

Montenegro is a standing army!

Every male of military age is trained to bear arms; so are most of the women. Boys learn to be soldiers from their infancy.

In the Balkans you can tell a Montenegrin as far as you can see him by his erect bearing, the free swing of his walk and the way he carries his firearms.

Any woman, however, old or young, beautiful or homely, native or foreigner, may pass alone from one end of Montenegro to another and not a man, even of the lowest, will offer her an insult, direct or indirect, by word or action.

It is the law of the country that no citizen shall leave his home without his pistols, or go more than a day's journey without his rifle. To die quietly in bed is a disgrace.

Montenegrians are Serbs, and their history dates from 1389, when at the battle of Kossovo the Turks annihilated the old Servian kingdom and fixed their yoke on the Balkan peninsula. The survivors of the battle fled to the Black mountains, which the word Montenegro means, and there maintained their independence.

The black band on their caps is worn in mourning for this battle of Kossovo, and will continue to be worn until the Turks are expelled from Europe.

—o—o—
The Barber (after the shave)—
Hair dyed, sir?

Customer (bald-headed)—Yes,
it died about five years ago.

A LIVING EPITAPH

By Berton Braley.

When I pass out and my time is spent,

I hope for no lofty monument,
No splendid procession marching slow

Along the last long road I go;
No pomp and glory I care for then

When I depart from the world of men.

But I'd like to think, when my race is through,

That there will be in the world a few

Who'll say, "Well, there is a good man gone!

I'm sorry to see him passing on,
For he was a sort that's fair and square,

The kind of fellow it's hard to spare.

"He hadn't money, he hadn't fame,

But he kept the rules and he played the game,

His eyes were true and his laugh was clear,

He held his truth and his honor dear;

And now that his work is at an end,

I know how much I shall miss my friend."

If my life shall earn such words as those

I shall smile in peace as my eyelids close,

I shall rest in quiet, and lie content,

With the words of a friend for my monument!