

FREE POLAND

A SEMI-MONTHLY

The Truth About Poland and Her People

Vol. I—No. 6

DECEMBER 5, 1914

5 Cents a Copy



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Views of the Press

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle:— Of the numerous partisan publications that have appeared since the beginning of the war, quite the most interesting and ably edited is a semi-monthly periodical called Free Poland. The articles in it are free from bombast, and two or three of them are first-rate literature. Free Poland presents interesting facts which are probably unknown to, or forgotten by a large number of Americans.

We are apt, for example, to think of Poland as a Russian province. A large part of Poland is under Prussian and Austrian rule. Posen, the invasion of which has so long been threatened by the Russians, was originally Polish territory. Cracow, which has figured conspicuously in this war as an Austrian stronghold, is really a Polish city, and even now it is frequently called "the Athens of Poland." It is the center of Polish culture. And Free Poland assures us that Polish culture will not suffer by comparison with that of any other civilized nation, and points out that, "debarred from commercial pursuits and political activities, the genius and energy of the people find an outlet in art, science and literature in all their branches."

Regarding Russia's promise of autonomy to Poland, the Polish periodical is none too optimistic. It fears that the promise will be broken, as so many other Russian promises have been.

The feeling is plain that Poland will stand a much better chance of regaining her freedom if the Allies are victors over Germany. If the Triple Entente does come out on top, it is to be hoped that England and France will insist on Poland being given the same status as Belgium had—that of a free and neutral state. There was never a political injustice greater than the dismemberment and partition of Poland, a country of which the twenty-five million inhabitants ask nothing better than to develop natural resources and to stand on their own feet.

* * *

W. H. Nevison in the Toledo News-Bee:— Poland is another Belgium! Constantly recurring visions of the ravages wrought by the waves of troops, both Russian and German, fill the observer's heart with horror even after he has left the territory far behind. Pillage and plunder, starvation and despair sum up the outrage on another innocent people.

Scattered everywhere over what was a peaceful farming section are remains of property of varied description.

Houses are ashes. Trees are knocked to pieces by shells. Pastures are broken up into trenches, mounds and embankments. Every road is filled with refugees.

Our Correspondence

(Under this head will be reprinted letters from eminent and influential citizens.)

Editor of Free Poland,
984 Milwaukee Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Sir:

There came recently to my attention a copy of the second number of your very interesting and useful publication FREE POLAND. I am very glad indeed to know that you are bringing out this semi-monthly, and hope that you will send it regularly to this office.

Very truly yours

Louis E. Van Norman
Author of "Poland the Knight Among Nations."

* * *

My dear Sir:

This is in acknowledgment of your letter of October 27. I am interested in the work you are undertaking, but I do not feel qualified to write an article, as you requested.

Yours very truly,

A. W. Harris,
President, Northwestern University.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I am much obliged to you for the number of "Free Poland" you have sent me. I think the very brilliant writer, Professor Ross would have done well to have submitted his article on "The Slavs in America" to you before he printed it. I am glad that you made the point that the Slavs honor the woman who bears children. "Thank God, the Slav does not believe in race suicide and divorce!" Amen.

Yours sincerely I am,

Maurice Francis Egan,
The American Legation, Copenhagen.

* * *

My dear Sir:

I have read with a great deal of interest several copies of your excellent publication and I am sure that other teachers of journalism will be glad to look over a sample copy of your semi-monthly.

As Secretary and Treasurer of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism, I am enclosing a list of the men who head the various schools of journalism connected with American universities. May I suggest that you send a sample copy to these teachers.

Thanking you in advance for this courtesy, I am . . .

Very truly yours,

Jas. Melvin Lee,
Secretary and Treasurer, American Association
of Teachers of Journalism.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 27th of October is at hand. I shall hardly be able to provide an article as you kindly request. Just now my engagements are very pressing. All Americans are interested in Poland and her people, and wish earnestly for the success and prosperity of the nation.

Very truly yours,

Harry Pratt Judson,
President, Chicago University.



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Another Belgium

Courtesy
"Dziennik Chicagowski"



The fraternal hand of charity is freely extended to Belgium—the Christmas Ship is on its way. Poland expectant begs not to be forgotten.

The Tragedy of the Century



HERE is no better proof of American generosity than the recent information that even the inmates of the state prison in Philadelphia have contributed a large sum toward buying flour for the unfortunate Belgians.

Belgium in her appeal has pointed out that the suffering in the coming winter will be terrible, but that the burden will be lightened if the people can escape starvation. Brand Whitlock, the United States Minister to Belgium, emphasizes the fact that assurances from the German military authorities have been obtained, and that all foodstuffs taken into Belgium for the civil population will be respected by the soldiery and not made the object of military requisition.

In response to this call the American people have not turned a deaf ear to the cries of these poor women and children for food and shelter from the cold. Funds have been raised in divers ways, but most interesting of all is the action of the Rockefeller Foundation. The chartered purpose, among others, of the Foundation is "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world. It further states its purpose "to exert itself to the extent, if necessary, of millions of dollars, for the relief of non-combatants in the various countries involved" in the war.

Belgium, naturally, is the first to receive help. An American freighter, the *Massapequa*, has already set sail for Rotterdam with 4000 tons of flour, rice, beans, bacon, which will be distributed among the unfortunates in Belgium.

Thus, the Rockefeller organization has done its work expeditiously and competently; nor has individual generosity been abandoned. This humanitarian action on the part of America should be written in letters of gold in the future history of the world.

* * *

But it is to be remembered that there is another Belgium. Poland, torn apart by the stress and turmoil of Europe, occupies the most tragic position in the struggle. The Poles are scattered under the banners of three armies, fighting in a cause all but their own.

War has made a desolation of their homes, and the civil population of Poland, already in dire misery, is faced with starvation. Says the *Chicago Tribune*:

"Unhappy is the fate of marginal nations and buffer states in this day of international conflict.

