

# Land of the Black Mountain



Men of Montenegro.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Little Montenegro, which was the tiniest kingdom in Europe, has been merged since the World War into the big new kingdom of Jugo-Slavia. Its well-loved king is dead; its capital only the seat of a province. But half a millennium of dearly bought independence and the most intense patriotism has made its inhabitants not altogether willing to lose their identity; so from time to time commissions appear to present Montenegro's case to the world and to keep alive its marvelous history and traditions.

This little country, then smaller than Delaware, and sometimes with no more than 8,000 fighting men within its borders, has the distinction of being the one patch of land in the broad expanse of the Balkan peninsula that kept itself free from Turkish conquest during the five and a half centuries since the Turks crossed the Hellespont. One after another, the regions that are now Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia and Albania fell before the excellent Turkish fighting organizations, and settled down for hundreds of years under a condition little better than slavery to Moslem masters. Montenegro remained free and was practically a Christian island in a sea of Mohammedanism. Only on its western border was it in contact during this long period with other Christian territory, a narrow strip of Adriatic coast controlled by Venice.

Upon the final overthrow of the ancient glory of the Serbs on the field of Kosovo, a few valiant souls retreated to the rocky fastnesses of Cernagora to seek asylum with the Volvođe of the Zeta. A few years later, abandoned by their ruler—who preferred a life of ease at Venice—they turned to their bishop, made him also their prince, and with him retreated still deeper into the hills and there set up that long line of the Vladikas which did not end until well into the last century.

### Tributes to Their Bravery.

There they maintained their freedom, with suffering indescribable and with courage illimitable; and won from Gladstone, the great English apostle of Balkan freedom, those words of undying praise, in which he gave it as his "deliberate opinion" that "the traditions of Montenegro exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae and all the war traditions of the world"; and inspired in Tennyson what he regarded as the finest of his sonnets, inscribed to the

"... smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne  
Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm  
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,  
Great Cernagora! never since thine own  
Black ridges drew the cloud and broke the storm  
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers."

Within but a stone's throw of the Adriatic sea, Montenegro was long cut off from it until in the middle of the Nineteenth century her arms won Antivari from the Turks. Cattaro has always been the logical port of the country and its natural gateway from the West, yet it remained until the World War in the hands of Austria. Now Cattaro is Jugo-Slavic and is no longer under a control alien to that of Montenegro.

In the days before the World War the few diplomats and travelers who visited Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, considered the ride over the automobile road from Cattaro one of the grandest scenically to be found in Europe.

Ascending the marvelous zigzag road which leads up from the port, one approaches the stern and gloomy defile which forms the portal to this historic stronghold of freedom in the Balkans. Splendid engineering is this road. Built for post and military uses, it clings to the face of the sheer rock and weaves back and forth in a multitude of "hairpin curves" which the chauffeurs of the post automobile treat with that contempt which familiarity alone can breed.

Up and ever up, one goes. Below stand forth the dusky cliffs which jut into the southern fjord; nesting beneath them, and hemmed in with the massive battlements of those giants of

an earlier day who stretched out the lion of St. Mark's from the Lido to the Bosphorus, lies Cattaro—which was Italian in appearance, Austrian in allegiance, but Serb in feeling, its heart ever in the Highlands. Beyond smiles the Adriatic, and above tower the gaunt gray rocks, against which the road seems a veritable ladder laid upon a wall.

### A Wilderness of Rocks.

Threading at last a narrow defile, whose walls are pierced with caves where lurk the fables of the mountaineers, and crossing a pass too often swathed in clouds, one turns a corner and comes face to face with the ancient realm of the Vladikas.

The smile of the soft blue sea lies behind, and before stretches a wild, turbulent ocean of rock, rising and sinking in angry gray waves flecked with white, which seem to leap and rage and battle together like a sea lashed by a storm. Stones, rocks and crags, nothing else; not a tree, not a blade of grass; scarcely even a tuft of brushwood to relieve the dreary scene of desolation.

At the creation, so runs the Montenegrin legend, an angel was sent forth to pick up the superfluous stones on the earth's surface. He placed them in a bag, which burst as he was flying over Cernagora—and certainly the landscape bears out the tale.

And yet the scene cannot be said to lack charm—the charm of majesty always to be found among the hills. And while Cernagora at first sight—gaunt, gray and drear, an arid wilderness of bare rock—tells in one blow of the sufferings of centuries, pity does not long endure; it passes almost at once to praise for a people who have preferred liberty in this desolation to slavery in fat lands.

