

RUMANIA, FIFTEENTH NATION IN WAR, A LAND OF CONTRASTS

After Taking Two Years to Choose Between the Contending Nations, She May Now Realize Her Ambition to Be Dominating Power in Balkans

A LAND with no national history and no national traditions; with a people claiming a Latin origin yet willingly ruled by a Hohenzollern; with an army made up of men who express the hope that "the wilderness may eat the flesh of him who devised soldiery," yet fired with a patriotic fervor for the defence of their country; with her capital one of the gayest of Europe, thronged with spendthrift absentees land owners, while her peasantry live in hovels—this is Rumania, the fifteenth state to enter the European war.

A schoolgirl who was asked by what Rumania was bounded, replied, "By enemies." The politicians, of which a Frenchman said Rumania's annual output was ample to supply all Europe, would have answered, "By people of her own race held enthralled by foreign governments." Rumania has more of these than any other country of southeastern Europe. They number more, in fact, than the population within the boundaries of her kingdom. With the same racial ambitions that actuate the other Balkan nations, she seeks to bring them under her own standard. With such a problem to undertake, with such a mass of politicians to placate and with such a nation of contradictions to reconcile it is no great wonder that it has taken Rumania two years to make up her mind to enter the great struggle.

For these two years Bucharest, her metropolis and capital, has been the gayest city in Europe. Freely, she has revelled in her title of the "Paris of the Balkans." For two years she has enjoyed the assiduous attentions of the rival Powers. For two years she has been feted and courted and her favors sought in every agreeable way. Now it is all over. With the lot of Rumania finally cast with that of the Allies Bucharest finds herself in the position of a spoiled belle who has married for love and future prospects, but who must now do her own housework.

Rumania has thoroughly enjoyed the courtship period, indeed, no other neutral nation has had so gay a time of watchful waiting as she. Russian gold has flowed in a steady stream, while German and Austrian agents have filled the country, making holiday and spending money freely. Hotels in Bucharest have been crowded to the doors. The restaurants, the gambling casinos, the gay resorts of every kind, have been swamped with business. Every form of amusement has been stimulated by the visitors in the attempt to create public sentiment in favor of their respective causes. Ready to this particular form of stimulation that Bucharest, whose Rumanian name, Bucuresti, means literally "City of Joy." Always living up to its name to the limit of its resources, the developments in that particular line during the last two years have been beyond its wildest dreams.

Bucharest in a way is Rumania. There is no other large town to rival it either as a financial or governmental center. It is the home of the Rumanian royal family and the Rumanian Government. To know and understand its history, its politicians and its people, is to know the best and the worst of Rumania. Its growth from a half wild,



King Ferdinand I. of Rumania.

disorganized community into a modern capital with a life and individuality of its own is a remarkable and interesting transition.

When Prince Charles of Hohenzollern went there in 1866 to assume the crown he found the houses little more than mud hovels. The streets were un paved and for the most part unlighted. Gypsies were encamped under the windows of the royal palace, and pigs were rooting about the front doorsteps. Only one other monarch of modern times, William of Wied, erstwhile ruler of Albania, has entered into a more unpromising kingdom.

Today Bucharest has all the aspects of a flourishing modern capital. It has boulevards that would be a credit to any city. Its parks and public squares, street after street of shops and handsome homes set down in charming gardens. Its area is almost as great as that of Paris, though its population amounts to only about 250,000 people. But the streets are wide and the parks and the open spaces are crowded with people. In the years ago the city suffered from a real estate boom and was greatly overbuilt. About 1910 its further extension for a certain term of years was restricted and a definite plan for its development and beautification adopted.

The public buildings of Bucharest are more expensive and numerous than beautiful. The Germans describe them as "the most florid type of French architecture," while the French attribute them to the "worst type of Italian architecture." The chief of them is the cathedral, the Domnea Balasa, is well placed on a low hill. The chief of them is the cathedral, the Domnea Balasa, is well placed on a low hill. The chief of them is the cathedral, the Domnea Balasa, is well placed on a low hill.

The cathedral, the Domnea Balasa, is well placed on a low hill. The chief of them is the cathedral, the Domnea Balasa, is well placed on a low hill. The chief of them is the cathedral, the Domnea Balasa, is well placed on a low hill.



Rumanian Lancers in Full Equipment. Photo © by American Press Assoc.



