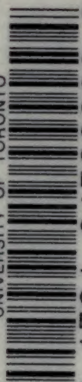
POLAND

AND THE MINORITY RACES



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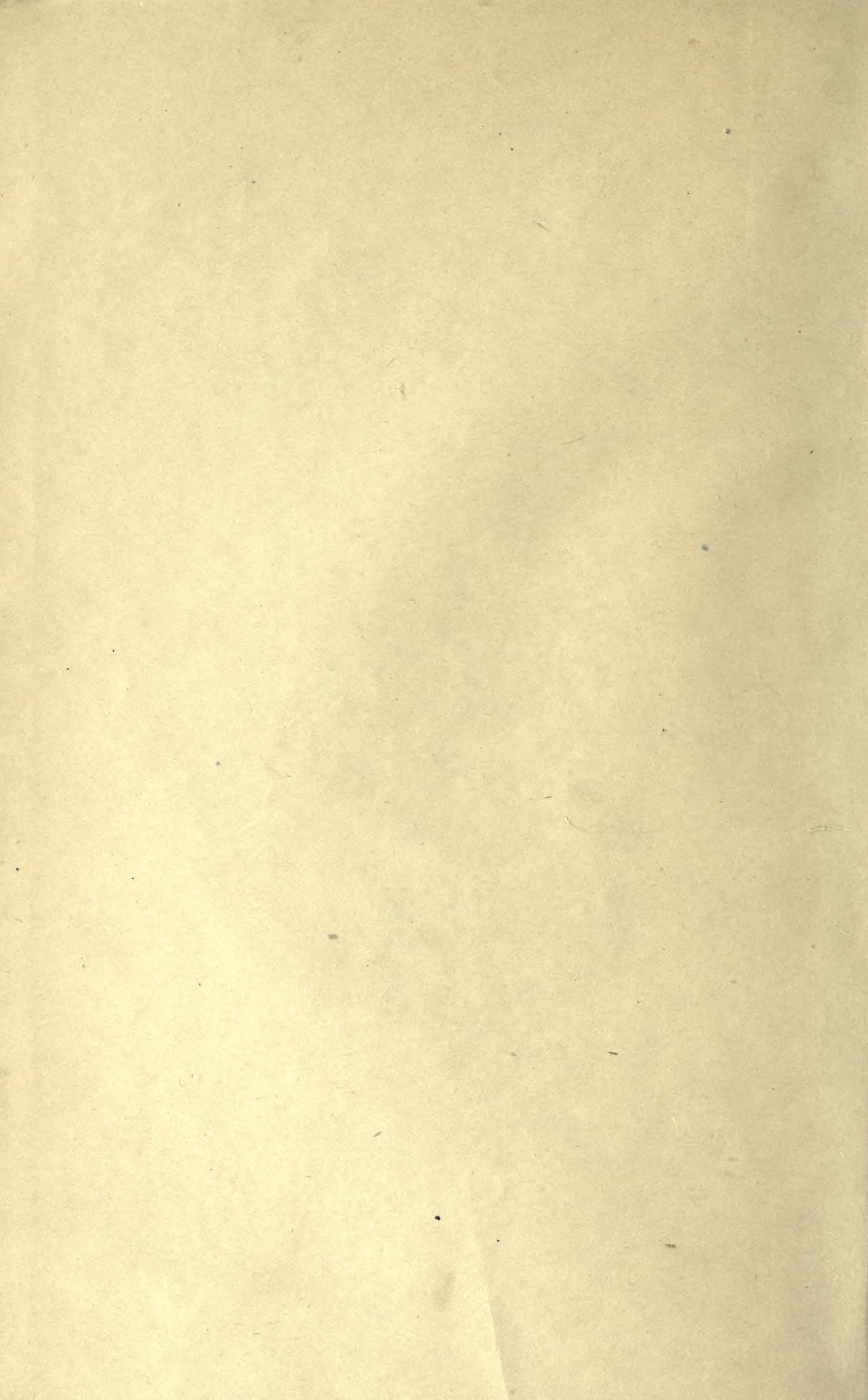

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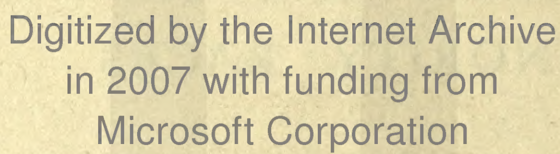

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POLAND AND THE MINORITY RACES

BY

ARTHUR L. GOODHART

Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge
Lately Captain, United States Army

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TO

MY PARENTS

PREFACE

In May 1919 meetings were held in many of the larger cities of the United States at which resolutions were adopted protesting against the reported wholesale killing of Jews in Poland. The Polish Government thereupon issued a statement denying that any excesses had taken place. In June, after further agitation in America, M. Paderewski, President of the Council of Ministers of Poland, asked President Wilson to appoint an American Commission to ascertain the facts. In accordance with this request a Mission consisting of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, late American Ambassador to Turkey, and Brigadier-General Edgar Jadwin, U.S.A., was sent to Poland on July 10, 1919. Mr. Homer H. Johnson, the third member of the Mission, joined them three weeks later in Warsaw.

At the suggestion of Mr. Morgenthau I was appointed counsel to the Mission, being temporarily transferred from the Army for this purpose. During the nine weeks which we spent in Poland I kept daily personal notes in addition to the official testimony taken down by our stenographers. This diary has now been edited and put into a readable form, chiefly by the elimination of immaterial details. It attempts to give a more intimate picture of conditions in Poland than could be done in the formal report of

the Mission which is on file with the State Department, Washington, D.C. A synopsis of that report appeared in the *New York Times* of January 19, 1920.

Although the Mission was primarily charged with investigating the condition of the Jews, it also heard Lithuanians, White Russians, and Ruthenians concerning their relations with the new Polish State. In this way a more accurate understanding of the policy of the Government and of the attitude of the people at large to the minority races could be obtained.

For the convenience of the general reader I have added an appendix in which the history of Poland and that of the Polish Jews is briefly sketched. An outline of the aims of the various Jewish political parties has also been included.

My sincere thanks are due to Mr. Harry A. Hollond, of Trinity College, Cambridge; Sir Geoffrey Butler, of Corpus Christi College; Judge Irving Lehman, of the New York Supreme Court; and to my brother Howard, for the valuable suggestions they have given me.

ARTHUR L. GOODHART.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.
May 7, 1920.

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POLAND AND THE MINORITY RACES

CHAPTER I

VIENNA AND WARSAW

July 12th.—The diplomatic train on which our Mission is travelling arrived in Vienna early this morning. We were told that we should have a few hours in which to visit the city before starting again for Warsaw in the afternoon.

Mr. White, an American newspaper correspondent, two Polish business men and I engaged one of the three only carriages waiting at the station. Our horse was so cadaverous that we doubted whether he could pull the four of us through the first street, but the driver assured us that he was the fittest animal in Vienna.

After crossing the Danube, which was a muddy grey instead of the famous blue, we turned down the Rotenturm Strasse to the Stephans Kirche, the national cathedral of Austria. Inside there were many people—chiefly women—praying silently in the different chapels. We stopped for a moment to admire the monument celebrating the deliverance of Vienna from the Turkish siege in 1683. The two Poles with us pointed out with enthusiasm that it was their King, Jan Sobieski, who had defeated the Turks in this battle. This victory and the battle of Grünwald in 1410, in which the Teutonic Knights were defeated, are the two great events in Polish history, they said.

From the cathedral we drove down Kaerntner Strasse, one of the principal commercial streets of Vienna. There were no other carriages or wagons in the street, so that the clatter of our wheels, from which the rubber tyres had been removed, was the only sound echoing from the walls. A few people were walking slowly along in an aimless manner. Sometimes they glanced at us, but our foreign uniforms did not appear to interest them—the only recognition we received was an occasional salute from some Austrian soldiers.

As our horse was showing signs of exhaustion by now, we stopped at the Imperial Museum. In the first room of the art gallery I noticed a large empty frame with a little card fixed in the blank space. It stated in German that this picture had been stolen from the Austrians by the Italians. In almost every room there were similar gaps on the walls. Later an Italian officer explained to me that these pictures had formerly been stolen from Italy by Austria and that it was now Italy's right to recover her own property.

On the way back to the station we stopped at the biggest leather goods store in Vienna. I bought a beautiful card-case for thirty kronen, at that time about fifty cents, but in some way I felt as if purchasing under these conditions was very much like sacking a defenceless city. The clerk who waited on me said that they were trying to sell the old stock which they had bought before the war. No one, however, had money enough to buy anything, so their store was empty most of the time. " There are five of us here as clerks," he said, " and even though there is not work enough for one, we might as well be here as anywhere else, because there is nothing to do in Vienna now."

After getting back to the station, I went into a near-by café, as I wanted to try the famous Vienna coffee and rolls, which I remembered from my last visit in 1913. I had forgotten, however, that there had been a war. The coffee had certainly never come from Brazil. There was no milk or sugar and in place of the white Viennese

rolls we were served a piece of black bread without butter. The proprietor of the restaurant was most cordial when he found that I could talk German.

"If you are staying here to-night you must go to one of our theatres. We are very proud of them—it is the only thing we have left to be proud of." He showed me in the newspaper a list of the plays that were being acted—Ibsen's "Doll's House," Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," Abbé Prévost's "Manon," Wedekind's "Spring Awakening," and two plays by Schnitzler.

All the time we were in the restaurant four small pale faces were glued to the window. Three little boys and one little girl never once took their eyes from us. I told the proprietor to call them in and give them some coffee and bread. The boys rushed noisily to their table and hurriedly started gulping their food. The little girl, however, made me a curtsey before she ran to join them.

We left Vienna a little after noon, and in about three hours crossed into Czecho-Slovakia. On the border we were held up for over two hours; every one had to get out of the train while the baggage was being examined. Luckily, as we were travelling on diplomatic passports, neither we nor our baggage were disturbed.

Finally our train started again and for the rest of the afternoon we passed through clean-looking towns and villages, and fields covered with crops that promised a good harvest. From the factory chimneys smoke was pouring, and through the open doors we could see the men working. It was all a contrast to the barren fields and dead buildings of Austria.

On the train I met an American Red Cross Colonel who had been stationed for six months at Prague, in charge of the Children's Relief Work. He said that conditions in Czecho-Slovakia were reasonably good, and that, with the possible exception of some of the very poor children, there would be little suffering during the winter. As we stopped at a small country station we saw a troop of young boys about fourteen years old marching past in military step. Instead of real guns

they carried small wooden imitation ones. "It does not seem as if these people believe that the world's last war has just been finished," said the Colonel. "You will get very tired of this militarism before you are through with your trip. Chauvinism has become popular everywhere. As far as I can judge, every second day in these new Central European countries is a holiday to celebrate their sudden national independence."

Before leaving Czecho-Slovakia our train was again held up for further examination. On entering Poland a new and equally enthusiastic regiment of officials poured down on us and interviewed the now exhausted passengers.

During the evening Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin prepared a statement for the Polish Press. They emphasized the fact that the purpose of our Mission was to bring about better relations between the Poles and the Jews. We desired to help Poland now in the same spirit as Kosciuszko had helped the United States during the revolution of 1776.

July 13th.—We arrived in Warsaw at eleven o'clock in the morning. The station into which we pulled was a long dingy building whose platform was crowded with soldiers waiting to entrain for the Bolshevist front. As our train had not been expected to arrive as early as it did, the station-master took us into a private waiting-room. A few minutes later Hugh Gibson, the American Minister to Poland, and a Count —— (I have not as yet got accustomed to Polish names) came hurriedly in to greet us. Gibson was the first Secretary of the United States Legation in Belgium during the German occupation, and, together with the Spanish Minister, tried to save Nurse Cavell. He is unmistakably American, tall, thin, with deep-set eyes and a cordial nervous manner. Mr. Morgenthau, General Jadwin and the Minister got into an automobile, while Lieutenant Foster, who is attached to the Legation, and I got into a droshky. At present it seems that there are hardly any automobiles to be had in Poland.

As we jolted down the avenue in our springless wagon I was disappointed to find that Warsaw looked just like any other Western city. But for the fact that the signs in the windows and the stores were in Polish, I might have believed that I was in France or England. Even the people we passed were dressed exactly like other Western Europeans.

After a short drive we reached the Raczynski Palace, which was to be our headquarters for the next two months. This palace has an interesting history, for it was here in its ballroom that the secret meeting of the Polish nobles took place in 1791, at which their ill-fated Constitution was planned. Twenty years later Napoleon visited it when he captured Warsaw from the Russians. To commemorate his stay a marble statue of him by Canova has been placed in the main hall. In the other rooms there are also numerous pictures and paintings of the great Emperor, for he is still one of Poland's national heroes, having freed the country from Prussia and Russia for a few months.

On the second floor we were shown a large empty hall which was formerly the tapestry-room. When the Germans approached Warsaw in 1915 the valuable tapestries which were hanging here were hurriedly taken down and shipped to Moscow. There they may now be serving as carpets for Bolshevik soldiers.

After luncheon we called on Minister Gibson at his temporary headquarters at the Bristol Hotel. This hotel, which is the best in Poland, is owned by Paderewski. The entrance hall was filled with French officers—they are training the new Polish army which is to fight the Bolsheviks.

Later in the afternoon Colonel Bryant, the executive secretary of our Mission, and I went for a walk with one of the Polish officers attached to us. There were gay crowds on the avenue, either strolling along or sitting outside the restaurants. Most of the people turned round to look at our American uniforms, which seem to be a novelty here.

We stopped for a few minutes in the Palace Square to watch some soldiers march past. The crowd cheered the men enthusiastically, and a pretty girl laughingly threw her flowers to the young officer. In this square most of the Polish demonstrations against the Czar used to take place ; in 1863 the Russian soldiers shot some of the revolutionists here.

The Palace itself is a long ugly yellow building which looks like a barracks. It was formerly used as a residence by the Russian Governor-General of Poland. At present it is being prepared for the Prime Minister, Paderewski.

In the centre of the Palace Square there is a tall column surmounted by a statue of King Sigismund III. In his right hand he holds a sword and in his left a cross. The Polish officer told us that before the war the sword was upright. In time a legend developed that Poland only would be freed when the point of this sword fell. When the Russians evacuated Warsaw after the German advance in 1915 they blew up the bridge across the Vistula. The explosion brought the sword down with the point towards the ground.

From the square we turned down a side street and found ourselves in the Jewish quarter. The men here were dressed in long black or dark brown coats, which reached almost to their ankles. This coat, or kaftan as it is called, resembles a very shabby frock-coat and is usually both too tight and too long for its wearer. On their heads the Jews had small round black caps, without any peak in front. Most of the men had long, straggling beards, and in a few cases they wore side curls which came down over their ears. The women on the whole were dressed in modern Western clothes.

When the people saw our strange uniforms, a crowd began to gather, and we were soon followed by over a hundred men and children. The Polish officer told us that the rapidity with which large crowds are now formed in Poland is one of the signs of the tragic lack of work from which the people are suffering. No one in the cities

has anything to do, and as a result the least incident will gather the men like a swarm of flies.

July 14th.—To-day is the national holiday of France, and in compliment to the French Mission the day has also been declared a holiday in Poland. As the Polish officer attached to us remarked this morning, " It would be a shame to let a good excuse for a celebration go past without taking advantage of it."

At ten o'clock a parade of Polish soldiers passed down the avenue. With a fanfare of trumpets it stopped in front of the statue of Adam Mickiewicz, the national poet of Poland. A number of speeches were then made recalling the fact that after Mickiewicz had been driven from Poland by the Russians in 1829 he had taken refuge in Paris. In memory of this event a French General now laid a wreath at the foot of the statue. The French officers attached to his staff were simply dressed in the dull horizon-blue uniform. It was a contrast to see them standing next to the much taller Polish officers, who were shining with silver epaulettes and wearing long swords. These swords usually drag on the ground as the officers walk along. Colonel Bryant remarked that when a clatter was heard in the street it was hard to tell whether it was a soldier or a Ford car. At present the Polish officers are not allowed to wear decorations, which is a cause for deep regret to most of them. This rule had to be adopted as the Poles fought in three different armies during the war and it would be incongruous to see one man wearing a German decoration and another one wearing a Russian decoration in the same Polish regiment.

In the evening we were invited to attend a gala performance in honour of the French Mission at the Warsaw Opera House. We were given a box from which we were able to get a very good view of the audience. As most of the Polish society was away in the country at this time of the year, the theatre was filled chiefly with officers or officials connected with the Government. The galleries were hung with flags of red and white—the colours of

Poland—mixed with the flags of France, and on the shields between them was the white eagle of Poland. The first part of the performance consisted of recitations in honour of France. I could not make out what was being said but I was struck by the musical quality of the Polish language. In Polish the word "France" is "Francia." The frequent use of two vowels together makes it a particularly pretty language for singing. After the poems had been read the company sang an act from Saint-Saëns' opera "Samson and Delilah." Then followed a short intermission, during which General Pilsudski, the Chief of State of the Polish Republic, came into the centre box. He was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by the audience. The Polish officer next to me said that the General was the most popular man in Poland at present. The most interesting part of the programme then commenced—the dances of Poland. The dances in Poland are what the opera is in Italy. The performance to-night was planned to show all the various kinds of national steps. The *première danseuse* first danced the "Dying Swan," which has been made famous in America by Pavlova. Then eight couples came out on the stage in the peasant costume of Poland. Just as they started the Mazurka all the lights in the Opera House went out. The whole building was left in total darkness. After a moment a man in the second balcony struck a match, and at the flash of light a shiver ran through the audience. A few people half rose in their seats, when suddenly the orchestra struck up the National Anthem of Poland—the famous Dombrowski March. In a moment the whole audience had joined in the chorus; there was something magnificent in the fervour with which this song rang out in the darkness. After a few minutes two large candle-holders were brought on the stage and placed near the footlights. The music played again while the performers danced in this weird illumination. In and out of the light the couples came whirling and then disappeared into the shadowy background. Later in the evening we were told that the workmen at

the electric plant had cut off the power at the Opera House so as to show the Government the strength of the working classes.

After the opera was over we drove to Count Zamoyska's palace. He was giving a reception in honour of the French Mission. We arrived there a little after eleven o'clock and were immediately ushered to the balcony. Countess Zamoyska, a beautiful woman who might have stepped from the pages of a Russian novel, with her heavy black hair and deep eyes, was sitting on the left of General Pilsudski, who was dressed in so simple a uniform that if I had not seen him at the opera I should not have guessed that he was the Chief of State of a great country. He is an extremely tall man, powerfully built and looking every inch an athlete. His shaggy eyebrows, aquiline nose and long black moustache are typical of the daring soldier of fortune he has actually been. General Pilsudski has had a remarkable career. In 1905, as one of the leaders of the Polish Socialist Party, he took part in the Russian revolution, because he felt that in this way he could help to bring about the freedom of Poland. After the failure of the revolution he fled to Austria, where he engaged in one conspiracy after the other against the Czar. It was here that he organized the Polish legion which at the beginning of the world-war was the first Austrian regiment to invade Russia. He fought on the side of Austria and Germany until the Russian revolution in 1917. Then, after the collapse of Russia, he refused to continue to fight for Germany against the Allies, and was imprisoned by the Germans in a fortress in Magdeburg. His refusal to raise a Polish army was one of the bitterest disappointments which the Germans received, because they had been counting on a force of seven hundred thousand men. It is said that Pilsudski refused enormous bribes from the Emperor himself. In November 1918 he was freed by the breaking out of the German revolution and returned to Poland to become its first President. To the people he symbolizes Poland's century-long desire for freedom.

He has the reputation of never telling a lie, a characteristic which apparently is quite exceptional here, for three different people mentioned the fact to me during the course of this evening's reception. The aristocrats, although they are opposed to his Socialistic leanings, feel that he is their strong shield against Bolshevism, and for that reason they are supporting him with enthusiasm.

While we were sitting on the balcony, fireworks were set off in the garden. Later in the evening the Archbishop of Warsaw came, accompanied by a bishop and some priests. His red robe and the purple one of the bishop made a touch of colour against the white dresses of the ladies and the grey uniforms of the Polish officers. The whole scene resembled a picture in some museum with its vivid light effects, the fireworks in the distance and the palace in the background.

After the display was over we went into the main hall, where Hungarian wine, which is very popular in Poland, and sandwiches were served. Every one was most polite to our Mission and anxious to explain the political situation to us. The women were as eager as the men in this regard. They all seemed to take an active interest in politics—one lady I spoke to had been exiled to Siberia some years ago by the Russian Government for expressing her opinions too freely. She said that now that she was free she had to suppress a desire to talk all the time.

I walked home from the reception with a Polish officer. As we stepped into the street a woman dressed in rags and carrying a baby came up to him. "She wanted bread for her children," he said. "I wonder how long we will be able to continue our dances and receptions."

July 15th.—This morning Rabbi Perlmutter, the Chief Rabbi of Warsaw, called on the Mission. He was a most venerable-looking old man, with a long white beard which reached almost to his waist. He was dressed in his finest silk kaftan, which his son whispered to me was only worn on the greatest occasions. Before he went

in to see Mr. Morgenthau and the General he took a little comb from his pocket, but his hand trembled so from excitement that he could hardly fix his beard with it. When he met Mr. Morgenthau he bowed low and then recited a long speech which he had apparently learned by heart.

Later in the morning we called on Professor Szymon Askenazy, the leading historian in Poland. He is the author of the chapters on Poland and Russia in the *Cambridge Modern History*. He was bitterly attacked by the Russians for predicting the collapse of their Empire in these articles. He is one of the very few Jewish professors in Poland—it is even doubtful whether he will be continued at the University. Professor Askenazy said that he thought that Poland had a bright future. It had the three elements essential to the making of a stable country. First, numbers; second, a virile population; and third, a long and noble history. He thought that the sudden development of nationalism, both on the part of the Poles and the Jews, was only a temporary result of the war. The Polish nationalists especially had confused nationalism with patriotism. He defined patriotism as the love for one's country, nationalism as the desire to limit that country to one race. Only a small proportion of the Poles were really nationalists in this sense. Their leaders, however, were noisy and dangerous, as their position depended upon the amount of trouble they could stir up.

July 16th.—This morning we received a copy of the daily *Robotnicza*.

TIME INCREASES MISTAKES.

It is quite easy for the average manufacturer to understand the difference between pure wool and the ordinary kind, but unfortunately you can be a politician without grasping the difference between a pure solid Poland and a mixed one. This difference is not understood by the politicians abroad nor by ours in Poland. It is remarkable that Polish diplomats by useless speeches hide from our eyes the true danger that the Jewish question contains

for us. Not for a moment do we doubt that when Kazimierz the Great gave the Jews exceptional privileges the politicians of that day took this only for an act of toleration. It is obvious that they did not foresee the bad results. Something similar to that is taking place at present. . . .

Our public wants nothing which will entitle the Jews in Poland to any rights in the future. We know that time imposes right. Therefore we should create nothing that could in time be claimed as a right. . . . The Polish public must take up anti-Semitic action which means an economic fight.

Treating Jews like wanderers, we should apply to them a boycott in friendship and in our everyday life, as it has been done with the Russians. We do not wish to be acquainted with the Jews; we do not bow to them or enjoy their company. We buy nothing from them nor sell anything to them. If a man desires to remain healthy he should isolate himself from disease. For on this very day our health and the health of the whole nation is at stake.

If this pure-wool doctrine is carried out, there are going to be some hard times for the minority races, such as the Lithuanians, Jews, Ruthenians and Germans. All of the papers are writing bitter articles against the Mission. They say that President Wilson had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Poland. None of the Polish papers have published the statement of goodwill which Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin drew up on the train. The Jewish newspapers, of which there are four in Warsaw, all published this statement and have also sent representatives asking for further interviews.

The bitterest journalistic opponent of the Mission at present is M. Niemojewski, the editor of the leading Polish weekly, *Mysl Niepodlegla.* The following is part of this week's editorial :—

A PROVOCATIVE COMMISSION.

In our Press the following message has been published :—

" An Anglo-American Commission is coming to Poland delegated by President Wilson to inquire into the anti-Jewish atrocities. At the head of the Commission stands the former American Ambassador at Constantinople, Morgenthau, a Jewish leader."—*Kurjer Polski*, No. 170, July 6th.

. . . Mr. Woodrow Wilson ought at length to know that such a delegation takes the part of the Shulhan-Aruch people against the

people of Kosciuszko and Mickiewicz. The nation of the Shulhan-Aruch [1] live upon usury, fraud, receiving of stolen goods, white-slavery, counterfeiting, and wilful bankruptcy, whereas the nation of Kosciuszko and Mickiewicz have always shed their blood for freedom wherever it was down-trodden.

We summon the widest Polish public to enter a strong protest against this attitude of Mr. Wilson. . . .

Odd, indeed, do appear in the light of this fact the declamations of Mr. Wilson on ideals, justice and fairness. In fact, the League of Nations proclaimed by him ought to be feared. . . .

If Mr. Wilson's ignorant obstinacy in the matter of East Galicia has cost us fourteen thousand killed, how much may cost us his method of picking out "unbiassed" members of a commission?

But Mr. Wilson, that benefactor of mankind, that judge of the nations, that idealist and apostle of peace, will soon get all bespattered by the blood of the Polish martyrs! . . .

We have stated that we are on the eve of a civil war with the Jews. In sending such a provocative commission to Poland, Mr. President Wilson is throwing a blazing torch into accumulated powder.

We are told that America is not much alive to our conceptions of honour. But a politician ought to know what national honour is and what the danger is of offending the same.

In view of the extremely unfavourable attitude of the Polish Press, Mr. Morgenthau and the General decided during the morning that it would be a good plan to invite representatives of all the Polish newspapers to meet the Mission in the afternoon. About twelve reporters turned up at the meeting. At first they were stiff and suspicious, but after a while Mr. Morgenthau succeeded in establishing friendly relations. He explained to them that we had come to help Poland and were desirous of acting as a bridge across which the Poles and Jews could meet. He pointed out that this Mission was not sent entirely from unselfish motives, as it was in the interest of the Allied countries that there should be a strong Poland which could keep Russia and Germany apart. Poland, however, could never be strong as long as there was a rift between parts of her population. Poland at present

[1] The Shulhan-Aruch is a code of law followed by the Orthodox Jews.

reminded him of a pessimistic lady he knew. One day she gave birth to a fine boy, and when they said to her, "Aren't you happy now?" she replied, "No, I have a toothache." Poland after years of struggle had given birth to a new freedom, and now was complaining desperately about her Jewish problem. After Mr. Morgenthau had finished, General Jadwin said that he only wanted to add one story. "In America we have a cake called a dough-nut, which has a hole in the middle. We call a man an optimist who sees the cake, and a man a pessimist who sees only the hole." He advised the Poles to stop looking at the hole.

July 17th.—The Polish Press this morning is more favourable to the Mission. One of the papers said that if Mr. Morgenthau was a friend he was a very charming one, but that if he was an enemy he was extremely dangerous. They also quoted General Jadwin's story, which seems to have made a great hit. One of the representatives of the Polish Foreign Office told me to-day that this was probably the first meeting in the history of Poland at which serious matters were treated in a really human way.

Later in the day a Committee from the Zionist organization called on the Mission. They seemed to be exceptionally able men, and expressed their ideas in clear and forceful language. In dress and manners they were entirely modernized and were separated by centuries from the kaftaned Jews we had seen in the poor quarter on Sunday. They said they hoped that the Mission would bring about better relations between the Poles and the Jews, but this could only be done if the truth were established. They wanted separate schools for their children and also the right to manage their own charities and other institutions. They believed that Judaism was a question not only of religion, but also of race. They were anxious to preserve their racial culture, which could only be done if the children were taught in Jewish schools.

July 18th.—This morning representatives of the Jewish People's Party or Nationalists came for an interview. They took the same position as the Zionists, as far as matters in Poland were concerned, but said they were not interested in re-establishing a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

In the afternoon eleven Assimilators called. These are the Jews who believe that Judaism is only a question of religion. In culture and dress they have become entirely Polonized and speak only Polish as a rule. The wealthiest business men and the leading lawyers belong to this group. In the middle of the nineteenth century they were the spokesmen for the Jewish community, but lately they have entirely lost their influence. This is due in part to the fact that many of them have been baptized. It is a great pity that this division should have occurred. Most of the prominent Jews in Poland are not leaders of their people as is the case in other countries. The Assimilators said that they were particularly opposed to the clause in the treaty between the Allies and Poland which gave the Jewish people the right to have separate Jewish schools. They felt that by establishing such institutions the Jewish and Polish children would be kept apart and the line of demarcation deepened.

As this was the first Friday we had spent in Warsaw, Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin decided that they would attend the evening services at the synagogue. At eight o'clock we drove over to the Senatorska Street, and found a crowd of five or six thousand people gathered in the square outside the temple. They sent up a great cheer as our automobiles approached. Most of the cheering, naturally, was for Mr. Morgenthau, but the crowd also yelled for General Jadwin, whose name they could not pronounce, President Wilson and America. When the automobiles came to a stop the crowd closed in from all sides and for a time it seemed as if we would not be able to get into the building. Finally some Jewish Boy Scouts opened a way for us by using their sticks.

When we entered the temple we found that it was crowded to overflowing. As this temple is Orthodox—as are all the temples in Poland—there were only men in the main body of the synagogue. The gallery was filled with women, who had put on their best clothes for this great occasion. The service was most impressive. When the prayer " O Lord, deliver us from our enemies," was chanted, there seemed to be a particular significance in the fervour with which the men repeated the words. The singing by the cantor and the choir of little boys in this temple is famous throughout Poland, and to-night, I was told, they did their very best.

After the service was over Mr. Morgenthau and the General left through the main door of the temple. By that time about ten thousand people had gathered in the square. So great was the crowd that the militia found it necessary to fire some shots over the heads of the people to break a way through for the Mission to get out. Every one took this shooting calmly, as if it were quite an ordinary affair.

After driving round the block, so as to avoid the crowd, we returned to the house of Rabbi Poznanski, directly behind the synagogue. The Rabbi had invited eight or nine of the leading men of his congregation to meet the Mission. After dinner the Rabbi made a short speech of welcome. He said that he hoped the Mission would be able to bring about better relations between the Poles and the Jews. The Jews wanted to be citizens of Poland ; they wanted to be good and loyal citizens, but they insisted upon being citizens of the first and not of the second class. After the Rabbi had finished a doctor spoke. He said that the last five years had been such a terrific strain on the nerves of the people that no one in Poland could look at matters with a cool and clear head. He had a greater number of nerve patients now than he had ever had before in his life. He thought that the Mission in looking at this matter should consider it from the standpoint of a doctor who was treating neurotic subjects. He felt convinced, however, that although matters would

improve in the future it was necessary to make some immediate attempt to relieve the situation. The present circumstances reminded him of a story: "Two brothers arrived together at a lunatic asylum and each asked to see the superintendent. The first man said, 'My brother is insane,' and the second one, 'My brother is crazy.' As they both seemed to be rational men, the doctor decided that the only thing to do was to lock them up together in a room for an hour. When he returned it was easy for him to determine that the first brother was the insane one, because he had bitten off the second one's ear." The Mission should try to bring about better relations between the Poles and the Jews before they too started biting each other.