Belgium, the least concerned, logically, of all the combatants, is much the worst sufferer, and the days of her misery are not yet told. To be invaded and trampled and laid waste in your own quarrel is bad enough. To suffer that fate in a quarrel which is none of yours is the extreme of ironic tragedy, the climax of fate's mad illogic.

"This is Belgium's case, and the pity of the world goes out to her. But there is another Belgium. There is another people crushed between the millstones of the huge alliances at war. Poland is the battle ground of the eastern war, and suffers the marching armies whether victory rests upon one banner or the other. Poland in Germany, Poland in Russia, Poland in Austria, all are on the rack of war, for no cause of real Polish concern and by no consent of the Polish people."

Verily, of all the misery suffered by the peoples of Europe in the present conflict, that of the land of Sobieski deserves particular attention. Through the Polish Armageddon the armies have swept like a huge avalanche, destroying everything in their wake. Vivid reports come in daily, depicting the destruction wrought in Poland. The *Chicago Daily News*, in a special Marconigram, writes the following:

"Systematic destruction in the regions through which the Germans pass cannot be considered accidental. It must have been carried out by order. Poland presents a still more striking example than Belgium of the determination of the German forces to ruin their enemies.

"West of the Vistula, in the neighborhood of Warsaw, Poland is one mass of ruins. All the railroad stations and water reservoirs have been destroyed, telegraph poles have been cut down and the telegraphic apparatus in every place broken up.

"Bridges, including even the smallest viaducts, have been blown up and factories with modern machinery, especially in Lodz, have been destroyed or ruined beyond repair."

Wrack and ruin, therefore, are all about; and the tragedy of the situation is enhanced by the fact that there seems to be no avenue of escape, although there is faint hope that Russia will extend its fraternal hand of charity and liberally distribute among the destitutes of Poland food, clothes and shelter. At least, the Russian *Russkoye Slovo*, of October 20, prints a letter of an official of the Russian Red Cross, Alexander Stachowicz, who writes as follows:

"I have read in the newspapers the appeal of Mr. Napiorkowski, member to the **Duma**, in regard to the terrible condition of the people in the government of Lublin and the proposed collections on behalf of the needy. On that account I cannot refrain from making the following remark: At present there is no government in Russian Poland but what has escaped hostile invasion, almost all have become real theatres of war and experienced the misery associated therewith. I have personally visited the governments of Warsaw, Plock, Radom, Kielce, Chełm and Lublin, (riding a bicycle through the latter.)

"I can emphatically confirm the terrible devastation and privation of a large majority of the people, especially the farmers. Most of their homes are burned; their farm-buildings, barns, corn-houses, granaries are destroyed. Everywhere you can see ruined fields with damaged potato, beet and winter wheat crops. Planting has thus been delayed.

"Almost everybody has been deprived of live-stock, most of the cattle have been slaughtered, while horses are in want for field work.

"It is necessary to draw the attention of the entire Russian community to the fact that the burden of the war rests mainly upon the shoulders of the local, particularly the peasant population of Poland. The Russian community cannot but react sympathetically and generously while contemplating the calamity and misery of Poland."

* * *

By these reports we see that Poland is again suffering, bleeding; it is again laid waste, torn limb from limb. Verily, with Tennyson we must exclaim: "Lord, how long shall these things be?" Assuredly, it is "a matter to be wept with tears of blood."

Certain it is that Poland has survived years of oppression, and in the process has learned how to hold its own in the teeth of superior force and violence. Like the Phoenix of old, it will burn itself on the altar of the Moloch of war and rise again from its ashes young and beautiful; for it cannot continue being ever broken upon the wheel of history.



Prussian Opinion

By *FRANK S. BARC*

IN the present epoch making convulsion Poland resurgent once more commands the attention of the press; the English, the French, not to mention the American newspapers and periodicals devote whole columns to the coming renaissance of an expectant and courageous nation. Lovers of liberty and believers in democratic ideals welcome the resuscitation of Poland whose dismemberment was one of the monstrous crimes of history. They feel that the Powers can get the best compensation out of the final settlement by respect for the principle of nationality and race union. Only thus can be obtained a peace that will last longer than a "scrap of paper."

Lately even the Prussian press feels interested enough to focus its attention on the "Achilles heel of Germany." The infamous "Expropriation Law" and the forbidding of all things Polish have been easily consigned to oblivion; and as an anticlimax the Prussians have begun to publish a paper in the Polish language,—the language hitherto loved with such characteristic Prussian *Schadenfreude*,—for the instruction and edification of the "*Polnisches Vieh*."

The "*Gazeta Wojenna*" (War Gazette), edited under Prussian supervision, announces to the world that the salvation of Poland lies in uniting with Germany. The guileless Poles are to forget the thorough policy of extermination and are now to fall for this new piece of Prussian perfidy. Of course, the "wundersame" *gewaltige Melodei* of this Prussian Lorelei has failed to be convincing; while those who have attached some weight to this apparent ring of sincerity now find that they have put the saddle on the wrong horse. If it is true that "coming events cast their shadows before", then coming events to affect Poland via Prussia have cast their shadows now in the German weekly, *Die Zukunft*," which, to say the least, will extinguish the last flame of hope to be found smoldering in the breast of many a pro-German Pole.

* * *

There resides in Berlin a well known German publisher named Maximilian Harden. He is really a Jew from Posen (Wittkowski), who is not only an artful howler, but in German politics plays the role of nurse and mentor. As publisher of the

weekly, *Die Zukunft*, he wields considerable power in the press, but that is not sufficient; Harden frequently delivers lectures throughout the German Empire and even in Austria. Holding the pulse of German diplomacy, from time to time he betakes himself to the Kaiser and in Biblical style teaches him his mission. With characteristic perfidy he directs the battering-ram of criticism at men "higher up" and with much noise, in the manner of an American speculator, he poses for a great personage in Germany.

