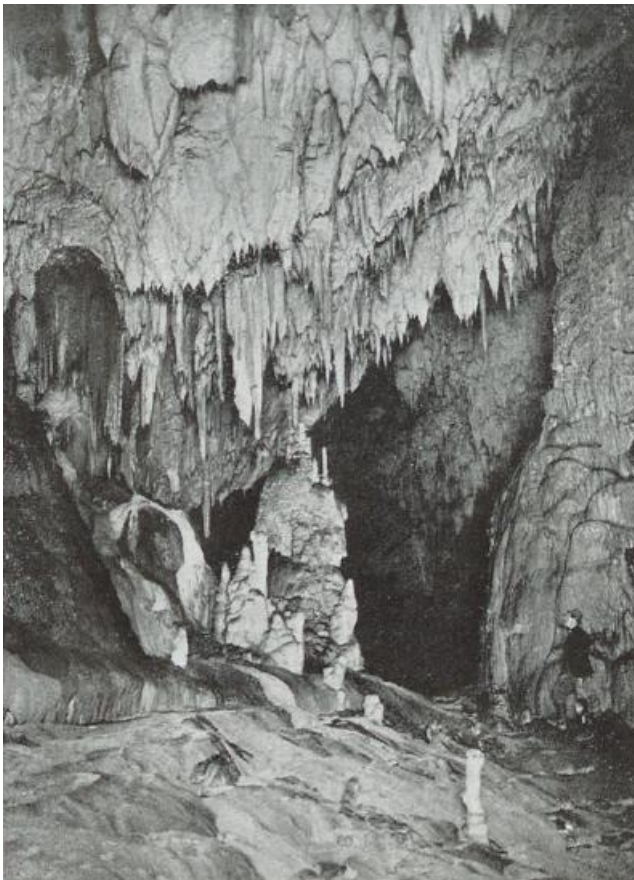
and Gallenegg (Media).

Summer resorts: Vrhnika (Oberlaibach), Borovnica, Loitsch, Planina, Rakek, Zirknitz with its celebrated intermittent lake where according to the season you may alternately walk, drive, go boating, fish, hunt, mow and reap in the same year and on the same place. Adelsberg (Postojna), Ilirska Bistrica (Illyrisch Feistritz).

The Grotto of Adelsberg

553 m above the level of the sea; the Südbahn express train stops on its way to Triest 8 minutes at the station. Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, calls the grotto a Fairy land extending underground; its splendour is indeed awe-inspiring. Beneath high domes and passages you see the most fantastic stalactites and stalagmites in countless shapes and odd configurations, first forming extraordinary and strange, dark groups, then again shining in the electric light like the brightest diamonds. A well kept path leads the visitor through the big dome along “the pulpit”, “the waterfall”, “the lion’s head”, “the curtain”, “the sword of Damocles”, “the Gothic column” and other phenomna which nature had the fancy to create; large and more spacious places such as the “dancing hall” and the “Tartarus” will strike the visitor with awe by their grandeur.

Page: 14



Picture 7 THE GROTTA OF ADELSBERG: TARTAR.

More than 60.000 persons visit the grotto every year. On Whit-monday a great festivity with music and dancing is held there.

Adelsberg is also a very commendable summer resort with many good hotes.

Page: 15



Picture 8 STEINER FEISTRITZ, ISSUE OF THE VALLEY.

The Carniolans at Home. - Their Manners and Customs. - Legends of Carniola.

The Austrian province of Carniola is the only Slavish country in the Alps, that great chain of mountains which traverses Europe from the French coast of the Mediterranean to the countries of the Balkans. The particular Alps of Carniola are called the Julian Alps, to commemorate the conquest of our country by the Romans under Julius Caesar on their march against the barbarians to the north and east of Italy.

Sir Humphrey Davy, the great and much travelled Englishman, made Carniola his home for many years and described it as the most beautiful country which he had ever seen in Europe. Here the great but sometimes forbidding scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol begins to give way to the soft and charming lines of the Italian landscape.

Page: 16



Picture 9 M. RUPPE: MITTERDORF, WOCHEIN.

Page: 17



Picture 10 M. RUPPE: CHAPEL OF THE CASTLE AT VELDES.

Page: 18

"It seemed to me like an undiscovered paradise," says an American, Francis E. Clark, in his book on Old Homes of New Americans, "for comparatively few tourists disturb these lovely solitudes. The city of Laibach, the Capital of the Slovenians in Carniola, struck me as a peculiarly beautiful town, where I would like to settle down for a long summer holiday."

