

is hailed with general satisfaction. There he sits, the one delegate from a country the smallest in the League, alongside and in sovereign equality with the representative of an empire on which the sun never sets.

Another new delegate is picturesquely notable. Chao-Hsin-Chu is a swarthy, alert person, at present Minister to Italy, and formerly private secretary to the President of China. He apparently loses no opportunity to make himself heard in his desire to press his country's claims. These are simply that a continent like Asia needs more than Japan's representation on the Council, and that, anyway, China has the largest population in the world. Little or nothing

has been said about the facts, so far as I can learn, that China is in a sad state of anarchy, and that she is also badly in arrears with regard to her contribution to League expenses. But, as John Hay once remarked to me: "Even if there is no Chinese government at all, you ought to treat China as if there were one."

ALL these new personages seem quite aware of the fact that they are basking in reflected glory, namely, from the yellow moon of Chancellor Stresemann's bald head. It is the cynosure of all eyes.

The Chancellor hardly looks like a man who would start a war, yet, from

his colleagues' comment, he will, I fear, try to make it appear that Germany's entrance here is tantamount to saying that she was not responsible for the war, as does the Versailles Treaty.

In this *Galérie des Glaces*, Dr. Stresemann appears quite at home at the huge horseshoe table. He permits himself the luxury of smoking a large cigar there, instead of, as do many of the other delegates, operating on a small cigarette. However, he finishes his cigar, and now allows himself the privilege of putting his hand into the package of cigarettes the friendly Briand holds out. This gesture looks to me like the sign, actually, of a Franco-German Entente.

Geneva, Switzerland.

## The Queen's Home Town

By PEARL KENNEDY ROBERTS

THERE are three or four other hotels; all good enough, to be sure, but the Athenee Palace is the Ritz of Bucharest. It is on the Calea Victoriei, and overlooks the Parcul Ateneuli. In decorations and furnishings it is French Renaissance. I occupied a parlor, bedroom, and bath in this eminently comfortable hostelry for the sum of fourteen hundred lei per day, exclusive of meals—about seven dollars in American money. The service is excellent, especially if one has at least a working knowledge of the French or Rumanian language, and the cuisine of its French restaurant unexcelled. There is little difference between the accommodation received at the Athenee Palace and any other first-class European hotel except that in the bathroom, in lieu of a towel, one is provided with a bed sheet—a fine big bed sheet, good for a week or more of steady use, during all of which time, if used with any care at all, one is seldom disappointed in finding somewhere upon its expansive surface a nice clean dry spot. When all the nice clean dry spots have given out and ceased to be, one notifies the *femme de chambre*. Whereupon the offending article is immediately removed, to be replaced by another fresh and sweet from the laundry.

The Athenee Palace has been redecorated and refurnished throughout during the past two years, and it is very grand. Its management means to see that it shall remain grand, and they are extremely fussy in their care of the overstuffed and superlatively decorated lounge on the first floor. You may smoke there if you must, but order tea or other refreshment to be served within

its sacred portals—no, indeed! It simply is not done. You might drop butter or cake crumbs on the rugs. The place to have your tea, if not within your room, is the American bar, attractive enough ordinarily, but this particular one is a glacial sort of place somewhat resembling the quick-lunch counter in a railway station, and not in the least possessing that atmosphere of cheer and intimacy conducive to a cozy tête-à-tête.

It is also taboo to enter the lounge wearing galoshes, or even inconspicuous toe rubbers, although they may be direct from the shop, undefiled, and without trace of Rumanian clay adhering to any portion of their brand-new surface. A gentleman must, of course, check his hat, stick, and overcoat before he dares to venture even so much as his head within this exclusive domain. "The buttons," in the person of a valiant though chubby-faced little Rumanian boy, keeps the outer gate, and keeps it well too, with all the aggressive enthusiasm that Horatius kept the bridge. His duty is to divest all guests of these objectionable articles who have not had the forethought to check them in advance at the hat-rack in the foyer. Should you have the impudence and audacity to push by him in blatant disregard of the rule, he will follow you to your place, and "Impossible, impossible," he will say in a tone that immediately convinces you his brave little heart will break if you do not at once hand over your hat, stick, overcoat, or snow-boots, as the case may be.