July 19th.—This morning we drove to the Jewish quarter to see the milk depots of the American Joint Distribution Committee. We were accompanied by Dr. Boris Bogen, who is at the head of all Jewish relief in Poland. He is one of the few men whom both the Poles and the Jews agree in liking. At each one of the depots there was a long line of little children clamouring to get in. Two young men at each place were trying to keep the lines in order, but every now and then the starving children broke away and tried to rush through the doors They were of all ages—little tots two years old and even tiny babies carried by their elder sisters of ten or twelve. The rooms in which the milk and biscuits were distributed were kept spotlessly clean and seemed to be managed with the greatest efficiency. Dr. Bogen had given a number of young Jewish girls a course in American social service before he put them to work in the depots. At every stand the Mission was recognized by the people, and large crowds gathered round the automobile. There were enthusiastic cheers for "Gut Morgenthau" and also some scattered ones for President Wilson and America. The children themselves, however, scarcely paid any attention to us, even though the General was in uniform. They were much too intent on getting their precious milk.

The Polish Minister of Education and two members of his staff came for lunch. The Minister said that he was strongly opposed to separate schools for the Jews. The day before an old Rabbi who was running a private school had called on him and told him that the pupils in his school had not been given any holidays during the year. A holiday would lead a boy to idleness and idleness would lead him into mischief. Such conservatism, the Minister said, was bad for the State.

In the afternoon M. Niemojewski, the most violent anti-Semitic editor in Poland, called on the Mission. He is a small, round-faced, good-natured-looking man, whose little eyes blink through a pair of large spectacles. He has had a varied career. Although he was once philo-Semitic, Radical, and anti-Church, he is now the opposite of all three. Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, ridiculed one of his books some years ago, and he has never forgiven the Jewish race for this insult. He is particularly fond of claiming that the Old Testament and the Talmud are essentially immoral books. They teach, according to him, that the Jews owe duties only to their fellow-Jews and are free to cheat and rob the Christians. He further argues that the Jews should be driven from Poland because according to their religion they cannot be faithful citizens of the republic. One of the Jewish newspapers answered these attacks by quoting from the New Testament—St. John xv. 6: "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." In accordance with this verse the Spanish priests celebrated their *autos-da-fé* at which heretics were burnt. Nowadays no Christian, either Catholic or Protestant, would try to burn a non-believer because of the words of St. John. Similarly, it was ridiculous for M. Niemojewski to take everything in the Old Testament and in the Talmud literally.

Although it seems incredible, M. Niemojewski has really persuaded the greater number of the Polish intellectual society that there is something immoral in the Jewish

religion. There has been so much talk about this that Mr. Gibson, the American Minister, decided to read the Talmud. He wrote to a friend of his in England asking him to send him a copy, and a few weeks later was staggered by receiving twelve large heavy books of Jewish law instead of the little volume he had expected.

July 20th.—Mr. Gibson called for us in his car at ten o'clock to take us out to Villa Nova, a palace on the outskirts of Warsaw. It was built by Jan Sobieski in the seventeenth century, after he had defeated the Turks at the gates of Vienna. The road leading out of Warsaw was in an awful state, and we spent half an hour bumping over cobblestones and ruts. It is a pity that the Government is so poor that it cannot use its unemployed labour in rebuilding these avenues.

Before going into the court of the palace we stopped at a small church near the gates. It was crowded with peasants and their wives—all in their bright Sunday costumes. In the pulpit an intelligent-looking young priest was speaking, while all around him the people were devoutly kneeling. The large proportion of men in the congregation was concrete evidence of the seriousness with which the whole Polish people take their religion.

From the church we wandered into the gardens, which had been laid out in imitation of the formal French style. The palace buildings, planned by an Italian architect, would be beautiful if they were not so ornamentally decorated. The walls are covered with white life-size plaster figures, some of which are blowing bronze trumpets.

We had intended remaining the day in the country, but Mr. Gibson had to return to Warsaw for the afternoon as an important diplomatic question had arisen between the Poles and the Lithuanians and it seemed possible that there might be a war. We therefore took our picnic lunch back to the Legation into which Mr. Gibson had moved during the past week. Later in the afternoon, the French Minister came to the Legation to consult with Mr. Gibson. Every one here speaks most highly of

the American Minister's work—his training as a diplomat is particularly useful in a country where new protocols have to be established.

July 21st.—This afternoon a newspaper reporter took me to a meeting of the Sejm, or Polish Diet. This is at present both the Parliament and the Constitutional Convention of Poland. It was elected by popular vote in the beginning of 1919. Although its primary duty is to prepare a Constitution for submission to the people, it is progressing very slowly along these lines. There are so many immediate questions to be faced that it is flooded with daily business. Poland is therefore being administered at present without any Constitution. The people have merely turned over the whole government to a representative assembly. The Sejm is even more powerful than the British Parliament, because in England there is a vast body of custom which is as binding as any written law.

The Sejm meets in a large oblong room which was formerly used as the auditorium of a school academy. The delegates sit on straight rows of cane chairs, so that the schoolroom atmosphere is emphasized. The room is surrounded by galleries, which are always crowded. This is the first time in a hundred and twenty-five years that a free assembly has been held in Poland, and it is still a novelty for the people. The President or Marshal of the Diet sits on a raised platform at the end of the room. Directly in front of him there is a sort of pulpit from which anyone who wishes to address the Diet must speak. One of the delegates told me that they considered this pulpit a very good idea, as a man hesitated more about speaking when he had to walk down a long hall and face a whole assembly from the raised platform than he did when he could get the attention of the House by merely rising in his seat.

There are three hundred and twenty-eight delegates at present, of whom about fifteen are Jews. Four or five women have been returned as members of the Sejm.

They looked more intelligent than most of the men, and seemed quite able to follow what was going on. One of the delegates told me that the women were extremely hard workers and had proved a valuable addition to the body. I should have liked to hear one of them speak, but I was told that they very rarely faced the assembly. Priests and Rabbis are also permitted to be members of the Sejm. While I was listening, one of the priests who belonged to the Peasant Party spoke. There is some feeling that, owing to their position and their training as orators, the clergy wield an unfairly large influence. This influence is said to be particularly strong over the Peasant Party.

The largest party in the Diet is the National Democratic Party, which has one hundred and eight representatives. This is the party led by Dmowski. The Prime Minister, Paderewski, is said to favour its principles, although he was elected to the Sejm as a non-party man. The cardinal doctrine of this party for the last ten years has been an independent and free Poland. Through its appeal to the patriotism of the people and its ability to wave the flag it has become particularly influential since the war. It primarily represents the Conservative interests and is opposed to the more Radical position of the Socialists.

The Peasant Party, or rather parties, for there are a number of subdivisions, was mainly interested in the passage of the Agrarian Bill, which provided for the division of the large estates. This Bill was passed by a majority of one, the Socialists and Jews voting with the peasants. On other questions the position of the peasants is uncertain, although they usually support the Conservative side. There were only a few peasants in the Sejm this afternoon—I was told that after the Agrarian Bill had been passed most of them had gone back to work on their farms. Some of the peasants were wearing their country costumes—one of them was particularly gorgeous in a purple velvet jacket with large silver buttons. They seemed to be taking their work most seriously, but at the same time there was a look

of placid surprise on their earnest sunburnt faces as first one speaker argued in favour of the motion under discussion and then another against it.

The third largest party in Poland consists of the Socialists. They voted with the peasants to pass the Agrarian Bill, and in return the peasants have promised their support in favour of nationalizing the forests, which is the particular measure of the Socialists. As a rule, however, the Socialists and the peasants have not combined. How strong this Socialist Party really is in Poland it is difficult to determine, as there was considerable manipulation in the last election to the Sejm. It is not probable, however, that in a country where almost three-fourths of the population is agricultural it will play a very important part.

Besides these three parties there are many other smaller ones, as each man in Poland has a different solution, and usually a very audible solution, for the welfare of his country. There are, however, hardly any extreme Radicals in the Diet. Although many of the Poles are afraid of Bolshevism, it does not seem probable that its doctrines will ever get a foothold here. The peasants are at heart Conservative, and though they may occasionally murder a rapacious land-owner, they will not join a concerted revolutionary movement coming from the cities. In the towns the military is strong enough to put down any disturbances. On the whole the proletariat here is satisfied with the present form of government, especially as the people feel that their national independence depends upon their supporting it. The Poles have been fighting too long for their own freedom to jeopardize it now by becoming theoretical internationalists.

From the hall of the Diet I was taken to the little restaurant in the same building to have some tea. The pretty waitresses here were ladies of the aristocracy, who said that they wanted to show their love for democracy by waiting upon their country's legislators. I asked one of the men how much this service was due to real love for democracy and how much to a secret

fear of Bolshevism. He only smiled in answer and shrugged his shoulders.

July 22nd.—This evening we went to dinner at Count Potocki's. This family is one of the most famous of the old nobility of Poland. It has large estates in different parts of the country, especially in East Galicia. In Poland one continually hears of four or five great families who for generations have controlled the history of the country—Potockis, Radziwills, Lubomirskis, Sapiehas, and Zamoyskis. In Poland it is a question of family rather than title which matters, as there are a vast number of minor counts and countesses. Some received their titles in ancient Poland, others in Russia, and again others in Austria and Germany. I have also met a man whose title was a papal one. Sometimes a man is a noble in three or four different ways. Thus an officer attached to our staff was at once a Polish, German and papal Count. All the sons inherit the title of their father as is the custom in France. There are at present about one hundred and twenty thousand noble families in Russian Poland alone.

Count Potocki's dinner was most delightful. The Polish nobleman shows the ease and grace of bearing which is characteristic of an old aristocracy. I should imagine that under better conditions a year in Warsaw would be most pleasant. Two of the leading assimilated Jews of Warsaw had also been invited to meet Mr. Morgenthau, but they obviously were surprised to find themselves here. The conversation during dinner was very lively, as all the Poles were eager to give us their point of view on the Jewish question. The ladies, of whom there were four, also seemed to take a great interest in the discussion and were not diffident in expressing their opinions.

After dinner we were taken to a reception at the Countess Wielopolska's. Here I was introduced to a lady who had had quite a romantic history. One morning she got on a train to go to her country house but failed to arrive there in the afternoon. For three weeks she

was lost and a rumour started that she had been kidnapped by the Jews. Finally, one day she returned to Warsaw looking very sunburnt. Later on it developed that while on the train she had changed into a peasant girl's costume and had got off at a country station to meet a young peasant lad with whom she had fallen in love. After spending two weeks at his farm she became bored with the simple life and returned to her husband. As she belonged to one of the greatest families of Poland, the aristocracy of Warsaw decided to ignore her short vacation.

While I was talking to her there was a stir at the other end of the room and Paderewski, the Prime Minister of Poland, came in. He had just returned that evening from Paris, where he had been working at the Peace Conference. It seemed to me that he had grown thinner and at the same time more alert-looking than when he was hailed in America as the greatest pianist in the world. He was still, however, the typical artist with his long hair, short chin-beard and flowing white tie. I was presented to him, and he said a few polite words in English. His handshake was so strong and firm that I felt as if he were taking me into his confidence the minute I met him. As he walked round the room he concentrated on each person to whom he talked and appeared to be intently interested in what he had to say. At present Paderewski is easily the most powerful man in Poland. President Pilsudski is probably more popular with the crowd, but he does not take as active a part in politics as the Prime Minister. Paderewski's great strength lies in the fact that for many years he has been an ardent and patriotic Pole, always working for the liberty of Poland. There is a story here, that one day in Petrograd the Czar congratulated him on his marvellous playing and ended by saying, "I am proud that the greatest pianist in the world is a Russian." Paderewski bowed in acknowledgment "Your Majesty is mistaken; I am a Pole and not a Russian." Paderewski never again played in the Russian capital. His second element of strength is his

close connection with the leading politicians of Western Europe and America. He is supposed to have considerable influence in Paris at the present moment. His popularity in Warsaw, however, is beginning to decline, as the Poles are bitterly disappointed at not getting Danzig and in having their offensive in Eastern Galicia temporarily halted by the Paris Council. There is a rumour that he may resign. Even if he does it is probable that he will be returned again to power within a few months, as there is no other outstanding leader in the country. As Prime Minister Paderewski is head of the Coalition Government and is acting as a non-party man. He is supposed, however, to be really in favour of the Conservatives and to be a member of the National Democratic Party. The Jews feel that Paderewski is anti-Semitic; this is not unlikely, as virtually all Poles are. Paderewski, however, having a more international point of view than most of the other men in Warsaw, seems to feel that it is to Poland's best interests to treat the Jews well. In this position he is probably more advanced than the bulk of public opinion.

As I was leaving the reception I met M. Niemojewski, the editor from whom I have already quoted. He was surrounded by four or five ladies who were eagerly helping him to ices and cakes. Next to Paderewski he was the hero of the moment.

July 23rd.—An intelligent-looking, well-dressed man came in this morning and said that he had an important message to give Mr. Morgenthau. I told him that he had better tell it to me first. After some hesitation he said that his message was so important that he ought to give it only to the head of the Mission, but as I was an officer, and therefore to be trusted, he would tell me his secret. He asked me if there was some place where we could talk in absolute confidence, as he did not wish anyone to overhear our conversation. I took him into the garden at the back of the palace. After looking behind the hedge to assure himself that there were no spies, he gripped my arm and whispered, "Have you noticed that there is

very hard feeling between the Christians and the Jews ?" I said I had. "Well," he continued, "there is only one solution, and I am sure you have not guessed it." I agreed with him. He let go my arm and struck his two hands together. "If there is hard feeling between the Jews and the Christians, there is only one thing for Mr. Morgenthau to do, and that is to start a third religion to which they both can belong. I have that religion all worked out and can explain it to him easily in a few hours."

Later in the morning I had a more serious interview. An old man, half blind and so pale that the blood seemed to be drained from his body, was led in by his little grandson. He said he lived in a small village about fifteen versts from Warsaw. A company of soldiers were quartered there about a month ago and had threatened that they would cut off the beards of all the Jews they met in the street. As he was particularly proud of his long white one, he had decided to leave the town. He had gathered together all his money, which amounted to about ten thousand marks, put it in his inside pocket, and had then gone to the railway station to leave for Warsaw. At the station some soldiers seized him. After beating him they cut off his beard and stole all his money. With trembling hands he opened his coat to show me where the pocket had been torn away. For a moment his voice choked in his throat and the tears ran down his cheeks. "I am an old, old man now; I have lost all that I gathered together in my whole life. I cannot work any more, and my little grandchildren who are living with me will have to starve." I asked him whether he had reported this to the Polish police in the town. He said he had, but they had only laughed at him and said they could do nothing with the soldiers.

July 24th.—The Polish prosecuting magistrate from the town of Kielce called on the Mission to explain what steps the Courts were taking to put down disturbances. The Civil Courts, of course, had no authority over the soldiers. The War Office had issued instructions that

all military excesses dealing with the Jewish question must be tried by court-martial within eight days of the commission of the crime. The Civil Courts could not act as rapidly as this. They were now so crowded that it took from three to four months before a case could come up for trial. The Jewish cases were particularly difficult to try, as about 99 per cent. of the witnesses on both sides committed perjury, some intentionally and some because they were blinded by prejudice. The Courts also were handicapped by having very few practised judges. Russia had never permitted the Poles to hold important judicial offices, so that an entire new Bench had to be created. The system of law also varied from one district to another. Thus in some parts they followed the Russian code, in other parts the Code Napoleon, which had been introduced into the duchy of Warsaw in 1808, and again in other places there was German or Austrian law. A Commission was now sitting which was trying to draw up a uniform code for all parts of the country.

July 25th.—This morning I visited the Central Bureau in charge of charity distribution. All the Jewish poor who ask for relief are registered with it. It was established in 1916 and has kept statistics from that date to the present time. During this time it has registered 33,345 families, that is about two-thirds of the Jewish population of Warsaw. This figure, of course, is not a measure of the actual poverty here, as most of the requests for help are due to war conditions. Some of the families have received only ten or fifteen marks a month, so as to supplement their meagre earnings. Even without a war, however, conditions in Warsaw were extremely bad. The census made in 1912 showed the following scale of wages among the Jewish population :—

20 per cent. below $2.50 per week.
35 ,, ,, between $2.50 and $5 per week.
24 ,, ,, between $5 and $7 per week.
8 ,, ,, above $7.50 per week.

Statistics had also been kept as to the different classes who needed help. Most of the applicants, of course, were workmen. Many of these had been engaged in the building trade. Another large class was made up of teachers. These men before the war supported themselves by going from house to house and teaching little boys how to read the Bible. Their total pay had rarely amounted to more than a rouble a day, and usually they were given something to eat at the homes of their pupils. Since the war there had been no money which could be spent on education, so they suddenly lost the only means of livelihood for which they were fitted. While I was in the committee-rooms one of these teachers came in. He was a small narrow-chested man with pale furtive eyes. His red beard had not been trimmed for many months. He spoke exceedingly fast in a low whining voice, while all the time he kept knitting and unknitting his fingers. Every second sentence he used contained a quotation from the Bible or Talmud. There was also quite a group of applicants who had registered as "beggars" under the heading of "Profession or Trade" on the cards. Before the war they had wandered through the country receiving food and a little money for the gossip and stories with which they amused their benefactors. They were proud of their position, considering themselves the successors of the minstrels of old.

From the Bureau I was taken to some homes in the poorest Jewish district. We turned from the street into a dark narrow courtyard, where there were twelve or fifteen little children running round and shouting. After climbing a rickety staircase whose handrail had been broken away, we knocked on the first door on the right. A dull voice said "Come in." Inside I had to pick my way carefully across the floor, as the room was crowded with beds and chairs. An old woman—I afterwards found out that she was only thirty-five—was sitting on a little stool next to the window. Near her was her daughter, a small pale girl of about eleven. They were both sewing by the dim light which filtered in from the

narrow court. When the woman heard that I was from the American Mission her eyes lit up for a moment with hope. " Perhaps you can do something for us ; life is terribly hard now. Before the war my husband was a carpenter and earned a good living. Now there is no work for him to do. All day long he stands in line and sometimes earns a little that way." The man with me explained that there are queues now in Warsaw for tobacco and bread. By standing in line and then selling their places to the wealthy people the men who are out of work can earn a few cents a day. " With my husband in the line there is usually my son Jacob, but to-day he is sick." From a bed in the corner there came a cough, as if in answer to this remark, and Jacob's pale face turned in my direction. " My daughter and I sew here all day, whenever we get any work, but it is very uncertain. My two littlest ones are down in the court now. Two more of my children died during the war. At present the whole family makes about forty marks a week—we can't live on that, can we ? " As I was leaving I asked her why she had had so many children in view of the fact that they had so few resources. She shrugged her shoulders. " One or two more do not matter. They all starve, anyhow."

During the afternoon there was a rush of men and women at our headquarters who wanted to go to America. A rumour had somehow started that the Mission was helping people to obtain passports. The crowd in the hall became so great that we had to assign a man to explain again and again that we were only an investigating Commission. Even then most of the people refused to go, as they thought this was only a trick to put them off. One of the men whispered to me that he was prepared to give me a present if I would take up his case especially.

In the evening we went to the oldest synagogue in Warsaw. The crowd here was so dense that we were almost smothered to death. Mr. Morgenthau was placed on the exact spot where Sir Moses Montefiore had stood almost one hundred years ago. Poland is certainly a

country of traditions. The people, especially the Jews, are living largely in the past. I wonder whether our Mission will be remembered in a hundred years.

July 26th.—The crowd at the door this morning was even greater than that of yesterday evening. But to-day there were more women than men. One of them told me that her husband had left for America six years ago and she had not heard from him since the war had started. She could no longer support her children here, so her only chance now was to go to New York. "But how will you find him there ?" I asked her. "Oh," she answered, "I remember his face perfectly well."

In the afternoon I called on the American Consul, Mr. McBride, and his wife. They were having great difficulty in finding an apartment, as there is the same house shortage in Warsaw as there is in London and New York. McBride also is flooded with requests for passports.

After dinner Colonel Bryant and I went to the open-air Dolina Theatre. Dancing was one of the most important features of the performance, as it always is in Poland. There was also, much to our surprise, a short skit ridiculing the American Mission. In this scene a Jew carrying an American flag refused to permit a young girl dressed as Poland to join the League of Nations. The other piece was a highly melodramatic episode in which a Polish girl killed a Bolshevik. After the performance was over we wandered round the gardens, which were crowded with Polish officers. We counted seven who were wearing the side whiskers which are now being sported by the bloods of the Army. Such adornments were worn by Prince Joseph Poniatowski, the Polish Marshal who was drowned near Leipzig while fighting for Napoleon, and in his memory they have become the fashion. None of the officers were accompanied by "doubtful" girls—a great contrast, I was told, to the habits of the Prussian officers when they ruled the city. For that matter, the whole atmosphere of Poland

is on a high moral level. Although the police regulations in a new country are naturally laxly enforced, I have never seen a girl " walking the streets." The restaurants also are very quiet here, and women are never seen sitting alone at tables. The Polish officer with us said that this was due to the influence of the Church, which is extremely strong in Poland. Almost every one here is a strict Catholic and religion is taken more to heart than is the case in Western countries.

CHAPTER II

INVESTIGATING THE POGROMS

July 27th.—As our three automobiles had arrived from Paris on Friday, we decided to leave for a tour through Lithuanian Poland to-day. We were quite a large party—the two Commissioners, two Polish officials, the Jewish Deputy Dr. Farbstein, Dr. Bogen and three officers.

We left Warsaw at nine o'clock, crossing the Vistula by a long bridge to Praga, the largest suburb of the city. The Vistula, a sluggish yellow river, is about half a mile wide here. There is very little shipping on it, although occasionally a small tug puffs along near the shore. Praga was the scene of the last great battle of the Polish revolution in 1794—the revolution in which Kosciuszko was the hero. After winning this battle, Suvorow, the Russian General, sent a courier to the Empress Catharine with a message of three words, "Hurrah, Praga. Suvorow." The Empress answered, "Bravo, Field-Marshal. Catharine."

After leaving Praga, we drove along a dull flat road which seemed to stretch out interminably across the plains. In passing through the first village I noticed that some of the peasants were walking bare-footed, while they carried their boots in their hands. It was only when they got near the church that they sat down on the curb to put them on. The Polish officer explained to me that the farmers wanted to make a good appearance when they went in to worship, but the price of shoe-leather was now so high in Poland that they could not afford to wear their boots except for purposes of show.

In the afternoon we reached Bialystok. This city, with a population of eighty thousand, is the second largest in Polish Lithuania. About three-quarters of the population are Jews and the other quarter are Poles. In the surrounding country, however, the population is overwhelmingly Lithuanian. The town is entirely supported by its woollen manufactures, but at present the factories have almost all of them been shut down. There is no coal and very little wool available, and much of the machinery was destroyed, first by the Russians and then by the Germans.

There was great excitement when we drove into the town. Over six hundred people had gathered in front of the house which had been prepared by the Jewish Community for Mr. Morgenthau's reception. When he got out of the car there was wild cheering and waving of blue and white flags—the Zionist colours.

The first meeting which the Mission attended was at the Zionist Hall. The chairman made a speech in which he said that he thought the only hope for the Jews was to emigrate as soon as possible to Palestine. He hoped that Mr. Morgenthau would tell them how it could be done. Mr. Morgenthau, however, made a very clear and pointed speech in which he said that he did not think that the Jewish question could be solved in this way. The important thing at present was to bring about better relations between the Poles and the Jews.

From this meeting we went to the headquarters of the Jewish Community. Members of all the important Jewish organizations had met here to welcome the Mission, and a representative from each one of them made a short speech. One of the men said that the relief which America had sent to Poland had saved the lives of many of the children, and that the clothes which were now being given to them would protect them during the winter. Another man told of the terrible economic situation in Bialystok. Their factories were closed at present, and even if they should open again there was little hope for future prosperity. Before the war their woollen goods had been

exported almost entirely to Russia. Now they had lost their Russian market—as far as the market in Poland itself was concerned, Lodz, the principal manufacturing city, was more than able to meet the demand. The next man spoke of the relations between the Jews and the Christians. He said that the conditions here were probably better than in most of the other cities, as there was such a large percentage of Jews that they could protect themselves. They had suffered, however, while the city was occupied by the Polish military. The soldiers had entered the houses under the pretence of making requisitions, but had not hesitated to steal anything they could lay their hands on. Jews had been beaten in the streets and had also been thrown off trains. Conditions had improved lately, but there were still innumerable small persecutions. The day before he had tried to telephone to Warsaw to find out when the Mission was going to arrive. When he gave his name to the telephone operator, she had answered, "I won't get you your number, because you have a Jewish name." Even though he was a town councillor, it had been impossible for him to put his call through. The next man who was called upon to speak was a representative of the Bund or Jewish Socialist Party. He rose from the desk at which he had been sitting, walked over until he faced Mr. Morgenthau and the General, made a cursory bow, turned on his heel and walked out of the room without saying anything. The next man, who was also a representative of this organization, spoke a few words, but they were hardly flattering. He said that as a representative of the Bund he could not welcome any Mission which came from capitalistic America. The influence of the United States on world affairs was, to his mind, a bad influence. In spite of its being called a democracy, it was a land where the plutocrat oppressed the labouring man just as the Czar had oppressed the peasants. Nor was the help in food and clothing which we were now sending to Poland of any real benefit. All we were doing was to take the burden off the shoulders of the rich Polish

people who ought to be forced to take care of their own poor. His speech was loudly applauded by a number of very young men and girls sitting on the left of the room. After he had finished, a quiet, sweet-faced woman rose and said that we should pay no attention to the last speaker. She knew nothing herself about politics, but she did know that the condensed milk sent from America had saved the lives of her children.

After we left the meeting we returned to the house at which Mr. Morgenthau was staying for the night. As I came out of the door a brick fell from an adjoining window and just grazed my shoulder. The General, who saw it fall, said he was of the opinion that it had been pushed down on purpose, but he was not quite sure. In any case I was lucky not to have my investigating career stopped at the very beginning.

At the dinner there were some of the leading Jews of the town. They spoke more freely than had been the case at the meeting. They said that the Jewish question in Bialystok was very largely political. The Poles had driven the Bolsheviks out of this district in March and had immediately annexed it for themselves. The largest proportion of the population in the district, however, was Lithuanian, while most of the people in the city were Jews. The Jews hoped that a plebiscite would be held here, in which case the majority would vote in favour of belonging to Lithuania. If Bialystok should be given to the Poles, the Jewish merchants would be ruined, because the Polish boycott would then come into force.

Later in the evening I went to the public park where the Poles were having a celebration. The trees were hung with Chinese lanterns and in one corner of the park a band was playing. The people were walking slowly up and down, looking at each other in a half-bewildered way. Public celebrations were so vigorously suppressed by the old Russian régime that no one now knows how to get any amusement out of them. As far as I could make out there were no Jews in the park.

July 28th.—Early this morning we left for Sokolka. This is a small town of 5,500 people, about three thousand of whom are Jews. It is typically Russian, stretching for a long distance along the only good road. The side streets are short, muddy, unpaved paths. At the entrance of the town there was a group of young Jewish men and girls who threw flowers at Mr. Morgenthau's automobile. In front of the Community house there was a wildly enthusiastic crowd of about two thousand people. The Rabbi who met us at the door said that every one who could possibly come had gathered to greet the Mission. Jewish Boy Scouts opened the way for us into the meeting-room where all the councillors of the Jewish Community were standing. The Rabbi, who was their spokesman, was a small, extremely nervous man. Two false starts were made in his speech before he could control his voice. He was pale with excitement and kept passing his hand across his lips in the middle of every sentence. He whispered to Mr. Morgenthau that he was frightened at the presence of the Polish officers, and asked that they be requested to leave the room. Mr. Morgenthau, however, told him that we had promised the Polish Government that they could have representatives at all our hearings if they so desired.

The evidence as to conditions here was most confused. We finally gathered that relations between the Jews and the Polish Government officials had become strained. Only one case, however, of actual police abuse had occurred. A Polish militia-man, while cleaning his gun, had pointed it at a Jewish prisoner. The rifle, which was loaded, had gone off and the cleaning rod had killed the Jew. The militia-man, we afterwards learned, was under arrest. The Jews also claimed that the distribution of food had been made unfairly, as they had not been given their proper share of American flour and milk.

We then went to see the city officials, and from the investigations we made at their headquarters I think the Jewish claim as to the unfair division of the food was fully justified. The official in charge of the distribution

refused to show us his papers, saying that he had lost them. He could not remember on what system he had divided the flour between the Jews and the Christians, but acknowledged that the Jews had received less than their proportion. He suggested that this was due to the fact that they had fewer poor than the Poles. He finally became very angry and said that he had not been advised in time that he would be subjected to such an examination.

When we came out of the building to get into our cars we found that the drivers had accepted mail for America. In less than two hours they had collected over three hundred letters. At present there are no mails from this part of the country, so that we were the first means by which the people could communicate with the outside world. I did not realize until then what a great proportion of the Jews in Poland have relatives in the United States. We also received dozens of petitions from men and women who wanted to emigrate to America.

As we drove out of Sokolka a group of boys and girls stretched a rope of flowers across the road in front of Mr. Morgenthau's automobile. A pretty young girl dressed in white presented him with a letter of greeting to the little children of America telling them how grateful were the children of Poland for the help they had received from our country.

From Sokolka we continued to motor along one of the regular flat roads of Poland. Soon we began to pass horses which were not accustomed to automobiles and an otherwise dull trip became unpleasantly exciting. The Lithuanian peasant, however, seems to take an upset quite calmly—the Polish officer told me that they were accustomed to having their carts turn over on the muddy roads.

We arrived at Grodno at about 5.30 in the evening. This city is beautifully situated on the banks of the Niemen river, which has cut a deep ridge between two hills. There are about sixty thousand people in the town, two-thirds of whom are Jews. Before the war

there was a large Russian garrison here which helped to support the population.

In the evening General Falewicz, the General commanding the district, gave a dinner for the Mission. He was a most attractive and cultured gentleman, speaking four or five languages fluently. Conditions in Grodno, so far as the Jews are concerned, are said to be better than in almost any other town in Poland, a fact which seems to be due largely to the intelligence and humanity of this officer. When his troops first entered Grodno he gave the usual order that the houses should be searched for arms, but added that the soldiers who did the searching should go unarmed themselves, so that the population should not be terrified. He also sternly punished the first attempt at robbery. During the dinner a regimental band played for us. "The Star-spangled Banner" unfortunately was unknown to them, so they decided to play the Marseillaise in our honour. Besides the Mission, the General had as his guests the Chief Rabbi and two other Jewish representatives. One of them told me that this was the greatest moment of his life—he had never thought it possible that he would be invited to sit at the same table with a Polish officer.

After dinner we went to a large meeting in the Jewish Community house, at which over a thousand men and women were present. General Falewicz came to the meeting with us and introduced Mr. Morgenthau to the people. As there was an overflow meeting of two or three thousand people in the Square, Mr. Morgenthau, General Falewicz and General Jadwin all said a few words from the window. General Jadwin made the hit of the evening by getting the crowd, in true American fashion, to repeat after him "What is good for the Jews is good for Poland, and what is good for Poland is good for the Jews."

After the meeting I went to a little restaurant with General Falewicz's aide. Here we met a number of Polish officers who invited us to join them. While we were there two French officers came in. When they

saw my American uniform they walked over to the table and introduced themselves. One of the French officers said that it seemed almost like meeting a man from home to see an American again. Whenever I had met a French officer in Warsaw I had found the same sentiment, and it struck me then how close a bond had been forged by the war between America and France.

July 29th.—Before leaving Grodno we visited a Jewish farm school on the outskirts of the city. The young men and women who were working it have raised quite a successful crop, but the school is too near the city to be of any real value in training men for an agricultural life. It has always seemed to me that the Jew's apparent dislike for agricultural labour is not due to the difficulty or unpleasantness of the work itself but rather to the fact that he likes to live in a crowd; the loneliness of farm life depresses him.

