

FREE POLAND

A SEMI-MONTHLY

The Truth About Poland and Her People

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Vol. II.—No. 8

JANUARY 1, 1916

5 Cents a Copy



FIRST IN PEACE, FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, ESPECIALLY THOSE OF POLISH EXTRACTION, PRESIDENT WILSON, BY SETTING ASIDE JAN. 1-st, 1916, AS A DAY FOR RELIEF WORK ON BEHALF OF POLAND, HAS POINTED OUT THAT POLAND "ASKS NOTHING FOR HERSELF BUT WHAT SHE HAS A RIGHT TO ASK FOR HUMANITY ITSELF."

CONTENTS

	Page	Page
1. Gov. Dunne's Proclamation	2	
2. Reflections on the Polish Problem	4	
3. The Ukraine and the Ukrainian Question	15	
4. Helping Poland	16	
5. A Letter from Josef Hoffman	19	
6. An Offering, Translated by H. Piotrowska	22	
		24
7. The Father of the Plague-Stricken		27
8. An Expression of Gratitude		29
9. The Land of Graves		29
10. Poles Face Starvation		30
11. The Individual or the State?		

Gov. Dunne's Proclamation

This proclamation, issued on the strength of the appeal of the Polish National Council of America, 984 Milwaukee avenue, was sent by Gov. Dunne to the office of the Polish National Council, S. Adamkiewicz, president.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The president of the United States, actuated by humane and praiseworthy charitable motives has set aside Jan. 1, 1916, as a day appropriate for contributions to the Red Cross society to be used expressly for the relief of the starving and war-stricken people of Poland; and,

Whereas, From reliable sources it appears that hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of the unfortunate people of Poland are upon the verge of starvation, destitute of both food and clothing, and unless speedy relief is obtained they must die of want,

Now, therefore, I, Edward F. Dunne, governor of the state of Illinois, do hereby earnestly call upon the charitably disposed people of this great state to contribute from their abundance to

the Red Cross fund for the relief of these destitute and suffering people of Poland.

Let us not forget that a Pulaski and a Kosciuszko risked their lives in the war of the American revolution and that millions of the brave men and virtuous women of the Polish nation have contributed materially to the building up of this nation.

I respectfully call upon the people of the state of Illinois on Jan. 1, 1916, to contribute generously to the relief fund for the Polish people.

All subscriptions should be sent to the Red Cross society for use in Poland. Any subscriptions received at the governor's office, Springfield, will be forwarded to the Red Cross society to be used expressly for the relief of the Polish people.

In witness whereof, I, Edward F. Dunne, do hereunto set my hand and cause to be affixed the Great Seal of State, this twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1915.

EDWARD F. DUNNE,
Governor.

Subscription Blank

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The Truth About Poland and Her People



Vol. II—No. 8

JANUARY 1, 1916

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(Reproduced from Free Poland, Dec. 5, 1914.)



LAST YEAR BELGIUM WAS EXTENDED THE FRATERNAL HAND OF CHARITY AND RECEIVED ITS CHRISTMAS SHIP. SENATOR KERN'S RESOLUTION WILL PROVIDE BREAD FOR WAR-STRICKEN POLAND. NOW IS POLAND'S TURN.

Reflections on the Polish Problem

By *JAN KUCHARZEWSKI*

(Translated from the French by John S. Furrow)

Quae vos a stirpe parentum
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto
Accipiet reduces. Antiquam exquirite matrem.
(Virgil, Aeneid, III, 94-96)

I.

The War and the Nationalities

Not so long ago Mr. C. Gonski, who wields so enviable a pen, in his article entitled "Historical Half-Truths and Untruths", gave a brilliant refutation of the belief that Poland is incapable of self-government. "This one historical fact", he wrote, "stands out pre-eminent, that no other nation has ever achieved such national reforms without violence or bloodshed, as has Poland by the adoption of the constitution in 1791."

This article, by Jan Kucharzewski, translated from the French by John S. Furrow, is another eloquent plea in the same direction. A relatively short period of anarchy, as Kucharzewski well says, is taken to brand the whole course of Polish history as one of continuous lawlessness and disorder. "You pass over", to quote him verbatim, "in complete silence a long and brilliant period of Poland's history; you disregard the immense services rendered humanity by this nation". — Note by the Editor.



THE GREAT WAR has profoundly transformed the internal and external relations among the powers of Europe. Gradually internal strifes have subsided while the discussion of social questions has been postponed for a more favorable date.

As the internal affairs, which during the long years of peace were the principal object of general interest, have been relegated to the background, there disappears the supercilious indifference of the big powers towards the lesser peoples. There are no more insignificant peoples; each people deserves attention, each people is a valuable friend or a dangerous enemy, or at least potentially so.

The small States, the fates of which were more indifferent to the eyes of the French, the English or the German burgess than the immediate affairs of his congregation or of his township, or than the elections to the municipal council of his town, were revealed before the forum of the world, as formidable powers. The system of alliances and counter-alliances created a certain

equilibrium of forces against the two European camps composed of the big powers, and it is perhaps the sword of a little people, drawn at the decisive moment, which will turn the scale.

Hence the interest with which the whole world has anxiously viewed the attitude of Bulgaria, of Greece and of Roumania.

* * *

The great war is performing wonders. Not only the small States, but the peoples despoiled and deprived of their own government have secured their niche in the attention of the world. Their rulers themselves proclaim their names most solemnly, for at the moment the nations had engaged in mortal combat, each wrong committed and not repaired becomes not only a remorse, but a menace and danger for the guilty nation. The war sounds the awakening of the conscience of the peoples, called forth by the instinct of self-preservation; they dread the effect of the crimes which till now they have been committing, and swear to right them. The repentance is even occasionally sincere. In this manner there is revealed the intimate connection, the mutual dependence between the destinies of nations; there is undeniably established the profound influence of the attitude of the peoples, reduced to an apparent impotence, in the progress of international affairs. It is the right and the duty of these peoples, whose voice had been forgotten and stifled during long years, of now enlightening humanity with their misfortunes, their sufferings and their desires. It is a duty towards themselves and towards the other nations. The latter should listen to them not only out of the spirit of altruism, but also in their own interest, well understood and regarding their immediate future.

At the time of peace, the utterances of the free peoples were happy and contented in nature. Drunk with prosperity, they forgot the misfortunes of others, the wrongs and grievances which were the latent cause of an inevitable and unexpected catastrophe. They, therefore, now raise their voices, they whose suffering, even without their knowledge, became the mine which exploded and rumblingly shook the foundations of the artificial edifice of peace founded on injustice. Their voices raised become a warning for the nations, so that they understand that if still the appeal of humanity remain without an echo,

the peace to come shall only be uncertain and precarious.

* * *

Several unrighteous wars created in Europe a political order permitting of injustice. It is this political system which allowed that fragments of free and powerful nations be separated from their native country and subjected to a foreign domination, such as Alsace-Lorraine. It is thanks to the same political system that there had been committed that monstrous crime of the dismemberment of Poland — a once great and free country scratched from the family of nations.

It is without doubt that for long years the question of Alsace-Lorraine, brutally separated from its mother-country, has maintained the entire Europe in a state of fever excitement. It must have been a case of myopia not to have earlier foreseen how fragile, illusory and disgraceful is the state of things based on the dismemberment and suppression of a whole nation.

Justice-loving and clear-sighted minds have long recognized this truth. Michelet expressed it eloquently in his admirable book on Poland.

"Europe", he says, "is not at all a casual assembly, a simple juxtaposition of peoples — it is a grand harmonious instrument, a lyre, each nationality of which is a chord and represents a tone. . . . If you remove one, you alter the ensemble, render impossible, jarring or dumb this gamut of nations.

"Only madcaps, only childish ravagers dare place their hand on this sacred instrument, this work of the times, of God, of the necessity of things, make an attempt upon these chords, conceive the impious thought of destroying one and forever breaking the sublime harmony determined by Providence."

Then, passing to the question of Poland in particular, he proves the disastrous consequences which forcible partitions have heaped on Europe.

"The ignorance, the excessive preoccupation with that which is near us, the profound attention given to trifling matters, while neglecting the really great and important ones, have alone hitherto hindered the dreadful consequences following upon the death of Poland, the obliteration of the France of the North.

"They have concealed their game by force of a series of falsehoods. It is a stupendous fact, enough to humiliate for ever the human spirit, that the world of enlightenment and civilization has allowed itself, for a half century, to be deceived therein.

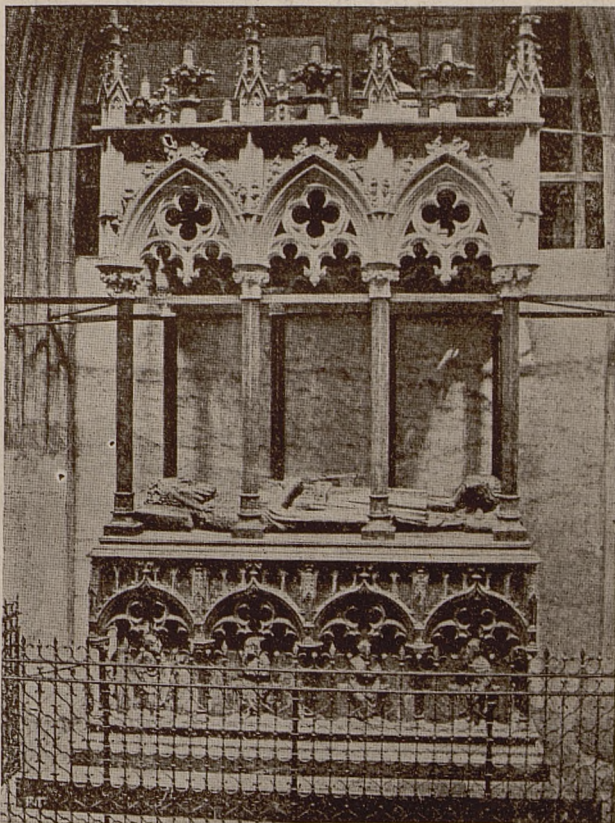
"Wonderful example of what the arts of thought, of literature and the press, cleverly seduced and corrupted, can do in extinguishing the

enlightenment itself, in involving the day in darkness, so that the blinded world is unable to see the sunlight at noon."

* * *

Is it truly possible to believe in a stable political equilibrium as long as a people of twenty-five million souls, occupying the center of Europe, remain in chains, tortured? European peace, concluded on the grave of a nation, shut in one or two or three coffins, can only be an armistice.

EXAMPLES OF POLISH ART



MONUMENT TO KING CASIMIR IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE VAVEL, CRACOW.

If this servitude continue in force, or this half-liberty which ordinarily is only a stage leading to a more complete enthrallment, what are the inevitable consequences? To condemn a nation to an extermination which is slow but sure, is to reduce it to despair and fatally to create a hotbed of trouble for the future.

The Polish nation ardently desires to become an element of order and progress, a source of peaceful work and collaboration which may be prolific in the works of civilization.

Is it in the interest of peace and prudence—

to have continue in force similar political anomalies and similar obstacles in the free progress of European life?

* * *

You still meet with the assertion that it would be premature to raise now in the European press the Polish Question in all its extent. The Poles have long known the term "premature", they well know the exact meaning of this euphemism. For many years their rulers have used this word — this medley of cruelty and irony — to answer the most just demands of Poland. The word is very convenient—it replaces and permits of spiritually evading the direct refusal, embarrassing at times; it fails of advancing the motives; it defers most simply the decision in indefinite terms, *ad calendas Graecas*.

But now the present events have put an end to these shufflings and postponements. It would be truly premature to settle at present the matter of the future organization of Poland, but the moment has come to make a frank declaration in point of the principle to be followed and of the general basis to be adopted. The hour is propitious therefor; save that we be told when shall finally come the moment for discussion? Upon the termination of the war, there will be conferences and preliminary negotiations for peace; the discussion of vital questions will appear inopportune, capable of troubling and damaging the subtle play of diplomacy. Then will come the concluding of peace and all speeches and addresses and appeals will be deemed impertinent or superfluous.

It would then be preferable to have those who, under the pretext of prematurity, conceal their repugnance to treat of the Polish problem, give an account of the true significance of their silence.

II.

The Slanderers of Poland.

The right of a nation to liberty and independence is undeniable. It seems that in this point all dispute over the rights of Poland to a free independent life would seem impossible. Yet the sceptics will in vain draw attention to the difficulty of removing all the parts of Poland from foreign domination and propose a compromise between the ideal and harsh reality — the lawfulness and justice of Polish aspirations will not be shaken. After a century of national strifes in Europe, which gradually brought about the liberation of Belgium, of Italy, of Hungary, of Roumania, of Greece, of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, it would be difficult to contest the valid

right of the Poles to claim the same destiny for their fatherland.

Meanwhile, there is even now noticed the tendency to doubt the capacity of this nation to govern itself—a doubt which consciously or unconsciously aims to justify the foreign domination lying so heavy upon Poland.

This tendency we have, alas, met with even among noted writers, belonging to a nation justly proud of its liberties and of the glorious resistance which it has offered to everything which could injure it. These facts, it is true, are isolated instances among the numerous manifestations of sympathy for the Polish Cause, but they are no less significant and even infectious, inasmuch as we have found elsewhere, here and there, the same fragments of thought used in the aforesaid matter.

If an author, after having written as the title of his work "The Rebirth of Poland", devotes the greatest part of his work to description of the saddest pages of Poland's past, you cannot entertain any illusion as to his cast of mind; he regrets to see the nation at the end of its captivity and at the threshold of its delivery he would wish to return to the tomb the Lazarus raised from the dead. These commonplace phrases of friendliness accompanied with unseasonable expostulations and advices of submission to force, can only produce this general impression.

