"O, Bucharest, One Day Thy Arms Will Be Opened To Receive Us"---Queen Marie of Roumania

Queen Marie of Roumania Tells Of Her Flight

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 Roumania 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 1893, and was then the Princess Marie of Edinsburgh, 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 Roumania into the war.

In devoting her pen to the cause of her adopted country, Queen Marie has followed the example of her husband's aunt, the late Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva), whose charming books of poetry and prose deal almost entirely with the customs and folklore of Roumania. In this article Queen Marie gives a graphic picture of war-torn Roumania.

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 naught else remained to me but to look beyond the things of this earth toward shadowy futures that belong only to God.

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.

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' voice and to cry out one's longing and one's regret.

Three Months of Exile.

It is three months since Bucharest was taken from us, since the enemy struch 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 mountain; up, 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 which now lies chained and silent 'neath the enemy's relentless sway.

Difficult it is to speak of one's own sorrow when the suffering of all was so great, yet if today I speak of mine, it is because I know that it is my country's sorrow, that a thousand thousand voices are echo to mine when I talk of that for which we are mourning; of that which lies beyond the line of fire, that like a wound upon a mother's breast cuts our dear country in two!

"I Have Wept With You."

It is I, your Queen, who am speaking to you, and I wish my voice to reach every heart, to penetrate into every home, to go toward the most miserable, to search out the hero on his bed of snow, I want ye all to know that I have wept with you, that there is none of your griefs that I have not shared, none of your despairs that I have not understood, none of your sacrifices that I have not appreciated; but this message 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 which special sorrow each man is mourning—I know not what house, what spot, what face he sees in his dreams, 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.

Bucharest! Thy name conjures up pictures without end in the minds of those who have been obliged to surrender thee to the hated foe. We remember thee with all thy faces, in sunshine, in rain and in snow, we remember thee busy yet smiling, within thy streets all seemed happy, it is to us, now that we are torn from thee, as though we had known naught but joy within thy embrace.

What Is Thy Face.

What is thy 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 masters and who perchance keep thee in better order than thine own children ever did! Have thy proudest buildings been desecrated with flags that are not dyed in the three colors before which each Roumanian uncovers his head?

Have the blinds of thy windows been drawn down so that those who have remained should not see men in pointed helmets marching to and fro before the house of thy King? Are the hospitals we prepared so tenderly for our wounded filled with foreigners who speak not our language, that mock at our sorrow, rejoicing over the misery they have strewn over our land?

O Bucharest, I left thee without a word of farewell, I who so often have been acclaimed in thy streets! It was told that I must steal away from thee in silence, show no sorrow, say no good-by, betraying no emotion, so as to awaken no panic in the hearts of those who were to stay!

Like a traitor did I feel, like a coward, to leave thee thus to thy fate! To go away to know naught of thy sorrow, to leave thee unprotected to those who soon would suck thy heart's blood!

And Cotrocenl! House that I love, house that little by little I have modeled to my taste, house that knows the voices of my children, in whose garden their baby-feet have toddled about. Cotrocenl! I left thee, taking no leave of those who were to remain to protect thee, casting hardly a look upon the rooms that once had been my pride—I had the courage to smile into the face of the old family servants, who looked at me anxiously as though divining that my silence hid some awful truth.

Took Leave of One.

Yes, I left thee—and from one, one only, did I take leave! But that one was so small and so silent that never will he relate what his mother said to him in that hour before her flight!

It was evening—the shadows were already stealing into the church, and with them I slipped into the sanctuary, where a heap of white flowers spread a mystic light. And there beside that grave but so recently closed I tore from me the mask that all day I had worn, and cried out my pain to the little one, lying beneath the stones.

I confessed to him that I was going—going not knowing when I would come back. I asked him to forgive me for forsaking him, to forgive his mother for taking the five others with her, while she left him lonely, he who was smallest of all! Left him to the mercy of those who soon would take possession of the places we had loved!

As I wept in solitary despair, it seemed to me that I heard the tread of the approaching armies, and shudderingly I realized that it was the breasts of our soldiers that were forming a rampart around our threatened home. I thought of all those who still must fall before the enemy could reach this sacred door! And with anguish I realized that I would no more be there to bind up their wounds, to console their defeats. * * *

Destined to Leave Child.

Perhaps it was so that some vital part of my being should remain in our capital even after our retreat, that I was destined to leave my youngest there beneath the cold slabs of the church. Did perchance God tear him from us as a sign that all this sorrow, all this sacrifice, is but a passing horror, that because Mircea lies there awaiting my return, that surely, surely I must come back?

