

QUAINT RESTING PLACES FOR AUTO TOURISTS

Roadside Restaurants in Austria— Old Monasteries Now Used as Inns



OLD TURKISH BRIDGE AT MOSTAR. FINEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN. IN CAVE AT RIGHT OF PICTURE.

Automobilists back from summer runs through Europe bring many stories of the effect on remote sections of this modern means of travel, but none are more characteristic of the adapting of old to new conditions than those told of the efforts of out of the way places to care for the speeding tourists. The travellers with money who formerly stuck close to the lines of the railroads have turned to the great highways, and the hosts of the small inns now find a cosmopolitan crowd hungry and thirsty at their doors. They are going to care for them, but in their own way.

"We were speeding along through southern Austria," said a New Yorker who has just returned from a late summer automobile ride in Europe. "Little towns sprang up along the way with their ever present minarets, latticed windows of harems and veiled women, but there was not a sign of even a coffee house, and I was beginning to wonder where we were to get our midday meal. As we crossed a small stream I saw a sign in half a dozen languages saying that the platform under a big chestnut was a resting place where you might get something to eat and drink. A man in Turkish dress with a long gray beard bowed us with much dignity to the one table and then told us that his bill of fare for the day was mutton. At the same time he pointed across the stream to where he was in a state of preparation.

"The cook was sitting on a stone dreamily watching the carcass of a sheep that was slowly turning on a wooden spit over a log fire. He was relieved of turning it himself by an invention that would have done credit to the laziest of men. On one end of the spit was a water wheel which revolved with the current, and the cook had only to look after the fire.

"We walked across the stream on stepping stones and chose our cuts. Then the host brought a roll of Turkish bread, some vegetables and wine that he said was made from grapes grown on the nearby hillside. It was not good appetites alone that made us enjoy the meal, for I still have a memory of that delicious roast. Before the automobilists came, the old fellow said, his customers were few and his returns were meagre, but now he felt that he was on the road to prosperity with another wife in plain sight and a few more Serbs as servants.

"Later in the afternoon we saw through a cloud of dust in front a man standing in the middle of the road and a little girl of five or six clinging to each hand. The man's

red fez and sash and the little one's crimson Turkish pantaloons made brilliant spots on the brown roadway. They showed no inclination to move, and to avoid running them down we stopped. The man with a good natured smile asked us to sit on his rug in the shade by the roadside while he made us some coffee. The coolness of the fellow was rather pleasing and we sat down to watch him.

"On a brick oven under a tree he set water to boil in slender copper pots with long iron handles. When the water had boiled he put in sugar and filled the pots with water. Then he set down to let them boil more. Next he put in the coffee, ground to a fine powder, stirred it until it was thoroughly mixed and then watched it until it bubbled up in froth. But before the froth escaped from the sides he took the pots from the fire and tapped them gently on the oven until the froth went down. He repeated this three times and then said that he had Turkish coffee, made as it should be made, ready to serve.

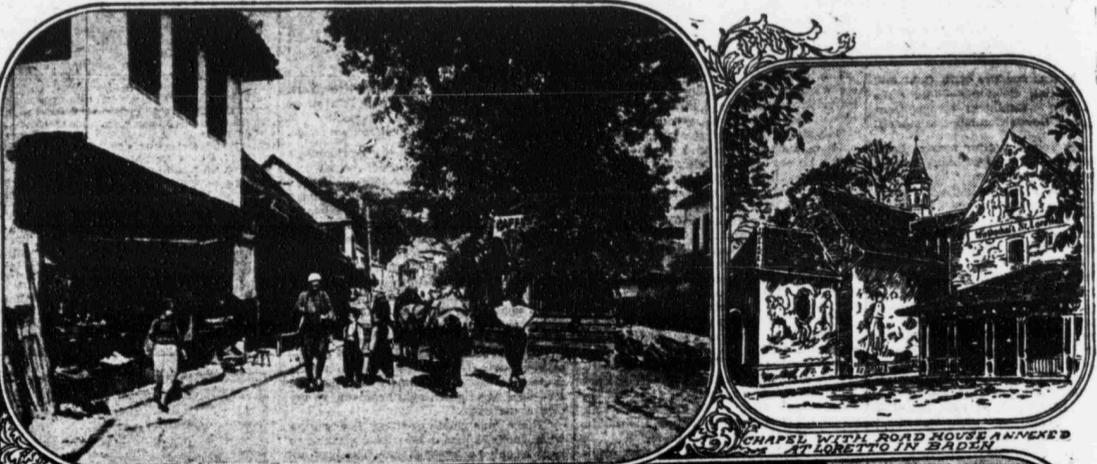
"A woman in yashmak and a long black robe that completely concealed her figure poured a portion of the froth into each of our cups and then filled them with coffee. The cook stood by smiling. Every automobile, he said, stopped at his place. Just as we were preparing to leave a touring car came into sight and as we glanced back

