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CAPT. C. W. R. KNIGHT

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THE "HORO" REMAINS THE BULGARIAN NATIONAL DANCE.

On Sunday afternoons the villagers meet on the green, and bright costumes whirl in the old round dance. A Bulgarian proverb is, "Grandma gave a dime to get into the dance, and now she'd give a dollar to get out of it." But one is never too old to dance the *horo*.



Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

FEET FLY TO THE MUSIC OF A GYPSY BAND

To Novoselci, east of Sofia, residents of the capital ride out to watch or join in dancing the *horo*, animated by *czigany* music. "If you visit the village, you must join the dance," says a proverb.

BULGARIA, FARM LAND WITHOUT A FARMHOUSE

A Nation of Villagers Faces the Challenge of Modern Machinery and Urban Life

BY MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS, LITT. D.

AUTHOR OF "TURKEY GOES TO SCHOOL," "NEW GREECE, THE CENTENARIAN, FORGES AHEAD," "THE CITROËN-HAARDT TRANS-ASIATIC EXPEDITION REACHES KASHMIR," ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

BETWEEN the Danube and the Macedonian mountains, I have seen hardly a single farmhouse; yet "Bulgar" means a man with a plow, and four of every five Bulgarians are farmers. Sofia, founded by Trajan, just missed becoming Constantinople, since Constantine seriously considered it as his capital. Still a small town in 1880, it is now a flourishing city of a quarter of a million inhabitants, the progressive capital of a land of villages.

Although, since hoary antiquity, tidal waves of humanity have swept south through the Balkan passes or east and west along the route to Byzantium, this cross-roads country is still, as far as we are concerned, far from the beaten path.

Yet the Orient Express passes through Sofia every day, and on the Orient Arrow it is a day's flight from Paris, whose styles it has begun to copy. Before daylight you don the seventy-league boots awaiting you at Le Bourget, airport of Paris; touch earth at Strasbourg, Nürnberg, Prague, Vienna, Budapest and Belgrade, and end the day in your sixth European capital.

AN AGRICULTURAL LAND OF CONSERVATISM

The evening of my arrival a political convention had crowded the Bulgarian metropolis, where, notwithstanding the efforts of many leading women, heavy pleated skirts, swelled by un-Parisian petticoats, and sleeves thickly encrusted with gold or silver embroidery, are giving way to less distinctive dress.

Despite these milling city-dwellers, seeking to buy amusement in the open market, scanning movie posters and photographs of sleek cabaret girls, Bulgaria is an agricultural land, with peasant conservatism and thrift.

Among the more or less formal Thanksgiving proclamations of recent times, surely one of the most arresting was Bulgaria's "Our poverty is our riches." A land of

homespun may be proof, not only against spiritual, but also economic depression.

Were one to seek a symbol for economic and spiritual stability, the Bulgarian woman, plying her distaff as she leads meek-eyed oxen through bucolic scenes worthy of a Rosa Bonheur, might well serve as model. But even the Bulgarian Maud Muller has "glanced to the far-off town."

A PARADE FOR EVERY OCCASION

Bulgarians, more earnest than frivolous, nevertheless love parades. One day it is cabbies celebrating the saint of horseflesh. Doubtless the chauffeurs parade in honor of St. Christopher, guardian of autos, though I doubt if they walk. The day of Saints Cyril and Methodius is the occasion for huge student processions, and the city is full of white, green, and red paper flags bearing pictures of the sainted fathers of the Slavic alphabet. Tsar Boris III, Bulgaria's king, has been seen in a students' snake dance and soldiers and scholars are frequently encouraged to turn a route march into a parade by singing.

On the bright Sunday morning after my arrival, there were *two* parades.

One was composed of political delegates and their wives, in bright sashes and head shawls, homespun costumes, and rawhide sandals. Some, carrying banners, were elated; others, trudging loyally along, were being dutiful.

Near at hand moved another world. In the shady park were imitation silk, imitation pearls, synthetic complexions, and impermanent waves, among which natty young officers, handsome with red caps and gilt-handled swords, were making peacetime conquests.

Out in the warm sun marched the endless procession of stolid peasants. Filtering across their serried ranks appeared a burnt-orange blouse, a green velvet jacket, a chic

sports dress, a fresh kid glove looped through a saber handle—urbanite leaven amid a dull-brown human tide.

Thus, a millennium ago, did the warlike and more spirited Bulgars filter in among the dreamy Slavs who had preceded them into the Balkans. The Bulgars contributed a more practical spirit before being so completely assimilated that little but their name remained to distinguish this branch of the great Slavic peoples.

AMERICA HAS AIDED WITH SCHOOLS

The rural Bulgarians, whose riches are poverty, are awaking to new desires.

Bulgarians have long fostered schools, literature, music, and the drama. But "progress" now means something different—not a lifting up, but a speeding up. City styles and pleasures are stealing the spotlight.

An old Bulgarian proverb says, "Easier to start the piper than to stop him," and Bulgaria has begun to tread a faster measure than ox-team or buffalo have set or can follow.

A charming young Bulgarian of cosmopolitan training, whom I had known in Istanbul, greeted me warmly. Behind her, on the grand piano, was a picture of her sister feeding the pigeons of St. Mark's. A Winged Victory and some water colors of Alpine scenes further widened the walls of this Bulgarian home.

"How does it seem to be back?" I asked. As secretary to a man whose name and business stand for roses and as a member of the younger set, her contacts are wide and her viewpoint interesting.

"Splendid," she replied; "but this is a confusing time. The old folks seem pessimistic. Perhaps because they are ill at ease. Light living engulfs them, ostentation violates their traditions. The young city folks are living beyond their means. We have long sought progress. Now we can't escape it. But I have great faith in my country. We are honest, industrious, and eager. In most matters we are tolerant. We have vast reserves of courage and character."

She is a graduate of Constantinople Woman's College, and her family has had American friends for generations. When the Bulgarians were still under the Sultans, they inspired American coöperation. Not only have some of their most prominent men been educated in Robert College,

in Istanbul, but there are several excellent American schools in Bulgaria itself.

American educators have approached the problems of Bulgaria with sympathetic understanding. The boys' and girls' schools of Samokov have been united to form a co-educational American college; but, in deference to Bulgarian conservatism, an imaginary line, cutting the campus in two, still separates the sexes.

In Pordim there is a more unusual school with a one-year course designed for dirt farmers, who there learn to do by doing. Future mothers practice on real babies before having babies of their own. Even in a land where veterinary schools and hospitals rival those for human beings, there is no other institution quite like the American Farm School, which gains prestige from its American patronage.

The principal of the Girls' School at Lovech was justifiably proud of the fine buildings dominating the river-cleft town, but I had climbed the cliff to see the scholars. If their library seemed effeminate, their basket-ball did not. But our motor circuit was to cover most of Bulgaria and we had to push on.

TIRNOVO, BULGARIA'S CAPITAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Tirnovó, former capital at a time when defense was more than trade routes, straddles a neck of land tunneled by the railway and rises above wild midcity gorges as does Luxembourg (see page 214).

On the Mount of Eagles stands the city of to-day, linked by a narrow isthmus with the Hill of the Tsars, walled region of the former royal palaces. A colony of monasteries occupied another hilltop and the aristocrats a fourth.

Baldwin I—not the first king of Jerusalem, but the first emperor of Rumania—was imprisoned in a tower at the point of one peninsula, and across the gorge is the Preobrajenski Monastery, its church decorated on the outer walls as well as within (see Color Plate X).

