Greater Rumania

One of Bucharest's Modern Public Buildings.

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

RUMANIA, the latest of the world's monarchies to change kings, has undergone such great changes in the past dozen years that it has in effect had a bloodless revolution. This period has seen the distribution of 8,500,000 acres of land to more than 1,400,000 peasants.

Before the war Rumania was a country of the landed rich and the landless poor. Today the maximum holding permitted to one individual is 1,235 acres. King and nobles gave up their estates to fulfill the demands of the agrarian reform. What Russia, Mexico and other countries have done in the matter of land distribution at the cost of many lives and much money, Rumania accomplished without a shot.

But reform was not without cost. Uncertainties, lack of organization to meet new conditions, and lack of transportation facilities increased the cost of borrowed money to 12 and 14 per cent. Credit is tight in a country where all the money in circulation must pass through the national treasury as taxes three times per year.

Greater Rumania is nearly three times as large as pre-war Rumania. The new nation took in Transylvania, the Banat, Bucovina and Bessarabia, and has yet to digest them. Old Rumania was the size of England. Greater Rumania is larger than England adding to itself Wales, Scotland and Ireland. Like the units of Great Britain, each is different; Bessarabia is an extension of the Russian black earth prairie; Bucovina, a forested region; Transylvania an upland notable for industries as well as agriculture; the Banat a lowland.

Farming Comes First.

After the war Rumania saw visions of an industrial future. The country has ample resources: oil, water power, wood, ore, and a good labor supply. Ten years have dimmed the vision but have not wiped it out. Eight out of ten Rumanians still are farmers so the nation has decided to make a good job of farming before turning to industry. Co-operatives have been organized. Groups of peasants find they can afford to buy American farm machinery. A grain grading law was passed in 1928. Silk culture starting from nothing has increased to an enterprise enlisting 4,000 workers and $18,000,000 capital.

Since the World war Rumanians have turned definitely from wheat to American corn. Greater acreage is planted in corn than wheat. Corn mush displaces bread as a national food. Bessarabia looks like Kansas. But in 1928 a second drought hit the country. The corn crop was a failure and Rumania, a country which has exported cereals for years, had to import corn. The government acted to forestall famine in some regions.

The similarity of parts of Rumania to Kansas extends to sunflowers for which both regions are famous. In Rumania sunflowers are a standard crop; 394,355 acres were planted in sunflowers last year. Oil pressed from sunflower seeds serves as a constituent of butter substitutes.

Four foundation stones support life in Rumania; cereals, oil, lumber, and live stock. Production of oil and lumber has progressed vigorously, not enough, however, to offset losses in cereals and live stock.

Companies of many nations including the United States are working Rumanian oil wells near Ploesti, northwest of Bucharest (Bucuresti). They have increased production to 4,265,194 metric tons of oil per year. Rumania stands sixth, supplying 2.4 of the world production, although Rumanian oil represents 13 per cent of the increase in world production.

Buys American Automobiles.

Despite the depression, and lack of roads, sales of automobiles, most of them American, continue to increase. In 1928 12,000 were sold—a record. Many of them go to the oil fields where they permit the engineers in charge of outlying wells to get to Ploesti occasionally for the enjoyment of companionship in the International club.

Automobiles are the biggest item of American imports which include accessories, films, oil field equipment, radios, phonographs and records, engines, insecticides and electric refrigerators to the amount of $12,000,000. Walnuts and fur skins are Rumania's chief exports to the United States.

Among the improvements to which Rumania looks forward is the reclamation of vast areas of swamp land. Seven thousand square miles of marsh will afford ample land for the remaining landless peasants, numbering about 600,000.

The nation has its own national church, the Orthodox Eastern church. Other churches have numerous members, however, among them the Unitarian church.

Bucharest (Bucuresti), capital of Rumania, has long been known as "The Little Paris of the Balkans." It has many earmarks of the French capital. One of its wide tree-lined thoroughfares is called the "Little Champs Elysee" and there is an Arc de Triomphe, both of which suggest the atmosphere of Paris. The bridle paths flanking the thoroughfare constantly resound with the thud of hoofs of blooded horses, mounted by smart looking men and women; and the seemingly endless mass of pedestrians strolls in a gay mood with no apparent destination.