We have reviewed with a feeling of disquietude and painful curiosity the pages so shocking to our nation, and we fear finding there new and irrefutable arguments, severe and grievous accusations. Our deception was together a relief and a consolation. It is not easy to find serious and convincing arguments which would overthrow the natural right of a great people to liberty. Here one is compelled to repeat the old tirades composed in the 18th century, at the time of Frederick II and Catherine II. While reading these platitudes employed, dealing with the incurable anarchy in Poland, with its lack of political organization, you would believe you had before you, minus the originality, a copy of the letters of old Fritz to Voltaire or his rhymed pamphlets, delayed a century and a half.

* * *

The authors who repeat these common arguments of Polish anarchy undoubtedly do not give a sufficient account of the source they draw their accusations from, and of the connection with these deviations from the truth. May they read the recent French book written by Marius-Ary Leblond; may they take cognizance of the phenomenon which the author calls "The Organization of Calumny" against Poland and

which he attributes principally to the royal libeler of Prussia. The phenomenon is very simple. The three States, accomplices, feel the need of justifying in some way their crime of partition. While applying the old Machiavellian maxim and reversing only the chronological order of their deeds, they at first destroyed Poland and then began to slander it; having destroyed the State, they vilified it and began by vilification to destroy it in turn.

Michelet branded the process according to its worth: "In the profound darkness they brought about, the murderers came and stoutly blasphemed over the corpse of their victim: There was no Poland: she did not exist.... We have killed nothing."

"Then, seeing the stupefaction of Europe, its silence, and that many seemed to believe them, they added coldly: 'Besides, if she existed, she deserved to perish... If there were a Poland, it would be a power of the Middle Ages, a backward State, addicted to aristocratic institutions...'"

"One word, then, only one word to these licensed liars, to these hired calumniators..."

* * *

This word Michelet repeats in the following pages in most eloquent terms. Armed in his learning and thorough study, Michelet develops and sets forth a brilliant refutation of these slanders. And it is indeed no presumption when he says:

"We have sought the truth eagerly, long, laboriously, with a truly religious fervor. No other reading, no other study has cost us so much to attain it."

Are there in our days many such writers who show a similar care for laborious study of the Polish Question?

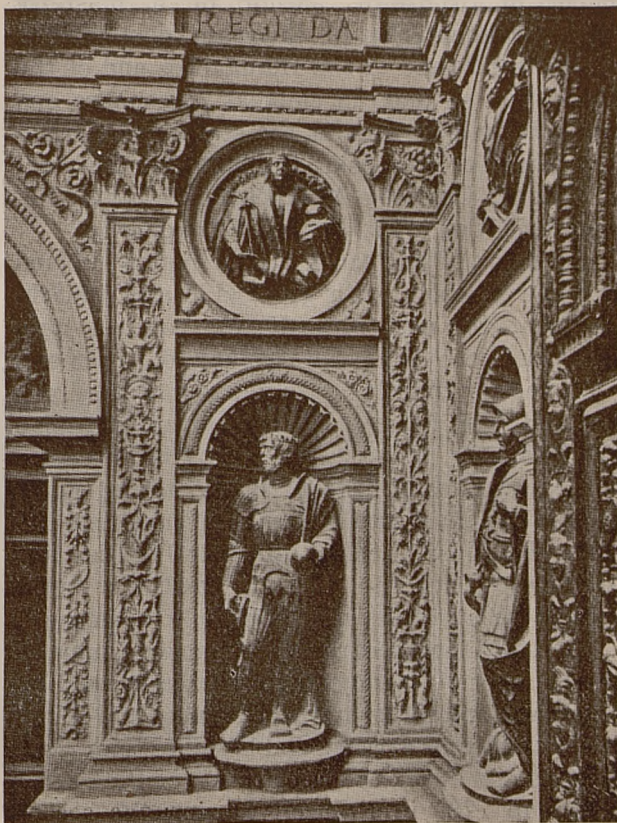
Besides, we must not forget that the period of Polish history whence one may select facts and symptoms of governmental anarchy was relatively short. It begins in the middle of the 17th century and lasts no longer than a century. In the second half of the 18th century there is already marked the reformatory current which did not tend to bring about the safety of the Republic, for the principal reform of government was rendered ineffectual through foreign intervention.

Until the death of Ladislaus IV Waza (1648), in spite of the already perceptible weakening of the royal power, Poland was a powerful State which respected the rights of its neighbors; it certainly was the strongest State of Eastern Europe. It is only upon the death of this sovereign that there were manifest visible symptoms of the decline of the Republic; but it would be exaggeration to characterise the second half of the 17th

century as an epoch of unrestrained anarchy pure and simple. Poland at this time gave evidence of an astonishing vitality while combatting during the reign of John Casimir (1648-1668) a whole series of powerful coalitions which aimed at the dismemberment of the country and comprised the Cossacks, the Tatars, the Muscovites, the Swedes, the Hungarians, and the Elector of Brandenburg. She emerged from these terrible struggles, enfeebled and diminished in size, but greater in her heroism, having safeguarded her independence.

During the two following reigns, that of Michael Wisniowiecki and that of John Sobieski, des-

Bibl. Jag



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL TO KING ZYGMUNT
IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE VAVEL.

pite the increasing weakening of the governmental organism in the interior, Poland covered herself with immortal glory while repelling a terrible Turkish invasion and saving Western Europe from this danger (1683). The death of Sobieski was followed by the two Saxon kings, August II and August III (1696-1763), and it is this epoch, marked by a visible decline, that has furnished the theme for so many dissertations on the anarchy in Poland.

While considering this epoch, while generalizing its anarchical character and ascribing

ing it to Polish history in general, you do wrong to forget the long and brilliant epoch of its expansion and prosperity. The 15th and the 16th century in Poland offer an imposing tableau of power, of development of the sciences and political liberties.

Everybody knows the name of the great Polish astronomer, Copernicus. It was not simple accident — the appearance of this great scientist in Poland; Copernicus was the most illustrious, but not the only representative of mathematics and astronomy in Poland at the epoch of the humanities. He was a student at the University of Cracow and of the celebrated Polish professor Adalbert of Brudzewo, author of a masterly work: *Commentarius in theoriam planetarium*. Besides, the Poland of the Humanities and of the Reformation abounds in eminent personages and remarkable minds, such as the statesmen, Olesnicki, Tarnowski, Zamojski; the historian Dlugosz; the writers: Ostrorog, Modrzeski; the poets: Kochanowski, Klonowicz, Janicki, Szymonowicz.

At this brilliant epoch of her history, Poland knew how to solve, with great skill and remarkable talent, the most difficult of political problems; she conciliated the element of power and of territorial expansion with the principle of political and civic liberty. Poland, after her union with Lithuania, Prussia, and Courland, occupied the immense area of 850,000 sq. kilometers, equaling the combined territories of France and England. Extremely jealous of their liberties and of their equalities, the Poles systematically introduced these principles in every public demesne.

In 1430, they secured the legal guarantee of personal liberty (*Neminem captivabimus, nisi iure victum*), preceding by two centuries and a half the act of *Habeas Corpus*, and by more than three centuries and a half the Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789 in France. During the second half of the 15th century they gradually established a parliamentary form of government, and in 1573, they instituted a republican regime consisting of an elective system of kings. The liberties of Poland exercised a strong attraction for the neighboring peoples, and it is through a voluntary and spontaneous union that the Polish State brought about its aggrandizement. In 1836, Poland united with Lithuania through a dynastic marriage; in 1413, this union takes the legal form of a regular dynastic union, and in 1569, of a real lasting union of two peoples, bound by common institutions. In 1454, the Prussian territories submitted to Polish supremacy in order to escape the Teutonic peril; in 1561, Courland followed suit, to escape the Muscovite dominion.

* * *

The problem of reconciling the force of a State with the principle of individual liberty of a citizen developed at its greatest, was not so easy to solve in the 16th century, as in our days. Of all the European States, England alone knew how to reach at a solution after 1689; the other nations gradually solved this problem in the 19th century, France after 1789. And it was only by force of bloody strifes and after long oscillations, after many subterfuges and evasions.

Poland, in love with liberty and inexperienced in the parliamentary system as all the nations of that epoch, showed the new way. She staked out the first road to liberty, her weakness, springing from her noble aspirations. It is astonishing that this young organism undertook this task, which is so glorious, but so dangerous. The Gordian knot Poland untied amid uninterrupted struggles against her external enemies. She served Western Europe as a rampart against barbarian invasion. She stopped with her body the invasion of the Tartars, she formed a bulwark against the Turkish deluge.

Let Michelet describe this glorious role of Poland:

“Europe, forgetful, heedless, no more appears to know the supreme danger which threatened it in the last decades of the Middle Ages and from which it was saved.

“The invasion of the Turks, as serious as that of the Tartars in Europe, was not at all a deluge of a day which inundates, ravages and flows away. These barbarians, by no means barbarians in war, presented a solid and invincible front; among the swarms of cavalry, there advanced the formidable janissaries, the first infantry in the world. Their victory was very probable.

“Poland placed herself before Europe with the Hungarians and the Slavs, the Roumanians of the Danube; she saved humanity.

“When Europe chattered idly, disputed over Indulgences, lost itself in subtleties, these heroic guardians were protecting it with their lances. In order that the women of France and Germany might peacefully spin their distaff and their men, their theology, the Poles, the Hungarians, keeping sentry, only a step from the barbarians, were on the watch, saber in hand: If perchance they fell asleep, their bodies would remain at the post, their heads would go to the Turkish camp.”

And contemporary authors, while tracing the tableau of modern Poland know also how to render justice to the Poland of yore.

“Poland at all times had to be maintained in arms”, said Marius-Ary-Leblond — “while

others had plenty of leisure for development; through historic necessity she remained well after the Middle Ages a chivalrous nation of knight-errants who so valiantly kept watch in the face of Eastern anti-Christian barbarism that she could, in a noble presumption, command the respect of Europe, as she guarded the individualism of her heroic warriors. Indeed, it is culpable, it is criminal ingratitude to charge Poland with 'anarchy' — she is the first martyr of European democracy. We owe her, with our veneration for the magnificent and pathetic self-sacrifice, an eternal acknowledgement for her inspiring devotion, which brought her to misery."

* * *

Foreign authors, describing the Polish anarchy of the 18th century, draw, for the most part,

recovered all their rights. They alone, in the entire Europe, without disturbance, without bloodshed and through tranquil deliberations reformed the form of government to their liking.

Civic liberty was united to a broad religious tolerance. "This country", says Rulhiere, "which we have seen devastated in our days, under the pretext of religion, is the first State in Europe to give an example of tolerance. The mosques were erected alongside the churches and the synagogues. The republic had no subjects more faithful than the Mohammedan Tartars enjoying its protection; the Jews enjoyed practical autonomy and managed many of the estates of the noblemen, who were addicted more to factions than to economy. Poland, whose constitution never allowed her to be a conqueror, owed only to



THE ANCIENT CLOTH HALL (SUKIENNICE), CRACOW.

their facts and arguments from Rulhiere, author of the *History of the Anarchy of Poland*, a great work in four volumes. And look how the glorious periods of Polish history are judged by this minute investigator, this competent and severe observer of the past, this mind, so inspired while retracing the progress of the anarchy in Poland in the 18th century.

"In all the other States of Europe, sovereign power had not ceased to be on the increase. The European nations, scarcely delivered from feudal tyranny, began everywhere to fear falling under the yoke of a single master.. At this epoch, in the year of 1573, the Poles alone, through the death of their king and the vacancy on the throne,

this tolerance her growth and the annexation of all the neighboring countries.

"Red Russia became a province only on the express condition of conserving the Christianity which it had received from Constantinople. Lemberg, the capital of this province, has ever been the seat of three archbishoprics—Armenian, Greek and Roman; and no one inquired in which of the three cathedrals any man, who consented to live as a subject and without sharing in the functions of the sovereignty, would go to receive his communion.

"Lithuania, still pagan when she voluntarily received the civilization and the laws of Poland, did not hesitate to become Christian.... Finally,

when the Reformation was tearing the States asunder, Poland, without proscribing the ancient religion, received to her bosom the two new sects.

"In 1573, when Poland gave a new sanction to her government, religious tolerance was expressed as a general and positive law. . Henry de Valois, famous by his victories over the Calvinists in France, was however, elected king by this same Diet; but the ambassadors who had presented him with the crown brought into France tolerance and peace; and this prince, dyed with the blood of his fellow-citizens, came to Poland and swore, upon the altars of the Roman Church, that he would never be a persecutor.

"In the midst of agitated Europe, the Republic was flourishing and enjoying peace, possessed of great-minded statesmen, peaceful and martial..."

Now, if you blight with the name of anarchy the former political system of Poland, you commit a grievous historical fault: you take the symptoms of a period relatively short for the general character of the whole history of Poland; you pass over in complete silence a long and brilliant period of her history; you disregard the immense services rendered by this nation to humanity. This is a grievous error, but there are others, which we shall shortly examine.

III.

The second error committed while exaggerating the shortcomings of ancient Poland is omitting to draw a parallel between her and other nations. Other peoples are lost sight of, only Poland is seen with its exaggerated and magnified vices.

Is it not a notorious fact that in Germany anarchy raged for several centuries? "Germany discloses itself in the Middle Ages as a hotbed of anarchy, an anarchy which was inexcusable inasmuch as it did not result in the working out of a democracy, but only in quarrels among petty tyrants and bands", rightly says a modern author.