On the first floor of the hotel, opening off the lounge, is a combination writing-room and library. The writing-room is bona fide and all that one could wish. The library, too, is very fine, providing

you investigate not too closely and be content to enjoy the well-known enchantment lent by distance. Should you decide, however, to spend a little time with Chaucer, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or any other of your wonderful old friends, you will find all those elegantly bound volumes to be mere dummies resting placidly in their beautifully carved mahogany cases behind hermetically sealed glass doors. But what of that? The effect is there; the show all very pretty; no harm done by the mild deception, and the childlike heart of the Rumanian for ostentatious display satisfied.

Society in Bucharest dines at eight-thirty or nine o'clock in full décolleté and "tails," on vintage wines and food calculated to excite the palate of the most exacting *gourmet* in the land. Rumania supplies its tables with a variety of fruit, grains, vegetables, and milk-fed fowl. Also succulent baby lamb and sucking pig from its rich pastures. A dish called *iaurt*—some preparation of sour milk—is a staple article of diet, and can be found upon the menu of every café and restaurant. It is most wholesome and delicious, and we are told that it tends to prolong human life. "Eat *iaurt* and live a hundred years," would be the slogan if Rumania were one of those countries that go in for the production of "up-and-coming go-getters" and slogans. A Rumanian dish called *marmaliga* is in its simple self well worth the long trip to Bucharest. Try it for yourself. A mound of well-cooked cornmeal mush crowned with a poached egg; over the whole a cloud of thick sour cream and a sprinkle of Parmesan cheese. *Paté de foie gras*, the choicest



of Russian caviar, *langouste* from the Mediterranean, and a delectable conserve known as rose jam, which was concocted by the fairies out of sugar and the petals of the rose to please the palate of the gods in the days of the ancient Greek, are among the popular dainties which appear on the table of the wealthy Rumanian. Cocktails are sometimes served as an *apéritif*, but more often a drink peculiar to the country called *tuica*—pronounced as if it were spelled “zwicka.” It is distilled from the juice of prunes, and not unpleasant to the taste; with the color of gin and the power of Satan.

Including the *salle à manger* in the Athenée Palace, there are a number of good restaurants in Bucharest—French, Russian, and German. Cina’s is French and much frequented by the “smart set.” Capsa’s, also French, is excellent and popular, but less formal.

Before the war Bucharest had a population of three hundred thousand. It now slightly exceeds a million. In construction it closely resembles an Italian city. It has narrow sidewalks, uneven cobbled streets, and in many respects is a bit down at the heels—old, picturesque, and quaint. None of the New Yorkers’ *penchant* for building and repairing agitates its citizens. It is safe to say that very little, if any, improvement has taken place there within the last fifty years. A happy little city where every one smiles and no one is very busy.

The Calea Victoriei, the one long shopping street, winds from the Chaussee and passes the Palace.

The Chaussee is the fashionable park.



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#### View of the Rumanian Athenaeum in Bucharest