Numerous mortuary chapels with delicate ornamentation attest to the good taste and spirit of their day. When the Turks swept on toward Vienna in 1529, the Bulgarians were submerged under a Moslem tide, eddies of which still remain. Not till 1877 were the tables turned and modern Bulgaria freed from a domination which delayed the progress of its people. To-day



POTTERY DEALERS DISPLAY THEIR WARES ON THE SIDEWALKS OF THE CAPITAL

The Bulgar at the right, inspecting a pitcher, is from the country near Sofia and wears a homespun costume under his sheepskin coat. At the left is an Albanian vender of boza, a sweet, soft drink that finds much favor with Bulgarians.



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Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

SPONSORS OF A MOVEMENT TO REVIVE HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES

To prevent modern styles and machine methods from displacing entirely the beautiful and distinctive national costumes and handicrafts, an influential element of Bulgarian society has set about preserving this heritage of the nation's skill and artistry. The interior of a home in Sofia decorated in national style.



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MUCH OF THE NATION'S OFFICIAL LIFE CENTERS ABOUT THE SQUARE OF THE TSAR LIBERATOR IN SOFIA

Natural Color Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien

Alexander II of Russia was largely responsible for freeing Bulgaria from Turkish domination and his memory is perpetuated in the capital by this handsome monument. In the background is the Cathedral of Alexander Nevsky, of the Bulgarian National Church. Bulgaria has only one legislative body, a chamber of deputies, elected every four years by universal manhood suffrage. The representatives meet in the Sobranýe, or Parliament Building. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs occupies the building opposite.



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THE DELICATE FRAGRANCE OF MILLIONS OF BLOSSOMS PERVADES THE VALLEY OF ROSES

Bulgaria devotes more than 12,000 acres to rose culture, and the industry centers about this famous valley on the sunny southern slope of the Balkan Mountains. In the 18th century a Turkish merchant familiar with the rose gardens of Asia recognized the possibilities offered by the abundance and fragrance of the wild roses growing here. He induced a few of the inhabitants to cultivate the roses and start a small distillery. Results were favorable at the very start, and the little valley has given the world most of its rose oil for many years.



WEIGHING ROSES AT A SMALL DISTILLERY



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Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

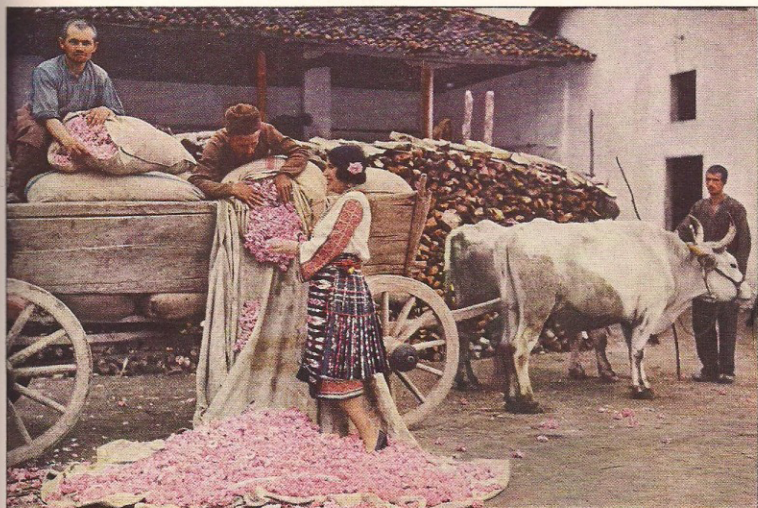
GIRLS GATHER BLOSSOMS IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS

Rose fields are small and the bushes are planted about three feet apart. The flowers, pinkish white and unpretentious in appearance, are picked before fully open and with the dew still on them, since exposure to the full strength of the sun results in an inferior quality of oil.

BULGARIA'S VALLEY OF ROSES



LADIES OF BANYA GOSSIP OVER A MINIATURE MOUNTAIN OF ROSES

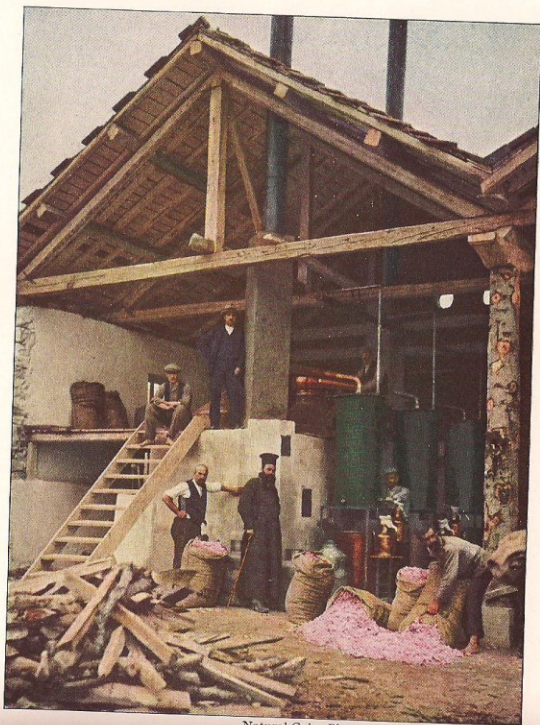


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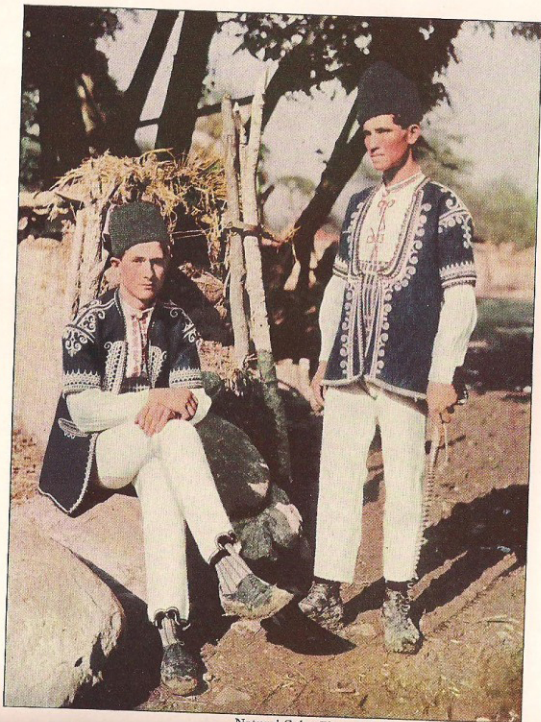
Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