This knack of advertising is of course a paying proposition, the circle of readers is steadily on the increase, though the author and publisher himself is often derided and scoffed at. Harden, however, is well informed and usually knows whence the winds blow. Therefore, if he speaks of Poland, we must sit up and take notice.

In one of the last issues of his weekly he publishes an article penned by himself, under the title: "Warsaw-Antwerp." It is rather long discussion, in which the author emphatically takes his stand in the Belgian and Polish Question. With characteristically Jewish perspicacity Harden knows what the people want; and he gives them what they want. He writes:—

"We do not carry on the war in order to punish the offenders, or to free the oppressed and then warm ourselves in the glow of the consciousness of our noble *d i s i n t e r e s t e d n e s s*. We are carrying on the war while standing on the rock of our conviction that the Germans, in proportion to their achievements, have every right to more territory and wider power of action.

"We want land, free passage on the seas, and for our genius and language, for our products and bills of exchange we must secure such recognition as they have enjoyed elsewhere.

"How, in this period so sacred to Germany, are there any haunting spectres? No: beside the Prussian Kingdom which knows no diminution a Polish Commonwealth can never exist."

Why?

Harden reviews the partition of Poland and the various unsuccessful revolts, characterizes a group of statesmen in Russia, Austria and Prussia as well as Polish political leaders and generals, and finally dwells upon the fact of creating an independent Polish State, a *Pufferstaat*, at a future peace conference. Harden naturally opposes the project and writes:—

"If Austria-Hungary conquers a part of Russian Poland and judges that it will be no harm to have more Poles under the rule of the Habsburgs,—its will be done. Prussia, however, can bear

with an independent Polish State, republic or monarchy, only then, when it will have decided to give up Posen, West Prussia and Silesia. After the war Prussia will seriously but indulgently remember the promises agreed to in 1814 by Stein and Hardenberg (Prussian ministers), — namely, that we should comply with every wish of the Poles if compatible with Prussian imperialist policy. No need of language constraint or of expropriation; you should not slam before the nose of an able Pole the door that stands open to other German citizens. That the Pole must relinquish the crowning of his national unity is a circumstance he finds rather hard to bear. However, he must!

"In this temporary flush of generosity there is no need of feeding him on illusory pap. An independent Polish state would undermine Prussian imperialism and would soon become more dangerous to us than Serbia was to Austria.

"Prussian Poland", wrote Gneisenau, "is a vital organ without which the body of Prussia would not long exist."

"In our Eastern struggles much Prussian blood has been shed from the first to the recent battle of Tannenberg. For every inch of land into which our blood has soaked we ought to fight as for a tribal relic. It is a futile attempt, and always it has proved a thankless one, to beat the white eagle out of the head of the Polish child! Yet only over the ashes of Prussia will it be able to wing its flight to the sky!"

With Belgium a similar policy should be pursued.

"We need." says Harden, "a commercial country, roads on the high seas, undivided colonies, safe and reliable transportation of raw material, as well as the most prominent source of prosperity—labor. Here it is. Here are metals and ore and copper and glass and sugar and flax and wool. Here were once John and Hubert van Eyck, here was Rubens, the dreamer Ruysbroeck, the sybarite of the eye Jordaens—most eminent masters of the brush. . . . And is here not also something which so often rather vehemently and in a tone of raw roguish invective every German heart desires: victory over England?"

"Not like a nation without spunk and stamina have we taken upon ourselves the risk of this war. We wanted it. Because so want we must and can. Teutonic fiend strangle those that whine, whose entreaties for forgiveness mock us amid the miracles of lofty experience! We do not stand and will not stand before the tribunal of Europe. Our might shall create in Europe new laws. The Germans are striking the blow. When for their ge-

nus they have acquired new spheres, the Clergy of all the Gods shall praise this good war."

* * *

Him whom God wishes to destroy he first strikes mad. These outpourings of the Prussian soul are tragic in their madness. Harden lets the Prussian cat out of the German bag, and the greater the pity that the cat owns the bag and

all. The Prussian soul has at last unbosomed itself, and the Poles now know what to expect.

Fortunately they have not needed a Harden to reveal for their benefit the true status of Prussian policy; for many decades past they have learnt what *Ausrottung*, dispossession, means. As Ferrero set it forth in his brilliant article, "the Germanization of the Poles is, so to speak, an historic necessity for Prussia."

Bibl. Jag



THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND

By THOMAS CAMPBELL

Campbell's poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, published in 1799, is, without any exception the finest didactic poem in the English language. The first part of the poem, from which these lines are taken, makes a transition from the consolations of individual misery to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society. From these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of li-

berty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence. The capture of Warsaw and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague are vividly described. — The Editor.



H! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars.

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"Oh! Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm!—
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!



Views of the Press

Chicago Evening Post: — In his letter Mr. N. L. Piotrowski focused attention upon the sufferings of upon them and who are called upon to bear the heavier share of its burden in eastern Europe.

We can add nothing to the vivid portrayal of their unhappy lot which our correspondent gave. The tragedy of the war is intensified by the fact that a great people long ago deprived of their own country and denied a national existence, should be driven by the ambition of alien rulers to engage in fratricidal strife, while the territory allotted them by their conquerors is more the battle ground of vast armies that carry devastation to and from across its length and breadth.

It is a hopeless struggle in which they are engaged.

For them there can be no pride in victory, no thrill of patriotism, no incentive of national ambition. By the power of their oppressors they are forced to do murder, turning their guns against their brothers because in years gone by their race was divided by the arbitrary decree of stronger hands.

The Poles should be remembered when the terms of peace are drawn. The United States, spokesman for the just and humanitarian ideals of the neutral powers, should insist that they be given a larger liberty and a greater security in the enjoyment of it. If there are to be indemnities paid, then, surely, the Poles of Russia, of Germany and of Austria should have their share, irrespective of where final victory may rest.

