

"O, Bucharest! One Day Thy Arms Will Be Open Wide to Receive Us!"

Queen Marie of Rumania Pours Out Her Soul to Capital Abandoned at Approach of Enemy Armies



"O, Bucharest, I left thee without a word of farewell, I who so often have been acclaimed in thy streets! Like a traitor did I feel to leave thee thus to thy fate!"

Driven into exile with her many subjects, who had to retreat before the Hun just as the Belgians and Serbians were forced out of their peaceful homes in the debacle of war, Queen Marie of Rumania has turned to the pen and with it is picturing the horrors that have engulfed the pretty little Balkan kingdom.

Queen Marie was married to King Ferdinand in 1905, and was then the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the daughter of Alfred I, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince of Great Britain and Ireland. Noted for her beauty, idolized by her people, she has devoted herself to red cross work and the care of her stricken people ever since the entry of Rumania into the war.

Three months have passed since then, three long months—months that could be years so full are they of anguish and pain and grief. Months that I have lived close to the heart of my people, months when I have heard their cries and hoped their hopes and feared their fears.

Months in which I have struggled with them and wept with them, doing all that was in my power to ease their burden and to dry their tears. . . . But if there are hours when silence alone can render bearable the duty one has to perform, there are others when one has a right to lift up one's voice and to cry out one's longing and one's regret.

It is three months since Bucharest was taken from us, since the enemy struck at the heart of our land! Three months . . . and today I want all those who love and all those who weep and all those who regret to turn their faces with mine toward that far-off distance and to remember that which we have lost . . . It is to me as though I must climb

some very high mountains, up, up, till I reach its summit, so that from there I might perceive at least the smoke rising from that town which once was our loved and cherished center and that now lies chained and silent 'neath the enemy's relentless sway.

safe would I bring to you: Hearts are bound more closely together in days of sorrow than in days of joy, in days of war than in days of peace. . . . I cannot know for what special sorrow each man is mourning—I know not what house, what spot, what face he sees in his dream; I know not to what hope he clings, to what joy he desires to go back; there is a national sorrow and there is a personal sorrow, that last one, each man carries alone in his heart.

BY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. THERE is an hour of which I have never spoken—an hour of darkness and sorrow that I could share with no one, an hour when I had to carry my head very high, so that none should see the tears in my eyes, an hour when I remained as if I were dead but to look beyond the things of this earth toward shadowy futures that belong only to God.

When I had to be strong at that hour, not to cry out, not to complain, but to lead the way into exile very simply, very quietly, so as to avoid all panic, so that no one should be afraid. . . . Others depended upon me, all eyes were turned toward me to see how I would bear that which was unbearable, so I was silent; at that hour silence alone could help.

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What is the face of today, oh, Bucharest! Hast thou veiled thyself in mourning because so many of thy children have fled? Or dost thou wear a smile of false acquiescence, so as not to draw down upon thy trembling inhabitants the wrath of those who now call themselves invaders and who perchance keep thee in better order than thine own children ever did? Have thy proudest buildings been desecrated with the blood of those who died in the three holy colors before which each Rumanian uncovers his head?

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FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

ROBERT'S COMPANY

WHEN Robert Sone and his mother and little sister went to the country for the Summer his mother promised him that he should have some of his city friends out to see him, so that he would have company to play with. . . . One day he wandered off into the woods near the house and saw flowers to have a complaining party all by himself.



Brother Crowded With Delight.

Robert rubbed his eyes and looked at the tree as if he were looking at a funny little elf who peered out at him from behind the sheltering trunk; looked straight at the mysterious darkness of the hollow at the base of the tree. . . . "Funny I should imagine such a thing as that," he said thoughtfully (and how the little elf did chuckle!), "but since I have, I think I'll look in that hollow—just for fun."

A NATURAL-BORN TRAPPER

then come back with the steamer tomorrow." "I don't think the lame one will, Daddy," said Billy thoughtfully, after a moment or two. "Why? It has a good pair of wings, lad," argued Billy's father. . . . "He does seem rather fagged," agreed Billy's father, after they had watched them intently for a few minutes.

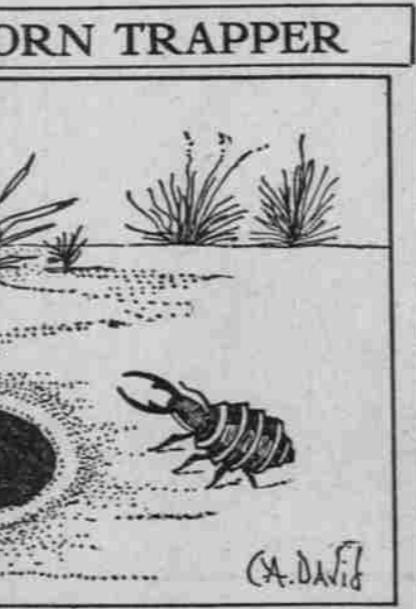


HE MANAGES TO FORM A REGULAR LITTLE FUNNEL IN THE SAND.