A LOAD OF FRAGRANCE ARRIVES FROM THE FIELDS

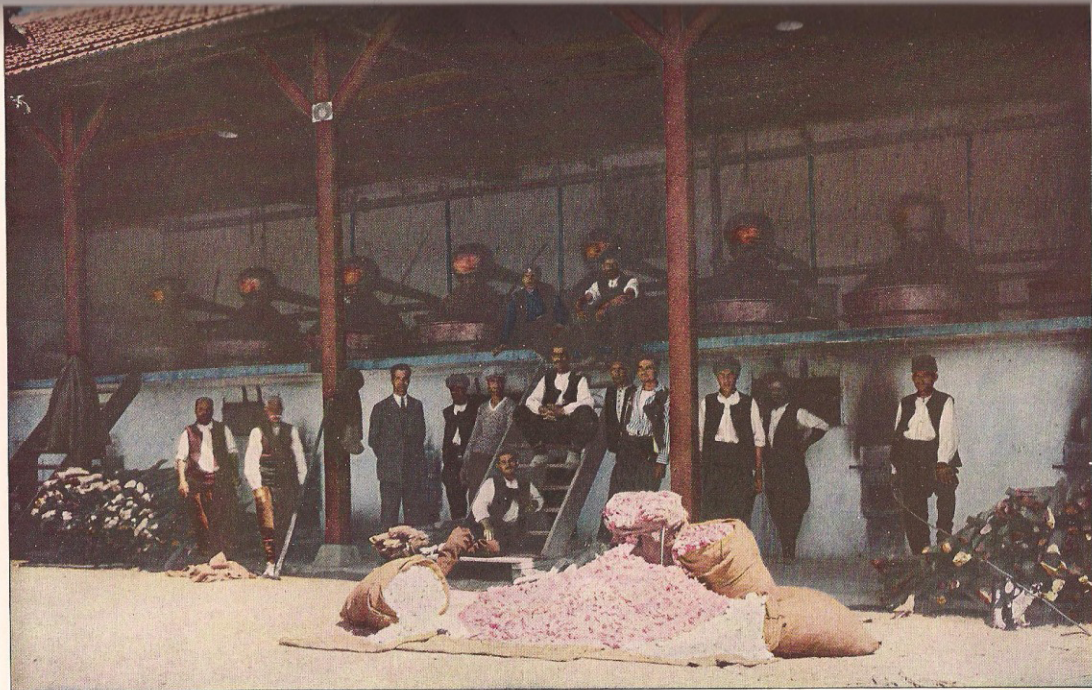
The rose harvest begins in May. After the blossoms are picked, they are loaded into sacks and taken to the distilleries on the backs of horses or in oxcarts. The wood stacked up at the right supplies fuel for distilling the rose oil.



Natural Color Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff
 FROM SUCH DISTILLERIES COMES PRECIOUS ATTAR OF ROSES



Natural Color Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien
 PEASANT YOUTHS FROM THE COUNTRY NEAR SOFIA



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Natural Color Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien

A TON OF ROSE BLOSSOMS YIELDS LESS THAN A POUND OF PURE OIL

Rows of large, closed kettles set above a fire are filled with water and roses. When the mass boils, the steam passes through the heads of the kettles into long pipes which lie in cool, running water. During this process of distillation drops of yellowish oil appear on the surface and are drained off. Much of the rose water is thrown away, but some is used to flavor puddings. Rose oil, or attar, although not highly volatile, is kept tightly sealed, and its fragrance persists for years. It sometimes commands a greater price than pure gold.

progressive Bulgaria is the resort of Turks who find the new Turkey too rapidly changing to meet their tastes.

FEZZES, VEILS, AND MOSQUES STILL FOUND IN BULGARIA

Bulgaria, with half a million Turks within its borders, still has its fezzes, veils, and mosques, the finest of which is in Shumen. Beside it is a megalithic stadium, scene of wrestling bouts for centuries. Rain discouraged sight-seeing, and the first three Shumenites from whom we asked the way had never heard of the mosque in the shadow of whose minaret they pass their lives. My chauffeur, doubting its very existence, thought I had my towns mixed; but I wanted to see Bulgaria also through a few Turkish eyes, and the Shumen mosque had appealed from afar as a favorable setting.

Strangely enough, the old-style Moslems in faded fezzes look upon Christian Bulgaria as a welcome haven from the "godlessness" of New Turkey, and Bulgaria's Turkish population is slightly increasing. Those of Shumen seemed so pleased at my rainy-day visit that they quickly opened the mosque.

The blind custodian, blissfully ignorant of the tawdriness he thus revealed, graciously switched on the yellow electric lights.

We drove on to Varna, whose beautiful park looks out over the Black Sea. Varna used to be a grain port, but when the boundary-makers gave the rich granary of the Dobruja to Rumania the city lost its commercial importance. When wheat failed, little drops of water and little grains of sand did their bit. On the splendid sea front, commodious bathhouses and seaside villas were built, and summer visitors now flock in from all over Central Europe to revel in sea and sun.

For a time the authorities tried to reserve the central section for married folks; but they persisted in forgetting to bring their marriage licenses, and mixed bathing is now firmly established. On the wings are screened sections where men and women are isolated and can dispense with suits, lie in the hot sand, and let Old Sol shoot health into them through every pore. The seashore at Varna is one of the gayest spots in the kingdom.

Deprived of Dobruja's bread, Varna decided to eat cake; and vacationers in increasing numbers share and provide the

fun. Hotels claim to offer Bulgarian, Hungarian, Bohemian, and German cooking, but French habits are not yet understood. After explaining in three languages that I wanted chocolate at 7, I was waked by a waiter asking how many pieces I wanted. Thus I learned that in Bulgaria one eats chocolate but drinks cocoa.

South of Varna is Mesemvriya, where Byzantine emperors used to disport themselves in the Euxine. From the sands, many antique treasures have been rescued, and there still exist imposing ruins of Byzantine churches.

Military service is not obligatory in Bulgaria, though it is expedient; but, in addition to the few days of temporary labor which male subjects are supposed to render to their country, every eighteen-year-old does eight months of obligatory labor under what resembles military discipline.

Lands are reclaimed, roads and bridges built, railways repaired, eroding mountain sides reforested, rampant rivers tamed, relief shelters constructed, and good citizenship learned by these organized laborers, or *trudovaks*. Their badge reads, "Work for Bulgaria," and to me this labor corps is the most distinctive feature of modern Bulgarian life.

Stambolisky went to prison because he tried to keep Tsar Ferdinand from joining with Germany and Turkey in the World War. Later he forced the abdication of his former ruler and became not only so powerful, but so obnoxious, that a bourgeois *coup d'état* finished his career. But his labor corps lives on.

Tsar Boris III, in spite of several attempts against his life, has refused to develop an Abdul-Hamid complex. The king mingles freely with his people, and numerous are the tales of how he dons overalls, drives locomotives, or plays Good Samaritan to stranded motorists.

BULGARIA'S NEW MONUMENT TO A WORLD WAR ENEMY

Bulgarian heroes have been revolutionists, and, although the Turk no longer oppresses, the habit of challenging authority remains. Yet in what post-war country can one find a new monument to a nation numbered among its enemies during the World War?

Above Shipka Pass, looking both ways from a crest of the Balkans, is a new monument, not to Bulgaria's recent allies, but to



Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

AT HARVEST TIME THE VILLAGERS MOVE INTO THE FIELDS

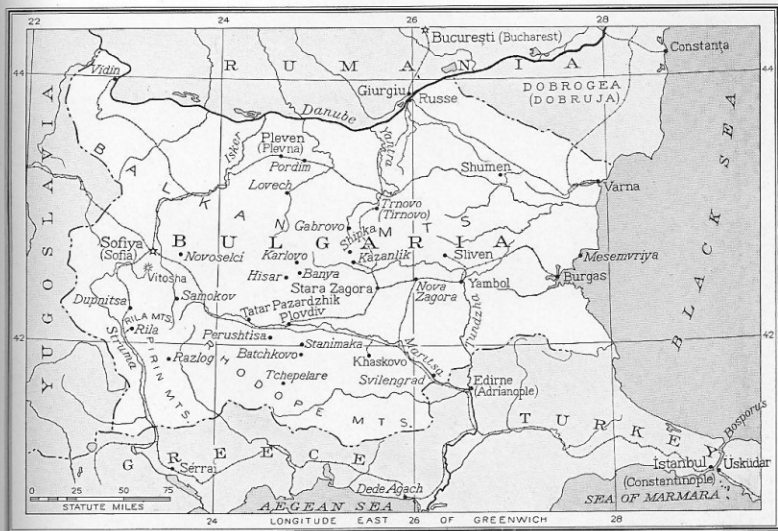
Because a man's land is divided into many plots, modern machinery is little used (see text, page 216) ; but the cooperative movement is strong and the land is being reapportioned.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

RAW MATERIAL FOR HOMESPUN COSTUMES

Bulgaria has ample material for heavy suits and dresses. Lighter machinemade fabrics are now worn not only by the city dwellers, but by the peasants. However, if money is lacking, a farm woman can always take wool from her sheep's back and turn it into clothing for her own.



