POLAND FEELS THE HEAVY HAND OF WAR

HER 25,000,000 PEOPLE FACE STARVATION AND DEATH NOW.

HAVE NO REAL FRIENDS

Can Only Appeal to America to Aid the Starving Thousands.

We are living today in times of universal dread and distress; the wildest fancy before the war could not have pictured such unspeakable scenes as are witnessed at present by the inhabitants of Europe.

It is Poland, however, with her 25,000,000 unfortunate inhabitants, that finds herself in the direst predicament of all.

That country, since the first outbreak of hostilities, has been the theatre of many battles; the enemy has swept the country from end to end, so that where formerly flourished thriving villages and towns there are now found ruin and desolation.

The world has heard of the atrocities perpetrated within the confines of Belgium; the American press has published whole columns of descriptive matter regarding the devastation wrought there by the instruments of war. Very little has been written regarding what takes place in Poland, the press has not been admitted to that stage of action.

The world has already heard of the burning of Kalisz by the Prussians and of Jaroslaw by the Austrians, yet it is not aware that thousands of flourishing villages have been razed to the ground and that hundreds of thousands of people in consequence have been reduced to extreme poverty.

All available men have been forced into military service. The Frenchman, the Englishman, the Belgian, the Russian and the German have each the consolation that they are defending their respective countries. The Pole, most unfortunate of them all, whether in the Austrian, the Prussian or the Russian army, is fighting in the interest of his oppressor.

The people in Poland are threatened with a famine of which we at best can have only a poor conception. France and Belgium, though in the throes of the war, are countries still possessed of their own governments and powerful means of support and assistance.

Only Poland has been abandoned by all. Yet not by all. There is America — that most remarkable champion of democracy and freedom the world has ever seen. There is no need of any extra effort toward enlisting the sympathy of America for Poland. America has ever borne good will towards the country of John Sobieski and will demand at every opportunity that justice be meted out to all the down-trodden nations of Europe. Poland is convinced that the United States will work toward justice for all people who wish to share in the bounties of peace.

And it is but natural that the Poles should look up to America for aid and assistance, for justice, sympathy and fair play, for the tremendous moral force of her endorsement.

America is indebted to Poland for the services of her illustrious sons—Kosciuszko and Pulaski. Kosciuszko has been called the "Father of American Artillery" and Pulaski the "Father of American Cavalry." The Polish heroes fought for independence and helped the colonies "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty."

Poland has always championed the cause of freedom and justice; we say of freedom, inasmuch as she was the bulwark of Europe against the barbarism of the east, because she received the Jews, the Hussites and emigrants of the Thirty Years' war when all the rest of the world would have none of them, and because she has ever held up high the torch of idealism, and we say of justice, because she has never believed in force and violence, while her greedless policy as carried towards her neighbors, is unparalleled, with perhaps one exception, in the history of the world.

In view of these past services rendered to the world in general and to America in particular, Poland is assured that the people of these United States cannot remain indifferent to the horrible lot of her children.

Poland looms up above the ashes and ruin of her fertile fields and prospering towns and bids us remember the example of that most eminent champion of the oppressed—Thomas Campbell.

Thomas Campbell freely expressed his sympathy for the sufferings and wrongs of Poland. Nor did he show his sympathy by words alone, but by resolute and continued action. He founded the association in London of the Friends of Poland, which not only maintained the strong interest felt by the British people for the Polish nation, but was the means of providing assistance and giving employment to large numbers of the unfortunate exiles driven from the confines of Poland.

Poland asks the citizens of this great republic to emulate the notable example of Campbell. Convinced of the sacredness of her cause, she expects from America not only words of sympathy, but, above all, resoluteness of action. She appeals to the people of America in the belief that they shall not be chary of rendering aid and assistance.

We acknowledge receipt of all contributions in "Free Poland," a Chicago publication which is to set forth the position and aims of Poland and to promote American interest in the Polish people as a nation.

POLISH CENTRAL RELIEF COM.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill tonic, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.

Masons, Attention!

All Masons are urgently requested to meet at the Masonic Hall on Sunday evening, November 8, at 7:10 o'clock for the purpose of attending the farewell services of Brother Knickerbocker at the Boston Avenue M. E. church.