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PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY
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of the Polish National Council:

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To Editors and Publishers

The Polish Question is a timely one throughout the world. The contents of this publication will furnish, we hope, adequate material for use at opportune moments.

Grottger, War and Peace



ARTUR Grottger (1837-1866) is one of the most popular of Polish artists. A pupil of the well known painter Juliusz Kossak, he later was befriended by Emperor Francis Joseph and enabled to study at Cracow and at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. He died young, yet his paintings are almost as famous as those of Matejko.

His crayon drawings—Warsaw, Polonia, Lithuania—depict incidents from Polish history. His most excellent work, however, is his series called War. War contains eleven drawings which are not so much representations of different scenes and episodes of war as rather contemplations on the subject. Like Dante, the artist has his Beatrice, and both appear, in meditative mood, in each of the pictures. It may be of further in-

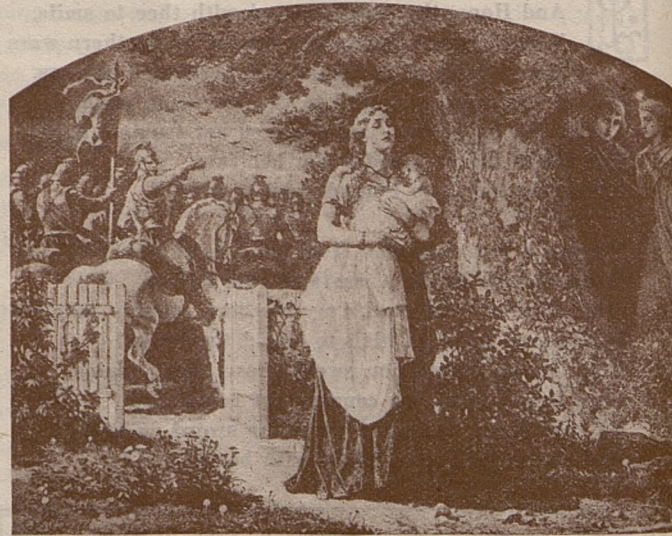
terest to note that Emperor Francis Joseph paid 3000 francs for this masterpiece. The money was a blessing to the artist who was on the verge of extreme poverty and in addition was suffering from an incurable disease. For his health he set out for Amelies les Bains, in Southern France, where he died December 13, 1866, in the 29th year of his existence.

His letters are interesting to read. For instance, in the letter dated September 5, 1866, we find the following:

"War and War!.... What it has become to humanity, there is no need to discuss; the plague of mankind, the ugliest relic of mediaevalism,—an element which all loathe and from which they would like to flee as far as possible, and yet which we have nourished in ourselves and still suffer."

* * *

Grottger loathes war, he curses it. He slightly differs from Schiller who in his *Wallenstein's Tod* says that "War is terrible as the Plagues of



(FAREWELL) By A. Grottger.

Heaven, still it is good and is a gift as they are." Human skill and ingenuity has checked many a plague; will it check that of war?

"The plague of mankind!" Others, misquoting Sherman, have it that "War is hell."

Certainly the present war has heaped horrors on horrors and has advantaged no one. On the contrary, it has succeeded in discrediting itself in the court of humanity.

When Kings quarrel, they resort to the arbitrament of war; cannon is the final argument of Kings. This means that the population suffers. Why if Kings quarrel, cannot it be war to the castles, peace to the cottages? If the laws are

silent in time of war, then why continue war?

War of aggression is surely played out. Nationalities which have suffered for centuries because of the ambitions and unscrupulousness of their neighbors, are again the principal sufferers in the great conflict now in progress. Belgium has been destroyed; Poland also is in the path of the storm and it suffers.

Look at the picture entitled "Farewell" (Pożegnanie). The soldier is leaving for war; the woman, holding the babe in her arms, is grief-stricken and knows the war will mean but added misery and suffering. Lucky the soldier if he battles for his own Fatherland. But what a tragedy if he is compelled to engage in fratricidal conflict and to fight in the interest of foe and oppressor!

Or look at the drawing entitled "Orphans,

Hence, our much vaunted civilization was not a virtue, but a vice disguised. The nations should profit by their present calamities, and in their future dealings with one another should rely upon truth and fair play. In that event there will be less of that nervous preparation for war which has been taking place the several decades past. For if you prepare for war, you get war; and the attempt to keep up peace in that case is like making water run up hill, like twisting a rope of sand.

Europe is looking toward peace. We, who are surfeited with the daily war reports, welcome any plan advanced for compelling peace and maintaining it. What a relief, for instance, to read the programme of an organization started in England and called the Union for Democratic Control. Among the leaders are Charles Trevelyan, Arthur Ponsonby, Ramsay



nothing but misery!" It depicts what war brings—ruin and misery, famine and privation. In Poland its fields are being laid waste; its towns destroyed.

* * *

In this world there are two things you cannot escape: death and taxes. And hideous war harvests a crop of corpses and enforces heavy rates of taxation.

That is the reason the war party, the jingo party must go. The bluff and bluster of cynical European diplomacy must go. This diplomacy in the present hideous conflagration of Europe is reaping its reward, surrounded by countless thousands of ghosts of the slain. Francis Joseph paid for Grottgger's War the sum of 3000 francs; for the present European war he has already paid with the death of the Crown Prince and will pay with a possible dissolution of his crazy-quilt empire.

Mac Donald and Norman Angell.

The organization aims to have Britain propose, when the time for peace negotiations arrives, that "no province shall be transferred from one government to another without the consent by plebiscite of the population." Such a policy would go far toward doing away with causes for war; it gives the principle of nationality full play.