But lately the tourists are arriving fast enough to change the aspect of our country and the ideas of our people. The Canadian Pacific Railway company, who have established a steamship line between Austria and Canada, are also running observation cars on the trains from Vienna to the Adriatic sea, past my home, the Lake of Veldes.

Even now I am missing the strawcovered roofs of the peasant homes, bricks and slate and other new inventions having taken their place, under the influence of progress and insurance rates.

The people are getting more and more interested in politics and consequently in liquor. This, I suppose, is all as it should be, but I am afraid the home which I have known and loved in my childhood will soon only exist in my memory. When I visited home the last time, I noticed that the bell of our village church had changed its tone, and was informed that it had been broken and had to be recast. It nearly broke my heart.

The people inhabiting Carniola and also the adjoining countries of Carinthia, Styria and the maritime provinces of Austria belong to the Slovenian branch of the great Slav race, forming with the Croats, Serbs and Bulgars, from the Alps to Constantinople, the solid unity of the Southern Slavs, half of whom live under Austrian-Hungarian rule, while the others inhabit the independent kingdoms of Serbia, Montenegro and Bulgaria, the recent victors over Turkey.

Page: 19

The river Sava, which originates in the Carniolan mountains, connects all these nations. On its banks resound the melancholy songs of our always suffering, always hoping race, as it flows on through Croatia, past the white city of Belgrade and along the borders of Bulgaria into the Black Sea, to the Russian nations, whose racial and linguistic likeness with ours thousands of years of separation have not been able to erase.

How different from America, where our Slovenian nation of a million and a half is emigrating in ever increasing numbers, so that now one Slovenian out of fifteen lives in this country, and where they so quickly assimilate that, with the new language, the later generations soon lose the consciousness of their origin, of their physical and national characteristics. I have relatives in the States of Washington and Minnesota, where our people are settled as farmers; others by the hundred thousands live in Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Montana, and prominently, also, in Colorado, where 3,000 Slovenians are prospering in Pueblo alone.

Clark thinks it is not too much to believe that before the end of this century the United States will harbor "a majority of these hardy, enterprising sons of the soil." And to illustrate their character, he goes on to relate an ancient custom of the Slovenians which is still to this day vivid in our memory.

When a new prince was inaugurated, a peasant mounted a rock to await the coming of the prince, who was dressed like a peasant. As the prince advanced, the peasant called: "Who is it who approaches?" The people answered: "It is the prince of this land." The peasant then said: "Is he a good judge? Is he the friend of truth?" On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the peasant yielded his place to the newcomer, who mounted the rock, and, brandishing his sword, vowed to defend the country of the Slovenians.

Page: 20



Picture 11 BENESCH: ROTHWEIN-FALLS.

Well may the Americans believe that people with such a record in their past will be a credit to the country of their adoption; and I hope that my references to the Slavonian nation will be of some interest to the American readers in the Rocky Mountain states where they form, especially in the mining districts, the chief foreign element, as they may be welcome to my own countrymen who, like myself, have still retained those sentiments which, at this time of the year more than ever, turn our thoughts to the land of our nativity.

Page: 21



Picture 12 M. RUPPE: WOCHEINER FEISTREITZ

Christmas, the night when our Savior was born in the humble hut of Bethlehem, is the time of great rejoicing among the people of Carniola. The country and villages are deeply buried in snow, which contrast with the dark green color of the surrounding pine and spruce forests, over which tower the mountains, eternally white through summer and winter. With the exception of the lumber business, which furnishes the chief occupation of the poorer classes, the winter is a very quiet season for the peasants.

Evenings they sit in the low wooden panelled rooms of their houses, around the big table under the crucifix.

Page: 22

At Christmastide in that corner universally appears a scenic representation of the birth of the Savior. Simple paper figures are stuck up in moss. On Jan. 6 the images of the three kings join the company. The walls of the room are adorned with pictures of saints.