From the old Austrian border to Cetinje one encounters but one village, Njeguš, nestling in a little cleft in the hills and claiming attention as the cradle of the Petrovich dynasty, which for more than two centuries ruled the destinies of the land. Here was born not only Danilo I, progenitor of the line, but most of his successors, including the late king, whose tiny villa is the show-place of the town.

From the pocket of Njeguš, one begins the ascent and an hour's climbing brings him to the top of the pass, in sight of Cetinje. The distance as the crow flies is short; but the winding road multiplies the miles, and one has ample opportunity to survey the tiny former capital which boasts—albeit somewhat inaccurately—that its streets alone of all the Balkan capitals have never echoed to the tread of a conquering Turkish host.

### Cetinje, the Capital.

Two broad, parallel streets, connected by irregularly laid out cross streets, comprise the town, which lies hemmed in on every side by the stern hills. The green fields, the elms, the buttercups by the roadside, and the steep gables of the houses, which often lie banked to their eaves with winter's snows, are reminiscent of a White Mountain village.

European dress has made slight inroads in this part of the world. Though the army, thanks to Russian generosity, wore khaki, the palace guard wore Montenegrin garb to the end, and it was the habitual dress of both king and queen, the latter having pointedly refused the suggestion of her daughters-in-law that, together with the royal title, she should take on modern gowns.

Montenegrins are nearly all giants and they stride as though each wore seven-league boots. Indeed, when a Montenegrin wants to go anywhere in a hurry he walks, not using the splendid roads with which his mountains are threaded, but taking the old short cuts among the hills.

These Montenegrins are a race of warriors, and before the World War sat about in the coffee houses bemoaning their lot. "What a life for a man!" they said. "Thirty years without a war; nothing for a man to do." But there was always plenty for the women to do, and the women of Montenegro, so alert and graceful in their youth, soon lose their good looks and become bent and bowed and ugly.

# The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

## STARS ON MEMORIAL TREES

Living Memorials to 308 of Missouri's Hero Dead Line the Famous King's Highway.

Living memorials, sheltering those who come their way, always serving, 308 pleasant shade trees along King's highway in St. Louis stand as a monument to 308 Missouri lads who gave their lives during the World war.



In Memory of Hero Dead.

Each tree bears a gold star. A hero's name, the name of the unit and branch of service to which he was attached are engraved on each star.

The trees were planted on Arbor day by members of the American Legion. Many of the mothers of the men in whose memory the trees stand helped place the gold stars on the European sycamores, sweet gums and green oaks that line either side of the parkway.

## RANKING WEST POINT CADET

Charles Barrett, Former "Buck" Private, Honor Man of Class of 1922 at Great Academy.

From a "buck private in the rear rank" in 1917 to the highest ranking cadet at West Point is the career of Charles J. Barrett, "honor man" of the 1922 class at the military academy.

Barrett went to France as a member of the 29th division. With 184 other "hard picked" soldiers he was chosen to take the examinations for West Point. He took highest honors.

At the academy, he was made regimental commander, editor of the school magazine and chairman of the board of governors. Despite his other activities, he has found time to do enough studying during his four years to land him at the head of his class.

## MARSHAL FOCH HAD THE TIME

Famous French Fighter Aids Blind War Victim Seeking Wounded Soldiers' Institute.

The splendid spirit of Marshal Ferdinand Foch of France, who won the hearts of the American people when he toured this country as the guest of the American Legion last year is illustrated by a story from Paris.

A blind veteran tapped his way along the sidewalk. "Excuse me, am I near the wounded soldiers' institute?" he asked of a passing pedestrian. "I've only been there twice and I am not quite sure of the way."

"You are close to it now; let me take you," came the reply.

Arriving at the door of the institute, the guide said to the janitor: "Kindly take this man to the section for the blind."

"Take him yourself," growled the janitor. "Under the archway on the other side of the courtyard."

The civilian did take the veteran, but on the way out he addressed the janitor again.

"Could you not be a little more obliging to the blind?" he asked gently.

"There are too many and I haven't the time," was the surly response. "It seems to me that it is your duty to help them," said the other. "I can find time—and I am Marshal Foch."