Drawn by James M. Darley

BULGARIA IS A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY RULED BY A TSAR

Almost as large and as thickly populated as Ohio, Bulgaria combines a constitution and a parliament with a hereditary dynasty. The Sobranýé, or National Assembly, may be dissolved by the Tsar, who must profess the Orthodox faith.

Russo-Bulgarian victory over the Turk in 1877. Although the original Bulgarians were blood brothers of the Turks and Magyars, the nation is Slav to-day.

In Sofia the finest monument is not to a Bulgarian, but to a Russian, Alexander the Liberator (see Color Plate II). The Russian church at Shipka and the great Alexander Nevsky Cathedral in Sofia were exchange gifts of gratitude. During Germanophile days the cathedral's name was altered to that of the alphabet saints, Cyril and Methodius, whose portraits are so prominent among the paintings on its walls; but Slavic unity was so proved during the ousting of the Turk in 1877-8 that Alexander's statue was unmolested during the recent war and the cathedral erected in his honor again bears his name.

GABROVO IS THE TEXTILE CENTER OF THE NATION

"Shipka" is a magic word in Slavic unity, for Bulgarian and Russian fought shoulder to shoulder in the famous pass. Vereshchagin long foreshadowed the irony of the

phrase "All Quiet on the Western Front" in his famous painting, "All Quiet at Shipka" (see, also, Color Plate XI).

North of the historic pass, down a magnificent mountain road repaired by the trudovaks, we came to Gabrovo, a shoe-string town on both banks of a mountain stream, but known as "the Manchester of Bulgaria." When every Balkan pocket was outlined with scrolls of black braid, Gabrovo made that, and its woolens have long been celebrated.

Modern mills and buildings are sandwiched in among the picturesque old houses overhanging the Yantra, but the bucolic spirit of springtime remains. Almost every bright-eyed mill operative wore a sprig of lily of the valley, which they call "Maiden's Tears."

The people of Gabrovo have a reputation for thrift so calculating that legend says they cut off the tails of their cats, so that in passing through the door in winter they won't let in so much cold!

Behind the woolen mills of Gabrovo are millions of sheep, for Bulgaria has two



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A WOMAN WITH A DISTAFF LEADS THE WAY

Farm work in the rolling countryside is a family affair in Bulgaria. The wife guides the oxen, the man guides the plow, the children play or help, and the baby has his nap in a shaded crib beside the furrows. The wooden plow is holding its own against more efficient machinery because it is cheap and light (see text, page 216).

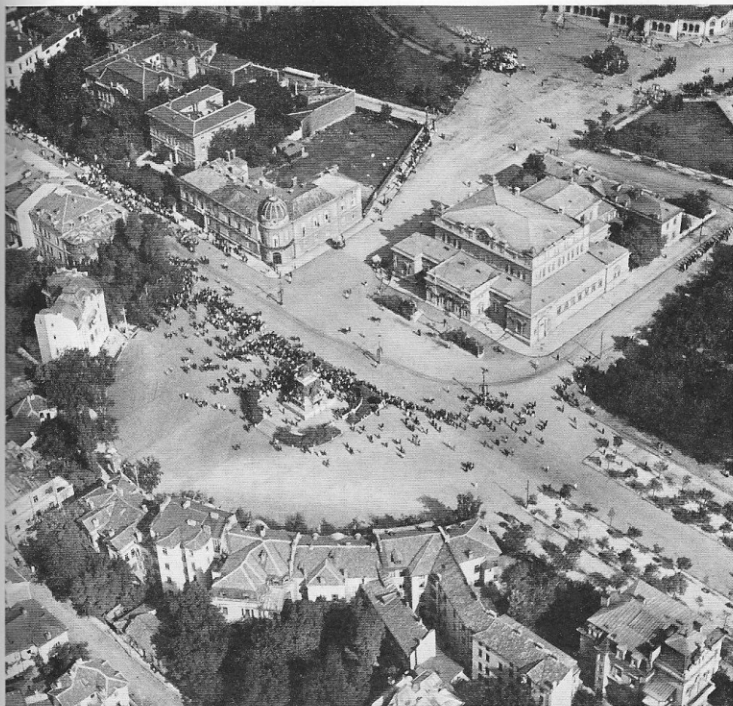
sheep or goats for each of its 6,000,000 people. Although handicrafts are still widely practiced and most peasants are to some degree manufacturers, organized industry is making rapid strides.

THREE-FOURTHS OF THE WORLD'S ATTAR OF ROSES FROM BULGARIA

Protective tariff walls always *look* lower from the inside, and in Bulgaria, as elsewhere, a heightened nationalism jealously guards its infant industries. To its fine woolens the country has already added sugar, cotton cloth, silks, flour, baby carriages, bicycles, hides, paper, cigarettes, rubber shoes, and even automobile tires.

Although cereals, tobacco, eggs, and chickens are among the principal exports, Bulgaria's most distinctive product is attar of roses, of which it produces three-fourths of the world's supply. From flourishing Gabrovo we recrossed the Balkans to the world-famous valley where *Rosa damascena* rules.

Jahangir, the Mogul emperor, amused Nur Jahan by piping rose water through her garden at Delhi, and upon its surface she first discovered the bright pearls of attar. Later an old Turk, seeing the wild roses that gave their name to "Shipka," induced his compatriots to start the industry which won for the plain between the Bal-



Photograph from L. G. Popoff

FOCUS OF A THOUSAND BULGARIAN PARADES

In the center is Zocchia's fine statue of Alexander II of Russia, whom the Bulgarians call the Liberator. At the left of the large Sobranýe, or National Assembly, is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (see Color Plate II). At the upper right is a bit of the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral. A flagstaff rises above the American Legation in the curved row at the bottom and the crowded Ethnographic Museum is farther to the right.

kans and the Middle Mountain the name of "The Rose Valley."

The rose, as symbol of beauty, innocence, and modesty, has inspired countless legends and songs ever since it was born with Aphrodite from the sea foam or sprang from Rosalie's wound, inflicted by the chaste but intolerant Diana.

But one doesn't use perfume to prove innocence, and a rose smells even sweeter under many strange names. Attar of roses is used as a base and fixative rather than for its scent alone, and the skilled perfumer determines whether this product of peasants shall suggest floppy-brimmed hats

and flowered chiffon or sleek silks and exotic earrings.

Brightly dressed peasant women spend hours before and after dawn picking dew-drenched rosebuds, and peasant men ride from garden to distillery bolstered up between more rose petals than Cleopatra spread for the reluctant but wayward feet of Antony. But they're now poor, for all that.

With roses selling at two cents a pound instead of six and attar down to \$10 an ounce instead of \$30 or more (pure gold is worth \$20.67), other crops are invading the acres devoted to fragrance.



Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien

**TSAR BORIS III GREETES A VISITOR TO THE KING'S PARADE IN
SOFIA ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY**

Bulgaria's ruler leads an unostentatious life and has a reputation of being an excellent mechanic and a hard worker.



Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

**HOMEMADE MUSIC AND HOMESPUN CLOTHES GO TOGETHER IN
BULGARIAN VILLAGE LIFE**

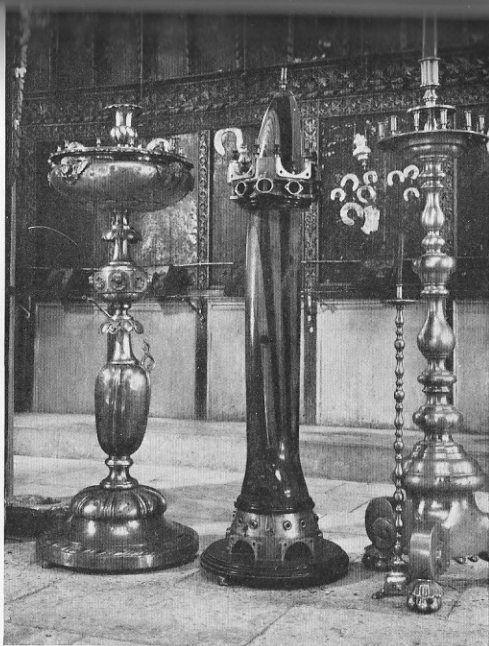
The lure of urban pastimes is offset by the pleasure the villagers take in dancing to the strains of accordion or violin.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

GOLD LACE AND LUXURY SPREAD THEIR TRAP IN THE BULGARIAN CAPITAL

Sofia has a score of motion-picture theaters, many of them equipped for sound. Thus English, French, Italian, German, Russian, and Spanish enter the country on strips of celluloid. The name of the American actor, John Barrymore, is seen at the right.



A MODERNISTIC CANDELABRUM IN AN ELEVENTH-CENTURY MONASTERY

Before the iconostases, in the church at Batchkovo (see Color Plate X), is this ultra-modern candlestick (center), made of an airplane propeller and parts of a modern motor. A complete propeller is also a museum piece at Rila Monastery (see Color Plates IX, XI, and XII).

When a perfumer's best, if boorish, advertisement was that his product was the most expensive on earth, the whole Vale of Roses blushed pink. But Bacchus now promises better wages, and the charming wife of one distiller is to-day making a wine which is replacing those of France on the legation tables in Sofia.

These unspoiled Bulgarian peasants, who never knew luxury, depend on it for their daily bread, and although they know no political economy, it affects both their economies and their politics. Because of the competition between private and co-operative distillers, rose oil has come to involve bankers and politicians as well as gardeners.

The old firms are not only finding a decreased sale, but are also facing the competition of co-operative distilleries opened under Government protection and boom conditions.

Even the most elaborate tests cannot easily detect adulteration in rose essence, and the business has long been one of confidence. Private producers, who have staked their names on the purity of their product, now gamble their fortunes as well.

If they offer too little for petals, the growers will neither grow nor sell. A distillery works only four weeks in a year, and rose oil is sold through personal visits to France and America. If the price is too high, perfume-makers will find and use a cheaper base for their fancy-named blends. Rose Valley can't profit until the world again buys luxuries.

The attar of roses produced by the co-operatives is deposited as collateral in the Agricultural Bank, which, although already holding a thousand pounds or so of attar, must still advance funds on the new crop.

THE MAKING OF ATTAR

Rose petals, mixed with water, are sealed into great copper retorts heated by wood fires. During the first distillation concentrated rose water trickles out through cool coils and a green oil rises like cream in the receptacles through which the liquid flows to storage tanks.

A single retort may hold half a ton of petals. Such a retort can be refilled five or six times between dawn and afternoon, when the second distillation begins; yet a battery of 12 retorts, working 24 hours a

day during a 25-day season, produces only 200 pounds of attar.

If the dewy petals are held too long, they ferment and the oil is ruined. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon the last mixture of petals and water is drained off into a convenient brook and the distilled rose water, from which the floating oil has already been removed, is distilled again. From this second process a yellowish oil is obtained.

If there is no burning, fermentation, or adulteration, a blend of these two oils forms the finest base for the world's best perfumes. Attar of roses has a most persistent but not strong odor, does not readily evaporate or deteriorate, and is shipped in triple-sealed copper flasks shaped like flat-sided canteens.

GEOGRAPHIC ROMANCE IN A BOTTLE OF PERFUME

By the time attar of roses reaches the perfume-user it has been not only diluted with alcohol to enable the scent to stimulate the nostrils more readily, but is also pretty well mixed with castor from Russian beavers, civet from Abyssinian cats, ambergris from sperm whales, musk from Tibetan musk deer, benzoin from Siamese forests, and storax from the Taurus Mountains.

To collect the raw materials for a bottle of perfume, a young gallant would have to explore mountain and sea, and his tribute would include not only trees and flowers from the far corners of the earth, but a goodly menagerie as well. A bottle of perfume is a distillate of adventure, commerce, chemistry, and geography, whose story would fill a book.

Were rose essence itself a perfume, the petals needed to make an ounce of it would weigh 200 pounds, and where is the Romeo who ever brought such a floral tribute to his Juliet? A reigning beauty would probably have better taste than to use the considerable quantity of perfume, powder, bath salts, toilet water, and rouge in which a single drop of attar is employed; but if she wore the equivalent in small Damascus rosebuds, she would be even more indelicate.

At \$10 an ounce, a drop of perfume costs the same as a pound of rose petals in Kazanlik or Banya, but it might take twenty such drops to contain a single drop

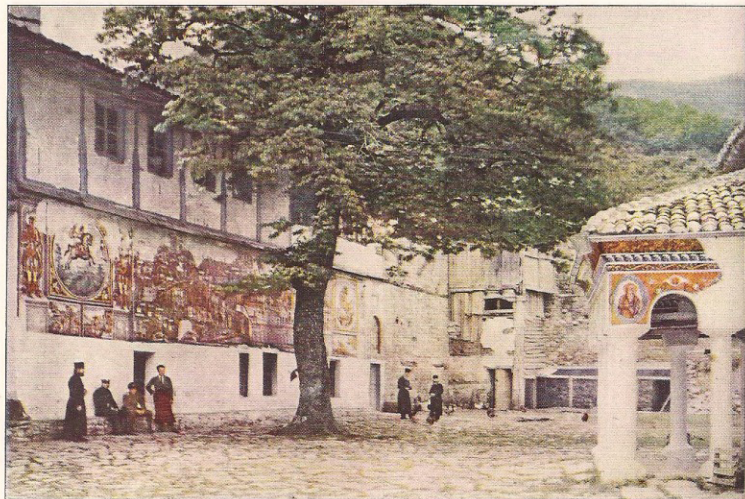


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Natural Color Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien

PRIESTS OF RILA MONASTERY

The Bulgarian National Church is a separate branch of the Greek Orthodox. Its services are conducted in the ancient Bulgarian language, but its doctrines and ceremonials are practically identical with those of the parent church (see also Color Plates XI and XII).



BATCHKOVO MONASTERY HAS HAD A LONG AND EVENTFUL EXISTENCE
Crusaders, Byzantines, and Turks, as well as Bulgarians, have occupied it. Batchkovo is heavily
endowed and now ranks as the second largest monastery in the kingdom.



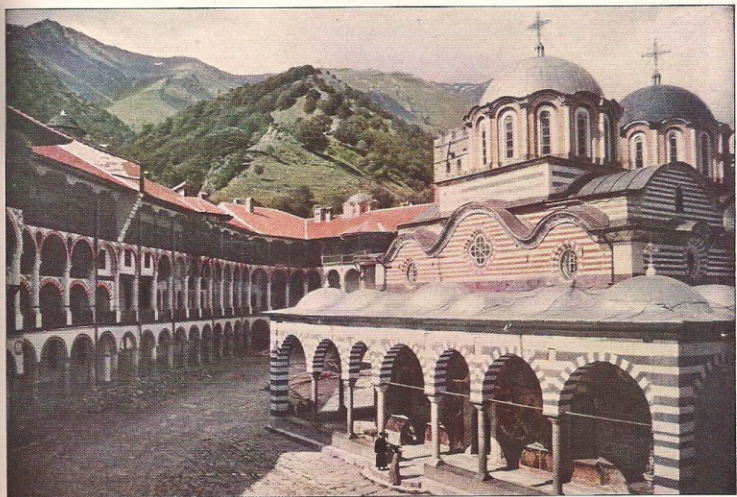
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Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

PREOBRAJENSKI COUNTS MANY FINE MURALS AMONG ITS TREASURES

The exterior of the church of this monastery is decorated with allegorical paintings. It is attractively located on the wooded banks of the Yantra River, near Timovo.