we saw him and his two little girls standing in the road ready to stop it."

Many of the old monasteries of Germany have been converted into road houses. Some had already been made into breweries, schools, hotels and stables since the abrogating acts of Bismarck's time and those that remained without any other use have apparently been appropriated for the accommodation of the automobilists. Hunting huts and foresters' homes on mountain roads have also been open to them, and many of the old chalets of the Tyrol and the Black Forest have been transformed into country inns. The quaintness of these places, their histories and past associations always appeal to the tourists.

One of the odd stopping places of which a traveller in out of way places told was a little chapel with a road house annex at Loretto of Baden in the Rhine valley. The chapel is the site of pilgrimages on St. Joseph day for the maids of Baden who may be in want of a faithful husband, and the road house is famous throughout the country for the excellence of its beer and wine. Visitors to one of the buildings, it seems, are sure to be visitors to the other, and in order to facilitate the passage a covered way connects the two upper stories.

Tablets tell of the founding of the chapel in the seventeenth century and double



TURKISH ROAD HOUSE, SUBURBS OF SARAJEVO.



TURKISH WAY OF ROASTING LAMB BY WATER POWER.

hearts with two sets of initials carved on the tablets tell of the grateful work of god St. Joseph, but there is no legend as to why chapel and road house are connected.

"In Touraine, in the rich valley of the Loire, I ran across one of the strangest of road houses that the automobile craze has brought into existence," said this same traveller. "From some of the great hills that limit the valley on the north there have for centuries been quarried and used in the building of Tours and the chateaux of that picturesque country, and as a result caverns extend for miles under the ground. The frugal people of the country, where land is dear and homes expensive, have not permitted this shelter to go unutilized."

Some have appropriated caves as homes and have made quite habitable dwellings of them. But one enterprising fellow who saw tourists passing every day turned his cave into a resort for their accommodation, and his scheme was unique enough to attract attention. In one of the underground chambers he raises mushrooms, in another he has a wine cellar, and in another an ice plant for his meats. He spreads his table beneath the vines at the entrance to his cave and the hungry and thirsty wayfarer may not only select his wine and eatables from this natural storehouse, but he may even pick his mushrooms from the beds."

The road from Sarajevo through the picturesque highlands of Bosnia to western Turkey would hardly be considered a popular automobile route, yet it is one

that many drivers who are searching for unfamiliar ways have taken while in the Adriatic coast land. American tourists like it because it gives a good glimpse of the change from the Occident to the Orient. Austria, in the general plan of rehabilitating the country, has furnished a highway like a city boulevard, and until the automobile came had almost exclusive use of it for mail and army wagons. The Government has, too, equipped fine hotels at both ends of the route, but the only accommodation along the way has been at the old Turkish hams, or inns.

A Servian with small capital and an eye to the main chance rose to the occasion this summer. At Praca, near the famous Ranjan Karaula Pass, he put up a road house after original plans. In the shadow of a minaret and near the entrance of a pretty little mosque he built a shelter of boughs and arranged some tables under his property and at the appearance of a tourist fairly chose hospitality. His wife cooks in the rear of the bough covered resort, and his two pretty girls, in the most fetching of Servian dresses, wait on the customers. In some way they discovered a particularly appetizing way of preparing eggs and making omelettes, and they bid fair to gain a reputation second in this respect only to that of Mme. Poulard of Mont Saint Michel.

