

Three of Europe's Queens, Real Democrats in Aiding Armies to Win the War

QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA, the "Soldier Queen," Cemented Her People to the Allies' Cause, Kept Her Spirit in the Face of Personal Bereavement, as a Nurse Fought Disease at the Bedside of Her Stricken Subjects, and Scorned German Peace Treaty When King Ferdinand Capitulated.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM, Often Exposed to Enemy Fire in Her Broken Country Whose Armies Her Husband, King Albert, is Heroically Leading, and Her Son Fighting at the Front, Devotes Her Whole Day to the Care of Wounded and Refugees.

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND, Spared the Dramatic Requirements of Enemy Invasion, Sets British Housewives an Example of Household Retrenchment, Spends Hours in Soldiers' Hospitals, Writes Letters and Makes Delicacies for the Wounded and Gives Herself to Her Country's Needs.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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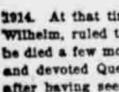
IN the heart of one woman there is to-day special rejoicing over the end of Germany's dream of Mitteleuropa, the end ordained by the Bulgarian peace and the consequent likelihood of German evacuation of Roumania.

That proudly happy woman is Queen Marie of Roumania, one of Europe's three war queens who have made good when judged by democracy's exacting standards of individual usefulness and distinction.

Queen Marie's two royal companions in honor are Queen Elizabeth of Belgium and Queen Mary of England.

QUEEN MARIE.

Like the British Boadicea, of splendid legend, Roumanian Queen Marie has won the title of "Soldier Queen." Born an English Princess, a cousin of King George, Queen Marie sympathized strongly with the cause of the Allies from the outbreak of the war in 1914.



At that time her father-in-law, King Charles, a kinsman of Kaiser Wilhelm, ruled the country and promised its neutrality to Germany. But he died a few months later, and then Roumania, in the phrase of its brave and devoted Queen, "answered the call of the Allies courageously, even after having seen the Calvary of Serbia and Belgium."

A Calvary of her own awaited Queen Marie. Her baby, the youngest of her six children, three-year-old Prince Mirza, was a victim of the German invasion. He died of typhus in the palace at Bucharest just before Gen. Mackensen's invading army took possession of the city.

Another account makes him the direct victim of a German atrocity. It has been said that at the beginning of his illness he told his governess he had eaten some bonbons which he found on the grass in the garden. Later investigation tended to show that the candies, charged with microbes, had been dropped there by German aviators.

"It is my birthday," Queen Marie has described pathetically that cruel time. "A day set apart for national rejoicing, and death stands waiting, waiting at the side of my child's bed. Others are also waiting for me; my wounded are waiting; they, too, are my children. On this day all have a right over me. Filling my arms with flowers, I hurry to the beds of my wounded—there is so little time—my child is dying."

That night the little boy died, and the mother and Queen had barely time to bury him before fleeing from the Germans about to enter the capital.

On another occasion, during the campaign of 1916, German aviators made a special trip to drop bombs on the summer home of Queen Marie during her husband's absence at the front. She was alone with her children and a few servants. Most fortunately the bombs missed their target. Gallant Queen Marie's morale was absolutely unaffected. One may fancy her yearning for an anti-aircraft gun to retaliate on her chivalrous enemy.

When the Roumanian Army, overcome by superior numbers, was retreating, Queen Marie accompanied it, enduring every hardship without complaint and doing all in her power for the sufferings of such wounded men as she could reach. Finally she arrived at Jassy, a town in the eastern section of the country where the remnants of the army and many civilian refugees congregated.

In the midst of frightful disease, suffering and want the Queen of Roumania worked day after day as a Sister of Charity in the hospitals, and sent to the outside world noble and eloquent appeals for her people's relief. Meanwhile the Germans were conducting a peace offensive against King Ferdinand, during which Emperor Charles of Austria wrote his famous "This is a time when kings must stick together" letter. And Ferdinand capitulated, assented to a shameful and outrageous treaty of peace.