From Grodno we motored to Lida to investigate the first of the so-called pogroms which had taken place here in April. Lida is a small town of about sixteen thousand people, of whom six thousand are Jews. Before the war there was a considerable export of wood from here, but this has now stopped. At present Lida's chief reason for existence is the fact that it is the place at which the railroad changes from the narrow Western European to the broad Russian gauge. The Russian railroad tracks are about seven and a half inches farther apart than those of the rest of Europe. When the original railroad plans were sent out from England to Russia in the beginning of the nineteenth century the engineer who drew them forgot to state that the width specified was measured from the outside of rail to rail. The Russians thought that it was measured from the inside of rail to rail and therefore built a broader gauge. When they found out their mistake they were very pleased with it. Their general staff said that this change in size would prevent the danger of an invasion, as the Western railway locomotives and cars could not be run over their tracks.

In Lida we lunched at the headquarters of General Szeptycki, the General commanding the Polish front against the Russian Bolsheviks. He looked every inch a soldier—tall, powerful and stern. Formerly he had served in the Austrian army, where he had a fine record for efficiency. The General said that he had given strict orders that no soldiers under his command should commit any excesses against the Jews and that he had determined to punish any outbreak. Later in the day the Jews told us that the General had really done his best to keep order, but they were less enthusiastic about some of the officers under his command. The lunch we had was extremely simple, without wine or beer. The General remarked that when a man was fighting it was better for him to be sober.

After lunch we went to the meeting-room of the Jewish Community to take evidence as to the April excesses. Every one wanted to speak at once—the confusion was so great that it was almost impossible for Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin to understand what was going on. After a while they succeeded in getting some order into the crowd by threatening to leave immediately. The President of the Community, a distinguished-looking white-haired old man, spoke for all the people. He said that on April 17, 1919, the Polish troops captured Lida from the Russian Bolsheviks. The Jews had been looking forward to this deliverance from the rule of the Bolsheviks because their businesses had been destroyed and they were suffering from hunger. When, however, the Polish soldiers of the Suwalki Regiment entered the city, the first thing they did was to break into the Jewish houses and steal everything they could find. While pillaging they had shot or bayoneted thirty-nine Jewish men and women for no other reason than that the lust of blood was on them. For the next few days, while the Suwalki Regiment remained in Lida, the Jews were beaten every time they appeared in the streets. They were also impressed for forced labour, even though they were sick or wounded.

Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin had promised to be in Wilno that night, so they left Dr. Bogen, Captain Cross and myself behind to take the testimony of the different witnesses. Our plan was to get as far as possible the evidence of some witness as to the facts in each individual murder case. By thus getting the names of the victims, their ages, the conditions under which they had lived, and the circumstances of their death, we felt that we could check up in an accurate manner the actual number of people killed during the pogrom. Although this system entailed a lot of extra work, we felt that it was better than merely taking the statements of the Community spokesman. By hearing sixty or seventy different witnesses we should be able to get a very clear idea as to just what had happened.

The first witness I had was a woman about thirty-five years old. She said that she wanted to testify to the murder of her son. For a moment I had a feeling of dread because I was sure that before she had finished her story I should be met with a flood of tears. Instead of this she told in a dead flat voice how the soldiers had asked her little twelve-year-old son where his father was. When he told them that his father was in Grodno one of the soldiers said, "You are a liar." He then dragged the boy by the arm into the street and shot him through the head. When she tried to go to her son's body the soldier struck her on the neck with the butt of his rifle, just missing the head of her little baby which she was nursing at the time. It seemed as if the experiences she had lived through in the past years had been so terrible that no emotion was left in her. Most of the other witnesses this afternoon spoke with the same sing-song flatness, as if they felt that it did not matter much what had happened or what was going to happen. In only one case was this rule broken. A young girl was testifying to the death of her father, a man of over sixty. He had been taken from his house and shot in the street by the soldiers. All of a sudden she sprang from the chair in which she had been sitting and struck the table

with her fist : " Last week I saw the officer who was in charge of the soldiers when my father was shot. I tried to have him arrested, but the policeman to whom I appealed only laughed at me. Do you realize how terrible it is to feel so absolutely unprotected ? " Her sudden burst of passion seemed to release for a moment the pent-up emotions of the other witnesses waiting in the room, and for a few minutes I had to suspend the hearing. Then for two hours more I continued to hear the stories of murder and robbery. The last witness was an old woman who told me that her son had been shot by the Poles. " He was such a fine boy," she said. " He was made a militia-man by the Bolsheviks." I tried to explain to her that there was a difference between the case of a man murdered in cold blood and the death of her son who had been shot while fighting for the Bolsheviks. She simply could not understand the difference and kept on repeating, " He was such a fine boy." This was the only case out of the thirty-five which I examined in which any of the dead Jews were connected with Bolshevism. The other thirty-four were chiefly old men and women who had been killed during the robbery of their houses.

In the evening we went back to General Szeptycki's headquarters and had dinner again at the Officers' Mess. General Szeptycki said that he did not believe that the majority of the Jews were Bolsheviks or were in sympathy with Bolshevism. Some of the very young men, however, were ardent preachers of Bolshevik doctrines, and it was their actions and speeches which caused the general idea that the Jews were communists. I asked him whether there were no young Poles who were also communists. He said that was quite possible, but that they were not so noisy about it.

After dinner a Polish officer took us out to the battlefield on which the Poles had defeated the Bolsheviks. Neither side had apparently had any heavy artillery. The Polish officer said he thought that the Bolsheviks had had four three-inch guns. Their shooting, however,

had been most erratic. They seemed to depend almost entirely on machine guns, in the use of which they had become quite experienced.

July 30th.—We went back to the Jewish Community house early in the morning to take further evidence. Although we arrived at 8.30, the street was already filled with people. The driver had accepted some letters the night before, and as a result the car was flooded with them to-day. People threw them through the windows, so that they covered the floor and the seat.

In the Mission-room there was a Committee of three men who handed me a petition signed by over a hundred people asking that they might be given passports to travel to the United States.

After we had finished receiving evidence, Dr. Bogen took us to the children's food kitchen, which is supported by the American Joint Distribution Committee. In a large spare room there were about two hundred children, ranging from six to twelve years old, sitting round tables. Some of them may have been older, but it is hard to tell the age of children in Central Europe because the underfed ones are so immature. As we came into the room not a single child looked up from its bowl of food. I remembered that when I had been at school in America if anyone came into our dining-room, there was immediately a great whispering and chatter. These little children in Poland were so intent on the one meal a day that they were receiving that they did not have time even to notice a stranger. Most of them were wearing thin, torn dresses, without shoes or stockings. The woman in charge said to me, "I cannot imagine what is going to happen to these little children during the coming winter. They have no decent clothes—only a thin dress or shirt to cover their emaciated bodies. We give them one meal a day, consisting of bean soup, bread and cocoa. They can just keep alive on this, but it gives them no reserves." I walked over to speak to one of the little girls. As I came close to her she clutched her roll of bread tightly in both

hands, holding it against her body. The woman stroked her head and said, " You need not be afraid, little girl; we are not going to take your food away from you."

We left Lida in the afternoon. From here we drove along a typical Russian avenue, about twice the breadth of a New York street, with great trees growing on either side. The road itself was hardly more than a smoothed-down field, and over most of it the grass was growing. These roads were built mainly for military reasons, and are wide enough to allow a company to march past abreast. After ten lonely versts we drove through a ragged-looking village. When the children saw the American flag on our automobile they ran towards us with outstretched hands. Dr. Bogen explained that they thought that our American automobile was bringing them food because Hoover's American relief had supported these villages after the Bolsheviks had been driven out.

Occasionally we met a few bearded Jews carrying bags over their shoulders. These men go from village to village making a precarious living by barter and exchange. As we passed them they would shrink back into the protection of the trees. Some of them lifted their caps, but most of them only stared at us with their large hopeless eyes.

Now we were getting into the real Lithuanian forests. On either side were massed tall pine-trees forming solid walls, between which we drove. I could imagine the wolves coming out in winter and following a sleigh through this bleak country.

Late in the evening our car climbed one of the few hills in Poland, and on the other side we saw Wilno. Wilno is a prettily situated town on the Vileika river. It has about two hundred thousand inhabitants, half of whom are Jews. Wilno for centuries has been the capital of Lithuania and has a more ancient history than most of the cities in Central Europe.

As we drove down the narrow entrance street we passed through the Ostra Brama town gate, containing a large miracle-working image of the Virgin. In front of the

gate there were about seven or eight women kneeling in the street and praying. This is one of the most famous shrines of Lithuania and is frequented by both Roman and Greek Catholics. From the gate we drove to the main square, where some of the houses still showed bullet marks from the battle in which the Poles captured the city from the Bolsheviks. We did not have to ask where our headquarters were situated—at a distance down the street we saw a large crowd of Jews in front of an hotel so we knew that the Mission must be stopping there.

July 31st.—Early this morning we started taking evidence at the headquarters of the Jewish Community. A Jewish lawyer who was in charge of presenting the witnesses first stated what had happened in April. Wilno had been held by the Bolsheviks from January 6th to April 19th, when Polish detachments entered the city. On the excuse that they were searching for Bolsheviks, these soldiers broke into the Jews' houses and robbed and killed many of the inhabitants. Sixty-five Jews lost their lives in this way, and the Community was robbed of over ten million roubles.

As at Lida, we took some evidence in each murder case. My first witness was a blind man, forty-six years old, who looked as though he were at least seventy. His face was so thin that it seemed as if parchment were drawn over his bones. All the while he was talking his white lips twitched nervously. For five years, he said, he had been living in the poor Jewish quarter in a single room with his only son. This boy went into the country every day to work on the fields. If he earned enough they would have soup and potatoes for dinner, but if he earned nothing they only had soup. Late one evening, about three days after the Poles had captured Wilno, a neighbour told him that something had happened to his son when he was returning from the country. The neighbour led the blind man some distance along the road and then said, "I dare not go farther because the soldiers are there." The blind man then continued

along the road, tapping with his cane until he came to a group of men. He asked one of them whether he knew where his son was and the man answered, "Yes, the Jewish Bolshevik is over there." Then they led him to the side of the road and told him to reach down with his hand. When he did so his fingers touched the cold dead face of his son.

My next witness, Samuel Goldberg, was an old man of seventy. He told me, while the tears ran down his cheeks, that he was now in the Jewish poorhouse. When the Poles had entered the city they had robbed him of all his capital, so that he was now reduced to absolute poverty. I asked him how much his capital had amounted to. He answered, "Fifteen roubles." As a rouble is only worth at the present time about one cent, I wondered what kind of business he had been supporting on this sum. After more tears he said that he had been a beggar on the steps of the main synagogue. With his fifteen roubles he always had something to fall back upon, because he could live for three or four days on his "capital," as he proudly called it. "You see," he explained to me with great waving of hands, "if no one gave me anything the first day, I would use up five roubles. If no one gave me anything the second or third day, I would use up my other ten. For the fourth day I could always borrow five roubles more because my credit was good. Never has it happened to me that on the fifth day I have not found some charitable person. Now that I have lost my reserves I am not in a position to take the necessary speculative chances."

In the afternoon a woman came to tell about a robbery case. She testified that she was a widow with four children. She owned a wholesale wineshop which had been left to her by her husband. When the Poles captured the city the soldiers broke into her store and stole or smashed everything. She no longer had any means of supporting herself and her children, and also owed debts which she would never be able to pay. At the end of her testimony she turned to me and said, "What am I

to do now? I have no trade and I am not strong enough to work. All I can do is to sit and watch my children starve, and my oldest boy was to have been a Rabbi." While she was testifying, I kept wondering as to how it was that her store had not been looted by the Bolsheviks. I asked her about it, and she said that the Bolsheviks had robbed no stores while they were in control of the city. They had requisitioned some material for their army, but on the whole had let things go on very much as they were. In spite of a lot of talk about nationalization, the Bolsheviks had let the stores remain in the hands of private individuals. Business, however, had been completely upset during their occupation, because the Bolsheviks had forced the people to take the valueless Lenin rouble at its face value and had then instituted strict profiteering laws.

The same afternoon the owner of the principal Jewish dry goods store in the town testified that his store had been completely destroyed by the Polish soldiers when they entered the city. To prove his loss he gave me an inventory of his stock which the Bolsheviks had made two weeks before they were driven out. This document had a large imposing-looking stamp, of which, he told me, the Commissars were particularly fond. The storekeeper thought that this inventory had probably been made in view of further requisitions. The Bolsheviks themselves did not seem to have any clear idea as to principles of nationalization. Sometimes he had been paid for the goods which had been requisitioned, and at other times they told him that he had not the right to own such property. The only good thing in Bolshevik rule was that the discipline of their army had been very strict—no soldiers had ever stolen anything from his counters.

August 1st.—To-day we continued to hear a steady stream of witnesses. M. Pilsudski, the civilian Governor of Wilno and the brother of the President of the Republic, came in for a time to listen to the testimony in the afternoon.

In the evening, it being Friday, Mr. Morgenthau, General Jadwin and I went to the synagogue. This is one of the oldest and probably one of the most famous of the synagogues in Central Europe. Wilno, for the last four hundred years, has been the centre of Jewish culture in Poland. It was in Wilno that many of the leading Rabbis have worked on their Talmudic commentaries. Outside this synagogue the street was so packed with people that we had difficulty in getting our automobile through the crowd. Inside every inch of room had been taken, so that the men were massed right up against the altar. Rabbi Rubenstein met us at the door. He was a tall man—over six feet—with a slight stoop. His reddish-brown eyes, which seemed at times to have a spark of fire in them, were the most striking feature of his pale ascetic face. With his thin aquiline nose and flaming red beard he would have been a fit subject for one of Michelangelo's "Prophets." When he spoke he kept knitting his long thin fingers together as though he were trying to restrain himself. He is the hero of the Jewish Community, for when the Polish soldiers began to kill and rob in April he went to their officers and demanded protection for his people. At one time he was almost shot by the soldiers. To-night when he spoke from the altar the nervous whispering which had been going on in the crowd was hushed. He welcomed the Mission to Wilno, and then described very briefly the sufferings of the Jews during the terrible two weeks. In conclusion, he emphasized that he wanted the sin, but not the sinner, destroyed. The Mission should establish the facts so clearly that in the future no more pogroms could occur.

August 2nd.—This morning I had an interview with a Lithuanian priest. He said that he hoped that the United States would insist upon a plebiscite, as most of the people in this district wanted to belong to Lithuania. It was only in the city itself that there were many Poles, and even here they were outnumbered by the Jews. In the

country districts almost all of the small farmers and peasants were Lithuanian. The largest land-owners were the Poles, and it was to enable them to hold their estates that the Polish army had taken this country. The Poles claimed that as both the Lithuanians and the Poles were Roman Catholics, they were really one people. Why, if this was so, did they try to make the Lithuanian priests give their sermons in Polish? Historically Wilno had always been the capital of Lithuania, and the people would never rest until it was returned to their country. Some day there would be a fearful uprising and the Polish land-owners and their soldiers would be driven out.

In the evening we went to a dinner at Count Tuskiewicz. This reception was given so that the Mission might meet the leading Poles and Jews of the city. A number of the Jews, however, did not attend, as they did not wish to take any position which would bind them either to the Poles or the Lithuanians. They seemed to feel that by going to this reception they would identify themselves with the Poles.

Although Wilno had been held by the Bolsheviks for four months, the Count's palace was virtually uninjured. Some of his silver had been stolen but his valuable porcelains were untouched. A young cousin of the Count's, who had remained here as housekeeper when the city was seized by the Russians in January, said that she thought the Bolsheviks did not know the value of these works of art. It was also possible that the palace had been saved because the Count had once befriended a poor Polish boy who had later become one of the leading Commissars in Wilno.

At eleven o'clock all the lights went out suddenly This is not an unusual occurrence at present in a Polish city. There is always more or less of a thrill connected with such an event, as in Central Europe one feels that this may be the signal for a Bolshevist uprising.

August 3rd.—This afternoon Mr. Morgenthau and I attended a meeting at which we met the leaders of the

Jewish Community. It was particularly interesting to hear them talk of themselves as Lithuanian, as distinct from, Polish Jews. The Jews here hold the balance between the two nationalities, and if matters were left to a plebiscite I believe that they would vote in favour of Lithuania. From a business point of view, of course it would be better for the Jews if Wilno belonged to Poland, as Lithuania is a much smaller country. But after the way they have been treated for the last three months I think purely material considerations will have very little influence on their vote. Here, more than in any other place, Polish diplomacy has been at fault. With no very great effort the Poles could have bound the Jews of this district to them. But instead of trying Western conciliatory methods, they have attempted to rule by threats. It seems inevitable that Wilno and the surrounding district will always be a source of conflict between Poland and its smaller neighbour, Lithuania. There is a danger that whichever side is strongest at the moment will take this city.

August 4th.—Mr. Morgenthau returned to Warsaw this morning and has left me here to finish taking the testimony. While I was examining witnesses to-day I was struck by the fact that most of the Orthodox Jews still use the ancient Hebrew Calendar. Many of them had to calculate what day the 19th of April was in the Jewish system before they could answer questions. Saturday is strikingly the most important day of the week for them. Thus most of the witnesses in describing certain events say, "Two days before the Sabbath," or "A day after the Sabbath."

One of the witnesses this morning was a Karaite. The Karaites are a sect of the Jews which sprang up in Babylonia in the second half of the eighth century A.D. They protested against the Talmud as the regulator of life and urged a return to the simple biblical laws. Some of them emigrated from Babylonia to Central Russia in the Middle Ages, and there are still a few communities of them scattered throughout the country. The largest

of these is at Troki, a village near Wilno. The Karaites have never been considered Jews by the Russians, and have not suffered under the many disabilities of the others. As they only marry amongst themselves, they are rapidly dying out.

This evening after dinner the ablest of the Jewish journalists who travelled with us to Wilno from Warsaw came up to my room. He said he wanted to explain to me what Jewish nationalism was. "Unless you can understand Jewish nationalism you cannot understand the whole position of the Jews in Poland. By nationalism we mean the free development of our racial culture and ideals. Of course all our talk about race here in Central Europe is incomprehensible to the average American. In the United States you have a country which has no dominant race. Although the Anglo-Saxons are in the majority, no one in his right senses would say that it was necessary to be an Anglo-Saxon to be a good American. In Poland, on the other hand, citizenship is almost invariably confused with race. The slogan 'Poland for the Poles' would be analogous to a slogan of 'America for the Anglo-Saxons!' 'Poland for the Poles' excludes the Lithuanians, the Jews and the Ukranians who live within the borders of Poland. Before peace can be established in this country, the Poles must realize that real citizenship does not depend on race or religion. A Jew whose family has lived in Poland for hundreds of years can be as good a Polish citizen as a man of Polish race. We are tired of being treated as servants. At the present moment we are suffering from nationalist intolerance, but if we can only keep on fighting for justice we shall win through just as we did against religious persecution." This has been best expressed by Dubnow, our greatest Jewish historian, in his book called *Significance of Jewish History*.

"And who can tell—perhaps Jewish history will have a not inconsiderable share in the spiritual change that is to annihilate nationalist intolerance, the modern substitute for the religious bigotry of the Middle Ages. In this case, the future task of Jewish

history will prove as sublime as was the mission of the Jewish people in the past. The latter consisted in the spread of the dogma of the unity of creation; the former will contribute indirectly to the realization of the not yet accepted dogma of the unity of the human race."

August 5th.—This afternoon M. Pilsudski, civilian governor of the town, took me through the Lukishki prison, the largest one in this part of the country. I expected to find an old fortress-like building, but instead was shown through a most modern structure. M. Pilsudski explained to me that there were two things in the old Russian régime which had been well managed—the first was the Government monopoly in vodka and the second was the construction of prisons. The great Government officials had always built up-to-date and comfortable prison buildings because they never knew when it would be their turn to inhabit them. M. Pilsudski showed me a cell in which he himself had been imprisoned during the Russian revolution of 1905, when he had helped his half-brother, the General who is now the Chief of State in Poland.

In the Lukishki there were about eleven hundred prisoners, one hundred of whom were Jews. In view of the fact that almost half of the population in the city is Jewish this was a small number. The large number of Poles was due to the fact that military as well as civilian prisoners were kept here. The major proportion of the former class was made up of soldiers who had come from Posen, formerly Prussian Poland. Now that the strict German discipline had been removed, these men, I was told, were inclined to break all the rules and regulations.

During my visit I spoke to most of the Jewish prisoners. One old man of seventy-three had been in prison over two months for having been found with a pair of Army boots in his possession. He told me that he did not care so much for himself, as he was reasonably comfortable, but that his wife, who was the same age as he and with whom he had lived for almost fifty years, minded terribly the fact that they were not to spend their golden wedding-

day together. M. Pilsudski, who in every way impressed me as being a most humane man, said he would consider letting the old man out. In another cell there were two Bolshevik prisoners, one a Russian and one a Jew. I spoke to the Jew, who was staring at me with ill-concealed hatred. " Were you one of the followers of Bolshevism ? " He drew himself up proudly and answered, " I want you to understand that I was one of the leaders." There were three or four more Bolshevik prisoners in the other cells, all charged with having been directly connected with executions. M. Pilsudski explained to me that these were special cases, as the ordinary Bolshevik soldier who is captured is treated as a prisoner of war and taken to a concentration camp.

From the men's part we went into the women's prison. As I stepped into the first cell, in which there were two girls, one of them began to scream horribly and cowered behind the bed. In spite of her shrieks I decided to remain until she quieted down. The other girl finally explained to me that her friend had been arrested on the charge of being a Lithuanian spy. One of the warders had told her, in what he considered a humorous fashion, that the next time an officer came in he would be in charge of the firing squad to execute her. When the girl had seen us open the door she had therefore imagined that she was about to be led out to be shot. M. Pilsudski explained to her that she was not to be executed. When we left she was still whimpering, but this time apparently from joy.

In crossing the courtyard to the prison hospital we passed a wooden post riddled with bullet holes. M. Pilsudski explained to me that this was the post against which the Russians, Germans and Bolsheviks, and now the Poles, had each executed the prisoners condemned to death while they were in control of the town. One of the prison guards whispered to me, " I never pass here at night if I can help it, because I feel if any spot in Wilno is haunted it must be this one."

The hospital was immaculately clean. First we visited

the typhus ward, where there were three or four prisoners; then we went to the shower-room, where every person is forced to take a bath before being sent to a cell. Bathing is the best preventive against typhus, and by this means an epidemic in the prison has been checked. The showers reminded me of a story I had been told about one of the Bolshevik prisoners in this gaol. When he was brought here the warden told him to go in and take a bath. The prisoner looked surprised, saying, " How do I do that ? " When the warden asked, " Don't you know how to take a bath ? " the Bolshevik drew himself up and answered, " I want you to understand that this is the first time I have ever been in a prison in my life." After having seen some of the Bolsheviks here I am convinced that the story is true.

August 6th.—Ever since six o'clock this morning the streets have been full of people, because President Pilsudski is in town to review the troops who are going to the front to fight the Bolsheviks. At ten o'clock Count Potulicki, a Polish officer attached to our Mission, and I went to the parade ground. We were treated most courteously and given front-row places. I was very much interested in the review, as it gave me a chance to see representatives of the different parts of the Polish army. As this force has been made up of soldiers who fought in the Russian, German and Austrian armies, and has not yet been able to buy national uniforms, the men show a great diversity both in clothing and in discipline. Some of these soldiers even look like Americans, as they are wearing our khaki uniform. After the Armistice the American Army sold fifty thousand uniforms to the Poles, which have now been distributed among the new troops. In the parade there was a company of Posen troops—men who had previously served in the German army. As they came past President Pilsudski they did a " goose-step." After them came the artillery with a mixed collection of French, Italian, Austrian and German guns—I think one of each. The guns were covered with flowers and garlands, and the

people cheered wildly as the soldiers passed. These troops will probably entrain to-night for Minsk, which the Poles expect to capture from the Bolsheviks in three or four days.

After the review had ended I studied the crowd for a few minutes. As far as I could make out there were very few Jews and Lithuanians present. When I spoke to one of the Jewish leaders about this afterwards he said, " It is hard for us to cheer the troops who murdered our brothers and sisters three months ago."

At two o'clock I had lunch with Mr. Jaffe and his wife and two little daughters. Mr. Jaffe is the leading Jewish poet in Russia and Poland, and is now the President of the Zionists in Wilno. When the Poles first took Wilno he was arrested and transported from the town in a box car, being kept without food and water for four days. Finally he was freed because M. Pilsudski himself gave a guarantee that Jaffe had had nothing to do with Bolshevism. Mr. Jaffe is an excellent representative of the intellectual Jews of Wilno. He can speak four or five different languages and has an intimate acquaintance with the literature of France, Germany and England. Like so many of the men in Lithuania, he does not look Jewish and has none of the Hebrew characteristics which are so often caricatured. In Wilno, as in the rest of Lithuania and White Russia, the Jews do not wear the kaftan or the long beards which the Orthodox Jews in Poland proper do.

During the lunch Mr. Jaffe explained to me that his greatest aim in life was to have Palestine develop into the real centre of Jewish culture. He is anxious that the Jews shall return to their historic language—Hebrew, in place of the more modern Yiddish. He is therefore bringing up his two children to speak only the former. He hopes that some day they will be able to talk it in Zion. He is particularly interested in the farm colonies which are to train young men and women in agriculture so that they can face the conditions which they will find in Palestine. The Zionists, he told me, are doing every-

thing possible to develop the physical well-being of their people in Poland and Lithuania so that they will be fitted for the outdoor life.

After lunch we drove out a few versts from Wilno to visit the Jewish farm. About sixty-five workers—twenty-five men and forty women—live here all the year round, working the land during the day and studying in the evening. They vary in age from eighteen to twenty-four years. When they come to the farm they contract to stay for three years. At present they are cultivating a plot of land about forty hectares in size which costs the Community forty thousand roubles a year to support. The manager of the farm first showed us through the dormitories, which are decorated with pictures of Palestine; then we went to the fields and found the students all at work. The girls were pulling up weeds in one field while the men were planting in another. I asked the girls whether they would return to the city when the labour conditions there became better. One of them said she would go back if she could earn a living in a shop, but the other twenty-five in this field said they would prefer remaining in the country. The men were unanimous in preferring the open-air life. When I asked them whether they had had any trouble with Polish troops they said they were strong enough to look out for themselves. The only thing they had to complain of at the moment was the lack of proper machinery. They hoped that by next year they would have American ploughing and threshing machines to help them in their work.

In the evening I went to a dance which some Polish ladies were giving for the soldiers. "The poor boys may die next week, so we are trying to give them a good time to-night," one of the ladies explained to me. Most of the evening they danced the national Mazurka. The prettiest of the steps is the one in which the man suddenly kneels down at the girl's feet, then springs up, puts his arm around her and dashes down the length of the room. I was told that this was a pictorial representation of the old form of wooing in which the man carries

away his bride whether she consents or not. While I was talking to the Polish Countess in charge of the dances she smilingly remarked, "You see, we are learning American ideas of democracy. To-night our daughters are dancing with the common soldiers." I do not think a dough-boy would have appreciated being called a common soldier in just that tone of voice.

August 7th.—General Jadwin left for Minsk this morning. The Polish troops expect to capture that city from the Bolsheviks within a few days. There is a strong rumour here that the Poles are being held up by two regiments of Jewish Bolsheviks who are putting up a desperate battle against the Polish offensive. As a result the Poles are said to be exasperated, and there is considerable fear that they may massacre some of the Jewish civilians when they take the city. To try to prevent this, General Jadwin is going to enter the town when the Polish troops take it. I am waiting until Count Zoltowski, of the Polish Foreign Office, arrives, and will then follow the General with him.

To-day I finished taking the evidence and then visited the principal buildings in the town. Across the river there is a beautiful Orthodox church with some extraordinary gold icons. The caretaker of the cathedral told me that when the Bolsheviks arrived he was afraid that they would steal these from the church, but he found that the Commissars did not dare seize them, as many of their soldiers were still religious. He had had quite a number of these men come out to the church to pray. On the way back across the river I noticed that the bridge over which the Bolsheviks had retreated was marked with machine-gun bullets. The Polish officer with me said that the retreating force was more of a rabble than an army and had not even had the sense to blow up this bridge, although it had three days' time in which to do so.

In the main street I visited the largest church in Wilno. There was a lot of remodelling being done, as the Poles are changing it from an Orthodox to a Roman

Catholic cathedral. This is the second time that this church has changed its faith, because in 1830 the Russians changed it from Roman Catholic to Orthodox.

In the afternoon I met a Polish priest and also some Polish business men who gave me a history of Wilno during the Bolshevik occupation. Up to January 1, 1919, the city was held by the Germans, who had been occupying it for the last three years. On that date a Polish military organization consisting of about three thousand people—workmen, students, scouts and women—drove out the Germans. On January 6th the Bolsheviks entered and captured the entire town from the Poles. The Polish organization retreated towards Landnorwo, sixteen kilometres away, where the Germans disarmed them. The Bolshevik soldiers were mixed Poles, Lithuanians and Jews. Capsukas Mickiewicz, a Lithuanian, was Chief Commissar; Lesczynski, a Pole, was Commissar for Education; Cichoski, a Pole, was President of the Soviet; Dimanstein, a Jew, was Commissar of Work; Abranoff, a Jew, was Commissar of Houses; and the Mayor was Edukiewicz, a Lithuanian. They had heard that there was also a Jewess who signed the death-warrants, but they did not know her name. The Polish business men agreed that the Bolsheviks did not seem to have any system of nationalization. They apparently took what they needed from the stores, but left all the rest of the goods to be sold privately. It was impossible to tell how they would have worked the factories, as none of them were running at the time on account of the shortage of coal and raw material. There was just enough food in the city to keep the people from starving. The Commissars, however, had lived luxuriously in the best apartments in the city.

In the evening I had dinner at the Hotel George, with some of the leading Poles, including Prince Radziwill. They said that the anti-Jewish prejudice at the present time was due to the fact that the people thought that most of the Jews were Bolsheviks and were a danger to the State. The Jews also wanted to belong to Lithuania,

an attitude which the Poles considered very ungrateful as in 1334 King Casimir the Great of Poland had given them refuge.

We then turned to more general political topics. They said it was a mistake to create a separate Lithuanian state, as it was too small to survive independently. Sooner or later it would be forced to join either with Poland, Germany or Russia, and either of the last two alternatives would constitute a great danger to the Polish State. As almost all the really educated men in Lithuania were Poles, the country would be controlled by the uneducated peasant mass if it were independent. From Lithuania we turned to the subject of Poland. Their general feeling was that it was going to be more Conservative as soon as the fear of Bolshevism had lessened. It was quite probable that within the next five years Poland would become a monarchy, constitutionally governed like that of England. One of the men said, "The Polish people, like all Slavs, enjoy show and pomp. If we have a monarchy, we can have more brilliant and elaborate celebrations and parades than we possibly could in a republic."

CHAPTER III

MINSK AND THE BOLSHEVIKS

August 8th.—Count Zoltowski and I left for Minsk at six o'clock this morning. The roads were much better than we had expected, so we made good time through the Lithuanian forests. We were on the same road over which Marshal Davout, Napoleon's General, had marched in 1812 in an attempt to cut off the Russian armies. Count Zoltowski, before joining the Polish Foreign Office, had been a Professor of Philosophy and could talk most European languages with remarkable fluency. The pleasantest memory I have of Poland is of the drive we had through the woods that morning.