"What a benediction this Servian's place is," said a New Yorker. "I discovered this summer. On my way back from the Turkish border my machine broke down, and we labored on in the darkness to the first light

that we found in a window. The place was a Turkish ham, and besides the proprietor and his wife there was an old man thrumming away on a guzla and singing the story of his life. In response to our request for something to eat they offered some hard bread that was to be soaked in oil before eating, and for drink they gave a distillation of plums that was stronger than any gin I ever tasted. We might sleep, the proprietor said, either in the loft or on top of the oven. He promised to keep up the fire and also to keep the old musician going to the end of his story. As he had begun three hours before and had reached only the fifteenth of the 200 stanzas, we felt certain that it would be an all night entertainment. A peasant with a horse fortunately passed, and he dragged the disabled car on to the Servian of the Good Omelette, and we rested serenely until relief came the next day."

The automobilist who comes north from the Dalmatian coast welcomes the sight of a restar, for it means a rest at a good Government hotel. The town, however, benched in on all sides by steep barren hills, is one of the hottest places in the world during the summer months. Nature has kindly furnished a refuge in the caves with which the section is plentifully supplied. Along the bank of the Nerenta, in its course through Mostar, there are a score of these cool caverns that have been used from time immemorial as hot weather retreats, and the residents of Mostar and travellers take to them as people of other places take to woods for their picnics.

The largest and most useful of these grottoes is not far from the famous old bridge. It was a coffee house in Moslem times, became a beer hall on Austrian occupation and has since been developed into a fine restaurant. The Turks, always kind to birds and beasts, let the swallows make their nests in the roof of their coffee

house, and the birds have refused to be turned out now that the place has been made into a cafe. They fly in and out in great flocks, hop fearlessly along the floor, picking up crumbs that fall from the tables, and keep the waiters busy protecting the guests from the pests' too importunate familiarity.

From another great underground passage the Buna flows a full fledged river. The cool air that rushes out on the current of the subterranean stream makes the mouth of this grotto a popular summer resort with the Herzegovinians. The shrine of a Mohammedan saint is on a rock near by and its attendant has charge of the neighboring roadhouse. For centuries, this worthy said, there has been here a house for the entertainment of man. One of the first discoverers of the real source of the Buna was an early host.

"This predecessor of mine," he said in telling the story, "had a son who was a shepherd on the upland plains for the rich Aga of Nevesinje some twenty miles back in the mountains. One day the old man took out of the water a staff which he recognized as having belonged to his son. After a consultation the two made up their minds to profit by the discovery, for they had merely found out what we all know now, that the Buna is only the reappearance, after a ten or twelve miles underground course, of a stream that drops out of sight in the Nevesinje highlands.

"Every morning," he recalled, "the old man fished out the carcass of a sheep that soon afterward appeared as mutton upon his tables. But the Aga of Nevesinje became suspicious and, as you know, he was getting so small. The boy told him that it was the wolves and that he had mighty battles with the mauls. The next morning the hotel keeper fished the body of his son out of the water, and there were no more fresh mutton chops for the guests."

TALES OF SHIFTING HOMES. CITY WAREHOUSES CROWDED WITH HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Great Changes in the Style of Living in New York Caused This Year by Love of Change and Excitement, Higher Rents and the Ever Present Servant Question

Owners of storage warehouses—those for household belongings—look happy these days. The business is booming. Some of the reasons given for this state of affairs are soaring rents, the scarcity of labor, conveniently situated apartments at moderate rents, the servant question and the increasing restlessness of the New York woman.

The storage people say nothing about the restless New York man, probably because in nine cases out of ten they deal with the woman.

The passing of the attic is also mentioned as a reason. The attic store room of the past is now masquerading as a bedroom or a studio, and in the newer private houses and the up to date flats and apartments storing away so much as a handbox outside of the tenant's own rooms is not to be thought of.