The City Hall of Bucharest.

with onlookers, pale faced, decadent looking youths, puffly eyed officers in tasseled boots and gold laced uniforms. The cafes and restaurants fill the streets with their tables out. In the garden cafes the gypsy orchestras play their wildest dances. The restaurants flaunt their lines and exotic looking men and women crowd the tables. The night life of the city has begun. Not until the sun is rising will the lights grow dim, the crowds on the streets lessen.

Let no one suppose, however, that Bucharest is a true reflection of Rumanian life and character. Just as the strength of the army is not in the pasty faced looking officers of the boulevards and in the sturdy, stocky little peasant soldiers, so is the strength of the nation not in the money made oil or salt kings who are the spenders of the city, but in the small peasant land owners, who cultivate from twelve to twenty-five acres each. Rumania is an agricultural country. More than 80 per cent of its people are engaged in tilling the soil.

The curse of the rural districts is the land laws and the problem of huge estates and absentee landlords. The soil of Rumania is very fertile, and is the source of most of the country's prosperity as well as of its troubles. At the time of the Roman occupation the conquerors distributed huge tracts of land among their favorite soldiers. Many of the great estates still trace their history directly to these rewards of service. Directly to the city can do to gain a better life, and is the source of most of the country's prosperity as well as of its troubles.



A Group of Rumanian Shepherds.

with the increase in population. Of their own and the family's clothes, and they work in the fields, doing all except hay stacking, which is considered beyond their mental capacity. They bear and rear huge families, and they never from the time of their marriage know the mysterious relaxation from the grind. A French writer says, however, that a Rumanian man once explained to him that the lot of the man was much harder than that of the woman. The man, he said, sought relaxation from his troubles in the cafes and cabarets. But returning home, hearing the cries of his hungry children, he was forced to suffer what the mother, who has never left home, never knew—the pangs of remorse for the money he had spent.

The country districts of Rumania have strange and mysterious characteristics around which are woven many stories, half fact, half tradition. The shepherds who take their flocks every year to the uplands, spending six months in utter solitude, appear just often enough in the lives of the people to punctuate all the tales that grow up about them. They are supposed always by great white bands as mysterious and as savage as they themselves. Their hair is long and loose, and they wear a loose smock and mantle and tall white cap. These men, it is said, never sleep in a house, but always, whatever the weather, pass the night with their flocks. The stories go a bit further, and assert that they never grow old and never die, and that they marry only the fairies.

The monks of the mountains are another group of mysterious people around which many tales gather. They seem as a matter of fact to be a loosely organized sort of Franciscan brotherhood. When a brother becomes so ascetic that he is dissatisfied with the life in his community he goes off to himself and becomes the nucleus for a new community. Rumania, like all great agricultural countries, has need of a port. This she has developed at Constantza, on the Black Sea. Braila and Galatz on the Danube are in many ways better ports, but they are closed by ice during the winter, and the Government has, therefore, not spent very much on their development. Constantza, however, has had great sums spent on it to meet the demands of the rapidly growing grain and oil trade.

The women of Rumania are the real captains of industry. They not only keep house after a ritual so exacting that it sets forth just where the broom should be kept, but they are in relation to the sweepings of half a dozen days, weave, embroider and make



Queen Marie of Rumania.

The journey from the capital to this port is uninteresting, the railroad traveling for many miles the vast wooded plains, the steep slopes of Rumania. Such towns as there are seem well built and substantial, but the villages are miserable. If it chanced to be a holiday, the stations are all crowded with peasants decked in their gayest costumes coming to see the train as it thrills the streets of Rumania. Just before reaching Tchernavoda the train crosses the Danube on a fine bridge of which the country is justly proud. The bridge is 750 meters long, but it is protected by elaborate works that make it a great engineering feat.

The climate of this part of the country is hard, with blazing heat and drought in summer and piercing cold and great snows in winter. Yet it is extremely fertile and productive. Just before reaching Tchernavoda the train crosses the Danube on a fine bridge of which the country is justly proud. The bridge is 750 meters long, but it is protected by elaborate works that make it a great engineering feat.

After Tchernavoda, the monotonous plains continue until the appearance of huge red oil tanks in the distance announces the approach to Constantza. It is a small, unimportant town, with many more or less of a strange mixture of nationalities and clattering with a babel of tongues. Here the Government has built a colossal system of docks and elevators, all of the most modern and scientific construction. Here, too, are the grain elevators, and the oil tanks, and the warehouses, and the foreign flags, notably the Austrian, have been much more common in her ports than her own colors.