IN THE SHADOW OF BULGARIAN MONASTERIES



RILA RESEMBLES THE MONASTERIES OF MOUNT ATHOS

It is an immensely wealthy and powerful institution and during the long years of Turkish occupation was one of the centers in which Bulgarian culture and national spirit were kept alive.

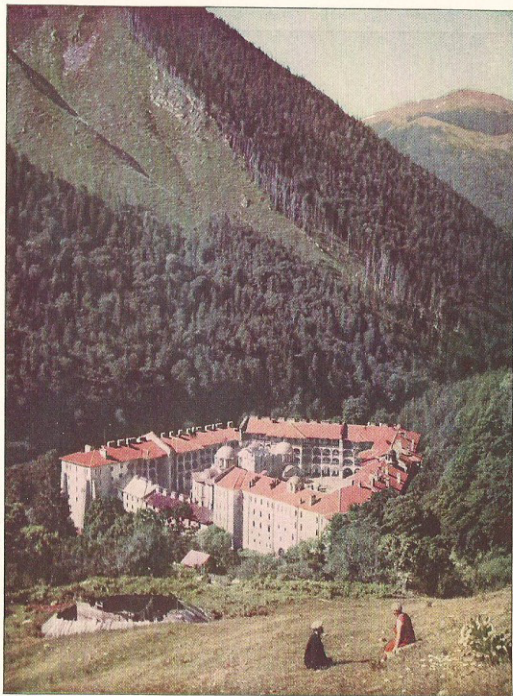


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Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

SHIPKA'S GILDED CUPOLAS COMMEMORATE BULGARIA'S WAR OF LIBERATION

The monastery stands at the entrance to Shipka Pass, where during the War for Liberty in 1877-78, Bulgarian volunteers held out against a great Turkish army until their Russian allies arrived.



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**FORESTED MOUNTAINS LOOM HIGH ABOVE RILA'S
MONASTIC WALLS (SEE COLOR PLATE IX)**

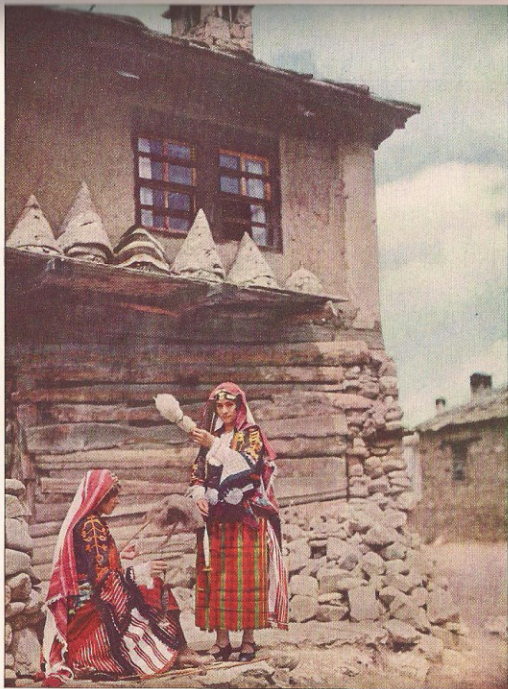
From without, the famous shrine appears as a fortress, but its interior is richly adorned with numerous works of lay and ecclesiastic art.



Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

**A MINARET REMINDS THAT THE SULTANS
ONCE RULED AT KARLOVO**

Many Turks still live here after half a century of Bulgarian occupation. The reforms which have come to New Turkey have not affected them.



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Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMEN

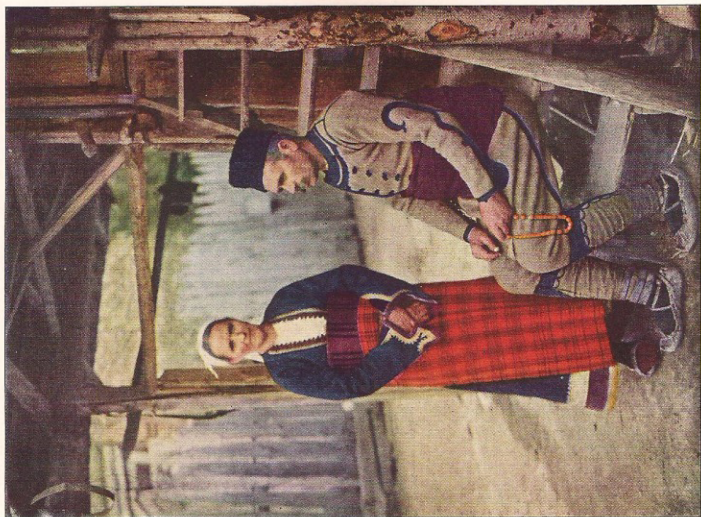
The spinning girls at the left, standing near a shelf of conical beehives, are Pomaks (see also Color Plate XVI). The house at the right belongs to a well-to-do villager. Like most of the older peasant homes, it is built up off the ground to provide storage and stable space beneath.



Natural Color Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

STORING UP HEAT FOR WINTER USE

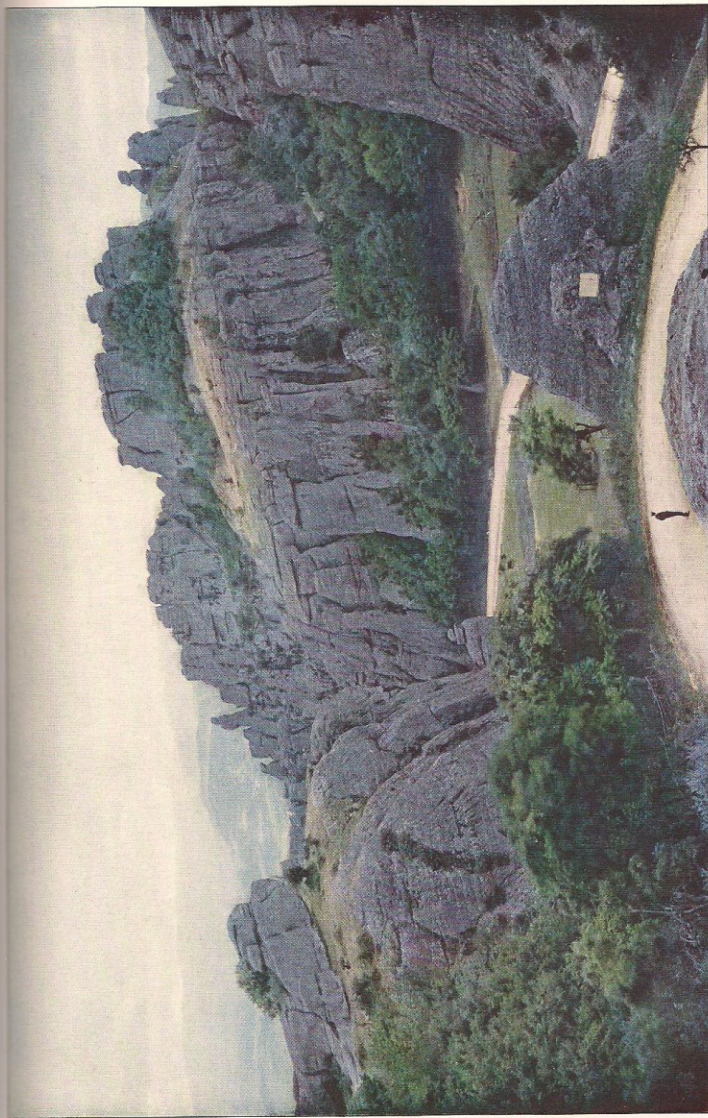
The spicy pepper-pods are strung together and hung in the sun to dry. When cold weather comes they will season many a savory stew.