These portraits, formerly crude and naive paintings on glass, have lately become replaced by cheap prints. There is usually to be seen the portrait of Emperor Francis Joseph, sometimes one dating back to his ascension to the throne sixty-five years ago. And probably you will observe some more recent photographs, representing friends or relatives in Minnesota or Leadville. Forks, knives and spoons show themselves sticking out from straps along the wall or under the ceiling, as every servant of the house has his special and recognized place where he places his eating utensils. One corner of the room is taken up by a large stove, around which runs a bench, and above which are characteristically built shelves upon which the young folks lie during the evenings, throwing jokes at the old people underneath. Under the stove lie the dog and the cat enjoying the warmth, forgetting their quarrels of last summer.

Birds, robins and others, who of their own accord have arrived with the cold to spend the winter in the house, are jumping around the room and upon the table, friends to all

members of the family. They will take their leave with the arrival of the warmer weather and will come again with the winter. Sometimes the same bird will return for ten years, anxiously awaited by the family. And then comes a winter when the little fellow remains away.

It is difficult to describe or for strangers to imagine the sorrow of the family when they finally are convinced that the bird must be dead. Perhaps he was killed in a storm, perhaps he was the prey of some animal; no one will know the particulars of the tragedy which ended the little life in this world of continuous murder.

Page: 23



Picture 13 WOCHEINER LAKE.

Page: 24

The women and maids of the house are sitting in one corner, piling off corn or knitting or spinning the home-grown wool and linen and “talking personalities,” as we would say in America. In the meantime, in the open hearth kitchen the old grandmother sets a light to burn over night, that the spirits of the dead family members, when they come to visit during the night, may find a place where to warm their cold hands.

One after one the men come in from their work, and as they step into the room they dip their fingers into the holy water by the door and cross themselves.

I do not deny that sometimes these men can be very loud and heated in their conversations. But not so to night, when the solemnity of the holy occasion impresses them and turns their thoughts towards the questions of eternity, which, in their simple but clear way of thinking, they can settle as well as any philosopher. Their life in the

mountains is hard and dangerous (nearly as dangerous as in some Colorado coal mines!), and they are at any time prepared to leave it.

All over the roads and mountain paths you will find inscriptions, crosses or wood paintings commemorating the untimely and unnatural death of one of these hardy men of the mountains. "The road to eternity is not long," it reads under a little picture describing the death of a lumberman. "At 1 o'clock he left home, and at 3 o'clock he was already in heaven."

It is interesting to notice how many pagan customs and recollections still linger in the memory of this population, which more than 1,000 years ago, in the wars against the Germans under Emperor Charlemagne, was converted to Christianity and ever since, with a short interval during the Protestant reformation, have remained staunch Catholics.

The folk lores and tales still date back into the times when their successors worshipped the three-headed god, whose memory is preserved in the name of the highest mountain of Carniola, the Triglav.

Page: 25



Picture 14 A. ZOFF: MOUNT STEINER IN THE VRATA VALLEY. (MORNING IN THE ALPES.)

Page: 26

Its craggy precipices and white snow fields are the domain of the chamois hunters. They were the beloved hunting ground of my youth, when, during my summer vacations in the pursuance of a more gentle profession, I used to know and to collect all the

specimens of the Alpine flora of our mountains.

