POLAND TODAY

By the same author:

Poland the Unexplored
Come with Me through Krakow
Come with Me through Warsaw
Flags (with a chapter, "The White Eagle")
Heroes of Liberty (with the story of Sobieski)
Stories of the World's Holidays
(with a chapter on the Third of May)

Come with Me through Budapest
Father Takes Us to Boston
Father Takes Us to Washington
The Story of the Marys
The Story of the Williams

Today the trumpeter of Krakow sounds the "Heynal" from the watching tower of the Church of our Lady, which is illuminated with flood lighting.

POLAND TODAY

BY

GRACE HUMPHREY

M. ARCT PUBLISHING CO
NOWY ŚWIAT 35 WARSAW

PRINTED IN POLAND BY M. ARCT
ZAKŁADY WYDAWNICZE W WARSZAWIE

CONTENTS

A business street in the modern capital of Poland.

When we were introduced Pani R. stared at me.

"Are you," she hesitated a little, then went on quickly, "are you the Miss Humphrey who wrote *Poland the Unexplored?*"

"Yes, I plead guilty."

"I'm so glad to meet you. I've wanted to, ever since I read the book. But — may I tell you what I thought when I finished it the first time?"

"Oh, please do. I really want to know."

"You, and so many writers who come to Poland, told about our past — a great past, glorious and romantic and tragic — and you told it in a most interesting way. But excepting America every country has a past. Why don't you," she smiled at me and then was immediately serious, "why don't you tell about the Poland of today?"

"Y--es?" I replied vaguely.

She went on eagerly.

"For the present-day Poland is just as glorious, just as romantic, fortunately not as tragic as was the Poland of the past — if visitors have the eyes to see. The reborn Poland is a very young state in today's family of nations, but has really accomplished much in these few years. Why don't you write about it?"

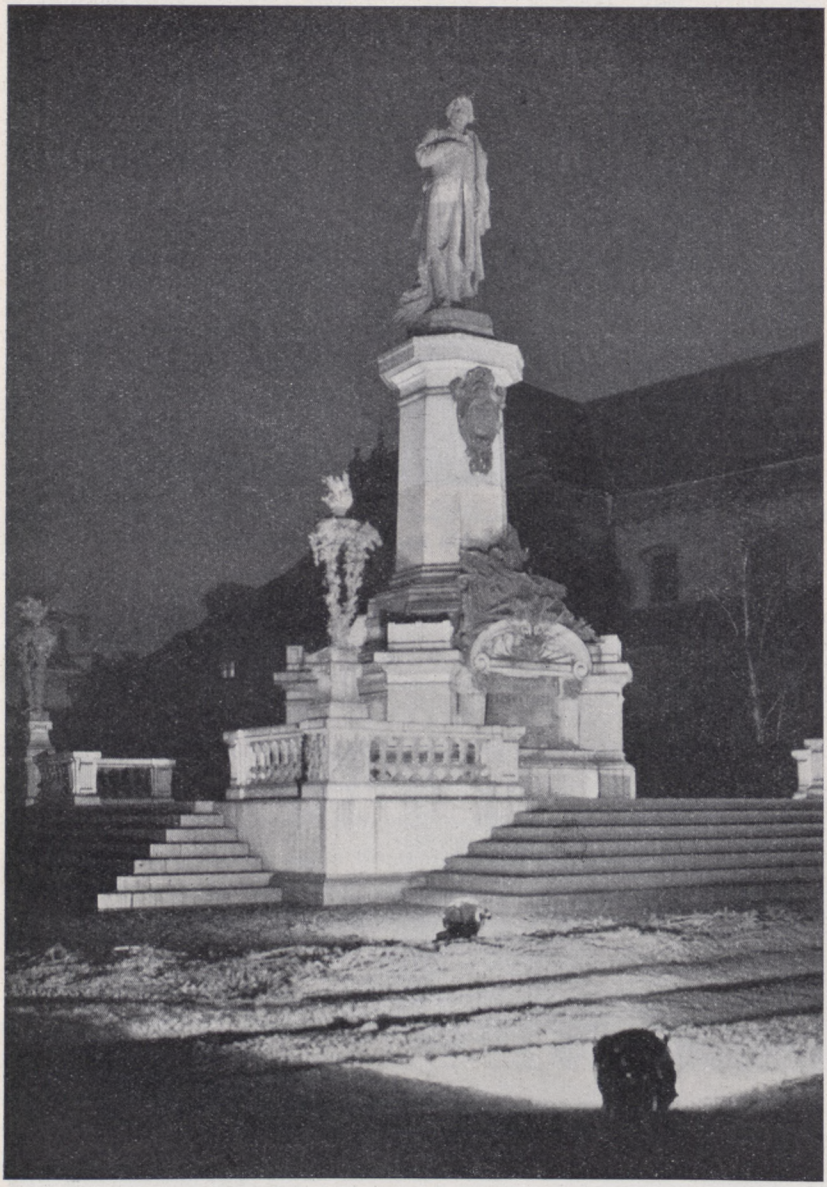
It was now my turn to stare at her.

A long silence.

"I will," I promised solemnly and held up my hand.

What a difficult task I'd promised to try to do! The new Poland is so many sided, has done so much in various lines, how tell it all? And where to begin?

Ulica Mickiewicz, the main street of Wilno, with the classic portico of the cathedral and its separate bell tower.



The monument of Adam Mickiewicz, "the poet of patriotism", is particularly fine at night. You remember the story of its unveiling?

Polish cities, large and small, have many trees on business streets as well as in residential districts. This boulevard in Lwow is a favorite promenade.

One of the main streets in Poznan, with the city theater, one of the university buildings, and a Gothic church.

THE FOUNDATION THAT DOESN'T SHOW

We take it for granted, in visiting a new country, that it has, of course, all the needed machinery of government in the twentieth century. In most cases that's true. Not true at all of Poland in 1918.

Partitioned once, twice, a third time by her greedy and unscrupulous neighbors, there'd been no Poland on the map of Europe since 1795. Step by step the Allies of the World War declared for the Poles in 1917 and 1918. They recognized the Polish Committee at Paris as an official Polish organization. Woodrow Wilson included an independent Polish state among his famous Fourteen Points — that was, I think, in January of 1918, and a few months later France and England and Italy agreed that this was one of the peace conditions. The Polish troops were recognized as an independent allied army. All this was an enormous help when on the eleventh of November, 1918, the reborn state officially began. But it was only a help. The Allies didn't make the new Poland. It was done by the Poles themselves.

When independence was regained, there was chaos in Poland. Two-thirds of the country had been devastated during the war, with a battle front that in some places had moved back and forth no less than seven times. The people were worn out by the long contest. They were starving. Railroads and factories and agriculture were in ruins. There was unemployment, there was no treasury — but four currencies! — there were thousands of enemy soldiers still in the land, and always on the eastern horizon the menace of Bolshevism.

Just to get the state started, there was everything to do.

Poland began with no fixed boundaries. Not till the following June was the treaty-making at Paris finished, and even that didn't fix all frontiers. Poland had to fight for them — fight from the very first days of her reestablishment.

A few days before the Armistice the Ukrainians invaded Galicia and occupied Lwow. That city was relieved, but the contest with the Ukrainians dragged on for months, until April of 1920.

There was a week's fighting with Czecho-Slovakia. Then the two states agreed to fix the boundary by vote of the people living there. But the plebiscite was never held and the line was not finally determined till the summer of 1920.

There was fighting with the Germans too — at Poznan and in Upper Silesia. Poland's western frontier was the subject of long discussion and hot debate. A vote was indeed taken, but it was impossible to carry out the wish of the voters. It was May of 1922 before a special commission of the Allies arranged this line.

The longest boundary of all, on the east, between Poland and Soviet Russia, was settled only after two years of war. Peace came with the treaty of Riga in March of 1921, but a year and a half went by before the last details of the frontier were definitely fixed.

Not easy for a reborn state to have no boundaries. Today Poland's are not only fixed, they're guaranteed by solemn pacts of non-aggression. Each country binds herself, for a term of years, not to invade the territory of her neighbor. Poland's frontiers have come to stay.

The new Poland found herself with one, two, three, four codes of law — Prussian law, Austrian law, Russian law and the Napoleonic code. And besides these four, there were the many regulations introduced by the Austrian and German occupations during three years. Some acts, forbidden and punishable in one region, were in another perfectly legal.

What a task — to change and adapt, retaining the best of the four codes and keeping things going meanwhile! An enormous task, which today isn't entirely finished. Every few months the commission of judges and lawyers publishes another section of laws. But the most important parts are completed.

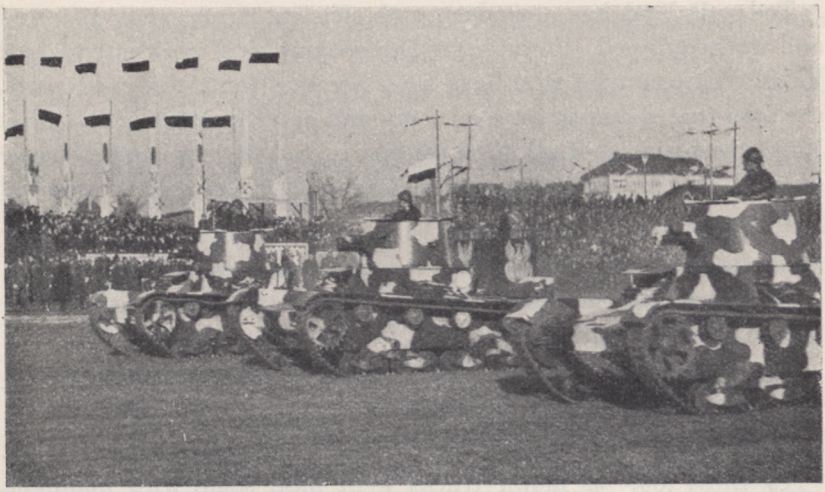
The new state began with no administration; yet is that correct? It was almost worse than none at all, for there were six administra-

Jozef Pilsudski, marshal of Poland, creator and builder of the reborn state.

The Poles are proud of their army, well officered and well equipped, and turn out by thousands for a review.

tions that had to he gradually consolidated and welded into one. Six! you exclaim. Austrian Poland and German Poland and Russian Poland make three; but six? Yes, for Upper Silesia had a different administration from Poznania; the eastern provinces belonging to Russia had a different administration from the Vistula provinces; and towns under the German occupation were administered quite differently from towns under the Austrian. There was besides a small district which had Hungarian administration.

For a century and a quarter the Poles had known practically nothing of self-government. Only in Austrian Poland had the people had some experience, only there were trained officials to be found. Out of chaos a new government was created. Was ever another made so quickly? Exactly one week after the eleventh of November the Cabinet was announced. Members of Parliament were elected at the end of January and held their first session on the eleventh of February. Impossible to have set up the machinery of a modern state if a long, slow preparation had not been going on for years; impossible to have achieved this, without the genius and the compelling force and the magnetism of Poland's "man of the hour" — Jozef Pilsudski — so needed at this time.



The tanks, also Polish made, were greeted with a round of applause at the review on the eleventh of November.

Most important of all in that difficult period just after the Armistice, the new Poland began without an army — with only remnants left from the Austrian and the Russian and German armies and remnants of the Legions of Pilsudski. (Not until April 1919 did the Polish soldiers who had been fighting in France arrive at Warsaw.) An army was the very first thing to create, for Lwow was asking for help and the Ukrainians must be pushed back.

Then Poland was invaded by the troops of Soviet Russia and a two-year war began — a war that proved to be almost a life-and-death struggle for the new state. Pilsudski did not introduce conscription, he called for volunteers. From a few thousand in November of 1918 his army grew to a hundred thousand in January, and in August of 1920 he had six hundred thousand — about half the Russian force.

Thanks to the very strong national feeling and to Polish courage, roused to the highest pitch in this emergency, thanks to the military genius of Pilsudski, disastrous retreat was turned into a glorious victory. The battle of Warsaw, called by the Poles "the miracle of the Vistula," is counted by historians one of the decisive battles of the world, for it saved western Europe from a Bolshevist invasion.

Today Poland has a modern and efficient army, well officered and well equipped. Because of her geographical position, wedged in between countries who have been her foes for a thousand years, she feels that she must have an army and an efficient one; but what Poland wants most of all, for a century or two, is peace and a chance to work, the opportunity to progress and to solve her internal problems.

At the beginning Poland had to buy, where she could get them, arms and munitions, even clothing for her soldiers. Now she is providing her own supplies.

"Made here in Poland," said a young man sitting next me at a military review on the eleventh of November, "our own rifles — our own guns," as a detachment of machine gunners marched by. "Yes, these too," as motor trucks went past, some with pontoons, some with anti-aircraft guns and giant searchlights.

"Do you make your own tanks?" I asked as those awkward,

The cadets of the Officers' School, dressed in the uniform of 1830, marched from Stare Miasto to the Belvedere, on the anniversary of "the November insurrection".

efficient fellows lumbered into view, gaily camouflaged on their sides.

"The small ones are Polish, the larger size we bought abroad, I think. Ah, look up, look up!"

A whirring sound and two hundred and fifty airplanes flew over the field — they too were Polish made.

It is one thing to enroll an army and drill it. It's another thing to provide all it needs, starting from nothing. Poland has done both. The people are proud of their soldiers and turn out by thousands whenever there's a review. I've even known them to pay a small admission fee, not for seats, but for standing room.

Frontiers, code of laws, administration, army — all this Poland has achieved. There's one thing showing indirectly the standing this reborn state has reached: she has a seat on the Council of the League of Nations. All the Great Powers are now represented at Warsaw, not by ministers, but by ambassadors, for Poland is herself today a Great Power.

The "family" at the Belvedere — Marshal Pilsudski, with his wife (seated), his two daughters, some of his aides with their wives and children.

GDYNIA, THE MIRACLE CITY

If you ask a group of Poles what is the outstanding achievement of their country, in the years since 1918, the answer is sure to be, Gdynia! Undoubtedly it is a great accomplishment.

In the summer of 1918 some Poles in St. Petersburg, foreseeing the return of Poland to the map of Europe, began making constructive plans; one of the many suggestions was that the strip of seacoast should be developed — for they felt sure this would be restored to her, as it had been definitely stated in the famous Fourteen Points: "an independent Polish state, with secure and free access to the sea."

But a lecture in St. Petersburg could never have created this miracle city which has no counterpart in the whole world. Discussion about it came as a result of difficulties over the landing of munitions at Dantzig during the war with Soviet Russia. Indeed it may have been a Dantzig official, unwilling to help Poland in the emergency, who gave the Poles the idea when he said scornfully, "Land your munitions somewhere else — land them at Gdynia!"

After peace was made with Russia, there was constant talk all over Poland, for two years and more, that the state should build a port on the seacoast, to ensure the maximum of national prosperity. People discussed its economic value, its political value. But when the government determined on this plan, no one guessed the future of Gdynia — otherwise they'd have followed the suggestion, made by one or two farseeing men, and bought up the land for miles around. Gdynia? It would be merely a landing place — and possibly in course of time a small summer resort might grow up nearby.

In 1920 Gdynia was a little fishing village, with marshy ground and peat bogs running back to the hills.

My first visit to Gdynia was in May of 1929, but fortunately I was with a Pole who'd been there several times before 1924 (when work on the port began) and could tell me how it looked when it was a tiny fishing village. No buildings except the shacks of the fishermen. No wharf save a small one where excursion boats from Dantzig landed passengers for an afternoon, for even then the beach was famous.

Today Gdynia is a modern city of fifty thousand, with wide streets and attractive boulevards, with schools and parks, and a port with the most modern equipment — a miracle city!

A modern apartment house rubs shoulders with a thatched cottage that remains from the days when a farm covered part of the site of Gdynia.

The fishermen have a special basin of their own, across the bay from a row of giant cranes, silhouetted against the sky.

In 1929 I asked why the railroad station was so large, but it is now greatly overcrowded and a new one is planned for.

At the passenger dock a special station has been built, so that tourists leave the steamer, cross a corridor, and find their trains waiting.

Today where used to be peat bogs and marshy ground, there's a city of fifty thousand — and thousands more if you count, as some day will be counted, the many people who work in Gdynia and live in some neighboring village. It is, I think, the only port in the world that's wholly artificial, built where there was no town, no commerce of any kind, no river giving access to the country inland. An ultra-modern city with wide paved streets, boulevards planted with trees, electric lights and sewers, schools and parks, and a port with the most up-to-date equipment in its many warehouses and in the great basins where ships from many lands bring and take away their varied cargoes.

Where formerly was a long stretch of marshes is the great port. On and on it reaches, one basin after another — one for the navy of Poland, another for yachts and pleasure craft, a third for fishermen, a special one for coaling, others for this kind of commerce and for that. To walk around them and see the whole port on foot is a matter of three hours or more. It's easier to make a tour of the harbor by motor boat.

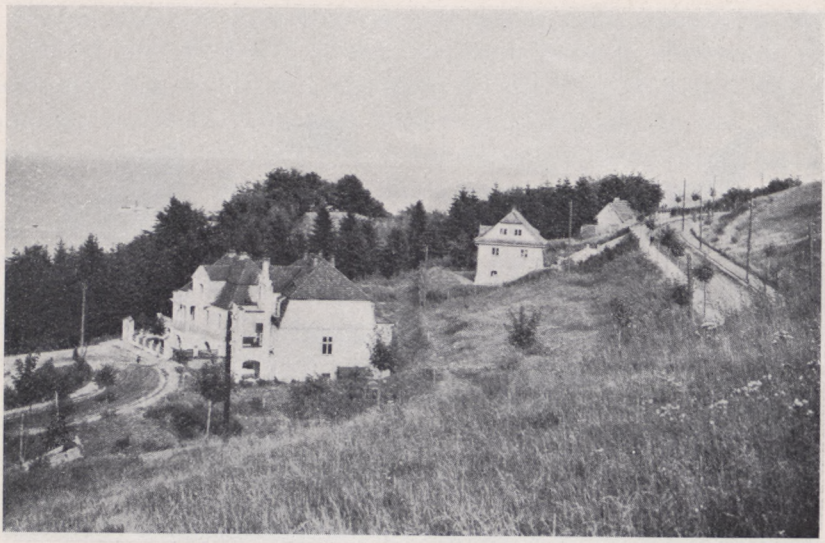
Just strolling along the streets of Gdynia is fascinating — the tang of the salt air, the forest-crowned hills that make, wherever you look, a beautiful background, and something tingling and electric in the very atmosphere. There's an air of bustle and activity. Every one is busy in Gdynia. New buildings are going up on nearly every street. No idlers standing around — there is no unemployment here.

You look in this direction and see the black lines of giant cranes outlined against the sky. Fifty-seven cranes when I was there in the autumn of 1934, but probably more by now — figures are only temporary for Gdynia! And the car dump, picking up a car of Upper Silesia coal, emptying it into the hold of a steamer, then putting the car gently down, sending it rolling off to a sidetrack and taking up another, the whole process lasting exactly three minutes by my watch.

Turn your head and you see the famous beach, often so crowded that you can scarcely find a place. All summer long there are week-end excursions to Gdynia from every part of Poland, when the promenades are crowded with strollers, when places for eating and dancing can scarcely accommodate their patrons; and the next

The Casino at Gdynia is an attractive example of modern architecture, with straight lines and an uneven skyline.

A business street in Gdynia, running down to the harbor. Beneath "Abraham's oak" used to sit the old fisherman, Abraham, whose talk with President Wilson resulted in Poland's gaining the coveted strip of seacoast.



The former farm on Kamienna Gora is dotted over with the most attractive villas and gardens, with winding roads.

The bench was famous, even before the war. Over the week-end it's so crowded you can scarcely find room.

week, more people still! Alas, it's not humanly possible to enlarge the beach, for it ends abruptly where the bluff reaches down to the sea, leaving not an inch of space at its foot.

Or you look across Kosciuszko Square to the hill marked by the tall, white cross, where the cathedral is to be. Already it is planned and excavating has begun, but it takes many years to finish a cathedral.

"And will you tear down the little church you began with?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Why, it's ten years old — that's a landmark in Gdynia!"

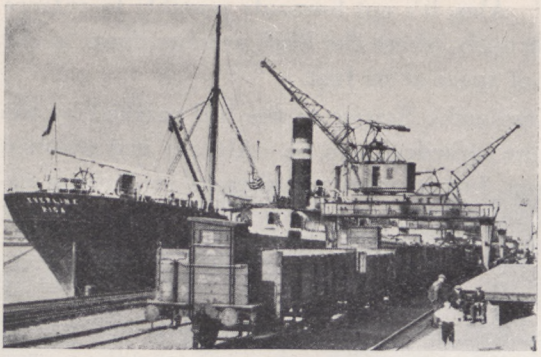
The city has seen a phenomenal increase in land values. The price of a square meter today used to be the price for a whole *hectare* — that's about two acres and a half. But the state reaped no benefit. Nor is Gdynia a place where profiteers (or should one call them privateers?) reaped a rich harvest. It is the fishermen themselves who are the gainers. Some of them own land along the main street and have become millionaires.

At one side of the town lies Kamienna Gora, a wooded hill that used to be part of a farm. This land was bought by a company who cut it into building lots and offered them for sale. Everybody thought the important thing was a lot in the summer resort, not down in the district around the port.

When people at last realized the future of Gdynia, streets were laid out and plans made for a population of a hundred thousand. It should not grow like a boom town in America, following anybody's fancy, but after a definite plan. Soon the hundred thousand was all too small a number and city planners set to work for a city of a quarter of a million.

It has six parts — the port, the business center (the number of stores goes up a hundred a year), the administrative center, and three residential sections — one for workingmen, another for officials and middle-class folk, and one for the upper-class whose villas are set in gardens, where houses must cost a certain sum. And in each section space is reserved for schools, for playgrounds, for parks.

However, with the wisest of planning, it seems impossible to think far enough ahead in Gdynia. The timber yards at the dock



The port has the most modern equipment for transferring cargo from ship to train.

have been twice enlarged, as the shipping of Polish oak and pine suddenly increased. Now this last site has been outgrown and the timber business is to have a special place in a basin that's under construction.

"How absurd," men said in 1932 as they watched the building of the cold storage plant, "to make it so large! At the most a fourth of this space will be needed."

But the number of eggs and chickens, sausages and hams sent abroad, the pounds of butter increased by leaps and bounds. Two years later it was necessary to add two more stories, giving half as much again of cold storage space. This plant is now the second largest in the world.

The rice husking factory has been twice enlarged. The warehouse for Polish sugar has grown from one building to four. How long will the special warehouse for cotton from America serve?

The attractive railroad station is entirely too small, though in 1929 I asked why they'd built it so huge. To relieve congestion a special station has been built at the passenger ship dock, so that tourists now leave the steamer, pass through the customs, and cross a corridor to the trains waiting to start for Warsaw and Krakow and Poznan. Probably the present station will be kept, but a new one will be built — farther over, in the center of the Gdynia of the future.

Perhaps most of all the school board finds it difficult to keep pace with this miracle city. Five hundred additional children in a year; before places can be made for them, come seven hundred more. Eight hundred the following year, and then a thousand six hundred additional boys and girls demanding more and more classrooms, more teachers, more buildings. As if in despair of ever

catching up, they built the last four schools with an elastic scheme, so that extra stories will give fifty percent more rooms.

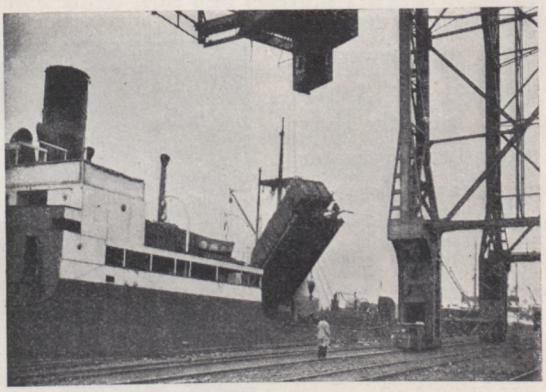
Ever since 1924 Gdynia has had a housing shortage. Many, many new houses have gone up, but with a population increasing a thousand a month, for month after month, the city never has enough. The owner of an apartment house doesn't need to advertise for tenants, or have an agent to show people through the building. The moment his plans have been approved by the city commission, every single apartment is leased — before workmen begin digging for the foundation. Who wouldn't be a landlord in Gdynia?

"Yes, yes," an old fisherman whose shack had stood on the main street, bewailed his lot, "I sold a bit of land and got enough money for a five-story building — it has shops on the street floor, then offices, and three floors of apartments; and everything's rented. Never a vacancy. Only — sometimes I think the old days were better. Now I have to look after my business affairs. Now I have to pay taxes."

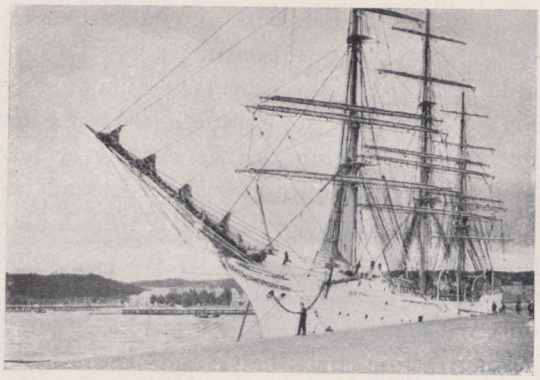
Nearly all the buildings in Gdynia have the long, straight lines that are characteristic of today's international type of architecture. They're made of brick, plastered on the outside (that's to make them warmer in the winter), and this plastering is often done in two colors — green and gray, tan and rose, gray and rose, gray-white and dark blue. There are many balconies — each apartment has one and some have two; and in the very large courts there are gardens.

Poles are great lovers of flowers and in spite of the hard winters they thrive in Gdynia. Roses do especially well. I know one garden with a hundred and forty varieties.

The shacks of the



Three minutes by your watch, and a carload of Silesian coal is emptied into the hold of the steamer. Four hundred and fifty tons an hour!