THE BOOKS call him an Ant-lion, but to generations and generations of children, he always has been and always will be just a plain "doodle." He is a funny-looking little fellow, flattened out and gray, reminding one more of a milldewed pumpkin seed than anything else. His six legs are short and squat, and he has a pair of jaws shaped something like ice-tongs, that can grip like a steel trap. He marks out a perfect round

BROTHER FINDS NEW PLAYTHING

FLOSSIE was very interested in watching her mother knit sweaters and mufflers and socks for the soldiers. "Can't I make some too?" asked Flossie. . . . "You must be careful, Flossie, and not let brother get the needles. He is so little he might stick one in his eye," warned Flossie's mother. . . . "How would you like to make some wristlets for one of our brave soldiers, dear? They won't take quite so long as a sweater, and are quite as necessary. You see they'll keep his wrists warm and snug," explained Mrs. Stockton to her little girl.

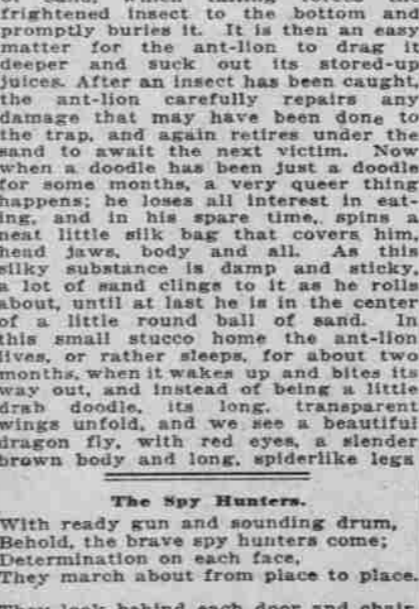


Robert Rubbed His Eyes and Looked at the Tree.

made a mistake in her stitches and she was trying to find it all by herself. So brother and puss had things all their own way. Puss had the ball of yarn, and brother, for she could move about more quickly. . . . "Brother, brother! What a little mischief you are!" and Mrs. Stockton gathered him up into her arms. "I'm sorry, little daughter. Never mind the yarn now. I'll help you with it after while."

THE SPY HUNTERS

With ready gun and sounding drum, the brave spy hunters come; Determination on each face, They march about from place to place. They look behind each door and chair, Search every closet through with care; The hanging curtains pull aside And peer in nooks where spies might hide.

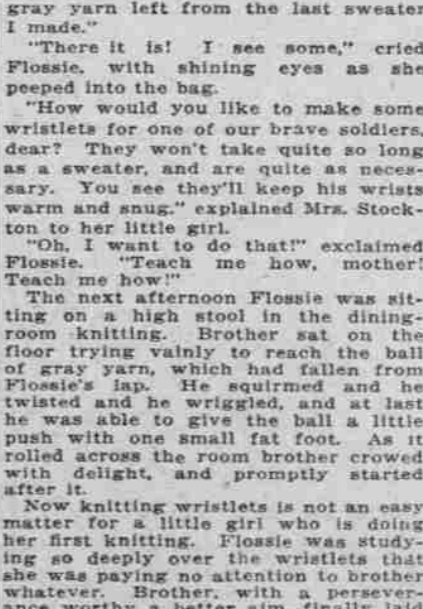


CA. DAVID

And all the while the drum they play To scare the lurking foe away, And if the noise won't make him run, They know he'll fear their trusty gun.

DON'T CRY

There is nothing to be had By crying; There is no use of mad, And if you get mad, There is no use of trying.

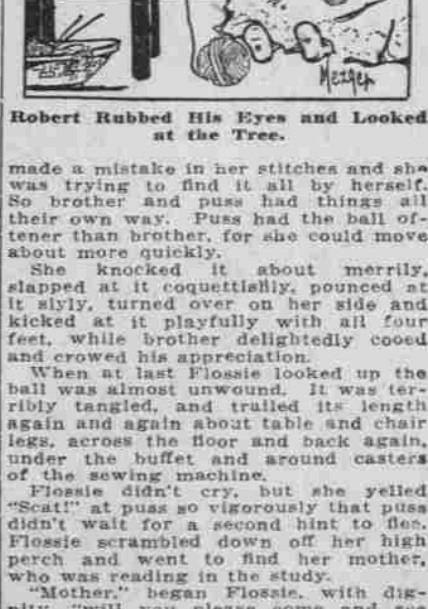


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