Plants 530 Memorial Trees. Memorial trees for 530 veterans who gave their lives in the World War have been planted by the Washington (D. C.) post of the American Legion. As a part of the Memorial day exercises each year, wreaths made up to resemble the Legion insignia and American flags will be placed on each tree.

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## The World's Greatest Baking Powder

<p><b>Epitaph!</b> "Here Lies a Fisherman." They keep it up even when they are dead.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.</p>	<p><b>Advised to Jump.</b> "What's Blinks going to do with his new noiseless typewriter?" "If he takes my advice he'll marry her."—Life.</p>	<p><b>His Bluff Called.</b> Young Lawyer—"I haven't lost a case yet." Rival—"Oh, you'll get a case some day."</p>
<p><b>Important to Mothers</b> Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of <i>Dr. J. C. Fletcher</i> In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria</p>	<p>No ugly, grimy streaks on the clothes when Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Good bluing gets good results. All grocers carry it.—Advertisement.</p>	<p><b>Shave With Cuticura Soap</b> And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.</p>
<p><b>SAFE PLACE FOR VALUABLES</b> Harassed Citizens of American Cities Should Welcome Idea That Comes From Buenos Aires.</p>	<p>In these days of lawlessness, when the honest citizen cannot take a walk around the block with any certainty that he will not be held up by a bandit, the novel idea of Antonio Monaco, a citizen of Buenos Aires, ought to be of value.</p>	<p><b>AS BOBBY HAD IT FIGURED</b> Quite Satisfied That Auntie's Appearance Must Have Undergone Considerable Change.</p>
<p><b>STORK MADE LONG JOURNEY</b> Bird Flew From Africa to Germany With a Message From Exile to the Fatherland.</p>	<p>The population of Liskau, Germany, noticed one day recently that one of the many storks which annually return to the neighborhood from distant southern zones to rebuild their nests was carrying something about its neck which only human hands could have fastened there.</p>	<p>I am rather proud of my looks and always take pains to appear my best for company.</p>
<p><b>MARSHAL FOCH HAD THE TIME</b> Famous French Fighter Aids Blind War Victim Seeking Wounded Soldiers' Institute.</p>	<p>Repeated efforts to approach the bird had failed, but one of the villagers finally lured the stork into his barn and then there learned that the bird carried a little leather case in which a note was inclosed. The note revealed that the stork had come all the way from East Africa, where a German colonist, Willi Bucha, has his little farm near Victoria lake.</p>	<p>One morning I was just finishing the sweeping when my brother and his family, whom I had not seen for a couple of years, drove in the yard. With them were a couple of well-dressed women, and I was naturally embarrassed to have them find me with hair disheveled and dust streaked face. However, I welcomed them graciously and we sat down to talk.</p>
<p><b>AS BOBBY HAD IT FIGURED</b> Quite Satisfied That Auntie's Appearance Must Have Undergone Considerable Change.</p>	<p>Bucha must have anticipated that the bird spent his annual vacation in his beloved fatherland, so he wrote: "Just a greeting to the fatherland," and used the stork to convey his message.</p>	<p>I noticed that Bobby, my small nephew, was studying me intently, and during a lull in the conversation he said: "Auntie, you must have been good looking when you were young."</p>
<p><b>SAFE PLACE FOR VALUABLES</b> Harassed Citizens of American Cities Should Welcome Idea That Comes From Buenos Aires.</p>	<p>Few bandits would think of looking for loot beneath a man's waistcoat, and so the suspender pocket should afford excellent hiding places for money. Against pickpockets they ought to furnish a perfect protection. —Milwaukee Sentinel.</p>	<p>"Yes," I beamed, with my pleasantest smile, scenting a compliment, "what makes you think so, dear?"</p>
<p><b>SAFE PLACE FOR VALUABLES</b> Harassed Citizens of American Cities Should Welcome Idea That Comes From Buenos Aires.</p>	<p>—Milwaukee Sentinel.</p>	<p>"Because," answered Bobby, "uncle would never marry you the way you look now."—Chicago Tribune.</p>

## No heat with this summer meal

A DISH of crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk (some berries or fresh fruit, too, if you like) is cooling to serve, cooling to eat and cooling to digest—with a charm of flavor and goodness that rouses appetite enthusiasm. No preparation, no cooking—no heating of the body afterward, as heavy, starchy meals do—but well-rounded nourishment for every bodily need.

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