On the way the Count and I discussed the character of the Polish people. He believed that the Poles were harder workers and more practical than the Russian Slavs, who spent most of their time in dreaming. "We are also less idealistic and fanciful than they are. We have had to face the bitter facts of life so long that in some ways we have become sceptical. Like all Slav people, however, we like bright and highly coloured things both in life and in inanimate objects. A person who dresses in purple and yellow is apt to think in the same colours." I said that the Poles seemed to me to lack a sense of humour, but I agreed with him that at present they did not have the same opportunity of looking at things from the funny side as Americans do. "We have been under a tyrant's rule for over a hundred years, and it is hard to keep gay under these conditions. The best Polish poem, however—'Pan Tadeusz,' by Mickiewicz—has a number of humorous characters, one of whom is almost equal to Falstaff."

We arrived at Molodechno in time to have lunch with the staff of General Szeptycki. The General himself was lunching in his private car. As usual, there was a lot of saluting and clicking of heels before we sat down. There is more formality here than in an American or English mess. The General's aide, who had once studied at Oxford University, said that he thought it was wrong for the Allies not to give more help to Poland. While it was true that they had helped her gain her freedom, this result was only incidental to the defeat of Germany. Now that Poland was standing as the bulwark of the Western world against Bolshevism it was the duty of the other countries to assist her. If in last January Poland had not risked her little army against the Russians, Lenin and his followers would have been able to establish relations with the Spartacists in Germany ; then Germany would have fallen, and inevitably France would have been engulfed in the general catastrophe. As in 1683 the King of Poland rescued Vienna and Europe from the Turks, so now again Poland had rescued Western civilization from an Eastern invasion. Only France had realized to some slight degree the duty she owed, and had sent some officers to help them. America was giving Poland a little food, but was doing nothing to strengthen the Government itself. England not only was keeping aloof, she was actually hurting Poland by her attitude at the Peace Conference.

After lunch, Count Zoltowski and I met General Szeptycki. For a few minutes we walked up and down the railway track with him. He said that he had given strict orders that there should be no disorder when Minsk was taken, and he was sure that nothing would happen. The attack had started at five o'clock in the morning and was going well. He thought we should be able to sleep in the city that night. The Commander of the Bolshevik army was a former Russian General,—he had shown great ability and skill in withdrawing his troops from the city.

We left Minsk at two o'clock. The road was very

rough, as the advancing Polish army had ploughed up the soft dirt surface with its guns and wagons. After we had travelled a few versts, we met the first group of about a hundred Bolshevik prisoners who were being led back to the rear. Most of them were of the square-faced Russian peasant type, dull and stupid-looking. They seemed to be chiefly between twenty and thirty years of age, but there were some younger boys with them. Only about four or five looked like Jews. The Bolsheviks were dressed in a dirty yellow uniform without any insignia as far as I could see. Three or four of the men were barefooted.

Farther down the road we passed a company of Polish soldiers who were singing as they marched through the forest. It is extraordinary how fond the Polish soldiers are of song and how much care they take in training their choruses. Their songs are slower and more melancholy than ours—more like " A Long, Long Trail " than " Over There." I have never passed a body of Polish troops during the day or night who were not singing. Their love for music is like that of the peasant choristers who were brought to Warsaw to sing for a foreigner. After they had sung four or five songs they were cordially thanked by their host, who assumed that the entertainment was over. The peasants protested, saying that they had just started and would like to go on. Finally, after some argument, the host took them to the attic and told them they could perform there. Here they continued to sing without an audience until three o'clock in the morning.

As we approached Minsk we passed the bodies of two Bolsheviks lying along the road. They had been killed by rifle fire. Then we met a Polish officer on horseback, who told us that we should not have to bother to look out for shell holes in the road as the Bolsheviks had had virtually no artillery, and the few rounds they had fired had exploded in the fields. We did pass one small hole which looked as if it had been made by a three-inch shell. The Poles also had only a few light guns, so that most

of the so-called battle had been fought with rifle and machine guns. I believe the total casualties on both sides could not have amounted to more than two hundred men. Nor had the Bolsheviks mined the bridges or even destroyed the roads. At one place they had constructed a poor imitation of a trench. Neither army, of course, had any barbed wire.

As we came to the outskirts of Minsk we had to go more slowly, as the Polish troops were entering the city and the road was very crowded. With our American flag flying from the front of the car we managed, however, to get the right of way most of the time.

When we got into the city it seemed very quiet. There were a number of civilians on the sidewalk watching the troops. As the Jews in this part of the country—White Russia—do not wear the Polish kaftan, it was hard to say whether the people were Jewish or not. Some of the houses had white crosses on the door, and in one window a crucifix was prominently displayed.

After driving round a few of the streets we came into the main square, which was full of Polish troops. We went to the largest hotel which had been taken over as headquarters by the second Polish division and had rooms assigned to us here. In the hall I met Colonel Farnum, the American military Attaché, who had entered the city with the first Polish troops. He said that no excesses had taken place. While we were talking General Jadwin drove up. He had just entered the city with General Konarzewski, the General commanding the Posen division, and in charge of the immediate capture of the city.

After we had reported to the General, Count Zoltowski and I took a walk through the residential streets to see whether any damage had been done here during the day. Everything was quiet. We passed one or two soldiers who were hurrying to the centre of the town. In one of the streets we saw an abandoned armoured automobile which had apparently caught fire. It was still flying a torn red flag.

As we came back to the main square we heard a crash

of glass and saw some soldiers trying to break into a store. When we came up to them they ran away. Farther down the street we could hear the crash of more glass and saw some soldiers entering another building. At that moment we met General Jadwin, who had been driving through the streets in his car. He said that he also had seen Polish soldiers breaking into the houses. We got into our automobiles, turned on the headlights, because it was now after nine o'clock, and started driving round. We saw that a large number of stores had been broken into and occasionally we saw soldiers carrying away their booty. Count Potulicki jumped out of the automobile and stopped some of them. He whistled for a patrol, but there did not seem to be any on the streets. Farther down the street we heard some shots and then a cry. General Jadwin decided that it was impossible for us to organize ourselves into a police force, as we had no authority to arrest Polish soldiers. He therefore decided to go and see the Polish General. We did, however, assume authority to arrest the soldiers whom we had caught with the booty. I joined Count Potulicki, and the two of us marched the four robbers we had caught to the Polish headquarters. On the way we rounded up five or six more, so that we were quite a big troop. When we arrived we found that one of the soldiers was carrying a woman's fur coat, another had four suits, and the third had a new leather valise filled with linen. The fourth was the most enterprising—he was carrying a large sack on his back. The remarkable thing was how well disciplined these men were. Although all nine of them were carrying rifles, they apparently never once thought of turning on us. Nor did any of them try to drop the loot they were carrying, which would have been quite easy to do in the dark. Just before getting to the headquarters we met a soldier and a girl each carrying a large bundle. Count Potulicki called to them to stop. The soldier turned and stood at attention, but the girl dropped her bundle and bolted down the street.

After we had turned over our prisoners to a surprised

sergeant, General Jadwin arrived. We went upstairs to General Konarzewski's rooms. He immediately told us how glad he was to see us and that he hoped our rooms were comfortable. General Jadwin thanked him for his interest, but said that he had not yet been to his rooms. He had been driving through the streets and found that Polish soldiers were robbing the stores. He did not think there were sufficient officer patrols on these streets. Something should be done to protect the people. General Konarzewski said that he had so few officers that he could not send any of them out as they were needed in the camps to keep the men in hand. His officers had been fighting all day and were too exhausted now to go on patrol duty. General Jadwin pointed out that the soldiers apparently were not too tired to rob. He had seen the magnificent road discipline of the Polish troops and was sure that if the officers took a strong position in the matter they could enforce obedience now just as they had enforced it during the battle. After some more talk the Polish General ended the conversation by saying he had done everything he could under the circumstances.

August 9th.—Count Zoltowski and I were out in the streets again at six o'clock this morning. In front of the hotel we met a patrol of five soldiers and one officer. Apparently the strong line taken by General Jadwin the night before has had some effect. The main street near our hotel was quiet now. Almost every window in it, however, was smashed and the sidewalks were littered with glass. We turned into a side street and met a group of peasant women with market baskets on their arms. Count Zoltowski asked one of them why she had a basket, and she answered that she had come in from the country to take what she could from the Jews. He warned her that the soldiers would arrest anyone they found robbing. In a third street we met a patrol leading three civilians and two soldiers to prison. The crowd on the sidewalk suddenly realized that they were not going to be allowed

to pillage. One of the women came up to the Count in great indignation and said, "I have walked three versts this morning with my basket and now they will not allow me to take anything." As we turned into the main avenue I saw a soldier with a Red Cross band on his arm run up to a Jew and grab hold of him. When he saw me come along he turned and ran in the other direction.

By eight o'clock the streets were in order again, and it was hard to believe, except for the broken windows, that the evening before there had been so much robbery and pillage in the city.

After breakfast, the Count and I walked to one of the outlying Jewish districts, partly for the purpose of seeing how the people were getting on and also to let them know that there was an American present. At no time in my life have I felt as proud of the United States as I did when I realized that the American uniform had a restraining influence on the soldiers in a distant Russian town. This influence was not imaginary, for a number of Polish officers told me during the day that the presence of Americans here was having a great effect on their troops. Not that our being here has made us very popular with the Polish soldiers, for a hand grenade was thrown this morning from a window at Count Potulicki, the Polish officer attached to General Jadwin. Luckily it missed him and only damaged the sidewalk a little. While we were walking along one of the outlying streets we saw an excellent caricature picture of President Wilson pasted on the wall. It was a Bolshevik poster representing America in the person of President Wilson holding a pistol with his right hand against the body of a working-man, while with his left hand he was taking the watch from his victim's pocket. Another poster showed a ship with a typical Englishman—a man with a pipe in his mouth—on the bridge trying to run down a small vessel in which sat a Russian peasant. We tried to loosen these posters with our knives, but they were so firmly pasted that we could make no impression on them. We

soon had a large crowd of people round us who were laughing and giving advice all at one time as to how we should take the pictures down. If there was any sympathy for Bolshevism in these Jews, they succeeded in hiding it very well. One of the women who had been watching us went into her home near by to get a pail of water so as to help us soften the paste.

At eleven o'clock Count Zoltowski asked me to go with him to visit an elderly Polish lady who he thought was still living in the city, unless she had been killed by the Bolsheviks. She had remained in Minsk when the Bolsheviks captured it, and had succeeded from time to time in letting her family in Poland know that she was well. We walked over to the apartment house where she had lived, but found that this building had been taken over some months before by the Bolsheviks as their headquarters. The man who answered our ring was apparently the janitor of the building. He said that the lady was living across the road with a friend of hers. We crossed over—she must have seen us coming from the window, for she came running to the door and seized the Count by the hand. She was so excited that she could hardly talk for a few minutes. Then she overwhelmed him with a wave of questions about her family in Poland. She was a very small lady, about fifty years old, with remarkable bright dancing eyes. She insisted on our coming in and sharing her lunch with her. We told her we were afraid she had no food, but she assured us that she had plenty for us. She said that she had managed to get on very well while the Bolsheviks were in Minsk. Although she had had to live extremely simply, she had never felt as well as she did now. Our lunch consisted of an excellent cucumber soup, made of cucumbers and milk, some bread, cheese, potatoes and tea. All the time we were eating she kept up a steady flow of the most amusing conversation. "I have been bottled up so long, and so afraid to say the things I really wanted to, that I feel now just as if a dam had burst." She was very proud of the fact that she had stayed on

when all the others had run away. "After all, they could not do more than kill me, so why should I be afraid?" There had been another Countess with her in Minsk, but this other lady had been taken away by the Bolsheviks to prison at Bobruisk. This other lady's daughter had escaped from the Bolsheviks two months ago, and, on arriving in Warsaw, had published an account of her adventures which contained a bitter attack on the Red régime. In revenge the Bolsheviks had arrested her mother. The Countess told us that personally she had been well treated by the Bolsheviks, although they had made two or three searches in her apartment. She had called them "comrade" and slapped them on the back. At the same time she had been careful to destroy all her pictures so that they should not know that she was an aristocrat. She thought she had been spared more annoyance because she was on good terms with the Bolshevik artillery officers who lived in the building across the way. All the officers were Poles and some of them belonged to educated families.

After lunch the Countess took us across the street to her old apartment and showed us that everything had been destroyed while the Bolsheviks were there. All the paintings were gone from the walls and only part of the furniture remained. Most of this was broken, and on a fine old mahogany desk there were deep nail-marks where apparently a Bolshevik soldier had stood with his heavy boots. She said that the Bolshevik Commissars had shipped a lot of her pictures and porcelain to Moscow two weeks before they had been driven out. The Commissars were worse than the former Russian officials. They stole everything they wanted for themselves; they behaved like a robber band. The private soldiers, however, did not steal, because the discipline was so strict. The Commissars and the officers had lived a luxurious life, drinking and singing all night long. As there was a heap of empty bottles in the courtyard, this was unquestionably true. The Bolshevik finance representative had lived a particularly gay and spendthrift life

while he was in Minsk. He was a very young man, only about twenty years old.

From the Countess's apartment the three of us walked over to the house in which the Bolshevik Court of Justice was said to have sat. We went into the cellar where some of the executions had taken place, and found what looked like marks of blood on the floor. The Countess said that none of her friends had been killed, but she thought that between seventy and eighty people had been executed during the seven months in which the Bolsheviks had governed the city. A batch of over twenty had been executed in the past week in order to terrorize the population and to keep them from siding with the advancing Poles. There was no way of telling exactly how many people had been executed, as the trials were secret. This secrecy was the most terrible thing about Bolshevism. She never knew from one day to another whether or not she would be suddenly seized and carried before this anonymous tribunal. No one knew on what principles its decisions were based nor what laws it was administering. Although only seventy people had been executed, every one of the hundred thousand in Minsk lived in the daily terror of anonymous accusation and secret trial. Just as life was uncertain, so no one knew when his property was going to be seized. Her friend with whom she was living had some old furniture of which she was very fond. Day after day she kept worrying that the soldiers were coming to seize it, until finally her fears became almost an obsession.

As we were walking to her home I remarked to the Countess that the streets were unusually clean. She said that the Bolsheviks had threatened to punish anyone who did not take care of his sidewalk, and as people were so afraid of the tyranny, they had taken unusual care to obey even the slightest orders. These strict rules were an advantage in only one way, and that was that they prevented profiteering. As none of the stores had been nationalized and the Bolshevik money—" Lenin rouble "—was virtually valueless, this was essential, if the people were to continue to live.

Later in the afternoon I called on some of the Jewish leaders. The first name on the list which had been given me at Wilno was that of the leading physician in Minsk. It was with great difficulty that I could get in to see him, as his wife only opened the door a crack when I knocked. When she saw that I was in uniform, she tried to slam it in my face. It was only after long persuasion that she would let me in. Nothing showed the absolute terror of the Jewish population more clearly than the fear of this family to open their own front door. The doctor told me that the evening before two different bands of soldiers had broken into his apartment. One of the soldiers had knocked down his wife, torn her wedding-ring from her finger and a brooch from her dress. I asked him to come next day to our headquarters in the hotel so that he could meet General Jadwin.

In the evening we went to the only restaurant which was open in the town. There is a great shortage of food, as the Bolsheviks did not send in any supplies during the last week of their occupation and the Polish train with food has not yet arrived. The farmers in the surrounding country are all White Russian, while the population of the city is almost entirely Polish and Jewish. Consequently the farmers refuse to send in anything unless they are paid for it. As the only money that the city people have consists of Bolshevik roubles, which have virtually no value here now, they cannot buy anything. We succeeded in getting a chop and a potato and a cup of dirty water, called coffee, for sixty Polish marks apiece.

After dinner we drove through the streets in our automobiles. This time we found a few patrols riding up and down. Conditions apparently were quiet in the city.

August 10th.—This morning a committee of five of the leading Jews called on General Jadwin. They told him that his presence in Minsk had been of the greatest value to the Jewish Community, both in giving the Jews more

confidence and in restraining the Polish soldiers. During the last night there had been a number of robberies in the outlying districts. If the Americans should go away now there probably would be a fresh outbreak throughout the city. They reported that when the Polish troops had entered the city five Jews had been shot at a prayer-house. They had not heard of any other cases in which people had been killed. General Jadwin promised that he would investigate this case immediately after lunch, which he was having with General Szeptycki and General Konarzewski.

In the afternoon we went to the prayer-house where the five Jewish people had been killed. While we were inside the room an old man burst in in great excitement. Tears were running down his cheeks and he was trembling so that he could hardly speak for a few moments. Finally he managed to explain that while he was standing outside two soldiers had seized him, while a third had hacked off his beard with a dagger. The old man kept on repeating, "I thought he was going to cut my throat." The General sent me out into the street, but the soldiers had run away. We again continued the hearing, and ten minutes later another old man came running in and told us that his beard also had been cut off. I again went out, and found his beard lying on the sidewalk, but no soldier in sight. Twice more during the afternoon similar beard-cutting incidents happened. Later we took a photograph of the four old men, while a crowd of sympathetic friends gathered round them. I was surprised to find that they did not seem to take this incident more seriously, but their Rabbi explained to me that the old men were so proud of having their photographs taken by the American Mission that they had forgotten the indignity they had suffered and the terror of seeing a knife so close to their throats. This cutting of beards has a particular significance to Orthodox Jews, as they believe that the Bible forbids their shaving or even trimming them. This is in accordance with Leviticus xix. 27: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy

beard." One of the most orthodox of the Rabbis here in Poland even kept his hands from his beard because he was afraid that the contact might cause some hairs to drop from it.

From the prayer-house we drove over to the Synagogue, as General Jadwin had promised to speak there. Three or four hundred excited people had assembled, and each one was telling the other about his experiences of the day before. The President, Dr. Churgin, introduced General Jadwin, saying how grateful the Community was to the Americans for having come. The General then spoke a few words in German. He said that he would do all he could to help the people and that he was sure that order had been restored. As he was speaking he mentioned that we had heard of five people who had been killed. A man on the outside of the crowd said, "You mean twenty-five, and I will give you a list of their names." Count Zoltowski was then introduced and told the people that the Government regretted that any disturbance had taken place, but that the Jews would now be protected in every way possible. I also said a few words, telling the people that the United States was most sympathetic and interested in them.

After the meeting the man who had said that there were twenty-five dead brought the President of the Jewish Cemetery to us. The President said that twenty-five bodies had been brought to him in the last two days for burial. He believed this number of people had been killed during the occupation of the city. We immediately drove to the cemetery, where we found three funerals going on. They were typical Eastern funerals—the mourners, of whom there were a great number, wailed and sobbed and tore their hair, as the bodies were lowered into the ground. We tried to obtain information as to how these people had been killed, but it was impossible to get any facts from the hysterical crowd. Finally the President promised to bring us in the morning a list of the dead, together with a statement of all the circumstances he could gather as to their deaths.

After a most frugal dinner—no supplies have come into the city as yet—General Jadwin invited the Chief of Police to drive through the streets with us. We found a few patrols riding up and down. Occasionally we met stray soldiers wandering round, in violation of the order that they must be in their camps before nine o'clock. General Jadwin urged the Chief of Police to take stricter action in enforcing this rule.

August 11th.—The Jewish Committee appeared again this morning. They said there had been further robberies during the night and the Jewish population was panic-stricken. In one of the houses a girl had been attacked by two soldiers. They asked that more patrols be put on the streets. They also said that the new Governor of the town—M. Raczkiewicz—had posted a number of proclamations on the walls. These were all written in Polish, with a White Russian translation. As the Jews could only read Yiddish, they asked that translations in this language be also added. This was particularly important in the case of the order requiring all arms to be given up under penalty of death.

We then spoke about Bolshevism with them. They said that most of the Jewish Community were owners of small stores. These had been virtually ruined by the Bolsheviks. Their prices were so regulated that hardly any business had been done during the last six months. All the big factories had been taken over by the Government, and the small dealers—the middle-men between the factories and the people—had nothing to do. The Bolsheviks also requisitioned shoes, leather and clothing from the stores, and only paid for these in a few cases. As a rule they called these contributions. All book stores and all drug stores had been seized by the Government and nationalized. The Commissars had forced all people to make contributions. They had demanded that the population of Minsk should pay over money or property amounting to 250,000,000 roubles. As the rich people had all fled from the city, this put a great burden on the

poor. In one way only had the Bolsheviks given them good government. They had enforced very strict laws of discipline against the soldiers, so that there had been no robberies or murders in the city while they were there. Only a small number of people had been executed by the Bolsheviks, among whom were some Jews who had been accused of speculating in food and in the rate of exchange. The Bolsheviks had tried to bolster up their credit by making it a capital offence to gamble in the Lenin rouble. In spite of the severe penalty the temptation had been too great for some men to resist.

One of the men then asked us what had been decided at the Peace Conference about Palestine. At present this was their only hope. To live under the Bolshevik government was impossible, and after the experience of the last three days the Polish rule seemed hardly better. Their future was to go to Zion.

While we were talking a young boy came in, weeping bitterly. He said that the night before some Polish soldiers had broken into his father's house and when his sister had tried to escape by running into the garden one of the soldiers had shot and killed her. The General immediately sent Count Potulicki to investigate the case.

We then called on Governor Raczkiewicz. The General told him that the Jewish population was still terrified because robberies had not stopped, and suggested that more patrols be put on the streets and that soldiers be prevented from wandering about after dark. M. Raczkiewicz answered that he could not send out more patrols, because he had heard that some of the younger Jews of the city were planning a pro-Bolshevik uprising. It was the duty of the Jewish Community to hand over these men to him. I suggested that if there really was any danger of such an uprising, the very best method for preventing it was to have strict patrols on the streets. Dr. Churgin, the President of the Jewish Community, who was also present at the meeting, denied vehemently that any Jews were planning trouble. He asked the Governor whether he had the names of any men. The

latter answered that he did not know of any particular individuals, but that he had heard general rumours. He also said that it would be impossible for him to print a proclamation in Yiddish. Dr. Churgin then asked that the Jewish Community be allowed to publish a newspaper. They still had a printing press, which the Bolsheviks had forbidden them to use, but which he thought could be put in order at once. Such a newspaper would help in quieting the panic-stricken people. The Governor said he would think it over.[1]

After this meeting we went back to our rooms. The Jewish Committee was bitterly disappointed that none of the things it had asked for had been granted by M. Raczkiewicz. We arranged with this Committee that before six o'clock in the evening they should get us a full list of all the stores that had been robbed, with the names of the owners. Mr. Kahan immediately sent out teams of young men who went through all the streets. In a few hours we had a full statement of just what had happened. Three hundred and seventy-six stores had been broken into and a great number of private houses had been robbed. This list was drawn up in such a businesslike way, that I suggested to Count Zoltowski that Mr. Kahan ought to be used in the administration of the city. At present Governor Raczkiewicz is handicapped because he has so few officials to help him. Even those that he has got are incompetent, and make up by bluster what they lack in efficiency. The Commissioner of Police is a gruff old gentleman, who has served in many wars. Unfortunately he has no idea of organization. There is a line of people almost a city block long outside his office. It takes over four hours before a man with a complaint can get into the police station. It is a pity that the Governor refuses to call on the Jews to help him in the administration of the city.

This evening General Jadwin sent a telegram to Warsaw asking that food be hurried to the relief of the city.

[1] When the Mission left Poland, on September 13th, publication of the newspaper had not as yet been authorized.

Doctors are also needed, as there is danger of a typhus epidemic.

During the rest of the day we spent most of our time investigating complaints. After dinner Count Potulicki and I were walking down the main street, when a militia-man with two women in tow came up to us. He said that the women had reported to him that in the little village in which they lived, about three versts from the city, the Polish soldiers were robbing the Jews. He asked us to go out with him, because, as he said, " If I go out alone, I shall be risking my life, and it does not seem worth it as the people are only Jews." We got one of our automobiles and ploughed our way through muddy roads. When we got to the village, we found that it consisted of about five or six broken-down farmhouses. An old, long-bearded Jew came from the nearest door when we blew our horn. He told us that some soldiers had passed through a couple of hours ago, but had not taken anything except a few potatoes. The women who had run into Minsk had been foolishly alarmed; they had lived in such terror for the past few days that the least incident seemed to them the start of a pogrom. Some soldiers in the morning, while passing through the village, had told the women that when the army came back from the front they would murder all the Jews. The women had taken this remark seriously and had been weeping all day long. By this time, the whole population, consisting of three furtive-looking men, six very voluble women and a crowd of dirty children, gathered round us. The Count told them that they had nothing to fear and that they should not take the joking remarks of the Polish soldiers seriously.

We got back to the city about ten o'clock and started on another inspection trip. We first went to the outlying house in which the girl, whose case the Count had investigated in the morning, had been murdered the night before. The Count had promised her family that he would come out again during the night to protect them in case any of the soldiers should return. It was so dark along the road

that we lost our way. We knocked at the window of one of the farmhouses. After some delay, a shutter was half opened and a man said, "What do you want? I am a Pole, and not a Jew." After a little while we reached the house we were looking for. As we came up the old wooden steps, we heard a low sobbing inside and then all was quiet. The Count spoke through the door, asking the family whether any one had disturbed them. A girl's voice answered that some one had knocked on the window earlier in the evening, but had then gone away. We stayed on watch a short time until a patrol came down the street. The Count told the soldier to keep his eye on the house as it was possible that there might be more trouble here.

August 12th.—As usual, the Jewish Committee came to our rooms early in the morning. They reported five more robberies during the night. They also asked that some steps be taken to release, or at least to investigate the cases of, the eighty Jewish civilians who were imprisoned in an old building on the outskirts of the city. These men had been vaguely accused of being connected with the Bolshevik movement. Governor Raczkiewicz had promised that they should get an immediate hearing before a mixed Commission, but nothing had been done as yet to ascertain the facts.

After the meeting a major of the British Army called on the Mission. He was a military observer during the taking of Minsk, and had remained to study the conditions. He was a most efficient man, and gave us some valuable information. He brought with him a Russian lawyer from Petrograd who had formerly worked for the American Embassy there. He had tried to escape from the Bolsheviks, but had been held up in Minsk. He and his wife and daughter had escaped prison because they knew one of the Commissars who was a Russian. The lawyer said that everything depended on knowing one of these arbitrary rulers of the Bolshevik Government, as there was no legal system by which justice was administered.

The Chief Commissar of the city had been a renegade Pole from Kiev. The editor-in-chief of the official Bolshevik paper had also been a Pole. The Commissar of Finance was a young Jew, about twenty years old, who had been arrested by the Bolsheviks themselves because of his wasteful life. The Commissioner of Public Instruction was a young Jewish woman who had done some able work in getting the schools started. All the officers in the Army were either Russians, Poles or Lithuanians.

Later in the afternoon the Chief Rabbi of Minsk called. He was still suffering from his experiences in a Bolshevik prison. About a month ago the Bolsheviks wished to capture a Jew who they said had speculated in the rate of exchange. He succeeded in escaping, so the Commissars had seized the three leading Rabbis in the city as hostages and demanded that the Jews should furnish them with information as to the place to which the man had fled. There was such an uproar on the part of the Orthodox Jews at the arrest of their Rabbis that after two weeks the Bolsheviks released the three men. The Rabbi said that although most of the Commissars, as far as he could judge, were free thinkers, they had not dared to interfere either with the churches or the synagogues for fear of stirring up the people.

While I was talking to the Rabbi, a very excited Jew dashed into my room and said that his house was being robbed. He was so insistent on my hurrying, that I forgot to lock my door on going out. When we reached his house we found that the soldiers had run away without stealing anything. When I got back to the hotel, however, I found that I had not been as fortunate myself. Some one had broken into my valise and scattered my clothes and papers round the room. A new pair of shoes had been stolen but the rest of my things were left untouched. There is such a shortage of boots in the Polish Army that the soldiers will go to any length to get them. This shortage of essentials is one of the reasons why the Polish officers have not been able to suppress robbery with as firm a hand as they should have. One of them said to me,

"When my men are going barefoot, I have to close one eye while they try to get boots for themselves."

Count Zoltowski brought a young Pole called Orlicki to the Commission late in the afternoon. Orlicki had been connected with the Bolshevik Government and was captured when the city was taken. He said that he had originally joined this Government because he thought that it would bring about the happiness and prosperity of the people. Lately he had been convinced that it was nothing but a system by which a few intelligent or powerful men were able to rule the masses. He had wanted to escape to the Polish Army but was afraid that he would be shot by the Bolsheviks if he were caught.

This evening General Jadwin received a telegram from Warsaw calling him back for a conference with Mr. Hoover. He has decided to leave me here for a few days longer to finish our investigations.

August 13th.—Two of the leading Jews of the city came to the hotel before eight o'clock to see General Jadwin off. They told us that, in spite of the Governor's promise, the eighty civilian Jews had been driven through the streets the night before, packed into a train and shipped away. The General immediately called on Governor Raczkiewicz. The Governor said that he regretted that these men had been sent away contrary to his agreement with the Jews. One of his subordinates, however, had made a mistake and when sending the Bolshevik prisoners of war to the concentration camps had also included the eighty civilians. The Governor had immediately sent a telegram to the Army Headquarters, asking that these men be sent back so that a hearing could be given them.[1]

As the General was leaving, three American Red Cross automobiles arrived with food from Wilno. This is to be distributed in the hospitals and orphan asylums. It has arrived at a desperate time, for yesterday two children died of hunger.

[1] When the Mission left Poland, on September 13th, these prisoners had not as yet been returned to Minsk.

To-day I have spent in Dr. Churgin's office, taking testimony in the different murder cases. Most of the people who were killed were shot in connection with robberies. I have also taken testimony in some of the graver assaults. There was one case of a girl who had been attacked by three soldiers. Mr. Kahan told me that there were a number of other cases like this, but the parents felt that the ruin of their daughters was such a disgrace that they refused to give evidence.

Late in the afternoon Count Zoltowski and I again called on the Countess whom we had met on the first Saturday. She said that she had found one of her pictures boxed and marked for shipment. It was addressed to one of the Commissars at Moscow. I asked her whether she knew whether or not there was any truth in the general statement that the Bolsheviks had nationalized women. She said that, as far as Minsk was concerned, she knew it was not true. She suggested that such a step would probably have been opposed by the women who were connected with Bolshevism. There were a large number of girls who had come to the city from Petrograd and Moscow. She had heard that one of them—a young Jewish girl—had signed the death-warrants for the Bolsheviks.[1]

[1] This fantastic story about Jewish girls signing death-warrants is one of the most frequent that is told in Poland. In every Bolshevik city captured by the Poles some person claims to know about one of these women. A similar statement is found in the London *Times* of September 23, 1919:—

WOMEN AS EXECUTIONERS.

" . . . This woman, Rosa Schwartz, is commonly spoken of as a member of the committee, and is credited with having executed people regularly herself. Whether this was so seems doubtful. She was tried, condemned to death, and shot a few days after the capture of the city [Kiev]. At her trial evidence was produced to show that she was a prostitute, a favourite of several members of the committee, who was used by them as a decoy to entrap and denounce persons who professed views unfavourable to the Government. This much, and the fact of her murder of Professor Florinski, seems to be established. I say this because the figure of a Jewess as a

August 14th.—This morning Mr. Kahan brought a pretty little American girl, called Ruth Berlin, to the hotel She said that she had been visiting in Minsk with her father in 1917 when the United States declared war against Germany. As he was an American, he had to leave hurriedly and was unable to take her with him. The last two years, she said, had been terrible. The city had had three different rulers—the Germans, the Bolsheviks, and now the Poles. She added that if she ever got back to the United States she would never pass the Statue of Liberty again.