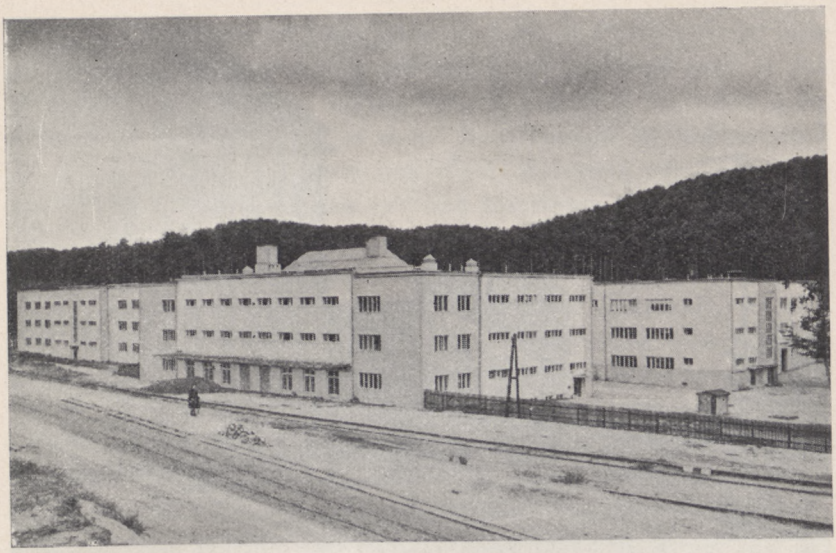
The training ship for sailors was a present to Gdynia and is named "the gift of Pomorze".

fishermen—are they still there to provide a contrast? The space where they stood near the beach was needed for important buildings; so the government built apartment houses for the fisher folk — mostly two rooms and a kitchen, with steam heat, and a bath for every four families. Can you think of a sharper contrast than between their former housekeeping and this?

Gdynia has many things you'd scarcely expect in a brand new city — a stadium, large enough for a horse show with riding and jumping contests, for track athletics and several tennis courts; Rotary Club and a Y. M. C. A.; five banks and eight Consulates; a sanatorium and five hospitals (three of them private); two high schools for girls and one for boys; the beginning of a museum; a school of commerce and a training school for the merchant marine; an extremely long viaduct over the railroad tracks at the port; a modern method of sewerage disposal that pours back into the bay pure distilled water and leaves for sale an artificial fertilizer which, mixed with sand, yields amazing crops.

The red and white building of the rice factory has already been enlarged twice to keep pace with the growing city.

Besides the city itself which had grown and altered so in five years and a half that



Emigrants stay in this hotel while waiting for the steamers on which they are to sail from Poland.

I could scarcely believe my eyes and asked in amazement if it really was the same Gdynia, I had two surprises on my last visit. One morning, strolling around by myself and exploring, I came suddenly on a street marked "Ulica Jerzego Waszyngtona"—thrilling to find that in Poland's new port. And one evening I was a guest at the English Club, a flourishing organization with more than two hundred members — Britishers, Americans and English-speaking Poles — with a director from Oxford. Nearly all the business of the port, I learned to my amazement, is conducted in English. So many Poles want to learn English that the teachers in Gdynia haven't hours enough in their days.

Where does the money for Gdynia come from? When work on the port began in 1924 a French-Polish syndicate was formed and the plan was to build on credit. Two years later came a change of government in Poland and Gdynia was taken over by the state. Since then each piece of construction at the port has been paid for in cash.

For the electric light plant, for streets and sewers, for motor buses running from the center of town to the various suburbs, the

The main street in Gdynia, with a bank and the post office.

state made long-term loans to the city of Gdynia. One loan, for fifty years, was sold abroad.

Gdynia is to the Poles more than a port and a summer resort. It is the symbol of Poland's freedom. All over the country people talked to me about Gdynia, and always with the greatest pride. They may disapprove of this or that expenditure, but nobody regretted the money spent on Gdynia. This city at the gate of the Baltic is the key to the economic development of the new Poland, if not the key to her very existence.

Nor is this a new conception. When the Swedes invaded Poland in the middle of the seventeenth century and for months conquered and laid waste, they offered to leave if the Poles would give them their seacoast and the district nearby — the province of Pomorze.

"Never!" was Poland's answer to this proposal.

"But when the whole body is sick," argued the Swedes, "doctors amputate a leg to save a life."

"Yes, a leg. But never the head!" and soon these invaders were driven from the land.

And when, a hundred years later, the king of Prussia leaned over the map, pointing out to his generals what he would take at the first Partition of Poland, asking their approval of his scheme, he turned wrathfully on one of them, bold enough to suggest that Prussia should have Poznania, and cried, "You fool! you fool! Can't you see that if we have this —" and his finger traced the Polish seacoast and Pomorze —" the other will later fall into our hands?" And it did, in the second and third Partitions.

Gdynia, the miracle city, is as important politically as economically. A tiny stretch of seacoast, in comparison with Poland's very long land frontiers, but the commerce here is far greater. In 1922 Poland's sea trade was seven percent of the whole. In 1926 it had grown to twenty-seven percent; in 1932 sixty-seven; and two years later seventy-four. From zero the merchant fleet has grown to fifty-five sea-going vessels. There are forty-seven lines sailing regularly from Gdynia, and eight of these carry the white and red flag of Poland.

Isn't it correct to call it a miracle city?

Miles of breakwater shelter the port from the open sea.

THE NEW SCHOOLS

Gdynia is, it's true, a dramatic, successful achievement, but it touches the everyday life of the people only indirectly. There's one thing in which Poland has made amazing progress, which comes home to every family in little towns and villages and great cities — schools.

She began with an appalling percentage of illiterates — a result of the deliberate policy of the three partitioning Powers — with many schoolhouses in ruins, with almost no Polish textbooks (and no up-to-date ones in history and geography), with a scarcity of trained teachers. What she has accomplished in these few years is, to my mind, the most outstanding thing in Poland.

The whole educational scheme has been rebuilt on a new plan — the first country in Europe to alter the traditional four-years-eight to the American eight-years-four. No, not quite correct. The Polish scheme is seven years for every child; then four in the gymnasium (high school) and two in the lyceum (technical school fitting young people to support themselves); then the university.

At the end of the war when many plans were discussed, some persons proposed that every street in Warsaw should be repaved with asphalt. Then visitors from foreign lands would be amazed and cry, "What progress!"

"That can come later on," argued others. "First we must build schools."

In every part of the country, but particularly in what used to be Russian Poland, people pointed out to me their new schools — and always with great pride. A peasant host went out of the way to show me the village school, an attractive brick building, with

forty youngsters belonging to that village and a hundred more coming some kilometers in every direction. In a town of fifteen thousand I went to see a new gymnasium with more than a thousand students — some coming a long way on bicycles. In Poznan and Lwow, in Warsaw and Wilno and many another place I saw schools, schools, schools until I began to wonder if the Poles thought I was an expert in educational matters. Schools for tiny children, technical schools and academies, universities new or reopened, trade schools, elementary schools, and — and — and —

The courtyard of the new building of the Ministry of Education.

While I was a guest at a country house, we walked across the fields one afternoon to see how far along the new school was.

"But how could the people possibly afford to build another schoolhouse?" I asked the countess. "I remember you said the land here isn't the best, and I can see for myself that most of the people are very poor."

"I'll tell you how we did it; it may interest you as being more or less typical. I gave the land. The plans came from the Ministry of Education in Warsaw — they've published a book of schoolhouse plans. And the Ministry loaned ten thousand zlotys for ten years, without any interest.

"The Powiat — that corresponds to your county, as near as I can compare things — gave a thousand zlotys, so many thousand bricks and so much material for mortar; and besides loaned the balance of the money needed for five years. The fathers of some of the children gave their labor, some of them with teams. What bricks we bought, we paid only cost price for."

Three typical elementary school buildings in the new Poland — in a village (Puszcza Marjanska).

"How much does such a schoolhouse cost — five rooms?"

"And an apartment upstairs for the principal. You see, this is far off from the town, and from any village. Well, up to now it's cost twenty thousand zlotys, and there'll be some extras. How many children? Ninety in the first two classes, and more will come flocking in as soon as the building's finished."

"How different from the problem of the country school in America, where often there's only a handful of children, one or two in a class!"

This was but five of the ten thousand elementary schoolrooms built in the last few years, and Poland is still building them. It's not enough that the percentage of children in school jumped from sixty-six in 1921 to minety-three; the aim is a hundred percent. When you take into account that this includes the former Russian Poland, where only nineteen percent of the children went to school, and the fact that the children of Poland have increased by two million, isn't it a record to be proud of?

in a small town (Wisla).

With this increase in schools, there weren't enough teachers to go around, not enough normal schools to meet the demand. The first students were sent out with a minimum of training and after a few years were called back for summer classes. This wasn't made compulsory, but thousand of them attended. All summer long the dormitories of university students are full of teachers, come for special courses.

and in a large city (in the Praga section of Warsaw).

The army too is doing its part in the fight against illiteracy. Recruits who can't read and write are immediately put into special groups and have extra classwork during their military service. Their teachers are sometimes army officers, sometimes trained people from outside.

In the larger cities, and in some places in the country, there are evening classes for grown-ups and continuation classes for young people from fourteen to eighteen, who are at work in the daytime. Warsaw has done perhaps the most along this line, with six thousand pupils coming for further education; most of them come five evenings a week.

Poland is primarily an agricultural country, with three-fourths of her people earning their livelihood from the soil. It follows then that agricultural schools are of the greatest importance. At Lowicz and Zamosc and near Lwow I visited four of these new schools. One was for boys, from sixteen to twenty-two, who live there for a year, having lessons and doing all the work of a farm of sixty acres.

As it happened, the director was away for the day, but with gestures and some words of German two of the boys explained to me, taking me proudly from one classroom to another, pointing to

The army too takes part in Poland's fight against illiteracy. Here is a class of recruits learning their A B C's.

charts and pictures. They were raising tobacco for the government monopoly, and selling a hundred kilos of butter a day, and learning how to use fertilizers and make even worn-out fields produce a fine crop. By the end of the year their sales would be enough to cut the tuition fees in half.

The main building had classrooms, library, dining room and dormitories. There was a shed for the machinery; cow barns and stables and hen houses, all very modern; and an assembly hall that served both school and neighborhood, used for amateur plays, lectures, singing societies and dances. Two hundred and forty such schools are planned for, and more than half have already been built.

And it's just as important, says the new Poland, for peasant girls to have special training. They too stay in the school for a year, but hope eventually to have a two-year course. What do they learn? To raise vegetables and flowers, to can and preserve, to cook, to raise chickens, to milk cows and make butter and cheese, to pot plants and care for them during the long winters; and besides all this, to sew.

"And one more thing," said the director as we went into a spotless dormitory for twenty girls, "that doesn't appear on

the schedule, but is very important — they learn to keep things in order." She pulled out drawers here and there, for me to see in what beautiful order the girls kept their personal belongings. "Their things may be very simple, but they must be in order — always."

In the kitchen the menu for the day's dinner was on the blackboard, with the cost of each dish worked out for a family of six. The girls learn something of marketing—both buying and selling—and how to get some variety into their meals. The supper we had there was delicious — one of the best meals I had in Poland; I remember it still.

Trade schools have become popular. In Sandomierz and Warsaw, in Zamosc and Liskow, in Wilno and Krakow I went to schools where boys were fitting themselves to be shoemakers and tailors and locksmiths, blacksmiths and carpenters, makers of fine furniture and wrought iron and leather articles; where girls were

A Red Cross class in a Wilno school, learning to bandage an injured hand.

All the new schools have showers near the gymnasium. Some of these rooms are open all summer for the children and their parents.

learning to knit stockings, weave, cook, sew and design clothes for all the family, or manage a great household.

One such school was housed in a former monastery, another in what had been, before the war, the luxurious palace of the Wisniowiecki family, another was in one wing of the frontier fortress, far in the southeast of Poland, where Jan Sobieski was born. The schools themselves are much more important than the buildings — they can come later. One was started by a priest, one by the community, another with funds from America.

"It's very important," people explained over and over, "that the peasants should learn to do something else than farming. If a man has several sons and his few acres are divided among them, there's not income enough for any one of them. But if one son's a tailor and another a blacksmith, and the third perhaps a soldier and the fourth a cobbler, it makes for prosperity all around. Gradually we'll get a sufficient number of these trade schools. In another generation it'll mean the solving of some of our vexatious problems in agriculture."

Polish children go to school six days a week — except the Jews who, in return for the Saturday free, must do six days' lessons in five. Hours aren't much longer than a schedule in America, but they seem longer because they're so different. Lessons begin at eight o'clock, even in winter when it's quite dark at the time the children leave home, and last till twelve or half-past for the younger

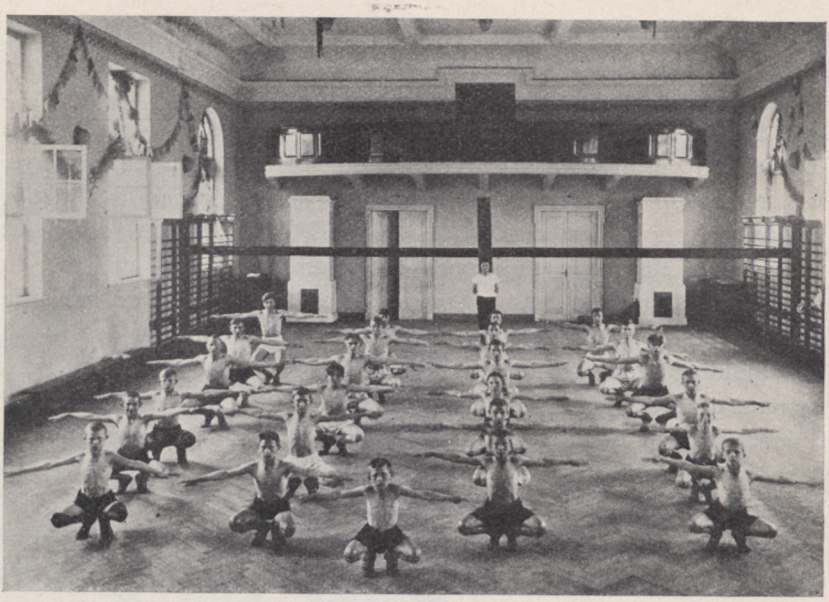
ones, till half-past one or two for the older groups. So they get home for dinner at two, or even at three.

Of course there are recess periods. In one school the children had five minutes free after the first class, ten minutes after the second, fifteen minutes after the third and fourth, then ten, and five. In the middle of the session comes "second breakfast" — not a substantial meal, but a sandwich or roll, with hot tea or cocoa. It's a social time, the children stand around and chat and eat; in one school I arrived before "second breakfast" was over, and the girls were all dancing to the music of a phonograph.

Sometimes cocoa and tea are prepared by a class of older girls, as part of their domestic science work. Often this is the task of a committee of the Mothers' Club. The children pay a small sum each month. For the very poor youngsters the hot drinks are free— generally the Mothers' Club sees to this.

Polish school children have one thing in super-abundance — holidays! National holidays and church holidays are scattered through

This seventh grade in a school near Lublin have their setting-up exercises out of doors, in the snow.



Floor work is very popular with Polish children — why not, in such a room?

the calendar with lavish hand. There's a long break at Christmas — three weeks or more! — and again at Easter. As a result, the summer vacation is shorter than ours — but then, it's not so hot in Poland, and school in August is endurable.

I was greatly interested in the school excursions. Boys or girls, or both, thirty, fifty, a hundred of them, go off for a trip with a couple of teachers. On the railroad they pay one-fourth of the regular fare; sometimes they have a special car. Tram and autobus charge half price. Museums too, if they're not free. The children are lodged in school dormitories, in a convent or monastery, in special excursion buildings, in barracks if the soldiers are at manouvers — wherever they can arrange for inexpensive rooms.

"But even so, how do your girls pay for excursions?" I asked the headmistress of a gymnasium in Poznan.

"For the ten months of the school year each girl pays into our fund one zloty twenty at the beginning of each month. Not a large sum, but it totals eighteen hundred and fifty zlotys. Starting with that, the trip costs — oh, very little. Last year we went to Lwow —

This group of girls in Lodz show their proficiency with apparatus.

a nine days' trip, costing fifty-five zlotys for each girl. It was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Sobieski's victory at Vienna. We saw all the special exhibitions in his honor, his house in Lwow, and made sidetrips to his birthplace and to two frontier castles where he lived. A run down to Boryslaw gave a picture of today's economic life in the oil fields; and we stopped off at Krakow on the way back.

"This year ninety-four pupils went on the Wilno excursion, which was patriotic and literary — the centennial of the publication of Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz*. We wanted to give a living background to the poet and his work. We explored Wilno and made sidetrips to places Mickiewicz mentions — Troki and other lakes, his birthplace at Nowogrodek. We stopped to see the baby bison in the forest preserve at Bialowieza, and had some time in Warsaw — ten days, for seventy-two zlotys a person; that included every single item — railroad, lodgings, meals, museums and autobus.

"During the Christmas vacation a group of my girls go off to Zakopane for a fortnight in the mountains. We rent a Goral's

house, furnished. The teacher of athletics goes to help with winter sports. It costs just under fifty zlotys a girl. The Mothers' Club gave four hundred zlotys so that eight poor girls could benefit by that glorious fortnight in the mountains. We take the same house in the summer for the school camp. Thirty girls can go, as all the rooms are usable then — two have no stoves and are shut up in the winter. The mothers give for the summer camp too.

"Next year we're planning an excursion to Polesie. By the time these girls are through school, they'll have seen almost every part of Poland. That's enormously important for this generation."

"Why?" I asked.

"Before 1918 the three partitioning Powers didn't want Poles traveling back and forth, so they made it difficult, oftentimes impossible. They refused to give passports, or delayed for months, or charged exorbitantly. It was simpler for us to go to France or Italy or England than to travel in what had been Poland. Haven't you

A nun in a convent school directing the girls in their experiments in physics.

met scores of people who said to you, 'Why, you've seen more of my country than I have!'

"But today's children are learning something of their native land, for they mustn't grow up so ignorant of Poland. They take notes and for days after they return from an excursion more or less of their school work is based on what they've seen and done; so the girls who stayed at home get a little. We have a good time on these excursions, and we do learn so much!"

Modern education requires ever increasing equipment. Poland wants the very best for her schools. One-sixth of the state's budget for the Ministry of Education is a proof of that. But with so many schools to build, with everything to buy to furnish them, it isn't possible up to now to give each school a complete equipment. The solution of this problem I thought was splendid.

One morning I was hunting for a small museum in Warsaw and went into a school to make inquiries. I stayed for more than an hour, unable to hurry away. It was a center for physics and

In Polish schools nature study has a room of its own and a generous amount of time in the weekly program.

Special buildings for excursionists have been put up all over Poland — this one by the city of Krakow.

chemistry to which groups of boys and girls came once a week for a couple of hours, long enough for class and experiments. The laboratories are never empty— from eight in the morning until six, six days a week lessons go on; and from six to eight in the evening continuation classes; more than four thousand every week. Indeed with one class coming on the heels of one leaving, it's something of a problem to do the necessary cleaning-up.

Another day I went to a school far from the center of the capital, to see their remarkable garden. It was large enough to have fruit trees, berry bushes, a rock garden (with all the plants growing in the mountains) and some ornamental trees besides — a Norway spruce and a copper beech, for example. There were beehives, a small greenhouse, rows of hotbeds and an outdoor classroom, roofed over, with vines at the sides. The vegetables supply the cooking classes. The flowers they sell — especially their roses.

Each of the seven grades spends an hour in the garden, twice a week. Children come from other schools too — there are six such gardens in Warsaw.

The same thing is true of space for athletics. In closely built, medieval Krakow the older school buildings have little or no space

for games, but out on the edge of the city is a special park for athletics. I used to see the boys and girls marching along, generally singing. From the third grade up they go twice a week.

Ever so many basket ball games going on at once — football — volley ball. Circle games for the younger children. A Polish version of prisoners' base and of sheep-and-wolf. I longed to join in. I looked at the flushed faces of the teachers and thought the time as well spent for them as for the youngsters. Balls, bats, rackets, grounds are used every day. With a minimum of expense the maximum of children reap the benefit.

In this school and in that, all over Poland, I noted some details that most American schools don't have:

— shower baths in the basement, in a section where workingmen live; during the summer these rooms are open to the children of this school and to their parents.

— very attractive rooms for teachers — even in a little town like Sandomierz.

— in a gymnasium, a club room for the various school organizations: Scouts, Junior Red Cross, a patriotic group, the kodak club, and so on. Out of school hours this room was used by the various clubs. On their excursions they had bought some pottery and a lovely hand-woven cover for the long table — peasant art from a section of Poland far away.

— in one school the director reserved the time from twelve to one for talks with parents.

— in a town of twenty thousand, the Botanical Garden and a small Zoo were next to a school. Part of the work is done by the boys and girls who build cages in the school workshop, make hotbeds and prepare the rich ground for planting.

— country settlements which belong to both private and public schools. They're generally in a forest district or in the mountains. Each class spends a month there, with teachers, having lessons as in town and learning about nature at first hand. In the summer they're used as vacation camps. The cottages are models of cleanliness. The girls (or the boys) in one room choose a leader who must see that each child keeps his bed and clothes and shoes tidy.

"But how can your school afford it?" I asked a boy in the Zamoyski Gymnasium in Warsaw when he enthusiastically described a trip to their country place.

"It came little by little. The gymnasium bought the land, and classes went out just for a day. Even then they learned so much — planting and harvesting in fields and garden, botany lessons, nature study in different seasons. Then the father of three boys in the school offered to build us a house. Beds and blankets, chairs and tables were added from time to time. Oh, you mustn't think it's luxurious. It's just comfortable. But what good times we have!"

"And do you have all the class work you'd be getting in town?"

"Of course — and more besides. The whole morning is lessons — out of doors when possible. Then dinner, and an hour's rest or reading. Then athletics — skating and skiing if weather permits, football, basketball and so on. Late in the afternoon one class and in the evening quiet games or study or the radio."

— in every school I noticed rooms for the doctor and the dentist. If there are a large number of children, they're there for the whole session; in a smaller school they come for two or three hours, every day or three times a week. In some schools there's also a trained psychologist who makes a study of the abnormal children who don't fit in with the group.

— coatrooms for the whole school, right by the entrance, where the children not only leave their wraps but change their shoes. Winters are long and severe in Poland, with much snow and much mud; many children can't afford galoshes, but the soft, felt slippers they keep at school are inexpensive, clean, quiet, and far more healthful than stiff street shoes that cramp the feet of growing youngsters.

"I saw this practice in a Warsaw school," said one of my country hosts, "and as I'm chairman of the board for the two schools near this estate, I introduced it here. Though these families are poor, every mother managed somehow to get the soft slippers for her children. Now no one gets a bad cold from sitting for hours with wet feet."

—in a Lwow school girls of fifteen and sixteen run a store selling pencils, notebooks, paper and other supplies. In the first month

Many city schools own a country settlement. This one, at Mienia, belongs to a boys' gymnasium in Warsaw.

of the school year they do a rushing business — as high as eight hundred zlotys. The store committee gets valuable training and the poor girls of the school get the profits.

— in one school, next to the gymnasium I found a room with twenty foot-tubs. What a time saver when the students had to dress quickly for their next class.

— the "panstwowy" schools, a combination such as we don't have in America: the city or the district gives land and building, the state pays the teachers, and each student pays a small tuition; this gives the advantages of both public and private schools. There are always some scholarships for very good students who can't pay anything; often they're awarded by competitive examinations.

"An excellent plan, we think," said one director to me; "it provides the yeast for the school group. Frequently the scholarship girls and boys are our best students."

— built-in cases and shelves in all the new school buildings: for supplies in the workshops, for a small museum in the geography room, for exhibits of the children's work. At the end of a physics laboratory, a small room where the teacher could prepare

Dinner served in the sunroom of a girls' country settlement.

everything for experiments. Evidently Polish architects don't have to economize on space as much as ours do; they're much more generous to the teaching staff.

— in every school, no matter how small the town, a school library. Some books and magazines the children may take home, some they read at school. Sometimes the library is open out of school hours. In one city there were six hundred children in the elementary school and ten thousand books in its library. In a separate room was the collection for the teachers — half pleasure books and half pedagogical.

"You mustn't think this is all the pedagogy books we have," they carefully explained to me, pointing to shelves half empty, "the others the teachers take home."

I asked if any of our classics for children are known in Poland.

"Yes, indeed. *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* and Kipling's animals and *Little Women* and the *Little Lord* — what is it you call him? *Little Lord Fauntleroy* — all these and more we have in translation, and exceedingly popular they are. See, these copies are as worn as *Brownie Scouts* and *Pan Twardowski* and *Pan Tadeusz*. I wish we could afford more duplicate copies."

There are some schools in Poland, not new if you count by years, but practically new — the Warsaw Polytechnic, for instance, which was built with money the Poles subscribed for a present to a Russian czar, on one of his infrequent visits. It used to be a thoroughly Russian school, so that few Poles were willing to send their sons or

daughters there. Now it's as thoroughly a Polish school and has more than four thousand students.

A similar school is Snopkow, near Lwow, which opened its doors in 1913, offering domestic science training to girls who wanted to teach it. The next year the building was taken over for a military hospital, and when it was once more available as a girls' school it was necessary to start anew, at the very bottom. It gives a three-year course that includes sewing, cooking, gardening, laundry — the most thorough training I saw in Poland. Snopkow supplies the teachers for the agricultural schools for peasant girls, and for domestic science classes.

Of the brand new schools in Poland, three interested me especially. A long ride on the tram from Warsaw took me to Bielany and the Institute for Physical Training. The buildings are all new — specially planned for this, and are very attractive, with their white walls and yellow tower, and trees wherever you look. The grounds are large — a hundred and fifty acres, so much space that the different sports aren't crowded in together.

The girls from a "panstwowe" gymnasium in Warsaw live here during their weeks in the country.

At the Institute for Physical Training in Bielany, Poland trains the teachers for the schools and the army.

Here are trained the teachers for the schools and for the army. The students, young men and young women, stay for two years and must live at the Institute. They have only the shortest vacations, as they spend five weeks on a lake near Wilno at a summer camp, and a month in the mountains in the winter.

You hear people say sometimes that lack of cooperation is characteristic of nearly all Poles. Bielany is an example to the contrary. Here two Ministries are working together, sharing the very modern equipment of four gymnasiums, running track, laboratories and library. There is besides close cooperation with the University of Warsaw which sends some students here for research.

On my way east from Poznan I stopped over a train at Gniezno and went out to a village called Dalki to see the peasants' university — the first of its kind in Poland. Already it has two offshoots and more are planned for. It is frankly modeled on the famous peasant universities in Denmark. Its aim is to awaken the spirit of the peasants and enlarge their horizon.

Fifty at a time, they come to Dalki for a stay of five months; girls in the summer, boys in the winter. More than fifty would destroy the thing the director holds most dear — that they live there together as in a big family, not as in an institution. The

building itself, originally the manor house of a small estate, looks like a home.

The work is done not by lectures, but by informal talks. Books are a side issue — though plenty of reading is suggested which these young people can do on their return home. Each day they have seven talks. They listen and ask questions, work in the garden, have tea together, the three masters and the students always sharing every activity.

Now and then some pupil at this unusual university is roused, stimulated to want more education, goes on to a gymnasium and becomes a teacher; but these are the exception. Rather the aim is to send them back to their village homes, awakened to a new life; to make them good Poles, good Christians, good citizens.

"The best proof that we're accomplishing something of these aims," said the director when I was almost ready to leave Dalki, "is the enthusiastic letters that come to me from my old students. Can't you stay a quarter of an hour and let me translate paragraphs to you?"