Surely, it is time for neutral peoples to recognize the desirability of making every effort to induce the warring nations to enter into negotiations leading to a lasting peace. The South American republics more and more regard the United States with confidence and friendship, for they are beginning to realize that Uncle Sam stands for truth and fair play first and last. And when North and South Americas clasp hands, they can put a speedy stop to the reign of terror in Europe by simply refusing to transport goods and foodstuffs to the warring nations.

Pathetic Fate of the Poles

By *N. L. PIOTROWSKI*



HE wrongs perpetrated upon the Belgians have been portrayed in most vivid pictures from the beginning of the war to the present day, but the calamitous condition of Poland and the terrible sufferings of the Polish people have been but slightly touched upon in the public press. Everybody heard of Louvain, but hardly anybody heard of Kalisz, a city of nearly 40,000 inhabitants in Russian Poland, which met exactly the same fate as Louvain did at the hands of the German army. The shelling of the Rheims cathedral was decried through the length and breath of this civilized world, but the pillaging of Poland's most sacred shrine at Czestochowa of its priceless treasures was barely given a mention.

Nearly the whole of Galicia, which is Austrian-Poland, with a population of 7,000,000, first was overrun by Russians, then by Austrians and Germans and again by Russians, and is now a mass of ruins, and the inhabitants that have not been killed are fleeing from place to place like wild animals—without food and without shelter, trying to escape the shells of the cannons. The same tragic fate befell the 12,000,000 Poles in Russian Poland. The Germans devastated the country to within six miles of Warsaw, the Russian completed the work of destruction by driving the Germans back thru the same country, and now the Germans are fighting their way to Warsaw for the second time. The Poles in East Prussia suffered equally, while the same fate is awaiting the Poles in Posen (Prussian Poland.)

The Belgians have, at least, the satisfaction that they are fighting for their own country. When a Belgian soldier kills a German soldier, he knows that he killed a foe who forcibly invaded his country and brought death and destruction, and if he is killed he has the satisfaction that he died in defense of his fatherland, while the Poles are compelled to fight not only against their own will, but for a cause that is not theirs but that of their

oppressors. And, what is worse, they are forced to fight against each other, often against their kin—brother against brother, , father against son. For them it is a fratricidal war.

There are about 350,000 Poles in the German army. About the same number are in the Austrian army and about 700,000 in the Russian ranks. In all, there are about 1,500,00 engaged in this war. And what are they fighting for? Some are compelled to fight that the heterogeneous empire of the Habsburgs may not disintegrate; others must fight that Russia may continue to hold her sway over the Slav race; while the German Poles are forced to fight that the military autocracy of Prussia may realize its dream of a world empire.

The Belgians have at least the hope that if the allies win their wrongs will be righted; but for the Poles, judging from past history, there is but little hope in spite of the promises that have been made by the three powers. After the Franco-Prussian war, in which Polish blood soaked the battlefields at Gravelotte, Metz, Sedan and Paris for Prussia's cause, what benefits did the Poles derive from it? Polish language was excluded from schools and public speeches, their bishops and clergy were imprisoned, 40,000 Poles were expelled from East Prussia and the notorious land expropriation law and other repressive measures were enacted.

It is not for the Poles to make too much of the promises made to them. What they are certain of is that their blood will run, their country will be laid waste, their wealth will be destroyed and that whatever flag will float in triumph over stricken fields it will not be the flag of Poland!

Truly, the fate of Poland is most pathetic.

Yet the Poles do hope—nay, they have an abiding faith in their future existence as an independent nation. A race of 25,000,000, having its own customs, history and literature second to none, cannot die nor be destroyed.



The South-Slavic Federation

By JEAN DU BUY, J. D., Ph. D.

To the Editor of "FREE POLAND":—

I gladly accept your invitation, and send you a few lines on the subject of "Free Poland."

In your letter, you kindly refer to me as an advocate of fair play. I trust I deserve that description.

I have been thinking that my words will, probably carry more weight with your readers if I make the following personal remarks with regard to myself: In spite of my very French name, I am not a Frenchman, but a German. Neither am I a native of Alsace-Lorraine, but a French Huguenot by descent. I was born in Berlin, and am, therefore, a Prussian,—one of those Prussians whom most Poles dislike so much. You, as Poles, are naturally Roman Catholics; I, as a descendant of French Huguenots, am naturally a Protestant. But, in spite of all this, I believe in fair-play,—and in fair play and justice for Poland and the whole South-Slavic race in particular.

Ever since the beginning of the present great European war, I have regarded it as very likely that, as a result of the war, Poland will be re-established as a free and independent state. Maybe, in this case, the wish is the father to the thought with me.

The main reason why I believe that Poland ought to be re-established as a free and independent state, is that I am a firm believer in the rightness of the principle of nationality, that is to say, of the principle that the people of each nationality ought to form a free and independent state by themselves. And this belief in the rightness of the principle of nationality is spreading so widely today that I feel confident the map of Europe will be re-made on the basis of the principle of nationality as a result of the present war.

If the principle of nationality was generally adopted in Europe, the following free and independent states would have to be re-established: Poland, Bohemia, Ruthenia, Greater Serbia, Lithuania, Greater Roumania, Finland, Ireland, and so on.

The peoples of a majority of these states are South-Slavic in nationality. They are closely related to one another, and speak closely related languages. These South-Slavic federation would consist of the following states: Poland, Bohemia, Ruthenia, Greater Serbia (including Croatia), and Bulgaria. Greater Serbia would best take the form of a federation of all the Serb states, inside of the great South-Slavic federation.

Besides Poland, Bohemia, Ruthenia, the Serb federation, and Bulgaria, the South-Slavic federation would, probably, best include the following states: Hungary, Greater Roumania, Lithuania, and even Greece. Greater Roumania would consist of eastern Transylvania, eastern Bukowina, and southern Bessarabia, besides the present Roumania. Hungary, Roumania, Lithuania, and Greece are not Slavic nations. But they are intermixed with Slavs, and have been closely associated with the South-Slavs for a long time. They would round out the South-Slavic federation very well. Each of these nine states would be weak by itself; joined together, they would form a very strong federation. Such a federation would put an end to wars among the members of the federation. It

would give a chance to each of these nations, and to the South-Slavic race in general, to develop its own peculiar genius, and thus to contribute its share to the civilization of Europe.