The storage man's tale of prosperity varies according to the locality of his warehouse. The biggest increase of business comes to those situated in the apartment house belt and identified more particularly with the fairly prosperous than with the poorer of the very rich class.

"Between last spring and this fall about 20 per cent. of the upper West Side below Harlem moved, I would say," the manager said. "Why, yesterday and the day before they were using wheelbarrows and pedlars' carts in some streets to transfer furniture. And yet my place is crowded.

"Why? Simply because persons who moved out of \$1,000 and \$1,200 a year apartments because their rent was raised, expecting to find others in the fall at lower rents, have been left. The fact is the supply of apartments of this class below Harlem is almost scarce.

many new ones lately put up in Harlem. But to come back to the storage.

"Until the persons I speak of can get the sort of apartment they want their goods stay here, which may be all winter, as likely as not. But that's not the only reason we're so stocked up of late. The servant question has a lot to do with it.

"When they left their orders here last winter and last spring several persons explained that they wanted a rest from housekeeping on account of trouble with servants, and I judge they are still resting. The apartment hotels around here and a little further uptown are chock full and a lot of their patrons have their furniture stored right here.

"Apartment hotels not cheap? No, of course not. But it's like this. I can't find a family will get along with half the rooms in an apartment hotel that they think they must have in a housekeeping apartment. It is a different proposition altogether. The majority of our customers have five or six valises of stuff stored here, which means that each pays from \$20 to \$30 a month storage bills.

"Leave goods here a year or two? Why, we have one patron who has paid us \$20 every month for eighteen years. In several cases we have been collecting storage bills right along from the same person for ten years, and perhaps one-third of our goods have been here from two to three years."

"Our business takes in hundreds of flat dwellers not hampered with a lease who store their furniture often for a month only," was the report of the manager of a storage building which occupies a block of a West Side thoroughfare. "Business of late has been a trifle more brisk than usual on account of the many new cheap apartments built away uptown.

"Many housekeepers stored their furniture in the summer waiting for one or another of the new flats to be finished and meadowed went out of the city. Now they are back and clamoring for their things faster than we can deliver them."

At an East Side storage place the story of crowded rooms was repeated.

"In our own case I explain the congestion in this way. Of late there has been a big shifting of tenants all along the line, some from economical reasons, more from choice. For example, hundreds of persons I know have lately moved from a large house to an apartment in order to escape keeping a retinue of servants or the responsibility of

a big establishment. Hundreds more have moved from an apartment of eight, nine or ten rooms to one of six, seven or eight rooms because of a raise in rents, and also to be able to lop off an extra servant; and no end of persons living in housekeeping apartments have slid out of housekeeping altogether during the last twelve months.

"There is nothing fixed any more in the style of living of the average New Yorker, as every storage man knows."

"Well, in all these cases the overplus of furniture from the house or the larger apartment, and all the furniture in other cases, is almost always landed in a storage warehouse. Comparatively few persons make up their mind to give up housekeeping permanently and sell all their furniture, or even part of it.

"We shall probably start housekeeping again next year or next winter, or after we come back from Europe," is the way most of the people I deal with talk when making storage arrangements, and I guess most of them mean it.

"We have one New York woman, though, on our books who has been paying \$90 a month right along for eight years."

In charge of one of the storage warehouses patronized more especially by the wealthy is a man who has been identified with the business since its inception and is informed in regard to the amount of business done in all the larger furniture storage places in this city. Said he:

"This warehouse, which was one of the first to be built and is about twenty-three years old, was just one-sixth of its present size when first opened. It has been seven times enlarged in less than fifteen years. The cold storage feature of the business is only about eight or nine years old.

"Instead of two or three, there are now about thirty-five furniture storage warehouses in Greater New York, ten of which are absolutely fireproof, and another huge affair is being put up in Williamsburg. As a rough guess this gives 10,000 rooms."

citement, and dissatisfaction with a neighborhood, an apartment or a dwelling after starting in to keep house.