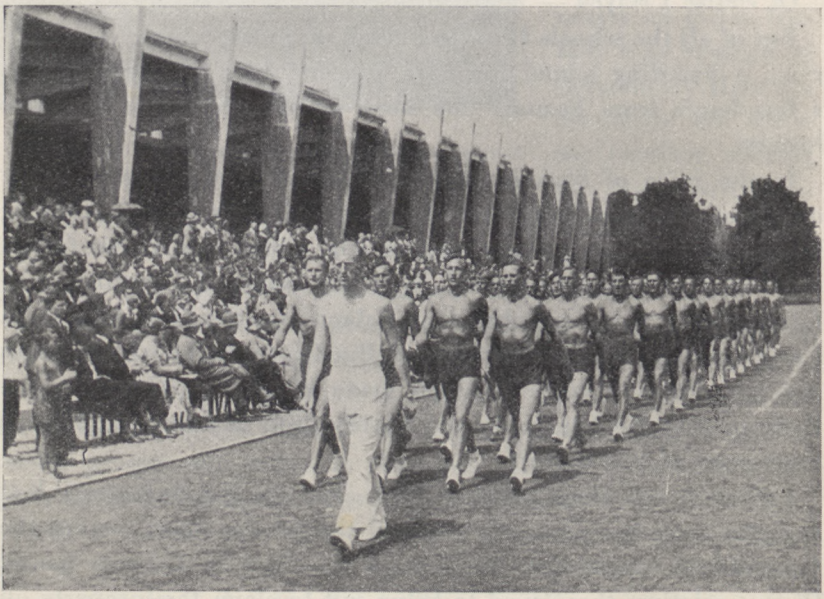
Of course I stayed — and had to run for my train.

But of all the schools I saw in Poland, the most unusual was Rydzyna, a boarding school for boys, not far from Leszno which is a few hours from Poznan. Its story was like a lesson in Polish history.

In the reign of Stanislas August, the last king of Poland, the owner of this great estate of thousands of acres of rich farming lands and rich forest lands made a will saying that if his family died out, the property should go to the National Commission of Education — you remember that Poland was the first country in Europe to have such a commission? But Prince Sulkowski had sons and grandsons — some of them made history — who inherited Rydzyna and the family showed no intention of dying out till the early years of this century.

I think it was about 1908 or 1910 when the last Sulkowski died and the Germans promptly claimed the whole estate, saying the Educational Commission for Poland was then in German hands. Distant relatives threatened to bring suit to claim this property, in order to keep it for the Poles. The matter dragged along for some

A class of young women in one of the four indoor gymnasiums at Bielany.



A class of young men at Bielany. In the background the roofed hall that provides semi-outdoor space for many teams on stormy days.

years before it was settled and in 1913 the Germans took possession. Before they had time to do much at Rydzyna the war broke out and with the Armistice the place came into the possession of a really Polish Educational Commission — so the will was carried out, after all.

There stood the beautiful rococo palace of the Sulkowskis. What to do with it? How best use the great estate to serve the cause of modern education? Many were the suggestions offered. At last it was decided to make Rydzyna an experimental school for boys.

I spent a day and a half there, having my meals with the hundred and twenty boys, watching them at athletics and in the workshops and classrooms, talking with the director and his staff. Their first class has graduated and has had one year in different universities; detailed reports about their work make Rydzyna feel that their experiment is a success. And I heartily echoed this opinion.

Of course a castle with eighty-two rooms, planned as a prince's residence, for his family and many guests and retainers, wasn't well planned for a school. It seemed incongruous to see the great salons, the ballroom, with old frescoes and elaborate stucco decoration, used now as dormitories and electrical shop and gymnasium and school library.

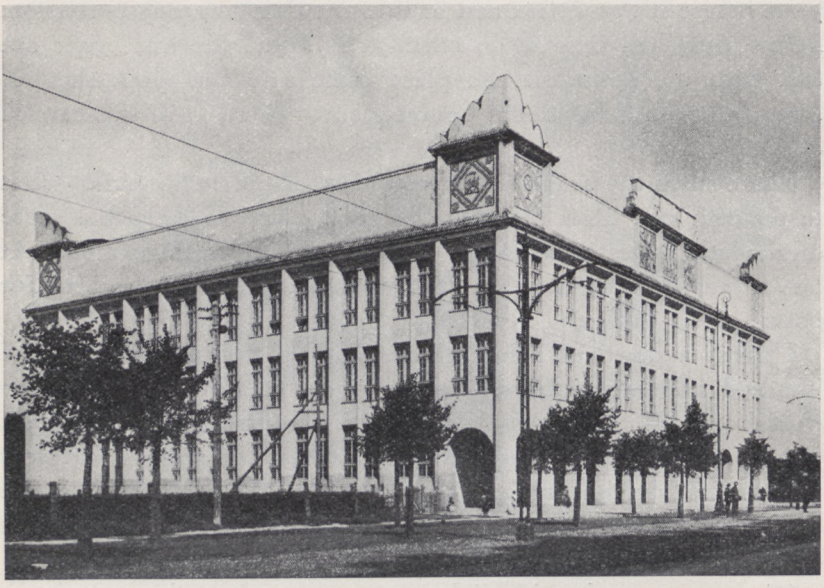
More than in any school I saw in Poland, much responsibility is put on the boys. Whatever a lad's task may be — polishing shoes, making beds, cleaning the wash basins or tidying a dormitory, serving at the table — the boys themselves check up to see how well he's done it. The aim at Rydzyna is to make him feel always, "This must be well done — because I am doing it."

Less time is given to foreign languages than in many Polish schools. The boys learn one, and that thoroughly. But they give an unusual amount of time to science — the keynote to modern life, said the director. Very proudly he showed me several electrical machines the boys had made.

Here is Rydzyna's schedule for a day — this was in October; an hour later in winter —

up at 6; exercises, washing, dressing, prayers

6:35 — 7:20 class



The new building of the High School of Commerce in a suburb of Warsaw.

five minutes to wash their hands; 7:25 — 7:45 breakfast

then two classes, forty-five minutes each; 9:20 — 9:45 second breakfast, dormitories in order

three more classes (the last is a study period on some days), five minutes to wash their hands, 12:15 — 12:40 dinner

12:40 — 1:30 free time

1:30 — 2:45 athletics — the whole school, all at one time; with grounds of more than a hundred acres, there's plenty of space for all kinds of sports, for team after team.

2:45 — 3:10 bathe and dress

3:10 — 3:25 afternoon tea

3:25 — 5:55 study

five minutes to wash their hands, 6 — 6:20 supper

two hours of free time

8:20 — 8:55 boots cleaned, prayers, lights out; nine hours' sleep.

The unique item of this schedule is the free time in the evening — two full hours. The boys read, write letters, talk together, or — and this they're encouraged to do — go into the workshops. Physics

This dormitory houses two thousand students of the University of Warsaw — the largest dormitory in the world. The students themselves helped in its building, each giving a hundred and sixty hours of work.

and chemistry laboratories, the woodworking room, the electrical shop have the most modern of equipment; no thought of economizing here. These rooms are unlocked, with one exception — the room where the most powerful electrical machines are set up, machines which a careless lad might injure, or which might injure him. In these workshops the boys are free to do whatever they like.

One tangible result has already come from this policy — a boy who'd never shown any bent for science became interested in physics and though he's still an undergraduate in the university, a French magazine for research in physics has published three of his papers.

"Don't some boys spend their precious free time at sports — practising for baskets in basket ball, for example?" I inquired.

"No. With an hour and a quarter of strenuous athletics required of every boy, every single day, they get plenty of it. Sports have no attraction for their free time. It's the shops that are crowded."

I begged the director to start a similar school for girls, and others like it for boys, so that Poland would have many times a hundred and twenty young people getting such a training. However, I'd be the first to agree that not all schools should imitate Rydzyna. It is rather for the exceptional boy, not for the average. Its graduates should be leaders in whatever work they take up.

Educators in many countries agree that schools should pay more attention to the exceptional child, for what the world needs today is leadership. Relying on quality rather than quantity, Rydzyna is turning out some of the future leaders of Poland.

The beautiful rococo palace of Prince Sulkowski is now a boys' school — one of the most interesting I saw in Poland.

RAILROADS AND ROADS

When the new Poland began, the railroads — always a yardstick for measuring progress in a country — were in a deplorable state. Every army was an enemy in one part or another, and did what damage it could.

Bridges were down — more than two thousand of them. In the eastern part of Poland, four out of five bridges were destroyed. These had to be rebuilt before trains could run at all. Poland is still making bridges, reinforcing weak ones or putting in new ones to meet the heavier trains and engines of today. It's one of the first countries in Europe to weld bridges.

Railroad stations had to be built too. In the east of Poland more than half the stations were in ruins. First of all, these were replaced; then new buildings put up where needed.

What attractive stations they are! And very Polish, with their broken roof lines, here a "Polish attic," there a gable with steps, that might have been copied from some Krakow church. Often the station master has an apartment in the building, marked by curtains at the windows and flower boxes. It's pleasant to look out when your train stops — the stations are so clean and tidy.

To American eyes they seem very large. There are two, aften three waiting rooms, three restaurants — for travelers third-class, like those of first and second, must have their tea and rolls, or something more, while waiting for their trains. First-class, second-class and third-class windows where you buy your tickets. In the larger stations, special windows for express train tickets. Yes, a Polish station needs to be big.

Many bridges in Poland are built with ice-breakers — triangular devices to protect the piers.

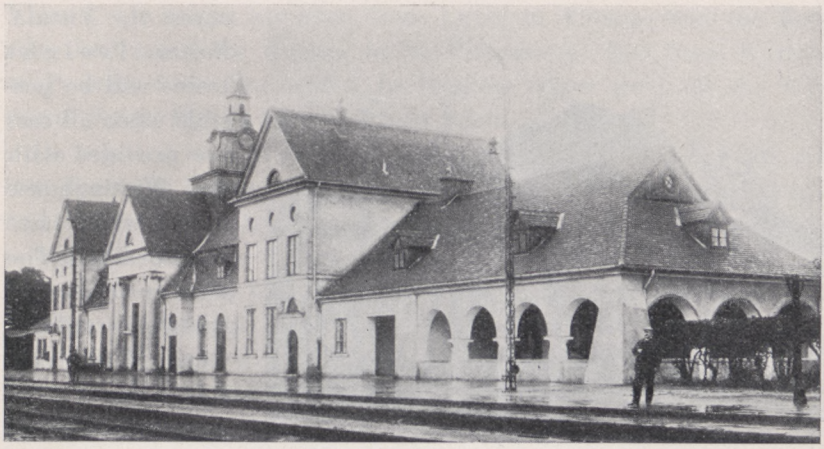
The central station which is now being built in Warsaw will be a marvel — attractive in architecture, with long, straight lines, and most conveniently arranged.

But for travelers, stations are less important than the trains themselves. Poland began with almost no rolling stock and what little she had was in bad shape, for during the war workshops too were damaged and nothing was repaired. Half the engines and a third of the passenger coaches were unusable. It was necessary to begin at the beginning.

A hundred and fifty locomotives were ordered from America, and some freight cars. Today three Polish firms are making locomotives and passenger coaches and freight cars, and making them so well that they have an enviable reputation in Europe.

"We're always delighted," said some American friends who journey often in France, "when we can find places in a Polish coach. They're much more comfortable than any others!"

The bridge at Jaremcze was one of the five thousand that had to be rebuilt after the war.



Railroad stations are large in Poland, even in small towns, for they must have first-second-third class of everything — ticket offices, waiting room, restaurant.

"You are English, sir — or American?" porters in several German stations would often question an acquaintance. "Then we'll see if there's room in a Polish wagon. Both English and American gentlemen prefer them. Come this way, sir."

Four European countries have purchased Polish locomotives in the last few years, and two of them have reordered. What a contrast to 1919!

Of course I don't consider Polish train service as good as in America or in England. There is no demand for de luxe trains, with expensive extra fares, such as the fast trains between Chicago and New York. There's no call for such service as the non-stop train that whisks you from London to Edinburgh. Rather, compare Polish trains with those in other countries of central Europe.

The carriages are comfortable. They are clean. Accidents are very rare indeed. Best of all, trains are seldom late. You can depend on arriving on schedule time. Local trains are slow, it's true, but the average speed for express trains is forty-five miles an hour.

In the beginning Poland's task was to get some trains running. Now she has undertaken improvements in the service. Electric signals have been installed on many lines and this is being extended. The main station in Warsaw is now connected by a tunnel with one

Many of the new railroad stations are Polish in architecture. Note the buttresses and the "Polish attic" in this one at Radziwillow.

across the Vistula. Faster freight trains will be possible when all cars are provided with the Westinghouse brakes which have been ordered. The vicinity of Warsaw is being electrified; when these contracts are finished — in 1937 — no coalburning engines will run into the city. A new device now being installed in the fireboxes of locomotives will save ten percent of the coal bill.

Fast motor trains of the new torpedo type are running from Warsaw to Lodz and from Warsaw to Gdynia. Express train schedules are almost halved — an hour and twenty-eight minutes to Lodz, instead of two hours and forty minutes; where the fast train to Gdynia takes seven hours and forty minutes, you can go by a motor train in just over four hours.

There'll be more of these trains: from Poznan to Warsaw and to Gdynia and to Katowice; from Katowice to the capital and to Krakow; from Krakow to Zakopane and to Warsaw.

Most important of all shorter routes are being built. To appreciate all that means, you must know something of Poland's history during the nineteenth century. Divided into three parts, there were three railroad systems which had absolutely no connection with each other. At some frontier stations there were no connecting links and travelers took themselves and their luggage across as best they could. An Englishwoman, crossing from Austrian Poland into Russian Poland as late as 1912, wrote in her book a detailed account of her experiences; just reading it made me wonder why any one ever went to Poland!

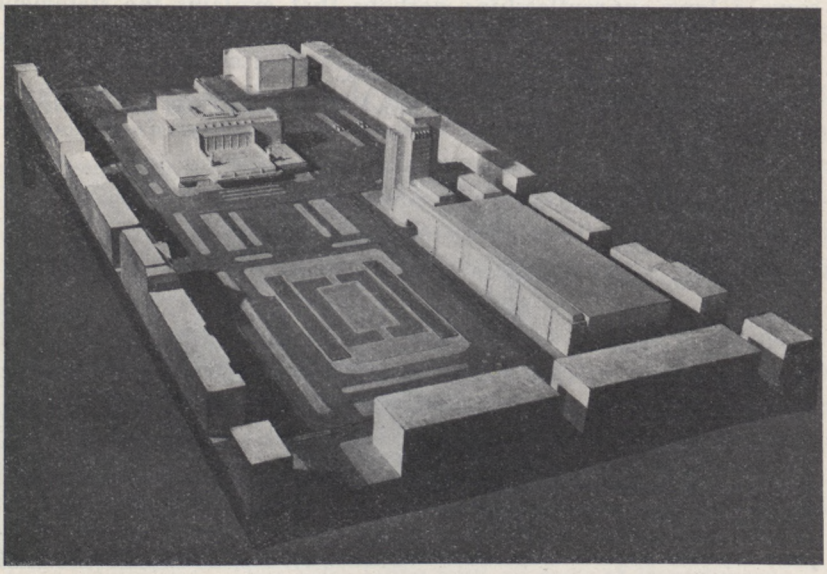
There were some direct lines, it's true — the Germans had one from Poznan to Berlin; the Austrians had one from Krakow to

Vienna, you might say even from Lwow to Vienna; and the Russians had one from Warsaw to St. Petersburg. But from Warsaw to Poznan, from the capital to Krakow trains went all the way round Robin Hood's barn and back again.

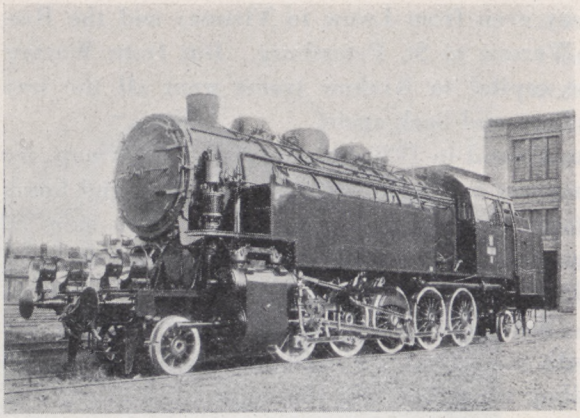
On my first visit to Poland in 1929 I would look at the map, see how short the distance was as the crow flies, and then spend hours and hours on the train, going several times around two sides of a triangle. But even then I saw the beginnings of the first of Poland's new short lines — a direct road, with double track, from Katowice to Gdynia. Now coal is taken right from the mines to the docks in the port, with not an extra kilometer of journey, with no delays, with no handling it's tipped into the hold of a waiting ship.

The schedule of the express trains from Krakow to Warsaw has been cut an hour. There's a direct line from the capital to Poznan, saving a couple of hours. In the north the building of one link will bring Wilno a hundred kilometers nearer the ports on the Vistula — important for the shipping of timber.

"We'd like to go ahead even faster with these new lines," said an



The main station in Warsaw, now under construction, will have all the tracks underground, a stretch of park, and a hotel — the tower building in the center.



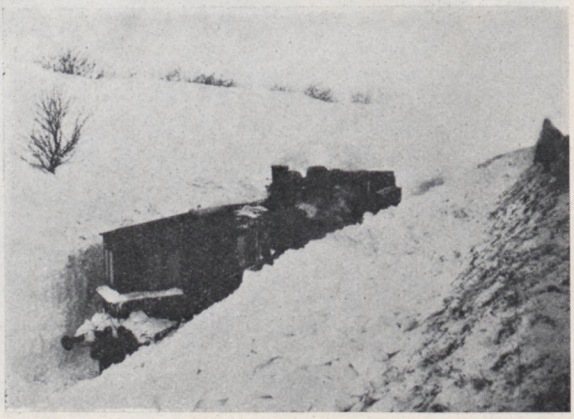
This Polish locomotive, designed for mountain districts, can pull a train of eighteen cars.

official whose staff makes the plans, "but Gdynia keeps us all busy. The port is constantly asking for more tracks as new basins and new docks are completed. It's quite impossible to keep up with Gdynia!"

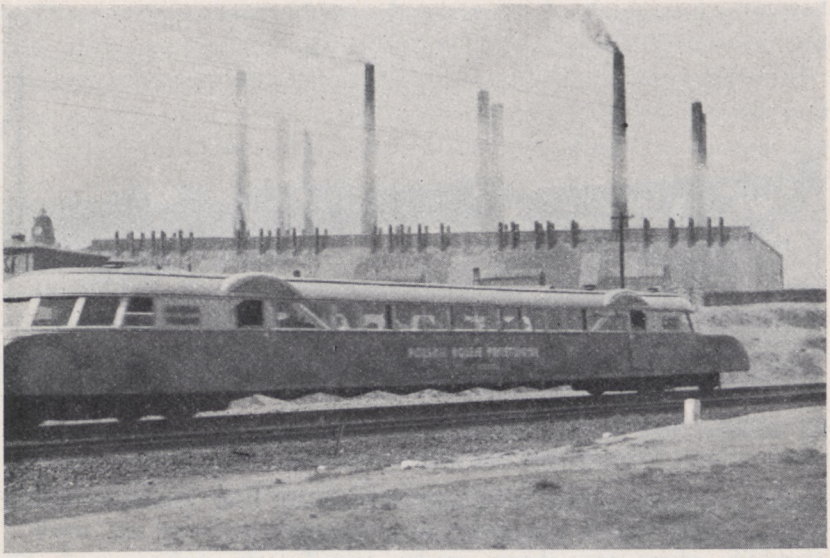
If you're traveling only to the large cities in Poland, you can go everywhere by airplane. There is regular service from Warsaw in every direction—to Gdynia, to Wilno, to Krakow and Vienna, to Lwow and on to Bucarest, tu Katowice, to Poznan and Berlin. Polish pilots must serve a long apprenticeship; perhaps that explains the statement of which every one's so proud — that there's never been a serious accident with civilian passenger planes.

The tickets for flying cost as much as second-class on the train, with thirty-percent off on your return ticket. No excuse for not using airplanes in Poland.

There are some interesting combinations offered — for instance, you can go from Warsaw to Zakopane by air and motor train in less than five



Winter is in some years a difficult time for the railroads, with snow so deep that even the snow plow must be rescued.



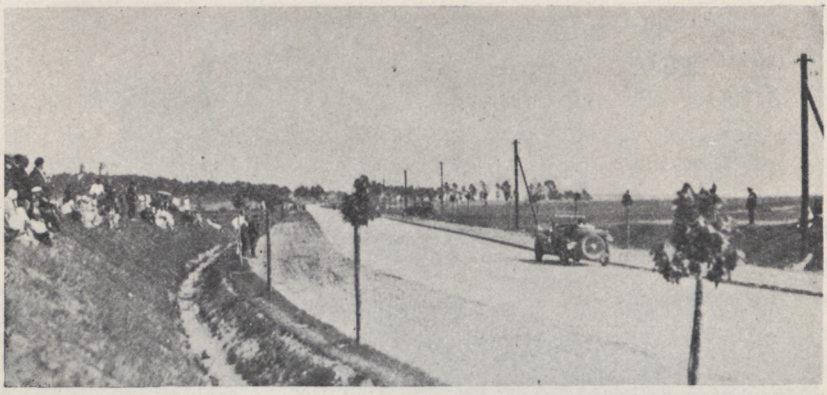
A fast motor train, of the new torpedo type, passing a factory in Łódź.

hours, and this allows an hour for changing from the flying field to the railroad station in Krakow. (The train takes over ten hours.)

For the mass of the people there's another method of communication that's become very popular in Poland — the motor bus. What used to be isolated villages in remote districts now have this connection with the outside world. In many towns it's complementary to the train service. In Lublin I counted thirty-two different bus lines, starting from a square near the center of the city. You can go almost anywhere by bus.

Sometimes there may be only one bus each way in a whole day. Perhaps the hours are inconvenient — they're planned not for tourists, but for peasants going to market or to work. For the Poles it means enormous progress to have such service. But I warn you—you must go very early to get a seat in the bus.

No matter if it was crowded, if sometimes it was smelly, with not a window open, my fellow passengers on the motor bus were always interesting. They were laden with all sorts of impedimenta — things they were taking to the town to sell, things they'd bought in city shops, often tied into a big square of cloth and carried on their



An automobile road on the peninsula of Hel, joining Hallerowo to Jastrzebia Gora.

backs — a cross-section of village and peasant life. Going by motor bus was slow, but — I wouldn't have missed it.

Telegraph and telephone service — they go together always in Poland — were greatly crippled in the war. Work began immediately and these services were quickly restored — and then greatly extended. All the larger cities have dial telephones. Such expensive apparatus isn't necessary in small towns and in the villages. But nobody in all Poland needs to live in isolation today — scarcely a tiny village but has telegraph and telephone service for some hours each day. Not expensive either.

However, while Poland has accomplished such wonders in putting her railroads on their feet, in establishing airplane and motor bus service, in making the telegraph and telephone available everywhere, there's one means of communication no one's very proud of — either Poles or visitors from abroad — and that is the roads. Asked in 1918 what was the country's greatest need, many Poles would have answered, Schools! Today those same people would, I think, agree on their reply and say, Roads!

Part of the problem is a geographical one. The roads are very dusty in summer, deep in mud in the rainy season in autumn and spring, and often nearly impassable in winter. The long and very severe cold makes concrete roads impractical. There are only three quarries yielding stone for road building, all near the southern frontier; the rest of the country has no good road material.

There were so many things clamoring to be done, and a limited sum of money available, to say nothing of currency depreciation and economic difficulties, so that Poland's roads have improved slowly. But some improvement there is — I noticed the new roads and compared them with what I saw in 1929. And now, in spite of the crisis, a campaign for good roads is under way, with a League for Good Roads which is financed by many private subscriptions and by the state.

In Wolynia the starosta motored me out into the country to see the highroad he's building from Luck to Lwow. In section after section of Poland I saw new bridges and new roads being built — sometimes by groups of unemployed young men who are under the charge of army officers. Perhaps in Poland, as in other countries, new roads will prove to be one of the few constructive results of the economic crisis, an ill wind blowing nobody good.

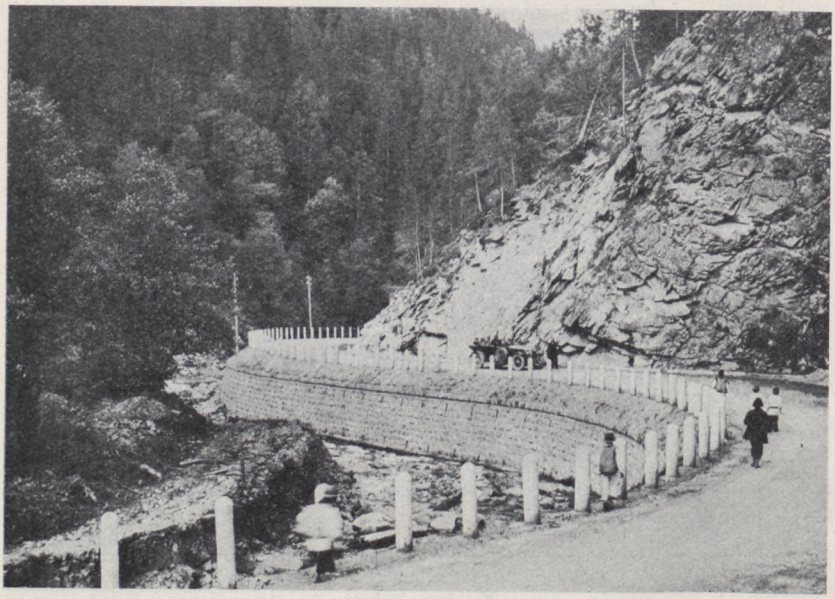
Poles are excellent engineers and know how to build good roads. That's proved in the Tatras where roads are truly difficult. There's a splendid road from Krakow to Zakopane, and from Za-

Poland has adopted the motor-bus with great enthusiasm. Isolated villages now have regular communication with the outside world.

kopane up and up into the mountains to the beautiful lake, Morskie Oko.

The finest motoring road I ever saw, anywhere in the world, was a stretch of asphalt, fifty kilometers long with only two crossroads; and this was in Poland! My host was driving himself that day. I couldn't blame him for speeding up.

Good roads will come in Poland — in time. A beginning has been made.



Poles are excellent engineers and know how to build difficult roads in the mountains. This one, from Worochta to Zabie, runs through the Hucul country.

S P O R T S

"When I began my career," said an older man, "I learned that my chief had sent in a report on my first three months' work. It read something like this: 'H. is an excellent engineer and a good organizer. The men like working under him. But — he's not at all serious toward his work. He plays tennis every evening!'

