

Why Polish State Must Rise

Future of Europe Is Dependent on Reconstruction of Ancient Nation

"If Germany had a natural eastern frontier—as she has natural boundaries to west and south—the establishment of permanent peace might not require such extraordinary safeguards. But, Germany lying where she does and her people being what they are, the future of Europe depends on one thing—the reconstruction of Poland."

The speaker was no less a person than Roman Dmowski, for twenty years a leader of the submerged western Slavs in their aspiration toward a renewed national life, long the representative of the city of Warsaw in the Russian duma; today, by virtue of his position as president of the Polish national committee, recognized by the governments of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States as the official representative and spokesman of thirty-five millions of people.

"To take up the German-ness of Germans first," he went on in the course of an interview with Rowland Thomas appearing in the New York World, "they are a people capable of talking about their drang nach osten—their expansiveness toward the east—as if it were something scientifically inevitable and sacred, like the law of gravitation or the budding of trees in springtime. No such peculiar and specific force, of course, now exists. Nature no more drove the Germans to the expansive eastward than up or down in any other direction. What did drive them was an alluring opportunity. Whereupon they invented a mystical force which was supposed to be above even their own ideas and emotions—just as they later invented a special and sacred kultur when they felt the need of justifying overweening ambition in their own eyes and the sight of the world, and still later conjured up an ancient German Gott to make expediency and morality mutually self-supporting.

"Such worship of mental straw men—such confusing of formulas with forces, the sound of words with verities, exculpations with justifications—is the natural refuge of sentimentalists who shrink from looking their own impulses in the face.

"By a special drang nach osten, then, Germans have sanctified for themselves their cupidity of territory and trade in certain directions. Many such canonized phrases will confront and trouble the peace builders in their coming work, for an orthodox formula may be a deadly thing. Witness what was justified in revolutionary France by the cry of liberty, equality and fraternity—what is happening under the same watchword now in bolshevistic Russia. To guard the future against the force of the ancient and blood-dogma of a drang nach osten is therefore vitally necessary.

Would Safeguard Future.

"And," interpolated Mr. Dmowski, a faint smile hovering about his firm-set lips, "if a certain step is taken the future will be effectually guarded. Germans hereafter will have to take their drang nach osten out in plain drang-ing. They will find themselves butting their heads against a wall, to be colloquial. And that wall will be Poland—the strong Poland which can and must be constructed, not easily, perhaps, but surely and firmly, if sufficiently intelligent and foreseeing statesmanship is used at this time.

"That brings us to the second standing menace to permanent peace in Europe—the fact that Germany for generations has had no natural eastern boundaries, that a tantalizingly easy way to aggression and conquest has lain always open before her—and, now that Russia is chaos, is easier than ever before.

"If this were not the case, if Germany faced to the east some well-defined physical obstacle, as she faces the Rhine gorge, the Alps, the Bohemian and Carpathian highlands to the west and south, the potentialities might not be so grave. But as it is, Asia, through Russia, lies open, unguarded and dangerously inviting to Germany's thwarted ambitions.

"Let us not in this exhilarating moment of victory permit ourselves to become unduly optimistic or too credulous. National psychologies do not

British Monarch's Position.

Great Britain has no document which may be regarded as a constitution. Instead of a paper constitution there exists a mass of precedents and conventions which serve similar needs with greater flexibility. No matter upon what the thing may be based, the royal power of the monarch is not absolute. As executive he is the nominal administrator of the decrees of parliament, the representative body of the lords spiritual, the lords temporal and the commons.

Cautioning the "Cub."

The editor was handing it to the cub reporter. "This blaze occurred at a ball." "I know." "Remember, it was a full-dress affair, and don't—don't—" "I won't." "Don't say the guests rushed into the street scantily clad."—Kansas City Journal.

The Change.

"Germany is no longer toasting the day." "As events have turned out, it was more of a roast for her."

World Politics.

"What did you do while politics was adjourned?" "According to my way of looking at it," replied Senator Sorghum, "politics never adjourns. When politics gets so fierce as to get into a fight, the argument necessarily ceases. But old politics is always somewhere around."

The Portuguese government has purchased the Trans-African railway in the province of Angola, Portuguese West Africa.

change very quickly. In the throes of her defeat Germany may seem—will undoubtedly deem herself—disenchanted with the fruits of her national ambition. But what man experienced in the workings of the human mind would venture to risk the possibilities of another war like this one on the chance that Germany's disenchantment will be permanent, that the final outcome of the defeat, in German minds, will not be discontent, humiliation, angry or sullen, and persistent determination to recover at least part of what has been lost; or, falling that, to seek recoupment and expansion and domination in fresh directions? No man of probity and experience will risk so fateful a gamble. It must be made impossible for Germany to be unsafe to the democracies of the world. To do that it is vitally necessary to have a strong, trustworthy non-German state on Germany's eastern marches. And the one region capable of becoming such a state is Poland.