It is the intention to attend the services as a body of Masonic brethren and not as a lodge. Special seats will be provided and a good attendance is desired. W. F. STAHL.

Hear the SANTONS at the Christian church, beginning Sunday morning.—Adv.

Catarrh of Throat Relieved
Gives Peruna the Credit.

MISS AMALIE RUZIKA, PRAGUE, OKLAHOMA

Her Neglected Cold Caused Serious Illness.

PRAGUE, Okla.—"I have suffered with catarrh of the throat. I caught cold and it settled in my throat, and I coughed badly and was very weak. I could not sleep and had no appetite.

"I had two doctors, and had taken so many different medicines and found no help. I thought I will have to give up; but at last my mother read about Peruna, so I thought of trying that great medicine, Peruna. I got a bottle of it, and in about four days I almost stopped coughing, and after awhile I surely found relief, and from that time we are not without Peruna in our home."

Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

CLASS OF 1910 TO HAVE A REAL LIVE REUNION

ARRANGE DETAILS FOR BIG STUNT AT NORMAN IN THE SPRING.

Oklahoma University is going to see a real live, sure-enough class reunion like they put on back in the east next June when the class of 1910 goes back for its first "round-up." Feguary and Dawson, two of the prominent members of the class, consulted in Tulsa yesterday about the proposed program and have arranged features that promise to make the denizens of the University City wake up and take notice that the University of Oklahoma have some real alumni.

Under the present plans the class will gather on June 3 and will stay through commencement. Each member will wear a distinctive costume and President Brooks has agreed to turn the university over to them for two days. Arrangements are being made to have all the meals served in the university buildings and the "round-up" banquet in the gym. After the banquet toasts will be delivered until 10 o'clock, when the gym will be turned over to the members of the university for a real old-fashioned dance. This dance is to be fashioned after the old times when the class of '10 were in school and an effort will be made to have Burke's famous one-piece orchestra of olden days furnish the music. The program also announces that the Deep Dark Mystery Club, and Pe-et, the honor society, "will rope and tie a few" for the edification of the new graduates.

Norman will be captured and no dignity will be allowed excepting at the commencement procession when the program announces "DIGNITY will not be barred, grab yours, get a strangle hold and tango to it." This is the first real class reunion ever attempted and the leaders of the class of 1910 promise to make it one never to be forgotten.

Influence.

Not by words and actions alone are we influencing those about us, but by our very presence. We never meet anyone, even in passing, that we do not receive and, in turn, make an impression, either pleasant or unpleasant. Have we not often been cheered and had our thoughts diverted from our own discontent by meeting with a cheerful, happy face. Even a child has cheered me by his silvery laugh and happy face as we pass him in his play. Oh, then let us strive to have our hearts full of love and it will make our faces glad and happy and our passing influence will be good. And if this grace be ours, we cannot hide it any more than the roses can suppress their perfume. We were once much impressed with this beautiful truth. We met a pretty young lady with a lovely box of roses. In passing we only saw her beauty, but as we went on in the opposite direction from her the scent of the roses filled the air quite a distance. So is the fragrance from a consecrated, loving heart.—Selected.

Hunters Attention!

The Quail, Turkey and Deer Season opens Nov. 15.

We invite all hunters to make our store headquarters.

We have everything in the sportsman line and will cheerfully give you any information we can in regard to the hunting districts.

M. C. HALE, Hardware

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A TALE OF THE OLD K.C. UNION STATION

"SMITHY" ENTERTAINS WITH SOME LINES ON FREE LUNCHES

THE MAN WHO BET DIMES

Always Sure to Win for There Was a Cockroach in Each Big Doughnut.

(By VERNON L. SMITH.)

You would wonder—we wonder ourselves—if a story about the old Union depot at Kansas City, a story about free lunches in saloons, or one of how mamma craw-dads took their little ones to sleep, would be of interest at this time. There isn't any doubt about what is the real news at this time, when the Suez canal is becoming as important as Gibraltar and when the very water through which Leander swam is being sown with Turkish mines and watched for Turkish trophies. War is war, and so forth.

By the Way.