"That's typical," he went on, "of our former attitude to sports in Poland. But it's not typical of today. One of the greatest changes that has come about since the war, a change affecting every class of society, is the new interest in athletics."

Formerly games were limited to the upper class. All the great country houses had tennis courts. Riding and hunting were popular with the men. Skating, skiing in the mountains, rowing — a little. But sports for every one, with inter-school and inter-city contests, with Poles going in for international competitions — that's entirely new.

The Commission of National Education recommended that every school program should include physical training. A century and a half later Poland began carrying out that plan. Children in the elementary schools have six half-hours a week. Every new schoolhouse has a gymnasium. More than once I saw girls in convents playing volley ball and basket ball.

"The girls insist on having athletics," the nun said, half apologetically. "We wish we could give more space for outdoor games, but we can't make the garden larger, here in the center of the city."

Before the war Prussian and Russian officials looked at athletics with suspicious eyes and did all they could to prevent their normal growth. What little had been accomplished was destroyed during six

The most popular game in Poland is football. In international matches Polish teams have won nine times.

The President of Poland awards the prizes at Warsaw's ten-day horse show, held each June in beautiful Lazienki Park.

The Lazienki horse show offers prizes for women riders too.

Trumpeters on white horses announced the arrival of the President of Poland.

Miss Jadwiga Weissówna of Łódź has four times lowered the world record for discus throwing.

years of fighting. Important as sports were, the reborn state had many other matters of still greater importance. Not until 1925 could Poland begin a campaign. Both civilians and army officers understood how important physical fitness was to the nation. What plan would bring organized sports within reach of all the people? How make them popular?

There was lack of everything — of instructors, of playing grounds and drill halls, of swimming pools and running tracks. The Bielany school was built to provide thoroughly trained teachers — for schools and universities, for athletic clubs and for the army. A state office for physical training was organized, with a branch in every district of Poland. Soon it was easy, with good cooperation from schools and city authorities, to offer courses for captains of teams and to foster competitions.

The state office helps Polish clubs organize national matches. It helps arrange international matches in Poland, and helps teams going abroad to represent Poland at Olympic Games and other contests. More than half a million Poles were soon registered in various sports, as a result of this efficient organizing, and the number is constantly increasing. At every competition there's a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators. Large towns and small have built stadiums — more than six hundred altogether. Over and over I was taken to see them.

The most popular game is football. It has many clubs with a total membership of more than a hundred thousand, and perhaps

that many more play independently. Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland competed for the Amateur Cup of Central Europe — and Poland won it. In international matches the Polish teams have won nine times.

In cities large and small, in little towns there are many tennis courts. Even the brand new Gdynia has them; the first ones belonged to a private club, but the city fathers gave a sum of money to help make them. Now public courts are under way.

Though Stanislawa Walasiewicz (Stella Walsh) has applied for citizenship in the United States, she was still Polish when she made a new world record for the hundred-meter race and received a gold medal at the Olympic Games at Los Angeles.

"Would you like to drive with us this afternoon? We're going to a tennis tournament," said a country house hostess.

"Indeed I would," I replied quickly.

"I've played tennis," she commented, "since I was about twelve. There was a court at each of our country places. We all played — my brothers and sister, the English governess, my uncles, all our friends. It was our one sport, aside from riding and a little skating. When we came here, I joined the tennis club — a very small and exclusive club it was, in a town of sixty thousand.

"But today it's thoroughly democratic. A few years ago the city offered a generous sum of money to improve the courts and make two new ones, with the condition that everybody be allowed to play. Look at the group in this nearest court: the girl serving is a judge's daughter, her partner's a chemist; their opponents are the sister of

a large estate owner and a small shopkeeper's son. That's typical of sports in our country today. A melting pot of society, like the army, where people of all walks of life are thrown together — but without compulsion. Every one's interested, everybody plays at something.

"And all these young people," she went on, "are really interested in tennis. You don't see any flirting. They don't use tennis as an excuse for meeting. They talk about the tournament and who'll represent our club next week in an inter-city match, and yesterday's surprising score made by a new member.

"What's true of tennis is true of other sports. They've captured the public interest — and they keep it too."

Every town on the Vistula has rowing clubs and very popular they are. There are a dozen or more at Warsaw, with attractive houses near the Poniatowski bridge; houses that are crowded with guests on St. John's Eve when the river fete is held, with processions of lighted and decorated boats, with fireworks, and girls setting afloat wreaths with lighted candles. Tradition says that if the weather's fair and the candle burns till the wreath floats ashore, the young man who picks it up will marry the girl who made it.

Along with the rowing clubs there are swimming clubs too. But with the number of swimming pools recently built — Lwow has no fewer than six — Poles are no longer dependent on the Vistula and summer weather. A Polish team carried off the honors in a match with the Czechs and lost to the Belgians by a narrow margin.

Every year in beautiful Lazienki Park Warsaw has a ten days' horseshow with contestants from six or eight or ten countries. There are prizes for army riders and for civilians, for women and for men. Thousand of spectators watch these splendid riders and thrill over the jumping. In such a beautiful setting, these contests provide the social event of June.

On the last afternoon the President of Poland awards the prizes. His coming is announced by trumpeters mounted on white horses. Their silver trumpets have rich hangings of red and white. They play a fanfare as the police clear the way for the presidential motor. Like a medieval pageant.

Team by team, the riders appear, stop before the President's

box, salute him while the band plays their national anthem, and ride back. Over the hurdles, past the pool of water, a horse shies and refuses to take the barred gate. His rider turns to try again, but precious minutes are lost, a bell rings to announce the limit of his time — out. The next man enters, has no trouble at the gate, but scores a fault at some other hazard. The spectators hold their breath and then applaud heartily.

Poland ties one year with Italy. Again with the French team. Once it was the Germans who won. I saw an American rider receive a prize — for the highest individual score.

The best skiers in Poland are the Tatra mountaineers, for the long winters give ample opportunity for training.

Skiing is the most Polish sport and long jumps are popular with the experts.

Games of ice hockey, inter-city matches and international matches, attract large crowds of enthusiastic spectators.

The best Polish riders are cavalry officers. They have a style of their own, a style that brings results — not only in Warsaw, but in France and Switzerland, in London and New York they rode off with prizes. Eighty-four first prizes is their enviable record. Twice they won in the Olympic Games.

In 1932 and again in 1934 — that one country should win twice in succession is most unusual! — Poland won the Gordon-Bennett Cup for balloon flying and the Challenge competition for airplanes.

Until there are better roads, cycling will not be one of Poland's strong points. But in spite of the roads more than six hundred races are held each year, and two long-distance ones — the race to the seacoast, a thousand kilometers, and a tour of Poland which counts up three thousand kilometers. I remember meeting contestants in that last race, peddling up a steep hill, looking hot and tired but enthusiastic. pedalling

Boxing for amateurs is very popular in Poland. Germany was considered the champion of Europe. The Polish team was twice defeated by the Germans, tried once more and won the victory.

Skiing in the mountains means one beautiful landscape after another.

Hungary too was vanquished, and Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. There's one professional Polish boxer, Edward Ran, who won three fights in America.

It was the Y. M. C. A., invited to Poland with the Haller army, that introduced basket ball and volley ball and track athletics. All three the Poles took up with enthusiasm, and in a short time began to make world records. They hold two in running — three kilometers and four miles. Petkiewicz scored for Poland in the Olympic Games and created a sensation when he ran against Nurmi, a race of three kilometers in Warsaw, and won. Kusocinski won on the tracks of seven countries, lost to Nurmi in a close race, but lowered his world record, then made a new Olympic record at Los Angeles. In long jumping, pole jumping, hurdling, throwing the discus and the javelin, putting the shot the Poles make good records.

Nor is all the attention centered on sports for men and boys. Women's athletics are as popular in Poland. Their team won from Japan and Italy, from Czecho-Slovakia and Austria. At the wo-

men's championships held in Prague, Poland had second place. The Warsaw Women's Rowing Club won the match to which they were invited at London.

A Polish woman holds the world record for speed in skating. Another, wife of a former Minister of Finance, won in discus throwing at the Olympic Games. But her score was surpassed recently by a young lady from Lodz, Jadwiga Weissowna, who four times in a season set up a new world record. Though Stanislawa Walasiewicz (Stella Walsh, but she doesn't like to be called that) has applied for citizenship in the United States, she was still Polish when she ran — and won, in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, and was awarded a gold medal for establishing a new world record for the hundred meter race.

But the most typically Polish sports are those played and enjoyed during the winter months — ice hockey and skiing. The Eastern Tatras, the Western Tatras are thronged with winter sports enthusiasts, from every part of Poland, from many foreign countries too. Many skiing contests are organized. As if plain skiing didn't

A ski race starting from the snow statue of a Polish soldier.

provide thrills enough, some skiers have motor-cycles to pull them along, while others drive horses — skijoring, they call it.

The sturdy Tatra mountaineers are excellent skiers. They begin when very small — I've seen youngsters of five and six making modest jumps — and the long winters give them plenty of opportunity for training. It was one of these Poles, Bronislaw Czech (never mind his surname, he's Polish), who made a world record in Italy — the longest jump ever known in skiing annals. In the European championships he defeated the Swiss and the Germans, the Czechs and the Italians, and so won second place for Poland — the Scandinavians took first. In the gliding races at Zakopane the Poles showed themselves to be the best skiers of Europe.

Even the youngsters starting off to school go on skis.

HEALTH MATTERS

Almost at the very moment the new Poland began, she was confronted with problems of public health, problems so grave they'd have taxed the health service of any well established country. The solution of these problems was one of Poland's great achievements.

After all the deprivations of the war years there was naturally a great deal of sickness. Refugees, the peasants who'd been carried off, whole villages of them, to work in the Russian fields, began flocking back to their old homes. Many were sick. They brought with them the deadly typhus fever — so many thousand cases that Poland soon had an epidemic to master.

Both German and Austrian armies of occupation had fought against this dread disease, trying to protect their soldiers. Their strict requirements had limited it; once that control was withdrawn, it broke out with new violence. 1919 and 1920 were desperate years. In the first, more than two hundred thousand cases of typhus were registered, and there were many never heard of by the health officers.

Ambulances and trucks, disinfectants, linen and soap — all were lacking in eastern Poland. It was necessary to buy abroad munitions for this health warfare. France and England and America all helped, with doctors and nurses, with equipment and supplies. Along the eastern frontier, the gravest danger spot, more than a hundred hospitals were established — with nearly seven thousand beds; special buildings were put up and when these proved insufficient, the health officers used portable barracks, schools, even railroad carriages.

A sanatorium belonging to the Kasa Chorych — compulsory state insurance for all employés.

The doctors reported the situation well in hand, when in the last half of 1921 there was a new outbreak — more than twelve hundred cases in a month, and nearly five hundred deaths.

The fight against typhus was more than Poland's fight. All Europe was threatened, all Europe was concerned. The League of Nations called a conference at Warsaw, to see how the epidemic could be kept from spreading into western Europe. There came representatives from nearly every country on the Continent, including Germany and Austria — the first time since the Armistice their representatives had sat with the others.

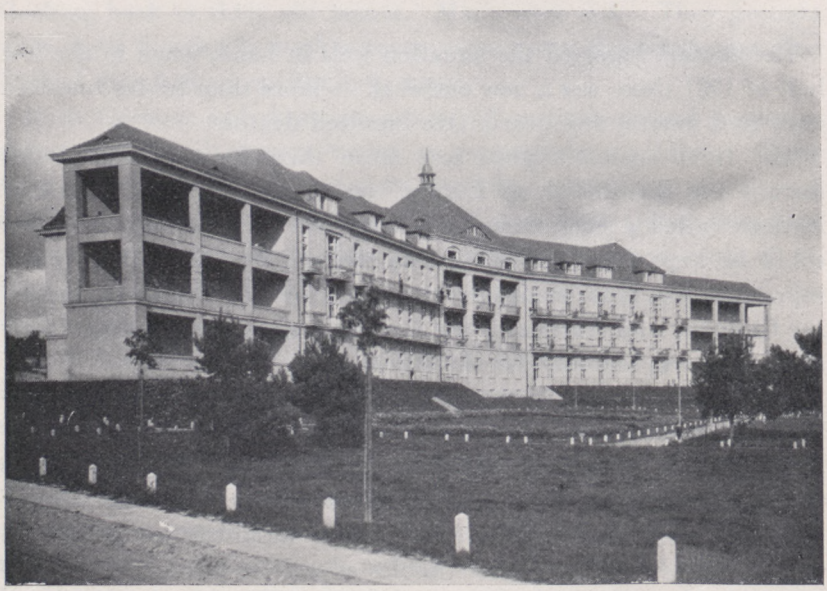
In 1923 the deaths from typhus had dropped to a normal number. More than twenty-two thousand in 1920 — less than a thousand in 1923. Isn't that a splendid achievement? I heard details of the story of this fight and the final victory from the wife of a Polish doctor who'd volunteered for duty at an eastern quarantine station, from several refugees (nobles as well as peasants had to be disinfected), and from an American Y. M. C. A. man working there.

"At one time," he said, "the staff for the typhus campaign

numbered nine hundred. Brave men and women they were, in constant danger. One of my friends came down with typhus after he'd carried an old woman's bundle up a steep hill to the disinfecting station — the bundle probably held all her possessions, all she'd been able to bring back from Russia, carrying it on her back; but it must have held some lice too. He was one of the hundred and eighty-two workers who died at that frontier post. Here's a picture of the monument Poland put up for them."

It was a young surgeon in Warsaw who suggested my going to the State Institute of Hygiene. He thought I'd be interested because it was built half by Poland and half by the Rockefeller Foundation. But I was interested not only because American funds had helped with the attractive group of buildings and are now paying half the running expenses, but also for what the Institute is doing.

One of its special tasks is the training of public health officers and inspectors. They come to Warsaw for a six months' course of lectures and laboratory work, with some weeks of practice in nearby towns and in health centers. There are courses in hygiene for pub-



The city of Warsaw has build this sanatorium for T B patients, in a pine forest fifteen miles distant from the capital.

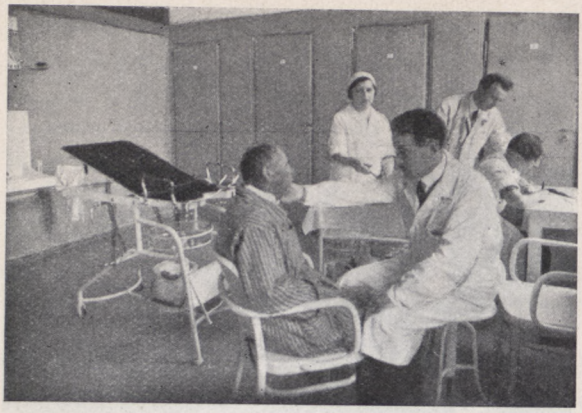
lic school teachers — more than a thousand of them have had this training. And special courses, varying from year to year, lasting one or three or six weeks, four or six months.

Krakowskie Przedmiescie, the main street of Warsaw, is lined with government buildings, palaces and churches.

Besides all this teaching the Institute makes serums and vaccines, examines drugs and foods, carries on all kinds of health propaganda, and maintains model health centers — in suburbs of Warsaw, in a village, in a small town. Like the ripples from a stone tossed into a lake, this health work spreads slowly but surely. In unexpected places I saw tangible results of their health education.

Krzemieniec is a little town in far-off Wolynia, not many miles from the frontier. While we waited for our supper in a restaurant there, I asked what the placards announced — two large cards with exclamation points. My friend translated and explained:

"This one says, 'Buy in shops where the food is kept covered!' and the other, 'Stay away from crowds!' There's been a mild epidemic of dysentery in this part of the country — I say mild, because the health officers worked so efficiently to keep it from spreading over all Poland; but there have been a number of deaths. So they're advising the people — two things they can do easily, that



The director of the Radium Institute at Warsaw, examining a new patient.

will help. It's much improved already—you don't need to be anxious."

The next day we motored out to the monastery of Poczajow to see a beautiful old church and a famous miracle-working picture of the Virgin. It has been for many years the most popular place for pilgrimages of the Greek Catholics, but this year, the long-haired priest explained to me in French, instead of the thirty thousand people who usually came in September, there'd be none at all — pilgrimages had been forbidden by the Metropolitan.

"Thirty thousand people coming for a day," my friends commented as we drove away, "would be one of the easiest ways to help the epidemic along. How did it come about that the pilgrimage is forbidden? I think this way — the health officers of this district, and those who came from Warsaw to advise them, debated the dangers of such a great crowd and told the Wojewoda (he's the government representative in the province — the most important official); then the Wojewoda wrote to the Metropolitan — he corresponds to the archbishop, I believe — suggesting or requesting, not ordering the cancellation of the pilgrimage. And the Metropolitan issued an order to all the Greek Catholic churches.

"Yes, that's true — a generation ago many people would have scoffed at the idea that crowds and spread of disease had any relation. Today, even in an out-of-the-way place like this, off in a corner of Poland, whatever the health officers advise gets done. The peasants are ultra-conservative, you know, but — they are learning about hygiene and health."

Dietitians and doctors, mothers' clubs and schools and nurses petitioned the government to do away with the tax on oranges,

arguing that the health of the children of Poland was more important than the small income the state was receiving — for the tax was so high that oranges were a real luxury and few people bought them. I heard many discussions about this in the winter of 1929—30.

During my second visit to Poland the tax was not repealed, but greatly lessened. Immediately everybody began buying oranges and eating them, day after day. Men and women sold them on the street corners in many towns. Children who'd never tasted an orange have them now, for this healthgiving fruit costs a fourth, or even a fifth of the former price. Indeed toward the end of the winter, oranges were cheaper than apples in Warsaw shops, except for the very largest size.

In comparison with what I noticed on my first visit to Poland, there's been an improvement in the way foods are handled. You can now buy wrapped bread in Warsaw and Krakow — probably in other cities too. Once rolls were served to me, each in a little envelope. Candies of all kinds, even those sold on the street corners, are wrapped. You can get pasteurized milk in bottles and sugar in packages. Many of the meatshops, with their white tiled walls and white smocked girls, seemed to me more sanitary than some I've seen in western lands. These are all little things, but I think they show that Poland is paying more attention to health matters.

I went to visit two of the five nurses' training schools. Before the war the only nurses in Poland, as in other European countries, were sisters of charity. Now it is possible, in the larger cities, to get a trained nurse for private duty, though most of them prefer public health work.

In the great basin of Ciechocinek, a watering-place that belongs to the state, people have a fine swim and at the same time reap the benefits of water rich in mineral salts and curative power.

One of my friends in Warsaw was taking the course at the school established by the Rockefeller Foundation, another at the Red Cross school. They talked to me about their lectures, their experiences in the hospital, the opportunities nursing offers to young women in Poland. And when the director of a girls' gymnasium asked me about careers for girls today, immediately I suggested nursing — one field which men would not invade.

This generation of boys and girls is learning personal hygiene as their parents never did. Every school has doctor and dentist, even in small towns.

In a town of two hundred thousand, one of my acquaintances is a school nurse. With the doctor she supervises the health of the children in six schools, spending a day in each once a week. She weighs and measures, looks at ears and heads and nails, marks the youngsters who aren't up to today's standard of cleanliness and promises them a reward if they're clean when she comes next week.

"What is your reward?" I asked her.

"A canceled postage stamp. Letters are very rare in the homes of many of these children, and stamps are a novelty. Please save all the stamps on your mail from America, won't you?"

Of course I agreed and later she told me the children were scrubbing their hands and cleaning their nails and washing behind their ears, to win an every-day two-cent stamp, or the blue five-cent one — because America is a magic word to many Polish youngsters.

"And if there's no improvement, what do you do?" I asked.

Sun baths and a long rest must follow a swim at Ciechocinek.

"Visit in their homes and talk with the mother or the aunt. It's generally not the fault of a child, once he's told what to do for school. But in the four years I've been doing this work, you'd scarcely believe the improvement in

the children — even those who come from very poor homes. It does cost money to be clean."

"It certainly does in Poland," I agreed laughingly, "in comparison with many other things I think soap and hot water are expensive here."

The twelve famous watering-places of Poland are scattered all over the country. This one, Truskawiec, is near the Roumanian frontier and has thousands of visitors every year.

One well-to-do woman whose son was going to a private gymnasium with a very high tuition fee, said to me, "I took Antoni to the dentist at the Christmas vacation, to make sure his teeth were all right. Nothing to be done, was the report. At the end of January the school dentist looked him over and gave him a card where two cavities were checked. There must be some mistake, we thought, but to be on the safe side my son went back to our own dentist who agreed with the other man's report — places can develop suddenly, of course. Ordinarily I've have waited some months before taking Antoni for another looking over. Other mothers say the same thing — the school dentists are very careful."

As in other countries in Europe, Poland has had in the last ten years an increase of diptheria cases, but the number of children dying from this scourge is very small. This is due largely to the anti-diptheria vaccinations given to little children and to those of school age. The number of youngsters who receive this immunity treatment goes up some thousands every year.

One of the new developments in Poland is the House for Mothers and Children — the best translation for a long Polish name. It's like our Child Welfare Station, but far more, since it gives help and advice to the mothers also. I visited several — in a village, in Zamosc, a town of twenty thousand, in a large city.

Such a station in Poland has more room than one in America —

is that because we generally open one in a crowded city neighborhood, in a building not planned for this work? The house at Zamosc, typical of them all, had an attractive office for the head nurse and a secretary, a laboratory where three nurses in white were putting up bottles of special-formula milk for special babies; and a large waiting-room with benches for the mothers and older children, and wide shelves partitioned off to give parking space for the babies. There was another room for the mothers, one for the doctor, and upstairs an apartment for the head nurse. In every room flowers and health posters, showing how to bathe a baby, the things that children need, the harm done by flies, the advantages of fresh air, and so on.

"How many babies have you?" I asked.

"Two hundred and thirty-one," the secretary looked at her books to be sure of the figures. "That doesn't mean Zamosc has a large number of sick babies, it includes the well youngsters too; those who never come to the station are visited once a month — our

A milk station in a factory near Warsaw.

nurses do that in the afternoons. Every baby in the district, sick or well, we're interested in."

"Do the mothers come to the station?"

"Yes, indeed. Never a morning without some of them. Yesterday," again she glanced at her books, "twenty-five came. Eight is our lowest number. The most in one day was thirty-seven."

She wanted to show me the Zamosc outfit for a new baby, so one of the bundles, done up in a blue and white blanket, was opened for my inspection — two flannelette nightgowns, six diapers, two shirts, two dresses, talcum powder and soap. She opened too a wooden chest, fitted with handles at the ends, ready to be slipped into a doroshky or a peasant's cart. It was provided with everything the nurse needed for the birth of a Polish baby.

One House for Mothers and Children I found in a small building on the grounds of a girls' boarding school. It provides opportunity for social service for these well-to-do girls. In another, at the end of a new playground, mothers and children were looked after and

In a factory with a hundred women or more, the owners must provide a nursery and give a half-hour twice daily for the mothers to nurse their babies. White smocks and caps are required.

the city was giving dinners to the children of unemployed men. Some of the youngsters, the nurse told me, were almost starving and gained more than two pounds a week. Some were so thin and sick that the first food they ate made them ill.

Poland has a good many new hospitals, very modern and well equipped. I saw various kinds — university clinics, private hospitals, one belonging to a state insurance organization, another to the city of Warsaw, still another to a district. I remember once spending a whole morning going through a hospital. The director was so proud of it, he insisted on showing me the laundry and kitchen (on the top floor, with electric lifts to take the food down to the small kitchens from which it was served), he insisted on my eating some of the dessert they were to have that day, on my going into the nursery, the glassed-in porches, the X-ray rooms, the wing for T B patients who need hospital care till they can be sent off to the mountains.

The cleanest, spick and span hospital I saw in Poland, however, wasn't a new building; on the contrary, the oldest section was a hospital in the sixteenth century. It's maintained partly by the city of Kalisz and partly by the district. I was staying a few kilometers from the town, and my host asked if I'd like to see his hospital.

"Yours?" I questioned, knowing he's a landowner, a banker, formerly a diplomat.

"Mine," he replied proudly, "I'm only a layman, but I'm now administrator of this public hospital. Do come and see what we've accomplished."

We looked into various wards, into the babies' nursery and the mothers' rooms — Kalisz babies aren't born in peasant cottages nowadays — into the kitchen and the laundry with its electric washing machine and mangle. The operating rooms he had built on — they're the last word in modernity, with special electric lights that cast no shadow, and a room for throat and ear operations with windows of a special blue.

"Did you telephone that we were coming?" I asked him.

"Why, no — why do you ask?"

"Because every person — doctors and nurses and servants — has on a fresh white apron or smock — really clean ones. Honestly, now, this isn't in my honor?"

Aleje Ujazdowskie, the most popular promenade in Warsaw.

"No," he laughed, "it's not something special. I have the laundry done for all of them, and there's no excuse for their not being spotless. I'm not a doctor, but that's one thing I do insist on. No one ever knows when I'm coming to the hospital. I may drop in on my way from the estate to the town, again after I've finished my business at the bank, or late in the evening, if we're dining out. So they've learned, at last — at long last, as the English say — that things must be clean — clean all the time, not just for me — or for you."

Then with equal pride he took me into the office to see the design for a new building for his hospital. One section was then under construction, we'd motor out to see it; the other part they'd build in two or three years. The plans had been sent to an exhibition and the architect won a prize for the new Kalisz hospital.

"And what Kalisz has done in an old building — part of it sixteenth century! — other towns in Poland can do," I said to myself. "But first, they must find an administrator like this man."

Another new thing in Poland is the Radium Institute, named in honor of a Polish woman who was born in Warsaw. I'd been to see

A new residential section in Katowice.

One of the curving streets near Plac Narutowicz, on the outskirts of Warsaw, where every house has a lovely garden.

her birthplace, not far from the old marketplace called Stare Miasto, now marked with a tablet. And then, clear across Warsaw to the attractive new district that's grown up around Plac Narutowicz, to the equally attractive group of buildings with the inscription,

"TO MARJA CURIE-SKLODOWSKA, WITH OUR HOMAGE."

In the hall there's a photograph of her, and under the picture she wrote, "My deepest wish is for the construction of a Radium Institute at Warsaw." Individuals and organizations all over the world sent contributions for this building. One of the X-ray rooms was completely equipped by a German firm — a gift to the Institute — except for one machine, which happens to be French, and was purchased at a cost of fourteen thousand zlotys.

"Not that I want to emphasize the money value too much," added the doctor who was serving as my guide, "but it tells you how expensive such an Institute can be. One gram of radium was a present from some Americans — I'll show you the tablet with their names. It cost sixty thousand dollars. America had given Mme. Curie-Sklodowska a gram of radium a few years before — that cost a hundred thousand. The difference was due wholly to her own work."