Here and on other fine thoroughfares lined with palatial residences and fine church and government buildings a sad countenance is out of place. However, this portion of the city has no corner on smiles for the doorways of the humblest Bucharest homes in the cobbled byways of the poorer section of the city are filled with smiling, chattering parents while their children boisterously run here and there while playing native games. The meat vendor with whole slaughtered animals swinging on the end of a long pole, vendors of sweet meats, and even some of the multitude of beggars are a cheerful lot.

Bucharest Has Fine Shops.

Bucharest impresses the traveler from the time he emerges from one of its modern hotels downtown. Shops as fine as can be found in most capitals of the world line the business streets. Behind large plate glass windows the American traveler finds such familiar articles as American-made flashlights, radios and phonographs.

It is not necessary to find an automobile salesman to see American automobiles on display. The streets are full of them. In front of a hotel or business building six to eight of a dozen automobiles are popular American makes and across the street a billboard is plastered with an advertisement of a popular car made in Michigan. The doorways of the large movie or cinema houses display bright colored advertisements with the names of American actresses emblazoned in large letters.

Bucharest is a walled town, without the wall. Crowded, as was the custom when city walls were the main defense, Bucharest drops away from the glitter of the Calea Victoriei and the boulevards to the run-down Orientalism of the outer sections and then abruptly to the empty, dusty plain. Its population has more than doubled in the last decade and houses, as elsewhere in eastern Europe, are at a premium. It requires influence, persistence and bribery to get into one of the few hotels, the main attractions of which are the dining rooms, often open to the sky.

Surrounded as it is by rich farming country, Bucharest has not lacked for food, and the restaurants are well filled at all times. The Rumanian loves the uniform, and high heels on soft laced boots like those of the French aviators suit the fancy of the young dandies whose perfumed mustaches preserve their dignity by reaching straight out instead of turning up at the ends. The women are chic.

Some Striking Contrasts.

The few fine buildings are mixed in with unassuming structures which would never be at home in Paris or Berlin, and opposite the imposing War College Tzigane women may be working at a noisy power saw which is reducing crooked poles to firewood. The few main streets are lined with modern buildings and new residence avenues are stretching out toward the periphery of the circular city; but in the crowded center of the town the confusing litter of tiny streets and alleys reminds one of a rabbit warren.

In the market place, the traveler gets a glimpse of the rural folk who cluster about stands of vegetables which they bring to the city from the rolling farm land nearby. Here the men seem to display no particular type of costume, most of them wearing European coats and trousers and there are as many derbies as there are caps and soft hats and fez-shaped woolen head coverings. On the other hand the women folk blaze forth in bright-colored shawls which cover the head and shoulders, and aprons with stripes of a half dozen unblending colors. Their dresses are just short enough to reveal in the summer time that all feet are not shod.

A Few Little Smiles

LOOKED QUEER

The Bride (indignantly)—I never was so embarrassed in my life!

The Groom—Why, whassa matter, dearie?

The Bride—All through the wedding ceremony you had your eyes glued on the side door marked "Exit," and the best man actually started two or three times to grab you as if he thought you were going to make a dash for it.

AN ACCIDENT

He—"Did that girl who was so determined to marry George get him?" She—"No, she did not." He—"Did he die of accident or disease?"

From a Rear Seat

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
On the vaudeville stage afar!
I wonder how you'd look if I,
With glasses up, were sitting nigh?

Carry On

Pat, who was moving, had asked one or two of his friends to carry his chicken-house round for him.

They found this a very strenuous job, but struggled on. About halfway they set the coop down to have a rest when one of them suddenly exclaimed: "Why, where's Pat?"

"I'm all right," came a voice from inside the house, "I'm carrying the perches."—Exchange.

Godspeed!

"Let me take $10 will you? I left my wallet at home."

"Sorry, but I can't. I'll put you in the way of getting it, though."

"Thanks. How?"

"Here's a dime for carfare. Run home and get your wallet."

Education Something Fierce

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the mistress of a fashionable home of the prospective negro maid.

"Dey was too highbrow fer me," she answered. "Dey was always fightin' an' fussin', an it sho' kept me busy runnin' from de keyhole to de diction ary, so Ah got mad an' quit."