"Their rivalries maintained the general confusion", writes concerning these petty tyrants one of our historians (Ernest Denis). "They knew only one master—their own interests. Treachery, cruelty, egoism, contempt for human and divine laws...., a realistic and violent generation, covetous of profit and ready to pay for it with any sort of compromise."

If Poland is cited as a type of anarchy, it is because she had ceased to exist as a State. More fortunate nations, who have maintained their independence, succeeded in forgetting their shortcomings of former times.

If Poland experienced in the 18th century an epoch of momentary decadence due to the weakening of its governmental power, other countries at the time passed through a period of political and social decadence, due to the degeneracy of the ancient regime, to the extravagances of absolutism, to the abuse of favoritism, to the excesses of the court camarillas. The consequences of these monstrosities of that epoch were disastrous to the social, economical and moral state of the country. If you would to-day begin examining the vices and misfortunes of France during the Regency, under Louis XV, under Louis XVI, and if, moreover, you would judge those epochs according to the political capacity of modern France, would you not expose yourself to the raillery of all thinking people?

In order to trace a parallel to Poland, let us read what French historians have to say on this subject.

During the Regency:—"Cynicism becomes a means of success, effrontery replaces merit, debauchery and fraud were set up as a recognized profession." (Martin. *Les premieres annees de Louis XV.*)

And later, under Louis XV, didn't there exist a certain anarchy which had no excuse of cropping up from an extreme liberty?

"The people, groaning under heavy taxation, deeply ignorant and unfortunate, in their despair admitted all the tales: that the noblemen, out of sheer wickedness, threw the flour into the Seine; that the king, to repair his worn out organs, kidnaped small children and bathed in human blood. Every representative of authority became a suspect and enemy. Every rebel appeared a legitimate chief. From 1752 there were formed, in the vicinity of Paris, many bands of fifty or sixty vagrants armed for war. Deserters, vagabonds, smugglers or forgers, defaulters of every sort, living through fraud and rapine, gave battle to the constabulary, to the soldiers on sentinel duty, to custom-house officers. In 1754, Mandrin recruits a company of 150 disciplined men, attacks such towns as Beaune and Autun, opens the prisons, ransacks the public treasuries, and sells the plundered wares. A small army of 200 men had to be despatched against them and they were captured only through treason." (P. Foncin, *Louis XV.*)

On the eve of the revolution the dissolution of the State is obvious, the disorder reaches formidable proportions. Let us consider, for instance, the exchequer under Calonne. "He thought that in order to get ready money, credit was necessary; that in order to have credit it was necessary to feign riches; and in order to have the

air of being rich, it was necessary to spend much." (P. Foncin.)

France was then not even a nation in the true sense of the word—according to Mirabeau, she was a "disorganized aggregation of disunited peoples."

A man who never passed for a slanderer of the ancient monarchy, Malonet said: "The country suffers from the vices of arbitrary government in which the moderation of the prince does not prevent the tyrannical influence of authority. All the plagues which are brought down as the result of the intoxication of power and the arrogance of ignorance, afflicted the nation." (E. Champion. — *La France en 1789.*)

indignation it excited in all the monarchies. France thereupon became synonymous with the nest of political and moral contagion; the sovereigns, the ministers, the generals swore to have done with this source of political pestilence. There were moments when danger seemed imminent. After the treason of Dumouriez, in April 1793, the situation was desperate. Mayence capitulated, then Valenciennes.

"Five foreign armies entered French territory and at the same time civil war raged throughout the interior. La Vendee, uprising, opened to emigrants and to the English the road to the center of France... The conference which was held at Anvers on the morrow of the treason of Du-



THE CHURCH OF VIRGIN MARY (PANNA MARYA), CRACOW.

This general misery raised the indignation of Arthur Young: "What terrible burden on the conscience of the nobility to have these millions of industrious human beings given over to hunger through the execrable maxims of despotism and feudalism!... An Englishman who has not left his country, cannot imagine the condition of most of the French peasants; it is a picture of a hard and painful existence, of most sorrowful drudgery and toil to bring forth a new generation of slaves.

"Hordes of vagabonds, beggars, were wandering in the country, threatening it with pillage and arson if lodging and nourishment were denied them... Even in Paris there was no public security." (E. Champion.)

* * *

Then came the Great Revolution. You know well enough what horror, what terror and what

mouriez left no one doubting as to the real intentions of the coalition... Lord Auckland declared that England intended 'to reduce France to a veritable political nonentity...' The combination which obtained at the court of Vienna consisted in annexing the French Flanders, Artois and Picardie to Austria... The Prussian diplomats desired to keep for their sovereign the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Russia accepted beforehand all the projects of the partitions, sure of finding ample compensations in Poland. The Russian minister Markoff said to Cobenzl: "Take possession of the French provinces which are to your convenience: as Spain, Sardinia aggrandized on their part, England also did not neglect her affairs....." (H. Vast. *La Guerre Montagnarde.*)

France, however, was saved and the principal cause of her safety was the division among the

powers. This disagreement France owes to another drama, simultaneously enacted in Eastern Europe. Russia and Prussia, profiting by the great conflagration in the west, had prepared the second partition of Poland, which was in turn soon followed by Polish insurrections directed against the invaders. This diversion spelled the safety of France. The first result of this second partition, effected without the participation of Austria, was the disagreement between the latter power and Prussia. "Austria refused to recognize the acquisition of Prussia in Poland; Russia, to constrain her, avoided engaging her troops in the Netherlands and harmony with the imperial troops." (H. Vast.)

Russia had too much to do in Poland and could not offer military support to the coalition.

So, through a coincidence of events, tragic for Poland, advantageous to France, Poland lost, as the result of the disorder in France, the probable aid of her natural ally in the west; her partition was consummated in full safety; at the same time, the Polish catastrophe created a powerful diversion to France's profit. The indomitable energy of the Convention did the rest and France was saved.

But let us suppose that the tragedy of Poland had arrived sooner or later, that the coalition had been able to use in 1793 all their forces against France and that the latter had been really dismembered, it is easy to guess with what eloquence, what abundance of arguments and what force of conviction, the voluntary or mercenary publicists of the coalition would have tried to prove that France was unworthy to exist as a State! They would have qualified the State as incapable of having an independent existence, ever oscillating between fierce despotism and unbridled anarchy; they would have branded it as being the center of subversive principles, of regicide, of atheism.

It is even superfluous to have resorted to this historical fiction in order to convince the reader; it suffices to take cognizance of the anti-revolutionary pamphlets which were circulated, in almost all languages, during the Great Revolution, as well as at the epoch of the great European reaction, at the times of Metternich.

* * *

And in order to estimate the value of these accusations which are hurled against Poland in the partitioning countries, it is sufficient to investigate the condition of these in the 18th century. They run over periods of fiercest despotism, of the servitude of the peasants, of the decadence of the higher ranks of society, of the

regime of minions and courtesans. The order which there reigned was mechanical, maintained by the rod and did not at all bar a deep and real anarchy in the social relations in the interior.

The three quarters of Poland fell to the lot of Russia; the tableau of this State under the heirs of Peter the Great is very lurid. It is the rule of women and their favorites: it is Menschikoff under the Regent of Brunswick, Lestocq, Rosoumovski, Shouvaloff under Elizabeth. Their role was still more amplified under the reign of Catherine II. "After Orloff and Potemkin, Russian favoritism became an institution." (A. Rambaud.)

And what creatures — these minions! Let us cite one typical example, although there were more scandalous ones. In 1730 Anna Joannovna ascended the throne. "From Mitau the empress made haste to have her favorite entitled,—a groom from Courland, Ernest Buehren or Brien... He was a tall, handsome man, untaught, uneducated, loving only his horses; a superb lackey. Morally wicked and vindictive as his mistress....." (A. Rambaud.)

Where, then, is this stability of monarchical power, this order which could be urged against the anarchy of Poland, against the disorderly election of her kings?

"Russia, more and more, appears in Europe as a country of adventures, where everything can come to pass, where all forms of government are unstable; there were so many revolutions since the oligarchical attempt of 1730 to the death of Paul I in 1801.

The ukase of Peter the Great (1721), which submitted the order of succession to the arbitrament of the reigning sovereign counted for much in these catastrophes." (Rambaud.)

The laxity of morals in the high society of Poland is readily emphasized, just as the Polish culture is frequently denounced as being decadent in the 18th century. But under what influences fell the ancient western culture after the partitions?

"The Russian government, since Peter the Great, had taken most of its administrative and military institutions from the west. The upper classes had decided to wear European apparel: but the short clothes, buckled shoes, powdered periwigs, had scarcely changed their primitive nature—Russia, even in the high society remained an Asiatic people. The Russian courtesans would not have been out of their element at the court of the Grand Mogul: the same cupidity, the same insolence in prosperity, the same vileness and disgrace, the same ruthlessness in vengeance." (A. Rambaud.)

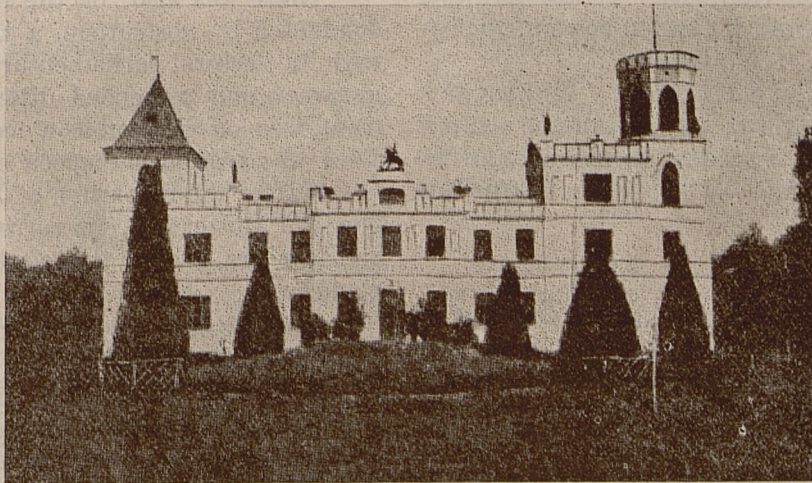
The Republic of Poland has been accused of having given up its peasantry to the arbitrary power of their masters, of having monopolized all their rights and advantages to the profit of the nobility. And what fell to their lot after the partitions?

"In the relations between landlord and serf (in Russia in the 18th century), there is only oppression, dreadful abuse of the domanial authority, excess of ill treatment and of corporal punishment." (A. Rambaud).

The Ukase of 1767 prevented the peasantry from lodging a complaint against their masters. "In the laws drawn by a Count Roumiantsoff, who made the laws on his domains, every serf who would enter the chamber of the master while asleep was punished with five thousand lashes." (A. Rambaud). The notorious Daria Saltykoff inflicted unheard of punishments upon her servants.

tremely hard and arbitrary, with social relations based on privilege and injustice, and with lordly authority executed with a methodic and ruthless rigidity.

In Prussia, the country whence come the later *Kulturtraeger* of dismembered Poland, in the first half of the 18th century takes place the despotic and violent reign of Frederick William I, who furnished a notorious example of brutality, by emphasizing with cane blows the ill treatment which he inflicted on his attendants, and by amusing himself in vulgar fashion at the *Tabackskollegium*. At the end of the century, at the epoch when there lived the unfortunate Poniatowski, whose gallant escapades furnish a theme for persiflage even in our days, the court and the high spheres of Prussia offer a striking picture of extreme laxity of manners. Great disorder reigns in the affairs of the State. "The



A MANSION AT GIZYCE (SOCHACZEW), PRESENTLY DESTROYED BY THE ENEMY.

"When she tired of administering the blows with whip, knout, cane, iron, with whatever objects she seized, she cruelly cudged her grooms." This lasted for seven years: she prided herself upon her impunity. An investigation was begun. "The number of victims who had succumbed from the blows or died of hunger in prison or because they had been exposed naked, through wintry nights, was difficult to establish; one number given was 138. The Russian priest silently buried these mutilated corpses." (Rambaud).

* * *

And in the two other States participating in the dismemberment—that is Austria and Prussia, distinctly styling themselves absolute monarchies, we find, it is true, in the 18th century, more education and urbanity than in Russia, less excess of despotism, less of oriental abuse; but there we meet, at all events, with an internal regime, ex-

scandals, of which the king gave an infamous example, raised the indignation of his subjects", says the historian. The Court at Berlin became, using Mirabeau's expression, a gaming-house for noblemen, and the country "was delivered a prey to priestcraft, to visionaries and women." "They published a number of pamphlets directed against the sovereign and his entourage, and at the same time against the mismanagement of finances, the errors in collecting the taxes, the deplorable condition of the means of communication, the iniquitous extension of the privileges of the nobility." The lot of these peasants remained miserable. Frederick II suppressed the serfdom and the statute labor on his domains, without daring impose this suppression upon the nobles.

In Austria, the condition of the peasantry was also very pitiful. Joseph II abolished serf-

dom in his possessions, but found no imitators. In Austria, according to the historian, on the eve of the great French Revolution, "everywhere the peasants were submitted to numerous burdens, statute labor, vexations; it is commonly declared that they were not informed enough in order to be masters of themselves".

At the epoch which is so often cited as being one of dreadful disorder, what was the state of the German empire? It was completely disorganized. "The disorganization of Germany had been so much the easier, as the princes had been divided, suspecting one another, indifferently disposed towards the emperor, insensible of the honor of their name", says one historian. And with this political disorder of Germany there ran parallel a deep economical decadence: the industries suffered; the country was without good roads, canals, and means of communication."

The secondary States feared the progress of the political unity of Germany. "They were ever ready to invoke the aid of foreign powers, guarantees of the Treaty of Westphalia."