The Institute has a garden — no Polish building seems complete without that — with a seated bronze figure of the discoverer of radium. At the end of the garden are buildings for research and experimentation. In the main building is a small hospital (sixty beds) and many rooms for the people who live at home and come in for treatment.

I studied the patients — men and women and children; a baby of ten months, an old man of more than seventy, people of every walk of life. Cancer is no respecter of persons or of age. It may come anywhere — inside, outside, on your tongue or the back of your head or your wrist.

"The sad thing," said the director who was trained in Paris by Mme. Curie-Sklodowska herself, "is that of every five persons who come to us, two cases are too far along to be helped by any treat-

The main building of the new Radium Institute.
"To Marja Curie-Sklodowska, with our homage."

ment the Institute can give; only three of the five are accepted as patients.

"The hopeful thing," he went on, "you can see in these photographs, hung two by two in the corridors. They show our patients when they first came to the Institute and later, after so many weeks or months, when they were cured."

In the laboratory I peered into a microscope to see slides with cancerous cells — easy to distinguish, as they're never in even lines, but hit or miss, at all angles; easy, that is, after it's explained to you in one-syllable words.

The laboratories are directly under the operating rooms. They've worked out a system that's so efficient that when a cross-section of tissue from some growth is received from the operating room, the answer to the fatal question, "Is this a cancerous growth or not?"

is ready in eight minutes. Of course a more leisurely study is made later, but this is sufficient so that the doctors can go ahead with their operating, sure of the next step.

Radium can be used over and over and over. Half a century from now the Institute will have almost the amount they began with. Alas! this amount's not enough and patients must wait their turn. If only they had more grams of that precious radium which the world owes to this Polish woman, Mme. Curie-Sklodowska.

The garden of the Radium Institute. On the right are the windows of the apartment built for Mme. Curie-Sklodowska.

I N D U S T R Y

Poland is primarily an agricultural country and not an industrial one. Yet industry has its place and an important place, for it gives employment to one man out of every ten. It has three centers.

Lodz is a textile town and well deserves its name, "the Polish Manchester." Every one works in the great mills — in normal times nearly two hundred thousand people. But these mills aren't new — they began in the 1820s when the Russians invited weavers from Saxony to settle there, giving them land and offering all of Russia as a market.

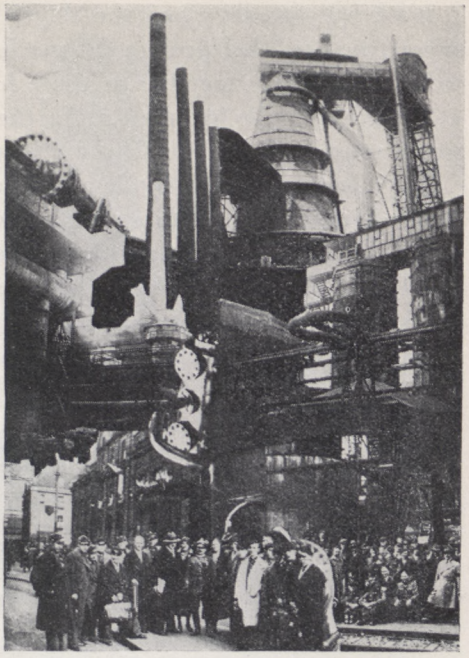
In 1918 the great textile mills had been idle for four years and were in ruins. Everything of copper had been taken away. There was systematic spoiling and many of the complicated machines were rendered useless because of the loss of some essential part. Polish skill and cleverness set to work to restore them — to restore the whole textile industry. And this can well be counted as one of the achievements of the new Poland.

The mines and blast furnaces and factories of Upper Silesia aren't new either — only restored after the ruin of the war years. Ten minutes of looking out of the train window, my first journey into that part of Poland, made me realize, as no amonut of reading could, how valuable this district is and why three countries demanded that it should be given to them by the treaties of peace. The tall factory chimneys are thick as trees in a forest.

Nature was generous here. The land is rich enough for excellent farming, and under the surface are coal — the best in Europe! — and iron and lead and zinc. It's a district of "big business" — some firms have twenty thousand employees, even more in normal times.

The metal industry in Poland does more than produce raw materials. Locomotives and airplanes, bicycles and motor-cycles, typewriters are all new industries in Poland.

Far off in the southeast, not many miles from the frontier, is the third center — the oil country. Ten or a dozen different companies are drilling wells at Boryslaw, some Polish, some foreign. One belongs to the state.



Students of the School of Graphic Arts in Warsaw visit the mines and blast furnaces and factories of Upper Silesia.

The great textile mills of Lodz, indeed the whole textile industry, have been restored since the war — one of the outstanding achievements of the new Poland.

It's a hilly country and the slopes are dotted over with the tall superstructures that protect the machinery of the wells. Sometimes wells are as close together as three hundred feet. They don't look at all like oil wells in America, for the part above ground is built of wood, unpainted and weathered a lovely silver-gray.

Not a beautiful scene by day. But at night, with lights twinkling everywhere, it changes to a picture full of mystery and fascination.

I didn't think Boryslaw an attractive town. The houses are nearly all one-story, wooden cottages — really little more than shacks — that disappear every three or four years. For oil wells suddenly stop yielding and must be abandoned, new ones are drilled and the working population shifts its living quarters.

Drohobycz, on the contrary, is a clean and tidy town of forty thousand. Pipe lines carry the thick, black oil a dozen kilometers from Boryslaw to the refineries here. It's treated in great furnaces, refined over and over, till ten or twelve grades of oil are ready for the market. The most expensive kind, the lightest in color, is for airplane use. The darkest and heaviest is the cheapest.

The Boryslaw landscape is dotted over with oil wells — often only a few yards apart.

The refinery near the railroad station, the largest one in Europe, belongs to the state. Here the peasants who lease their land to the oil companies bring their crude oil, for they receive their rent not in cash, but in oil just as it comes from the wells.

Mines and oil wells Poland owes to nature. Moscice, where artificial fertilizers are made, is an outstanding achievement for which the Poles get all the credit.

A Polish oilwell doesn't look like an American one, for the part above ground is built of wood, weathered a soft silver-gray, dead black where the oil drips.

In central Europe where fields have been planted for hundreds of years, till nitrogen or phosphorus is exhausted, fertilizers are a fundamental need. Where three-fourths of the people depend on the land for their living, inexpensive fertilzers are a necessity. So the state decided to build this plant and avoid paying millions of zlotys for nitrogen products from abroad.

What an interesting half-day I spent at Moscice, which is a short distance out from Tarnow! I'm no chemist and could understand only a part of the technical explanations given by the English-speaking engineer who went about with me that autumn day — for Moscice covers fifteen hundred acres and has about fifty buildings.

Even a layman can understand that they take hydrogen from water by means of heat, and nitrogen from the air by means of cold.

The hydrogen plus the nitrogen, heated and then cooled, gives ammonia. Ammonia heated with platinum gives nitric acid — this step is carried on in great towers, the system of a Polish professor of chemistry who is now President of Poland — and to this acid is added phosphorite to make one kind of fertilizer, limestone to make another, and so on.

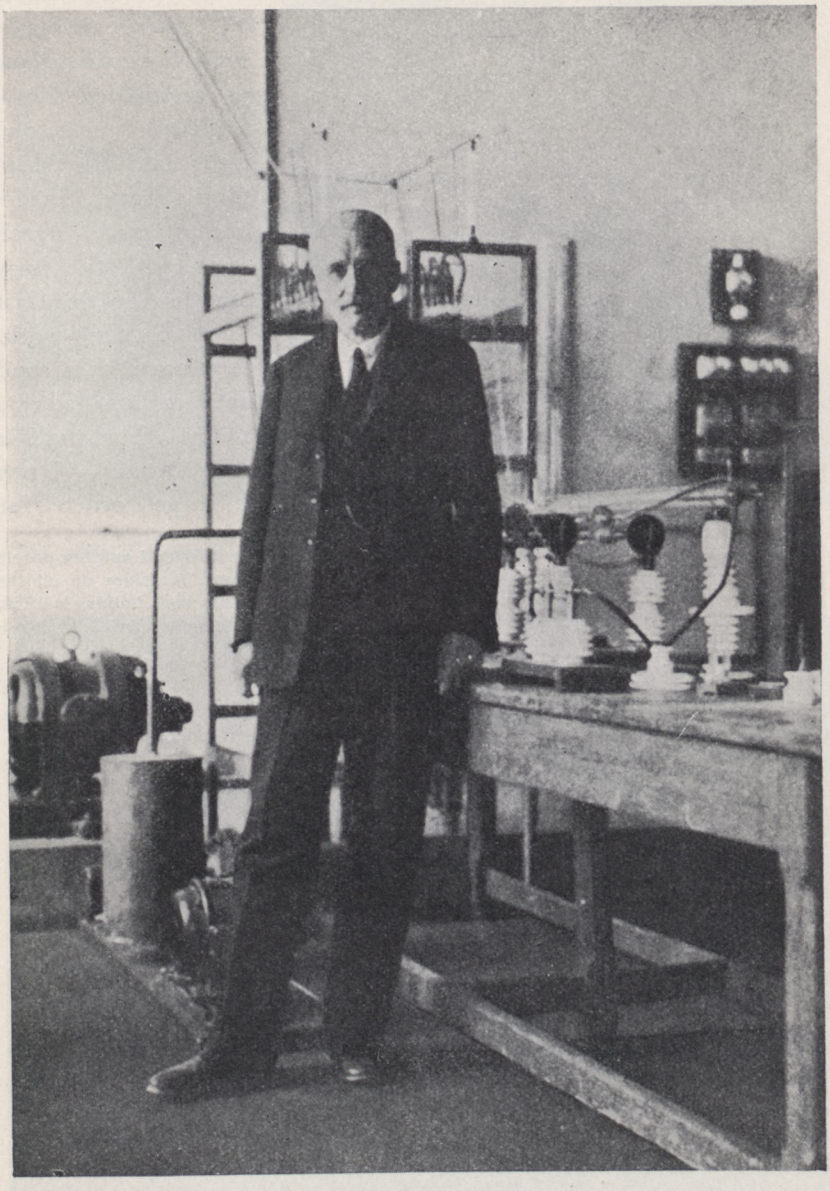
The layman could look on, fascinated, when the engineer asked a workman to bring a pan of liquid oxygen — boiling, they said, but not boiling hot, boiling cold — a hundred and seventy degrees below zero on the Polish thermometer!

The story of Moscice sounded like a tale from the *Arabian Nights.* Plans were begun in the autumn of 1927 and building operations started in the following spring. Six thousand workmen were employed. Construction never stopped, day or night; even when the winter of 1928—9 proved to be the coldest in a century or more, there was no interruption. Exactly eighteen months from the day work began on this plant, Moscice was ready to sell its nitrogen fertilizers.

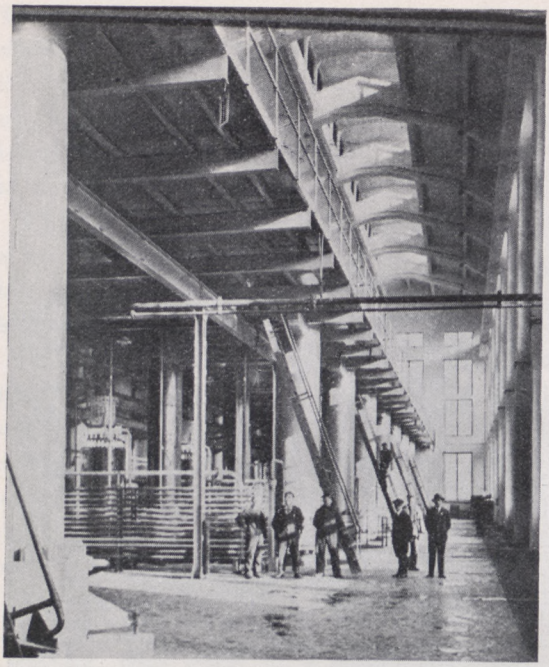
In spite of the very tall chimneys, Moscice is an attractive group of buildings with an air of alertness and activity. Work goes on day and night, the men in eight-hour shifts which change at the end of the week. But I was surprised to see comparatively few people about. The whole staff, they told me, numbers only two hundred and forty officials — of these sixty are engineers — and fifteen hundred employes.

Over and over I was reminded of the Ford factory. At Moscice too the skill is not in the workmen, but in the machines and the elaborate equipment. Nothing here is carried by hand, nothing is lifted. Coal is stoked into the furnaces automatically. There are about seven hundred electric motors. There are fifty kilometers of pipes. Machines do all the heavy work. The men control and watch the gauges. Because of this, and the large scale on which fertilizers are made here, cost of production is the lowest possible.

An enormous quantity of water is used at Moscice. It would take half the Dunajec river every week to supply it. But the used water is cleaned, cooled in high wooden towers — they're one of the picturesque parts of the plant — and then utilized over and over again.

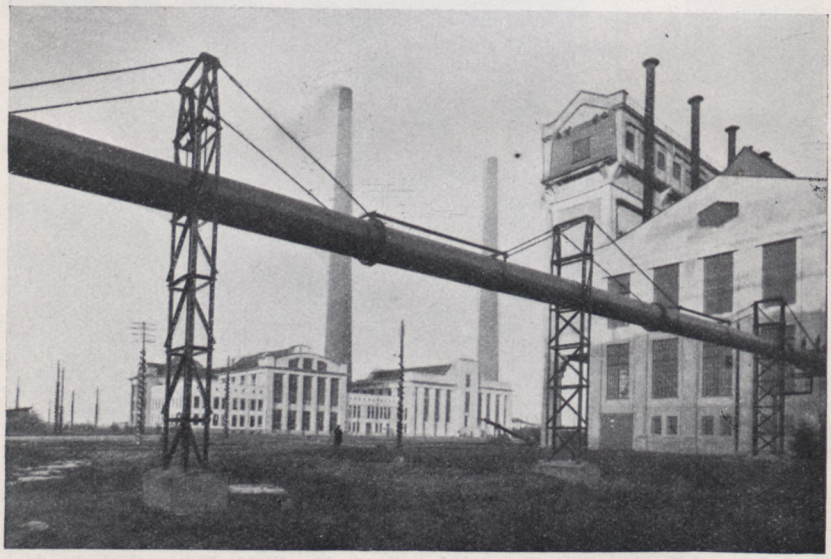


The building of Moscice sounds like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*. This method of making artificial fertilizers was invented by a professor of chemistry who has twice been elected President of Poland—Ignace Moscicki.

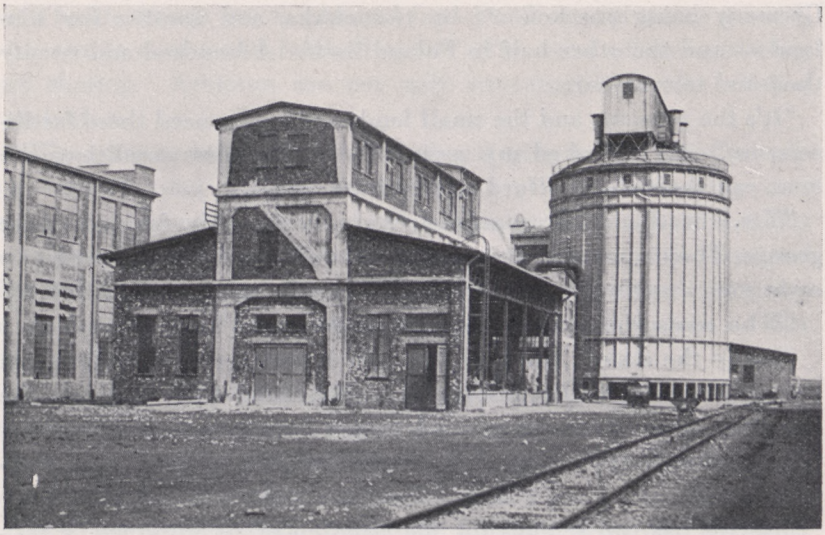


Five different kinds of fertilizer are made, some in powder, some in granulated form. Railroad tracks run right into the shipping division. In February and March and April, the busy months for this last step of the work, they sometimes send out two hundred cars a day. About half is sold abroad — I saw a large order for

At Moscice I saw few people about. Machines do all the heavy work. Nothing is lifted, nothing is carried by hand.



Moscice covers 1500 acres and has about 50 buildings — an attractive group, in spite of the chimneys. Here you see part of its fifty kilometers of piping.



The water is cleaned, cooled in high wooden towers, and used over and over again.

Five kinds of fertilizers are made at Moscice, powdered or granulated — 120.000 tons a year, about half of which is sold abroad.

Germany being checked off by two clerks, and another for Finland — and the other half in Poland itself. A hundred and twenty thousand tons a year.

"It's the peasants and the small landowners who need these fertilizers, isn't it?" I asked my engineer. "As business conditions are now, can these Poles afford to buy from you?"

"Yes, for special arrangements have been made for just these groups. They can have their fertilizers with nine months' credit — or in some cases a year. Their increased crops will pay the bill."

"Who owns Moscice — a private corporation?"

"No — the state. The plan was that it must pay for itself in ten years. Prices have been lowered — oh, more than once, as the economic crisis has lasted so much longer than anyone anticipated— but in spite of all that, we're up to schedule in paying off the building costs."

Moscice has two schools for the children of its workmen, a resident doctor — accidents are so few that up to now no hospital has

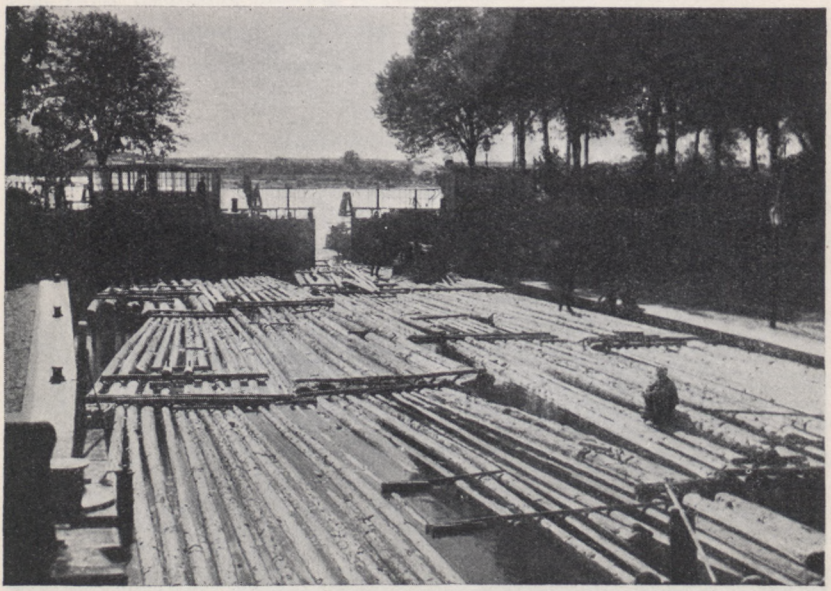
More than a fifth of Poland is covered with forests and timber is an important item in Gdynia's list of exports.

been built, though one is planned for — and a huge sports ground, with tennis courts and football space. The river offers swimming and skating. Athletics are not only encouraged, they're all but required.

"When a man is busy for eight hours, staying in one place, watching controls and gauges, keeping his eyes on indicating and measuring apparatus, it's absolutely necessary that he have outdoor recreation. So we have all kinds of contests between this team and that one. Contests are very popular at Moscice — there's even one in gardening, with prizes offered for the loveliest gardens on our grounds."

"I see, that explains the flowers growing right by your factory buildings."

Scientists, and particularly chemists, come to Moscice from all over the world. No other country has such a plant. It's one of the outstanding achievements of the new Poland. Who can tell all it may accomplish for agriculture on these old fields? Who can tell



Bydgoszcz is the Vistula center for Polish pine.

indeed how much it may pour back into the Polish treasury after its first ten years are over?

The new laws in Poland look after the interests of the workers to an amazing extent. They must have a fortnight's vacation — with pay; and brainworkers (as opposed to manual workers) must have four weeks free each year. If a hundred or more mothers are employed, the factory must have a nursery for the babies — that explained why I saw white curtains and flower boxes at certain windows of a great factory.

A new industrial plant doesn't receive its permission to open until adequate housing is provided for the families of the workmen. If houses nearby provide apartments enough, well and good; if not, the owners of the new plant must build for their employes. If a man living in a company-owned house is out of work — not on strike, but because of some economic condition — he and his family may live on in their rooms without paying any rent.

Workmen, employers and the state all contribute to a fund that insures the men against illness, accidents and unemployment and

Foreign buyers of timber are frequently amazed at the size and the quality of Polish logs.

provides old age pensions. Indeed, no country in Europe has gone farther along this line, with the exception of Denmark. Mothers who work in factories have three months' maternity leave — and their pay goes on.

"Tomorrow", said one of my hostesses in far-away Wolynia, "we'll go to see the basalt quarry at Janowa Dolina."

I wasn't the least interested in seeing a quarry. It was hot weather — August. I dreaded the long drive — nineteen kilometers each way — over sandy roads. However I said nothing, but went — and had a most enjoyable time, one of my Polish adventures I'd not willingly have missed.

Janowa Dolina was, a few years ago, a stretch of forest land. People knew this stone was there, but the railroad was more than eleven miles off, and what market was there for basalt?

In some places the stone — a grayish-black rock something like granite — is no more than a meter or two below the surface. The quarry is a great, open cut where we found six hundred men working, their hammers making a continuous tinkle, tinkle that a little distance off sounded like fairy music. The best quality of basalt comes in long vertical strata that look like columns in an ancient temple.

A warning cry — blasting — the director motioning for me to look up to the surface where a group of men with crowbars were pushing at one of the columns — sixty tons in weight, it fell into the pit where we were posted. The men swarmed up to break it into smaller pieces and then cut it into blocks.

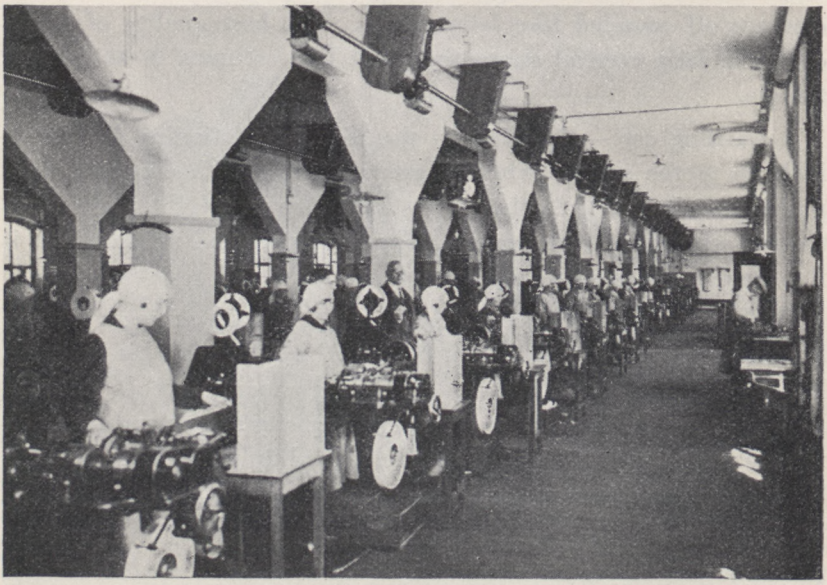
"Watch — with practice a man develops a sixth sense so that he knows just where to strike, just how hard a blow with his hammer. He can break it just where he wants. How many sizes do we sell? Eight. These largest blocks are for paving city streets and for making main highways — places that must stand up under heavy traffic. They will last for twenty-five years."

I went to see how the basalt blocks are sorted, and their private railroad line connecting the quarry with the nearest Polish station, and into the office to look at interesting photographs showing this and that.

But what interested me most was the efforts of the management, in that isolated place in Wolynia, to make life livable for the two thousand men and their families. Some live in the nearest little town, some in barracks here. They've begun a five-year housing campaign — sixty houses a year, some for two families. We walked up the road to see some, about half built — such attractive houses they were!

One school, and a second under construction. A doctor and a dentist who are always there. The little hospital is temporary, and a larger one is being planned for. An electric light plant. A boarding house for the unmarried men. A circulating library — rather, two of them, one in the quarry and one in the nearest town. A reading and game room, with a good radio. A nursery school for the youngsters of kindergarten age — how cunning they were, in their uniform of red hats and gray aprons piped in red, playing circle games with a kindergarten teacher.

Off a short distance was an open-air assembly ground, with a lovely background of forest trees. There the people give plays,



A cigarette factory in Poznan.

hold their dances — the quarry has its own orchestra — or listen to informal talks. A stretch of sand by the river has been made into a beach, with bath houses and a special place for children to play and swim.

All these modern things, indicating the real interest the management takes in the workmen and their families, come slowly in most industrial plants. At Janowa Dolina they seemed a matter of course and everyone was surprised at my surprise in finding them there.

In the quarry at Janowa Dolina I watched a sixty-ton column of basalt fall into the pit, to be broken up, cut into blocks, and used in making new highroads.

A G R I C U L T U R E

Poland has one industry that's all-important — farming. Almost three-fourths of the people get their living directly from the land. Their prosperity or poverty means good or bad years for Poland.

During my journeyings I saw the greatest contrasts in agriculture. I watched men cutting wheat with scythes and women binding it into sheaves, men and women together threshing it with flails — it reminded me of Bible times. I saw also excellent and up-to-date farming, methods of avoiding waste that are quite unknown in America — for example, a man goes on foot after the planter, alert to prevent a single miss in the regular dropping of seeds. I saw peasants utilizing ground that we'd call hilly and no good for crops — they plow at an angle that keeps the good topsoil from washing down into the valley.

In the Middle Ages Poland was known as "the granary of Europe." It was the sale of her grain that enabled kings and nobles to import from foreign lands the many beautiful and costly objects seen today in palaces and museums. She will be again the granary of Europe when the small landowner becomes prosperous once more. And this the government hopes to bring about in three ways.

The first is the redistribution of peasant holdings. For centuries it's been the custom in Poland for a man to divide his land among all his children — just the opposite of the English tradition that the oldest son inherit the estate and the younger sons seek their fortunes abroad or go into business. A Pole's large farm became five farms, or eight, according to the size of his family. If it was

In another generation the very long and very narrow fields, that look like stripes in a gay ribbon, will disappear from the Polish landscape.

forest land, pasture, and arable fields, each child must have some of each, to be absolutely fair.

The heirs divided their portions among their children, so that in a few generations farms grew smaller and smaller, the fields became narrower and narrower, the number of scattered fields held by one man increased and precious time was lost in moving teams and plows from place to place.

The new Poland found, on taking stock, a million and a half of such farms — with fields very scattered or badly shaped. Why not count up the acres in a given district and reapportion the fields so that one man would have the same acres as before, but all in one place?