North of Bucharest, near the border of Transylvania, where the newly declared war has already made itself felt, is the summer capital, the little town of Sinaia. It is a beautiful valley with mountains rising on either side, and consists almost entirely of the villas buried in flowers and shrubs. From the valley the road winds up through trees to the palaces of the late King Charles, a truly remarkable example of the style of the early renaissance and Rumanian rococo, whatever that may be. It is really an enormous chalet and is not half bad after all, in spite of its huge proportions and the big painting over the entrance reminiscent of the brasseries of Munich. The king's lifetime was an absolute riot of furniture and ornament. "Half the contents of the villa might be removed," said a visitor, "and no one would miss them."

Further up on the mountain side is the small chateau occupied by the present king and queen before their accession. It is called Bolsoi and is furnished throughout in English style. Queen Marie, who is a niece of the late King Edward VII, has no great

Bucharest One of Gayest Capitals in Europe; Hovels for the Peasants—Soldiers Who Love Peace but Are Inspired by Patriotic Fervor for War

fondness for Sinaia, though in a little hut built among the branches of a great tree and christened by her "The Nest" she spent some of her happier hours in her not very happy life as the Crown Princess. But she is tired of Sinaia, and whatever else the ending of the war may bring it is almost certain to find her established in a new summer palace in the mountains of Moldavia.

The pride of the Rumanians is their origin. The traveler who casually alludes to them as a Balkan people will find himself at once on very delicate ground. They assert their Roman descent and claim kinship with the Latin nations, a claim which is sustained by certain peculiarities of their language and national characteristics. They claim their Latin descent direct from the Roman legions that in the second and third centuries occupied Dacia, the lower Danube province. When the Romans were driven out, certain of the legionaries went off and sought refuge in the hills. Little by little they gained in strength until they became the progenitors of the present Rumanian people.

To the Magyar, who thinks he knows the Rumanian well, since he has 2,000,000 of them living with him in Transylvania, this is a great joke, and he refuses to believe that so humble and mild mannered a people could have sprung from Caesar's conquering legions. There is, however, evidence to sustain the contention. The Rumanians have the physical characteristics of southern Italians and great eyes and a gayety of spirit like their language is half one-half derived from Latin sources. Any one with a knowledge of Latin constructions and of French or Italian has no difficulty in making out a Rumanian newspaper.

Most of the legends and traditions of the past are of a very ancient vintage of their Roman ancestry. In both their marriage and burial customs are traces of the old Roman ceremonies. Rumanian oxen have always been named Caesar, Brutus and Cassius, while the name of Trajan appears in many more or less of a strange mixture of nationalities and clattering with a babel of tongues.

When Rumania threw off the Turkish yoke and became an independent state just fifty years ago it had no royal family of its own from which to select a new monarch. It was obliged to accept a foreign prince. The choice fell on Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who belonged to a minor, non-reigning branch of the Hohenzollern family. His relationship to the present Kaiser is extremely remote since their common ancestor lived during the reign of Charles V. After his death the house divided into two branches, the minor one, of which Charles was a member, remaining true to the Roman Catholic Church. In America the Queen, Carmen Sylva, probably is the better known than he.

For a century and a half the title of Prince of Rumania until 1881, when he assumed the title of King. He died shortly after the beginning of the present war, after his Council of Ministers had refused almost unanimously to go on his advice to enter the war on the side of the Central Powers. He was succeeded by his son, King Ferdinand, who, previous to his accession, was extremely unpopular, chiefly on account of his strong German sympathies.

Rumania aspires to bring under her own flag all neighboring lands where there are Rumanians. This she has done in the other Balkan states. It is a possibility for every one to be misled, does not disturb her in the least any more than it disturbs the other lands of far overlapping national boundaries. Rumania believes in miracles.

"History can boast of no greater miracle" says a Rumanian writer "than the survival of our race."

CABINET ADVISE FOR CONGRESS

By PERRY BELMONT.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the deadlock between the railroads and their employees, the clash has been the occasion of another demonstration that the impossible is attributed to the President and the impossible required of him. Again is illustrated the advantage of the proposed effort to minimize without changing our Constitution the dangers of personal government, in order that the President be not enabled to initiate personal policies the consequences of which even so great and powerful a nation as ours might have cause to regret.