Natural Color Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien

A MACEDONIAN COMITADJI AND HIS WIFE

They belong to a group which continues to strive for the reunion of Bulgarian Macedonia with the motherland.



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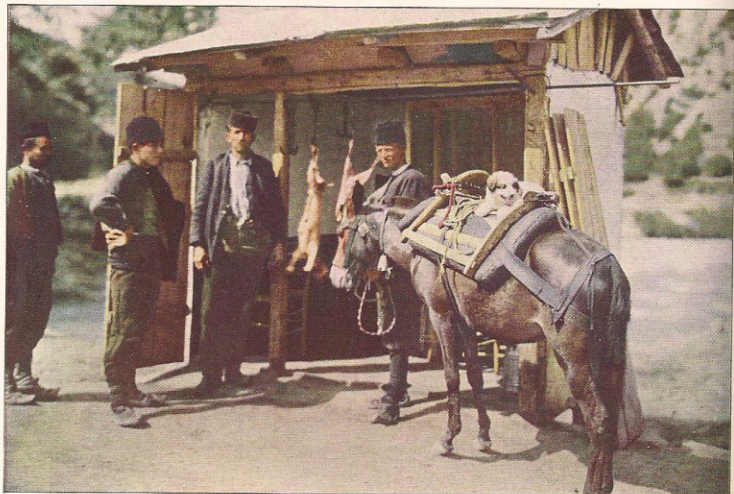
Natural Color Photograph by Wilhelm Tobien
LIKE LAIRS OF MYTHICAL GIANTS, GREAT LIMESTONE CRAGS OVERHANG THE MOUNTAIN ROADS OF NORTHWESTERN BULGARIA

The long range of the Balkan Mountains extends across the country in a general east-west direction, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. Almost all of the mountain regions are heavily covered with forests, the products of which constitute an important item of national wealth.



BULGARIA NUMBERS MORE THAN HALF A MILLION MOHAMMEDANS AMONG HER PEOPLE

Most of them are Turks, but there are also about 88,000 Mohammedanized Bulgarians known as Pomaks (see also Color Plate XIII), a hardy, primitive people who live in the wildest parts of the Rhodope Mountains and who accepted Islam long ago. A group of Pomak men.



© National Geographic Society

Natural Color Photographs by Wilhelm Tobien

A ROADSIDE MEAT SHOP IN BATCHKOVO

Bulgarians are fond of lamb and mutton and there are from eight to ten million sheep to be found in the country. The carcasses hanging in the butcher shop are those of young lambs.

of pure attar. Twenty pounds of roses would make a débutante look like a carnival car at Cannes.

There are choice years in rose oil as there are in wine and tobacco, and for the same reasons—the balance of sun and rain. But scent-lovers are not as discriminating as wine-tasters, and both the fragrant weed and the fragrant oil are blended. Since the distilleries work day and night, a shorter blooming season means less and poorer oil. A damp season with much rain is best, for if the sun shines too warmly the roses bloom faster than the pickers and stills can care for them. If the Rose Valley continued to have the same weather I found there in what would normally have been the height of the season, this should be a banner year.

We slopped southward through Hisar, so rich in mineral and thermal waters that they have been employed since the days of the Thracians, but in that downpour even the "Maiden's Bath," recommended for tired nerves, didn't appeal.

WHERE THE BULGARIAN THEATER WAS BORN

By the time we reached Plovdiv (Philippopolis), old-time haunt of Orpheus, that lyric magician would have had a hard time charming me. At the end of a dark court, I entered a stuffy little theater, ready for any diversion and, if possible, some side-lights on Bulgarian drama in the town where the Bulgarian theater was born.

I arrived late, but it wasn't difficult to recognize the play. Only Molière could have conceived that matchless comedy between a solicitous hypochondriac and a sensible, though undisciplined, servant girl.

Between the acts I said to my seat mate, "The man who plays Argan is a genius. Who is he?"

"A genius? Of course. That's Saraffoff!" It was as if an American had said, "That's Joe Jefferson," or an Englishman, "That's Sir Henry Irving."

I doubt if the martyred Molière, during any of his four performances, ever played it better than did this dean of Bulgarian actors. Fantasy was emphasized, and the false noses worn by the doctors would have hidden a Cyrano; but in the one-time name-city of Philip of Macedon, that production of "Le Malade Imaginaire" was the finest I ever attended.

Plovdiv's first theatrical troupe migrated to Sofia and for a while performed in the mat shed of a Japanese acrobat. Those were the days of melodrama, and the company bore the suggestive title of "Tears and Laughter." But out of such beginnings the Bulgarian National Theater was born. No small nation has a better.

On two occasions the director took me behind the scenes of the new playhouse in Sofia. There was no between-the-acts confusion. New scenery slid in from one side, dropped from the 150-foot roof, or came up from 50 feet below; but the perfection of mechanical devices does not dwarf the play itself.

Theater and opera alternate under the same roof, and there are sometimes 20 performances a week, one free show a day being given for charity. The best seat at the opera costs only 75 cents.

When one learns how low are the salaries, he feels that applause must be very dear to the artists. They certainly get it. If classical comedy was made to be laughed at, Molière is still a grand success in Bulgaria.

"Knyas Otchelnik," the one native grand opera I saw, was a bit too grand for me. Recitative singing formed a harmonious accompaniment for elaborate orchestration in the Wagnerian manner, but not a single simple melody leaked out.

Even in lesser details this cultural center is admirable. Ticket-scalping is forbidden, the doors are locked just before the curtain goes up, and there is a place in the cloakrooms corresponding to every seat, so that the unlucky last man doesn't have to grope his way out in the dark.

BULGARIA'S OUTDOOR PLAYGROUND

The Rhodope, Rila, and Pirin Mountains constitute the outdoor playground of Bulgaria. Where revolutionists used to hide from the Turks, city folks now escape from their cares. Evergreen forests, clear mountain lakes, and dangerous precipices all have their devotees.

We rode south from Plovdiv to Tchepe-lare, with a stop at the old Batchkovo Monastery (see Color Plate X). It was Sunday, when Bulgarians should rest and dance, but we passed scores of ox-carts bringing down lumber, and the *horó*, or village round dance (see page 184), was postponed because of rain.



AN ARBOR OF DRYING TOBACCO IN PERUSHITISA

Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

Of all the strange bazaar coverings, ranging from corrugated iron and torn gunnysacks to grapevines loaded with fruit, probably none is more unusual than these poles, on which tobacco leaves, tightly strung together, are hung.



Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

A SOUTH BULGARIA TOBACCO FIELD

Tobacco is one of Bulgaria's chief products, its value sometimes representing two-fifths of the total value of the country's exports. Each variety bears the name of a locality from which it comes, but it is later grouped with tobacco from Greece and Anatolia as "Oriental" or "Turkish."



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A SUCKLING PIG FOR SALE IN A SOFIA STREET

On market day peasants invade the capital, where modern Western dress is the rule. But Sofia and other Bulgarian towns have large covered markets. Such homemade rawhide footwear is being supplanted by rubber sandals made by machinery in Bulgaria.



Photograph from J. R. Jamy Arctander

LOOKING DOWN ON TIRNOVO, BULGARIA'S MEDIEVAL CAPITAL,

This river-cut town was long the chief cultural center of the Balkans. Royal palaces, monasteries, and aristocratic residential quarters occupied different ridges from 300 to 400 feet above the serpentine course carved by the Yantra (see text, page 186).