Count Zoltowski and I then went to Dr. Churgin's office to hear the witnesses in some more murder cases. The most interesting witness was a young boy, sixteen years old. He testified that he and three other boys about his age and a girl of seventeen were coming back from the country to Minsk on the day after its capture by the Poles. On the way they saw some Bolsheviks who were fleeing in disorder. Later on they met a company of Polish soldiers. The sergeant who was in command of the soldiers arrested them and put them in a farmhouse. He told them that they would all be shot, as they were Jews, and that he had already killed six others that afternoon. The girl and one of the boys, who was her brother, were then separated from the other three, who were led out into the forest by four soldiers. The boy who was telling me the story said that he was sure that they were about to be murdered, so he whispered to his little brother, who was fourteen, to make a break with him. The little boy said he was afraid, so the older brother had to leave him behind when he dashed into the undergrowth. As he was running away a soldier fired after him, wounding him in the hand. He spent the rest of the night in the woods and late the next day

prominent member of Chrezvechaika committees is becoming legendary. There was a Jewess at Vumitza who shot persons with her own revolver; there was another at Minsk who signed death-warrants. Did they all exist? So much that is terrible is true, that much more that is simply hearsay is readily believed."

returned to Minsk. His brother's body had been found yesterday. When he finished his story, the boy got up from the chair, white and trembling. " I want to go to America so that I can become powerful and get my revenge." In all the cases I had listened to so far in Poland this was the first time that I heard the word " revenge " used. The brother of the girl, I was told, had been given his life by the sergeant because his sister had promised to surrender herself to him. Fortunately for her, the officer in charge of the company had returned early in the evening, and had ordered the sergeant to let her go.

I tried hard in this case to find some clue which would identify the sergeant. I asked Mr. Kahan whether he too was not interested in identifying the criminal. He said, " What is the use ? The hatred is so general that it really is not fair to punish the individual murderer. The men who should be punished are those who spread the false reports about the Jews."

In the evening Count Zoltowski, Count Bereza and I went to a small inn for dinner. Here we had a piece of very tough horse-meat and a cup of black coffee. There was no one else in the dimly lit room when we entered it. A few moments later a young girl slunk in hastily and sat down at the farthest table. She looked round the room with nervous hunted eyes, half got up out of her chair when she saw my uniform, and then sat down again. She whispered to the proprietor of the hotel in Russian as if she were afraid that we should hear her voice. She was rather pretty, but looked very thin and ill. Her white face was framed by short curling black hair, through which she kept passing her unwashed fingers. The proprietor brought her a small chicken, which she tore to pieces with her hands. She ate like a ravenous animal, even crunching the bones between her teeth. When she had finished, she gave the proprietor a gold ring and then went hurriedly out of the door, looking back over her shoulder to see whether we were following her. The proprietor, who was a good-natured, stupid and very talkative man,

told us that she had come to Minsk with the Bolsheviks and in some way had been left behind when they fled from the city. He thought she had been in hiding during the last week and had now been driven out by hunger. She had given him her ring for his only chicken. " I suppose she will be captured by one of the patrols in the street on her way back to her house," he added.

When we got back to our hotel we found a young Jewish girl waiting for us. She said that her father and little brother had been missing ever since the Poles had captured the city. She believed that the sergeant about whom we had heard in the afternoon had murdered them. A peasant boy had told her that he knew of a grave in which six Jews were buried—it was about five versts outside the city. After hearing her story, Count Zoltowski arranged that the girl, some Polish officials and we should investigate this grave to-morrow.

August 15th.—At eight o'clock this morning the girl who was here last night and her brother came to the hotel in an old farm-cart to call for us. In a second wagon there was a Polish judge, a small fat man who kept worrying that he would not be able to get back in time for his lunch, a Jewish doctor and two soldiers. In our automobile there was a Polish captain in charge of the investigations, Count Zoltowski and myself. It had been raining the night before, so the soft Russian roads were a sea of mud. About three versts from the city our automobile suddenly pitched into a deep hole, where it stuck fast. From here the captain, the Count and I had to make the rest of the journey on foot. The Polish captain, who had formerly served in a Guards regiment in the Russian Army, was disgusted at the idea that he should have been sent on what he termed " such a dirty job." We walked in single file along a path through the magnificent dark forest. After an hour we reached a peasant's farmhouse, in front of which the judge's wagon was standing. Here lived the boys who had dug the grave which we were to open. They were much impressed

at their sudden importance, and stood together in a corner of the room sniggering in a yokel-like way. Their mother, a weather-beaten old peasant woman, bustled around the kitchen getting a glass of milk for the judge and scolding her two sons at the same time.

From the farmhouse we retraced our steps for a quarter of a mile down the road, and then the boys, who were acting as guides, turned into the forest. After walking along a narrow path, we came to a sudden clearing. Here, in the centre, there was a spot of new-turned earth. The girl, who had joined us, leaving her brother with their wagon some distance away on the road, gave a half-sob when she realized that there really was a grave. The three boys began to dig with their shovels, but as they approached the bodies they stopped. The judge swore at them and told them that if they did not finish their work he would arrest them for being connected with the murders. They began again, but finally one of the boys dropped his shovel and ran away into the woods. The other two continued. After digging for some time, a naked white foot suddenly showed up out of the ground. As the boy's shovel uncovered it he gave a yell and jumped back. All this time the girl was walking up and down between the trees silently wringing her hands. It began to rain again, and the tall pine-trees of this lonely Russian forest swayed to and fro with the wind. The rest of us stood around saying nothing, except the Polish judge, who now and then tried to crack a joke while he urged the men on to their work. Finally, after what seemed to be hours, the boys uncovered the first body and dragged it to the edge of the hole. From then the work went rapidly, and in a few minutes they had piled six corpses round the mouth of the grave. As they were laid down, the Polish captain, with quiet sympathy, went up to the girl, who had turned her back, and said, "Can you identify any of the dead?" She turned round and half walked and half staggered towards the corpses. She pointed to the body of a little boy about fourteen years old and tried to say something, but her lips were trembling so that she

could not make herself understood. After an effort she motioned that they should turn the body over. As she saw his face she suddenly screamed, " My brother. Oh! my little brother!" Then she ran desperately down the path to where her older brother was sitting in the cart. A moment later he came running up, bumping into the trees in a half-blind way. For a moment he hesitated, then walked quietly up to the six corpses. When he looked at the third body, he cried out, " Father!" There was an answering cry from the girl who was hidden away from us by the trees—her last hope that she had made a mistake in the identification had gone. After a few moments the young man recovered control of himself, and said to the captain, " May I take the bodies of my father and brother into the town?" The captain hesitated, and then said, " Yes." Later in the evening, as we were driving back to Minsk, we passed their long, narrow Russian farm wagon. The brother and sister were sitting silently with their heads bowed—they never even looked up as we went by.

Before leaving the grave we drew up a short statement, describing the six bodies. One of the dead men must have been over sixty years, for he had a long white beard. The little brother who had been killed was fourteen. The other four men were middle-aged. They had apparently been out purchasing food in the country, because they all wore the plain black or grey coats which Jews use when going on short journeys, and three of them still had empty market baskets attached to their waists. All of them were bare-footed—the Polish Army being short of shoe-leather, the soldiers take boots wherever they can get them—even from the dead. There was nothing to suggest in the least that any of these men had been connected with the Bolsheviks. Apparently it was a case of brutal murder on the part of the sergeant who had ordered them to be shot.

By this time Count Zoltowski and I were glad of a chance to go back to the farmhouse to ask the people there if they knew any circumstances connected with the killing.

At first they were suspicious and refused to speak to us, but after a gift of one or two American cigarettes they became more friendly. They did not know anything, however, except that the soldiers had ordered them to bury the bodies of these Jews. From here we drove back silently to Minsk in the automobile which we had rescued from the mud.

When we arrived in the city, Count Zoltowski and I went to investigate the last murder on our list. In this case a young Jew had been accused of being a Bolshevik by a Polish hunchback who owed the Jew a gambling debt. Four Polish soldiers had heard the accusation, seized the young man and had taken him down to the railroad track about two hundred yards away. There they had thrown a hand grenade at him. A young Polish servant-girl, about eighteen years old, told us this story in a clear and intelligent way. But my conversation with her made me realize how completely the Russians had suppressed education in this part of the world. I asked the girl at what time of the day the man had been killed, and she answered, " When the sun was half-way up in the sky." I asked her whether she did not know what time that was, and she said No; she had been brought up in a village where they had no clock. I asked her how far away the soldiers had been when they had thrown the hand grenade, and she said, " Twice as far as from here to the station." She did not know how to calculate the distance in any other way. When I asked her whether she could read or write, she thought this question so funny that it was some time before she could stop laughing to answer me.

As we had now examined the facts in all the thirty-one death cases, Count Zoltowski and I decided that we would leave Minsk early the next morning. Before going I wanted to say good-bye to Dr. Churgin and his wife. When I got to their apartment I found a meeting going on of the heads of the different Jewish charities. They told me that they had absolutely no food left—the children especially were suffering terribly. Mrs. Churgin begged me

to send another telegram to Warsaw to urge the Government to rush food to Minsk. That afternoon a number of the children had fainted at the orphan asylum—she was desperate to know what she could do for them. Before I left she offered me a glass of tea without milk or sugar. She said she would have been glad to give me something to eat with it, but she and her husband had had nothing for the last two days.

August 16th.—This morning Count Zoltowski and I left in the automobile for Novo Grodeck. Some of the Jewish leaders came over before eight o'clock to bid us good-bye. They said that they would never forget what America had done for them. If our flag had not been in Minsk they would have felt absolutely unprotected during this terrible week.

We ran into miserable roads soon after leaving the city, as we had been told to avoid the highway. Scattered Bolshevik bands were still in the forests along the main road, and they would probably attack a single automobile. After motoring some time we passed a regiment of Polish soldiers. Their colonel told us that they had been recently recruited and were going into action against the Bolsheviks for the first time. They were dressed in variegated uniforms, some Austrian, some Russian, and many designed according to individual fancy. The soldiers were without overcoats and many of them had worn-out boots. Their road discipline, however, was excellent, and they looked first-class fighting material. As usual, they were singing as they marched along. When we met their commissariat wagons we nearly dispersed the whole column. Their semi-wild Russian horses, unaccustomed to automobiles, reared and plunged all over the road. With the high-arched yokes in which the Russian horses are harnessed there is nothing to prevent their backing. The result was that two or three of the wagons were upset and others went flying across the nearest fields. Everybody took it, however, in good humour, and the soldiers treated it as a new sort of game.

After having left this regiment we met with another one. This time we decided to draw up until the wagons had passed. The train of this regiment was an extraordinary conglomerate mass of Army wagons and farm-carts which had been pressed into service. There were even some women driving while their little children sat on the ammunition.

While we were waiting, some of the officers rode over to speak to us. When they learned that we were from the American Mission they were less cordial. They said that we were wasting our time investigating how many Jews had been killed by the Polish soldiers. We should do better if we made up a list of the Polish soldiers who had been killed by Jewish Bolsheviks. They were quite hospitable, however, and gave us some biscuits, which we appreciated, as we had had virtually nothing to eat for the last two days.

During the afternoon we drove through mournful-looking forests until we reached the old Russo-German battle-front. From there we ran, or rather climbed, along a mass of barbed wire. This part of the road had been under shell-fire during the Great War and had not yet been fully repaired. It showed how absurd it was to compare even the Russian Army of 1917 with the present guerilla Bolsheviks with their two or three little guns. On the German side of the wire the fields were covered with telephone poles—they looked like a forest of naked white trees. Count Zoltowski said that the Germans had kept very thin lines in their trenches along this front and had depended almost entirely on reserves, for which they telephoned when warned of an attack. As the Russians had no such system, they had had to keep full forces in the trenches. These telephone poles had been planted with German thoroughness, for not one of them had fallen even though it was two years since they had been used. Every half-mile there was a concrete block-house. We tried to go into one of them, but it was filled with water. We now passed through one or two destroyed villages which were the first material results of the war I had

seen in Poland. A few people had begun to straggle back to them and were trying to build up new thatched houses near the old ruins. There were little farms being worked here and there, but most of the fields were so covered with wire or torn up by the shells that they could not be planted.

At six o'clock in the evening, after ploughing our way through some more mud, we saw Novo Grodeck in the distance. Just before we entered the town we passed a cemetery. The graves here were scattered in a grove of high trees. This custom of burying the dead in the forests is a survival of the ancient Lithuanian tree-worship. It is said that in some villages the people still take out food and drink and place it in front of the sacred oaks.

As the Count had been describing to me the horrors of the inn in Novo Grodeck, I was not looking forward with any enthusiasm to the night we were to spend there. As we drove into the main square of the town—for every Russian city has a main square—I suddenly heard an American girl's voice call out, " Oh, you American car ! " The chauffeur also heard her call, and nearly tore off the tyres in throwing on the brakes. We skidded half-way round, and I saw a pretty Red Cross girl, in one of the trim American uniforms, standing on the sidewalk. I jumped out of the car and shook hands with her as though I had known her all my life. She said that she was in charge of the Red Cross hospital here, and added that she had an empty ward. If we had no other place to stop she would be glad to put us up. One of her nurses had typhus, but we were less likely to catch it in a clean hospital than in a dirty inn.

When we got to her headquarters we found that she had taken over an old hospital and had turned it into a clean modern building. Everything was spotless—the floor of the room in which the Count, the driver, the sergeant-stenographer and I slept was so polished that the sergeant said he would use it as a shaving mirror. After getting some of the mud off us, we came down to dinner and found that our hostess was Dr. Virginia Murray,

a girl from California. She was the only American in the town. She told us that she used Polish girls to help her in her work. These women learnt social work very rapidly and were most enthusiastic and unselfish in their devotion. She thought that a few American teachers of social service would find a fertile field here in Poland and would have a great influence for good. She had been assigned four Polish soldiers to act as a guard over her storehouse. After she had explained to them the American idea of honesty, these boys had refused to accept any bribes, although they were offered to them almost daily by some of the people in the town.

During dinner, which lasted a long time, as we were nearly famished after our last week in Minsk, she told us some of her experiences. Many of the people were dying from hunger; it was no new thing for people to come to her hospital swollen from famine. One woman had been brought there a few weeks before. When she was sufficiently strong to talk she told them that her husband and two children were lying dead in their little farmhouse. Dr. Murray had established committees, with the help of which she distributed food sent to her by the American Red Cross. She gave these committees tickets entitling the holders to the necessary aid. After the first distribution a speculative market in these tickets sprang up in the city, so that now she was investigating each case herself. She also distributed the American clothes which were sent to this town. By means of these clothes she had been able to enforce reforms on the lines of cleanliness, because she refused to give them to certain organizations until the proper improvements had been made. The local Old People's Home had finally washed its inmates on the strength of her promise that she would clothe them. One old lady, unfortunately, who had never had a bath before, caught cold after this unusual exposure and died. This had caused a set-back in the popularity of water in Novo Grodeck. Dr. Murray had also had trouble with the people who came to her storehouse for help, because they had no sense of order or discipline. The Poles had

learned to form lines more readily than the Jews, who still had a tendency to crowd in. She had told her soldiers to keep the people in order, and one day she found that they were using their whips to hold them in line. The crowd, however, took this as a matter of course, and no one seemed to mind being struck over the shoulders. Last week she had received a lot of women's clothes and had told some of the people that they could come in and choose dresses for themselves. When they got into the room a regular riot developed, and she had to call in the soldiers to restore order.

Dr. Murray had nothing but praise for the Governor of the district. He was energetic and just, and was doing his best under adverse conditions. She had been irritated, however, at the constant requests for bribes which the smaller officials made to her. She had once taken a message to the telegraph station in which she asked the Red Cross in Warsaw to send her some food to save the starving children. Before he would send the message the telegraph operator said to her, " I hear that the Red Cross has received some clothing. I think if I send this message for you, you should give me a suit." She was so angry that she took back her message and transmitted it to Warsaw in a different way.

Later in the evening Count Zoltowski and I called on the leading Jewish attorney in the city. The Count has an estate near Novo Grodeck, and while he is away leaves the management of some of his affairs in the hands of this lawyer. When we stepped into the parlour, the lawyer and his wife greeted the Count with the wildest enthusiasm. There seemed to be genuine affection between the two men. The lawyer told us that he had had a close escape from the Bolsheviks when they were in control of the town. The Commissars had learned that he had represented some of the great land-owners and had ordered his arrest. Luckily he heard of it in time and was able to escape.

The Count and I then walked through the dark streets to the Rabbi's house. He was sitting by a flickering oil

lamp reading the Talmud. We told him that we should like to meet the leaders of the Jewish Community the next morning, and he promised to have them all assembled by nine o'clock.

August 17th.—When I came down to breakfast this morning I found that we were to have real American doughnuts. After having been starved in Minsk for almost a week, these cakes tasted more delicious to me than any other food I can remember ever having had. The sergeant ate ten of them and said that if Dr. Murray promised to have some more the next morning he would smash the car, even if he were court-martialled for it afterwards.

After finishing breakfast, the Count and I were called for by the Jewish notables of the town and escorted to the Community house. There they had twenty little children from the Orphan Asylum, who sang Hebrew songs in our honour. They had been very well trained by a young man who told me that his life ambition had been to go into opera work but that he was so poor that he could not afford to leave the town. He spent his time teaching these children how to sing—the result of his efforts was really quite beautiful. After the usual speeches of welcome, Mr. Kahan, the Secretary of the Community, spoke about the economic conditions in the town. Before the war there had been about five thousand people here, three thousand of whom were Jews. During the war most of the neighbouring villages had been destroyed and the refugees had flocked into the city, so that now there were almost seven thousand people gathered here. Most of the inhabitants were either small hand-workers, such as shoemakers and carpenters, or else store-keepers. Now the stores no longer had goods for sale and the hand-workers had no material with which to work. The people, therefore, were living on their reserves and would soon be at the end of their tether. Food also was terribly dear. All the surrounding country which had fed the town before the war had been laid waste and the few

farmers who were now cultivating land were only just able to raise enough food for themselves. The next speaker told me that some time before the war there had been a great emigration from this town to America In many cases the men who had gone out had left their wives and children behind. These women had received no money from America during the war, and were now almost entirely dependent on the already ruined Community. He gave me a list containing three hundred names of men in the United States who had formerly transmitted money. He begged me to take some action when I got back home to have some money sent out. Another speaker said that as far as the relations of the Jews with the Poles were concerned they had nothing to complain of. This was chiefly owing to the fairness of the Polish Governor.

As I left the meeting-room I found two or three hundred women with their children gathered outside in the courtyard. They all set up a wail as I appeared, and each one tried to tell me her story. I finally managed to quiet them, and promised that I would do my best to put their plight before the American Joint Distribution Committee.

Before leaving Novo Grodeck I called on the Governor of the district, Mr. Henschel. Although it was Sunday, he was at his desk, working hard. He told me that the economic conditions of his district were terrible and that he was looking forward with dread to the coming winter. His district had no railroads, so that it was cut off from the outside world. He asked me whether I did not think it was possible to get American capital for the purpose of constructing a line here.

From Novo Grodeck we drove out about fourteen versts to Count Zoltowski's estate. He had not been there for over a year, and he was like a child in his excitement at getting back to it. The Poles resemble the English in their love for their country homes—it is hard for an American to understand this devotion, for to him one house is very much the same as another. As we approached the gates the Count pointed out to me the

place where the Germans had cut down some of his trees. He said they had been ruthless in their destruction of some of the estates in this part of the country. A little farther down the road we turned in through a drive of magnificent old trees and suddenly found ourselves in front of a long two-story white house. It seemed to snuggle in between the tall pines which towered over it on either side. As we got out of the automobile the manager of the Count's estate ran breathlessly across the lawn. As he approached he took off his cap and then kissed the cuff of the Count's sleeve. In this part of the country, which is far from any railroad, the old customs and relations still exist. We then went into the house, which had not been refurnished since the German occupation. The big rooms looked rather bare, as most of the furniture had either been broken or stolen, but the prettily decorated walls had fortunately not been injured. In the corner of each room there was a large Polish porcelain stove. Somehow the whole place reminded me of one of our old New England homes, comfortable, roomy and solid.

After walking through the woods and over the lawns for some time, I left the Count, as he had decided to remain for a few days at his estate to put it in order. The sergeant and I kept on along the road, chiefly steering by the sun, as there were no signposts in this part of the country. We drove on until we found a convenient place for lunch near a small lake. This was the first lake I had seen in Poland, for, although there are many rivers, there seem to be no other large bodies of water of any kind. We ate most of the sandwiches which Dr. Murray had given us. What was left we handed to two young peasant girls who had walked across a field to examine our automobile. They were dressed in the Sunday finery of the peasant class of this part of the country—the gown made of broad stripes of yellow and red. When the sergeant handed them the package they hesitated for a moment, giggled, grabbed it, and then ran away as hard as they could.

We continued down the road through barren country, for this whole district had been fought over by the Russian and German armies.

At four o'clock we reached Baranovitchi. As we were driving down the main street we again met an American girl of the Red Cross. When I told her we had come from Minsk she said, " Isn't it terrible the way the Jews fired on the Polish troops ? " I told her that I had not heard of any shooting, even though I had been there, but she said that I must be mistaken, as everybody in Baranovitchi had heard that half a Polish regiment had been killed. After getting some gasoline we started off again for Brest-Litovsk, which I had heard was about two hundred versts away. I later found that I had misunderstood the Polish figures, because the distance was nearly four hundred. We drove steadily along the straightest road I have ever seen, through a flat lagoon country. Occasionally we passed some graves along the road, the Greek cross for the Russian soldiers and the straight for the Germans. This was the loneliest ride I have ever made, never passing a person or a house along the road and only gaunt trees or a reedy swamp. At nine o'clock we ran into a small town, Biereza, and decided to get something to eat here. We went to the main restaurant of the town—a dirty little inn with a surly proprietor who at first said he could give us nothing to eat and then finally did make us some miserable tea. While the sergeant and I were eating, the driver, who had remained with the car outside, began to sound his horn, and we ran out, not knowing what had happened.

" One of these men has just told me there is a Red Cross station here and we could put up there for the night."

Remembering the comfortable time we had had at Novo Grodeck, we did not bother to finish our supper at the inn. Taking one of the gaping boys as a guide, we drove out half a kilometre to the Red Cross camp. As we turned into the grounds six young girls came dashing out of the door in great excitement and met us with cheers. We were surprised at our reception. Afterwards they

explained to us that they had been waiting for the return from Warsaw of the young doctor who was directing their camp and they had mistaken our automobile for his. The matron, who was in charge, was ill in bed, but the girls told us that they could give us some dinner and would put us up in the doctor's room for the night. One of the girls was Polish American, while the other five were Polish. We spent a most amusing evening here, and, as usual in Poland, we were entertained by dancing. Two of the girls did the Mazurka, and then the Polonaise, a slower and more stately dance, extremely well. They said this was the first time in their lives that they had ever been free. Before the war a young Polish girl was brought up as strictly as the girls in France. Since the war, however, they had had ever so much more freedom and were now learning to be " Americans." The American girl told me that the parents of her friends had lost most of their money during the war and were now glad that their daughters could support themselves in this way. Two of the girls planned to become doctors and were going to Warsaw University in the winter. None of the girls were Jewish, although most of the people whom they had to deal with in Biereza were Jews. Nor did they seem to feel very friendly towards them. At Novo Grodeck and at Baranovitchi also there had been no Jews connected with the Red Cross organization, either as officials or assistants.

August 18th.—We left this morning at five o'clock, before anyone was up. The road continued as straight and uninteresting as yesterday's. Finally we arrived at Brest-Litovsk for breakfast. Brest-Litovsk is a city of about eighty thousand people. It is chiefly renowned because it was here that the Germans made their infamous treaty with Lenin and Trotsky. Many of the houses in the outskirts had been destroyed by shell-fire, as some hard fighting took place here between the Germans and the Russians in 1915. After breakfast we drove past the fortress where the treaty was signed, and then started on

the three hundred kilometres to Warsaw. We now left the Lithuanian Province and entered Poland proper. As we passed through the towns and villages I was struck again by the difference between the Polish and Lithuanian Jews. With their long black kaftans, and queer, ugly little caps, these Polish Jews looked like a survival of the Middle Ages. They seemed to have no energy—they just stood in groups on the street-corners gaping at our car. The Jews I had met in Wilno, or Minsk, were modern and efficient and were better able to take care of themselves than these hopeless-looking, down-trodden men in the Polish villages.

We reached Warsaw in time for lunch. We found that Mr. Morgenthau and Mr. Johnson were away at Pinsk, but General Jadwin had remained behind.

In the afternoon Major Otto and I went to the annual Zionist Conference, which was being held this year in Warsaw. They had originally hired a large theatre for this meeting, but a week before the date the Government had requisitioned the building. As they could get no other theatre, they had to meet in an uncomfortable moving-picture hall. When we arrived every seat in the room was taken and there were people standing in the aisles. The largest part of the crowd consisted of young men and women who every now and then burst into enthusiastic cheers. The first speaker was M. Grynbaum, one of the few Jewish Deputies in the Sejm. He is one of the real Jewish leaders at the present time—his strength lies in his energy and optimism. He is an exception in being more interested in accomplishing things than in talking about them. One of the difficulties of the situation in Poland at the present time is that most of the people feel that nothing is worth doing; even if they are persuaded that it would be worth while, their next answer is " Anyhow, it can't be done."

August 19th.—General Jadwin has decided to issue a statement covering his experiences at Minsk. This has become particularly important, as the Polish papers have

published an article claiming that no excesses took place and have quoted General Jadwin as a witness. In his report the General states that thirty-one Jews were killed and about three hundred and ninety stores broken into and robbed.

During the past few weeks the Polish newspapers have been full of reports concerning the negro race riots in Washington and Chicago. Although there is usually very little American news in these journals, this feature has been given front-page notoriety. These riots have been seized upon with enthusiasm to throw ridicule upon the Mission and the American people. It has been suggested that a Polish Mission be sent to America to investigate the negro pogroms.

CHAPTER IV

THE KINGDOM OF POLAND AND GALICIA

August 20th.—This morning Major Otto and I left for Lodz by train. The cars were packed with people, as is now usual in Poland. There is so little rolling-stock that it is impossible for the authorities to meet the demands of the travellers. It was interesting to see that the Jews waited until the others had got into the train and then crowded in after them. Apparently they have been pushed back so often that they do not dare go in first. I have noticed this again and again on the street cars in Warsaw. On the step of the car there is always hanging a kaftaned Jew.

The trip from Warsaw to Lodz usually takes about four hours, but our engine, which was an old one, broke down a number of times, so that we were two hours late in arriving. The scenery, as usual, was dull—we passed through wheat-fields, broken here and there by an occasional farmhouse.

When we arrived at the station of Lodz we took a droshky and drove for over ten minutes through the fields before we reached the city itself. This Russian custom of putting a railway station at some distance from the city itself was explained to us as due chiefly to the fact that the engineers who built these roads always tried to hold up the cities for bribes. In many cases the cities refused to pay, and the stations were therefore placed in some inconvenient locality.

Lodz before the war was a city of over five hundred thousand people, but at present there are less than four

hundred thousand left. It was known as the Russian Manchester, being the great cotton cloth manufacturing city of the Empire. Like most Polish cities, it is comparatively modern. In 1793 it had a population of only a hundred and ninety people, and in 1860 a population of sixty thousand. It has been built up principally by Germans and Russian Jews who came here after 1880. Although most of the workmen in the city are Poles, the factories are owned almost entirely by Jews or Germans, many of whom have become Polish citizens.

In one way Lodz is exceptional—it has no sewage system. For years the city tried to obtain permission from the Russian bureaucracy at Petrograd to put in modern drainage, but one delay followed another. American engineers are now planning a modern plant for the city. During the day this lack is not so noticeable, but at night it is quite apparent. Strange to say, however, Lodz has not suffered from any epidemics. A doctor, whom I met this afternoon, said this was probably due to the bright sunshine of the city and its broad streets.

When we arrived at the Grand Hotel we were surprised to find that it was a beautiful modern building, and compared favourably with any hotel in London and Paris. When we asked for a room the manager said he would give us one provided we made up our beds ourselves. All the chambermaids and the other employees of the hotel were on strike. When we went upstairs the chambermaid, who was sitting on the stairs, told us that as we were American officers it might be possible to change the rule for us. We took the hint, and with a small bribe succeeded in breaking the strike as far as our rooms were concerned. Later we were told that strikes are no new thing in Lodz, for in Poland everything is unionized.

Later in the afternoon we called on Dr. Rosenblatt, the Jewish Deputy in the Sejm from Lodz. We had no difficulty in finding his house, as Lodz is built on the principle of an American village. It has one extremely long avenue—the Pietrkowska Street—which runs from

end to end of the city. The side streets leading off in either direction are comparatively short and straight.

Dr. Rosenblatt told us that conditions in Lodz were terrible. There was virtually no raw material here, so that the factories and hand-looms were at a standstill. Some cotton had arrived from America during the past month, but it was not sufficient to improve the situation. The factories were unable to start work because during the German occupation all the leather and copper had been removed from the machines and it would take a vast amount of new material to put them into running order. The closing of the factories had, however, only injured the Jews incidentally, as virtually none of them were ever employed there. The Polish workmen had always refused to work side by side with the Jews, so the latter had done most of their work on hand-looms in their own homes. While the city was occupied by the Germans the Jewish weavers had broken up many of their wooden looms for firewood because there was no coal during the severe winters.

We drove to the end of the Pietrkowska Street, where the poor Jewish quarter is, in order to inspect one of these looms. We entered a courtyard, which in a few moments became filled with an excited crowd. Dr. Rosenblatt led the way up some rickety wooden stairs and turned into an evil-smelling low room. An old man with a long grey beard sat nearest the only window, steadily turning a wooden spinning machine. At the loom sat his son, a man of forty, white-faced and painfully thin. A girl was stirring some soup simmering on a stove in the farthest corner of the room. In the only remaining space there was a small cot. The old man kept on spinning when we came into the room, and never seemed to notice us all the time we were there. His son told us that by working all day long he was just able to earn enough to keep body and soul together, and that if anything happened to him his family would starve. Before the war he had been able to earn a good livelihood, as he was one of the best weavers in the city. For five

years though he had not been able to do any real work, and he and his family had used the last of his savings. A month ago he had been given some cotton, which he was working on now. He took us into the next room, where his wife and her mother and two little children were sitting crowded together. In this room, which was nine feet by fifteen, two women and three children slept. "It is terrible," the weaver said, "to live like this, but we cannot afford to pay more rent. You see, before the war I was accustomed to better things, and that makes it even harder now." I asked one of the little girls how old she was, and she said she was seventeen, although she did not look as if she were more than twelve.

In the evening Major Otto and I had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Rosenblatt, M. Uger, the editor of the leading Jewish newspaper, and two other guests. As is usual at Jewish dinners in Poland, one of the subjects of conversation was Zionism. Dr. Rosenblatt said that as far as material help was concerned he did not believe that Zionism would be of any real importance to the Jews of Poland. At best only five hundred thousand or a million of them could emigrate, and natural reproduction would rapidly fill up their numbers. Morally, however, he thought that it would be of the greatest value. These people were without hope or enthusiasm except in so far as they were Jews. By being made to feel that they had a great history behind them and an equally noble future before them they would recover the self-respect which they had lost during the past two thousand years. His own children were being taught Hebrew instead of Yiddish, so that the historical continuity with biblical times should be emphasized in their minds. One of the guests added, "He is perfectly right. We can only be real men in so far as we lay emphasis on the fact that we are Jews. The Polish Government and people do not wish to consider us as Poles and in no way encourage us to feel that we have any real interest in the culture and life of the country. Our only hope is to develop a true love for Jewish ideals."