President Wilson by his personal appearances before Congress has given evidence of his conviction that direct communication between the executive and legislative branches is necessary, but his personal addresses, and especially his last appeal to the joint sessions of the Senate and the House, have been of value as arguments in favor of the presence of the heads of the executive departments rather than of the Chief Executive himself.

The development of absolute discretionary powers yielded to the Chief Executive has been an uninterrupted growth in the United States. So accustomed has our country become to the exercise of power by executive orders and departmental rulings that political parties endeavor every four years to provide Presidential candidates who are expected to become rulers invested with an authority from which there is scarcely a restraint on the part of Congress, the coordinate branch of the Government. In order that he may be given full opportunity to serve his country there is a general disinclination to criticize the President's exercise of the powers temporarily entrusted to him. This in itself greatly magnifies them. Such an accumulation of unrestrained executive authority might become a more serious menace than this but for the fact that it is held during a limited period only, though the temptations offered to an ambitious President to succeed himself may obviously involve harmful

Perry Belmont Suggests Remedy for President's Growing Power

and dangerous consequences to the country. The Democratic party adopted at the Baltimore convention of 1912 an emphatic platform declaration in favor of a single term for the Presidency, which may be interpreted as the first official party protest against a continuation of personal government and an endeavor to put a check upon it. This provision of the Democratic platform was ignored and a persistent effort has been made to nullify it. Nevertheless, the joint resolution to limit the tenure of the President to a single term of six years, by a proposed amendment of the Constitution, was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 47 to 23 February 1, 1913, and sent to the House for concurrence.

Mr. Clayton of Alabama, then chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and since appointed to the bench, had it referred to his committee February 19, 1913. From that moment no further steps have been taken by Congress.

The presence of the heads of the departments before Congress is not suggested by the parliamentary practice of other governments, nor would an amendment to the Constitution be necessary. The suggestion belongs to the development of our own laws and should be discussed within its capacity of adjustment to our American system. No encouragement by the legislative branch upon the constitutional privilege of the President or of his Cabinet is proposed; no invasion by the executive of the jurisdiction of the legislative branch, nor any modification of the constitutional distribution and separation of the functions of the three departments of our government which are its distinctive and characteristic feature. Nor would such a change of the rules interfere with the existing methods of communication by written reports or by the personal presence before Congressional committees of members of the Cabinet and of subordinate chiefs of bureaus of the executive departments. The President should remain independent of Congress as to the manner in which he may choose to communicate information in regard to executive matters. The heads of the executive departments are there to aid him, and so far as responsible to him alone. The Constitution does not con-

tain the words "Cabinet officers." It says that the President may require the opinion in writing of the principal officers of the department. But when such officers are said to be "Cabinet advisers" to the President, it is within the scope of the law and of the spirit of the Constitution that the executive officers, or heads of the departments, should be admitted to attend the measures on the floor of Congress. It is only a question of expediency whether or not such a change in the method of procedure ought to be adopted.

The law organizing the Treasury may be accepted as a solution of this question. Congress in creating the office of Secretary of the Treasury declared that the secretary "shall make reports and give information to either branch of the Legislature, either in person or by writing, respecting all matters which shall appertain to his office as either house may require. The legislative branch could not require the President to come in person and compel answers to interrogators, but Congress, having created the office held by the heads of the departments, might assign new duties to them.

The experience of our Federal system suggested to the men who formed the Confederate Government and modeled its Constitution and laws upon our own that it would be an improvement to allow the members of the Cabinet seats on the floor of either house. They therefore preserved the existing provisions of our Constitution distributing the functions of government, and after the words "No person holding any office under the Confederate States shall be a member of either house during its continuance in office," they introduced the following clause: "That Congress may by law grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either house for the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department."

The proposition, therefore, is merely that the heads of the departments should be requested to communicate orally and directly what they now communicate in writing. Today leaders in both houses express the opinion that we are reaching

STEPS IN CANONIZING FATHER JOGUES

WHEN it was announced a few days ago that it was assured the Rev. Father Isaac Jogues would be canonized, the first saint who achieved his sanctity in North America, the question was asked at once, "Have there been miracles at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs?" For the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, which stands on the hill at Ansoyville, N. Y., overlooking the beautiful Mohawk Valley, was erected in honor of Father Jogues and his companions on the site of their martyrdom, and usually proof of miracles is required before the Church accords the supreme honor of canonization.