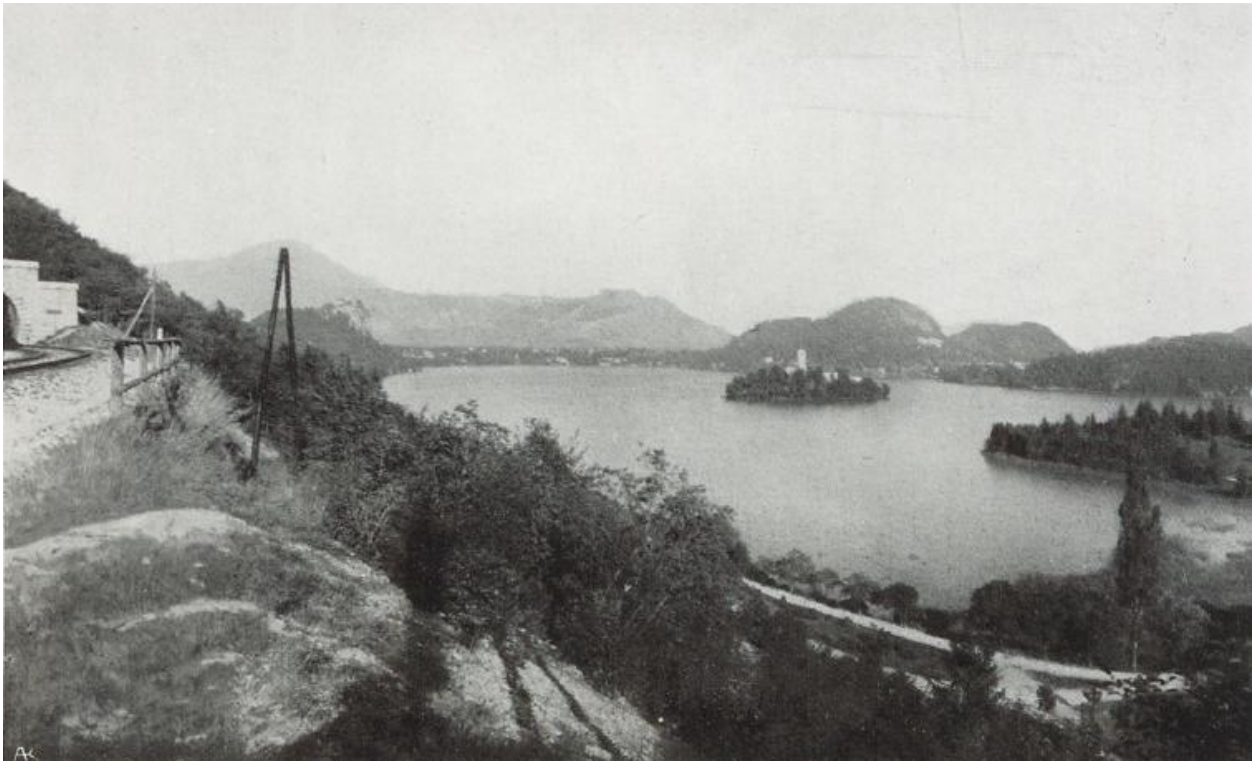
These flowers, small and insignificant, to better be able to hide among the rocks for their protection, but wonderful in variety and color, are all that remains now of the garden of Zlatorog. In lonely winter evenings the hunters will tell the story. The better the wine you offer them the better the story.

Many thousand years ago, the rising walls, the windswept ridges and the glaciers of the Triglav were a beautiful garden belonging to a god, the wonderful, white, golden-horned chamois, Zlatorog. His anger caused the thunder, when out of his golden horns flashed the lightning. When he hurt himself, out of his red blood grew the famous Triglav roses. He was kind to all hunters and allowed them all the game they wanted, provided they refrained from molesting him. So everything went well for centuries.

Then came the usual trouble — woman. One of the hunters had a sweetheart, whom he used to present with a bunch of flowers each time he returned from the mountains. One day she said they were not good enough for her, just as an American girl might look upon a dozen of cheap carnations and feel that she wanted long-stemmed American beauties.

“If you care to be my sweetheart, go and bring me Triglav roses.” The hunter went. For days he trailed the golden-horned buck. Finally he saw him, peacefully grazing in his garden. He aimed, shot, but the wounded animal flew as if unhurt, leaving behind himself roses from every drop of his blood.

Page: 27



Picture 15 VELDES WITH THE ISLAND CHURCH.

Page: 28

But at the same time a terrible earthquake occurred, burying forever Zlatorog's garden. In vain the young girl cried and waited for her hunter. After the storm was over, the turbulent waters brought a man's body to the valley. Young Jerica knew him. She jumped from the bridge and joined her sweetheart in death.

The sound of the church bells, like the hunter's shot, at once brings the people back from Zlatorog's garden and turns their thoughts to the great event to which they are going to pay tribute. One by one they rise to go to church, where high mass will be read at midnight, the hour when the Divine Child, announced by the star, was born in the stable of Bethlehem.

Though the winter is cold and the roads are bad, only the infant children and the oldest people (who soon expect to meet the Savior anyway) remain at home. No one stays to guard the houses.

It would be impossible to think of theft on Christmas night. The church stands on a little island in the midst of the Lake of Veldes. From some places the way is long and tiresome. It winds up and down the hills and through the forest—the deep, dark forest.

The branches of the trees are laden with snow. Not a sound. Have you ever heard that silent voice of the forest? Where we come to an opening affording a wide view stands a large cross. They say that over 300 years ago, during the advance of the Turks in Europe, this was the furthest point their horsemen reached in an effort to penetrate our mountains, which they probably gave up as useless. On the shore of the lake, on a rock falling abruptly into the water, stands the castle of the Bishops, who, until the Napoleonic wars, were the sovereigns of our country.