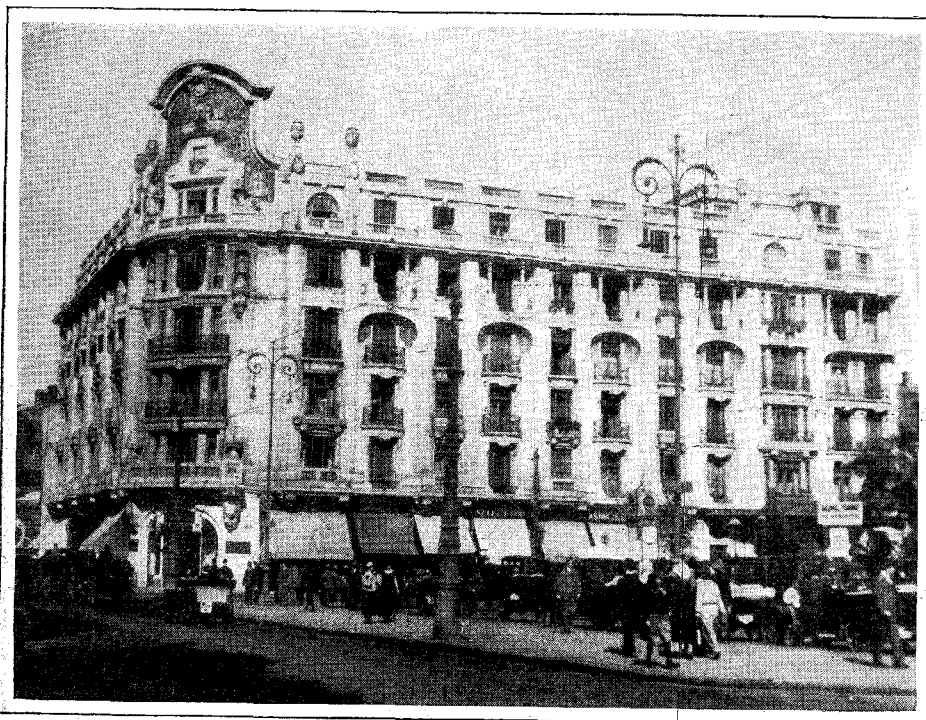
It is a sort of grandchild of the Champs Elysées, but leads out into the open country and the golf club instead of towards a *bois*.

Among the diplomats nearly every country is represented, and society is cosmopolitan and gay. Rumanian and French are the languages generally spoken; one hears very little English. The ladies do their shopping in London and Paris and are the last word in *chic*.

Little brown gypsies perform most of the household service, and music for dancing is often furnished by a gypsy band. When you spend an informal evening in the home of a diplomat, you dance to the strains of the Victrola.

There are few pianos in Bucharest. For a Rumanian family to possess a piano is a mark of social distinction. But every one owns an automobile. If you live in Bucharest, you own an automobile or you own nothing at all. You don’t have a beau or a sweetheart in Bucharest—you have a “flirt.” “Who is your flirt?” is the arch question that is banteringly asked.

As the city is small, in going to the country club or from one place to another without your own private conveyance, rather than take a taxicab, you are apt to step into one of the many *birjas*, or public victorias, with which the town swarms. The drivers are all dressed alike in a fine black or dark-blue velvet pelisse. It is fashioned in a tight-fitting basque, buttoned down the front, to which a voluminously gathered skirt is attached. It is splendidly trimmed with metal buttons, and in cold weather is lined with sheepskin. Around each driver’s stout waist is a leather belt studded with rivets or a gay red girdle (sometimes a cord) knotted into a sash at the side. In winter they wear a high sheepskin or astrakhan cap, called the *caciuli*, which, I am told, is replaced in summer by a peaked cap. They all look fat. Perhaps the thickness of the sheepskin-lined pelisse has something to do with this. Be that as it may, they overflow their high, narrow drivers’ seats like huge plump cushions. Some of the *birjas* are dilapidated; the horses are bad conditioned and poor. But when you see a well-kept turnout, polished harness, and horses fine and sleek, you can be sure that the horses came from Russia, and that the driver is a member of the Lipovan sect, which was turned



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#### Athenee Palace, one of the largest hotels in Bucharest



out of Russia. This sect has curious rules and regulations. Its members practice austerities and are the "blue-noses" of Rumania. They deny themselves all pleasure, and abjure the flesh-pots. They gather together for prayer and singing twice daily. They won't eat meat, listen to music, dance, drink any alcoholic stimulant, shake hands with or kiss a member of the opposite sex, or go to the movies. The average New Yorker would have difficulty in understanding

why such people want to live. Their women never allow their heads to be seen bare. The sect is fast dying out.

It would take a good-sized book to record one-half that is interesting in connection with Bucharest and Rumania. The country itself as I saw it in the last month of winter, with its wide prairies and low, rolling hills devoid of trees, reminded me somewhat of the Dakotas and portions of Alberta, Canada. But this impression was dispelled

when I caught sight of its little villages built of mud houses with thatched roofs or glimpsed an ox-cart toiling along the dirt road, a peasant trudging at its side.

I spent six weeks in the Rumanian capital—six of the maddest, merriest weeks in all my glad young life. At midday on March 15 I regretfully boarded the train for the six-hour journey to Constanza, on the shore of the Black Sea, and the one port of the Rumanians.