August 21st.—Major Otto and I attended a meeting in the Jewish Community rooms at which representatives of all the various trades came to speak to us. It was remarkable how clearly these men could express their ideas even though they were small fishmongers, pedlars or carpenters. At this meeting I realized more than ever the bankrupt economic condition of the Polish Jews. The first speaker was a travelling salesman. He told us that before the war almost all the representatives of the Lodz factories had been Jews, as most of the cotton cloth trade was with Russia, where the Jews had business connections. This trade had, of course, absolutely stopped, and he and the other salesmen were ruined ; nor did he believe that real commerce would be re-established for several years to come. He thought that as Russia would probably put England and Poland on the same import-duty basis, England would be able to undersell the Polish manufacturer. What little trade there now was in Poland itself was being given entirely to Polish agents, as Polish stores refused to buy their goods from Jews. His only hope was to be able to emigrate to the United States or England, and to start life afresh. The next speaker was a carpenter. Since the war there had been no private building in Lodz, as there was no money in the city. What little building there was, was being done by the Government, and it employed only Polish workmen. Then a fish-dealer spoke. Formerly he had been able to import fish from the sea-coast, but now the railroads were closed. The Polish land-owners also refused to sell the fish from their estates to him, but sold them to new Polish dealers. He was trying to dispose of his store, but no one wanted to purchase it. Next appeared the hand-weavers, who said they had no cotton ; the grocers, who said that they could obtain no supplies because everything was Government controlled and the Government favoured the Polish Co-operative Stores. Then came the street pedlars, who could obtain no licences, and, finally, a few former municipal employees who had been discharged by the new Government, although the Polish officials had been kept

on. A lawyer then spoke for all the small shopkeepers. They complained that they were being persecuted in every way. As an example, they cited an ordinance which prohibited the stores from having signs in any language except Polish. All their signs had formerly been in Yiddish, so they had to remove them. As many of the Jews could not read Polish, which has an entirely different script from the Jewish, they had been forced to put up pictorial representations of their goods.

The storekeepers also had been preyed upon by officials from the Polish "Department Against Speculation." Although, on their face, the rules of this department were fair, they had been used by the small officials as a means for obtaining bribes. As prices were arbitrary, the Government agents could come in at any time and confiscate the stock by claiming an overcharge if they were not given sufficient presents. Although an appeal could be sent to the Minister at Warsaw, there was so much red-tape connected with it that no answer was ever received to these protests.

One of the leading Jewish manufacturers of the city, who accompanied us to this meeting, told us that this desire for bribery was one of the main causes for the oppression of the Jews. They are the weakest part of the population, and therefore are the most susceptible to any abuse. Officials have sometimes terrorized the Jews, not because of anti-Semitism, but rather because they desire to extract tribute from them. For example, it is difficult for a Jew to get a passport unless he pays a consideration for it. The present Government of Poland is unquestionably opposed to this practice, and as it gets stronger it may succeed in stamping it out. The Sejm has even passed a law making it a capital offence for an officer or Government official to accept a bribe. This laxity in official honour is one of the unfortunate legacies which Russia has left Poland. It was an absolute rule that any Russian official could be bought. For that matter these officials had even a fixed scale of charges according to which they were prepared to grant certain

favours. The Russian Police Commissioner for Lodz, who only received a salary of a few thousand roubles a year, kept a carriage and pair. Bribes were considered to be in no way different from tips. It was by paying over money that the Jews were able to escape from many of the irksome laws against them. "Bribery was the Habeas Corpus Act in Russia."

It seems strange that Poland and Russia are absolutely free from one irritating form of bribery—tipping waiters. Every restaurant adds 10 per cent. to its bill for service, and no extra tip is ever given to the waiter. I have even found a waiter refuse to accept any additional money when I offered it him.

In the afternoon Mr. Budinsky, one of the leading cotton cloth manufacturers of Lodz, took us to see his factory, or rather what had been his factory. While the Germans were in possession of the city they had stripped all the leather belting from his machines and torn out all the copper. At the same time the glass roof over his machinery had been broken, so that what remained was rusted and weather-worn. Mr. Budinsky estimated that it would take from five to ten million marks to put his factory into running order again. As the rate of exchange was going against Poland day by day, it was impossible to buy new material outside the country. He believed that the only hope for the manufacturers of Lodz was a loan from some foreign country or else the giving of material and machinery on long credits. All his apparatus had been bought in England before the war, and he was now trying to arrange to get some supplies from a manufacturer there.

From this factory we drove to a smaller building which Mr. Budinsky had built before the war to employ Jewish workmen. He had tried at first to use Jews in his big factory, but the Poles would not work with them. An added difficulty had been that the Jews refused to work on Saturdays, as they were all strictly Orthodox. His Jewish factory had always closed down on Saturdays and opened instead on Sundays. At first when he started

this new enterprise the Poles in his employ had gone on strike, but after he proved to them that he had enough work to keep two factories busy they returned to work. This little building had fortunately not been injured to any great extent by the Germans, and he hoped to start work there soon. He was going to try once more to use Polish and Jewish workmen together, as he thought under the exceptional circumstances the Poles might forget their prejudices. He also showed me a special little prayer-room which he had put in so that the Jews might say their morning prayers.

From the factory we went to the Jewish Orphan Asylum. This beautiful modern institution was erected just before the war. Although the building was admirable in every way, the children at present only got enough food to keep them alive. It was a commentary on how conditions had changed in Lodz during the last five years.

August 22nd.—This morning Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin arrived from Warsaw. We visited more factories, to see how much damage had actually been done in the city. At the Poznansky works the engineer in charge told us that the Germans had carried away fifty-eight kilometres of leather belting and six hundred thousand kilos of copper. The huge workrooms, which contained over a hundred and thirty-two thousand spindles, were empty and covered with dust. The engineer said that they hoped to put some of them into working order within a few months.

From the factory we went to call on the General commanding the district. He had formerly been an officer in the Russian Army, and could speak French fluently, but no German. He had just arrived in Lodz from Kielce, where he had been known to be fair and just and had done much good.

In the evening the Mission attended a service at the Lodz synagogue, which is one of the finest temples in Poland. Before the war this congregation had been the wealthiest in Russia, and even now the people seemed

much better dressed than in any other of the cities we had visited. There was also a better sense of order here—during the prayers there was none of the whispering and chattering which had spoiled the solemnity of the other services.

After the service we went back to the hotel and had dinner in the garden. This is the first public place of entertainment I have seen in Poland to which many Jews come. On the whole, relations between Poles and Jews seem better in Lodz than in the other cities. There were also a number of people here who were unmistakably German. At the table next to ours they were carrying on a conversation in that language.

August 23rd.—This morning Colonel Bryant and I left as an advance guard for Czestochowa. Most of the day we motored through rather pretty and prosperous-looking country. The crops seemed to be coming on well and the horses were better fed than those in Eastern Poland. There was less shying and jumping here, as they were accustomed to automobiles. One horse, however, cleared a two-foot fence. The average Pole is a magnificent horseman. Although I have seen animals buck wildly, I have never seen a man thrown from his saddle. They ride very loosely but sit their horses straighter than an American would.

We arrived in Czestochowa at five o'clock in the afternoon. Here the Polish soldiers belonged to the Haller Army. These are the troops who were recruited in Western Europe and America and trained in France. They are dressed in the light blue uniform of the French Army, but wear distinctive square caps shaped like the University mortar-board. The officers have the French insignia on their sleeves. These troops, who have been drilled by French officers, seem more efficient and better disciplined than the regular Polish Legionaries. They have, however, a bad reputation with the Jewish population, as they are the ones who started the beard-cutting. One of their officers explained to me that as these soldiers

came from foreign countries the Jewish kaftans and beards were more noticed by them than by the native Poles, who had become accustomed to them.

In the evening Colonel Bryant and I had a meeting with the Chief Rabbi and other leaders of the Jewish Community. They told us that on May 27th a Polish soldier while walking down the street had been wounded by a stray shot. A rumour immediately started that a Jew had done the firing. A riot broke out, and five Jews were beaten to death by the soldiers and civilians. Some French officers who were stationed in the city took an active part in preventing more murders. After the matter had been investigated it was established that there was no reason at all for connecting the Jews with the shooting of the soldier, who had probably been hit by a spent bullet fired at a range in the neighbourhood. The people, however, had been so stirred up by inflammatory articles in the local newspaper, which had continually preached hatred against the Jews, that they were ready to believe anything. The Jewish Committee showed us a copy of this newspaper printed a few weeks after the riot. The leading article expressed the opinion that no more excesses should take place against the Jews, as these disturbances brought Poland into disrepute in the eyes of the outside world. A strict boycott, however, should be enforced against the Jews by the Poles refusing to have any dealings whatsoever with them. In this way the Jews could be starved out of Poland.

The leading Jewish lawyer of the town told us that some time after the pogrom he had invited some Poles and Jews to meet at his house to discuss their mutual relations. The Jews stated that they were anxious to do everything to bring about a better understanding with their neighbours, and asked the Poles for suggestions. The Poles agreed to think the matter over, but they had not communicated with the Jews since.

A manufacturer then said that before the war Czestochowa had been a city of over seventy thousand people, with a very prosperous toy industry. If the people would

only act together now, there would be enough to do for every one. The Poles, however, refused to allow the Jews to work with them in the factories, and then turned round and accused them of being parasites because they did no productive labour. The position of the Jews reminded him of an old Polish fable. A father and his son were walking down a country road leading a donkey. They passed a stranger, who said, "What stupid men! They have a donkey, and neither of them is riding it." So the father mounted the donkey while the son walked alongside. Soon they passed a second stranger. "What a selfish father! He is riding the donkey himself while his poor little son walks." The father dismounted and put his son in the saddle. A third stranger came along. "Oh, what an undutiful son! He rides while his old father walks." So the father also climbed on to the donkey. The father and son rode along in this way until they met a fourth stranger. "What cruel men! Both of them are riding on the poor little donkey." Then the father and son dismounted and started walking again as they had done in the beginning. This applied to the Jews, because if they worked they were accused of taking the positions away from the Poles, and if they did not work they were called parasites.

August 24th.—To-day we visited the famous Pauline Monastery from which Czestochowa gets its renown. This monastery is the best known shrine in Poland, as it contains the celebrated miracle-working picture of the Madonna and Child. Czestochowa is a second Lourdes—hundreds and thousands of pilgrims come here every year. The monastery, which was founded by King Wladislaus Jagiello in the fourteenth century, is built on a high hill overlooking the town. Until 1813 it was fortified, and the warlike monks often defeated hostile besiegers. It once owned one-fifteenth of all the landed estates in Poland, but lost most of its property after the Russians became rulers of the country.

We joined the throng of peasants and workmen at the

gate and were swept along into the main church. Every inch of the floor was filled—there was a real beauty in the deep devotion of these simple peasants, who had put on their brightest costumes in honour of their Lord. A young and courteous priest took us into the chapel on the north-east side of the main church. Here above the altar hangs the picture of the " Black Madonna." This painting of the Virgin and the Child is on cypress wood, and has been much darkened by age. It is adorned with costly jewels, which are set into the picture itself. It has been in Czestochowa ever since 1382. Reproductions of this painting hang in most of the homes throughout Poland—in my room at the Raczynski Palace there was a life-size copy over the bed. Some years ago the picture suddenly disappeared. Immediately a rumour started that the Jews had stolen it. For a few days it seemed as if riots would break out, until finally it was discovered that one of the monks had hidden it in his own room.

As we came out of the abbey we passed an empty pedestal on which a bronze statue of Emperor Alexander II had formerly stood. There are plenty of good sites on which the Poles will be able to commemorate their national heroes, because the Russian statues have been torn down throughout the country.

From here we went to the rooms of the Jewish Community. We discussed with the representatives the effect of the religious atmosphere in this city on Polish-Jewish relations. They said they always dreaded trouble, as some of the priests told the people in their sermons that the Jews were responsible for the killing of Christ. It was possible that in a moment of religious exaltation the simple peasants would descend on the Jewish quarter and destroy it.

Throughout the investigations I have often tried to estimate the influence of the Polish Catholic clergy on the Jewish question. It is extremely difficult, however, to reach any conclusion, as the attitudes of individual priests vary so much. In some cities, notably at Minsk, the Bishop preaches brotherly love; in other towns, on

the other hand, the priests tell the people that the Jews are the enemies of the Christians, and therefore should be driven out. I have heard of a number of sermons in which the congregation has been urged to enforce a boycott against the Jews. Under Russian rule the State religion was Greek Catholic, so that the Roman Church was not as powerful as it is now. Its influence at the present moment can hardly be over-estimated. The rapt devotion I have seen on the faces of the worshippers, their motionless kneeling before the altar, the devout silence in the churches, which is never broken even by a whisper, all show how deeply these people feel their religion. It is to be hoped that the new Cardinals of Poland will take a strong position against persecutions, for they, more than any other individuals, can bring about peace between the different races.[1]

During the rest of the morning we took testimony as to the May riot. Most of the witnesses were clear and to the point, except one young man who was anxious to make

[1] The *Tablet*, the English Roman Catholic weekly, of January 17, 1920, quotes an interview with Cardinal Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw, one of the two Polish prelates recently elevated to the Sacred College. He said :

" The culminating moments of our new life of liberty have been those in which our country has renewed its ancient and glorious profession of the Catholic Faith. In the Hall of our National Assembly the image of the crucifix consecrates and protects the labours of the representatives of the people, and the latter every day invoke the Blessed Virgin by the historical title of Mater Regni Poloniæ, which invocation we have asked the Pope to allow us to insert officially in the litanies of the Church for the territory of our country. You must not, however, suppose that we have not also our difficulties. Infidelity and Freemasonry have spread their contagion amongst us, as elsewhere. Judaism constitutes with us a danger more serious than elsewhere. In a word, even in Poland, the Church is in a situation of combat, not in that of peaceful and undisturbed possession. But tradition and the spirit of Faith in our people are so deeply rooted that they cannot be overthrown, and we have the firmest hope in the future."

So long as the clergy believe that Judaism constitutes a danger and that a combat must be carried on against it, there will be trouble in Poland.

a speech. As all the witnesses I have heard so far in Poland pass through my mind, it strikes me that the only poor ones were the boys and young men under twenty-five. They were always anxious to impress us with the amount of their knowledge, and showed an inability to stick to the facts at issue. Their education does not seem to give them the same feeling of order and discipline that a public-school training gives boys in America. The older men were invariably clear witnesses. The women, of whom I had been afraid, because I felt that in testifying to these excesses their emotions would run away with them, were usually quieter and even more direct than the men. This may have been due to the fact that they were emotionally exhausted after the five years of war through which they had passed.

During lunch Mr. Morgenthau and General Jadwin arrived from Lodz. In the afternoon Captain Stefaniak, a Polish-American officer of our Mission, and I left as an advance guard for Cracow. South of Czestochowa the scenery became prettier than it had been hitherto in Poland, and we soon ran into the rolling hills of the Kielce district. We had to slow up every now and then to allow a flock of geese to get out of the way. In this part of the country the goose seems to be what the turkey is in America about "Thanksgiving Day." About thirty versts from Cracow we entered the Dombrowa coal district, and passed through two exceedingly ugly towns. In the first we met a procession which was marching as a protest against the treatment of the Poles by the Germans in Upper Silesia. The feeling here is running extremely high, and it is possible that there may be war, or at any rate a battle, between the Poles and the Germans. While going through the second town one of our tyres went flat. As we were changing it a Haller soldier, who had been standing on the footpath, came up and saluted. Then he began to talk in broken but fluent English. He said that he had enlisted in America, but was sorry that he had ever left the United States. He had expected to do a lot of fighting, but had spent most of his time

in little towns which did not even have a moving-picture theatre. He complained bitterly that he had not seen a single Mary Pickford film since he had left the States. This reminded me of the story which Mr. Gibson told about the Haller soldier who stated that he wanted to go back to the United States. After telling all his various troubles, the soldier ended by saying, " I certainly made one fool of myself. I enlisted for the war, but I forgot to say which war. Now there are four of them going on, and I may be here for the rest of my life."

Late at night we arrived at Cracow and drove up to the leading hotel. The clerk told us that it would be impossible for us to get rooms there, as the members of the French Mission were to arrive in a short time and had taken all the available accommodation. I asked him whether there were any telegrams for me. When I mentioned my name he said, " Do you come from Cincinnati ? " I told him I came from New York, but that my grandfather had lived in Cincinnati some years ago. It turned out that the clerk had been in the United States in 1890 and had been helped by my grandfather when he was in Ohio. This was a case of " Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days," for a French colonel was given a less comfortable room while I had the best one in the hotel. The clerk told me that there were fifty or a hundred men alone in Cracow who had lived in the United States at some time of their lives and who would be delighted when they saw the American flag flying from our automobile.

August 25th.—Cracow has a population of about ninety thousand people, of whom one-third are Jews. From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century it was the capital of Poland until the Government was transferred to Warsaw. It was seized by Austria in 1848 after having been a small separate republic for forty years.

The University of Cracow is one of the most ancient foundations in Europe, it having been established by King Casimir the Great in 1349. The old University building

has a magnificent Italian Gothic courtyard, built in 1492. The Polish officer who was acting as our escort called my attention to the fact that the Poles had a University before America was even discovered. In the centre of the court there was a statue of Nicolaus Copernicus, the Polish astronomer, who studied at this University in 1491. From the University we went to St. Mary's Church, probably the finest cathedral in Poland. It is chiefly remarkable for a magnificently carved altar by the Polish artist Veit Stoss. It is strange that in a country like Poland, where the forests are large and the winters long, more wood carving is not done. I was told that at different times some remarkable work has been turned out, but that most of it has been destroyed in the different wars.

Later in the morning we visited the castle and cathedral on Mount Wawel. A winding road leads up this hill, which dominates the city. In the cathedral are the tombs of the kings and the heroes of Poland. In the crypt are buried King Casimir, Jan Sobieski, who defeated the Turks at the gates of Vienna, and Stanislaw Poniatowski, the last King of Poland. Here also lie Mickiewicz, the poet, and Kosciuszko, with an American flag draped over his grave. From the crypt we went back to the body of the church and then climbed the great tower, from which we had a splendid view over the city. In the distance we could see the faint outlines of the Carpathian Mountains.

By the time we had got back from the castle the sergeant had succeeded in getting petrol for the car. This is usually a two or three hours' affair in Poland, as there is a shortage here, and numerous papers must be shown to prove that one has the right to use an automobile.

Later in the morning we started for Kielce along a fine broad highway which runs directly from Cracow to Warsaw. It was bitterly cold. As the wind swept across the plains I realized how severe the winters here must be. Just before we reached Kielce we passed a ruined castle, which had been destroyed in one of the many wars which had been fought over this part of the world.

Kielce itself is a pretty little town of about thirty-five thousand people, situated on the Sielnica river. It was full of soldiers when we arrived, as a new regiment was being recruited here. After leaving our cards on the Town Commandant, Captain Stefaniak and I had dinner at a little restaurant. Here a small boy, thirteen years old, played the violin. It was extraordinary to hear his beautiful music in a little country town. The boy told me that his parents were too poor to send him to Warsaw at present, but that as soon as he had earned enough at the restaurant he was going to set out for himself.

After dinner I went to see the Rabbi, who sent for the other leaders of the Jewish Community. There was no electric light in this city, so we sat round an oil lamp. I felt strangely modern and out of place as I looked at these old men with their long grey beards and black kaftans etched by the flickering light and shadows of the oil flame. They described to me how here in Kielce the first of the outbreaks against the Jews had taken place on November 11, 1918. On that day the Jews had met in the Polski Theatre to discuss Jewish national aspirations. Just as the meeting was about to break up a crowd of civilians and soldiers broke into the auditorium and drove the Jews out. They beat them on the stairs, and after the Jews reached the street they were again beaten by a mob outside. Four of the Jews were killed in this attack and a large number wounded. Since that outbreak Kielce had been quiet and conditions had improved. This was largely due to the efforts of the Polish General—the one who had just been transferred to Lodz. Since he had gone some of the soldiers had again begun cutting the beards of the Jews. There was also a newspaper which was writing bitter editorials against the Jews. The leaders of the Jewish Community had called on the editor the week before and pointed out to him that if he continued his course there might be another pogrom. For a few days he had improved his tone. The Polish censorship, which was very strict in other matters, allowed

this newspaper to print all sorts of stories against the Jews, accusing them of the most fantastic crimes.

There was also a severe boycott against the Jews. A month ago a Pole had sold some land to a Jew. The next day black-bordered funeral notices were posted on all the street-corners saying that the seller was dead to the Polish race.

August 26th.—At nine o'clock this morning I went to the committee-room of the Jewish Community to hear the witnesses describe what had happened at the theatre. In the meanwhile Captain Stefaniak called on the Polish Commander to get his version of the affair. It was here that I am afraid I insulted an old woman, who will never forget "the heartless American." She had described in detail how her husband had been beaten to death. Then she told me that her business was ruined and that she and her children were starving. When she finished talking I turned to her and said, "Is that all?" She sprang from the chair in which she had been sitting, threw her arms over her head and cried, "Is that not enough? My husband is killed and my children are starving, and you ask whether that is all! I have often heard that Americans are cold, but I did not realize that they were as heartless as all that." After she had been quieted by the others, I tried to explain to her that I had merely meant to ask whether her testimony was finished, but she continued to weep, and finally left the room still complaining bitterly. The next witness testified that when the Polish mob broke into the theatre they cried, "Down with the Beilises!" Beilis was the Jew who was tried some years ago in Russia on a ritual murder charge. He was acquitted, but the peasants still believe that the Jews murder little children so as to use their blood in the synagogue.

In Kielce one of the representatives of the Jewish Community was a young woman. This was one of the few cases in Poland in which I found a woman taking a leading part in Jewish affairs. Possibly the exception

had been made in her case because she was exceedingly pretty. As a rule women are treated as quite inferior to men by the Orthodox Jews. An Orthodox Rabbi will not shake a woman by the hand, and speaks to her as little as possible. In the synagogues, as is well known, women are separated from the men, and sit in balconies where they cannot be seen. In some of the small Polish towns a man runs ahead of the Rabbi and makes noises to drive the women off the street so that he should not be forced to see them. Schools too are almost entirely reserved for boys, as the education of women is not considered at all essential. One of the Rabbis once said to me, " A woman's mind is too weak a thing to understand the mysteries of the Bible and the Talmud." The more modern Jews, of course, treat their women very much as they are treated in America or in England, and some of the young girls take an active part in the Community life. In Wilno a young Jewish girl acted as my stenographer and interpreter in Russian. She had taught herself to take notes in Polish, German, French and Russian. Her reading was essentially modern—it even included Anatole France.

After I had taken the testimony as to the murders, representatives from the different trades told me that their economic condition was desperate. They said that most of the Jews in Kielce were either small hand-workers, such as shoemakers, tailors and carpenters, or else they lived by keeping little stores. Trade had stopped absolutely because there were no goods left in Poland. All that was being imported by the Government was being handled by the Polish Co-operative Stores. There was virtually no leather, so that the shoemakers could not work, and the other trades also were suffering from lack of raw material. The Jewish Community was now so poor that it could not support a newspaper, even though there were almost twelve thousand Jews in the town.

In the afternoon I drove back to Cracow, and I again got an excellent room at the hotel from my clerk friend from Cincinnati.

August 27th.—At breakfast this morning the waiter brought us black war bread. "There is plenty of flour in the country," he said, "but the Jews have hidden it all. They are doing everything to hurt us, and so our life gets harder from day to day." The rest of the morning was chiefly spent in interviews. There had been numerous beard-cutting incidents in this city, but on the whole the peace had been kept.

In the afternoon Major Otto and I visited the Jewish quarter. In Galicia the Jews are even more Orthodox than in other parts of Poland. Not only do they wear beards, but they also have long side locks of which they are extremely proud. Occasionally we passed men who were carefully rolling them round their fingers so that they should have the proper curl. Even the little boys wear these locks—it gives their pale faces a strange girlish look to be framed by this long hair. We visited an old synagogue which the caretaker told us was the most ancient in all Poland. At the time when it was built the Jews held important positions in the city; some of them, he said, had even been treasurers to the King. From the synagogue we went to the old Jewish cemetery, which has now fallen into disuse. Here we saw the tomb of the famous Rabbi Moses Isserles, who died in Cracow in 1572. At the present day the Polish Jews consider him almost a saint, and on the anniversary of his death—May 1st—a large number usually make a pilgrimage to his tomb. His grave was covered with letters praying for help. The old caretaker told us that lately many women had come here. In their letters they asked for husbands for their daughters, because it had become much more difficult to marry them off since the war. To a Jewish woman in Poland the one essential thing is to get her daughter married.

In the evening Major Otto and I had dinner with a Polish Captain and his wife. Later on some more officers joined us. Although the officers could speak fluent German, having been in the Austrian Army, they tried to speak a very bad French. The Captain explained to me that all

things German were so hated in Poland that even the German language hurt their ears. I now understood why the storekeepers whom I had visited in the afternoon refused to talk German, and had expressed themselves unintelligibly in bad French and worse English.

During dinner the Captain started what he said was the usual practice at country houses in Poland during the long evenings when guests came to visit—each person in turn told about the most thrilling experience in his life, the most unpleasant and the happiest. When it came to the Captain's turn he said that in the Austrian Army it had been a fixed rule that if a civilian insulted an officer it was the officer's duty to draw his sword and give the civilian one sharp blow. He said the most unpleasant experience in his life was when he had to strike a man down in this way. When I explained to him that an American would rather be insulted than hit a defenceless man with a sword, he answered, " Each country has its own idea of what is honour. It is impossible to judge one country by the standards of another."

August 28th.—This morning Mr. and Mrs. Morgenthau, who had joined us at Cracow, Major Otto and I left for Lemberg. As this part of Galicia had been fought over by the Austrian and Russian armies, we expected to see the towns and villages in ruins. We found, however, that, except for a very few houses which had been destroyed, the country did not look as if hostile armies had ever marched through it. The churches especially were left untouched. About twenty kilometres from Cracow we passed through Tarnow. The farmers had all come into town in their wagons for the weekly fair. Although all the wagons are built for a double span, the farmers now drive with only one horse, as most of their stock was killed or taken during the war.

We stopped by the roadside for lunch, and soon had an admiring crowd of little boys round us. We gave them some biscuits, which they seemed to consider valuable souvenirs, for they put them carefully away in their

pockets. None of the boys could talk German, although Galicia had belonged to Austria for over a hundred years. The Austrian Government allowed the Poles to have schools in their own language, and did not try to Germanize the people against their will.

We reached Rzeszow, a town of about fifteen thousand people, in the early afternoon, and called on the leading Jewish lawyer in the town, Dr. Reich. He told us that the economic conditions in Rzeszow were very bad, as there was no work for the people, and that there was also a great shortage of food. There had been an anti-Jewish outbreak in July, but fortunately no one had been killed.

He then accompanied us to a meeting of the Jewish Community representatives. After saying a few words, Mr. Morgenthau left for Lemberg, while I stayed to make some additional investigations. The first witness said that the trouble which occurred in this district in May had started with the trial of a Jew for an alleged ritual murder. A girl who had disappeared from home for a few days returned to her parents in a highly nervous state. She claimed that she had been seized by some Jews, put into a cellar and kept there some time. She finally escaped at a moment when they were not guarding her. At the trial it came out that this girl had really been staying with a soldier and had used the excuse of an attempted ritual murder to escape blame. The Jew was acquitted, but the rumour that a ritual murder had been committed now spread through the country. Political agitators were quick to seize upon this and to preach the economic boycott more bitterly than ever. Just after this trial and the acquittal of the defendant there was a shortage of food in Rzeszow. Immediately a rumour started that the Jews were hoarding food. The Jews told the officials that they were afraid that there was going to be trouble. The only comfort they received was the answer, " You are not in Austria now. You will have to look out for yourselves." Finally, on May 3rd, which is one of Poland's national holidays, a mob gathered outside the Mayor's house and demanded food. When he

told them that he could do nothing, the people rushed over to the Jewish quarter. There they surrounded one of the synagogues and hurled stones and sticks through the windows. The next witness, a Rabbi, described to me what had happened in the synagogue. He had been reading prayers when the stones began to fly through the panes. I asked him how he felt when the glass crashed, and he answered, "I was not frightened. It would have been a wonderful moment in which to have been killed." The mob then turned and robbed all the Jewish stores. Although there was a regiment of soldiers in the town, the Colonel refused to take any action. The district Governor, however, sent for some troops from a neighbouring city, and stopped the riot the next morning.

There were also witnesses who testified concerning the economic conditions of the Jews. The first man was a salt-dealer. For over sixty years his grandfather, father, and he had been authorized by the Austrian Government to sell salt, which was a State monopoly. As soon as the Poles had taken over the government they had given the right to sell this salt to a Pole. The second witness had for years been a proprietor of the station restaurant. He had been dispossessed and a Pole put in his place. The small shopkeepers also testified that the Polish Government, which had a monopoly at present of all goods, gave this material only to the Polish co-operatives. These co-operatives, which were stores run for gain rather than actual co-operatives, were now making the profits which the Jewish shopkeepers were formerly able to make.

Although there was still a long line of witnesses waiting to be heard, I had to close the hearing, as I wanted to call on the district Governor. All the Jews said that he was fair and broad-minded, and they believed that if he had not been hindered by instructions from higher officials he would have taken steps to relieve their situation. This Governor was an able young man who had formerly been an official in the Austrian Government. The Poles of Galicia are more fortunate than the Poles of Russia and

Germany in that they have trained officials whom they can use. From 1861 on Galicia has virtually had home rule, and the Poles in this district were therefore able to develop competent civil servants. The Governor told me that conditions in the city were deplorable because the people could not get sufficient food and clothing. Even though this was formerly a rich agricultural district, the farmers were loath to bring their products to the town, as the people did not have any means of paying for them. Conditions, he hoped, would soon improve, but even if they did the Jews would still suffer. He had studied the statistics for all the towns in this district, and had found that an overwhelming majority of the Jews were engaged in small trade. These people were now without any occupation, because the tendency of the times was to do business on a large scale, and wherever possible to have co-operative stores. Modern civilization had found the small middle-men an unnecessary and expensive wheel in the economic machine. The Jews were putting too much emphasis on the question of prejudice, and were not making a sufficient effort to improve and help themselves. In Galicia there had never been any laws preventing the Jews from working on the land, but only a very small proportion of them had engaged in agriculture. The only hope for the Jews was that manufacturing would increase in Galicia. If it did, the Jews must prepare themselves to work under modern conditions. They were holding too many meetings to discuss their rights, and not enough to discuss their duties to be productive citizens.

As I was walking to the only hotel in the town, I heard an unmistakable New York voice call out, " Hey, Captain ! " A man ran across the street and told me he had just arrived in Rzeszow from New York and was staying with his parents-in-law. He invited me to spend a night in their apartment. I finally accepted when he persuaded me that any trouble they would be put to would be more than compensated by the pleasure of having an American officer staying with them. His father-in-law, a tall old

gentleman with shrewd kindly eyes, was the leading manufacturer in the town. I was surprised to find in so small a town an apartment furnished in such good taste as this one was, and, what was even more remarkable, a modern bathroom. His wife was typical of the old-fashioned conventional *hausfrau*. She kept her home in perfect order and served excellent food, but paid no attention whatsoever to the conversation that was going on at the table. The daughter of the house, who had been married two or three months, was typical of the modern young Jewish girl. She was assimilated to the Poles in dress and language, but felt very strongly that she was and wanted to be known as a Jewess. She expressed her opinions confidently, and it seemed as if her father was following her ideas rather than she his. In New York I had always thought that this sudden self-confidence and independence of the new generation was due to American freedom. After studying the conditions in Poland I have come to the conclusion, however, that this is a movement which is taking place throughout the whole Jewish race. Here especially the abler and more progressive of the younger people are breaking through the old mediæval Talmudic customs and are becoming modernized without at the same time giving up their religion. This young girl, for example, spoke bitterly against the assimilators who wanted to be known as Poles, and were ready to give up their religion at the first opportunity. " We will amount to something when we have gained our self-respect," she said. " How can I feel myself a real Pole after I was abused and ridiculed for years by the teachers and the other children at school ? I feel that I want to belong to something and be loyal to some ideal. That is why I am so strong a believer in the Jewish race."