Mueller wrote in a brochure; "Without law, without justice, without any guarantee against taxation arbitrarily imposed, without union, without any national spirit — that is the *status quo* of our nation."

* * *

In order to determine the future destinies of France, of Germany, of Russia, of Italy, can one take into consideration the moral and political state of these nations during the 18th century? Does the public spirit or the social state of a nation form something immutable, perpetual?

Far from it. Let us glance at the evolution of European nations in modern times.

Could the Germany of the time of the Holy Empire and even of the German Confederation founded by the Congress of Vienna furnish the basis for the accusation that the Germans are a people born for philosophy, for poetry, for peaceful civil life and political particularity, a people incapable of creating national unity and establishing a powerful State? The following pathetic invocation was addressed to Germany by a famous French writer in the middle of the 19th century: "Grant me your old qualities of mind, opposed to each other, and which you manage to combine: your scholasticism and revery. Give me the somnolence of your Philistine burgess. Give me your faith in books..." It was only twenty years before Sadova. The Germany of Robert Blum, Varnhagen von Ense, Ruge Welcker, Waldeck,

Gagern, is become the Germany of Bismarck, Treitschke, Bernhardi. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

And Italy? Was n't she considered politically impotent, addicted to dissensions, for ever crumbled? Was n't she "a geographical expression" at the beginning of the 19th century? The same author apostrophizes her in these terms: "Italy, give me your ancient discords, your spirit of isolation and local pride..."

And was not Russia of the first half of the 19th century, the Russia of Nicholas the I, in the eyes of Western Europe, a government without a nation, a formidable machine of conquest outwardly and of oppression inwardly, a blind and inanimate force? "Russia does not count for anything in Russia", said Michelet. "There is no nation, there is the bureau and the whip: the bureau is Germany, the whip is the Cossack." One could not apply this cruel aphorism to the Russia of to-day and of tomorrow.

There was also on the European Continent, dominated by absolutism, a time when England, with its electoral parliamentary contests, with the apparent and pretended disorder of its government, was looked upon as a decadent country. The same was true of the epoch of the European reaction after the revolution of July. Read the Memoirs of Metternich, his correspondence with the ambassadors during the election reform in England.

But is it necessary to look so far in the past? Have we not heard for many years the opinion expressed as deploring the so-called decadence of France, deploring her as a country torn asunder by partisan strife, consumed by cosmopolitanism, the gold fever and moral indifference? Were there not, only recently, many Cassandras who prophesied the dissolution of this state in case of war? Have not all these prophecies (excepting ridiculous illusion) been complete errors, or spiteful enunciation?

Nevertheless, there still are people, who in order to portray the Poland of to-morrow, describe the ancient Republic from the times of the Seven Years' War and base their judgment of the Polish Cause upon antiquated opinion, opinion for the most part erroneous and not even corresponding to the reality of conditions as obtaining 50 years ago. Despite the falsity of this method, the authors who employ it, pretend to be serious historians, severe but just, and even friends of Poland. May God preserve us from such friends! We prefer an enemy in the open.

(To be continued).


The Ukraine and the Ukrainian Question

By JOHN S. FURROW

We have not met with many English articles dealing with the Ukraine. The CHICAGO TRIBUNE, in its issue of October 10, 1915, printed an article by N. L. Zalozetzky, which, however, was so short as to be superficial. The "Letters" of the Right Reverend S. S. Ortynsky, Ruthenian Catholic Bishop in the United States, were unenlightening inasmuch as they were specifically Ruthenian and really formed an appeal to the generous American people. Deprecating the Russian liberation of Ruthenia and depicting the plight of that country, the Letters of Bishop Ortynsky were tragic in their contents and—because of the extremely poor translation—in their English as well. Other Ukrainian writers on this subject have only been pleased—for lack of proper study of the question—to indulge in a series of attacks and calumnies of the fair Polish name. To-day's article by our contributor, JOHN S. FURROW, aims to give a cold, dispassionate and impartial review of the Ukraine and the Ukrainian question —

Note by the Editor.

Introductory.

 FROM the counties of Bialostok and Biele in the government of Grodno, along the eastern frontier of the governments of Siedlce and Lublin, throughout the whole of Galicia from the north of the river San to the south-west towards Novotar, and still farther, in the Hungarian Zips — the Polish population is neighbor to its kindred Ukrainian nationality.

And the two peoples are joined not only by this tribal and lingual kinship. They had once joined their lots in one powerful State, for it must be remembered that Poland, Lithuania and Ruthenia had combined to form the glorious tripartite Republic of Poland.

Consequently, the question of Polish-Ukrainian relations both in Russia and, all the more, in Austria, does not cease to occupy the minds of all political thinkers. The question of excluding the province of Chelm from the Kingdom of Poland and the Polish-Ruthenian struggle in Eastern Galicia had begun to draw the attention not only of thinking Poles, but of the whole cultural world, to Ukrainian hopes and aspirations.

* * *

Beginnings of the Ukraine — Language

The eastern Slavic tribes had early engaged in commercial relations. The Arabs from the Caspian Sea, the Greeks from the Black Sea, and the Normans from the Baltic, were dealing with them, buying various raw products, such as wood, wax, furs, etc., as well as slaves. The Normans had invaded the interior of the north-east territory of Slavdom, reaching it through the numerous waterways. They subjugated the separate East-Slavic tribes, who saw in these warlike Scandinavian conquerors desirable organizers of effective defence against the harassing incursions of the nomadic Turanian tribes.

Gradually the Norman vikings together with their armed retainers settled among the Slavs and restrained them within the bounds of an organized state. This gave rise to separate centers of Norman rule, which slowly converged into one aggregate under the authority of the

princes of Kieff. In the course of time the Norman conquerors accepted the nationality of the conquered Slavs as well as the name of Ruthenia (Ruś), employed not only by the Norman Varegs, but also by the Byzantinian and Arabic writers in reference to the north-eastern Slavs.

"Ruthenia" (Ruś) is a collective name applied by the earliest chroniclers of Kieff to a number of East-Slavic tribes, settled in the 9th and 10th centuries upon Lake Ilmen and the Dnieper river, known variously as the Novodrodiani, the Krivichi, Radimichi, Vyatichi, Polani, Drevlani, Volhyniani, Dulebi, Buzhani, Tiverci, Ulichi, Syevyerani, Dregovich, Red Croatsians. The name of Ruthenia was adopted by the state founded in the 9th century by the Varegs with its center at Kieff.

The South-Ruthenians neighbored on the south with foreign tribes and peoples, which had migrated from the east westward and settled the expanse of land near the Black Sea. Here already in the 3th century took place the emigration of tribes. After the Goths and Heruli appeared the Hunns, toward the end of the 5th century the Bulgarians, in the middle of the following century the Arabs, and in the 9th century this region was traversed by the Magyars who settled beyond the Danube. At the same time there followed a settlement of this territory by the Pyetchings, the Turks (the Usi), the Polovtsi (Cumani), with whom South-Ruthenian tribes and princes waged incessant wars on the lower banks of the Dnieper and the Don.

The existence of these nomadic tribes, generally warlike and aggressive, rendered difficult the movement of Ruthenian colonization southward. The Slavic empire of the Ruryks scarcely extended on the Dnieper to the Rosia and the Trubez. Farther south beyond these rivers there stretched the broad expanse of the steppes, occupied by the Turanian nomads (the so-called "Black Klobuks"), separating Ruthenia from the Polovtsi, who occupied the immense stretch of territory between the Don, across the Dnieper and the Boh, and the Dniester down to the seashore.

The aforesaid Turanian tribes, kindred to the Polovtsi (the Torci, the Berendeyi, the Cherkasi, remnants of the Pyetschingi, etc.) sought a rapprochement with Ruthenia against the Polovtsi, in consequence of which their relations with Ruthenia became closer, and simultaneously submitted to its culture, adopted its tongue and in turn imposed on it some of their own elements.

The Tatar invasion dealt a death-blow to the disorganized and weakened internally South-Ruthenian kingdom. Following the dreadful defeat, inflicted upon the Ruthenians at Kalka (1224), the Mongolian hordes devastated a greater part of the province of Kieff, Volhynia and Halich, a fact which, of course, tended to depopulate those lands. In 1240 the Tatars conquered Kieff, thereby destroying the nucleus of a pan-Ruthenian State. For a long period of time Ruthenian colonization movement southward and eastward had been stopped. On the other hand, driven northward by the Tatars, the remnants of already half-Ruthenized Turanian nomads finally merged with Russia, while those of the south sank in Tartardom.

The Halich-Volhynian State, established at the begin-

(Continued on p. 20)

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Remember

Poland asks to be reconstituted along the lines of
justice and fair play to all.

Poland demands peace with freedom.

Poland, as a buffer State, will be one of the greatest
guardians for the future peace of Europe.

In fact, Poland "asks nothing for herself but what
she has a right to ask for humanity itself."

Helping Poland

We have recently remarked that the Polish National Council does not truck and higgler for a private good, but aims to do something for the social, political and economical welfare of Poles. It holds the pulse of Polish-American sentiment, and through its relations with the Polish press as well through the medium of its English publication, FREE POLAND, it gives wide publicity to any humanitarian move on behalf of unfortunate Poland.

The resolution of Senator Kern, the signing of which by President Wilson was the last official act of the latter before leaving the White House for his marriage, provides for a holiday fund for relief work in Poland.

The resolution, presented by John W. Kern, Senator of Indiana, follows:

"Whereas, The attention of the people of the United States has been from time to time directed to the appalling situation in Poland, where practically the entire population to-day is homeless, and where men, women and children are perish-

ing by the thousands for lack of shelter, clothing and food; and

"Whereas, The people of the United States have demonstrated their sympathy for the suffering people on all sides in the great European war by their splendid and successful charitable work in Belgium, Serbia and other places, and feeling that the American people would quickly respond to an appeal for help in Poland once the tragedy of the situation there is brought home to them; be it

"Resolved, That, appreciating the suffering of that stricken people, it is suggested that the President of the United States set aside a day in the forthcoming holiday season upon which day a direct appeal to the sympathy of all American citizens shall be made, and an opportunity shall be given for all to contribute to a much-needed holiday fund for relief in Poland."

The Red Cross had charge of this fund, its collection and distribution.

* * *

Immediately upon the receipt of Senator Kern's resolution the Polish National Council sent out the following telegrams:

Chicago, Dec. 21, 1915.

President Woodrow Wilson,

Washington, D. C.

To His Excellency: —

We beg leave to express our deepest gratitude for your noble-minded interest in the Polish Cause and your noteworthy desire to succor our war-stricken brethren in Poland. The Poles shall never forget this significant humanitarian act of President Wilson!

Polish National Council of America,

S. Adamkiewicz, Pres.

F. X. Medwecki, Sec'y.

K. Wachtel,

Chairman of the Press Com.

John S. Skibinski,

Editor of "Free Poland".

* * *

Chicago, Dec. 21, 1915.

Senator John W. Kern,

Indianapolis, Ind.

To Honorable Mr. Kern, Senator: —

We take the liberty to express our abiding gratitude for your kindly interest in Poland's Cause.

Polish National Council of America,

S. Adamkiewicz, Pres.

F. X. Medwecki, Sec'y.

K. Wachtel,

John S. Skibinski,

Chicago, Dec. 21, 1915.

To Senator Lane,
Portland, Oregon.

Your Honor: —

We beg leave to express our profound gratitude for your sympathetic interest in Poland's Cause.

Polish National Council of America,
S. Adamkiewicz, Pres.
F. X. Medwecki, Sec'y.
K. Wachtel,
Chairman of the Press Com.
John S. Skibinski,
Editor of "Free Poland".

* * *

Chicago, Dec. 21, 1915.

Hon. Edward F. Dunne,
Governor of Illinois,
Springfield, Ill.

Your Honor: —

The Polish National Council respectfully desires to know what steps Your Honor contemplates taking with regard to Senator Kern's resolution, concerning Poland's plight and President Wilson's message, proclaiming Jan. 1. as the Polish Day. We take the liberty of inquiring, as we should greatly appreciate knowing if any aid and assistance could be given by us in this matter.

Polish National Council of America,
S. Adamkiewicz, Pres.
F. X. Medwecki, Sec'y.
K. Wachtel,
Chairman of the Press Com.
John S. Skibinski,
Editor of "Free Poland".

* * *

The following communication was sent to the American Red Cross:

Chicago, December 23rd, 1915.

The Red Cross of America,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:—

The proclamation of President Wilson, appointing Jan. 1st, as the "Polish Day", has once more reminded the world of the suffering of the Polish people.

Poland, a veritable Niobe of nations, has been the battle-ground of Europe for over a year with the result that the Poles are all exiles in their own land.

Homeless at home, they have nowhere to seek a haven of safety; abuse, cold, hunger, starvation await them in every nook of their native land; their homes are levelled with the ground by the instruments of war; their farming villages

have terribly suffered; the peasants have been deprived of their live stock and farming implements; fire, shell, bomb, bullet, rapine are all about. There is no place to go; there is none to help.

None to help? Yes, there is America — "the conscience of the world", as Sienkiewicz, the famous novelist, has called her.

President Wilson's proclamation is so notable an act of humanity that it shall never be forgotten not only by grateful Poles, but by the world at large.

If we remember that the Poles are compelled to fight in the interest of foe and oppressor; if we remember that their children are deprived of food, clothing and shelter; if we remember that they are in extreme poverty and destitution; if we remember that they cannot escape, hemmed in as they are in the terrible maelstrom of war; if we remember that their homes and farms are afire, everything of value to them destroyed; if we do not forget our debt to Kosciuszko and Pulaski: then we shall readily hasten to Poland's succor and assistance.

