

# Conditions Past and Present in Roumania



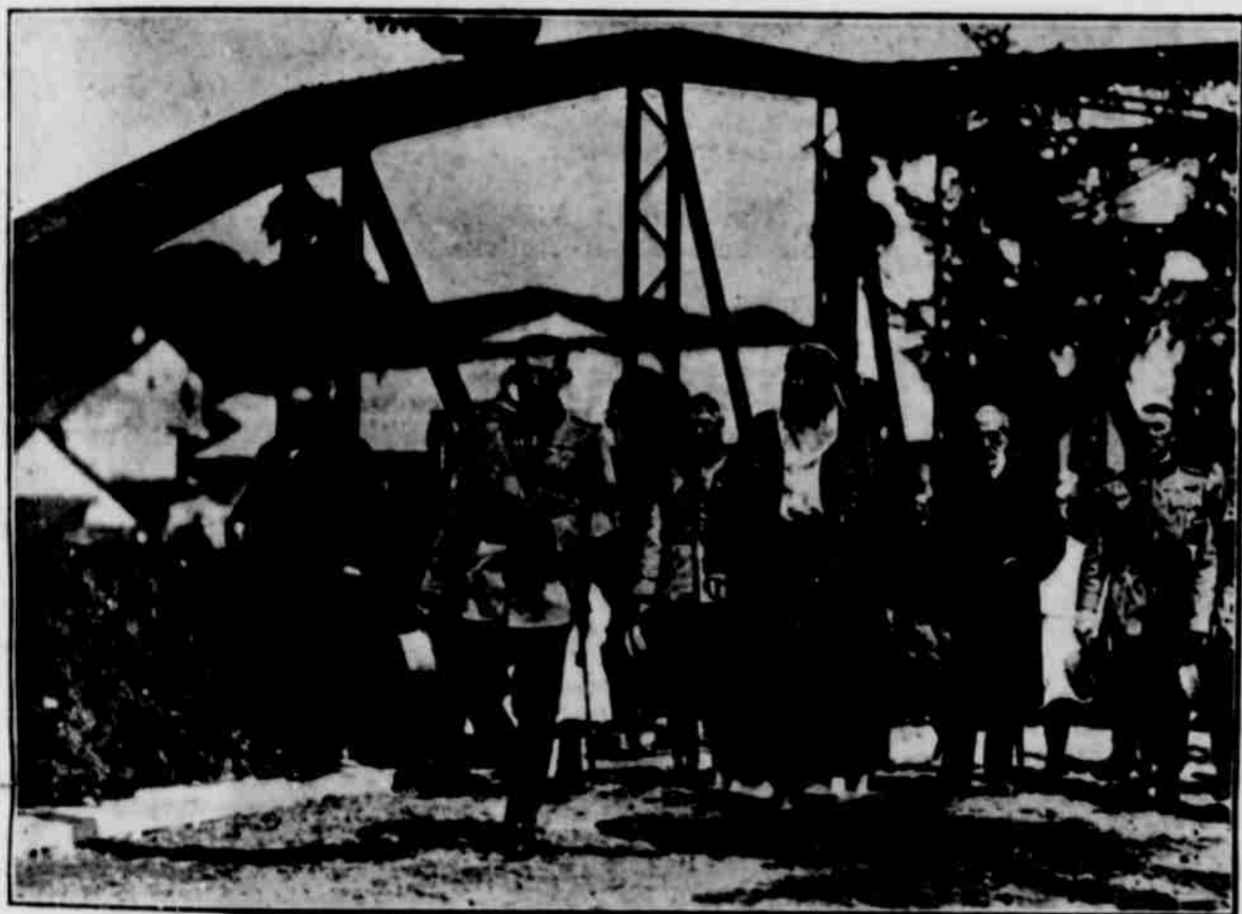
**A**LADY of sorrows is Marie, Queen of Roumania. Driven from her country by invading armies she was long compelled to stand helpless and view the gradual decline into starvation and death of her people. She is now the chum of many American girls, nurses and helpers, who went to Roumania.



**T**HIS picture, with the one preceding, might be entitled, "From Queen to Peasant Woman." The old refugee who squats against the wall waiting her turn at the Red Cross station has at least one comfort left—her cigarette. Most of the peasant women "roll their own." It is genteel as a cup of tea.



**A**NATIVE chieftain from the hills weeps as he tells his Queen the story of his people during the war. The Queen herself is touched, and clutches her throat in her emotion. There are cruel tales of the mountains which will never be told, but which will find their immortality in the wild hill threnodies.



**D**AWN follows the darkest night, and every storm gives way to peace. At length came the day when with King Ferdinand, the Queen of Roumania walked through a larger realm than war had found her with—a Roumania made larger by the addition of the territory across the Transylvanian Alps. Both King and Queen have written words of most cordial appreciation of what the Americans have done for their people. The name "American" is greatly honored.



**H**ERE are Balkan types, the men who live on the borderland between East and West. They are the inheritors of all the ceaseless ebb and flow of war and change across their small, important strip of earth. A great deal of patient leading will be necessary before the sense of fear and the love of strife can be eradicated from the racial psychology. The help they are now receiving from the world is a valuable lesson in the worth of kindness and the finer sentiments.



**T**HIS photograph harks back to happier times, when there were yet clothes in the land and the peoples' faces did not show the pinch of hunger. A Roumanian wedding is about to take place and it is plain that the Roumanian bridegroom plays a more important part in the "scenery" of the ceremony than the American bridegroom does, and why not?



**S**HE looks as if she were some debris from the African coast flung upon the Balkan highlands, and probably she is: a remnant of some ancient coast raid, or the leavings of a chance ship. She is an object of distinction among a race of fair-skinned people. She has walked for days to reach relief quarters to get a pair of shoes. Observe her old ones.



**T**HERE is no doubt about the undernutrition of these youngsters and their need of clothing too. When the Germans and Austrians came, not only did all the food vanish in a night, but every scrap of cloth disappeared too. When relief was sent through to the people, all sorts of odd clothing devices were found. These boys were soon clothed.