Look at these two sketches and you'll see at a glance what a problem the agricultural commission had to solve. All the scattered fields in black belonged to one man who now owns this solid black section. His neighbors also have now large pieces of land instead of several small ones — or instead of many! In some provinces of Poland men owned dozens of pieces; some had fifty. a hundred; the number was as high as two hundred whose total made seventy-five acres.

How much time is saved, in those very weeks when time is most precious, by not having to go back and forth to distant fields! One peasant walked two and a half kilometers instead of fifty-nine. In one village the total saved was more than nine hundred kilometers.

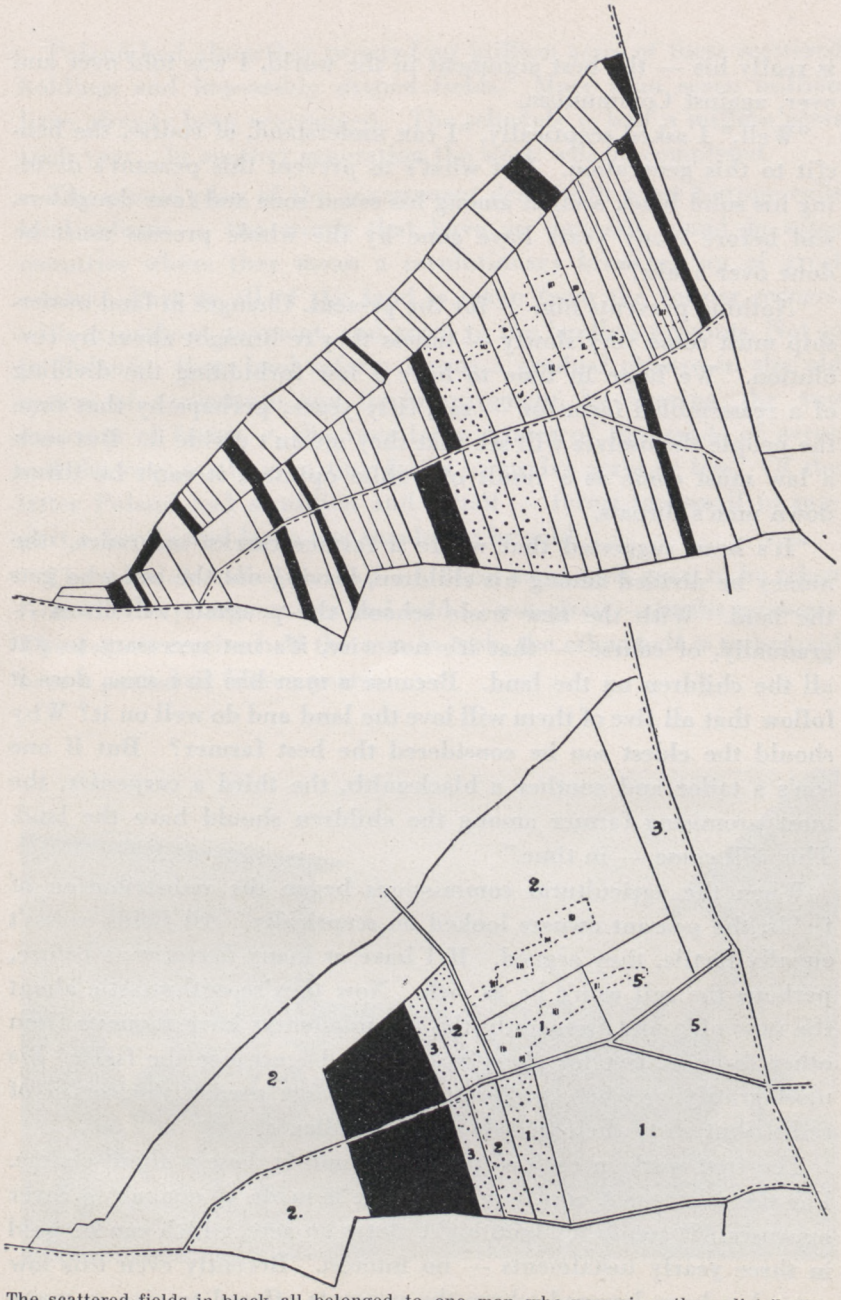
Much ground too is saved that before had to be used for roads and boundaries. In one village the saving totaled thirty acres, in another more than ninety.

The commission not only changes a man's holdings into a plot easily accessible, but does all that is possible to have this plot conveniently arranged. Many fields were long and very, very narrow — sometimes the length was a hundred times the width. Where it can be done, a man receives now a square of land. The new scheme tries not to have any farms where the length is more than ten times the width.

A reassembled farm means better crops. Drainage can be carried out where before it was impossible. Machinery can be used to advantage. It's possible to raise more expensive crops — tobacco, for example — because now it's practical to have a watchman. It's easier to get a loan; who would take a mortgage on a widely scattered farm?

The new style of farms means a larger income too. A man can use two horses instead of three or four. He can hire less help. If before he used his older children, they can now get other work to do. In many cases the income is double what it was.

Most of all, the small landowner now feels that this piece of land



The scattered fields in black all belonged to one man who now, since the redistribution of land in his district, owns this solid black section. It means a saving of time, less land taken for roads, better crops and more income.

is really his — the best argument in the world, I was told over and over, against Communism.

"Well," I asked sceptically, "I can understand, of course, the benefit to this generation. But what's to prevent this peasant's dividing his solid black section among his seven sons and four daughters, and before many years have gone by the whole process must be done over again?"

"Nothing prevents him — for the present. Changes in land ownership must come very slowly — unless they're brought about by revolution. We hope in time to have a law forbidding the dividing of a reassembled farm for — say, fifty years; perhaps by that time the people themselves will see that they mustn't divide it. But such a law must come as a result of public opinion, it can't be thrust down men's throats.

"It's been suggested that where a farmer carries insurance, the money be divided among his children, leaving out the son who gets the land. With the new trade schools the peasants will learn — gradually, of course — that it's not wise, it's not necessary to put all the children on the land. Because a man has five sons, does it follow that all five of them will love the land and do well on it? Why should the eldest son be considered the best farmer? But if one son's a tailor and another a blacksmith, the third a carpenter, the most promising farmer among the children should have the land. This will come — in time."

When the agricultural commissions began the redistribution of fields, the peasant owners looked on sceptically. All fields weren't equally fertile, they argued. If I have as many *hectares* as before, perhaps the soil won't be as rich. Now they're enthusiastic about the new plan and frequently the commissioners have requests from other districts, begging them to come and rearrange the fields. It's most gratifying when one group of peasants preach the gospel of redistribution to their friends in other villages.

The first work in each section of Poland is done without charge. For the subsequent ones a small charge is made — enough to cover expenses. It comes to about eight zlotys an acre, which can be paid in three yearly instalments — no interest. Recently even this low price has been lowered where the peasants offered to give so many days' work, with wagons and teams.

Poland had altogether twenty-four million acres of these scattered holdings and impossibly shaped fields. More than seven million have already been rearranged. The schedule is half a million acres each year. In another generation the work will be completed.

The second plan of the government deals with what Europe calls land reform — two words that have an ominous sound in some countries where they mean a revolutionary breaking up of great estates. Part or all of the land is taken from the former owners, with or without payment, and given to the landless peasants. Not so in Poland. Here land reform means a gradual change in the old system of agriculture and its improvement, by altering the two extremes of farms — the very large estates of thousands of acres, and the very small, even tiny farms — twelve acres or less. Of the latter Poland had a million and a half — farms too small to support a family and leave any surplus to be sold.

The schedule called for half a million acres each year, to be taken from the very large estates and sold — not given — to the peasants. The owners receive half the sum in cash, the other half is to be paid over a period of fifteen years.

The peasants receive a fifteen-year loan from the state, so that they can buy cattle and horses, plows and tools.

One of the new colonies in Wolynia. Houses are much farther apart than in the old days, and much better built too.

"What percent may the owner of a large estate keep?" I asked.

"It's not done by percents. It depends on where the land is. In a suburban district or in an industrial section, a hundred and fifty acres — that means arable fields, pastures and forest land aren't counted in. In the eastern provinces, seven hundred and fifty acres. In the rest of Poland, four hundred and fifty.

"Contrary to what every one expected, the commission didn't have to force many of the large estates to sell. Hard hit by the economic crisis, they have voluntarily offered for sale more acres than the schedule required. Of course there are some exceptions, but on the whole the landowners submitted gladly enough to this new plan. The truth is, many of the large estates weren't very profitable."

One landowner, the widow of a Polish general, told me that when it was known in the village that she'd sell two hundred and fifty acres of her land, many peasants wanted to buy. It was only a matter of choosing among them and finding the most reliable men who would be sure to carry out their payments over the period of years. Indeed, some peasants were so anxious to have a piece of this land that they offered more than the required sum in cash.

The Ministry of Agriculture helped the peasants rebuild this village after a disastrous fire. No more thatched roofs. More space around the cottages.

"But how can the peasants pay so much, in ready money? Have they a zloty left to start farming — for cattle and horses and plows and tools?"

"They get a loan from a state fund. They actually pay, cash down, from five to twenty-five percent of the price of the land. The balance over a period of twenty to forty years, with interest at five or six percent."

I asked how many acres the "dwarf farms" ought to be and was somewhat surprised to learn that no one figure answers the question. It depends on where they are and what kind of soil. Twenty-five acres of rich, black land. In eastern Poland where more pastures are necessary, fifty acres. In the center and west, thirty. For all of Poland, perhaps thirty-five is an average.

But the additional acreage needed to make that million and a half of tiny farms a practical size, and to make the many thousands of new farms doesn't all come from the large estates. In the eastern part of Poland are some six million acres of waste land — waste because it's marshy, too wet to grow anything. The grass there is so bitter the animals will not eat it. The third plan of the govern-

Shacks like this are disappearing in Wolynia.

One man made bricks from clay on his own land, and built this house.

ment is to drain these marshes and settle people on the land thus made usable.

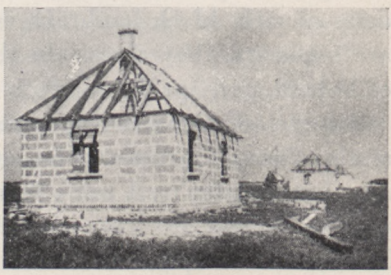
Half a million colonists have been started in life. Some are groups of ex-soldiers. Some come from distant parts of Poland, offered larger plots of land than they had before, as an inducement to make the change. In their former home villages, two or three farms are then made one, to give enough land to make farming practical.

During the week I was motoring about Wolynia I saw a number of these colonies. A group of ten to thirty houses, with their outbuildings, and tidy fields.

"How do these new settlers finance themselves, the first few years?" I asked.

"Loans from the state — for new buildings and equipment — to be paid off in fifteen years. The buildings are put up under the direction of technical men from the Ministry of Agriculture. We'll show you the plans of model houses."

Floor plans, front and back view of the house, how to arrange the garden around it, and directions for building — all this the Ministry



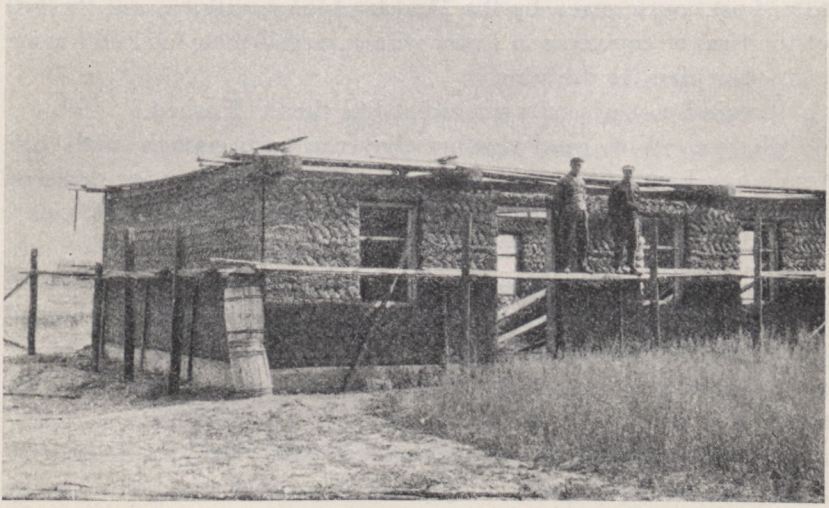
The new settlers have houses like these.

sends out. They don't have six models, so that I saw the same houses over and over and over as I drove about, but two hundred and sixty different plans; and very attractive some of them were!

The Ministry has experimented with materials available in the east of Poland and has found it possible to build a house of twisted straw and lime — a house that's warmer than a frame house in winter, and the materials cost a fourth or a fifth as much. Peasants can do nearly all the work themselves.

We stopped one day where four men were building such a house. It reminded me of the construction of a concrete house in America. They were packing into a framework the coils of twisted straw, then pouring the lime in.

I made a long journey from Warsaw to see for myself what this waste land was like, before and after drainage. I drove across the fields of one estate, to watch work going on and look at the acres already done. Here they were just starting, that field was drained a year ago, the next two years ago, and so on. Two years' hay, they said, is enough to pay for the drainage, for hay is one of the most important crops in that part of the country and always brings a good price. They counted in as part of the cost sending their foreman



We stopped to watch some men building a house of twisted straw and lime. It's much warmer than a frame house and costs far less.

Two years' hay will pay for the drainage, for one soason — two cuttings — gives from seven to twelve thousand kilos a hectare.

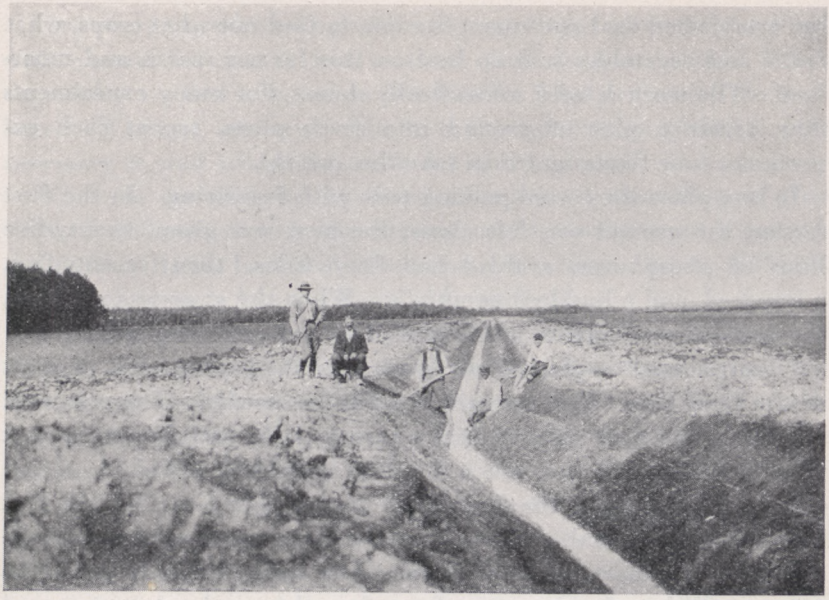
to a short course given by the Ministry of Agriculture, and the bill of the firm of engineers in Lwow who surveyed their land and made a six-year plan for draining it.

"It would cost peasants somewhat less then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. With good weather they can earn enough with one year's hay harvest to pay for whatever they must buy for draining their fields. Advice and directions they get free from the Ministry. And nearly all the work they can do themselves."

One stretch of their land gave me an idea of how the whole used to look — a tangle of very coarse grass, thick undergrowth, and a few trees that are good for nothing. In the next section this coarse grass had been cut — much as we cut sod — and piled up in great mounds.

In the next part they were doing the first plowing. They used four oxen and a special plow with one wheel and one disc. It came from America, the foreman announced proudly, and is called "prairie breaker." Though it went only about ten inches deep, it



A drainage ditch will change this marsh, covered with coarse, bitter grass, into excellent meadow and pasture land.

was strenuous work — so hard that the oxen would go four or five yards, then stop for a long rest.

This plowing required five men — each yoke of oxen had a man guiding, one man held the plow handles, a boy followed and turned back in even line whatever pieces of thick sod fell out of place, and the foreman directed the others. Later on that field would be harrowed, plowed a second time and again harrowed, and next spring planted in grass.

On another estate they found, when they began their drainage work, that one particular field was extremely wet and it would cost exorbitantly to drain it. Why not, their engineer suggested, make it into a pond and raise carp? Now fish of every kind command a very high price in Poland. Fish costs far more than meat and there's a steady market for it, all the year round. So my hosts made a carp pond, hired an expert to look after the fish, and from this enterprise they're getting enough profit to help pay for their drainage.

But the most interesting results I saw at Sarny where the Ministry

has established an Experiment Station, to find out what crops, what fruits and vegetables will do best on this former marsh and moorland. The work is very scientifically done. For many experiments they divide a plot of ground into seven parts, repeat each experiment four times, and then take the average.

In one place they were making tests with fertilizing. In the first section the ground was left alone, the next was given twenty-five kilos of phosphorus, a third had fifty kilos, then seventy-five, a hundred, and a hundred twenty-five. When the grass was matured, the sections went higher and higher, like steps of living green.

"Phosphorus," explained my guide, "is the crying need of most of the land here. But sometimes potash is needed. Farmers send in samples of their soil, we make various tests, and determine just what is lacking and how much fertilizer should be added."

In another part of the Station they were trying to find the best hay for drained land. From a dozen different grasses they'd made some three hundred combinations. For some kinds of grass the pasture will last three years or four; for others as long as ten years, sometimes longer.

The main drainage ditch, with laterals reaching far out on both sides, serves a large area.

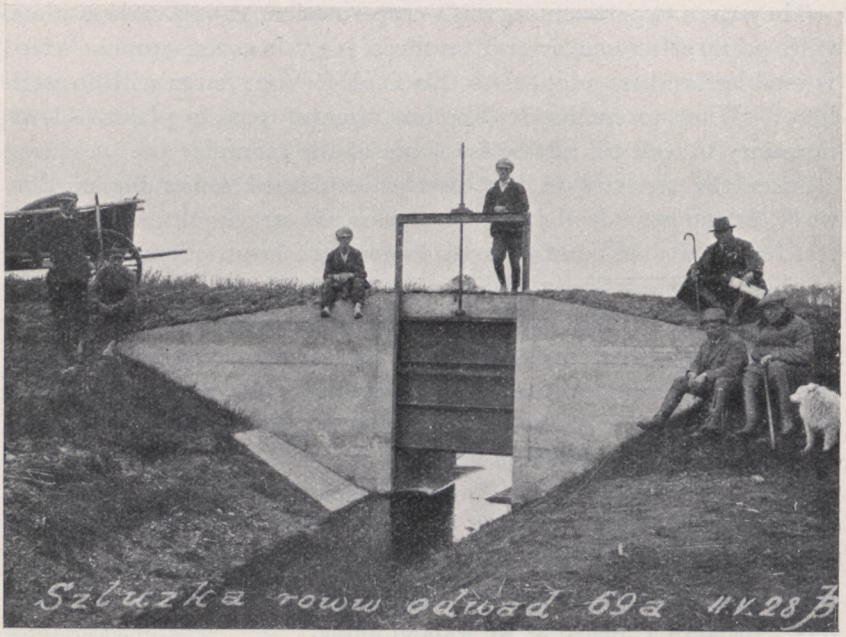
They were experimenting with crop rotation, trying various plots with pasture for one or two or three years between crops. What vegetables are best adapted to this land? What fruits will do well here? When to cut hay? The best time of year to plant — is it necessary to wait till all the ice is out of the ground?

After the assistant to the director explained something of this work, I understood why the Station needs nearly three thousand test fields. Its six hundred acres is none too large. Some of this is sandy soil, some is forest, some is old moorland.

We drove past some of these test fields to see the new drainage ditches. Once this land is drained, there is sometimes during the summer not enough water. The ditches are made with locks which control the amount of water — in other words, they serve both for draining and for irrigating!

Was I too tired, they asked, to go on foot a few kilometers? No carriage bridge across some of the ditches. We sent the coachman back and tramped across the fields to a village — a very small village indeed, but one of the most interesting things of all I saw that day. Its story I heard as we walked along.

The first crop on drained land is carefully studied by the Experiment Station experts.



The lock, made of concrete and wood, controls the amount of water in the ditch — sometimes for drainage, sometimes for irrigation!

A lock in the main ditch on the land drained by the Experiment Station at Sarny.

"When the Station began work here, the village had seven houses. Its people owned in common a stretch of marshy ground — had owned it so for years and years — perhaps centuries. The men — and some of the women — came over to the Station to work. They saw what we were doing with wet land, they asked questions, they began draining their community marsh. Now and then they'd come to us for some advice and the director would say. 'The first time I'm over in your direction. I'll come look at this or that and tell you what to do.'

"They were wise enough not to try to do the work all at once, but made a schedule to accomplish so much each year. The fourth year of the Station they stopped coming over for work by the day and put all their time in on their own land. Now we can't get them to do any work for us, on the contrary they are themselves hiring day workers in certain months of the year and taking peasants whom the Station could use!

"You'd never know the village was the same place. Its seven houses are now eighteen. Some of the first houses, little more than shacks, are used now for animals or for storing supplies — that'll show you how these people used to live.

A field of forage corn at Sarny.

"The children used to go all the way to Sarny to school — when they went at all; for there was no passable road across the marshes and instead of the straight four kilometers, as the new road runs, they had to trudge three sides of a square. Today they have a little schoolhouse of their own — the peasants built it and the district pays for the teacher."

If this can be accomplished near Sarny, why not in other places too? When I asked, I learned that the people of that village were, however, somewhat above the average. Still, I hope it's a straw showing how the wind of progress will blow in Polish villages in the eastern provinces.

I saw in the Luck office of the Ministry of Agriculture charts showing how many acres were drained in various years — a hundred and forty thousand acres, again two hundred thousand. At first it was all done with government initiative, but now private owners are doing more acres than the state. Indeed, drainage has been done on such a large scale that the experts say they must call a halt and work out plans for river regulation, before they can go on with

This aromatic meadow-grass, the Experiment Station finds, is one of the best for drained land.

the drainage campaign. Some of this can be done only with the cooperation of Soviet Russia, as rivers don't respect frontiers.

As in other lands, the world over, the Polish farmer has suffered from the economic crisis. Paradoxical as it sounds, the peasant farmers are living better than ever before. In the first years after the war prices were high and they sold every calf, every pig, every chicken, sold their milk and cheese, while the family had almost a starvation diet. Now prices are low, and lower still. Since they can't sell their produce at a profit, the peasants consume it themselves. Hard up for cash they may be, but they and their families are in the best of health as a result of the good fare they now enjoy.

Hemp fields at Sarny give large crops of very good fiber.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Social service isn't new in Poland. I suppose it goes back to the first monasteries and convents. But since 1918 it has changed. The last decades of the Partitions the greatest service one could give was patriotic — teaching Polish in secret schools (and often being sent into exile if one was found out), fostering love of country through songs and literature and stories of heroes, teaching the younger generation that they must be ready to make sacrifices for Poland.

But with the regaining of independence new forms of social service have come into being. Though this was not my special interest in Poland, my attention was often drawn to these new activities. Sometimes at unexpected places I ran across them.

Children's playgrounds — you think they're only athletics? Not in Poland. On one of my exploring walks in Warsaw, I happened on a playground, went in, and had a long talk with the director. She was a charming young woman who'd spent some months in the United States, visiting playgrounds in various cities. This one was the first to be opened in Poland, but other cities were quick to follow.

Never have I seen a city playground in our country blessed with so much space as that one in Warsaw. It had slides and sandpiles, space for volley ball and net ball and for circle games. It had a restaurant, with cunning low tables for the kiddies to sit at when they have their milk and second breakfast — special milk sold for the youngsters for whom the doctor ordered it. It had a large shelter, open on one side, for rainy hours. Places for sunbaths, awninged over for the very hot days that do sometimes come in Warsaw.

The first playground in Poland was opened in Warsaw, but other cities quickly borrowed the idea.

Playgrounds in Polish cities have ample space — far more than ours!

For little children there are many games without apparatus.

In the office of the director the children are weighed and measured, when they first come to the playground, and at stated intervals thereafter. This boy is not to join in the most strenuous games, but must have more rest. That little girl is to have an extra feeding till she gains so many pounds. Children who can afford it pay two zlotys a month for a playground membership. To the poor of that neighborhood, it's absolutely free.

It is far more than a playground, it's a child welfare station.

Lodz, the textile mill town, has adopted a different plan. It now has more than two dozen small playgrounds, scattered all over the city. No child lives more than walking distance from a playground.

Poznan has combined these two methods. I went to see the main playground, a huge place, with no less than seventeen instructors and often as many as three thousand children, from three years up to fourteen. There were sandpiles and slides, swings of various heights, wading pools that are utilized for skating in the winter, basket ball space for the older boys and volley ball for the girls.

Shower baths were in a building at the end of the grounds. Connecting this with the office and the attractive little house where the director lives was a long loggia where games are played on stormy days. Here the city was providing dinner and supper for the children of the unemployed.

Besides this central playground, Poznan has five smaller ones in various districts. One or two new ones are being opened each year and this is to go on till there are fifteen. No child in Poznan is to live more than a kilometer from a playground.

"Three thousand in a day!" I said in amazement. "Do that many youngsters always get along smoothly? Do you have any trouble with discipline?"

"Practically none. Each child has a blue card which admits him to the playground — they cost two cents for a year. If it's necessary to discipline a child, we take his card away for one or two weeks. Weeping and wailling when that occurs — but it's very seldom. In most cases the children themselves do the disciplining and an easy method they have found — they simply refuse to let a child play with them. Sometimes they're extremely harsh in their judging and an instructor has to interfere and get them to modify such rough justice."

Summer camps have become the fashion in Poland. There are some for well-to-do boys and girls, but more are for poor city child-

Deaf and dumb children in the garden of one of the special schools in Warsaw.

ren who need life in the country to store up energy for the long and hard winter — the best method of fighting tuberculosis. There are camps in the mountains and camps near the capital where youngsters go for the day, or to spend a fortnight.

In many cities there are day nurseries where little children whose mothers work are cared for — fed, bathed, napped. There are kindergartens too — some are conducted as a private charity, some by the city. And public schools for children from three to seven which are also centers of advice for the parents.

Summer camps are all the fashion in Poland. There are hundreds of them. There's keen competition to see who can get the best sunburn. To which lad would you give the prize?

Indeed, I think every school I saw in Poland has gone in for social service. Class work and lessons may be important, but the school interests itself in the children also. Where there are very poor pupils, they're fed at school. Here it may be breakfast, served by the cooking class to boys and girls whose mothers leave very early for the factory or for day's work; if the school didn't provide a hot breakfast, they'd have none at all. In another school the "second breakfast" is given by the Mothers' Club to poor children. In yet

another, the school provides a substantial dinner for a certain number of girls or boys.

"What is this?" I asked the principal in a public school when a servant came into the office with a big basket from which he took package after package, putting them out on a long table.