But so Queen Marie. She refused to sign the treaty, said that she

would abdicate rather than remain Queen by grace of Germany, and in the loyal and unreconciled portion of her country was a firebrand of rebellion whispering into the ears of the soldiers she nursed that they must get well to fight again.

Forced to witness the formal demobilization of the Roumanian Army, she exclaimed fiercely: "Please God, it shall not be for long. With God's help we will fight again, and I pray the day is not far off. My soul will never rest until the honor of the country is vindicated before the eyes of our Allies." A few days ago a despatch to The World spoke of Queen Marie as prime mover in an anti-German outbreak in Roumania, and contained her personal pledge to the American people that "Roumania will never remain the vassal of Germany."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

An equally splendid indifference to personal danger and hardship, an equal readiness to sacrifice and endure, has been manifested since the very beginning of the war by Queen Elizabeth of Belgium.

She is a Queen who has had to live daily with the thought that haunts so many women not of royal blood—the knowledge that her husband faces privation, wounds, death itself in the trenches. For that very great gentleman and democrat, King Albert of the Belgians, leads his troops in person. Queen Elizabeth's oldest son also is fighting his country's battles.

She herself has been many times exposed to enemy fire. In 1915 she walked through six miles of Belgian front line trenches during a sharp bombardment. A year later, during another visit to the first line trenches, her camera was shattered by a German bullet. More than one Zeppelin raid apparently has been directed against Queen Elizabeth personally. Once while reviewing her troops at La Panne five Taubas loaded with bombs passed overhead, but the Queen was gallantly unconscious of their presence.

Just after the invasion of Belgium Queen Elizabeth took her children to safety in England, then settled down in an exceedingly simple home near her husband in the little corner of Belgium still unoccupied by Germans. Her whole day is devoted to the care of wounded and refugees. Before she became a Queen she won the degree of M. D. at Leipsic, and her big hospital for the restoration of crippled soldiers at La Panne is a model of its kind. Her latest bit of fearlessness was a flight across the English Channel in a seaplane to attend the wedding anniversary of King George and Queen Mary.

QUEEN MARY.

Which brings us, naturally enough, to the last of the trio of war Queens who are truly queens. An older woman and a ruler of an uninvaded country, Queen Mary of England has not had made on her the dramatic demands which have confronted Queen Elizabeth and Queen Marie.

Three Queens—Three Real Democrats

MARIE OF ROUMANIA, ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM, AND MARY OF ENGLAND, WHO HAVE MET WAR'S EXACTING STANDARDS OF INDIVIDUAL USEFULNESS AND DISTINCTION



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM.

QUEEN MARY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

'Women More Intelligent Than Men,' Says H. L. Mencken

"The Fact That Men Get Married Proves It"

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

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MAN'S womanfolk, whatever their outward show of respect for his merit and authority, always regard him secretly as an ass and with something akin to pity. His most gaudy sayings and doings seldom deceive them; they see the actual man within, and know him for a shallow and pathetic fellow. The appearance in the normal family circle is a hero, a magnificent, a demi-god. The substance is a poor mountebank.

Irate reader, these are not the words of a "sour old maid," "disappointed divorcee," "Suffragette fanatic" or anybody else that you suspect. They are the sober utterance of H. L. Mencken in his latest book, published by Philip Goodman, which he has called "In Defense of Women," but which might be christened more accurately "In Defense of Bachelors." For even while making the novel claim that women "have almost a monopoly on certain of the subtler and more utile forms of intelligence," Mr. Mencken declares that all first-rate men endeavor to escape matrimony, and though a few succumb in their later years to "empty flappers, scheming widows and trained nurses with a highly developed professional technique of sympathy," they commonly marry badly.

I need not say after this that Mr. Mencken is a bachelor still at large. As many people know, he is joint editor of the Smart Set with George Jean Nathan, and in the official biographies of these two militant celebrities has never loved any girl over twenty, while Mr. Mencken has always been unable to interest himself in any woman under thirty years old. No one assumes that those among us who

are still in the arid stretch from twenty to thirty must simply pine and pine.