After dinner I visited the synagogue where the riot had started in May. I pushed open an old, creaking door and found myself in a long dimly lighted room. On the tables, which had been placed in the centre of the floor, there were eight or nine flickering candles and two

smoking oil lamps. Around these tables there were sitting twenty-five or thirty men, ranging in age from the little round-shouldered boy of fifteen to the old grey-bearded Rabbi of seventy. In front of each one of them there was a large Hebrew book, and as they read to themselves in a sing-song tone they swayed to and fro. These were the students of the Talmud, carried away by an ecstasy of concentration. In the half-light, in their long black kaftans, heavy beards and curious side curls, they looked like men of another age. It was as if I had suddenly stepped into the library of the cloistered monks of the Middle Ages. As I came into the room one of the men stopped swaying and shuffled over to me. When I told him that I was from the American Mission he threw his arms over his head and gave a queer cry of joy. The other students left their books and crowded around me. They all began to speak at once, till finally the old Rabbi silenced them. Then he made a voluble speech of welcome in Hebrew. As he spoke he became more and more enthusiastic, and at the end was waving his long thin arms like the sails of a mill.

From the synagogue I went to the Jewish theatre, and here I saw a play which had first been produced in Grand Street in New York City. Grand Street is to the Polish Jewish theatre what Broadway is to the American drama. In this play a young Jewish widow marries a Pole who is anxious to get her money. She changes her religion, but in spite of this her drunken husband abuses and ridicules her. Finally she leaves her home in despair, while her cousin, who has remained true to her faith, marries a young Jew and lives happily ever after. The audience was most enthusiastic, and apparently disapproved heartily of inter-marriage. The actor who took the part of the drunken Polish husband was a young Jew who had been wounded during the May riot. He played his part with such energy that I thought he was going to kill the girl who took the part of the wife. The audience consisted chiefly of young people, all of whom were dressed in the modern European style.

August 29th.—This morning I got up at 5.30, as I had planned a drive to Kolbuszowa, a neighbouring village. The whole family with whom I was staying were present at breakfast—they said they wanted to show every possible courtesy to an American. The local newspaper editor arrived in a few minutes, as he had promised to accompany me on the trip. After having driven through so much of the country by automobile, I was glad of the chance to see it in a more leisurely way. I did not realize, however, how weakened the under-fed horses had become. After trotting half a mile both of them would begin to pant and have to walk. They were like most things in Central Europe—at first appearance they seemed strong and hearty, but when the test came the privations of war had broken down their reserve power. After driving for an hour we came to the little town of Glogow, half of whose two thousand inhabitants are Jewish. In some way the news had spread through the district that the Americans had arrived, so when the people of this town saw my uniform there was great excitement. They begged me to stop and hear their story. I finally promised to come back in the afternoon. In spite of always telling the people that we were purely an investigating Commission, there was a feeling throughout Poland that we really were there to bring them material help. For this reason every town was anxious for us to visit them.

From Glogow we drove through the most peaceful country imaginable to Kolbuszowa, a little town of about thirty-five hundred people. It is prettily situated on the banks of a small stream, but the village itself is squalid and miserable-looking. Here in the house of the leading Jewish lawyer different witnesses told me about the pogrom of May 7th. On that morning a great crowd of peasants poured into the town from the surrounding country. A company of soldiers who were stationed here were disarmed by the rioters without any great difficulty. The mob then proceeded to raid all the Jewish stores and houses, and killed eight old men and women whom they caught.

The other Jews had either fled into the woods or hidden themselves in different places. After hearing the witnesses I went through the town and saw that many of the windows were still broken. The head of the Jewish Community told me that the Jews here were so poor that they could not even buy new glass panes. This old man, who had formerly been a small dealer in wood, had educated himself in a most remarkable way. He quoted Goethe and Schiller, and was very well acquainted with Shakespeare and Byron. I asked him whether he had ever been away from Kolbuszowa, but he said he had never travelled more than twenty or thirty kilometres. In spite of this he had a very good idea of what was going on in the world, and discussed with me President Wilson's position on the question of minority rights. It is extraordinary how world-famous the American President is. In even the smallest villages here in Poland they know his name, and have a fair idea of what he stands for. I remember having seen his photographs in the windows of stores in Wilno and Novo Grodeck.

I then called on the district Governor, who said that strict measures had been taken so that no future attack should be made on the Jews. The reason for the pogrom had been that political agitators—one of them a Deputy at present in the Sejm—had stirred up the peasants against the Jews. The uneducated country people did not need much urging when they saw an opportunity of enriching themselves by robbery. The Jews, however, were also partly to blame, as they had raised the prices of all goods to such an extent that the peasants had not been able to buy anything for some time. The people also felt that the Jews sided with the Ukrainians against the Poles.

Before leaving the town I again met the representatives of the Jewish Community. They told me that they agreed with the Governor that there was no danger of another outbreak here. Not that they had any confidence in the protection he would give them, but they felt that they were now so ruined that nobody could get anything

by trying to rob them. On the whole their relations with the peasants before the pogrom took place had usually been amicable. Lately the farmers had been stirred up against them by a former priest who was one of the leaders of the Peasant Party. As soon as this political agitation should stop they would be on good terms again with the farmers.

On the way home we passed a little farmhouse, at the door of which an old Jew was sitting. The newspaper editor and I got out to speak to him, and when he heard that I was from the American Mission he was overjoyed. He said he and his wife had been farming here for over thirty years. Two of his children were helping him on his farm and two others had gone to America. He asked me to come into the house, which was spotlessly clean. On the wall was a picture of his two American sons with an American flag hanging over them. The farmer said he had been happy here, making a fair living, until two months ago, when one night his barn was broken into and his two cows and a horse were stolen. He did not dare leave his house that night, as there was a large band of robbers, and he was afraid they would kill him if he interfered. He heard one of the robbers say, " It is safe to rob here, because this man is a Jew." He was sure that his cows must be somewhere in the district, but no one had tried to help him find them, and he did not dare search for them alone. While we were talking the farmer's wife came into the room. When she saw that I was an American she started to wail and sob out her complaints. Her husband begged her to keep quiet, because if the neighbours heard her they would beat him after I had gone. This farmer spoke only Polish, and had difficulty in understanding Yiddish when the editor spoke it to him.

After leaving the farmhouse the editor and I began a discussion about the clothes and the language of the people. He agreed with me that the long kaftans which many of the Jews were wearing distinguished them from their Polish fellow-citizens, and were therefore one of the real causes for the prejudice. He said that no Jewish

newspaper in Poland, however, would dare attack this old custom. In the Middle Ages the kaftan had been worn by the more important men in Russia and Poland. The Jews, who were at that time the middle class, clung to this custom longer than others. When a custom became formally established with the Jews it took on something of the nature of a Jewish law. It would take a long time before a change could be made, although many of the younger men were wearing modern clothing. In 1850 a Russian ukase was issued compelling all Jews to wear modern clothes. The strictly Orthodox claimed that they had scruples against wearing the costume of the Gentiles, as they thought the Shulhan-Aruch (their code of law) was opposed to it. They also considered the new law an effort on the part of the Czar to Christianize them by force. As a result the number of Jews who preferred to suffer a penalty rather than comply with the law was so large that its enforcement was postponed for five years. This law soon became obsolete.

From clothes we turned to language. I suggested that Yiddish was one of the causes for prejudice, because it was so dissimilar to Polish, and on the other hand it resembled German. I thought it would be better if the Jews would speak Polish, or at any rate Hebrew, as this language had a fine historic background and a great cultural history. The editor disagreed with me. Even though Yiddish was unpopular in Poland, he thought the people should continue using it, as an essentially Judaic literature could only be developed by using a popular Jewish language. Such a literature had already commenced, and would soon be a force to be reckoned with.

By this time we were at Glogow, through which we had passed in the morning. The Jewish Community leaders presented me with a long carefully prepared address of welcome, which they had spent the whole day in drawing up. This town also had been invaded and robbed by the peasants, but fortunately, although many of the Jews had been beaten, no one had been killed here. An old man who was the spokesman said that what hurt

him most was that when he heard that the peasants were coming he begged his neighbours, who were Christians, to take his little grandchildren into their house. They had refused, saying that they did not dare, and that they did not think it worth while to take such chances for a Jew. " When your own neighbours treat you that way," he added, " you really feel that you are an outcast."

We came back from Glogow at a smart pace, as the driver of our carriage, who was an Orthodox Jew, wanted to get back before sundown. He kept telling us that the Rabbi would give him a lecture if he saw him driving late in the evening on the Sabbath.

When we got back to Rzeszow the newspaper editor advised me to visit some of the synagogues, as it was Friday evening. Rzeszow, although a small town, has many temples, as each trade fraternity has its own place of worship. Thus the carpenters go to one and the shoemakers go to another. I first visited the largest synagogue, which had been built many hundreds of years ago. I found that the service had already started. The Orthodox Jews here in Galicia wear large round fur hats during the services and long prayer shawls. As they said their prayers in a monotonous sing-song voice they closed their eyes and swayed to and fro. In spite of the religious ecstasy of the people, a crowd immediately gathered around me, and they all began to talk at once. It is a strange thing that although the Jews here are so deeply religious they do not seem to feel the same spirit of reverence in the synagogue that the Roman Catholics feel in church. Towards the Torah or sacred books of the law, however, they feel the same devotion that a Catholic would feel to the figure of Christ. Thus in Kolbuszowa this morning they first testified that the Torah in the synagogue had been defiled, and only afterwards did they speak of the men who had been killed. When a Torah is destroyed in part, the remainder is given a formal burial in a cemetery.

After visiting three or four other synagogues, I returned to the family with whom I was staying. They had asked

some of their friends in for dinner, and afterwards gave me a small reception. One of the young men who came in was a sergeant in the Polish Army. He told me that he had had great luck that day, as he had succeeded in getting stationed in his home town rather than at the front. I answered that I could not understand how any soldier could express such a sentiment. He said, "If I tell you my story perhaps you will understand my position better. I joined the Army in March, and had just reached the front in April, when I was thrown from my horse and slightly injured. I came back to Rzeszow, and had only been here about two or three days when the peasants invaded the town. They broke into my father's house, but when they saw that I was in uniform they fled. Later in the day I went to an officer in charge of some of the troops here and asked him to protect the Jews, but he said he would not use his soldiers for that sort of work. Now if I go back to the front I feel that I am leaving my parents and sister defenceless. All the time that I am fighting for my country the other men in the regiment will be calling me a Jew and saying that I am an outcast. Under these circumstances would you not also rather remain at home? It is not a question of cowardice with me, because while I was in the Austrian Army I was given a decoration for valour."

As I wanted to be in Lemberg the next morning, I decided to take the train which left Rzeszow a little after midnight. Four or five of the younger men took me down to the station and waited there with me. Here I introduced myself to a very pleasant young Polish officer who was in charge of the railroad traffic. When the train finally arrived it was so crowded that people were even standing in the corridors. After great effort the Polish officer got me a place in a compartment reserved for Government officials. I edged in next to a Polish captain of the Haller Army. It turned out that he came from Buffalo, New York. He talked very excellent English, as he had been in America for over eight years before enlisting in the Polish Army. As the train bumped and

plunged along in the most irregular fashion, it was impossible to sleep, so we spent the night in exchanging experiences. He said that most of the men in his company were anti-Semitic, but that this was chiefly due to the fault of the Jews themselves. His soldiers, who had come from America and France, were particularly struck by the difference between the Jews and the Poles. The ugly black, long coats and the unkempt beards of the Jews disgusted them. His men felt that they did not want to hand over the cities they had captured for Poland to people like the Jews, who talked a different language and dressed differently. Also they believed that all the Bolsheviks were Jews, and that the majority of the Jews were Bolsheviks. Moreover, the Jews were helping the Ukrainians. I pointed out to him that the Jews could not be fighting both for the Bolsheviks and the Ukrainians, as they were fighting each other, but the captain answered, "The soldier is not a logical animal."

August 30th.—Our train arrived at Lemberg at ten o'clock. As there were no carriages at the station, I walked through the city to the hotel. This city boasts of three names—Lemberg, Leopol, and Polish Lwow. Most cities in Poland can claim this same numerous nomenclature, as they have Russian, Polish, and German titles. Lemberg is a city of about two hundred thousand people, one quarter of whom are Jews. It is exceedingly pretty and modern-looking. Having read about the capture of the city by the Russians and its recapture by the Austrians during the Great War, and the fighting which had lately gone on between the Ukrainians and the Poles, I expected to find most of the houses destroyed. The city, however, is virtually undamaged except for one or two buildings which are marked with machine-gun bullet holes. The Jewish quarter, however, which I passed, had been burnt down. Lemberg now, under a bright summer sky, looked most peaceful, and it was difficult to believe that for the past five years it had been a centre of conflict.

This afternoon I went to the hearing which the Mission

was holding in the city hall. Mr. Johnson, the third Commissioner, was taking testimony about the pogrom which occurred here in November 1918. After the Austrian Empire had collapsed in October, Ukrainian troops seized the town. On November 21st the Poles drove the Ukrainians out, and for the next two days civilians and soldiers plundered the Jewish quarter. After they had finished robbing they set thirty-eight houses on fire and killed sixty-four people, many of whom were burned to death. Here in Lemberg the best Poles did not try to excuse the pogrom, but said it was a blot on the name of their city; in the other places which we had visited there was always an attempt to deny that anything had taken place, or else it was excused on the ground that the Jews were Bolsheviks. These denials more than anything else made the Jews feel that the better classes were not really opposed to the excesses. As one of the Jewish newspaper men said to me, " In Russia there have been pogroms, but there it was only the poorer classes. The intelligent people always protested strongly against these outbreaks. Here in Poland not a single man has spoken against them, and not one Polish member of the Diet has protested against the excesses."

There were also witnesses who testified about the present economic conditions of the Jews; they said that there was less suffering here than in most other cities, as some of the industries were working. The Poles, however, were trying to enforce the economic boycott against the Jews. In some cases customers who had gone into Jewish stores had afterwards had a tag pinned on their coats saying, " This pig has dealt with a Jew." Two architects also testified that a list of architects suggested for public works had been submitted to the Polish Government by the city officials. No Jews had been included in this list.

After the hearing Mr. Morgenthau and I attended a reception which the Zionists gave for the Mission. Their spokesman said, " The position of the Jews in Eastern Galicia is a particularly difficult one. The population

here is about equally divided between the Poles and the Ruthenians or Ukrainians, the Ruthenians being those Ukrainians who belong to the Uniate Church. In November some of the Jews in Lemberg favoured the Polish rule and others favoured the Ruthenian rule. We therefore decided that our wisest and only possible plan was to be neutral. If we declared ourselves for the Poles, and Eastern Galicia should be given to the Ruthenians by the Paris Peace Conference, the Ruthenians would consider us their enemies. If on the other hand we should declare ourselves for the Ruthenians, and Eastern Galicia be given to the Poles, the Poles would hold it against us. Until the end of the war Galicia was part of the Austrian Empire. We have therefore always considered ourselves to be Austrians, and have not bothered about the racial conflicts between other peoples. Our policy of neutrality, which is the only one we could honestly adopt, has been a most unfortunate one, because now both the Poles and the Ruthenians consider us their enemies."

In the evening the Town Council gave the Mission a public dinner in the banquet-hall of the Municipal Palace. Two weeks before they had welcomed Hoover here when he visited the city. His picture is still hanging in most of the store windows. He is the most popular foreigner in Poland, as people feel that thousands of the children owe their lives to his efficient work. At the moment his popularity has suffered a slight eclipse, as he told the Poles in his speeches that the important thing for them to do was to get down to work. At our dinner there were over a hundred men, including about twenty of the leading Jews of the city. On my left was seated the leading Rabbi of the town—a modern progressive type of man. On my right was a Polish University Professor. The Rabbi said that the Jews had recovered from the terror of the pogrom, but at a service which he held about a month ago the explosion of an electric bulb had almost thrown his congregation into a panic. "Their nerves are still so unsettled that at the least sign of danger they expect

another outbreak." The Professor said that he did not believe there was the slightest possibility of future trouble in the city. After the Government had been established here in November they had begun a strict investigation of the pogrom. Forty-four persons had already been sentenced to imprisonment. This example would prevent future outbreaks.

The President of the Council then welcomed the Mission to the city. Mr. Morgenthau answered in a fine speech, in which he pointed out that the Poles and the Jews must live together. By fighting each other they were only hurting themselves. The United States, which had taken a leading part in assuring Poland's freedom, hoped that Poland would prove to be a real democracy, treating all its citizens alike.

On the way back to the hotel I saw in a store window a poster which represented a typical Englishman, with a pipe in his mouth, choking with his right hand a woman dressed in the Polish costume, while with his left he was receiving money from a German officer. Poland feels that it is due to the position taken by Lloyd George at the Peace Conference that she has lost Danzig. One of the Polish officials told me that he believed England wanted to get the trade control of the Baltic. She therefore had tried to eliminate Poland as a competitor. She was also playing up to Germany, whom she wanted to use as a future customer.

August 31*st*.—This morning Dr. Fiedler, the President of the Lemberg Polytechnic or Scientific School, whom I had met at dinner last night, called to take me for a walk. We climbed the Wysoki Zameka, a small mountain overlooking the city. On the summit there is a mound made of earth from Poland, Lithuania and Ruthenia. It was built in 1869 to commemorate the union of Lublin. At this union in 1569 Poland and Lithuania became temporarily one. On the corner-stone at the bottom of the hill there is an inscription which reads : " Free men united with the free, equals with equals, Poland, Ruthenia

and Lithuania." At the present moment the Polish Army is fighting the Ruthenians only a short distance from Lemberg, and in the north a Polish army is watching the Lithuanians, who would fight except for their small numbers. Dr. Fiedler told me that Austria had encouraged the construction of this monument, as she had always had vague hopes that some day she would control all of ancient Poland. She had given Galicia considerable freedom, partly because she could not help herself and partly because she wanted to make the Poles under Russian rule more dissatisfied. Although Austria gave Galicia virtual self-government, she did all in her power to prevent the development of manufacturing in this part of the country. Thus cloth made in Galicia had to be taken to Vienna to be stamped there before being sold. This made the manufacture of cloth impossible, and Galicia lost a profitable trade. Now that she was free, he thought that there was a great commercial future here, as there were oil-wells not very far from Lemberg, and coal also could be easily procured. He was afraid, however, that unless the Allies took a strong position in backing Poland there would be political disturbances in this part of the country for a long time to come. The population was so mixed in Eastern Galicia that the question to be solved was not a simple one. In the latter half of the nineteenth century the Ruthenians had been stirred up to demand self-determination. Most of the Ruthenians were peasants, but a small educated class had developed lately. Although the Poles had admitted them to the University in Lemberg, there had been continuous quarrels, and the Ruthenians were not satisfied. In April 1908 a Ukrainophile student assassinated Count Andrew Potocki, a Polish Governor in Galicia. This had increased ill-feeling, which developed into actual war when the Austrian troops left Lemberg in November 1918. The Ukrainians, who were in the majority at that time in the district, immediately took military possession of most of the town. A few Polish volunteers, consisting of boys and women, kept the Ukrainians from capturing the whole city. Some weeks

later the Polish Army arrived and drove the enemy out of the city. The Ukrainian Army had now been driven out of most of Eastern Galicia. There could only be peace between the Poles and the Ukrainians when Poland was so strong that Ukrainia would realize that it was impossible for her to seize Lemberg. To settle this question by a plebiscite was impossible, as the Poles and the Ukrainians in Galicia were almost equally divided. There were about four and a half million Poles and three and a half million Ruthenians.

Dr. Fiedler and I then discussed the position of the Jews. He said that the Jews of Western Europe and America should try to build up factories for the Jews here, so that they might be profitably employed. Most of the Jews in Galicia were engaged in small trade. They did not like to work in factories because there was no chance there for quick profits. A Jew was willing to suffer poverty to-day in the hope that he might make a comparative fortune to-morrow. The Jews were making a great mistake in asking for separate schools. They needed the training in order and discipline which was given in Polish schools, and it was doubtful whether they would get it to the same extent if they had their own separate organization. By going to the schools and Universities they would mix with the Poles and would probably develop friendships which would prove valuable in after-life.

From the mountain we climbed down into the city. We visited the largest synagogue of Lemberg, which had been partly destroyed by fire during the November pogrom. This synagogue is built on the plan of a theatre, with two balconies looking down on the main floor. The Rabbi told us that a Jewish fireman had rescued this building at the risk of his life when the Polish soldiers had tried to destroy it.

From the synagogue we went to the Armenian church. There is a small colony of Armenians here in Lemberg, just as there are some Mohammedans still in Minsk. These people are a reminder that at one time the course of trade ran from Asia Minor through Poland to the North. The

Poles at present hope that by building railroads and canals they can again capture part of this trade. The Armenians whom we saw were darker than the Poles, but otherwise dressed and looked like them.

We then visited the Ruthenian cathedral, a big and beautiful building. The Ruthenian Church is Uniat. It gets this name because of its union of Roman and Greek Catholic forms. The Uniats were originally Greek Catholics who later joined the Roman Catholic Church in so far as they acknowledged the control of the Pope. Their priests, however, are permitted to marry, and the Church services are more elaborate than those of the Roman Catholics. As is usual in Central Europe, Church and nationality go together, and a difference of Church also marks a difference of race.

Before returning to the hotel I bought a French translation of Mickiewicz's shorter poems and his greatest work, *Pan Tadeusz.*

In the afternoon I visited the Jewish quarter. As soon as they saw my uniform a crowd gathered. They were all anxious to show me the burnt houses. One old woman elbowed her way through the people. With a trembling hand she pointed to a third-floor window in one of the gutted buildings. " It was from there that my only son jumped."

When I came back to my room, I found that a Ruthenian was waiting to see me. He said that he hoped the American representatives at the Peace Conference would insist on a plebiscite for Eastern Galicia. The Ruthenians here outnumbered the Poles by a great majority. The Polish statistics were always given for the whole of Galicia, and therefore showed that the Poles were in the majority. This was unfair, as the largest number of Poles lived in the west, near Cracow, while the Ruthenians only lived in the east. The Poles here were the big land-owners, and they also controlled the towns. Most of the peasants, however, were Ruthenians. The Poles had always oppressed them and prevented them from getting proper education. Some years ago the Poles were forced to have

some courses in Lemberg University given in the Ruthenian tongue, but this was due to the goodwill of the Austrian Government, and not to any generosity on the part of the Poles. If Poland were to be left in control here, all the abuses of the past would be permanently fixed on the common people—the land-owners would continue to oppress the peasants as they had been doing for hundreds of years. There were enough educated Ruthenians to govern the country in an orderly way. They deplored the massacre of the Jews in the Ukraine as much as anyone did. These murders were committed entirely by the uneducated peasants, and were opposed by the better classes. The trouble was that they had been brought up on stories about Bogdan Khmelnitzki, the Ukrainian peasant leader who in 1648 swept the country, murdering Poles and Jews alike. As he was still considered a hero by the oppressed peasants, they unfortunately thought there was something heroic in murdering the Jews.

In the evening I left on the train for Warsaw. There were no sleepers, so I had to sit up during the night. Next to me there was a young Jewish doctor, who was in the employ of the railroads. He told me that when the Poles had taken over the railroads from the Austrians they had discharged most of the Jewish employees, but had kept on the Jewish doctors, as they could not get on without them. He said that he was a Jewish nationalist, and that when the Poles had sent out a paper asking to what nation or race he belonged he had entered "Jew" instead of "Pole." As he had a wife and two children who were dependent on him for support, they had discussed how he should fill in the paper for over a month before he signed it. They felt that he would probably lose his position by taking the step he did, but he had determined to do what he thought was right, even though he had to sacrifice himself and his family. He was a Polish citizen, but racially and religiously he was a Jew. "This is an idea," he said, "which you Americans cannot understand. A Jew in America is American in every way except in so far as religion is concerned. That is due partly to the

fact that in the United States citizenship counts for everything and race counts for nothing. In Poland a Jew is like the title of one of your books, *A Man Without a Country*. My brother, who is in America, sent me a copy of that once. This book tells the story of a young officer who one day cursed the United States. He was condemned by a court-martial never to hear of his country again. For years he was a prisoner on different battleships, and no one was allowed to speak to him about his home. When finally he died they found that his choicest possession was an American flag. In Poland here we Jews have been treated as outsiders, and told that we have no rights or interests in the country. I felt that I wanted something to which I could give my heartfelt love and enthusiasm, and so I became a Jewish nationalist. Most of my friends feel as I do. This movement has gained tremendously in strength during the last few years." I asked the doctor whether he thought the situation would be changed if Poland treated the Jews as they were treated in America. He said that he thought it unquestionably would. Many of the men who were now so enthusiastic in building up Jewish culture would devote the same enthusiasm to Polish ideals.

While we were talking, the conductor of the train came to collect our tickets. After he had gone the doctor said, " He is one of the men who replaced a Jew. He can hardly read, but the fact that he is a Pole is enough. When he was looking at our tickets he kept moving his head. You will find that a semi-illiterate man does not read by moving his eyes, but rather by turning his head for each word."

September 1st.—To-day Major Otto and I visited the main points of interest in Warsaw. The Museum—a beautiful building—has a number of famous pictures by the Polish painter Mateyko. The Poles are inordinately proud of him, and consider his work equal to that of the most renowned artists of Italy. His best-known pictures are large canvases dealing with patriotic subjects. The

colours used are magnificent and striking, but the grouping is less admirable. Mateyko was very short-sighted, a defect which is quite apparent in his work. The other paintings in the Museum were less remarkable. Most of them were concerned with historical subjects. It was interesting to see how few portraits there were as compared with similar galleries in Paris or London.

From the Museum we went to the University, a large undistinguished building. Its most famous graduate is Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis* and the Polish trilogy, *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and *Pan Michael.* While the Russians were in control of Warsaw, teaching in this University had to be in the Russian language, so only a comparatively few Poles attended it. Now that Poland is free, great efforts are being made to create here one of the leading Universities of Europe.

Farther down the Krakowskie Przedmiescie Avenue there is the Church of the Holy Cross, in which Chopin's heart is buried. Although some people have thought Chopin the greatest Pole who ever lived, Poland itself does not treat him as a national hero. Possibly the fact that he did most of his work in Paris may account for this lack of interest.

From the church we walked down the Alega Ujazdowska, a magnificent broad avenue on which there are some of the finest buildings in Warsaw. On the left there is a small, well-planned park with the famous imperial palace Lazienki. This was built in the Italian style by Poland's last king, Stanislaw Poniatowski. It is now used as an art museum, and is full of sentimental pictures. Near the palace there is a striking natural theatre—the auditorium is a small stone amphitheatre, while the stage, framed by ruined Corinthian columns and dark green shrubbery, stands on an island in a small lake. This theatre is now being restored so that a patriotic performance can be given here next month.

We then turned back to the Plac Saski, the central square of the city, in which stands the huge Byzantine cathedral of St. Alexander Nevski. This was built by

the Russians during the last twenty years as an emblem of their rule, for the Greek Church, of course, represented Russian sovereignty. The Poles are planning to tear down this church so as to construct a Roman Catholic cathedral in its place.

In the evening we went to a confetti fight at the Dolina Park. The difference between the serious Polish crowd and the light-hearted French was most marked. If it had not been for the French officers who were laughing and throwing coloured paper at the prettiest girls, the affair would have been a very dull one.

September 2nd.—This morning we received a copy of the *Gazetta Poranna* of August 20th. This newspaper, although nominally privately owned, is one of the two official organs of the National Democratic Party. It was founded in 1912 (a good deal of the money being provided by Paderewski). Its open policy is the furtherance of the anti-Semitic boycott movement. This number contains the following article :—

NEWS FROM MINSK, UKRAINIA.

THE BOLSHEVISTS DID NOT EXPECT THE FALL OF MINSK. THE CZREZWYCZAJKI STAFF OF COMMISSIONERS. THE MASS MURDERS OF THE POLES. FIVE THOUSAND PERSONS SHOT. THE AWFUL DESPERATION OF THE POPULATION. BOLSHEVIST PRICES OF FOOD. THE COMMISSARS IN HIDING. MACHINE-GUN ON CHURCH.

Engineer F., a lieutenant in the Polish Army, who took an active part in the taking of Minsk, and who is spending a short time in Warsaw, gave us some detailed information which we are giving below. Minsk, which was evacuated by the Bolshevists, was taken on the 8th of this month. They had such poor information about the Polish Army that the conquerors were able to take prisoners the Czrezwyczajki staff and an entire trainful of soldiers. The Czrezwyczajki staff was located in a gigantic four-story building, where also was located the prison. In the cellars of this building were found the bodies of thirty officers, mostly Poles, murdered by the Bolshevists, which they had not had time to bury. The bodies were terribly mutilated. The floor of the place was soaked with blood, which leads us to believe that these were not the first victims of the Bolshevist-Jewish crimes.

The murders were not only committed in cellars, but openly in the neighbouring villages. The victims were carried away from their homes in the night and taken to the place of execution, and then were hauled away during the day in a black automobile at which it was forbidden to look under the penalty of death. The victims were oftentimes buried when still alive. Poles especially were murdered, and especially those who had known of the nearness of the Polish Army. Every home contained a special spy. The fruit of this spying was diabolical. Daily over twenty persons were shot. The total number of those executed is between three and five thousand persons. To this day the inhabitants of Minsk are uncovering the graves and searching for the bodies of their relatives. About a thousand persons, Poles alone, were carried away by the Bolshevists. Many are still in hiding. Among others was carried away the fifteen-year-old daughter of Dr. Worjmwooncz because her father went to Warsaw. The Bolshevists are not feeding the hostages and prisoners, and are holding them in pens. About a week before the taking of Minsk a general census was taken of all Poles with the intention of carrying them into Russia.

The population is so reduced by oppression and hunger that it can be likened to shadows moving through the town. Let the figures speak of the high prices of this Bolshevik Eden. A pound of bread cost 40 roubles, bacon 230 roubles, a quart of milk 22 roubles, a pound of potatoes 10 to 12 roubles, a bunch of carrots 12 to 15 roubles, radishes 5 roubles apiece, a pound of meat 40 roubles, butter 230 roubles, 10 eggs 40 to 80 roubles, a quart of berries 10 to 15 roubles, a couple of baked apples 3 roubles, a bottle of lemonade 8 roubles, flour 1,300 to 1,600 roubles per pud (40 pounds), soap 80 rouble a pound. To-day one cannot buy these things even at that price. The Jews have hidden everything away here, wishing to make it appear that the Polish Army has brought the city to this condition. They are not even showing themselves in the streets. All shops are closed, so one should not start for Minsk without plenty of money and food. A trip in a droshky (and there are several of them) costs 30 to 35 roubles. The horses are poor, and the driver will not carry more than one or two persons. Newspapers cost 1 rouble apiece. Besides apples, lemonade, and portions of roast cat and dog at 60 roubles, nothing can be bought. In connection with this, it is proper to say that in the villages there is plenty, crops are good, but the farmers will sell nothing, except to trade for such articles as gramophones, pianos, violins, etc. They do not wish to take money, but will willingly take clothing, which is lacking in the city. During Bolshevik rule in the city a yard of cloth was worth 60 roubles and a pair of ladies' shoes 1,500 roubles. Wool and cotton were beyond reach.