"Rolls or sandwiches — for the poorest of our children. It's the scheme of the Mothers' Club. We send the servant each morning to a list of good-hearted women — some are mothers whose children come here, some are their friends — and each call results in a package; the cooks always have them ready. Shall I open one or two and show you?"

"Yes, please do."

"Two rolls, buttered, with ham. This one's plain bread and butter, but four generous slices. Here's a sandwich — black bread and cold meat. Bread, two eggs, and a piece of plain cake. That's about the average. I don't know how those children would get along without this help."

Not only food. Many children are given clothing at school — new things sent by some group of women, or partly worn garments that will serve another winter.

Besides this material help, some schools feel responsible for the free hours of their children. In one school in a workingmen's district of Warsaw, certain rooms were open in the afternoon. Boys and girls whose mothers were working could stay there, busying themselves with their home work or with quiet games or books. Far better to have them in a clean, warm place than out on the streets.

Not only are many schools in Poland doing social service for their pupils, in some such service is part of the schedule of today's boys and girls. This school has "adopted" a home for the blind and provides every year a Christmas party for the sightless inmates. Now and then during the school term there's some special activity—a class going to sing, for example. Another school has chosen an orphanage for its special service.

The girls in a boarding school told me with great pride of the day nursery they'd opened and the boys' club they'd help to start.

"Something had to be done," they explained. "It was perhaps the beginning of what you call in America a gang. The older

girls and the teachers couldn't go out at dusk without being accosted unpleasantly. We gave the boys a room of their own and fitted out — oh, very simply at first — a carpenter's workshop.

"Now the boys make for us whatever our school needs. They give plays — sometimes amusing ones, sometimes serious. Every year they help with the flower show. Instead of rowdies, they're young gentlemen."

Even at Rydyzna the boys do some social service as a part of their school work.

"What is this?" I asked as we walked along one of the corridors and came on a pile of long boards.

"The boys have decided to open a clubroom for the village. The woodworking class volunteered to build the partitions it will need and to make some furniture. That's practical social service, isn't it? The boys are greatly interested and are full of plans for the clubroom. And of course the school thinks it's important that they grow up with a strong sense of obligation — they must do their full share in making better living conditions."

In villages all over Poland I found groups of young people belonging to an organization with a long name that means something like "Village Youth." They have their own rooms, or a whole cottage. Programs and all the material needed for carrying them out are sent from the main office. With a little help and supervision from a friendly estate owner, or his wife or sister, the young people present these programs — literary or historical or dramatic.

A clubroom and interesting work changed rowdy lads into young gentlemen.

"Village Youth" doesn't take up athletics. It's interested rather in providing wholesome recreation and raising the intellectual level of these young men and women.

"Ziemianki", an association of the wives of landowners, is not new, but its junior division is. Its five hundred members are interested in girls in the country and have taken as their special task raising their intellectual and moral level. The Junior Ziemiankis are the leaders in classes in gardening, singing, and girls' problems. The work has grown so that there are now held, every two years, classes for leaders.

Another popular organization, with members all over Poland, is the "White Cross." Its special field is looking after soldiers in peace time. It provides a canteen for every regiment, it supplies books and magazines, it looks after the everyday welfare of the privates. In some places it provides volunteer teachers for the army schools. It gives to the men doing their military service something which the Casino provides for their officers — a social center where they feel at home. The good done by the "White Cross" can't be estimated in figures; how give results for preventive work?

I went one day to a restaurant, managed by one of my Warsaw friends, where food is served at cost, or less than cost, to unemployed men. Newspapers and magazines, chess and checkers are there for them to read or play; thus they're encouraged to stay for some hours instead of loafing on the streets.

"It does help to keep up their morale," Pani S. summed up what she and her friends were trying to do.

The Boys' Club at Snopkow presents a play in their own clubroom.

A group of Warsaw ladies, headed by Mme. Pilsudska, have established an orphanage at Bielany which is called "Our House." It began for war orphans and the lost children of refugees coming back from Russia, but now opens its hospitable doors to other needy children. Great efforts are made to make them feel thoroughly at home. One of the unique things about it is the large measure of self-government these boys and girls have.

Five other houses, in different sections of Warsaw, also under the care of Mme. Pilsudska, provide a place where youngsters at

The White Cross helped one regiment put on this play — a story from Polish history, you can tell from the costumes.

loose ends may spend a few hours. A thousand children of the unemployed, from seven years up to fourteen, come from eight o'clock to twelve or from two to six. One group gets a hot meal at ten o'clock, the other at three. Every child has a month at a summer camp.

And in the evening these houses are used for unemployed young people of twenty to twenty-five; they have some class work, they read, but the most popular thing is informal talks on politics and social problems. It is very important that this group shall not drift into Bolshevism, I was told over and over.

A clubroom for Polish soldiers, maintained by the White Cross. The circulating library is one of its most popular features.

"Our House", the children themselves named the orphanage at Bielany, built by Mme. Pilsudska and her colleagues.

Boys and girls feel thoroughly at home and almost govern themselves.

Perhaps the most practical sort of social service is that which gives work. Here's one instance of many I heard of in Poland. Not far from the capital a group of ladies asked for the use of a stretch of waste land. They bought fertilizers in quantity, used them generously, and soon had a thousand heads of families raising potatoes. Often the whole family went out to plant and weed and dig — good for them to work together, out in the fresh air. The crops turned out a huge success. Those thousand families had potatoes enough for the winter, plus some to sell.

In addition to the work of various organizations, many Poles are doing social service independently. One man paid the whole cost of building a church. Another gave land for a district hospital. I met a woman who has started a boarding school for undernourished children. They're from two years up to seven and in her home in the foothills of the Tatras she gets them into good shape physically. Some parents can pay for this. When they can't, she accepts the youngsters anyway — that's her share in service for Poland.

"What people need, sometimes I think their greatest need, is a place to get together," an estate owner said when we were discussing how best to help the peasants. "We've started here — very simply, yet it's a beginning. There was a cottage available. We took out partitions and made it all into one big room. Our people use it for dances, for all their clubs, for any talks they want. Yes, it's proved a good investment."

Evidently he's not alone in thinking this. I spent a few days at a country house where the family had been living only a short time.

"There's the building we've chosen and hope we can buy," the countess said one morning as we walked from her gate toward the village post office. "It took us a little while to get settled and to make friends with the people living near us. Now after studying the question from all sides, my husband and I agree that our first step, if we want to help them, is to have a community center. Then we can build up various clubs around that.

"The village? It has about three thousand, but only a very few are working for us. You mustn't think we're planning this just for our own employes. We feel that the gap between landowners and peasants can be bridged over only by friendliness and a real interest

in their welfare and their activities. I want to have a club for the young married women, one for little girls, for older girls, perhaps two for boys. Classes of various kinds — for whatever subjects they themselves want — a singing society, dramatics, patriotic celebrations — well, it must work itself out little by little. We'll know in a week or two whether the owner will sell that building. Then we'll start at once."

In a village in the mountains, I went to see a community center — not an old house made over, but a large new building, planned for this. One Polish woman conceived the plan and collected the funds — partly in Poland, partly through friends in England. It's built on a hillside so that one side has an extra story — all one big room which is used for talks, plays, dances, and (in time) for motion pictures.

There's a store, a bakery, a laundry, two clubrooms, a room for a visiting nurse and two rooms for whatever patients need her care for a short time, and the library — or rather, two: one for children, one for their parents who come twice a week for lessons in reading and writing.

Even before this community center was finished, peasants from distant villages came to see it and declared wistfully, "We wish we had such a place. How much did it cost? Could we possibly build one — not so large perhaps, but something like this?"

Once when I was staying in the country my hostess asked if I'd like to go for a walk; she was going over to the nursery to see the children. As we strolled through the gardens and then up the road, she told me about this enterprise — her special interest on the estate.

"I begged my husband to let me have a cottage, but for a long while none was vacant. Then a family moved away and my chance came. You mustn't expect to see much — it's merely a cottage of two rooms and a little kitchen. I found a woman who was fond of children and installed her, with a cook for a few hours each day. From twenty to thirty children come.

"Before, when a mother went into the fields to work, she'd shut the children up in the house for the whole day. They were neglected, they were dirty, sometimes they got burned. No, there wasn't

any trouble about getting them to send the children. I'd just tell them about the cottage and the nice woman in charge, when I happened to be in this house or that — on our own estate, or in the village nearby.

"Sometimes they come as early as six in the morning. Often a brother or sister brings them on the way to school. They stay till late afternoon — and sometimes in the winter, some of them stay all night. They have three meals, they are bathed, their sores and cuts attended to. They learn songs and games. The teacher in the village school says she can always pick out a child who's spent a few months in the nursery — they're more alert and more polite than the others.

"Now, after it's been going a few years, boys and girls from seven to ten who used to be here, come of their own accord on holidays and in the summer, to help with the little ones.

"Ah, here we are!"

These youngsters (with unemployed parents) have been "adopted" by the officers and soldiers of the President's Guard. They have a hot dinner every day and a summer vacation in the country. Every Polish regiment is doing this — the sum each man contributes is left to his conscience.

We opened the gate and started up the path to the cottage. The children saw Madame and came running to greet her. They all looked so clean and so tidy, in blue and white striped aprons. They all looked so well. They sang for us. We stopped in the kitchen to sniff the lunch — a good vegetable soup, string beans, and bread — more than double what they'd have at home.

"Your woman certainly has her hands full. What about that little baby? Doesn't she ever object?"

"Well, I make it a point never to foist a child on her without talking it over and asking her consent. Some unusual case comes up, now and again. For example, the wife of one of our foremen died, leaving a little girl of two and a baby just a few weeks old. I asked the nursery woman if she could take them in until some arrangement could be made, and she said yes. They've been here some weeks now. We think it may be a good thing for the others to have a little baby."

Marszalkowska, a busy business street in Warsaw. Even here there are trees.

Old and new rub shoulders in Warsaw. The tallest building — for the present — is sixteen stories.

The new Polish architecture is very interesting. This church in a Warsaw suburb gets a very decorative effect bythe use of only brick.

The center of the new building where paper money is made for Poland.

Vertical lines and many windows mark the new building of the Ministry of Finance in Katowice.

ART AND CULTURE

When the new Poland began, Warsaw had not been a capital for more than a hundred and twenty years. There was everything to do. The government began in what buildings were available — some that had been used by the Russians, some private palaces were taken over. After sixteen years, there are still many things to spend money on that are far more important than new and splendid public buildings. Parliament meets in what used to be a school for the daughters of Russian officers — somewhat made over to serve for a time the needs of Sejm and Senate. Two of the Ministries are now in new buildings, two in remodeled palaces, the rest are housed in structures never planned for such a purpose and are carrying on as best they can.

With everything to do, visitors to Poland could understand — if need be they could excuse it — if the Poles were spending nothing for artistic and cultural things. Surely they could wait. But — just the opposite is the case.

The number of new monuments is surprising. It was difficult, often impossible, to get a permission from Russia or Germany for a statue of a Polish patriot. (The Mickiewicz statue in Warsaw was a notable exception, and even for it the Russians would not allow the ceremony which the Poles had planned for its unveiling. They gave orders that there should be no music, no eulogy of the poet, no reading from his verses. The Poles too could issue an order — for utter silence. The curtains were drawn aside in stillness so profound you could have heard the slightest whisper. Suddenly it was broken by the sobs of the spectators. So statues were dedicated in the time of the czars.)

The spirited figure of Kosciuszko is splendidly placed on the Wawel.

Krakow has a monument to Tadeusz Kosciuszko, new since the war, of course. Even the Austrians, lenient as they were in some things, would never have allowed a statue of this Polish hero who organized an insurrection in protest against the second Partition. It's a spirited figure on horseback, placed with great skill on the Wawel, so that you see, as you ascend the hill, that gallant leader — America's hero as well as Poland's — outlined against the sky. Lodz, the textile town, where I was told there was absolutely nothing for the tourist to see, Lodz too has a Kosciuszko monument.

In the cemetery of the defenders of Lwow is a striking figure of an aviator, in memory of the three American airmen who gave their lives for that city. There every year on the thirtieth of May speeches are made and the monument is banked with flowers, for the Poles have heard of our Memorial Day and have adopted it in Lwow. But on other days there are always flowers by this statue.

Poznan has a statue of Woodrow Wilson, the work of an American sculptor, the gift of Paderewski. There's a statue of Wilson's friend and adviser, Colonel Edward House, in Paderewski

park in Warsaw. The inscription says, "To the noble advocate of Poland's cause — with the gratitude of Poland."

In Lazienki park in Warsaw is the Chopin monument, the seated figure of the young composer listening to the melody of the wind in the trees. In front is a circular pool, and behind it a line of trees that will soon give the background it needs.

The new Chopin monument in Lazienki park in Warsaw, where the young composer listens to the melody of the wind.

Warsaw has too a monument to the Polish aviators, placed in a circle where seven streets come together, so that it shows up well at a distance. And another to the nameless fallen soldiers of 1914 — 20. And these I have named aren't all.

"How can you do it?" I asked. " How can you possibly get together the money for these monuments, whether it's given by individuals or by a ministry? When there are so many demands for zlotys, how can you do it now when the times are so difficult?"

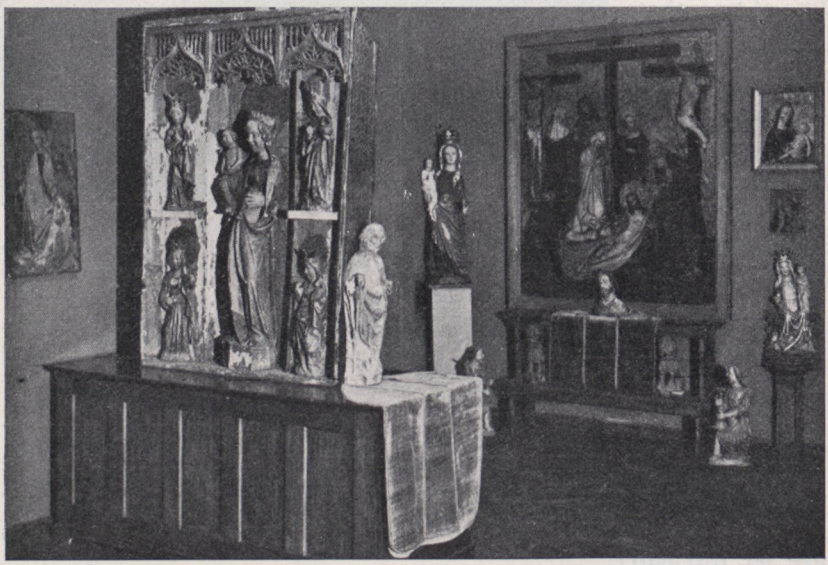
"We are an artistic people," my friends would answer, not boast-

ing but merely stating a fact. "We love beauty. Poles cannot live by bread alone."

Arts of many kinds are fostered by the state. At Zakopane there's a woodcarving school for boys and a school for girls where they learn lace-making and embroidery. Both receive a subsidy, for Poland feels it is very important that these arts shall not die out, but that the young people of today shall value and develop them. Various societies and workshops to encourage peasant art receive some financial help.

The state gives scholarships to musicians, artists and writers. A literary prize is awarded each year, and a music prize — for some outstanding composition and book. Subsidies are given to theaters, the opera, and to the Philharmonic Society in Warsaw.

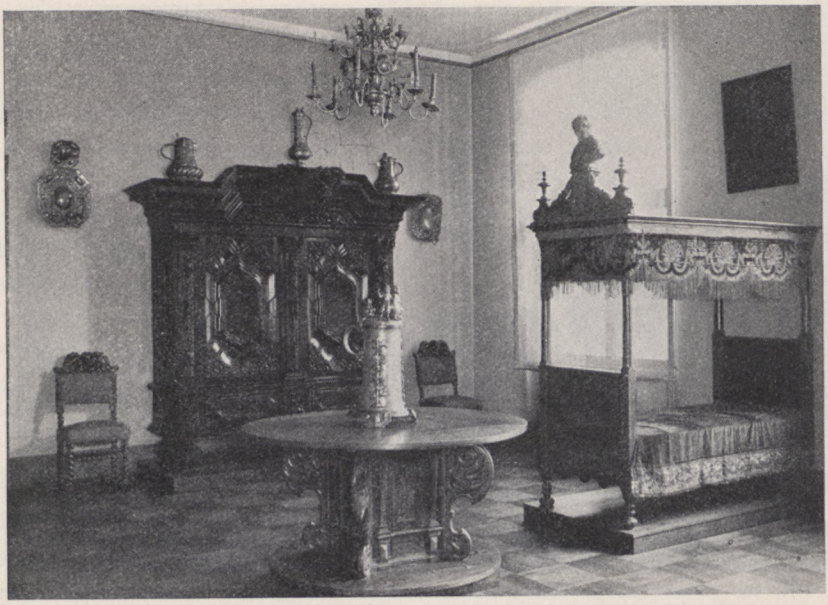
In 1927 and 1932 Chopin competitions were held, the players limited to young musicians — not more than twenty-eight years old. They came from many countries to compete for the generous prizes offered. This will be repeated every five years. And in 1935 a similar festival was held at the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the violin virtuoso, Wieniawski. More than fifty artists



Wolynia's museum at Luck has paintings and sculpture that go back to the Gothic period.

A room in this museum is completely furnished with Kujawy peasant things.

Peasant costumes and textiles and pottery vie with prehistoric objects in the Wolynia museum.



A seventeenth century room in the new home of the National Museum in Warsaw. The bed was Sobieski's gift to a hospital and has the original velvet valance and cover.

vied with each other, and the awarding of the eight prizes occupied the judges more than two hours.

Polish museums had a difficult time under the Russian regime. Always the day before an exhibition opened, the censors visited it to see if any object touched on the insurrections, if some picture showed a historic scene, if there were portraits of persons on the forbidden list; for they knew how greatly a knowledge of their past helped to keep alive the Poles' spirit of resistance. Let a collection once attract the attention of the authorities and it was promptly confiscated. During the decades when all over Europe art museums were being started, Warsaw people began a collection of paintings — and for thirty years didn't dare show them to the public.

But now museums have sprung into being all over Poland. The number of them amazed me. Their interesting collections held my attention for hours at a time. Sandomierz and Zamosc and Lowicz — all small towns — have museums. Wolynia has started one

at Luck: prehistoric objects, peasant costumes, paintings, porcelain, embroidery and pottery.

"It's only a beginning," they'd say to me, speaking of their museum. "The important thing is to have such a place — a few rooms or a building — so that people know what they give will be accepted and shown. Before a man turned up in his field some old coins or a piece of Bronze Age pottery, and never gave it a thought. Now he brings it to the museum."

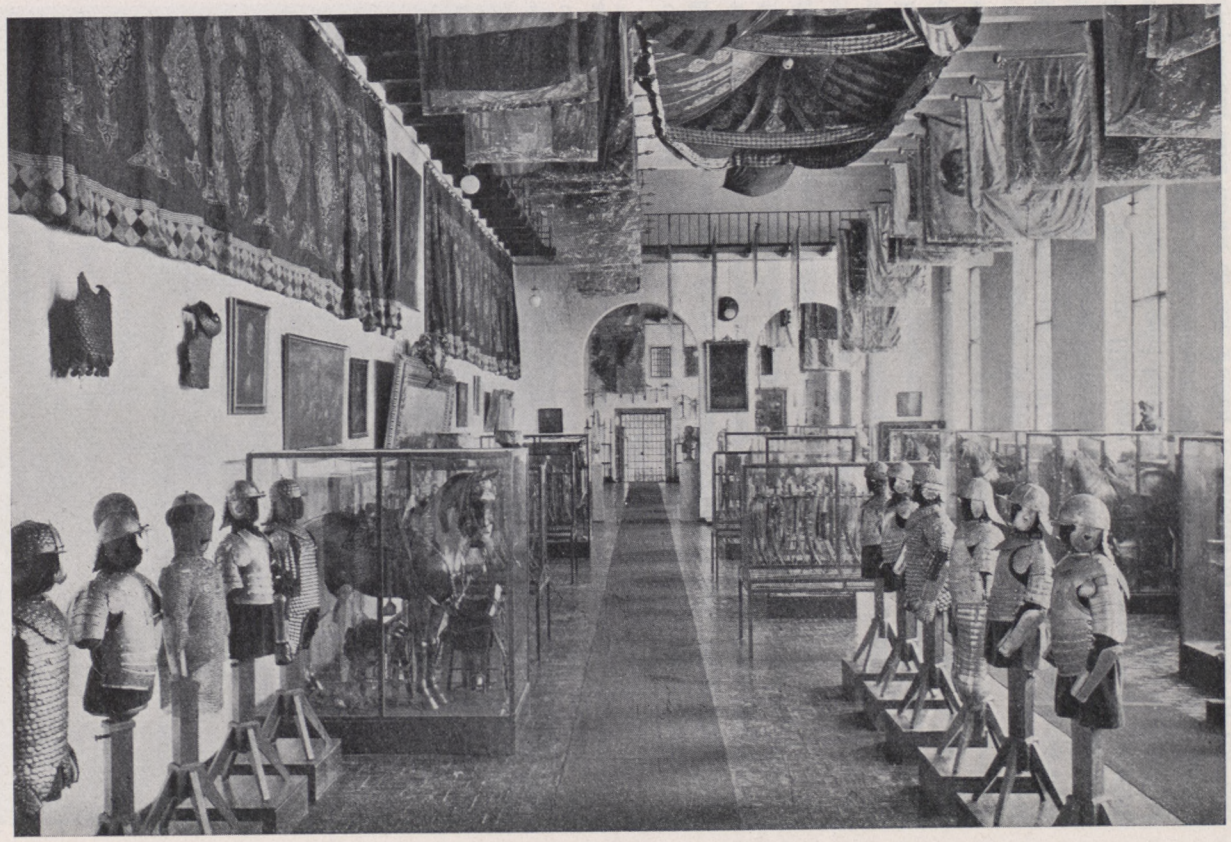
The province of Upper Silesia has established a museum in Katowice, bringing together exhibits of many kinds to show the Polish background of the people there — Polish in spite of their long separation from Poland.

Krakow, it's true, did have a museum — perhaps the finest in Poland. Many people living in other cities willed it some treasure so that it was well named the National Museum. Its rooms were very much overcrowded. Many lovely things were kept packed away and couldn't be shown. In spite of the crisis they've collected part of the sum needed and have laid the cornerstone of a new and modern building.

The strip of Baltic coast belonging to Poland was evidently considered in prehistoric days a good place for burials, because the land was barren and dry. In excavating for new buildings there rich finds have been dug up — urns and vases, bracelets and household utensils, weapons and jewelry. It is an ideal hunting ground for archeologists. Gdynia is starting a museum.

Warsaw has a new museum of archeology, another for railroads, a third for the post. The Museum of Applied Arts, which could begin under the Russian government only as a school, with copies of objects in foreign collections, now well deserves its name and deserves too the new building planned for it.

The National Museum of Warsaw has a new home — partly built. It's planned after the most modern museum scheme — a very long and narrow structure, with four wide arms at right angles to it. The Military Museum fills one of these wings — fascinating things relating to the winged hussars, to the raising of the siege of Vienna, to Kosciuszko's insurrection, the Polish Legion under Napoleon, and down to the Polish regiments in France in the last war, and the Legions of Pilsudski.



The banners and knights' armor make this section of the Military Museum a fascinatlng place. The long hangings came from a Turkish general's tent, captured at Vienna.

The beautiful Renaissance courtyard of the castle on the Wawel has been entirely restored and is today one of the treasures of Poland.

The Decorative Arts section is room after room of beautiful things — noblemen's sashes, court costumes, old wooden statues, tapestries, porcelain — especially valuable is the famous Belvedere ware — and glass, royal coaches and engravings. "Old Warsaw" has a large room to itself. A most delightful place tu spend a long rainy morning.

When the other wings are finished, the Ethnographic Museum and the collection of paintings (which began with the ones that were kept hidden so many years!) will be moved from their present crowded quarters and shown here in rooms specially planned for them.

The Poles are to have one more museum — for the insurrections. It's to be at Fort Traugutt, near the Citadel, in the rooms where Polish patriots were imprisoned. Now scattered in many places, they'll assemble objects relating to 1830, 1846 and 1863 — attempts to win independence that were so tragic, because without outside aid they were hopeless from the start. The museum will tell not of victories, but defeats and failures; not of glories, but suffering. It will be very interesting, but sad.

Not content with starting these new museums, the Poles are carefully restoring certain places which had perforce been allowed

The gay, gleaming facades of the houses in the Stare Miasto of Warsaw have been restored and look as they did in the late Gothic period.

to fall into neglect and ruin. The most important is perhaps the royal palace on the Wawel in Krakow — in utter ruin when the Austrian troops moved out, after using it as barracks for some decades. Whatever was valuable, whatever was beautiful they took away bodily and shipped to Vienna.

The restoration began, it's true, before the war, but comparatively little had been accomplished — from lack of funds, and because the first necessary steps were the kind that make no show — fixing the roof, reinforcing walls, building stairs. Work had to stop during the war, but this stupendous task was again undertaken — with Polish courage. Money was needed and the architect announced a novel plan to get it — whoever gave a hundred zlotys would have his name put on a small marble tablet on the retaining wall leading up to the entrance. Individuals and organizations all over Poland, and many Poles living abroad sent in their hundred zlotys, so that one part of the wall is covered solid with tablets.

The palace has more than a hundred rooms and about half of them have been restored and furnished. Generous Poles sent whatever treasures they had — portraits of hetmen and kings and generals, fine old stoves, carved chests and wardrobes, silver and pictures and tapestries, banners and saddles and armor.

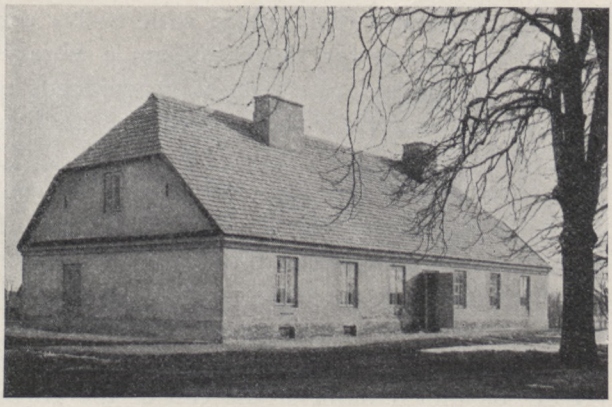
The beauty of these rooms is equalled by the skill with which the restoring has been done. This stone doorway is original, that one is all new except one little part. Half of the slanting fireplace

in the oldest section of the palace is new. One gilded rosette was saved from the ceiling in that room and hidden away, to serve later on as the model for the whole set. Some of the tower rooms have the original flooring, but the new floors all through the palace are very beautiful.