The business of mankind in this life is rather to act than to know. We should not have our strict neutrality mean strict selfishness.

There is a dependence of one man on another. The interests of the whole world are more or less interwoven.

"Dependence", says one writer, "is a perpetual call of humanity, a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever."

President Wilson's proclamation is an excellent instance of this "perpetual call on humanity."

The task of collecting relief funds for war-stricken Poland has been entrusted to one of the greatest humanitarian agencies in the world — the American Red Cross.

The Polish National Council begs leave to inquire of what help and assistance it can prove to the American Red Cross.

The Polish National Council is eager to cooperate with the American Red Cross in this humanitarian work on behalf of Poland.

We feel the need of wider publicity in the American press with regard to the President's message. We feel there is too little attention given to the suffering of the Polish people in this dreadful war.

We feel that if the Red Cross would draft an eloquent appeal to the American People, this great Republic, once more to be weighed in the balance of compassion, benevolence, humanity and charity, would not be found wanting.

May we expect from you a speedy reply as to

our course of procedure in this matter?

Most respectfully yours,

THE POLISH NATIONAL COUNCIL OF AM.

984 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

S. ADAMKIEWICZ, Pres.

FR. X. MEDWECKI, Sec'y.

REV. FRANCIS WOJTALEWICZ,

Spiritual Adviser.

KAROL WACHTEL,

Chairman of the Press Committee.

JOHN S. SKIBINSKI,

Editor of "Free Poland."

* * *

The Polish National Council, furthermore, issued an appeal to the Governors of the States, expressive of its willingness to contribute its mite toward effective and successful results.

The appeal follows:

YOUR EXCELLENCY: —

On the strength of the resolution of John W. Kern, Senator of Indiana, the President of these United States has, by his proclamation, set aside the first of January, 1916, as the day for the American Red Cross to collect relief funds in this country on behalf of war-stricken Poland.

In view of the deplorable conditions obtaining at present in Poland, which not long ago economically and politically oppressed, now presents a tragedy unheard of in the annals of mankind and morally all the worse, inasmuch as brother is fighting brother,—all lovers of mankind must needs rejoice that President Wilson saw fit to draw the attention of this great Republic to the ineffable misery of an unfortunate people.

*

A great English thinker points out that our minds should "move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

The Polish National Council of America has set for itself the task of telling the TRUTH about Poland and her people, of promoting the American interest in the Cause of Poland, and of vehemently combatting any falsehood and vilification regarding that unfortunate country.

The Polish National Council has repeatedly pointed out that "hope springs eternal" in the Polish breast which confidently has ever rested in Providence and now demands that the many wrongs be righted, its freedom granted, its democracy assured.

Neither repeated vexations nor frequent calamities have abated the Pole's deep and abiding trust in God and in the ultimate happy solution of the Polish Question.

During the period of this war the Polish Na-

tional Council has endeavored to arouse to charity the average American Citizen. The plight of Poland, her heroic struggle with adverse circumstances has been deemed a motive great enough, a responsibility heavy enough, to call for seriousness of discussion and resoluteness of action.

*

The President's memorable proclamation, above all, calls for action; and Your Excellency, as a lover of mankind, you cannot but lend this proclamation your unanimous support. You cannot but act—and act now. You cannot but officially be instrumental in causing the minds of your Compatriots to "move in charity."

Poland looks up to America — that Good Samaritan—not only for sympathy, for a decisive settling, through prestige and powerful endorsement, of the eternal question which rests on historically indisputable grounds, but also for active support from the Citizens of this Republic.

Your Excellency, whatever you do in the way of diffusing and keeping alive in the public mind a lively interest for ill-fated Poland; whatever you do in order to conciliate powerful support from the Fellow-Citizens of your State—that alone shall earn the undying gratitude of humanity in general and of the friendless and destitute Poles in particular.

And the Polish National Council of America, on its part, is willing, in these trying times, to do its mite, and to the best of its ability, to contribute to the success of this lofty humanitarian duty.

Please command us for any service and help deemed necessary for eminently effective and successful results.

Most respectfully yours,

THE POLISH NATIONAL COUNCIL OF AM.

984-986 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

S. ADAMKIEWICZ, President.

F. X. MEDWECKI, Secretary.

REV. FRANCIS WOJTALEWICZ,

Spiritual Adviser.

K. WACHTEL,

Chairman of the Press Committee.

JOHN S. SKIBINSKI,

Editor of "Free Poland."

* * *

The Associated Press despatched the following message:

Chicago, Dec. 23rd, 1915.

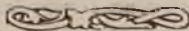
In view of the deplorable conditions obtaining at present in Poland, which not long ago economically and politically oppressed, now presents a tragedy unheard of in the annals of mankind and morally all the worse, inasmuch as brother

is fighting brother,—all lovers of mankind must needs rejoice that President Wilson saw fit to draw the attention of this Republic to the ineffable misery of an unfortunate people.

The Polish National Council of America with its headquarters at 984 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill., has at its meeting decided to co-operate with

the American Red Cross and to be of whatever assistance possible to that humanitarian agency.

The Polish National Council has, furthermore, issued an appeal to the Governors of the States commanding them for any service deemed necessary to jointly bring about eminently effective and successful results.



A Letter from Josef Hoffman

We have received the following communication from Mr. Josef Hoffman, the famous Polish pianist: —

Before we can talk of a Free Poland we must have a liberated Poland, free from all bonds and servitude and from every kind of foreign influence. The German military occupation provisional government on Prussian lines of administration does not mean liberation, though it must be conceded that a great step has been taken inasmuch as the use of the Polish language has been officially sanctioned. The compulsory Germanization of the Poles in the province of Posen and in Prussian Silesia, the expropriation bill have been keenly resented by the Poles who were naturally tempted to compare the harsh treatment of their countrymen at the hands of Prussian officials with the liberal and just regime which they enjoyed in Austria. Piotrkow and Lodz are neighboring towns. The former is under Austro-Hungarian military administration, whereas Lodz is under the German military administration. There is a striking difference between the two. Piotrkow shows the distinctive signs of a thoroughly Polish city, one might almost say that it is a picture of Polish resurrection; though the people of Lodz are thankful for the departure of the Russian oppressors, they nevertheless realize that with the advent of a German military government their city has not acquired the truly Polish character for which they long. In Piotrkow the volunteers of the Polish Legions and the Uhlans, chiefly recruited from Polish districts and wearing the uniform similar to the Polish national costume, did not enter the city as foreigners, nay, they were welcomed as brethren. In Lodz the German soldiers though welcomed, were nevertheless strangers before whom the native population had a sort of fearful respect. We Poles believe that we are right when asserting that neither Russia nor Germany favor the creation of a new kingdom of Poland. Austria-Hungary alone has officially approved the Liberation of Poland; in the orders of the day to the Polish Legions the formation of an independent Poland has already been foreseen. The settlement of the Polish question will probably cause some friction between the Central powers, and the Poles will then have the first opportunity to display their ability as a free people. The

tokens of sincere friendship received from Austria-Hungary during a period of 60 years have created such a feeling of confidence among the Poles that they will support proposals emanating from Austria-Hungary rather than from any another nation.

He who has had an opportunity to compare conditions in Russian, Prussian and Austrian Poland will certainly agree with me. Any authority on the subject will admit that the Poles have nowhere had such opportunities of national, cultural and economic development as in Galicia. The administration of that country has always been entrusted to Poles, and besides, the government has always invited the co-operation of the "Kolo Polskie" (Polish national council.)

Galicia is the only country with Polish colleges, high schools and universities. The Polish language is used in official intercourse; it is also the language used throughout the country for private and business purposes.

"Nomen atque omen", the periodical "Free Poland" stands for the freedom of all Poles, and we who hail from Galicia are certainly as much concerned in the matter as our Polish brethren from other quarters. We are however, compelled, in justice to the efforts of the Austro-Hungarian government to recognize that Poland has to thank it for the preservation of the Polish language and other national institutions. Inasmuch as the Poles have to look for a kind understanding and the advancement of their national cause in foreign quarters, Austria is undoubtedly the country on which they should concentrate their hopes.

The above represents Mr. Josef Hoffman's views on the Polish Question. Hereafter we shall not publish articles which favor a foreign potentate and point to him as the future savior of Poland. We repeat, we are neither "Austrophile" (in which spirit Mr. Hoffman's communication is written), nor "Germanophile", nor "Russophile." We are devoted to telling the truth about Poland and her people and simply insist on the necessity of Poland's independence as one of the strongest guarantees of European peace.

The Ukraine and the Ukrainian Question

(Continued from p. 15)

nings of the 13th century and lasting to the middle of the 14th, attempted to become the center of the political union of South Ruthenia. And it is here, in Halich and Volhynia, that the peoples crystallized into a Ukrainian nationality, which exhibited more and more of its distinctive racial characteristics in the 14th century. For the first time the western frontier of the South-Ruthenian territory had succeeded in rescuing from total loss the Ukrainian nationality, which consequently spread and waxed strong through extensive colonization.

This colonization, however, takes place under the protection not of the rulers of independent Ruthenia, but of the states, to which it had submitted in the latter half of the 14th century — Lithuania, Poland, and final-

which assimilated the nomads. But the new incursion of the Tatars, under the leadership of Mengligirey (1482) destroyed in a great degree the fruits of this colonization.

However, after the passing away of these Mongolian hordes, which had destroyed Kieff for the last time and almost completely depopulated the lands lying south of it, a new colonization movement increased to enormous proportions. In this movement the White-Russian element played the leading role. As proved by Al. Jablonowski, in the middle of the 16th century the White-Russian element was supreme on the banks of Lower Dnieper down to Cherkasy. The White-Russians furnished the bulk of colonists for the settlements near the Dnieper, though they had not penetrated deeply into the steppes. These White-Russians, however, were absorbed by the Ukrainian element, though it itself was influenced to a great degree thereby. Obviously the Ukrainians were most strongly influenced by White Russia in the north, where there resulted with regard to language and mode of living another Ukrainian type — that of the Poleshuki,



PRZEMYŚL — DESTROYED INSTRUMENTS OF WAR

ly Russia. The various elements participating in the colonization of the Ukraine were all assimilated in the native stock.

Just as the Turanian element played a leading role in Kieff, just so the Polish influence was exercised upon Halich. From the time of the occupation by Poland of Red Russia in the 14th century the flow of Polish colonists — peasants and tradesmen — was continuous.

With the victories of the Lithuanian princes over the Tatars in the second half of the 14th century when the city of Kieff was being rebuilt, the new rulers of South Ruthenia moved far into the steppes, forming a long line of frontier fastnesses—such as Kaniow, Cherkasy, Winnica, Braclaw, Zwinograd. This line of defence rendered possible the movement in that direction of the colonization from the north—from the territory of the Pripet and Styr toward Kieff, which had least suffered from Tatar invasion. There resulted loose Ruthenian settlements,

acknowledged by some writers, as for example Sobolewskij, to be another Ukrainian nationality beside the southern.

In the 16th century, especially in the period of the political union (1564), on the strength of which the province of Volhynia, Kieff and Braclaw were annexed to the Crown the colonization of these lands was notably accelerated. The Polish Ukrainian magnates settled the desolate expanses on the Dnieper, Boh, Dniester with colonists from Red Russia and from Poland proper, who soon amalgamated with the Ukrainian population.

The movement of settlers from the west and the north southward had reached its greatest period of growth toward the end of the first half of the 16th century, when the Cossack uprising had stopped it completely. The whole part of the land on the Dnieper belonging to Poland, was converted into a desert, but, on the other hand, the governments of Poltawa, Charkow and a part of Wo-

ronetz became thickly populated as the result of an exodus of the Ukrainians beyond the Dnieper.

Inasmuch as Moscow, in its treaties with Poland, had stipulated that the broad stretches of land around Kieff, the whole right bank of the Dnieper — from Kieff to the steppes of Zaporozze — remain for ever a desert, the colonization thereof had met with exceptional difficulties. Despite this barrier streams of population pressed westward, though the Russian soldiers would cruelly drive away the settlers. Especially ruthless was such an expulsion, undertaken by the hetman (general) Samoylovich, by order of Czar Peter I (1711-1712), which proved a terrible calamity for the Ukrainian people.

It is first upon the departure of the Russian army from the right bank of the Ukraine (1714) that the Dnieper deserts had begun speedily to be populated through the initiative of Polish noblemen, who brought settlers from the Polesie of Kieff and from Volhynia. There were not a few settlers from beyond the Dnieper, where oppression by the Cossack "hetmans" had become most unbearable.

In the 18th century (after the Treaty of Karlowice, 1699) Podolia witnessed a thick settlement, including quite a number of Polish peasants — the Mazurs, who had settled, as booth-dwellers, already in the beginning of the 17th century in the forested regions of Volhynia and the Kieff Polesie. The conquest of this so-called New Russia led the flow of Ukrainian colonization to the present governments of Cherson, Yekaterinoslav and Tauryk. At the end of the 18th century the Cossacks from near the Black Sea crossed over to Kuban. The Ukrainian element extended in close file to the government of Stavropol and formed large islands on the Volga, later in Siberia.

The Ukrainians were bounded on the west by the Polish contingent and on the south-west by the Roumanian. They had succeeded in swallowing up a part of the Roumanians, especially on the Dniester and the upper course of the Pruth. The highlanders known as "Hutsuls", according to opinion advanced by some writers, have, if they are not Ruthenized Roumanians, at any rate a large admixture of Roumanian blood.