The great housecleaning that then followed in Europe also changed the political conditions of Carniola, and after a short occupation by the French returned it under the direct sovereignty of Austria.

Page: 29



Picture 16 M. RUPPE: VALLEY OF THE VRATA.

Page: 30

The influence of the Bishops' reign is still noticeable in the many little churches which crown the hilltops, even where there are no houses in the neighborhood. Some were built in fulfillment of vows, others as burial places of once prominent families. Most of the churches are now deserted and only used once a year, as the people prefer to go to the parish church.

As I pass by, the clock from the church on the hill strikes the hour. A voice from heaven, from my uncle and aunt's only daughter, who, after a short illness, left them in the sixth year of her life! As young as she was she had already learned the lesson of economy, and her little savings were devoted to the purchase of a clock for our church tower, and the Bishop of Carniola ordered that her portrait be hung in the church in beloved memory of Mary, Baroness Schwegel.

There the lovely painting hangs, among other saints as they appear, crucified or skinned or boiled, and when I look up, the little path leading to the church through the snow, reminds me of her life – short and pure. And the striking of the clock is heard far toward the villages in the neighborhood. It reminds us also that one of these hours will some day summon us away. It admonishes us, in the meantime, to make the best use of our time. Sixty minutes has the hour, and more than a thousand has the day, said Goethe to his son. Think of it. How much you could accomplish in that time!

At this season of the year the lake is solidly frozen, and the people cross it on foot. From the island which, as the story goes, more than thousand years ago, was a temple

or place of pagan worship, the songs from hundred voices now begin to rise in praise of the Father who let His own son die that this world may be redeemed.

Woodsmen and charcoal-burners who live so far away in the forest that they cannot come down, have climbed some mountain top, and from there look down upon the place which is clearly distinguishable by the dim light emanating from the church, like the light which the shepherds saw glowing in the stable of Bethlehem.

Page: 31

The mass which is being read is very solemn and long. I remember that as a boy I often felt so tired that I thought I would have to faint or fall asleep, but my father kept me up, saying: "This is no night to sleep." It is already morning when one can see the people return to their homes in a long serpentine line across the lake.

The sun, when the first rays of the day touch the mountains, illuminates but does not warm their icy summits. In their immovable, philosophic attitude they have looked down upon many nations praising God in their different ways.

The people have now gone to celebrate Christmas day at their homes, but the bell of the island church still rings and rings. There is a saying that whoever tolls this bell whatever he may wish when the bell sounds, will be fulfilled. I remember when I was a boy that once my uncle suggested to Emperor Francis Joseph, who was visiting our country, to ring that bell – day and night you can hear it; it never seems to stop, like wishes never rest. The sound of the bell has followed me everywhere, through all countries I have visited. I heard it out of the endless forests of Ontario, and the roaring breakers of the African coast. Perhaps some of my countrymen, suffering and freezing in the camps at Ludlow and Starkville, will listen for its sound through a Colorado blizzard.

Like our conscience, it sounds sometimes louder, sometimes fainter, till some day with mightier and mightier growing voice it will lead us home to our eternal fatherland.

Page: 32



Picture 17 A. ZOFF: LAKE OF WEISSENFELS

Dir, mächt'ger Triglav, gilt mein Lied, mein Grüßen!
 Drei Häupter hebst du trotzig in die Höh'
 Wie jeder Gott, nach dem sie einst dich hießen,
 Und jedes trägt ein Diadem von Schnee.
 Ich bin umstarrt von hundert Bergesriesen,
 Wenn schwindelnd ich auf deinem Scheitel steh',
 Es lacht ein grün Geländ zu meinen Füßen,
 Mich grüßt Italien und die blaue See.
 Baumbach, »Zlatorog«.

From Baumbach's »Zlatorog« a native epic poem from the mountainous country of Upper Carniola so rich in legends.

Circular tour Alps-Adria.

We recommend the following tour: Laybach-Aßling-Veldes-Wocheiner See-Triest-Miramare-Adelsberg-Laybach. This tour includes the Capital with its magnificent panorama, the high mountains with their lakes and waterfalls, the deep and steep valley of the Isonzo (Soča) with its blue waves. Triest with its Austrian azure coast and the celebrated grotto of Adelsberg. The quickest journey with the shortest stops in the

above mentioned places takes about 60 hours.