Mr. Mencken's views are always interesting, honest and courageous. I am not half so brave as he, so in retreating down I shall neither assent nor dissent, save in one instance. For despite Mr. Mencken's assertion that no woman nor a Gorgon has ever denied it, I specifically and publicly do deny it.

But England's Queen, in all sorts of simple homely useful ways, has made good. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, which she founded in the first weeks of the war, proved an invaluable agency for keeping in self-respecting comfort the women folk of soldiers during a period of industrial disorganization. Queen Mary has spent hours in soldiers' hospitals, even writing letters for wounded privates who had no idea of her identity. To the War Office a call for 400,000 socks in the first month of the war the Queen responded like any British housewife. She has Hooverized relentlessly, observing meanness and potatoe days, serving the simplest dinners and no alcohol for the duration of the war. On the other hand,

through which marriage by capture of innocent males is effected has been passed down the ages from mother to daughter. I say furthermore that, with exceptional opportunities for friendships and intellectual intimacies with other women, I have never gleaned from a single woman the slightest pearl from this phantom jewel casket of sex lore. To be sure, there are current among the intellectually ingenious of my sex, including married women who consult fortune-tellers, the lower forms of chorus girls and the elective affinities of the lower class and suit trade, certain attitudes about the management and enmeshment of men which a few of them are actually innocent enough to put into practice. But no really successful siren ever pays any attention to them.

Mr. Mencken says that "women never acknowledge that they have fallen in love until the man has for a while avowed the delusion, and so cut off his retreat; to do otherwise would be to bring down upon their heads the mocking and contumely of all their sisters."

This sounds to me like an extract from Godley's Lady's Book in the early sixties. It is difficult to realize that a man living in 1918 can have written and believed it. The fact that Mr. Mencken resides in Baltimore is no apology for his unsoberification, for the Southern belle is the most untiring and resourceful of all the man-stalkers, and continued residence, unweid, in any Southern city makes a man a thirty-third degree bachelor.

Women are more intelligent than men, but men have a certain capacity for detail, a small expertise in dull mechanical tricks against which women rebel. And this rebellion testifies to their intelligence, Mr. Mencken thinks.

Turn, he says, to the field in which the two sexes come most commonly into conflict—the field, to wit, of monogamous marriage. The very fact that marriages occur at all is a proof that women are more successful for relatively long periods; a few extraordinarily intelligent and courageous men (or perhaps merely lucky ones) escape altogether. But taking one generation with another, as every one knows, the average man is duly married and the average woman gets a husband. Ergo, the majority of women manifest their substantial superiority to the majority of men.

The Flags of the Allied Nations

By T. L. Sanborn

No. 5—Czecho-Slovakia.

WITHIN the past year a new flag has been added to the inspiring company of the world's national banners. This is the standard of the Czecho-Slovakia, whose existence as a belligerent nation has been formally recognized by the United States and others of the Allied Powers.

The Czecho-Slovak flag consists of two horizontal stripes, the upper one white, the lower red. For 1,400 years the Czecho-Slovaks have lived in the centre of Europe, but not until lately has the attention of Americans been called to them.

American Canteen Girls Had Three Jobs on Hands In Recent U. S. Drive

Miss Morgan's Committee First Served American Soldiers Who Cleared Territory of Germans, Next Fed Harvesters Who Gathered In Crops of Restored Area, Then Cared for Returning Refugees.

By Helen H. Hoffman

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OVERRUN by the German Army only a few weeks ago, the beautiful country stretching north from the Marne to the battle line near Rheims presented a picture yesterday of peaceful rural life once more. Along the route where the Germans dragged their heavy cannon and the big guns that dropped shells carelessly about the French capital all was quiet, save for the sound of the scythes and the voices of French soldiers and old men as these little groups of erstwhile farmers, with their coats cast aside, cut and bound and stacked the ripe crops of wheat and oats and hay left safe behind when the army of the Crown Prince decided that it preferred new fields to wholesale slaughter of its numbers.