"Nervous prostration is an excuse which fills many a storage room. In all such cases the first thing a fashionable woman is pretty sure to say is, 'Let us pack up and send our things to storage,' and then she pays us a visit, and we take care of her things maybe for years.

"We have had customers who left their goods here, went abroad and evidently forgot all about them. Every storehouse has experiences of that sort. According to law we need hold goods only one year or less after the payment of rent ceases; but as a matter of fact we seldom close out goods of any value until our statements have been ignored two or three years."

"In one case I remember deciding to clear out some household goods which had been unclaimed for more than three years; and, as a customary, I had two large wooden cases included in the collection opened before the auction began. It was a lucky thing for me and the winner that I did."

"One, I found, was filled with massive old English silver marked with a monogram; the other with family portraits done in oil. Of course I withdrew the silver and portraits from the auction, certain that the owner would turn up eventually. And he did.

"Three months later he walked, and when I told him how close he had been to losing his heirlooms, he was mighty grateful that I had given him a chance. He had been travelling around the world, he told me; letters seldom reached him and he had really forgotten all about the silver until he landed at this port.

"Many times I have explained to old customers that their storage bills of, say, seven or eight years were almost equal to the value of the goods stored and advised them to sell off, but as a rule all the answer I got was, 'Oh, I may want to use the things some time,' or, 'They are heirlooms, and I don't care to part with them.'"

"Sometimes the owners haven't any reason at all to give, but they keep on paying storage, and of course we are not complaining at that. I have come to the conclusion that most women at least, and some men too, would rather store away valuables indefinitely than divide them up among relatives or friends who could use them."

"There is a proportion of our business, however, which has little or nothing to do with the fluctuation in rents or the perplexities of the servant question and which is of comparatively recent date. I refer to the practice of storing handsome furniture and hangings while the owners are

travelling or absent from the city for several months or while their house is being redecorated or made over.

"On occasion we have stored a set of drawing room furniture worth cost \$25,000 and tapestries worth a small fortune. When the storage business first started up there were not many persons who owned such furnishings. At that time men worth \$100,000 were thought quite rich, whereas we have in storage now antiques in bric-a-brac and various hangings belonging to one person which are worth a good deal more than \$100,000. Upholstered furniture and hangings of this class always go into cold storage.

"Do women ever contest storage bills? That are women who contest anything in the shape of a bill. It is that very thing which causes us to issue a written statement of terms and charges, including a lucid explanation of every detail of a storage transaction to every person who contemplates entering into a contract with us. Even then some women never can understand why an item for cartage should appear in their bill."

STORIES OF BIRD LIFE.

Partridges Hatched by Bantam.

Elton correspondence Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Mary Smith, wife of John Smith, a Harford county farmer, has in her possession a chicken that has become a foster mother for ten young partridges.

Last winter and early in the spring a number of Kansas quail were liberated by sportsmen in the vicinity of Mr. Smith's farm. One night Mr. Smith's cat brought an expectant partridge mother in dead. Mrs. Smith immediately went to the nest, and finding eighteen eggs still warm, transferred them to a bantam hen, and in a short while ten hatched out. The little birds are as domestic as ordinary young chickens. When night comes on they hover under their mother just as naturally as if they were bantams.

Tame Jackdaw as Companion.

From the London Daily Mail. There is a tame jackdaw at Wokingham which has acquired so much intelligence as to accompany its master, a baker, on his delivery rounds. Occasionally it flies to a house or trellis, remaining with a long swoop the cart as the horse trots along the road. The bird and its master are on the best of terms, and a whistle from the latter brings the jackdaw back to the cart from a considerable distance, invariably with a caw of satisfaction.

Discernible Swan.

From the Kansas City Star. Dick is the name of a lone swan at Mount Washington Cemetery. A few months ago,

Dick's mate was killed and eaten right before his eyes by a red fox.

He made all the noise possible and flapped his wings in an effort to frighten the fox away. It was a cold night and the fox was hungry. Dick was slightly wounded in the effort to protect his mate. Since its death Dick has gone into mourning. For days at a time he sits among the weeds in the edge of the water in the lake taking only an occasional bath in the deep water.