When he died, the popular belief was that the heavens had claimed from me a sacrifice, that God had taken my child from me that in his perfect innocence he should plead for the country he was destined to quit so soon!

So let it be! For I believe in the day of return, I believe in the hour of victory. I believe that the blood of our heroes has not been shed in vain!

One day thy arms will be opened wide to receive us, O Mother-town! Flags will fly from thy windows, thy streets will be strewn with branches, and those who return to thy embrace will not know if their hearts are breaking with sorrow or with joy!

It lies in God's hand if I, your Queen, am to share that solemn hour with you.

But this one boon do I ask of my people—that if my feet should not enter the dear city with you, carry all the flowers that you would have given me to the church where my little one lies, carry them there to his grave, heap them in masses above him, fill the whole church with flowers, so that he who so long was lonely should have share in your songs of praise!

MARIE.

February 23, 1917.

This is Queen Marie of Roumania, photographed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse. Below are her two children. Ileana, the elder, and Mircea, who recent death was attributed to poison, said to have been given her in candy. A part of the Queen's diary, now appearing in the Times, was written as the child lay dying.

Pathetic Leaf From Diary of The Royal Exile

"Like a Traitor Did I Feel To Leave My City"

IDEAL SERVANT TURNED OUT TO BE GERMAN SPY

PARIS, Sept. 22.—Model domestics are as scarce in France as in most countries, so those fortunate employers who have found ideal servants naturally hold on to them. That was the case of the wife of a mobilized chauffeur in Gap, a small provincial town.

But one day Sherlock Holmes, or one of his disciples, came to Gap, in the uniform of a policeman. Hearing about the model servant, he fell a wondering at such exceptional qualities in a hired girl. He undertook a private investigation. This was evidently of a drastic nature, for the mistress of the model servant recounts that the policeman began by seizing her servant by the hair, which to her amazement came off in his hands, and turned out to be a wig. The outer garments followed, and what was left was a German spy, who for four years had been collecting useful information in the neighborhood.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

The wheatless days and meatless days
May help upon the way,
But why not save the whole blamed thing
And have a dayless day?
—New York Sun.

"Sink Without Leaving Trace," Is New Toast

There is a new toast among American diplomats.

In the word of Count Luxburg, at Buenos Aires, American diplomats now say, as they lift their glasses, "Spurlos versenkt!" "Sink without leaving a trace!"

COSTA RICA JOINS ALLIES; INTERNES FOES

SAN JOSE, Costa Rica, Sept. 22.—Diplomatic relations with Germany have been severed and passports handed the consular representatives of Germany here. Costa Rican legation and consuls in Germany have been recalled.

The press and people heartily indorsed this action of the government.

President Tinoco discovered recently that German residents had alligned with former President Gonzales in a conspiracy against the government. The latest move has been to interne all Germans here and to call a special session of Congress to consider the matter.

DISTRICT HAS NO FEAR OF QUOTA FAILURE

"No trouble is anticipated in obtaining the full quota of 45 per cent, all white men, to be sent to Camp Meade, beginning September 26."

This was the statement today of D. J. Donavan, secretary to the Board of Commissioners, in reference to reports from several local exemption boards that they are experiencing difficulty in getting the desired number of men without violating the order of liability.

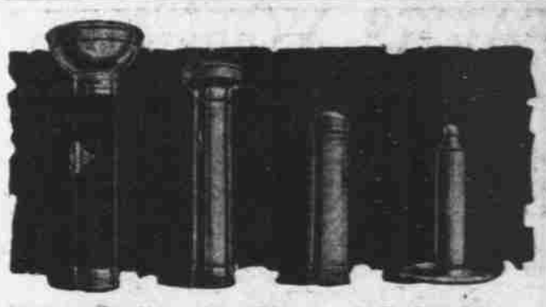
"If a local board fails to furnish the required number other boards will be called upon to make up the deficiency," said Secretary Donovan today.

"All we are interested in is in furnishing the full quota of 45 per cent, and this will be done. The number of white men certified for military service is more than sufficient for our needs."

HE SURE IS A WONDER.

"That fellow Brown is a great photographer," said Smith.

"He sure is," agreed Jones. "Why he can make a woman look like she thinks she looks."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



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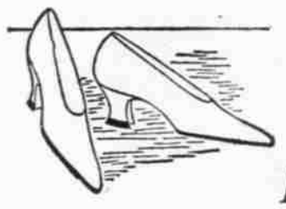

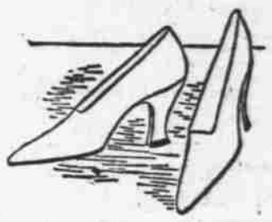

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