Such is the ideal with regard to Poland and with regard to the South-Slavic race which we hold. How can this ideal be realized? Let me indicate the following ways by which, to my mind, we can best contribute to having our ideal realized:

1. Let us constantly talk about an independent Poland and about a South-Slavic federation to our native-born American fellow citizens, and let us constantly write about it, and let us explain to them the problem of Poland and the problem of the South-Slavic race, so that they will understand these problems, and will sympathize with the Poles and with all the other South-Slavic nations. Then, when the time comes for a peace conference in Europe, will the American people be able to throw their influence into the scales in favor of an independent Poland and of a South-Slavic federation.

2. Let us approach those of our American fellow-citizens who hail from the countries that would naturally form the South-Slavic federation: the Poles, the Czechs, the Ruthenians, the Serbs of every description, the Bulgars, the Magyars, the Roumanians, the Lithuanians, and the Greeks. Let us explain to them the desirability of a great South-Slavic federation, which would give peace to Southeastern Europe, so that they will be eager to work for the same ideal.

3. In the same way, let us try to approach, in Europe itself, the peoples who would form the South-Slavic federation, in particular those who are not involved in the war,—the Bulgars, the Roumanians, and the Greeks.

4. I, even, regard it as advisable to approach the government of Austria-Hungary through its ambassador at Washington. For the nucleus of the South-Slavic federation would be the present Austria-Hungary. The South-Slavic federation would be Austria-Hungary, less the German provinces of Austria and the Italian provinces of Austria, on the one hand, and plus Russian Poland and Prussian Poland, the Ruthenian provinces of Russia, Lithuania, Bessarabia, and the Balkan States, on the other hand. I believe it would be good policy for the government of Austria-Hungary to say to the Slavic peoples within its own borders, as well as to the Poles, the Ruthenians, the Lithuanians, and the Balkan States: "Come, and help us to form a great South-Slavic federation of free and independent states! The government of this federation will be your own government." I believe that, if Austria-Hungary would speak this liberating word, most of the South-Slavic nations and most of the Balkan States would quickly grasp the proffered hand. In the event of such a transformation of Austria-Hungary into a South-Slavic federation, the German provinces of Austria would naturally go to Germany, and the Italian provinces of Austria would naturally go to Italy.

5. Above all, let us advocate that there be held, in Europe, a general European peace conference at the close of the present war; that this peace conference be held in the Capital of one of the genuinely neutral states: at

Berne, at the Hague, or at Christiania; and that the conference be attended, not only by the states that are at war at present, but by representatives of all the peoples of Europe. Let us urge that this peace conference adopt as a basis for permanent peace in Europe these two principles: the principle of nationality and the principle of race-federation. In order that such a peace conference could agree on a basis for permanent peace in Europe, it would be necessary that the conference should meet before one side to the war has defeated the other side completely, and, furthermore, that the conference should

be attended, not by representatives of the governments of the present European states, but by representatives of the peoples of Europe, by representatives of every nationality, including such suppressed nationalities as the Poles, the Czechs, the Ruthenians, the Serbs, the Lithuanians, the Roumanians, the Finns, the Irish, and so on.

It is in this way, and in this way only, that I believe we shall be able to see our ideal realized: our ideal of a free and independent Poland, our ideals of a South-Slavic federation, and our ideal of permanent peace in Europe.

Eugene, Oregon, November, 1914.



A Plea from Warsaw

THIS appeal is based on a plea cabled from Warsaw, Russian Poland, by George Sosnowski, a manufacturer, and Witold Fuchs, American Vice-Consul, who are at the head of the movement in Warsaw, to John F. Smulski of Chicago, asking that the assistance of Americans be enlisted in a relief movement. A committee has been organized in Chicago to take charge of the Polish relief work in the United States, composed of eminent business men, not of Polish extraction, Mrs. and Mr. Smulski being added to the Committee at the request of the European Committee.

The cablegram from Warsaw briefly pictures the Polish distress:

"Million Poles on battlefield, thousands wounded. We organize American-Polish Hospital: beg you and wife to form committees appealing to Poles and Americans for financial help, which is needed urgently. Suggest arranging for transmission of funds through the State Department."

Signed

GEORGE SOSNOWSKI
WITOLD FUCHS.

The above cablegram was received recently. It reveals a situation unparalleled in history. One million Polish boys are at the front; thousands are slain, many thousand wounded at the hands of their own brothers. They are not fighting a common foe. Not as the Belgian boy, who dies to testify to the fortitude of his people. Not as the French boy, who dies to revenge Prussian invasion. Not as the Servian boy, who dies fighting the hated Austrian. Not as the British lad, who dies in testimony of his country's fidelity. Not as the Russian boy, who dies for the little father and his

holy church. Not as the German boy, who dies to add glory to the house of Hohenzollern.

No, the Polish boy dies because they have forced upon him the uniform of his oppressor. Clad in Russian uniform, he has no quarrel with his brother who bears the colors of Germany or Austria. He feels no loyalty and owes no allegiance to his sovereign, except by coercion. He fights but he has no interest in the cause. If he is victorious, he wins for his oppressor. If he dies, he descends to an unhonored grave.

On French soil he fights in Prussian uniform against his friends and sympathizers.

On the Russian, Austrian and Prussian frontier, he fights on the soil of his fathers, where for centuries they protected European civilization from the invasion of the Moslem, where Kosciuszko and his gallant band, battled to foes tenfold stronger; on the same battlefields where John Sobieski delivered Austria from the vengeance of the Turk. But his is a different fight. It is not the Moslem or the Mongol that strikes at his breast, it is his brother, clad in his enemy's uniform.