Of course, you wouldn't like to read eight or ten columns each day about free lunches or mamma crawdads and stuff like that, unless you were deeply interested in craw-dads, old depots or free lunches. But since you have read those London and Paris and Berlin and Vienna and Petrograd dispatches, all alike, each depicted in authority completed in victory but, nevertheless, retreated from bell-to-breakfast why, as a respite, something that someone has to say on a subject that's always of interest—free lunches—may be worth while.

Big Doughnuts.

But the fact that on last Friday week the old Union depot at Kansas City was forsaken for the new Union depot, causes us to remember one of the first times we were ever in the old depot. It was about a three hours' run down to Kansas City from Owl creek, and when we got off and walked into the depot one of the first things that attracted our notice was the increase in size of the doughnut of commerce over the doughnut that we had been used to eating all our lives. There they were under glass covers larger than the goldfish bowl back home, looking tempting, etc., so we ambled over to the lunch counter and sat down. A cup of coffee, too, we got.

Down at the corner of the lunch counter was a little old man with a wrinkled face, a car hard-shell front, low collar and an undertaker's fit. He looked all-the-world like one of father's brothers whom we wouldn't call "uncle" until after father had taken us to the woodshed for strategical reasons. This old hacksaw at the end of the counter, every time a person bought a sandwich, would approach him and say:

"I'll bet you a dime."

We were too far away to understand the bet, but in fifteen minutes' time he probably had bet the same dime a hundred times. Maybe it wasn't the same dime, but anyway, he bet a dime that many times. Quite naturally, we were curious, but parental instructions were not to ask anybody any questions unless he was in a uniform and had on a cap. That was the last instruction issued any of the young fellows when departing from the environs of Owl creek for Kansas City. So in order to find out, we bought a sandwich.

Wanted to Bet.

The old fellow made a break over our way. We afterward learned that he owned several blocks of property uptown, and that he had become very wealthy in the past few years by betting dimes there at the lunch counter in the old Union depot.

"Bet you a dime," said he.

We started to take a bite off the sandwich.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Bet you a dime first."

"A dime on what?" we asked.

"Why, don't you know? Bet you a dime there's a cockroach in that sandwich."

Not much—we had seen him win too many dimes on the same bet. But the sandwiches couldn't be eaten after that. So to make up the difference towards the interior cavity, we bought a couple of hard-boiled eggs, laid our four dollars down on the counter, and offered to bet him the whole smear, and a year-old calf back home, to boot, that there was nary a cockroach in them.

It was in the old Union depot, too, that we got our first genuine idea about the immigrant. We had heard the good old Samaritans and Pharisees back home extol on government procrastination in shutting off immigration, but our first hand-to-hand encounter with immigrants occurred there. They were of the fragrant kind, made up of men and women, baskets, bags, babies and foodstuffs. Anybody who has ever ridden in a homeseekers' tourist car in the winter time understands about the fragrant fragrancy.

Apologetically.

It might not be amiss at this time to apologize for having said so little about the war so far, because we have a lot we would like to say about it—about how its horrors came like dream mares out of the midnight darkness, and all of that, and how that fellow who writes the dispatches from Petrograd has lied so much about Russian victories that he finally stumbled into the truth—but we won't. Anyway, the promise was to say something about free lunches. However, we forgot to mention the fact that as far as we got acquainted with immigrants, they feed their babies, at a very tender age, copious gobs of the lowly banana.

At any rate, there used to be a fellow by the name of Miller in Kansas City who was said to have served the finest free lunch in all America. This was in a day before Missouri legislators passed a law that made free lunches in saloons most unpopular things. Miller served six or eight different kinds of sausages, nearly all good; hot beef roasts, steaks, hamburgers, potato salad, sliced corn beef, smoked dried beef, chipped beef, hot weinies with horseradish, cold slaw and hot dog, forty kinds of pickles, together with garlic and innumerable other savory and saliva-tickling dishes, not to mention Hungarian goulash, which is about the same thing as Irish stew—depending much on whether it's a German or an Irishman who calls for it. Then there were big trays of rye bread with spicy seeds in it, crackers, wheat bread, hot bouillon, sliced tomatoes and onions, boiled beets, canned sardines, blind robins and an endless array of salt fish—all of which were free if you bought a glass of beer. Sometimes if your appetite exceeded your thirst, your free lunch would cost you more than the ordinary lunch at McClintock's not far away, or at Tony Faust's in St. Louis, and you would puff up like a poisoned toad and nearly have snakes that night.