To celebrate the first ten years of independence Warsaw restored the medieval marketplace called Stare Miasto. Rich merchants once lived in the stone houses facing this square, built very narrow because space was limited inside the city walls, and very high — four, five, even six stories. As the town grew and spread out beyond the old city walls, this section fell into disfavor and neglect. Orders were issued that the facades of these houses should be restored, to look as they did in the late Gothic period.

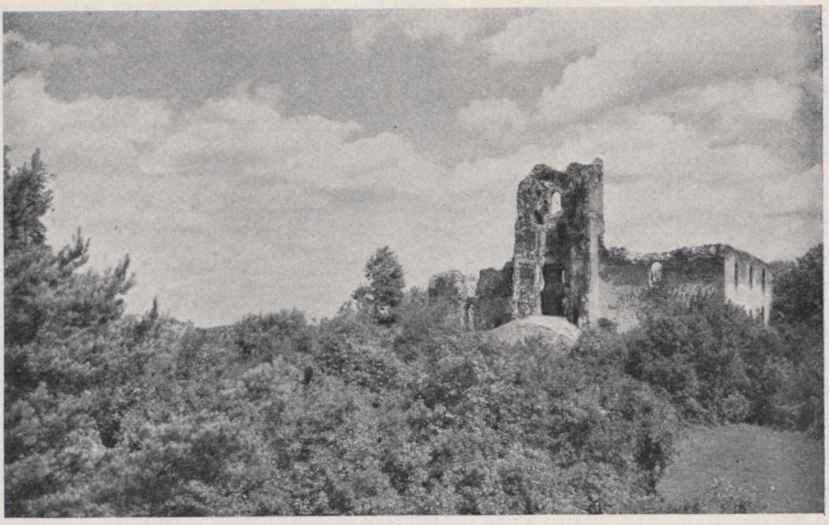
Some are done in geometrical designs, some with flowers and birds. They are gay and splendid and gleaming. What a variety — no two alike, and so many color schemes — gray, blue, buff, green, rose. Some are dated, some have coats of arms or Latin inscriptions. Little barred windows, carved stone doorways, heavy locks and wrought-iron doors, vaulted entrance halls and quaint courtyards, "Polish attics" and lantern holders and statues of saints.

Though the work was much discussed at the time and by some persons criticised adversely, today the colors of these facades have been slightly softened by weather and the passing of a few years, so that I think even the scoffers would agree now that the restoration of the Stare Miasto is a success and that the old marketplace is rightly called one of the treasures of the capital.



Chopin's birthplace has been restored too, and the grounds made into a beautiful terraced garden.

Two hours distant from



The ruined castle of a Lithuanian grand duke near Wilno is now under the care of the state.

Warsaw by train and carriage is another restoration for which the Poles deserve all praise — Chopin's birthplace at Zelazowa Wola. It's a one-storied plastered house with wide eaves. It was greatly damaged by machine-gun fire during the war, but not beyond repair. The manor house of the estate which belonged to a distant cousin of the composer's mother, was completely destroyed.

The Poles bought the cottage with twelve acres of land. The house has quarters for the custodian, a library and museum — Chopin's letters and photographs, manuscripts of his music, programs from his Paris concerts, a cast of his hand and his death-mask.

The grounds are now a beautiful terraced garden, planted with many flowers, chiefly violets and roses, Chopin's favorites — a rose for every visitor. There's an outdoor amphitheater where thousands of people, sitting on the terraces, can hear the choir of two thousand voices. An artificial pool assures good acoustics. Across the brook is a second stage that will hold twenty thousand singers.

Later on they'll build at the end of the grounds a small house where present-day composers may spend a few weeks for rest and inspiration, and pensioned musicians live out their days peacefully.

Many old wooden churches, typically Polish in style, have been placed under the protection of the state custodian.

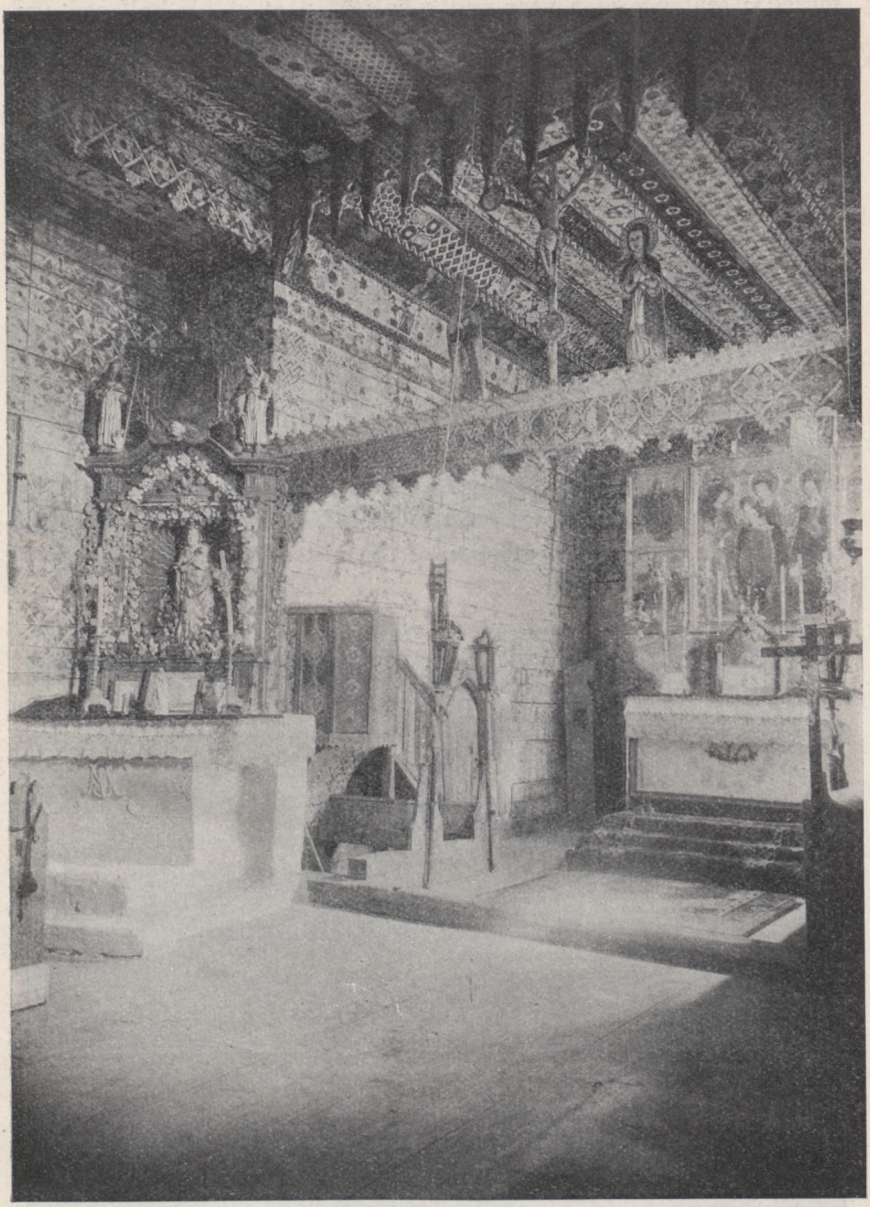
Poland zealously cherishes every historical place — here, high above Krzemieniec, the ruins of a royal castle on Queen Bona's hill.

The steep-roofed wooden church at Rabka, built in the seventeenth century, is one of the most famous in Poland.

Committees all over Poland, in every country in Europe, in America and Japan gave Chopin concerts to help in this restoration, to make Zelazowa Wola a shrine for music-lovers. Splendid festivals will be given here each year, where the best performers and the admirers of Chopin's genius will unite in paying their homage to this Polish composer.

Poland's zeal for new museums and for restoring is only equaled by the zealous care with which she guards and cherishes the old things. There's a section in one of the Ministries with a long, imposing title that means "to preserve antiquities and historical places." Other countries in Europe have such a commission — France and Hungary, for example, but none with such wide powers as in Poland. What it cannot afford to buy, it takes under its protection. Everyone respects its tablets; indeed often no tablet is put up, merely a certificate given. Private owners may sell, but always with the condition that the purchaser recognizes that the Ministry's custodian has charge of this property.

It has such widely varying places as the ruined castle of a Lithuanian grand duke near Wilno; a house I went to in Lwow where in two rooms are stone window seats with lovely carving; a prison in Zamosc where Valery Lukasinski, an inveterate conspirator,

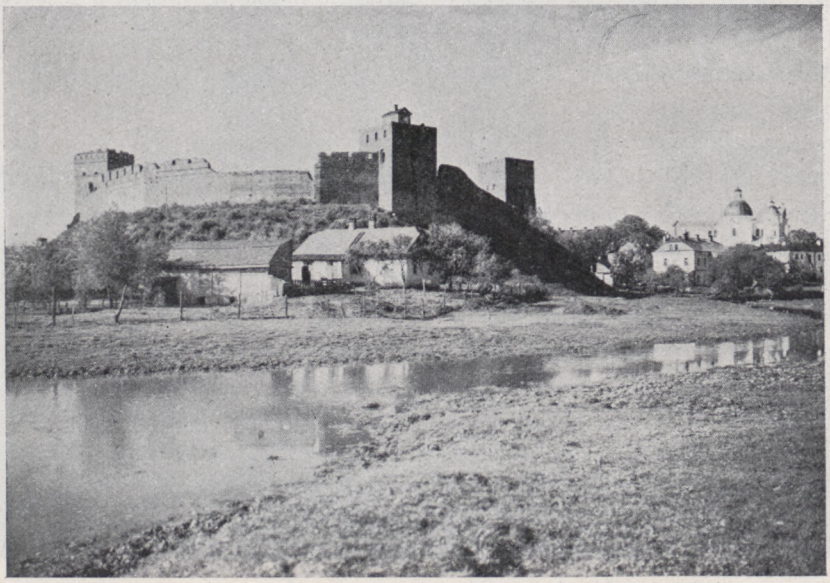


Many old Polish churches have interiors entirely covered with frescoes. These at Debno date from the fifteenth century — popular art in polychrome.

served a sentence of a year and a half — part of his half century spent in prisons all over Poland; a cemetery on an important battlefield; many old wooden churches, some with quaint frescoes covering every inch of the interior; a manor house where I was a guest, because it had a special kind of roof — its beautiful lines were once common, but are now seldom to be seen.

Here a few meters of earth fenced off in a peasant's farm, where there's a prehistoric burying ground — it'll be excavated at some future day. There a granary covered with handmade shingles of a very special pattern. When it was necessary to renew the roof, the custodian ordered my friends to do it with shingles like the old ones.

"We searched for weeks and finally got in touch with one old, old man in a far-off village in the mountains who knows how to make such shingles. It's going to cost several times as much as to use ordinary ones. But we can't refuse. We own the granary, it's true, but it's under the protection of the custodian — and his orders are orders indeed!"



A fortified castle, built in Wolynia by a Lithuanian duke in the fourteenth century, keeps guard over the city of Luck.

The state has begun the restoration of the frontier castle where Jan Sobieski was born.

In Lwow the custodian restored the sixteenth century arsenal and a long stretch of the city walls, and during this work brought to light an old Gothic tower. I saw the restorers at work at the ruined castle of Olesko where Sobieski was born. Later a few rooms will be furnished to give something of the atmosphere of the Sobieski period.

I was fortunate enough to spend a day at Zolkiew where they are restoring the fortified palace built by Sobieski's great-grandfather. The whole court was often here for long periods of time, for it was one of the king's favorite residences. The square towers at the corners, the moat and drawbridge, the great courtyard where tournaments were held, the enormous rooms of state where ambassadors were received, the garden where "Marysienka" had her French and Dutch gardeners at work — every detail was fascinating and the place will be full of atmosphere when the restoration is finished.

It was characteristic of the Poles to stipulate, in the peace treaty that ended the war with Soviet Russia, that certain of their treasures should be returned. At the third Partition, after each insurrection, sometimes at the whim of a Russian governor, there

The Russians sent back the equestrian statue of Prince Jozef Poniatowski, and after almost a century's delay it was dedicated by Marshal Foch.

were many confiscations. As late as 1915, when the Russians evacuated Warsaw at the approach of the German army, they took from the royal castle ninety van loads of rich furniture and hangings and works of art. Exactly the opposite of Napoleon's conditions of peace, Poland asked that her treasures be given back.

I saw in the castle banners of Polish regiments which had been kept in various churches in Russia; in the throne room the sword and scepter of the last king of Poland, the great chair, rich with red and gold, where he sat to receive ambassadors; and the paintings of eighteenth century Warsaw, done by the Italian, Canaletto, court painter to Stanislas August — a most valuable series showing streets and buildings and the everyday life of the capital.

The statue of Prince Joseph Poniatowski was also returned from Russia. The nephew of their last king, the troops adored him, all the ladies were in love with him, and he is today the symbol of the struggle for independence. After his untimely death at the battle of Leipzic, the Poles planned a nomument for the "idol of

The state grants a generous subsidy to several theaters. Shakespeare is given frequently. This is a scene from *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Warsaw" and the work was entrusted to the foremost sculptor of the day, Thorwaldsen.

The statue was completed and shipped to Warsaw. Before it was unpacked the insurrection of 1830 broke out. No one dared bring up the project of placing and unveiling a monument to a Polish hero. The czar gave the statue to his friend Paskiewicz, governor of Warsaw, who liked it not because it was Poniatowski, but because it was a great work of art. He sent it off to his estate in Russia. There Prince Joseph stayed for nearly a century, "in exile", said the Poles, "for he prefers exile to slavery."

The statue came back to Warsaw on a flatcar, decorated with red and white. Newspapers announced the schedule of the train and thousands of people gathered in towns and villages to welcome Poniatowski back from his long exile. The monument to this Polish general, marshal in the army of France, was given a splendid site — facing Pilsudski Square, with a background made by the palace of the Saxon kings and the arcade where rests the Unknown Soldier of Poland. It was dedicated on the third of May in 1923, with a tribute from Marshal Foch to this former marshal of France. No wonder it's called the most romantic statue in Europe!

The Russians sent back too the collection of prints that had belonged to Stanislas August. I saw some of them in the university library, each engraving mounted with a water-color border. They were kept in special cases of leather, with the arms of Poland and the Poniatowski crest, and the monogram SAR in the corners. I saw too the portfolios with the various projects for the summer palace at Lazienki, some with comments in the king's handwriting.

The most valuable art treasure returned from St. Petersburg was the series of tapestries made for the marriage of Sigismund August and Catherine of Austria. A hundred and fifty-six of them, they were ordered to fit certain wall spaces in the palace on the Wawel. And now, at long last, as the English say, they are hanging once more in those rooms.

They're the richest, the most gorgeous tapestries I've ever seen — beautiful in design, with elaborate borders, lovely color combinations, woven with threads of gold and silver. A workman was given a square meter to do in a year. Easy to believe it required twelve years to complete this royal order.

The rich Sigismund August tapestries, woven with threads of gold and silver, were sent back by the Russians and now hang in the Wawel rooms for which they were originally made.

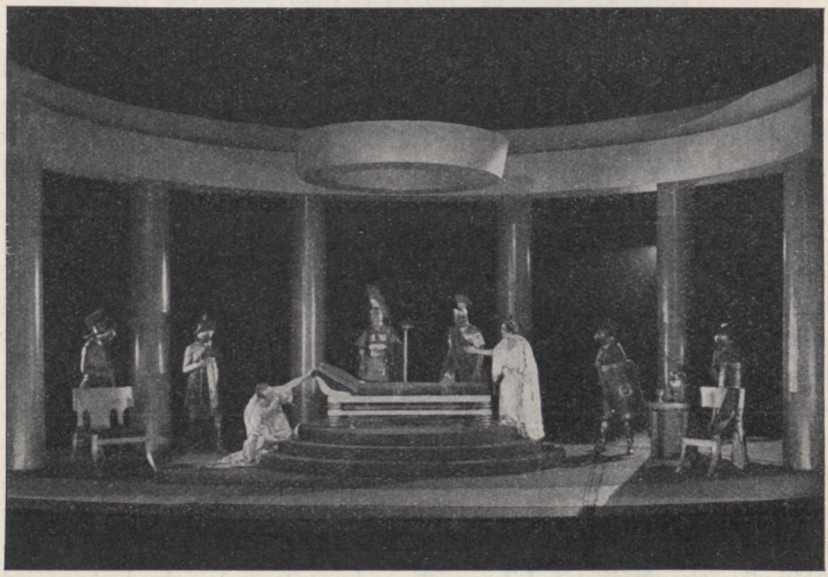
Not all of them came back, alas! Some were torn and soiled. One had been cut and a piece turned back, where there happened to be a door in some Russian palace. Fortunately tapestry lends itself to skilful mending. In spite of all this, they are still amazingly beautiful and rich and seem to belong to the Wawel palace today as much as when they decorated the court of one of the most cultured rulers in Europe.

Poland has started a National Library, a direct descendant, as it were, of the famous Zaluski library, the first public one in Poland and the first national library in Europe. This project the people counted so important that it was included in the first state budget in July of 1919. Books poured in from many givers — individuals, monasteries, from exiles in France and England, from the collections at Rapperswyl. They were kept at first in a dozen places, scattered all over Warsaw. A special building could wait. Now the wing of the High School of Commerce serves temporarily.

Today the National Library has about four hundred thousand books and is increasing at the rate of ten thousand a year. It has

many rare and valuable things — some of the Zaluski books, returned from Russia; the collections from Wilanow, with the furniture from the main room there — old globes, Greek vases, the long table with shallow drawers made for prints; an enormous mass of material — manuscripts and letters and records — of the insurrections and the *emigrés* in France and England; and old, old manuscripts, some from the twelfth century.

With the loss of independence, with the failure of the insurrections, Polish patriotism sought for a way, not military, to preserve the culture of the nation. That is the explanation of the zeal for collections. Today the reestablished Poland has assembled these treasures of the past in the National Library — treasures showing her glories, her defeats, her victories; an inexhaustible mine for those who wish to study the intellectual riches of Poland.



A scene from *Caligula*, written by Rostworowski and given at the Polish Theater.

POLISH WOMEN OF TODAY

Women in Poland have full political rights. When they are twenty-four they may vote, without any question of their being property owners or not, or how much education they have had. There are twenty women members in Parliament, in both Sejm and Senate, and very able members some of them are. Women sit in some of the City Councils. Three are full professors in the universities, and no less than fifteen are assistant professors.

Only at the beginning of this century were any women admitted to the universities, and year by year their number has increased till now they're about forty percent of the student body. In many courses they outnumber the men. Of the graduates, half are women — the best proof that they have a serious purpose in studying.

In every branch of science women are working and working well — in botany and chemistry, in medicine. There are women historians and archeologists, specialists in psychology and geography, in art history and pedagogy. In making the new code of laws for Poland women are collaborating.

In the arts, women do excellent work in etching and painting, in writing prose and verse. While I was in Warsaw, the state prize for the year's outstanding book was awarded to Kazimiera Illakowicz whose poems are visions of saints, of holy patriotism, and yearning melodies of olden times. Of the fifteen members of the newly founded Academy of Letters, one is a woman — Zofja Nalkowska. The most striking house in the Stare Miasto was restored after the design of a woman.

The women journalists number a hundred and fifty, doing the most varied kinds of work. There is no daily paper, there is no

It was a woman who planned the decoration of this house when Warsaw restored the Stare Miasto.

magazine in Poland but has a woman's page or a home column.

More than half the factory inspectors are women, who make it their special task to look after the welfare of women and children who are employed. In some details Poland has gone ahead of other contries in Europe—for example, the law forbids night work for women and children; employers who have both men and women working must provide separate coatrooms and lavatories for the women, if they are five or more in number.

It is women who edit magazines for children. What a change came in 1919! Before their aim was to prepare the ground for some future revolution and struggle for liberty. Now the crowds of children in the newly opened schools reach out their hands for a wholly different kind of magazine — one bringing them ideals of peace and freedom, of brotherhood among the nations, kindling in their hearts a spirit of love and tolerance.

The children's weekly, *Plomyk*, (The Little Flame) deserves the highest praise in this field of work. It was so successful that *Plomyczek*, (The Tiniest Flame) was soon published for younger children. And another weekly, *Moje Pisemko*, (My Little Magazine) provides for its child readers beautiful illustrations and stories full of charm and color.

Broadcasting enlists the aid of Polish women. For several years they've given special programs for children, three times a week and always on holidays. Twelve minutes for seven to ten-year-olds, and twelve for children from ten to fourteen.

There are radio talks for women once a week, with dialogues and interviews now and then to give variety — talks on household management, fashions and beauty, clubs for women, magazines. There are special talks for farmers' wives, for mothers, for social service workers. The proof of their success is that the Board of the Polish Radio increased the number of women speakers and made their programs longer.

Before the war there was nothing in Poland corresponding to our federated womens' clubs. Women were organized for religious work. There was also "Ziemianki," wives of estate owners working

The eighty thousand members of the Association for Social Service provide country holidays in two hundred camps.

Among the Association's many activities, work for the children of Poland has a leading place.

to improve the lot of the peasants. The war called into being a new organization of Polish women, to serve the Pilsudski Legions. When in 1927 and 1928 a non-partisan "bloc" was formed to support the gowernment of Marshal Pilsudski, these women and other progressive groups helped in the national elections.

From this grew the Association of Women for Social Service and Civic Work. It has eighty thousand members, women of all professions, of all social classes, organized in eight hundred and twenty sections, all over Poland. Its activities fall into nine departments. Most women work in one or two, according to their abilities and special interests.

Most important of all is the department of civic education. It's not sufficient that women have political rights, they must learn the duties of good citizens and must use those rights in Poland's service. There's a department for women in industry, for public health, for the care of mothers and babies, for unemployed women, and one that finds a market for women's work — peasant linen and embroidery, articles made by women just out of prison (in the Association workshops) or in the professional courses offered by the Association.

Social service, say these Polish women, is a duty, not a philanthropy. They put great emphasis on collective responsibility. I was

astonished to hear what they were doing — maintaining two hundred summer colonies, three orphanages and eleven day nurseries, opening a theater for children, supporting thirty bureaus giving legal and medical advice, running an employment office for women and another for emigrants, carrying on sixty dispensaries for mothers and babies, nursery schools and milk stations, feeding in one winter eighty-six thousand children, opening playgrounds, maintaining three offices for helping old women, and — and —

One more department — foreign affairs, with committees for this and that, and one for visiting foreigners. How surprised I was to be invited for tea by a Lwow lady at the head of this group!

"It's so easy," she explained after giving me a warm welcome, "for some one to come to Poland and find nobody to help him. We think it's important that strangers see the right things and meet the right people. We stand ready to help them get whatever material they're interested in. We want them to meet Poles."

A nursery school for youngsters under six, maintained by the Association for Social Service.

Warsaw is making a wide boulevard along the Vistula, to utilize her splendid river front to the maximum.

Zoliborz, which the czar destroyed to make room for the Citadel with great empty spaces around it, has been built up in the last five years and now has sixty thousand people.

THE POLAND OF THE FUTURE

Many as are the changes that have come in Poland since 1918, great as are her accomplishments, the greatest change of all is something I can't show you in photographs or with figures, perhaps not adequately with words. It's the profound change in the young people.

For four generations Poles grew up with the idea that to be a good patriot meant to be ready always to die for Poland. Women taught this to their sons and grandsons, impressing it so deeply on childish minds that they never forgot the lesson. Now they're learning that they must also live for Poland. It's a whole new psychology. It's an entirely different attitude to life.

The young people of the present day take their native land for granted. They walk with sure step. They look toward the future with self-reliance and confidence. They quarrel about politics, to be sure, but far less bitterly than their parents. And they're devoted to Poland.

"It's not my generation," said one of my older friends, "that will build the new Poland. We hated the government and obeyed because we were forced to. We knew the power of Russian spies and police, of German schoolteachers, of Austrian bureaucrats. So much to unlearn — so much to learn too, and in so short a time! Small wonder if people sometimes doubt the government, even now when it's our own. What Poland needs, in place of constant criticism and negation, is a persistent collaboration with the government. It will come — it's begun already.

"Not the older men and women who knew the days of the Partitions, who could work only by conspiracy and secret plotting. Not

A new church in the village of Wejherowo, near Gdynia.

Not a religious procession, but the anniversary of some historic event at Gniezno. A Polish procession is made up of many delegations, each with a banner.

the generation that lived through the war and its aftermath. Poland will be built by the young people — I mean, young women and men from, say, twenty to twenty-five, who may remember something of the war, but can't remember anything of their country before 1914. Building on the foundations of today, they will make the Poland of the future. Just as the old Poland was worthy of men's dying for her, the new Poland is worthy of their living for her."

When the new Constitution was proclaimed in March, 1935, speeches were made in the Stare Miasto in Warsaw. In spite of the rain many delegations crowded into the old marketplace, making it gay with banners.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author acknowledges with thanks the permission of the following institutions and photographers to use their photographs in *Poland Today:*

Association for Social Service — pages 170—73.
Augustynowicz, E. — page 111.
Brzozowski, St. — pages 165, 168.
Fuks, M. — pages 63, 64.
Jaroszynski, J. — pages 70, 113.
Kolowiec, St. — page 48.
Mataszewski, St. — pages 122, 126B—29.
Ministry of Agriculture — pages 115, 117—21, 123—26A.
Ministry of Communication, Tourist Division — pages 23B, 25B, 27A, 32A, 33, 48, 62B, 67, 68, 70, 83, 84, 88, 89, 93, 100, 101, 111, 113, 145B, 155, 163, 164, 176A.
Museum of Ministry of Education — pages 38, 39, 41—47, 51—53, 133.
Photo-Plat — pages 17, 23A, 32B, 35, 37, 54, 56, 58, 59, 78, 79, 87, 104, 105B—08, 134, 145A, 157, 160.
Pikiel, W. — pages 18, 21, 40, 72B.
Poddebski, H. — pages 11—14, 23B, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30—32A, 33, 34, 60, 62, 67—69, 83, 85, 89, 93, 94, 99B—101, 110, 140, 144, 145B, 146, 148, 149, 152, 154, 155, 158, 159, 162—4, 167, 170, 174, 176A.
Polska Agencja Telegraficzna — pages 19, 20, 65, 66B, 72A, 73, 74, 77, 80, 81, 90, 91, 131, 132, 143, 176B, 177.
Polskie Tow. Krajoznawcze — pages 110, 150, 151, 156.
Przypkowski, T. — page 161.

Radium Institute — pages 86, 96, 97.
School of Graphic Arts — page 99A.
Snopkow School of Domestic Science — pages 136, 137.
"Swiatowid" — frontispiece.
White Cross — pages 138, 139.

Where there are two pictures on a page, the upper one is listed as A and the lower as B. For those illustrations with no acknowledgement, the author begs to state that this is due to no illwill on her part, but to the fact that some photographs were taken from Ministry collections and bore no photographer's name and no address.