The attendants at the cemetery try to force Dick to mate with other swans, but he obstinately refuses. He is true to his first and only love. Like the ostrich, the swan mates only once.

Frey of the Sparrow Hawk.

From the London News. The fact is that the sparrow hawk almost invariably catches a flying bird for its meal, even striking down birds as large as the wood pigeon, though usually going no higher than a blackbird. If it does not exactly swoop like the larger hawk, yet it must have conditions of chase of its own choosing.

That is why the small birds usually mob it with impunity, when they are numerous enough to bewilder it. Once, however, saw a sparrow hawk that had been molested for some minutes by a perfect clove wren, which, after doing its best to escape, had come close to the hawk toward dusk and caught a bat on the wing. That, however, is a very unusual meal.

Panic Stricken Birds.

From the London Evening Standard. Fayetteville correspondence Charlotte Observer. Night before last this city had one of the strangest visitations in all its history—thousands of wild geese, ducks, partridges and the ordinary song birds of the woods, down to the sparrow and even smaller. They came all in a jumble, frightened creatures, and settled on the roofs of the tall buildings of the city.

All night the police at headquarters could hear the geese honking, the ducks quacking and quails piping. By early morning the great mass, fiercer and screaming, flew away. On Market Square were left hundreds of the smaller birds dead, either from the exhaustion from their long flight or from being pointed and beaten against the electric lights. It is supposed that some sudden storm drove them from the woods and swamps and that they found the tall blocks of buildings the first perch or refuge.

Swallow View to Justice.

From the London Evening Standard. The German papers are commenting on the sagacity of a swallow which was being pursued by a hawk and flew through the window of a law court.

Remarkable Kentucky Bird.

From the Henderson Journal. Samuel Bumpus, who resides near Lafayette,

ette, Ky., about one mile from the State line, lost his barn and contents by fire.

While Mr. Bumpus's barn was burning a bird flew through the fire and lit in his hand. It was a cold night and the bird was very dark colored, with a white breast and white wings, measures three feet six inches from tip to tip and has a bill like a hawk. No one knows what kind a bird it is and the negroes are being scared and say that the Lord sent the bird as a signal that the world is coming to an end.

New Zealand Mocking Bird. From the London Daily Graphic. The Poo honeyeater is one of the commonest and at the same time handsomest of the New Zealand birds. The neck is of a metallic blue with a fringe of curly feathers, the throat is adorned with a tuft of white feathers, which has gained for it the popular name of "parson bird," an appellation appropriate not only because of this decoration but because of the resemblance of its peculiar attitudes when singing to the gesticulations indulged in by exuberant lecturers when trying to drive home their points. The bird is an excellent mimic, and can be taught to repeat almost any sentence with extraordinary clearness and also to whistle short songs quite as well as a parrot.

The late Sir Walter Buller tells the amusing story that he was once addressing a large meeting of natives on a matter of considerable political importance and had been urging his views with all the earnestness that the subject demanded when, immediately on the conclusion of the speech and before the chief to whom his arguments were chiefly addressed had time to reply, a honeyeater, whose netted cage hung to a rafter overhead, responded in a clear, emphatic way, "Tio" (false).

The circumstance naturally caused much merriment among his audience and quite upset the gravity of the venerable old chief. From that time they are plentiful at every gathering and he is not yet convinced.

Threatened Quail Pest.

From the Arizona Republican. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Galliver have returned to the city from a mountain trip taken into the hills of the northern part of the Territory. Mr. Galliver says that about the quail season he delayed for many weeks more in his opinion the birds would be a rather overhoppers if Phoenix in the summer (as a present) and as every day passes that it is rapidly multiplying.

Nests That Weigh Five Tons. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The largest birds' nests are to be found in Australia. The Australian jungle fowl build for nests great mounds fifteen feet in height and 125 or 150 feet in circumference. They are used in the construction of the nests, which usually weigh a ton. Turkeys, working in colonies, build pyramidal nests even larger. One of these nests, on being moved, filled seven carts, and its total weight was five tons.