## Why Work At All?

By DON C. SEITZ

THAT man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is a dictum of the Scriptures that has been pretty well abolished in America, where, in the main, he now acquires, not bread, but canned goods and package foods, by the oil on a machine. Mr. Thomas A. Edison is on record as saying that the machine does not begin to do what it should for the relief of man from toil. He hopes to have machines doing everything needful before long, giving man a chance to be one hundred per cent sociable. It may not be a dream.

Coincident with this utterance on the part of the eminent inventor, the American Federation of Labor has announced its purpose to bring about a five-day week in organized industry. That is to say, a working period of forty hours per man out of the one hundred and sixty-eight that comprise the week. That would mean less than two full days of time, with one hundred and twenty-eight hours left for recreation, the uplift, and slumber.

The basis of this demand is that machinery has so advanced output as to make it economically possible for man to acquire a further period of respite. Mr. Henry Ford added emphasis to the point by announcing a five-day week in his works. This move was made while the delegates were gathered at Detroit, and helped frame the new policy. Mr. Ford's factories, it should be stated, are non-union. The difference between Ford and the Federation is that he proposes to pay for five days' work. The Federation wants pay for six, though exerting itself but five. Here is where the crux lies.

Probably there are lines of industry that would lose but little if the five-day week went into full effect. These are those where the forty-four-hour week is in effect. The forty-four-hour week was the outcome of the Saturday half-holi-

day, inaugurated in New York about forty years ago. This was a summer-time concession that has come to cover most establishments, in cities at least, all the year round.

Employers have generally found the four hours of Saturday wasted. The men do little more than start and stop their machines. For a time this was overcome by making up for the half-day lost by extra time worked during the week. This disappeared with the arrival of the forty-four-hour scale.

William Green, the head of the American Federation of Labor, is a sensible man. He says the men can speed up enough during the five full days to earn pay for the sixth, so that the advantage can be enjoyed without curtailment of income. This is undoubtedly correct if men can be brought to do it. There is the rub.

That there is ample room for increased exertion without hardship is beyond dispute. So great a part of production is due to machinery that workmen in many instances are mere watchers, or, at the most, feeders, of these devices. In the printing trade even feeders are dispensed with by the use of automatic devices. In paper making the pulpwood grinders are fed from hoppers, which can be automatically operated. The conveyor has stepped in to relieve the shovel and pitchfork quite generally. Mr. Edison is undoubtedly correct in his assumption that mechanical devices can be contrived that will do even more. Those who frequent factories can observe that not more than forty per cent of the worker's time is productively employed. It is easy to idle at tasks unless the chain system used by Henry Ford is in operation. This sundry visitors at his plant representing the Federation have termed slavery. They describe the method as one of endless monotony,

from which men flee after a couple of years. Probably there is some truth in this. The thoughtless thrusting of bolts into holes all day long cannot be a very refreshing occupation.

The discussion so far is, however, confined only to the attitude of organized labor and mass-production factories. These two have become a sort of privileged class enjoying benefits denied others, and that could not be universally beneficial unless all classes of workers and producers were included in the scheme. Organized labor and organized industry profit by the unrelieved toil of the farmer and the unorganized workers generally. These include the vast bulk of our people and, in particular, the farmers. All wealth coming from the soil or the sea, farmers, miners, and fishermen have to provide the base upon which all others stand.

These three classes care for all the others, either in the low price at which they furnish food and raw materials or in the high prices they pay for finished articles and prepared sustenance. All have to buy back the bulk of what they sell in its improved form, providing always the material to be embellished, made useful, and enhanced in value. So, while it sounds easy to cut down hours and increase pay, the question rises as to how much more the heavily laden backs can carry. Mr. Ford denounces the farmer as archaic. He would do away with him as such, employ machinery, produce more food, such as milk, synthetically, and do away with what he seems to regard as the cumbersome processes of nature. This calls for an industrial revolution too great to be brought about in time to synchronize with Mr. Green's movement. The merits of the suggestion do not need to be discussed.

The whole problem is one of propor-