By way of assimilating in the course of many centuries the various elements — the Turanian, the Polish, the White-Russian, the Roumanian, and the Serbian — and, secondly, through the internal interaction of the particular changes of the Ukrainian population, — there has come about the present Ukrainian nationality, with its prominent characteristics — lingual and psychical.

The territory, at present occupied by that nationality, lies between 38 and 60 degrees east longitude and 45 and 53 degrees north latitude and occupies about 14,000 sq. mi., entering into the composition of three contemporaneous powers.

The largest fragment of Ukrainian territory is under the dominion of Russia. It occupies the entire government of Volhynia with the adjacent counties and a part of the counties of the government of Minsk (those of Pinsk and Mozyrsk) and of the government of Grodno (parts of the counties of Bialostock and Bielsk, and the whole of Kobryn, Pruzan and Brest), the south-eastern portion of the Kingdom of Poland (parts of the counties of Jasnow, Biala and Wlodawa of the government of Siedlce and the counties of Chelm, Hrubieszow, Zamosc, Bilgoray and Tomaszow of the government of Lublin), the government of Podolia, a large part of that of Bessarabia, the whole of Cherson and Jekaterynoslav, the northern part of Tauryk, the whole of Poltava and Char-

kov, the larger part of Chernihof, the south-western part of Kursk, the western parts of Woronez and Don, large portions of Kuban and of the governments of the Black Sea (Charnomore) and Stavropol.

In Austria the Ukraine occupies the north-western part of Bukovina, Eastern Galicia and a narrow stretch of land along the mountains, extending up to Novosandack and Novotar — in Western Galicia. In Hungary it embraces the comitats of Zemplin, Ungwar, Bere, Mar-marco, and parts of Sary and Zips.

Thus, it is readily seen that the Ukrainians on the north are bounded by White-Russians and Russians, (the latter also bordering upon them from the east), in the west by Poles, in the south by Slovaks, Magyars, Roumanians, and finally by Tartars and Caucasian tribes.

Of course, the conserving influence of the Ukraine has been the peasant. He has borne all the historical storms which have raged over his territory. He has not only endured all, but has spread his influence eastward and southward, occupying ever new lands, assimilating all foreign elements. The peasant has preserved his former customs, songs and fables, and, above all, his distinct language, the most prominent mark of nationalistic self-existence.

In order to speak of the Ukrainian tongue, it is necessary to touch lightly upon the question of its independence, so often called into doubt by Russian savants.

This question has been agitating the minds for some time, and but for the presence of elements which have nothing to do with science pure and simple — the political squabbles — its solution would not be difficult. But politics has so bemuddled the clear judgment and reason of many learned men, that it still seems to be a weighty problem — is the Ukrainian tongue a language such as the Polish, the Bohemian, the German, the French, or is it only a dialect of the Russian? As a matter of fact there is no practical significance to this question, inasmuch as there exists no basis for discriminating between a tongue and a dialect. Whether we shall style the speech of the Ukrainian a dialect or a language there is no doubt that it possesses such a sum total of distinct qualities and characteristics, common to all its dialects in contradistinction to White-Russian and Great-Russian dialects, that we are compelled to call it a distinct and separate tongue. And the most eminent philologists from Miklosich to Schachmatoff, not the mention the Ukrainian savants, are of the same opinion. **IT MUST BE ADDED THAT POLISH PHILOLOGISTS HAVE ALWAYS CONSIDERED THE UKRAINIAN AN INDEPENDENT AND SEPARATE LANGUAGE.**

As a separate tongue of the eastern group of Slavonic languages, the Ukrainian approaches the White-Russian and the Russian (Great Russian); it must be added that on the Ukrainian-Russian and the Ukrainian-White-Russian frontiers there are found patois transient in character, possessed of certain characters of one and the other languages.

The population, employing the Ukrainian and occupying so wide an expanse of territory, must naturally be divided into several groups more or less distinguished from one another by certain differences of dialect. It has been accepted to divide the Ukrainians into three fundamental types: the Polesian, the Ukrainian proper, and Podolian-Halichian.

The Polesians, or Poleshuks, are the inhabitants of Polesia in the northern portion of the counties of Kieff, Radomyn and on the north-east of Volhynia to Horyn. To the Poleshuks belongs the Ukrainian population of

Podlasia (parts of the governments of Siedlce and Grodno) as well as of Pinsk—from Horyn to Pina—the so-called Pinchuks. The Poleshuks, from all the fragments of the Ukraine, come nearest, as to language and custom, to the White-Russians, or more correctly, White-Ruthenian.

The Ukrainians proper dwell south of the Poleshuks, occupying the left-riparian Ukraine and traversing the Dnieper to the government of Kieff, to the central part of Volhynia and down to the south-eastern portion of Podolia.

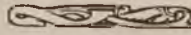
The Ruthenians are a people inhabiting Western Volhynia, Chelm, north-western parts of Podolia, Galicia and Hungarian Ruthenia. The Podolian-Halichian group from ancient times has been known as Ruthenian (Rusin, adj. Ruski) or Rusnak, Rusniak. In this group are furthermore distinguished the Ruthenian highlanders (Horyans, Verhovintsy), subdivided into various fragments —

such as the Hutsuls. The Ruthenian group is possessed most of all, of Polish characteristics, while at its southernmost frontier it has an admixture of the Roumanian.

There are approximately 35,000,000 Ukrainians, that is, they outnumber the Poles. The Ukrainian type proper is marked by tallness of size, dark color of hair and eyes, a straight, narrow nose and is brachycephalic.

Therefore, the mass of Ukrainian population differ from their immediate neighbors not only linguistically and anthropologically, but also with respect to their ethical and psychical life. Forms of family and social life in the Ukraine are different from those in Great Russia and in Poland. Different is also the spiritual life of the Ukrainian peasant, which is most distinctly reflected in Ukrainian poetry and popular music, in his ceremony, beliefs and customs. The Ukrainian, then, is not Russian, — but Ukrainian — himself.

(Next — THE HISTORY OF THE UKRAINE.)



An Offering

By WACŁAW SIEROSZEWSKI

(Continued)

Next morning the people of the valley awoke with a festive feeling; the day seemed burdened with solemn events. The weather was exhilarating, the sky clear, uniformly blue, without a trace of a cloud. All repaired to Seltichan's camp and formed the formal circle.

The highest councillors of the community took their prescribed places with dignity, the elders and the heads of the families in the front ranks, young men behind them; women and children stood outside the ring.

Oltungaba yielded to invitations pressed upon him repeatedly and stepped into the circle; he saluted the gathering and addressed it in mien of modesty.

"Is this your earnest desire... That I... in spite of my old age....?"

"And whom should we implore?"

"There are young and mighty wizards....!"

"Oh, Oltungaba! Who would dare to prophesy in your presence!" — came from all sides.

The old man darted gloomy glances at the throng from under his lowering brow.

"You hesitated — and for many here this may be the last day...."

"I do not wish to spare myself, but I meditate over our traditions, ancient usages.—What shall my tongue reveal to you... A hard day requires something hard... and burdensome times, something heavy of accomplishment.... Why should we evoke things terrible to no purpose!.... If the dauntless one fails to appear... I shall pay with my own head."

"We are all willing to die.... You wish us good, we know. Oh, Oltungaba.... this is our decision!"

"Let it be, then....", finally agreed the old conjurer after a last moment of hesitation.

Two most distinguished magicians passed to him the ceremonial robe, an ample cloak with a long fringe and a multitude of metal symbols and bells. They scattered the hair of the old sage and placed on his head an iron crown adorned with horns. Meanwhile a middle-aged

Tungus, the conjurer's assistant, was drying a drum before the fire. When it was sufficiently stretched he tried its elasticity with the stroke of a wand: a doleful, well known rumble stirred up the distant echoes — a death-like stillness fell upon the multitude.

The hide of a milk-white reindeer was spread in the middle of the circle, with its head towards the south. The old conjurer sat upon it in the center, lighted a pipe and swallowed mouthfuls of smoke, washing it down with gulps of water; then he sprinkled the rest of the water towards the four points of the horizon, faced the sun and fell into complete immovability.

He sat thus for a long time; the hair fell over his face in long meshes, the eyes peered from behind them, riveted upon the dazzling tops of snow-covered mountains. At last a tremor began to stir his body and his cough increased, grew stronger, passed into partly real and partly forced convulsions and groans.

Among the awed multitude one could hear subdued sobs.

An old woman fell writhing on the ground.

Suddenly there appeared on the hide, close to the conjurer a fleeting, black shadow—between him and the sun an eagle hung motionless. A piercing shriek rent the air. The multitude bent like blades of grass in a gust of wind.

Who shrieked, the conjurer or the eagle? Nobody knew.

"Bad omen—bad omen....", whispered the people.

"Silence."

The drum was struck; strong, sinister booming filled the air with rapid throbs.... The eagle soared away.

Again a dead silence fell... Indistinct blubbering of the wizard held the hearts in uneasy suspense. Suddenly, as if from the distant forest or from the depths of some mountain cleft, single prolonged sounds floated down, joined in harmonious humming, like that of a swarm of bees or like the twittering of the birds. Oltun-

gaba was sounding his bells. The delicate tones deepened grew intense, approached... passed into a cataract of sounds, like the torrents of splashing waters, of pouring rain, of hurling waterfalls. From amidst it all rose time after time heavy, distracting sighs. Suddenly the drum was raised... shaken tremendously, lashed with ceaseless beating, it roared like a herd of beasts at sight of their prey... and then, thrown down on the soft hide by the master's hand it hushed instantly, and silence seemed to radiate from its convulsed shape.

"Oh, Goloron!" muttered the conjurer burying his face in his hands.

Silence again. Again hiccoughs, nervous yawning and blubbering of aged lips; again the same music stringent, overpowering. The atmosphere above responded with a mingled chorus of shrieks. The swarm of eagles, hawks, crows and ravens seemed to circle overhead interrupting with their croaking and cawing the weird invocations.

The world of spirits seemed suddenly alive, stirred up, raging at the sight of something ominous and their messengers were flying in commotion trying to communicate with their masters in the heavenly expanses.

Gradually the incantations and invocations became more distinct, more intelligible, at last they changed into the words of a hymn.

"Does thou hear the swishing of the seas?"

"Oh, yes!" responded the assistant.

"I, the first among all creation."

"Thou art," asserted the assistant.

"Let them come burning, like the disk of the sun!"

"Let them!"

"He himself, alike unto a cloud... A fiery raven precedes him."

".....!"

"The child of mystery!"

"The child of mystery!"

"I, your son... I, most humble, treading the earth with my feet, I implore thee!"

"I implore...."

"Help a weak heart in this hard moment...."

"Oh, help!"

"The drum my messenger... the wind my wings."

"Truly...."

"I come to you, encircled by the wreath of the winged and the restless."

"...the winged and the restless...."

"Their claws are spread... their throats are open."

"...are open...."

"The mountains groan... the bowels of the earth tremble."

"Oh!"

"I go on and on, timid but persevering."

"Indeed!"

"My protector... my master, I appeal to you..."

"Oh, good!"

"I am from a suffering nation...."

"Is it not so?"

"Oh! Mighty one, help! Oh, angry one, save! Oh, terrible one, have pity...."

"We beseech."

"If I err... do not allow me to perish in a maze."

"Do not."

"Show the way to the lost one... guide me."

"We are going...."

The sage arose, his gestures grew lively, rapid, he danced. The dance represented pilgrimage. The magician struck attitudes as if meeting and overcoming obstacles, the nature of which he proclaimed in ringing voice. The assistant played the chorus in stirring responses, imitating the motions of his master, sometimes supporting him by the elbow. They reached the goal and stood still. Subdued and solemn the conjurer raised his drum to the sky and intoned.

"Thou, Etygar, like unto a snake, living in subterranean caves, reigning over sickness, over plague, over death itself."

"Oh, thou, Etygar!"

"And, thou, Iniany, like unto a man with gigantic wings, protecting the herds from destruction."

"Oh, Iniany?"

"And thou, Arkunda, endowed with the powers of omniscience!"

"And thou, Nomanday? whose terror striking shriek turns human hearts into ice!"

"And thou, iron-feathered Lawadabaki!"

"And thou, whose shadow only we know...."

"I ask you what do you want, what is the cause of your wrath?"

"Check your scourges! Stop your persecution! Don't you see that we are perishing, and when we are gone you will give you offerings?"

"Who will?"

"To thee I come, stumbling in my long garment, defenceless! The years have bent my back, my wide eyes see not...."

"It's true?" The assistant was resuming his part; he was cowed before the most terrible invocations.

"Going to the sea, returning from the sea, we wander."

"Indeed."

"You like black reindeer, speckled reindeer. Is it that they have ceased to find favor in your eyes?"

"Have they ceased?"

"Ha, ha, ha... Dancing and singing you have forgotten us... rejoicing you have neglected us...."

"Do you demand costly furs, silver, glass ornaments, many-colored garments, sweet pastry, whiskey?"

"What excellent things!" The assistant was smacking his lips.

"You stupid! This is like nothing to the mighty ones."

"Select from among us a maiden that has not known a man and we will set her apart and no man shall touch her."

(To be continued)

Mr. ADAM KARCZEWSKI is our Representative for the Eastern States, authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for "Free Poland".

The Father of the Plague-Stricken

By JULIUS SŁOWACKI

(Concluded)

All red. — Look! scores of livid spots defile
His face.... I shouted madly all the while,
"Death's here again!" — and seizing his foul frame
I ran, nor did I stop until I came
To where my camels in the desert fed
And there I watched him—prey to torments dread,
Until in pain he gasped his final breath;
That his dear mother might not see his death!