"For it is idle, worse than idle, to dream of constructing such a new state in Europe for these specific purposes unless the work is done along surely effective lines. The requirements are extremely definite. A small state will not do. Who would set a pygmy watchman to guard a full-grown desperado? A state incapable of full economic development will not do. The chance of entanglements are too great. It must be self-contained as regards natural resources. A state artificial racially will not do. It must be one, as far as possible, racially cohesive. A state wherein irresponsible visionaries play the demagogue over an unlearned lump of peasantry will not do. It must be a state capable of having a real citizenry, as the United States has—composed of a people of established and developed civilization, racial culture and traditions, practical abilities, proved liberalism.

Poles Best Fitted.

"I believe you will find nowhere in central and eastern Europe a race more fitted than the Polish people to be the citizenry of such a state. And I can state without fearing contradiction that nowhere else in that region will you find another race with so unclouded a moral and historical title to the territory which will be needed.

"Just what is Poland, aside from being the region from which many immigrants came to the United States? Where is it?"

"To see real Poland you will have to make a map of Europe in your mind. On that map note how Germany lies in a great alluvial drainage basin, with the central mountain masses of the continent walling it to the south and with five rivers running down from them to the North sea and the Baltic. Westernmost is the Rhine. Next comes the Weser, with its port at Bremen, and the Elbe, with Hamburg. Fourth is the Oder, with Frankfurt and Stettin. Last and easternmost the Vistula, which rises in the Carpathian ridges, flows down by Warsaw and empties into the North sea at Dantzig in West Prussia.

"In the Vistula valley and its drainage areas live the thirty-five million people of the submerged Polish nation. That region is Poland. Part of it is still marked 'Poland' on the maps, but most of it needs identification since the 'partitions,' when the autocrats who then ruled Germany, Russia and Austria each took his helping.

"Germany's slice you will find on the west, extending all the way from the mountains to the Baltic. Silesia

farthest south, then Posen, then West Prussia with its Baltic port of Dantzig—all are Prussian provinces now. They once were Poland. The population still is Polish. To the south of Poland is Galicia, an Austrian province. Its chief city is Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland. Other cities are Lemberg and Przemyśl. The population of the province is predominantly Polish. To the east, in Russia, lies Volhynia. That, too, was part of Poland once, and today, although the peasant population of the region is Ruthenian, its civilization and almost all its middle-class population—its professional men and merchants, the intelligent, educated citizenry who are the necessary pillars of a true democratic state—are Polish. The same thing is true to the north, in Lithuania, which also was once part of Poland.

Three Reasons for Action.

"There are three reasons," Mr. Dmowski continued, "why the reconstruction of national Poland is so vital an issue.

"The first, already touched on, is the necessity of setting an impassable boundary to Germany on the east. Poland is the only country so situated, geographically, as to be able to provide, in this service, the only natural obstacle between German scheming and Russian disorganization.

"The second reason is the Baltic. Even before Russia collapsed that body of water was becoming a German lake. Now that Russia is gone Germany is the only nation of large population having Baltic ports. Give reconstructed Poland again her ancient outlet to the sea through her old port of Dantzig and the company of democratic nations will have its own entryway to the trade of all northeastern Europe.

"The third reason is the breaking up of Austria, which is as serious a menace to permanent peace, unless provided against with intelligent foresight, as even the German-Russian boundary situation. Leave central Europe a group of small, weak, half-developed nationalities, and the Balkan question, which has all along been largely a question of Teutonic pressure toward domination of the Black sea, Asia Minor and the Persian gulf, will remain acute: What solid anti-German barriers will stand there? Bohemia—the new Czechoslovak state? But that will have only twelve million people. Restored and reconstituted Roumania? She will have at least fourteen million citizens and around her will stand Hungary, Bulgaria, Russia. What could Bohemia, Roumania or both of them avail against Germany, with her compact sixty-five million population?"

Effective Barrier Seen.

"But add a national Poland and the situation changes. You have then to the east and southeast of Germany, cutting her off from Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, three thoroughly non-German states with a population of sixty-one million liberal democrats—a mass and spirit with which aspiring autocrats and bolshevist visionaries alike must reckon.