It seems a nightmare, conjured by an evil spirit. Surely not by the God of the kaiser, for he grants him victories. Not by the God of the emperor for he congratulates the kaiser upon his alliance with God, the enemy of his enemies. Not by the God of the little father, for he calls his millions to the defense of Holy Russia.

This is no nightmare. There is no God of Poland. Her boys have gone to the front, one million strong. They are mowed down on the firing line by the hand of other Polish boys in other uniforms. They die unmourned and unhonored,

in defense of their enemies, the despoilers of their homes, the butchers of their babes and their women; they die for the glory of the house of Hohenzollern, the preservation of the house of Habsburg, the perpetuation of the autocracy of the Romanoffs.

Such is the will of God. They cannot turn, they may not throw down their arms. They send deadly missiles at a distant foe, with anguish in their hearts lest it strike a brother's breast. They cannot all die; some shall live to bear the stamp of fratricide and the scorn of their comrades in arms.

Many thousands are and shall be wounded. It is for these that the appeal comes from across the sea. From the land where the bloodiest battles are and will be fought, from the land that has no part in the quarrel, but which contributes its plains and valleys for devastation and its sons for slaughter. A land already despoiled for a century and a half, robbed of its heritage, without happiness, without hope, buried in sorrow and shame, poor, destitute and desolate. An American Polish hospital for these boys has been organized. A call comes to America for aid. Let the generous hearted Americans, many of whom have been enriched by faithful workmen, brothers of the boys on the firing line, reflect whether they are worthy of aid? If so, let them be generous.

JOHN F. SMULSKI.

All donations and subscriptions will be transmitted to the American consulate in Warsaw for the use of the hospital. Contributions may be sent to Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, treasurer of the committee.

THE COMMITTEE—

MR. JAMES A. PATTEN
MR. RALPH VAN VECHTEN
MR. CHARLES G. DAWES
MRS. HARRIET M. SMULSKI
MR. JOHN F. SMULSKI.

* * *

This appeal to the generosity of the American public is especially directed to those who have business relations with Polish people, to employers of labor, having in their employ men from Poland, who now live among us, and, without doubt, contribute to the development of our country by honest and faithful toil.

While it is not intended to magnify the dis-

trass in Poland, and make it appear that the destruction of life and property there is greater or suffering more intense than in Belgium, France or Eastern Prussia, it is, nevertheless, true, that the situation of the Poles is most pathetic, owing to their political division among three of the principal contesting nations. The enclosed statement issued by John F. Smulski, is intended to show the mental and moral distress, as well as the physical suffering in that most unhappy country. The fighting between Russian, Austrian and Prussian forces, takes place on Polish territory. The contestants are men of the same blood, with the same interest and ideals, but coerced into a fratricidal contest by the powers, who, more than a century ago, took from them their liberty and self-government, and divided their country into three parts.

Of necessity, this territory is now, and will continue to be, the battle-ground for the German, Austrian and Russian forces.

The men from Poland are on the firing line; after they have annihilated each other, others will continue the struggle. The male population able to carry arms, will be destroyed. Women and children will starve. Every foot of Polish soil will be drenched in blood. There will remain a vast graveyard and dreary wilderness.

One needs to reflect to comprehend this horrible condition. Without fear of exaggeration, it may be contended that such a cataclysm has never descended upon any nation since the beginning of time.

Their oppressors have quarrelled among themselves. The Poles who have no direct interest in the cause of this conflict are forced to fight their battles on their own soil, in their native land, fight until the men are gone, their homes levelled, their fields devastated. When the end comes, those that survive, their women and their children will continue in bondage, persecuted for their language, their religion, their patriotism, their ideals.

We intend, only in a small measure, to assist, at this time, in alleviating the suffering of those, who have been brought in from the battle fields, and are now in the hospitals of Warsaw and the surrounding country.

With the hope that this appeal will strike a responsive chord, we beg to remain,

Respectfully,

THE COMMITTEE.

The Lighthouse-Keeper of Aspinwall *)

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Henry Sienkiewicz, of whom more later, was born in 1846 at Wola Okrzejska in Lithuania. He studied at Warsaw and from the first gave himself wholly to letters. Like Mickiewicz in his epic, *Pan Tadeusz*, Sienkiewicz in his Trilogy of fascinating powerful realistic romances (*With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*), mirrors his native land with its virtues and with its shortcomings. But before he attempted longer productions, he toiled at short stories until he could write a good one.

Among these *The Lighthouse-Keeper* is considered a pearl, shining as it does with the luster of its beauty and pathos. It is characteristic of the Pole's longing love for his Fatherland.—The Editor.



ON a time it happened that the lighthouse keeper in Aspinwall, not far from Panama, disappeared without a trace. Since he disappeared during a storm, it was supposed that the ill-fated man went to the very edge of the small, rocky island on which the light-house is situated, and was swept out by a wave. This supposition seemed the more likely as his boat was not found in its rocky niche the next day. The position of light-house keeper had become vacant. It was necessary to fill this position at the earliest, since the light-house had no small significance for the local movement as well as for vessels going from New York to Panama. Mosquito Bay abounds in banks and sandbars. Among these navigation even in the daytime is difficult; but at night, especially with the fogs which are so frequent on those waters warmed by the sun of the tropics, it is almost impossible. The only guide at that time for the numerous vessels is the light-house.