Nerve

"What's this extra charge for oil?" demanded the motorist.

"That's for the oil we left on the upholstery," explained the garage man.

HIS OWN GAME FIRST

She—"Do you ever give any consideration to our foreign relations?" He—"Can't say I do. My poor relations get all I have to give."

Economics

The old experience comes again
To all the conscientious lands,
With many striving to explain
What no one clearly understands

Even Split

Angry Mistress—"In the time it takes me to tell you to do the work, I could do it myself."

Housemaid—"Yes'm, and in the time it takes me to listen to you, so could I."

Foolish Chance to Take

"George was killed going to pay a debt."

"There! That is what comes of wanting to pay one's debts."—Stray Stories.

Education's Costs

"Since you gave your son a car has he kept his promise to do more studying at college?"

"I'm certain of it, because he writes home much oftener now for money for books."

Trained Caddy

The Collie—Loafing as usual?

The Terrier—Nope. I gotta job. I get a pork chop just for retrieving that little ball and dropping it some where near the hole.

PARADE

—By—

Evelyn Campbell

WNU Service

THE STORY

Linda Haverhill's father, ne'er-do-well, dies when she is seventeen.

CHAPTER I—Continued

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"Do? They do everything. Live? They live everywhere." He sent his long, white hand, fine as a woman's, in a gesture that indicated all that vast sweep of the city apart from their own environment. "They have been around you, child, all of your life, only, of course you never saw them, you never would—you never will. They built the houses you live in—they paved the streets. They spun the cloth you wear, the food you eat is handled by them in a hundred ways—all this passes through their hands, yet you have never knowingly seen them!" He stared, struck with this stupendous thought.

Linda looked puzzled and faintly distressed. She felt as if she had been caught mocking at something which after all was not amusing or ridiculous. She was more thoughtful than girls of her age usually are, and there was novelty in this viewpoint that caught her attention. But before she could reply the procession, changing every minute, yet always the same, had claimed her wonder again.

The music came fainter and fainter from its distance. The best and showiest of the bands had gone by, and the tail of the comet was escorted by the leftovers of drums and fifes. There was not a splendid automobile to be seen—and no bowing. The tall silk hats had become extinct. Patrolmen appeared on corners. They shouldered the crowd, and women and old men began to garner their flocks of startled awry children. Before long it was impossible to tell where the marchers and the crowd were divided, for the street was a maelstrom of pushing, worrying bodies, striving against one another for the right of way to nowhere. Authority lost patience.

Behind the brown awnings, safe and sound from all this flurry, in Cousin Amy's fine house on the avenue, Jim Haverhill talked to his daughter and used the sight they had just witnessed to point his lesson and send it home.

"Look down in the street and you will see life. I could not show you a fitter picture if we walked through all the galleries of the earth. Those poor fools—grubs—you called them! Would the crowd come out to watch them march? Who cared or watched, after the band and the cars and the uniforms went by? It's their one day of the year when we—our kind—are out of the city and they can play at calling it their own. Yet even then they've got to resort to fine feathers to make their own little show worth while. Poor, grubs! Smart butterflies! Let 'em dig and sweat and struggle until doomsday and they'll never be half as important to the world as a red coat with a dancing stick. That's life, Linda."

"It doesn't seem fair," she remarked.

"Fair," he sneered, "of course, it isn't fair. Nothing is fair. And it is humanity itself that encourages—breds—unfairness. As long as men have eyes, they will be caught with color. As long as they have ears, they would rather hear music than groans. It's the parade that counts, Linda, my love. And they've learned it—the people who want to get things done. You can put yourself over with a brass band and a bow when you might crawl on your knees to the edge of the Red sea and never be heard from."

Linda, who, at sixteen, owned sables that were much too fine to be worn until she was twenty-five, had already brushed close enough to the swamp of poverty to know its chill breath. They lived in Cousin Amy's house that summer; slept in grand mahogany beds; but they used the servants' sheets, and there was only a grouchy caretaker in the basement living rooms. Often she carried secret packages from the corner grocery—bits of food that did not require experienced cooking. She did not like this. There was something fearsome and frightening about it—much too near the grewsome procession that walked. After that day she listened attentively to all her father had to say. He tried to crowd all the dubious wisdom of his past into the few days that remained, and she reached for it avidly.