"For these three purposes—to save Russia and Asia from encroachments; to preserve the freedom of the Baltic; to end forever the Balkan question and the possibility of a fresh Hamburg-Persian Gulf obsession in those worshipers of mental straw men and ancient tribal gods, reconstituted Poland is the one natural and trustworthy peace structure. It is vital."

Poland and its Historical Territories, From Which, Mr. Dmowski Says, the New Democratic Polish State Must Be Reconstructed.



HER RING

By MARION C. LEESAM.

"Dick is leaving New York and coming home for a week's furlough," said Betty Saunders to her sister.

"I know it," said Jean, looking up from her knitting. "I was talking to his mother yesterday. It doesn't interest me, however."

"Oh, Jean, try to be nice to him this week. He's going South to learn to fly and then he's going to France. Why, if I were in your place I'd be planning to give him the best time while he is home. You can't do too much for those fellows."

"I know it," said Jean pensively, "but he did treat me so that night at the dance, just before he went away. He paid attention to that Westworth girl half the night. Then he pretends he loves me. He doesn't know what love is. I'll never forgive him, either."

"I don't think he meant it," said Betty. "You probably imagined it. I know he's sorry you do not write him, because he writes the bluest letters home to his mother. Besides, you'd go far and near to find as nice a fellow as Dick."

"Oh, Betty, do stop raving over him. I tell you I've changed entirely toward Dick. I think Jack Somers is more of a man than Dick ever thought of being."

With that, Jean picked up her knitting and angrily walked upstairs.

Meanwhile, Dick Fulton, comfortably settling himself in the Pullman bound for Boston, breathed a deep sigh, whether of relief or no one knows. He was glad he was going home.

After squaring himself with his own conscience he settled himself for forty winks and knew nothing until he heard the porter cry, "Boston, all out!" He pulled himself together and, grabbing his grip, hurried out, watching anxiously for some one to meet him. "Of course Jean wouldn't be there," he argued to himself. Yet he half hoped she had forgiven him. He hurried up the platform and saw his mother, waiting for him. In back of her was Betty, but Jean was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad to see you," said Betty. "Though you have only been away ten weeks it seems like a year."

"It seems like that to me, too," said Dick, piloting Betty on one side and his mother on the other. "I had hoped Jean would meet me, but I suppose that was too much to expect."

"I'm sorry," said Betty. "I tried to persuade her to come. I told her it was no time to be worrying over such petty things."

"You're right," said Dick. "It is foolish. What do you say if we stay in town and have lunch and go to a show?" Dick was bound he was going to forget things for once.

"I think I'll go home," said Mrs. Fulton. "You two go and have a good time."

After leaving Mrs. Fulton on the train Dick and Betty started for an evening's fun. First, they got tickets at one of the best theaters and then found a little cafe and had a nice dinner.

"Dick, I've been wondering about Jean. It's too bad things are this way. Can't something be done to fix it up?"

Dick looked at her earnest face, never before realizing how strikingly pretty Betty was. Then she had so much sense, too, even though she was only two years older than Jean. He puffed his cigar slowly, thinking very deeply.

"I'll tell you what we can do," he said with a happy thought. "Let's go and pick out a diamond for Jean. I'll take it to her and surprise her. I know she'll forgive me."

"That would be fine," said Betty, her face brightening.

"What will fit your hand will fit Jean's, won't it?" said Dick as they sat before the tray of dazzling stones, trying to pick out just the right one.

Betty was as happy as though it were for herself, and many people turned to admire the happy couple, and Dick certainly looked manly in his uniform. As he watched her a pang went through his heart. Here was a girl who cared and knew what love was. Finally they picked out the one that Betty declared was a "beauty," and Dick stuffed it in his pocket. Then they hurried to the theater.

"I know she'll love it," whispered Betty while they were watching the play.

"Do you think so?" said Dick. A queer feeling came over him as Betty leaned near him, enjoying herself to her heart's content, "Betty has always been a good friend of mine, but surely I'm not falling in love with her," he thought. He paid little attention to the play, as he was battling out a problem in his own mind.

When leaving Betty that night, after what she pronounced a dandy time, he took her hand in his and whispered: "Betty, I want you to have this," slipping the ring on her finger. "It was just meant for you. I noticed that in the jeweler's."

"Why, Dick," Betty faltered, "What about Jean?"

"She doesn't care for me, Betty, dear; not the way I want some one to care for me after I go away."

"I always liked you," said Betty, "but I never believed you thought of me in this respect."

"I never realized it until today, but now I know what you are going to mean to me," said Dick, tenderly, putting his arm around her.

"I'm so very happy," said Betty, pressing the ring to her lips.

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