The task of finding a new keeper fell to the United States consul in Panama, and this task was no small one; first, because it was absolutely necessary to find the man within twelve hours; second, the man must be unusually conscientious,—it was not possible, of course, to take the first comer at random; finally, there was an utter lack of candidates. Life on a tower is uncommonly difficult, and by no means enticing to people of the South, who love idleness and the freedom of a vagrant life. The light-house keeper is almost a prisoner. He cannot leave his rocky island except on Sundays. A boat from Aspinwall brings him provisions and water once a day, and returns immediately; on the whole island, one acre in area, there is no inhabitant. The keeper lives in the light-house; he keeps it in order. During the day he gives signals by displaying flags of various co-

lors to indicate changes of the barometer; in the evening he lights the lantern. This would be no great labor were it not that to reach the lantern at the top of the tower he must pass over more than four hundred steep and very high steps; sometimes he must make this journey repeatedly during the day. In general it is the life of a monk, and indeed more than that,—the life of a hermit. It was not wonderful, therefore, that Mr. Isaac Falconbridge was in no small anxiety as to where he should find a permanent successor to the recent keeper; and it is easy to understand his joy when a successor announced himself most unexpectedly on that very day. He was a man already old, seventy years or more, but fresh, erect, with the movements and bearing of a soldier. His hair was perfectly white, his face as dark as that of a creole; but judging from his blue eyes, he did not belong to a Southern people. His face was somewhat downcast and sad, but honest. At the first glance he pleased Falconbridge. It remained only to examine him. Therefore the following conversation began,—

“Where are you from?”

“I am a Pole.”

“Where have you worked up to this time?”

“In one place and another.”

“A light-house keeper should like to stay in one place.”

“I need rest.”

“Have you served? Have you testimonials of honorable government service?”

The old man drew from his bosom a piece of faded silk resembling a strip of an old flag, unwound it, and said,—

“Here are the testimonials. I received this cross in 1830. This second one is Spanish, from the Carlist War; the third is the French legion; the fourth I received in Hungary. Afterward I fought in the States against the South; there they do not give crosses.”

Falconbridge took the paper and began to read.

“H'm! Skavinski? Is that your name? H'm Two flags captured in a bayonet attack. You were a gallant soldier.”

“I am able to be a conscientious light-house keeper.”

*) From *Sielanka*, translated by Jeremiah Curtin.

"It is necessary to ascend the tower a number of times daily. Have you sound legs?"

"I crossed the plains on foot." (The immense prairies between the East and California are called "the plains").

"Do you know sea service?"

"I served three years on a whaler."

"You have tried various occupations."

"The only one I have not known is quiet."

"Why is that?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Such is my fate."

"Still you seem to me too old for a light-house keeper."

"Sir" exclaimed the candidate suddenly, in a voice of emotion, "I am greatly wearied, knocked about. I have passed through much, as you see. This place is one of those which I have wished for most ardently. I am old, I need rest. I need to say to myself, "Here you will remain; this is your port." Ah, sir, this depends now on you alone. Another time perhaps such a place will not offer itself. What luck that I was in in Panama! I entreat you — as God is dear to me, I am like a ship which if it misses the harbor will be lost. If you wish to make an old man happy—I swear to you that I am honest, but—I have enough of this wandering."

The blue eyes of the old man expressed such earnest entreaty that Falconbridge, who had a good, simple heart, was touched.

"Well", said he, "I take you. You are light-house keeper."

The old man's face gleamed with inexpressible joy.

"I thank you."

"Can you go to the tower to-day?"

"I can."

"Then good-by. Another word, for any failure in service you will be dismissed."

"All right."

That same evening, when the sun had descended on the other side of the isthmus, and a day of sunshine was followed by a night without twilight, the new keeper was in his place evidently, for the light-house was casting its bright rays on the water as usual. The night was perfectly calm, silent, genuinely tropical, filled with a transparent haze, forming around the moon a great colored rainbow with soft, unbroken edges; the sea was moving only because the tide raised it. Skavinski on the balcony seemed from below like a small black point. He tried to collect his thoughts, and take in his new position; but his mind was too much under pressure to move with regularity. He felt somewhat as a hunted beast

feels when at last it has found refuge from pursuit on some inaccessible rock or in cave. And hour of quiet had come to him finally; the feeling of safety filled his soul with a certain unspeakable bliss. Now on that rock he can simply laugh at his previous wanderings, his misfortunes and failures. He was in truth like a ship whose masts, ropes, and sails had been broken and rent by a tempest and cast from the clouds to the bottom of the sea,— a ship on which the tempest had hurled waves and spat foam, but which had still wound its way to the harbor. The pictures of that storm passed through his mind quickly as he compared it with the calm future now beginning. A part of his wonderful adventures he had related to Falconbridge; he had not mentioned, however, thousands of other incidents. It had been his misfortune that as often as he pitched his tent and fixed his fireplace to settle down permanently, some wind tore out his tent-stakes, whirled away the fire, and bore him on toward destruction. Looking now from the balcony of the tower at the illuminated waves, he remembered everything through which he had passed. He had campaigned in the four parts of the world, and in wandering had tried almost every occupation. Labor-loving and honest, he had earned money more than once, but had always lost it in spite of every prevision and the utmost caution. He had been a gold-miner in Australia, a diamond-digger in Africa, a rifleman in public service in the East Indies. He had established a ranch in California, — the drought ruined him; he had tried trading with wild tribes in the interior of Brazil,— his raft was wrecked on the Amazon; he himself alone, weaponless, and nearly naked, wandered in the forest for many weeks, living on wild fruits, exposed every moment to death from the jaws of wild beasts. He established a forge in Helena, Arkansas, and that was burned in a great fire which consumed the whole town. Next he fell into the hands of Indians in the Rocky Mountains, and only through a miracle was he saved by Canadian trappers. Then he served as a sailor on a vessel running between Bahia and Bordeaux, and as harpooner on a whaling-ship; both vessels were wrecked. He had a cigar factory in Havana, and was robbed by his partner while he himself was lying sick with the vomito. At last he came to Aspinwall, and there was to be the end of his failures,—for what could reach him now on that rocky island? Neither water nor fire nor men. But from men Skavinski had not suffered much; he had met good men oftener than bad ones.

(To be continued.)

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