And while he lay there in his deathly throes
I, by my camels kneeling, sent loud vows
To God in heaven with outstretched hands: "Oh, woe
Is me! Would that he ne'er were born! — And lo!
When life was fleeing from his breast, the pale
Unfeeling moon rose slowly o'er the dale
Behind these palms, to gaze upon the scene.
I'll not forget this while I live, I ween!
For truly it was sad to look upon.
And when at length my dear son's life was gone,
And his dead body lay in my embrace
I cast it in the fire that every trace
Of it might be destroyed. But when the flame
Began to lick his garments, I in shame
Rushed in and snatched the burning corpse and threw
It to the waiting guards that they might do
With it, is they had done with all my dead....
For I am sure that in his sandy bed
He shall rest more at ease together with
His brother and his sisters twain. Forthwith,
My quarantine was lengthened forty days.

And thus we lived beneath the sun's hot rays
Within the confines of our noxious tent,
Refraining from all speech by our intent,
Yea, feigning death to Death himself, for we
Hoped, in our deep and doleful misery
That thus we would e'en God Himself deceive
And from this gruesome plague ourselves relieve.
The Demon came again!—Not to depart
So soon. This time he found me without heart
And without tears, insensible to pain;
I only said: "God, take th' entire train!"
I watched the life of my third boy depart
With tearless eyes, and with a stony heart;
I was unmoved altho' my son was dead,
For by this time grief was my daily bread.
In turn Death on my last boy laid his hand—
I loved him least of all my family band,
And least of all was he bewailed by me,
But God compassioned him, for of the three
He suffered least; His was an easy death
For he was conscious till his final breath.
He died.—His corpse grew cold and hard as stone;
And when the spirit from his breast had flown
His face was ghastly to behold. Methought,
He cared no longer for our tears but sought
His visage only to imprint upon
Our senseless hearts, that he might from then on
Forever live within his parents' memories
As cursing them for all his miseries.

He died. — I thought at that time, O despair!
That if the rest of us God would not spare,

That, should He send His angel for my wife
And after her deprive me of my life,
My only daughter! — Oh, I dared not think
Of her, the very thought would make me shrink.
She was so young! And ah, so good, so fair!
So cheerful too! — How she would stroke my hair
With her white fingers! I remember well,
E'en now I see her romping in the dell
Upon the grass, beneath the cedar-tree
As lively and as lithe as any bee!
Look here! — This sparkling girdle is the work
Of her small hands—and those sad eyes that lurk
Beneath her golden tresses, she concealed
From view as if she wanted thus to shield
Her charms. — Oft have I gazed upon her face
As on a blushing rose. Naught shall replace
Her in my heart. She was indeed the queen
Of all my household! And I truly ween
No loving angel ever could have watched
My child with greater care than she had watched
My babe. — And when she heard its faintest cry
She would straight forward to its cradle fly;
Oh, how she wept with me in my distress!
Ten days and nights passed by—yet no redress;
Methought that in this time Death might have fled
Beyond the stars. — I lived in constant dread
Of his return ten more days and yet ten
Long, lonely nights. At length these passed, and then
It seemed the star of hope began to gleam....
My tears had ceased and I began to dream
Of brighter days. — Another month rolled by.
At last, exhausted by this anguish I
Lay down one night and ere long fell asleep.
Methought, that in my dreams I saw a heap
Of clouds from which emerged my daughters two
That had been dead. And as they passed my view
They paused to greet me briefly, then tripped on
Their way, locked hand in hand, with smiles upon
Their youthful faces, to see all the rest
Who slept within my tent. As by behest
Their step was slow and light. — They leaned upon
Their mother's bed awhile, then hurried on
To where my infant in its cradle slept;
And after that they both in silence crept
Upto my youngest daughter's side and placed
Their sallow hands upon her, and embraced
Her gently... I awoke, and cursing my
Dead offspring uttered one loud, frenzied cry:
"Hatfe! Hatfe!" — She answered to my call
And like a bird flew straight across the hall
To me, without a noise and threw her arms
Around my neck; then only my alarms
Were stilled; I knew that Hatfe was alive,
For I could feel her heart beat 'gainst my breast.
But on the morrow ill-luck did arrive.
My daughter! — but why should I manifest
My sorrows thus, — Death robbed me of her too!
She died within my arms; and hearken you
It was a scene too woeful to behold.
For when she writhed and shook with pains untold
She pleaded: "Help! Oh help me, father, please!"
Her lips, made crimson by this dread disease,

Looked like a rose which is about to bloom. —
Thus did my darling child go to her doom!
Methought my heart in tatters would be rent;
Her loveliness I'll ne'er cease to lament.

The guards came to express their sympathy,
And to remove my deceased progeny.
The senseless brutes! — May they be cursed for aye!
They plied their hook in dragging her away
So roughly that it fell upon her round,
Hard, snowy breast, and here, upon this ground,
Before my very eyes, did mangle it
Most horribly. — May God in heaven remit
Their heartless dereliction nevermore!
I seized the corpse and to the grave it bore.

My wife with folded arms sat in the tent
Three days all motionless, for this event
Left lasting traces on her sallow face.
Since nothing could a mother's milk replace,

And to extol from yonder eminence
Great Allah's name, and by this to evince
His sympathy for me in my sad plight.
O Allah! be thou blest by day and night!
May roaring conflagration which inflame
Great cities, sing the praises of thy name;
May rumbling earthquakes which of times destroy
Whole towns, and plagues which robbed me of my joy
For aye, — to all the world enunciate:
O, Allah! Akbar Allah! Thou art great!

From this day on I was shunned by all men.
These tents — my daughters made the white linen
With their own hands — turned black, began to sear
And to disintegrate. — They did appear
Like fusty shrouds just taken from the grave.
For even them the Monster did not save.
'Tis strange, — would you believe, — that from the day
On which grim Death began to take away



PRZEMYŚL — PRISONERS OF WAR NEAR THE SAN

My little babe grew weak for want of food.
I watched the steady wasting of my brood.
See this bleak desert? — It appears to thee,
I know, quite different than it doth to me:
Thou hast no dead beneath its arid sand.
To thee it may look bright as any land
Which basks in golden sunshine, but to me
It is a hellish plain! Across its sands
Were dragged to where the tomb now stands,
The ghastly corpses of my dead. — That sea
Which laves yon rocky cliff, no doubt, to thee
Doth murmur, but to me it seems to roar;
And when its wave breaks gently on the shore
To thee it whispers softly—while it sighs
To me. Each day, when in the western skies
The sun begins to sink, the ringing note
Of the muezzin thro' the air doth float;
And dost thou know — it seemed to me that day
With greater sadness he began to pray

My children from this camp, 'tis strange indeed!
The little birds that whilom came to feed
Upon our crumbs, and bask here in the sun
At early dawn, e'en they began to shun
My tent. Perhaps the tattered canvas, or
My careworn visage kept them from my door!
Not one of them came near my camp again —
I saw this—and my heart was rent with pain!

Five days elapsed since my last daughter died.
It was at eve. The sun began to hide
His glowing face; the sky was covered o'er
With jet-black clouds. The sea began to roar!
I never shall forget that hideous night.
'Twas dark, save for the pale-blue light
Which frequently tore thro' the atmosphere
E'en to this day I feel, and see, and hear
The heavy rainstorm lash my canvas tent;
Methinks, I still can hear the wind's lament,

And see the tatters flapping 'gainst the stake
 And feel the top of my tent heave and shake
 Above my head. — It was a lurid sight;
 You'd think that all the powers of hell that night
 Held fiendish sport upon these desert sands.
 And when the storm would for a time relent
 Methought, that I could hear outside my tent
 The plaintive moanings of my buried dead.
 I thought the while of their cold, sandy bed
 And wondered, as I tried to catch each sound
 How fared they on that night beneath the ground!

Then suddenly, till now I know not why,
 Death stole into my camp so sneakingly! —
 The skies flashed fire and roared incessantly
 My infant woke and uttered one faint cry,
 And that cry must have been portentous, for
 My wife and I both hastened to explore
 The reason of our child's unrest, and tho'
 Its voice was faint, we thought 'twas loud — and oh!
 So mournful and so desolate at first,
 So sensible withal! yet so accurst!!
 Like thunderstruck we both began to grope
 About, sans recollection and sans hope!

Our sad forebodings ere long did come true,
 Insistent Death robbed me of this child too,
 And so my darling infant also passed
 Away. — It was my dearest and my last!!
 The heartless Monster stole my fairest prize:
 My youngest child which I did idolize.
 Forever gone! Nor will I ever see
 My loving babe again! — O, woe is me!!

Then came a calm, bright, starry night. My wife
 And I sat in our tent; the child, whose life
 Had just become extinct, lay on the bier:
 Tho' motionless in death, yet ghastly drear.
 And as I gazed upon this lifeless clay
 I mused the while, that could it only stay
 Thus in our midst forevermore, my heart
 Would be relieved of half its galling smart. —
 This corpse the guards did not drag to its doom
 Nor did I follow it to Shech's white tomb:
 The child's own mother carried it alone
 To its last rest beneath the white grave-stone.

And now my wife and I alone were left. —
 Wouldst thou believe? Our mutual grief had cleft
 Our hearts, instead of joining them in one;
 All signs of love from our sad breasts agone!
 It seemed to me that only God could free
 Us from this grim and gruesome malady.
 This sorrow by degrees turned into hate
 Which rendered both of us disconsolate.
 We lived apart like two lone strangers, yea,
 We both abstained from speech, for tell me, pray,
 What converse could exist between us two.
 Within our empty tent? — Tell me, will you?
 Could words bring consolation or relief
 To us amid such pains and woeful grief?
 Day after day the crimson sun arose
 Day after day it sank where it now glows,
 E'en like a ruddy, flaming torch. — Thus too,
 Did we alone our childless days live thro'.
 A deathlike silence reigned within our tent
 Disturbed by no important incident;
 Thus did we live thro' forty days. At last
 The time of our long quarantine was past!

The stern physicians now arrived to set
 Us free. They came, and I shall ne'er forget,
 With what surprise they gazed into our pale
 And melancholy faces. I grew frail
 And stopping. My dark hair turned silver-gray.
 My loving wife, erstwhile so hale and gay,
 Thro' constant grief, and for the want of sleep,
 Became quite weak. Her eyes were sunken deep,
 Her face assumed a waxen, amber hue;
 A piteous sight for anyone to view!
 Upon her head she wore a crown of hair
 As white as snow. Her eyes flashed fire*as tho'
 She just came from a dungeon dark into
 The sunlight. — We were ordered first to sound
 Our breasts, in those same parts in which are found
 The earliest symptoms of the plague. — O joy!
 I was still well! — I, that had kissed each boy
 And girl when they were dead, wouldst thou believe
 That I, from that dread quarantine that eve
 Went out immune? — My wife, who scarce had laid
 Her hand on half of them, when she was made
 To strike her chest, turned pale, gave out one shriek,
 Then reeled—and fell! I seized the corpse, tho' weak
 And carried it with haste into my lonely tent;
 And having laid it down 'mid loud lament,
 I sank exhausted by its side. And when
 At length I came unto myself again
 I learned that I had been confined once more
 For forty days, as I had been before.

Before she died, my wife confessed to me
 That she would have some lasting memory,
 Some little token of her loving dead:
 A lock of golden hair from off its head,
 A pebble, or a tiny flower; — look!
 This picture from my infant's grave she took,
 These locks of flaxen hair, so dear to me,
 She pilfered from the child's grave secretly.
 For she went out at midnight to exhume
 The corpse. It lay intact within the tomb.
 She kissed its coral lips, then laid it back
 To rest. — These tokens and that kiss, alack!
 Robbed from Shech's envious tomb, — a mother's life
 Destroyed, — and carried off my loving wife.

And once again these parched sands I turned
 And in them my wife's body I interned.
 From that day on I lived, concealed within
 My noisome tent, deprived of friend and kin
 E'en as a monster in his lonely cave;
 Nor did I for a single moment crave
 The shining sun upon the sky to see
 Nor did I long for human company. —
 At times I grew quite childish, as a man
 Advanced in years. — Imagine, if you can,
 I could recall no living face except
 The ghastly features of my dead that slept
 In Death's embrace. They left me not by night
 Or day. I knew, and spoke to every spright
 I heard their childish voice, and strange to say,
 They seemed to understand my quaint parlay.
 Ofttimes the wild hyena's frightful screams
 At night would rouse me from my frenzied dreams.
 Methinks, I still can hear their savage howls
 Commingling with the wails of other ghouls
 Upon the graves of my loved dead.... At last
 I grew calm, like a serpent charmed. — Thus passed
 Whole days and weeks, with neither pain or noan.
 I was as cold and senseless as a stone.

One day, — O, God was so beneficent! —
 As I was brooding in my lonely tent,
 I heard outside a slow and heavy tread;
 I raised my eyes, and lo! the shaggy head
 Of my old camel in the door appeared:
 He cast one glance at me, then disappeared.
 And oh!—there was such pity in his eye,
 E'en as a child, I could not help but cry.

Thus did I live alone thro' forty days.
 At length men came my quarantine to raise.
 Oh! bitter freedom and abandonment:
 I was so much attached to my dark tent!
 These stakes and ropes, which I with mine own hands
 And with my children fastened in this sand —
 I must remove alone, in grief, and pain,
 And dread. — I am alone. Wilt thou not deign
 To help me pull them up? — Mayhap, that they
 Will tell thee more than I have heart to say,

Of my deep pains. They witnessed everything!
 They know it all! The marks of suffering
 Are on them too. Look at them! Do not fear
 To touch them now. Death is no longer here.
 He'll harm thee not, for thou art not my child.
 But no! — Avaunt! This canvas is defiled —
 It must look terrible to everyone.
 Death by the plague! . . . Oh! who can look upon
 Its horrors undisturbed! — First you begin
 To fail in mind—you recognize no kin;
 A fever next sets in—and thus you burn
 To death. — I witnessed eight such deaths in turn!
 For three long months upon this desert wild
 I lived, and saw the Plague take child by child.
 To-day—behold, nine camels as before,
 On which eight saddles shall be packed no more.
 All that is left to me now is — my God;
 There is my home — and here my burial-clod!