DRYING MOUNDS OF LIGHT COCOONS



A NESTING PLACE FOR BULGARIAN SILKWORMS

Photographs by Georg Gr. Paskoff

The worms hatched from an ounce of eggs consume a ton of mulberry leaves before spinning their cocoons, an operation which requires three or four days. If the chrysalis were not killed by steam, a moth would eat its way through the cocoon a week later. Cocoons are dried in light, airy warehouses before being shipped abroad. Bulgaria exports nearly a third of its silk in the form of cocoons.



Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

A MOSLEM PICNIC IN CHRISTIAN BULGARIA

They dress, live, and worship in the pre-war manner. They have the vote and are accorded full cultural and religious freedom. The Moslem population is slightly increasing.

Perhaps the drivers of the ox-teams were not breaking the Sabbath, for many are Pomaks—Bulgarians who accepted Islam and still hold to it with fanaticism. All the way back to Plovdiv we were delayed by their long wagons, beyond which lumber projected, so that when they turned aside to let us pass they blocked the road from one side to the other (Plates XIII, XVI).

Lamartine once stopped at Plovdiv, and a memorial tablet decorates the old Turkish-style house fortunate enough to offer him hospitality. A bit of wall is attributed to Marcus Aurelius.

Near Plovdiv are some of Bulgaria's finest tobacco lands. Farther east sericulture is proving profitable, and in the wide Maritsa Valley some modern agricultural machinery has been introduced, resulting in such an overproduction of grain that even coöperative organizations able to use tractors, gang-plows, or reapers to advantage are thinking twice before committing themselves further to a "progress" which may prove premature.

AVERAGE FARMER CULTIVATES 15 ACRES

Although the Bulgarian village owed its beginnings to the need for defense, peace

and security have not brought any considerable change, and even World War refugees have either settled in Sofia, thus swelling the influence and the challenge of the city, or are gathered into compact colonies instead of living on isolated farms.

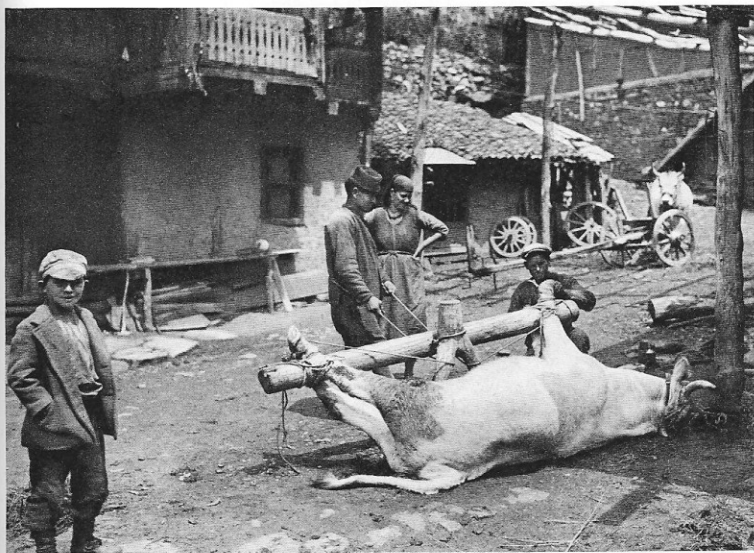
One reason not only for village homes, but also for the backwardness of agricultural machinery, has been the small size of the individual holdings.

Not only is 15 acres the average farm, but it may be separated into 15 small fields, so that portability is an advantage in agricultural implements. Wooden plows are still common.

Several villages have already redistributed their lands and many more have voted to do so in an effort to bring the lands of each farmer together. Differences in fertility and drainage complicate the problem.

Great advances in village housing have been made; but, once a farm becomes a compact unit and better farm machinery is thus possible, the need for larger barns or sheds will induce some peasants to move out of the crowded villages and build farm-houses on their own land.

Between rich fields in which scores of gaily dressed families, with baby cradles



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE BULGARIAN SMITH TAKES NO CHANCES

Near the bottom of the valley leading up to Rila Monastery, the author found this ox securely trussed up and patiently awaiting the end of the shoeing.

parked beside the long furrows, were making a picnic of spring plowing, we drove toward Mount Rila, twenty of whose peaks are 9,000 feet high, and less famous but locally popular Pirin.

The base for excursions in the Pirin is a tiny village which would appeal to anyone in search of a rest—and to very few others; yet I there found a full-fledged American citizen who is content to remain.

"America is the best country in the world. They certainly treated me fine. Believe me, mister, I'm going to see that my passport don't expire. But I'm not going back yet.

"I lived in America 15 years. I made money. I had a fine chance to work. But everyone knew by my talk that I was not born in America.

"Then came hard times, and many men were out of work. I had planned to come back to Bulgaria for a visit anyway, but when I saw that I decided to stay longer.

"In America I didn't really belong; but here I am the man who has been to Amer-

ica and who can read English. Maybe you think this is a hick town, but here everybody knows me and likes me. So, until things get better, I'm going to wait here. This town doesn't know what money is. I'll bet I couldn't spend twenty cents here in one day to save my life. All times are hard times in a village, but it is a good life just the same."

A VISIT TO RILA MONASTERY

We drove on to Razlog, where the chief subject around the café tables was the Lindbergh baby, and in the morning continued to Rila Monastery, situated in a beautiful site far up a sheltered valley—such peace and beauty as one finds on Mount Athos, in Greece (see Color Plates IX, XI, and XII).

None of the antifeminism of Mount Athos exists at Rila. Not only is a special suite reserved for King Boris and Queen Ioanna, but in summer women and children fill the courtyard and live in the monastery itself.



Photograph by Georg Gr. Paskoff

GOING TO THE THRESHING FIELD

Highway and furrow are livened by splendid white oxen or slow, black water buffaloes. Bulgaria moves to the tempo of animal-drawn carts and plows.

The whistle of a logging train echoes along the steep slopes denuded by lumbering operations. The torrent roars on its way to the conduits and reservoirs of the hydroelectric plants farther down the valley. From a high mountain lake pure water is piped over hill and dale to supply refugee-swollen Sofia. But nothing disturbs the peace of Rila.

On a tiny plateau, under the wide and starry sky, is a simple gravestone bearing the name of James David Bourchier.* As Balkan correspondent of *The Times*, he won an enviable reputation and lasting gratitude. It touches the heart of a globe-trotter to find that another of his craft is remembered by people who once were strangers.

MARKET DAY IN SOFIA

After 1,100 miles of rural travel, Sofia seemed more urban than ever; but it was market day and the streets swarmed with rural visitors. Dragoman Boulevard was blocked with everything from side-show

mermaids to suckling pigs, raw wool, and strong-scented soap and cheese. Mingling with the skirted Bulgarian women were swarthy Gypsy women in bright trousers.

Beside the Banya Bashi Mosque a real airplane had been parked as a background for movie posters announcing a new American aerial film.

In the crowded Ethnographic Museum I stepped once more into the beauty of Bulgarian handicrafts. School children were being ushered through in companies. It suddenly occurred to me that these peasant costumes, utensils, and household furnishings seemed stranger to Bulgarian school children than they did to me, and I was happy to have seen this lovely land before it had lost its distinctive charm.

Before many years Tobien's and Paskoff's photographs will be ethnographic curiosities, like those fading pictures of village dances, nuptial headdresses, and embroidery-stiff costumes that already cover the museum walls.

Yet this colorful Bulgaria is only a day's glad flight from Paris or Berlin along a ribbon of changing beauty linking two civilizations.

* See "The Rise of Bulgaria," by James D. Bourchier, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for November, 1912.