Usually, but not always, and the fact that there are exceptions is a detail that few save the best informed churchmen know. The Rev. Father John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* and student of the early history of his Church in America, explained the canonical requirements of canonization in a simple and graceful and painstakingly. Where proof of martyrdom is complete and where the martyrdom was suffered in the highest and purest way for the Faith, then proof of miracles is not necessary. Therefore at the ecclesiastical shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, the cause of the canonization of Father Jogues first was taken up the point concerning miracles was not pressed. Had it been insisted upon, there are stories of the shrine at Ansoyville which are not to be dismissed with a wave of the hand. For example, Father Wynne himself relates the story of a simple, pious couple who came to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs one summer when he was in charge. They had a son, a bright little fellow 8 years old, but a pitiful sufferer, his lip in a plaster cast. Two surgeons had pronounced him a hopeless cripple, if indeed he survived childhood. That last resort of modern scientific diagnosis, the X-ray, confirmed the surgeons' opinion.

The father of the boy was not a Catholic, but during his own faith. The mother was a member of the church. She talked to Father Wynne and he told her that at least one could intercessor in public prayers.

letter reached Father Wynne conveying the glad news that the boy was cured. He is alive and well to-day. The surgeons, from their institution, written articles attesting that the boy was well, and expressing, too, their amazement and their inability to offer an explanation.

Then there was the four-year-old boy whose legs were paralyzed apparently from the hips. His mother, too, proved for sure that the boy was cured. The boy began to walk and finally was as lively as a normal child. But saints are added slowly to the calendar now. It is an arduous, also an expensive process. The cost of the proceedings, from their institution to their beatification, is about \$20,000 according to one authority, and he adds that the further expense from beatification to canonization is likely to be \$30,000. Much of this is for decoration and illumination of the basilica for the solemn ceremonies, for the rings of the saint which are hung in various altars and for the customary gifts to the Pontiff.

Consideration of the cause of any candidate takes years. It begins with the appointment of a tribunal which has the evidence and presides it out to the minutest particular. The papers are examined under oath and cross-examined by a dignitary appointed to raise objections, to search the finest shades of the possible motives which actuated the candidate's conduct, to demand the fullest proof. For example, Father Wynne himself relates the story of a simple, pious couple who came to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs one summer when he was in charge. They had a son, a bright little fellow 8 years old, but a pitiful sufferer, his lip in a plaster cast. Two surgeons had pronounced him a hopeless cripple, if indeed he survived childhood. That last resort of modern scientific diagnosis, the X-ray, confirmed the surgeons' opinion.

There are degrees of honor. Not to go too deeply into canonical law, the lower degree is beatification, which in general means that the holy man thus honored may be venerated and invoked in prayer, and such an honor is likely to be local in scope. The supreme veneration is canonization, which involves canonization, in effect a precept from the pontiff that the saint shall be honored by the church at large. It is called *beatorum* and is furnished throughout in English style. Queen Marie, who is a niece of the late King Edward VII, has no great

handsome buildings will replace the temporary edifices. Isaac Jogues was born in the diocese of the Cathedral at Orleans, France, January 17, 1667. He was the first of the first pupils in the Jesuit college of that city, and then he entered the novitiate at Rouen. He taught in the College of Rouen and was sent to Paris to take his course in theology. He was ordained in 1698. Two years later he sailed for Canada. After his hardships, including a long imprisonment in the wilderness, his work among the Indians began to bear fruit in 1699. He was taken captive August 1, 1700, by the Iroquois. They stripped him of his possessions, and he was clubbed by his torturers and finally killed at the village of Ossernenon, where he was buried. He was canonized by Pope Pius IX. in 1864. The Queen Regent Anne of France granted a petition circulated by Father Jogues to save many of the Indians' hands. But the Indians insisted on being permitted to kill the captives being thus disposed of. He was permitted by his captors to go. He did valuable service to the Indians and various tribes.

But some time later, when the Iroquois had been defeated, the great council of chiefs in a village in the Mohawk valley was held to discuss the news that were coming from the village of Ossernenon. Father Jogues had been taken to the entrance to the village.