(Translation of the Rev. J. P. Wachowski.)



An Expression of Gratitude

(From the Chicago Herald)

Vevey, Switzerland. — Ever since Poland lost her independence and her people doomed to bear a foreign yoke many of her sons and daughters found an asylum upon the free soil of this hospitable republic. One of the first and the most illustrious among them was the immortal Thaddeus Kosciuszko.

At the present time there are also a great many prominent Polish exiles here. Some are voluntary, some are involuntary and they are from all parts of Poland—Russian, German and Austrian. The most eminent among them is Henryk Sienkiewicz, the great Polish writer, who is best known in America as the author of "Quo Vadis".

Since nearly a year ago Mr. Sienkiewicz has devoted his entire fame and I believe the greater share of his fortune to relieving the sufferings of his war-stricken countrymen. During my first visit to him I also had the great pleasure of meeting his wife and I was further honored by having been invited to take dinner with them.

I asked Mr. Sienkiewicz if he would not be willing to say or write something for the American people, which I would send to the CHICAGO HERALD something, perhaps, about his present philanthropic work. And, although he is very busy, he wrote me this letter, which I have translated.

"Dear Sir: When the war broke out I was in my country home, which is in the government of Kielce, Poland. A few days later the Austrian army entered Kielce and I was cut off from Warsaw, whither I could no more return, as the military authorities permitted nobody to go there.

"The postal, the telegraph and the railroad service are stopped, and I was left without mail, without papers and without any news whatsoever. I decided to go with my family to Switzerland, as the fighting which was going on not far from my place made our stay there dangerous and impossible.

We went to Cracow with my own team of horses, thence to Vienna, where I secured a passport for my journey to Switzerland. I arrived there in October, 1914. I selected Switzerland for my temporary abode because I foresaw that, owing to the pending events, I would have

occasion to say something on Polish question, but nowhere could I do that with such freedom as in a neutral country in which there is no military censorship to restrain free speech.

"The project of organizing a relief committee owing to the unparalleled misfortune which befell our countrymen in all the three divisions of ancient Poland originated in November, 1914. Finally the committee was organized in January at Lausanne where at the first meeting I was asked to take the presidency and for my colleague I was given Mr. Paderewski.

"From Lausanne we moved to Vevey, which is near by, and from that time we have been working as hard as we can to save thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings, especially children, from hunger and death.

"We have formed an executive committee, of which Mr. Osuchowski is chairman, whose duty it is to distribute the funds among the various local committees in the several divisions of Poland—Galicia, Poland and Lithuania.

"The chief distributor of the funds in Warsaw is the citizen committee of Warsaw, of which Prince Zdzislaw Lubomirski is the president; in Cracow the Prince Bishop Sapieha and in Lemberg Archbishop Bilczewski and Teodorowicz. Provincial committees distribute funds or supplies among the town and village population. Although in the majority of cases bishops are at the head of these committees, the assistance is being given to all, irrespective of religion or nationality.

"Funds are being collected everywhere. The largest amount was collected by the general committee in Vevey. This was done to the appeal which was made immediately after the committee was organized 'to the civilized nations', in which appeal I called attention to the historical and cultural rights of Poland to such assistance from the civilized nations of the world. Also due to the efforts of Mr. Paderewski, of the noble Mme. Sembrich-Kochanska in New York and of Mme. Adamowska of Boston. Those persons were able to move not only the American Poles but the native Americans. Thanks to their efforts committees

were organized in New York, Boston, Chicago an in all the more important cities of the United States.

"America has shown herself to be the most generous of all the countries in the world. Next come England, where at the head of the 'Polish victims' relief fund' is the noble Alma Tadema. After England come Australia, Canada, New Zealand. In general, the greatest sympathy and the most assistance we received were from the Anglo-Saxon race, which convinced me that the true Christian spirit flourishes more gloriously and develops with greater potency in that race than any other race on earth.

"I desire to take advantage of this opportunity to express my most heartfelt gratitude to the people of the United States. Let them know and let them rejoice that they have saved from death thousands and thousands of human beings, and that the little Polish children, who would have died were it not for their help, will in their little hearts forever preserve the gratitude for them.

"The Poles in America have from the very beginning of the war manifested the deepest interest in the misfortune of their countrymen and self-sacrificing generosity most worthy of admiration. Even the children preferred to contribute their little sums which they received from their parents rather than spend them for candies or playthings.

"The situation in Poland was becoming more and more terrible. The partitioning parties—that is, Prussia, Russia and Austria, drafted into their armies 1,200,000 Polish recruits, who often meet as foes in battle and, not knowing each other, kill one another. Besides, Poland was a continuous battleground. Numerous battles were fought upon our soil, as a result of which thousands of towns and villages were buried.

"The Russian army, while withdrawing under the pressure of the German forces, took with them thousands of the native Polish population into Russia, destroying everything behind them, thus making the devastation of Poland complete. Never from the beginning of history did such a tragic fate befall a country or a people, and were it not for the astonishing vitality and their resisting nature with which the Poles are endowed one would almost

believe that the existence of the Polish nation was threatened.

"But you will understand that in those conditions the energy doubles and trebles itself and with it also the efforts of our committee. For with all our efforts we have collected—with the generous assistance which came from America—about five million francs, while the damage and losses which were sustained go into millions.

"Only the united help of the whole people can accomplish this. But even that cannot bring back the tears to the women, nor breathe life into the pale corpse of a child—it will not bring back to life those who are dead, like Christ did when he raised Lazarus from the dead.

"But we must try to save those who are still living. Thanks to the efforts of our committee and the recommendation of the holy father, a sincere friend of Poland, there will be a collection in all the Catholic countries of the world for the benefit of the war sufferers in Poland.

"The able and saintly Benedict XV. did not forget that Poland for centuries was the bulwark of Christianity, that it is against our breasts that the hordes of Turks and Tartars broke their lances until they were finally crushed under the walls of Vienna with our sabers under our King Sobieski. The Christian world ought to remember the words of the Turkish historian who described the role Poland played in the history of Europe in the following verse:

"Lach (Pole) lies under a cross like a dog.

And when the faithful believers of Mohammed

Want to throw it (the cross) down

Then he jumps to their breasts and bites madly."

"Honor to all who are aiding this nation to endure this great historic catastrophe and who are helping to save it from annihilation.

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ."

It may be, perhaps, superfluous for me to add that all the members of the relief committee, of which Mr. Sienkiewicz is the President, are men of the highest integrity. I am positively convinced that all the money and supplies which are sent to the war sufferers reach their destination and are distributed among those for whom they were intended.



THE WARSAW THEATRE IN 1830 (FROM AN OLD ILLUSTRATION)

The Land of Graves

(From the Chicago Herald, Dec. 26, 1915)

Warsaw. — (Correspondence.) — Even more depressing than the worst parts of Belgium and East Prussia is Poland—a land of graves and trenches, of ruin and destruction on a scale that has been wrought nowhere else by the war.

The conflict has been waged back and forth across the ancient kingdom so long that agriculture has had but little chance, and, except in those sections where the German forces have been in control for some time, the fields are barren and untilled, scarred by miles upon miles of earthworks.

From the East Prussian boundary to approximately the old Rawka positions there is visible the maximum amount of order and peaceful quiet. At the Rawka, however, the interminable graves with their helmet-adorned crosses, the deep slashes in the earth that once were trenches—but now are temporary “homes” of countless refugees—the maze of partly destroyed barbed wire entanglements, and the succession of burned and ruined villages begin.

The trenches stop, but the devastated villages do not. Rather they increase in number and there is scarcely a railroad station and no bridges that have been left standing.

The Poles from time immemorial have been accustomed to building their thatched cottages—huts would be a

better word—close together. Accordingly it was necessary only to set fire to one structure in order to burn them all. In consequence countless villages have been reduced to forlorn rows of chimneys, which, being of brick, have resisted the flames.

The destruction in many parts of Poland is so general that village after village has no single house standing. Both soldiers and the civil population have had to rely on their ingenuity to obtain shelter, and all along the railroad lines freight cars—Russian and German—are being used at houses.

In the case of the Russian cars the wheels have been removed, the cars set flat on the ground and the interiors fitted up with some degree of comfort.

Unlike the cities of Poland, the country seems to have been stripped of young men. One sees little else than peasant women, barefoot, ill clad, who struggle under bundles of wood through the mud and who generally avert their eyes as strangers pass.

The Germans, partly for their own benefit, partly to give employment to the Poles, have done much to put the notoriously bad roads into shape. They have also altered the railroad tracks from the Russian to the German gauge — a stupendous work, for all the main lines are now double track, and at the important points huge yards have had to be built to conform to military needs.



4,000,000 Poles Face Starvation

The American Press reports the following:

New York. — More than 4,000,000 of the population of Poland are destitute and entirely dependent upon soup kitchens, where there is issued to each applicant a small loaf of bread and a pint of soup daily, according to William H. Hamilton of the American Mercy and Relief committee, who reached New York to-day on the steamship Rotterdam.

Mr. Hamilton has been in Europe several months looking into relief work for his organization. He added that he had traveled from Alexandretta to Warsaw, and in the entire country evacuated by the Russians there was hardly a habitable building standing.

It has taken the most strenuous efforts of German medical forces to overcome the epidemics of typhoid, smallpox, rabies and other diseases. They had to contend, not only with a shortage of medicaments, but also with the distrust of the people and a distinct opposition to vaccination that was overcome only with difficulty.

“I was in Warsaw two weeks ago”, said Mr. Hamilton.

“The temperature was below zero and I saw every day long lines of old men, women and children, many of them without adequate clothing, standing for hours in the cold wind waiting their turns at the food distributing centers.

“In Warsaw alone it is estimated that 75,000 people are destitute; and unless relief reaches them soon, the majority will not be alive when spring comes.

“Money is not needed, for there is no food or clothing to be purchased. I am going to urge my committee to bring every possible pressure to bear to induce the British to relax their blockade sufficiently to allow at least 25,000 tons of supplies to go into Poland each month. I have assurances that the Germans will do what they can to assist in its distribution.

“While the German authorities are doing what they can to relieve distress there is no use trying to disguise the fact they have not much more food than they can use themselves. The soup furnished is made mainly from carrots, of which there appears to be an abundance in Germany.

“Coupled with the distress occasioned by lack of food and proper clothing there exists a menace to health in the form of vermin and filth. The German military authorities are doing their best to cope with this condition, but with no bathing facilities it is a hard task.

“To prevent a possible spread of disease no one is allowed to leave Poland without a health certificate which specifically states that the bearer is free from vermin.”

The Individual or the State?

Under the Anglo-Saxon system the state serves the individuals and their happiness, while under the German system, the individuals serve the state as the bearer of national culture. This is another way of stating the well known doctrine of the German professors that the State has a life of its own separate from and above that of the people.

"This doctrine of separate life in the State," says Lucius B. Swift in his *Germans in America*, "was invented by German philosophers to give a respectable appearance to the autocrat for the time being, instead of requiring him to base his right to govern upon brute strength. This separate life is Muensterberg's overindividual soul. The Kaiser for the time being is that over-individual soul; he is that life separate from the German people and is responsible to God alone. In various forms this philosophical toadyism to autocracy has been pursued by German professors until they have lost the respect of the world. Muensterberg asks if German citizens of America are disloyal to the country, if they wish to

spread these German ideals in American political ideals. We will have no life in the State separate from and above the life of the people. If you take the Reichstag and give it the power of the House of Commons and make the ministers responsible to it, the over-individual soul and the separate life of the State are as dead as Adam; the people cease to be servants and become masters and the State is simply their representative acting for them. There is no room in this country for government by the people and a government by the over-individual soul—alias autocracy.

"And so, Americans cannot agree with Germans in America without a surrender of their own political ideals; for there can be no blending of American and German political ideals. What will Americans do?

"When an American looks upon his political history extending from the German tribes in England, in whose assembly no man dictated, to Abraham Lincoln standing upon the field of Gettysburg pledging the nation to the defense of government by the people, that American is looking upon a mighty heritage. This heritage is not for the Anglo-Saxon alone; it is for all who

come and accept it. It is for the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jew, the Russian, the Pole and the Hungarian, as well as the German. But there must be no divided allegiance; no attempt to blend American political ideals with old-world political ideals which have been the mortal enemies of civil liberty since the world was. Americans will make it their work to preserve their heritage. The struggle which shakes the world to-day is the old struggle of democracy against autocracy."

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Opinion of the Press

BOSTON GLOBE:—One of the most significant events in Polish history since “freedom shrieked when Kościuszko fell” is the issue on United States soil of a journal devoted by its title and program to a “Free Poland”. The new periodical comes from the Polish National Council of America, and may be said to represent the views of thoughtful Poles in all parts of the world.

BUFFALO COURIER:—“Free Poland” is the title of a periodical the publication of which has been started by the Polish National Council of America. The current number is replete with interest.

Walter J. Ballard in **LOS ANGELES TIMES**:—“Free Poland” is the proper title for the publication just begun on behalf of Poland and her people because they should aim at nothing less than the highest, even if they resort to arms to realize it at once after they have been accorded the rights and the privileges promised by the Russian Emperor.

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.

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