And assisting with this peaceful work are a number of American girls who before coming here figured prominently in the social life of a dozen different cities but are now members of a group of young women working with the committee headed by Miss Anne Morgan in the devastated districts.

In this big section these young women, under Miss Morgan's direction, did a notable piece of work, now spoken of with happy recollections by the American boys who charged the enemy there a few weeks ago.

When the poor people of these villages planted their crops they little thought that they would be molested again by the invaders. And driven for the second time out of their homes, they were filled with despair as they pictured the Germans trampling out of existence all fruits of their hard months of labor.

With the stirring reports of the Franco-American successes, and finally the assurance given them that their crops had been saved, these people were overwhelmed with joy. Many of them insisted upon returning home at once in order to harvest the crops. But an even greater disappointment awaited them at the threshold of their villages. The crops had been spared, but their defeated homes lay gray and broken before them, a mass of tumbled stone ruins. All the small stores were gone and the Germans had helped themselves to the garden truck.

And so in this abandoned stretch of country the soldier farmers toiled, gathering the crops. And working hand in hand with the grain gleaners were Miss Morgan's girls operating their canteens in much the same way as they had carried on this work for the American boys when the reserves had trooped through the little villages on their way to the front. Throughout the past few weeks of harvest time little Ford camions, which are part of the equipment of Miss Morgan's working committee, have fetched food to the farmers.

This work has been carried on in a most systematic fashion. A field kitchen was set up in a farming community where harvesting was going on and a hot lunch and a hot supper were served to the men. About two hundred farm hands were fed this way by each kitchen unit daily.

Dozens of cans of American baked beans were heated for one meal, while hot rice or soup was served at other times, and always cheese and coffee or chocolate. A store of supplies had been sent to Chateau-Thierry, and from there the little camions carried the food to the various communities where hay and crop gathering was going on.

And now as the harvest is almost in and the army advances further to the north and the villages become safer for the return of the refugees, another problem is presented. Although warned of the discomforts and utter lack of facilities for getting and storing the food in this section, scores of the women and children and old men would insist upon going back to what was once known as home. But where would they obtain sufficient food for their needs? Stores had been annihilated and the Germans had taken everything left behind.

So from serving hot chocolate and sandwiches to the American boys, and later on to the harvesters, Miss Morgan's committee has undertaken now to furnish food supplies to the returning refugees.

In some little camions now represent in type a perfect American canteen. They are stored with staple articles of food, and in addition they carry soap and candles. As cooking utensils are likewise in demand, the travelling stores often carry a number of these.

Most of the little French villages have a big open square around which the dwellings are grouped. In these squares last week the moving grocery stores made their first appearance.

One of the drivers of these little camions, who has traversed this recaptured territory again and again carrying supplies of cigarettes and chocolate to the American soldiers, and food to the harvesters, and house-

Smallest Landscape Painting in World, On Grain of Corn



By W. G. Bowdoin.

THE fame of Samuel T. Schultz rests largely upon a bit of miniature painting he did fifty years ago, using a corn grain instead of the more conventional medium.

Mr. Schultz lives in Camden, N. J., and maintains a scenic and mural painting studio at Wilmington, Del.

Although he is over seventy years of age, he still retains all of his youthful enthusiasm in his work.

When he was nineteen years old he attended the funeral of James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, at Wheatland, Pa. On his way home he plucked an ear of corn from a field on the dead man's estate.

His first intention was to paint a portrait of Buchanan on one of the grains. Failing in this project, Mr. Schultz substituted a landscape, which he painted in oil on a corn grain as here pictured, thus producing what is credited with being the smallest landscape painting in the world.

As the motif is a winter scene, a windmill is shown at the right with its roof and sails snow laden. Across the road, done in perspective, stands a chalet, dominated by the snow. Mountains rear themselves in the background in well rounded curves, and there is a single figure shown in the foreground which well serves to intensify and accentuate the effect of space and distance. Snow whitened rocks border the roadway.