Intemperance.

And, by the way, did you ever notice that you can have snakes just about as easily by eating too much as you can by drinking too much? We never had snakes. We always have cats, but don't you reckon one is about as bad as the other? Take a thousand cats sitting all around on the covers and whispering sweet woes over your fevered forelock, and when you wake up, you sure will know you have been some place! The time we had 'em, no doubt they were brought on by eating two pieces of mince pie and a raw onion and a pickle before retiring. It was either the pie or the onion or the pickle, or maybe the two limburger sandwiches and a dime's worth of hot tamales we ate at the same time, that bred the catastrophe. Anyhow, it was a whole lot of fun—and a pleasure to wake up and find it wasn't so about the cats.

Several years ago there were one or two near-saloons in Tulsa where free lunches were served, except on Saturdays, when the boys used to come in from Red Fork. When that occurred, there wasn't enough left around the place to feed the canary, so the practice famished.

Animals.

Three years ago we were sitting on a beer keg in the sun in front of a business place in Winona, Minn., one Sunday morning, looking at the birds. This saloon had a fine collection, and the front looked like a bird show in an aviary. The place is on a river, and at that time the saloons were open day and night and from the back on Sunday. There were ten or twelve cages filled with owls, parrots, crows, magpies, gulls and so on, and in one was a big eagle with gray hair and tied down with a chain. In the middle of the house there was a caged parrot, a fog green and yellow fellow. Every time someone came in he would say, "Every time you take a drink, things look different." And whenever anyone would leave he had been taught to say, "Hoot, mon."

Well, on this particular morning, the Lithuanian who had charge of the birds, mixed up a big mess of food for them. It was composed of corn meal, ground oyster shell, meat trimmings, soaked scraps of bread and other stuff, all made into a kind of a mush. It's a kind of a lumber country around here, and usually the lumberjacks are a droughty lot. About this time a big raft boat tied up on the levee and a dozen or so Swedes flocked into the place and ordered drinks as they came through the back door. They were in the logging business, hauling logs down the river for someone else.

A Swede, Too.

Along about the sixth round of drinks, a long Swede with light hair and blue eyes spied the pan of bird food on the back end of the bar, with a big spoon in it. He made a dive for it and was soon joined by his companions. They took turn about with the spoon, and in a minute there wasn't as much left in the pan as the Red Fork boys used to leave when Billy Miles and Mose Miller were putting out free lunches.

And another thing, there is less truth and more depravity in the dispatches from political headquarters than there is in those from war headquarters.

Wiley's Testimony.

Dr. Wiley, pure food expert, celebrated his 70th birthday recently and boasted to his friends that he felt as fit as if he was only 40. He attributed his excellent condition to the fact that he had good teeth, which he had always taken care of properly.

It is more than likely that the famous chemical expert owes much, also, to his ability to recognize fit and unfit food; yet his testimony as to the importance of proper care of the teeth might well be heeded.

It is not important that the average individual could keep his teeth in sound condition for as little as $100 during an entire lifetime, if he began early and paid consistent attention to the matter.

The big bill at the dentist's usually results from the process of putting off simple duties; the postponement of little tasks until they become large tasks.

It isn't a popular thing to be putting shingles on the dentist's roof, as the saying is; but any matter which affect the public's health ought to be a proper one for comment.

And it does not seem improbable that we are arriving at an era when the prompt attention to defective eyes and teeth may be regarded as one of the proofs that the forces of civilization are bearing us along with them.—St. Louis Times.

Put to the Test.

Emergencies often prove a man to be more courageous than he thought he was; and sometimes they work oppositely.

Room for Argument.

It's a question whether the quarrelsome people all get married, or the married people all get quarrelsome.

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You can spend $25.00 for a Suit or Overcoat—DON'T DO IT! Or at least be fair enough to give your dollars an opportunity to buy all they can for you.

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At this sale for I will remain in Tulsa and will always be ready to make good any article that does not make good itself.

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