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Amy Ralston returned to America three weeks after Haverhill's death. She was very much annoyed. Not, of course, because the poor creature was dead—she admitted that no one has control of the life forces and she knew that the end had to come to every one—but she thought it inconsiderate of him to die in her house. She had expected to begin a series of dinner dances immediately, and this necessitated a period of mourning, however brief. Mourning called for more clothes, when her trunks were already bursting with fresh Paris toilettes.

It was comforting to reflect that only the family and a few old friends knew about Jim Haverhill and whether he was among the quick or the dead.

"There is the daughter," she said speculatively to her husband who whistled off key but was much too wise to offer suggestions. "A girl like that may be a frightful responsibility or an—asset, as her poor father would have said."

But when she saw Linda in her slim black, poised with a gentle gravity that placed her grief in a sacred secluded background, the first pleasurable moment of the whole sad affair presented itself.

"The girl is a beauty," she exulted as a good showman always exults over beauty. "She looks like her mother, who was a fool, or she never would have married Jim Haverhill, but if this child is as clever as she looks—"

Linda was clever. She was not yet seventeen, but her mind was twenty-seven—a mind as keen and superrefined as her lithe body. She knew of life as a game in which cleverness and savoir faire counted largely, and

"The Girl Is a Beauty," She Exulted, as a Good Showman Always Exults Over Beauty.

she calmly regarded her youth and beauty as trump cards. The girl was not romantic; she was free from silly complexes, and she had no heroes. Her lips curled when some one spoke of movie gods, and she was never known to read a modern novel. But with all this Linda was a charming creature, polished and fine.

CHAPTER II

"Poor Jim's Daughter"

When the sad business of erasing Jim Haverhill was well over and Cousin Amy's house was coming out of its coma, Linda put on her close little hat one day and went to see Senator Converse.

There was not the slightest difficulty in getting an interview. As she followed the clerk through one room after another she thought how rich and powerful the senator must be. The carpets were like cushions under her feet, and everything gleamed with shining surfaces and silence. Only a very important man could command silence like that in the heart of the city.

Senator Converse was extremely warm and sympathetic in his greeting. He heaved his ponderous body from his swivel chair and waddled to meet her. As his hot, limp hands closed over hers she felt herself smothering. She looked down in embarrassment and discovered that his feet were enormous—long and flat and encased in heelless patent leather shoes that accentuated their shapeless unpleasantness.

"Poor Jim's daughter," he wheezed, leading her after him "upon my word! I have just learned—why didn't you telegraph me at once? I would have come or sent—" He fell into a long silence looking at her in surprise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uniformity in Spelling Making Slow Progress

Of all the hundreds of languages in the world Spanish is recognized as the most perfect phonetic. The Italian tongue is a close second. This is why these tongues are among the easiest for foreigners to learn. The French academy has made some progress toward a uniform spelling of French, but the system is yet far from perfect.

When it is remembered that even Shakespeare spelled his own name in 30 different ways, it is not hard to sympathize with foreigners and elementary pupils in our own schools who face the difficulties of mastering the multitudinous forms of spelling.

Perhaps some time a uniform system may be adopted by English speaking peoples, but it will not be soon.—Kansas City Star.

Hat Sizes

Hat sizes are fixed by measuring the length inside, from front to back, and then the middle width. Add together and divide by two. The result is the size.

Whale Leather Gloves Out

Women of Europe are again finding the whale an aid to their wardrobe. Whale "leather" is being used in making fashionable gloves, and style leaderes have approved the new material composed of the intestines of the huge swimmers. The new gloves are delicately soft, but so tough that it is almost impossible to wear them out. The whale has not contributed to women's styles since the days of the whalebone for corsets.

Foot Arches

There are four arches in the foot—the long arch at the inside of the foot from heel to great toe, the front arch across the ball of the foot, the arch at the outside of the foot from the heel to the base of the small toe, and the arch across the middle of the foot under the instep.

Designating It

Dentist—Which tooth do you want extracted?

Pullman Porter—Lowuh seben.

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