Even at this late date, Bolshevist Commissars are hiding in Minsk, and are being helped directly by the Jews. Eight of these Commissars

were found in the synagogue. The search is being continued. Half of the population in the city is destroyed. Slowly some of the refugees are returning. Bishop Szenski, who was in hiding at a certain estate as a herdsman, has returned.

From time to time the Army authorities are finding hidden arms. A machine-gun was found in the steeple of the Catholic church.

This article is typical of the kind of information on which the Polish public is being fed. The story about the thirty officers, mostly Poles, who were murdered by the Bolsheviks is false. Count Zoltowski and I were the first men to visit this building—this was the building in which the Countess's apartment was, which I have already described—and I found no bodies there. During the week in which I was in Minsk twenty bodies were found buried about five versts outside the city—there were none in the city itself.

The figures of three to five thousand persons who had been murdered by the Bolsheviks is contrary to every statement which the Count and I received in Minsk itself. The largest number that I had heard given was eighty. Nor was the population suffering from hunger when we arrived in Minsk. The Countess, with whom we lunched, was able to give us a very good meal. It was only after the occupation, which lasted three days, that there was any hunger in the city. The Jews suffered from this shortage as much as the Poles.

The story about the eight Commissars who were found in the synagogue shows the inventive ability of the author. It is possible, however, that the Polish officer mistook the General, Count Zoltowski and myself for Commissars while we were in the synagogue at the meeting Sunday afternoon. No Commissars, either Polish or Jewish, were captured by the Polish Army, as these men took adequate precautions to escape from the city in time.

I have called the attention of a member of the Polish Foreign Office to this article. I pointed out to him that as all the newspapers here are censored, the people naturally feel that such an article meets with the approval of the Government. While it is a mistake to interfere

with the freedom of the Press, the Government would certainly be justified in stopping so-called news which they knew to be false. This was especially true, as they had occasionally stopped the publication of actual facts. A Jewish newspaper which published a statement about the execution of thirty-five innocent Jews at Pinsk on April 5, 1919, was suppressed. At present there is no single newspaper in Warsaw which does not colour its news. Many of the Jewish leaders have said that if it were not for the Press there would be little real anti-Semitism. The continual spreading of false stories stirs up the people against them. The Zionist organization showed me a book of clippings, over two hundred pages long, which was filled with false newspaper stories about murdered and mutilated Polish soldiers, hints at ritual murder, attacks on Polish girls, hiding of food, and secret aid to the Bolsheviks and Germans. A number of these stories have been reprinted in the newspapers of Western Europe.

September 3rd.—This morning I visited some of the small shops along the main streets. From the sidewalk it looked as if they were in a prosperous condition. Whenever I entered the door, however, I realized that the shopkeeper had put all his goods in the window. In one case there was absolutely nothing on the shelves. The owner of this store told me that he had not been able to buy anything since 1914 and was now selling only his reserves.

In the first Jewish store I visited I asked the proprietor how the question of prejudice affected him. He said that the anti-Jewish boycott was not as bad at present as it had been in 1914. Then no Poles ever dealt in his store, but lately a few had come in. This might be due to the fact that he had a better stock of goods than some of the Polish storekeepers. There were still, however, some customers, especially Army officers, who, when they realized that he was a Jew, would spit on the floor and go out.

In the afternoon I visited some of the largest book stores. The clerk in the one which handles most of the foreign literature said that very few modern English or American books were read in Poland. Some of the Socialists occasionally bought copies of Ramsay MacDonald, who was considered an authority here. The only American books which had any sale were the works of Jack London and *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair. *The Jungle* was popular here because so many Poles worked in the Chicago stockyards which are described in that book. Of all the classical English writers the only ones for whom there was any real demand were Shakespeare, Byron, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens and Fenimore Cooper. Of these Byron was by far the most popular. The Poles consider him the greatest of the English poets, and he still is exercising a marked influence in literary circles.

September 4th.—To-day we spent most of our time preparing a draft report.

In the evening I finished reading Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz,* the national epic of Poland. Mickiewicz was born in 1798 near Novo Grodeck. After being forced to leave the University of Wilno he spent most of his life in exile, living for many years in Paris. At the outbreak of the Crimean War he was sent to Constantinople to raise a regiment against the Russians. He died there in 1855, his eyes being closed for him by a Jewish friend. In his poems Mickiewicz showed sympathy for the Jews, and in *Pan Tadeusz* the Jewish minstrel is one of the heroes. The story of the epic is comparatively simple. It takes place in the year 1812. There is a quarrel between the Soplica and Horeszko families about the possession of a ruined castle. The Szlachta (the lesser nobility of the district) meet together to settle the quarrel. This gathering includes Tadeusz Soplica, a young Polish nobleman, his uncle, a judge, a rather lively lady Telimene from St. Petersburg, who makes mild love to Tadeusz, a pretty young girl called Sophia, and Count Horeszko. The party go on a bear hunt, where they are greatly

endangered, until Roback, a mysterious monk, rescues them. Count Horeszko then rushes off to take forcible possession of the ruined castle. Here he and his companions become intoxicated, and Russian soldiers who are passing by enter and bind them. The monk succeeds in freeing them, and in a battle against the Russians the Poles are the victors. They then join Napoleon and return as officers in his army. It turns out that Sophia is really a Horeszko, so her marriage with Tadeusz unites the rival houses. To a foreigner the finest parts of the poem are the descriptions of the primeval Lithuanian forests. The characters are clearly drawn, but they are not particularly interesting. The hero, Tadeusz, is a healthy country boy who has been rather spoilt. The mysterious monk is more of a symbol than a man. Sophia, the heroine, is a pink and white *ingénue*, typical of the Victorian romances, while Telimene is at best only a mild temptress.

I have also finished a collection of Mickiewicz's shorter poems. To me they were more interesting than the epic—one of them especially is magnificent. In *Alpujarras* he describes the siege of Granada by the Spaniards. Just as they are about to capture it the Moorish chieftain, Almansor, comes to them to surrender himself. The Spaniards welcome him, and one after the other embrace him in sign of reconciliation. As he kisses the last Spaniard, Almansor falls to the ground dying from the plague, which has been raging in Granada. Before he dies he turns to the Spaniards, and with mocking laughter tells them that he has brought the plague into their camp.

This poem shows the influence of Byron which is marked in all later Polish literature. This influence is particularly strong in the most popular Polish poem *Marja*, by Malczewski. In this poem a Polish chieftain called Waclaw marries a young girl contrary to his father's wish. The father pretends to forgive the marriage, and sends his son away to fight against some brigands. While he is gone the father drowns the young bride in the moat of the castle.

September 5th.—In the morning, before working on the report, Mr. Morgenthau, Major Otto and I went for a walk in the country. About three kilometres from the city we came to the famous " Election Plain " on which, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Polish nobles met to choose their kings. The great magnates would bring their followers with them—sometimes the retinues amounted to over a thousand men—so that their tents stretched over many fields. Occasionally these meetings were enlivened by pitched battles between the various factions.

On the way back we passed a squad of women soldiers. They were marching along with serious faces, eyes straight in front of them, apparently unconscious of the fact that they were doing anything extraordinary. They were dressed in long grey military coats which reached almost to their ankles—it was an efficient-looking but formless uniform. Around their waists they had leather cartridge belts, while their caps were the regulation round ones worn by the Legionaries. They all had heavy square-toed marching boots, except one girl, who wore more fashionable pointed ones. She apparently was a new recruit, because occasionally she broke step. The rest marched with the precision of veterans. The long regulation rifles did not seem too heavy for them, for they carried them with rather a jaunty air. The girls—for they were all young—seemed to come from different social classes. One had the broad, rather stupid snub-face of a typical peasant, while another had the thin intellectual face of a student. Later in the day I was told that the Government had under consideration the raising of a full woman's regiment. At present there are only special detachments in the Army.

Women soldiers are no novelty in the history of Poland. In 1830 a beautiful young Polish noblewoman, Emilia Plater, stirred a whole district into revolt against the Russians. She led a regiment in several battles, and finally, when the cause was lost, tried to cut her way with her men through the Russian Army. Overcome by want

and exertion, she died in the hut of a Lithuanian forester. In the rebellion of 1863, women were found in the field, and again last autumn they did valiant work against the Bolsheviks and Ukrainians. In Lemberg, in November 1918, they fought for three weeks in the trenches until the main Polish Army came up to relieve them.

CHAPTER V

POSEN AND THE LAST WEEK

September 6th.—Early this morning Mr. Morgenthau, Major Otto and I left for Posen by automobile. As the road was perfectly flat and in good condition, we were able to make fast time. The horses in this part of the country are accustomed to machines, so we did not have to stop every time we passed a wagon. As we crossed from what had been Russian Poland into German Poland we noticed how much cleaner the houses looked and the neater appearance of the villages. Along the road there were fruit-trees, which had been lacking in the Russian districts. The absence of Jews in the villages was also noticeable. In Posen there have never been many of them. At present the total number in the whole province is about twenty-six thousand.

We arrived in the city of Posen, or Poznan, about three o'clock in the afternoon. At present it has a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand people. As far as architecture is concerned, it is a typical modern German city. Many of the apartment houses are built of stucco in the Munich style of architecture. The main castle, which was built in the later part of the nineteenth century, is supposed to be an imposing building of grey stone. It is such a poor imitation, however, of an old German fortress, that instead of giving the appearance of strength, it merely looks clumsy. On the other hand, the theatre, built in the Roman style, is an imposing and beautiful structure.

Later in the afternoon some of the Jewish leaders in

the town called on Mr. Morgenthau and stayed for dinner. They told us that before the war the Jews in Posen had had an enviable position. They were either professional men or large traders. There were virtually no poor among them. Although there was some prejudice against them, this was only social in character. As far as business opportunities and the administration of the law was concerned, they had absolute equality with the rest of the population. They had become entirely Germanized, both in dress and culture, and were Jews only in religion. Unfortunately they had not realized that Posen would some day become part of Poland, and had therefore never learned to speak Polish. Lately, since the occupation of the city by the Poles, their position had become extremely difficult. Most of the lawyers and teachers found it almost impossible to earn a living under the new conditions, because they were handicapped both by not knowing the official language and by the increase in prejudice. As a result, many of them had already emigrated to Germany, and more of them intended to leave within a short time. Those Jews who remained in Posen because their interests were here not only had to face the hatred of the Poles against the Germans, but also the hatred of the Poles against the Jews. Strange to say, the Germans were finding less difficulties in their way, as they became assimilated more easily than other people did. There was already a movement on foot to boycott the Jews. The leading Polish paper, which had lately been established, was preaching this step every day in its editorial column. It seemed probable that in a comparatively few years, unless things improved, their businesses would be ruined. Up to the present time all their connections had been with Germany. Now these were suddenly completely cut off. At the same time the Jews were being handicapped in their relations with the new country. There had been no excesses in Posen up to the present time, partly owing to the fact that there was no Jewish quarter in the city, and also because the Jews dressed in modern clothes, being, therefore, indistinguishable from the rest of

the population. In June, however, for no apparent reason, the Polish Government had suddenly arrested over five thousand of the leading Jews and Germans and shipped them off, without a trial, to an internment camp, which had been formerly used for Russian prisoners. Here these men, of whom some were over sixty and others were suffering from illness, were forced to live for some weeks in filthy and insanitary surroundings. Then, again without a hearing, most of them were released. Some of the Jews had been told that they could avoid arrest by paying large bribes to the officials, but as this " bail " was set at an exceptionally high figure, they could not avail themselves of the opportunity. There is not, however, as much bribery here as in other parts of Poland, as the traditions of the German service are still effective.

After dinner Mr. Morgenthau attended a meeting of the Bnai Brith Lodge, the only chapter of this Jewish organization in Poland No branches had been permitted in Russia before the war, as it was a secret society and therefore illegal in the Czar's Empire. Major Otto and I, not being members, walked round the town. We had some difficulty in finding our way, as the map we had bought in the afternoon was comparatively useless. The Poles have taken down all the German street-signs, and have renamed them " Kosciuszko," etc. Some of the streets even have no names at all. The people we passed seemed on the whole to be happy and prosperous. There is no shortage of food in Posen, and prices are lower than in any of the other parts of Poland. On the whole, the city seems to be running smoothly. Nor does the guerilla warfare, which is being carried on some kilometres away against the Germans, affect the spirits of the city. On the contrary, it seems to give the people zest in life. The soldiers here are very much in evidence. Most of the Posen soldiers were formerly in the German Army, and still wear a uniform which is almost identical with that of the German troops. They are more aggressive than the soldiers in other parts of Poland as they swagger down the streets, but they are also better disciplined. They

salute their officers with a snap that is lacking in the rest of the Army.

September 7th.—This morning we called on the Polish Governor of the district, but found that he was in Warsaw. His assistants, all of them young men, were most enthusiastic about the future of Poland, and particularly of Posen. They said that a new Polish University had just been established in the city, and promised to be a great success. There were also many new plans for business development. Manufacturing plants would spring up now that Posen would no longer be flooded with German goods. Formerly Germany had drained all the money from Posen for the benefit of the Empire. Now this money would be used by the people for their own advantage. The Jews would probably not suffer in the midst of this general prosperity. They should prepare, however, for legitimate competition, as it was natural that the Poles did not wish to be absolutely at the business mercy of foreign elements such as the Germans and the Jews.

After we left the palace we went to the headquarters of the Jewish Community. There seemed to be less optimism here than in the Government House. The Jewish Community, they said, had only been organized since the Poles had taken over the province ; before that time there had been no reason for their defending themselves as a body. One of the men here pointed out that the spontaneous growth of this organization was an adequate answer to the Poles who claimed that anti-Semitism was due to the fact that the Jews formed separate political parties. For over a hundred years under German rule there had been no need for a defensive alliance amongst the Jews, but within a month of the coming of the Poles a strong central body had developed by itself. The Government, they claimed, was discriminating against the Jews in the awarding of trade licences. For example, no person could buy cattle without official permission. This right had now been given to the Poles, although

formerly most of this trade had been in the hands of the Jews. In many other ways the Jews here were finding handicaps placed in their way. Thus the city of Lodz had sent to Posen to purchase potatoes, but had given strict instructions that no Jewish merchants should be dealt with. The Jews also were not given permission to travel on the trains, so that they were handicapped in their relations with the new capital at Warsaw. The combination of all these small circumstances made them take a gloomy view of the future.

We left Posen immediately after lunch for Kalisch. On the way we passed a procession of farmers celebrating Poland's freedom. Some of the girls were dressed in white and wore red sashes—the national colours of Poland; others were in the native peasant costumes, bright with beads and embroidery. The people looked happier and more intelligent than the farmers in Russian Poland. We stopped our automobile for a moment, and they crowded round to examine it. In Russian Poland the peasant rarely showed any curiosity, but just stood on the side of the road and grinned shyly.

As we crossed the border from German Poland we saw, a short distance ahead of us, the city of Kalisch. This was the first city which the Germans captured after the beginning of the Great War. It was here that they began practising their Kultur—on the old pretext that some one had fired from a window, they burnt down the whole centre of the city. At the same time they executed over fifty people. This was the only time, however, in which they behaved in this way in Poland, presumably because by the time they had captured other cities the protest of the world over Belgium had frightened Berlin. As usual, the Jews had suffered most, for their stores had been completely ruined. As we drove into Kalisch it looked to us as if a swathe had been cut straight through the centre of the city, for only shells of walls remained. The people had been too poor to do any reconstruction. Many of them have deserted the city without intending to return again. Before the war Kalisch had a population

of over fifty thousand, but at present there are probably less than thirty thousand in the town.

We called upon the Chief Rabbi, and met the leaders of the Jewish Community at his house. They told us that Kalisch had formerly been the centre of the Polish lace-making industry, but that at present no work was being done because their machinery had been destroyed by the Germans and there was also no raw material. If it were possible, the whole industry would move to Palestine. The relations between the Jews and the Poles were most bitter here, as Kalisch was a border town. The Poles accused the Jews of being pro-German, and claimed that they had helped the German Army during the war. It was true that some of the Jews had worked for the Germans, but so had many of the Poles. It was impossible to expect that the people would willingly starve to death when by working they could keep themselves alive. Even if some of the Jews had helped the Germans, this was only due to the bad treatment the Russians had always given them. The Poles forgot that Pilsudski, now the President of Poland, had fought on the side of the Germans and Austrians. They constantly spoke of the Jews as being pro-Germans, so as to prejudice the Allies against them. At the same time they were trying to explain away their own former support of the Central Empires.

From Kalisch we motored through uninteresting country back to Warsaw, which we reached just before midnight.

September 8th.—This afternoon Major Otto and I attended a meeting at the Polish Foreign Office. Representatives of all the different Government Departments were there. We discussed with them primarily the economic restrictions against the Jews. They denied absolutely that the Government was in any way favouring the Poles as against other parts of the population. They gave us figures which showed that more passports had been given to Jewish agents than to Polish ones. More railway cars also had been put at the disposal of the Jews than of the Poles. They acknowledged that it was true that there

were hardly any Jewish public officials, such as policemen, railway conductors, etc., but they said that the Jews were unfitted for this work because of physical disability, and also because so many of them could not speak Polish fluently. The popular feeling against Jews would also make their work in these offices very difficult.

This meeting was an interesting one, as the Polish representatives discussed the Jewish question openly and freely. In its frankness towards the Mission the Polish Government has been admirable. At all times the Polish Government has given us every facility for travelling, so that our work could be hastened. No attempt has been made, as far as I know, to keep away or to influence any Jewish witnesses. This is a most favourable sign for the future improvement of the relations between the Poles and the Jews, for if the truth can always be brought out without hindrance from the Government, conditions are bound to improve. It is unfortunate that the Polish Press does not take the same attitude in this matter as the Government.

September 9th.—As the time approaches for the Mission to leave Warsaw, the hall is again crowded with men and women who are asking for help to go to America or to Palestine. Most of them want to go to New York, but if they can't go there they are willing to try Jerusalem. As to how many Jews would emigrate to Palestine if the barriers were removed it is difficult to say. The Zionists claim that there are more than they could possibly handle. I believe this is probably true. It seems to me, however, that in many cases this is more a desire to leave Poland than a wish to go to Zion. If Russia ever settles down, there is also a possibility that a great number of Jews will emigrate farther East. They seem to feel that the Russians are not as anti-Semitic as the Poles. As one of the men expressed it to me : " In any case we cannot be worse off elsewhere than we are here." Although emigration would probably relieve some of the congestion in Poland, the danger is that the ablest and strongest of the

Jews will be the first to go, while the custom-ridden mass will remain more down-trodden and more despairing than ever.

In the evening Mrs. Jadwin, Mr. Morgenthau, General Jadwin and I went to a special performance at the Jewish theatre in honour of the American Mission. As we came into the room the audience rose and cheered with enthusiasm. The orchestra then made a valiant attempt to play the " Star-spangled Banner." I was afterwards told by the manager that one of his violinists had been in America for a few years, and had written out the score from memory. As his recollections, however, were quite sketchy, there were many original features in the way it was rendered. The orchestra then played the Polish National Anthem, which was followed by the Zionist song, a mournful and haunting melody. The theatre was decorated with white and red—Polish—and blue and white Zionist festoons. The performance was lively and amusing. After hearing for two months about the troubles and misfortunes of the Jews, it was a pleasant surprise to see how thoroughly the audience enjoyed this light comic opera.

September 10th.—To-day Major Otto and I spent most of our time in visiting Jewish schools. The first one to which we went was a private school of the better class, where the children paid from seven to eight hundred marks a year. The parents of these children were either professional men or prosperous storekeepers. The principal of the school was an intelligent cultured man about forty years old. He was dressed in modern clothes, and told us that he had travelled in other countries. On his staff of teachers there were two men and one woman. She spoke French fluently, and had also done some travelling. The sixty children ranged from seven to twelve years of age. In all the four classes they studied six hours a day. For three hours they learned Hebrew, the Bible and Jewish history, and in the remaining time they studied Polish, French, mathematics and a little general geography

and history. On the walls of the school there were biblical pictures showing different scenes from the Bible. To show us what his pupils could do, the principal carried on a conversation in Hebrew with his best pupil. The rooms of this school were bright and airy, and the children all looked healthy and intelligent.

The next school which we visited was a Heder. This is a school run by a Rabbi, in which the children pay a few pence for their education. These schools were permitted by the old Russian Government on condition that they taught nothing but Hebrew and the Talmud. To reach this school we passed through an exceedingly dirty courtyard, and climbed some rickety wooden steps. As we started up the stairs we heard a confused din. When we opened the door we saw a large dimly lighted room with about one hundred children, ranging from six to twelve years of age, sitting round long tables. Most of them were reading in a sing-song voice from books in front of them. When they saw us a sudden silence fell on the room, and an old man—an exceedingly dirty old man—sidled over to where we were standing. He was dressed in a long shiny black kaftan, under which there showed a torn collarless shirt which may have been originally white, but was now a light brown. Our interpreter told him that we were from the American Mission. He bowed low, and immediately made a speech in which he said that this was the happiest and most honourable moment of his life and that his school would for ever after remain famous. In his excitement he kept pulling his unkempt beard with long nervous fingers. He had only one yellow tooth in the front of his mouth, so that his language was not very distinct. He called his assistant over, and a tall, stooping, cadaverous man, who might have been anywhere between twenty and forty, giggled in an embarrassed way while he was being introduced. During the rest of the interview the Rabbi and his assistant both talked at the same time, the assistant always repeating a couple of words later what the Rabbi had just said. In the farthest corner of the room an old woman was

cooking something in a large pot over the stove. The Rabbi pointed to her and said, " That is my wife," but did not make any further attempts to introduce her to us. By this time the children had got accustomed to our presence, and were all talking again. The Rabbi told them to keep quiet, but this seemed to have no effect except to make a few of them laugh. He said that these children were paying one mark a week. They usually came at eight o'clock in the morning and stayed until five o'clock in the afternoon, but he was not very strict about enforcing attendance. By these long hours they were kept off the streets, where they might get into mischief. His main duty was to teach them how to read and interpret the Talmud. He had one boy who he was sure would some day turn out to be a great scholar. A child about twelve years old, with a yellow flabby face, came forward at these words without waiting to be called. The Rabbi patted him affectionately on the shoulder and said he would now show us something wonderful. The boy then began to recite in a sing-song fashion, as though he were a machine, a long and learned dissertation. A famous Rabbi years ago, in interpreting part of the Talmud, had used a certain expression which apparently meant that the world was like an apple floating in water. Since America had been discovered, however, it was clear that the earth was not floating in water. This expression must therefore be interpreted in a different way. The boy then gave other possible interpretations, quoting from several famous Rabbis. After he had been reciting for about five minutes we stopped him, much to the Rabbi's chagrin. The child obviously did not know what he was saying, although he did give proof of an excellently trained memory. We asked the Rabbi whether he taught the children any mathematics. He said he sometimes gave them some instruction in this if they asked him for it. There were no fixed classes in this school, but the children were ranged more or less according to age. In front of every three was a thumbed and dirty copy of the Talmud, from which the children learned by reading out loud in a chanting

way. There were no other books in the school. The Rabbi told us that after these children left his school most of them became small traders. A few of the best scholars continued their studies and finally became Rabbis. On the whole the children here seemed happy and contented. The Rabbi was genuinely fond of his pupils, and was doing his very best for them. Before we left he presented us with a small painted piece of cardboard and a couple of markers. This contained a system which he had invented for teaching the children the Hebrew alphabet.

From this school we went to another Heder school, which apparently was less popular, for here there were only about fifteen or twenty children. When we came in, the Rabbi, an old man with a long beard, was engrossed in the Talmud. Most of the children in the room were playing around by themselves, although three serious little boys were studying in one corner. Here also the Rabbi called on one of the children to give us a recitation on a Talmudic subject. The Rabbi told us that he had conducted this school for over thirty years. The Russians had never interfered with him. All they did was to examine the children occasionally to make sure that he was not teaching them anything except Hebrew. He was very much worried about the future of his school now that the Poles were in control. He had heard that they were going to insist that the Jewish children be taught Polish. As he only had a slight knowledge of that language, it would force him to go out of business.

From the Heder school we went to one of the Talmud Torahs. The Talmud Torah is a free school connected with a synagogue. The largest proportion of the Jewish children who go to school in Warsaw, attend one of these institutions. In this school the children were seated in front of desks. The class-rooms also had blackboards on which the teacher could write. The teachers here were better dressed than the Rabbis of the Heder, and seemed to have some idea of cleanliness. They also kept better discipline in their rooms. In the first class to which we came I told the teacher that I should like to have his

pupils continue the lessons they were doing before we came in. They each in turn recited a verse from the Bible, parts of which they were learning by heart. Then the teacher said he wanted to show us how very well trained and intelligent his pupils were. The thirty-five children, most of them ten or eleven years old, rose in their seats and began to speak rapidly in chorus, swaying backwards and forwards on their feet. To my surprise, I suddenly realized that they were rendering a Hebrew prayer in exactly the same tone of voice in which I had once in a New York school recited the names of the American Presidents. The teacher added that his children had learned their prayers so well that they could speak them off faster than any other class of children in Warsaw. In the next room to which we went the children were learning how to write the Hebrew characters. This script is used both in Hebrew and in Yiddish. The sentences which they were copying were taken from the Bible. The principal told me that the children in this school did not learn how to write the Polish script, but he thought most of them picked it up at home.

We then went to the senior class, where the children were thirteen or fourteen years old. These children had just been studying Jewish history, and one of them enthusiastically repeated to me the names of the different kings of Judah. As this was the oldest class, I thought I would ask them some questions. Of the thirty-five children, ten knew that London was the capital city of England. None of them had ever heard of Washington, either the city or the man. Nearly all of them knew that New York was in America. None of them knew who Kosciuszko was, and one particularly bright boy was the only one in the class who had ever heard of Sobieski. He thought that Sobieski was a Polish nobleman who had fought against the Russians. I then asked them some questions about languages. Only one boy could talk Polish, although four or five could understand it. One other boy could talk Russian. None of them could understand English or French. About ten of them could under-

stand a little German, because this language is so similar to Yiddish. All the classes in this school were conducted in Yiddish, although the main emphasis was put on teaching the children Hebrew. All the children in this class had the rudiments of mathematics in that they could add, subtract and divide with a fair degree of accuracy. They had had a few lessons in this in the school, but had learned most of what they knew about arithmetic at home from their parents.

We visited three or four other Talmud Torah schools during the day. One of the best had some maps on the wall. When I examined them I found that they were detailed charts of Palestine. The children in this class were able to draw excellent plans of that country on the blackboard, filling in the names of all the cities and most of the villages. I asked one of the boys whether he could draw a similar map of Poland, and he said "No." Not one of these children knew where the Rhine or Thames rivers were. They could not remember that they had ever seen a map of Europe.

In the last room we visited there was an advanced class, where the brightest pupils were studying—boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age. They were reading the Talmud when we came in. Each one had a copy in front of him, and was making annotations on pieces of paper. They apparently were actually studying the book, and not merely learning extracts from it in the usual sing-song fashion. The teacher said that this class would be a credit to the school. Their parents were very proud of the boys, and he was sure that they would all get excellent wives because of their knowledge of the Talmud. Of the six boys only one, however, was going to be a Rabbi. The others did not know what they were going to do, but thought they would be traders.

After having visited these schools, we had an inerview with the head of the Talmud Torahs. He was opposed to the idea that the Polish Government should inspect these schools and force them to teach Polish to the children. Such a course would be unnecessary, as those children

who needed the Polish language could pick it up elsewhere. The purpose of his schools was to give the pupils the traditional Jewish education. I suggested to him that this was the same education which the Jewish race here in Poland had been receiving for the last six hundred years, and that a more modern curriculum might be advantageous. He looked at me in astonishment, and his only answer was, " Under our plans the boys will grow up to be an honour to their race."

In none of these schools which we had visited were there any girls. We were told that there was one Talmud Torah school for girls, but that it was closed at the moment. As a woman is so much less important than a man in the judgment of the Orthodox Jews, not much trouble is taken with her education. If she can cook and sew and bear children, she knows enough for all practical purposes. It would be useless to teach her the Talmud, for with her limited intellect she would never be able to understand the mysteries of this great work. As there are so few Jewish schools for girls, a number of them go to the Polish schools. The result is that some of the women are therefore more advanced and modernized than are the men.

In the afternoon Dr. Gottlieb, one of the ablest of the Jewish writers, called on the Mission. He said that the more advanced Jews were trying to reform the school system. The Zionist party especially was taking an active part in this work. In the schools which they were starting the children were taught geography, mathematics, and a certain amount of Polish. They were also required to do gymnasium work, so as to become stronger physically. Unfortunately these schools were only going to start in a few days, as the children were now on their vacation. He agreed that the Talmud Torah schools were too mediæval in their plan of study, but he reminded me that this was the only system the Russian Government had permitted. They did succeed in teaching the children how to read and write Hebrew and Yiddish, which after all was the essential thing. By means of these schools

almost all the Jews in Poland knew their alphabet. The Poles, on the other hand, who had not been allowed any Polish schools by the Russian Government, were 85 per cent. illiterate.

September 11th.—Most of to-day has been spent in trying to arrange for railroad accommodation back to Paris. All last week the Polish trains were held up when they reached the boundary of Czecho-Slovakia. Relations between these two countries have been strained because of the dispute over the Teschen coalfields. At one time it seemed likely that there would be war, but the Allies, by diplomatic pressure, prevented it. As a result of this delay in the traffic it has been extremely difficult to get seats on the outgoing trains. We have finally, however, arranged to leave Saturday night, after a personal request by Mr. Morgenthau to General Henries, the efficient and popular French General in Warsaw.

For lunch we had as visitors some of the doctors of the American Medical Mission to Poland. They said it was probable that a typhus epidemic would sweep through Poland during the winter and the following spring, chiefly owing to the lack of soap. The best preventive against the disease is cleanliness, and under present conditions this is extremely difficult to attain. The underfed and weakened condition of the people would also subject them to any epidemic which might start here.

In the evening, Count and Countess Zoltowski came to dinner. Later in the evening the Count said that he was going to present a large number of affidavits the next day from different witnesses in Wilno who claimed to have seen the Jews firing on Polish troops. Mr. Morgenthau became very angry, and said that it was most unfair to the Mission that on our last evening but one such an important accusation should be brought purely on affidavit. We had been in Wilno for over a week, and the Polish Government had never once produced a witness concerning this alleged shooting. If this charge were made seriously, then the Mission would have to return to Wilno to hear

the Polish witnesses. We would give the Jews a chance of contradicting the testimony, a right which had been given to the Polish Government in every case.

While Mr. Morgenthau and the Count were discussing this matter the Countess was reading the last three pages of Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz.* They contain the famous song by the Jewish minstrel, Yankel, in which the history of Poland, and especially the terrible revolution of 1794, are described. When the Countess reached the lines "Poland is not yet lost! Rise, Dombrowski, for Poland!" she became so stirred with patriotic enthusiasm that she burst into tears. This love of their country seems to me to be the finest trait in the character of the Polish people.

September 12th.—Major Otto, a representative of the Polish Minister of Education and I visited the Polish schools to-day. The Government is making great efforts to start schools all over the country. They are handicapped at the present time by a dearth of teachers, and also by a lack of buildings. They have taken over a few school-houses which the Russian Government built in Warsaw, and these are being used to their full capacity. Other buildings will be constructed just as rapidly as the financial situation of the country will permit. It is a pity that they are using so few Jewish teachers, as they could easily find the necessary material here. The Government representative said that it would be difficult to employ many Jews, as the Polish teachers would object, and the children also might cause some difficulty.

The first school we visited was one where children from six to twelve years of age were being taught. In one of the class-rooms which we visited the boys were doing carpentry work. In the next they were learning Polish history, and in another they were reading French. This is the only foreign language which is being taught in the schools at the present time. The principal told me that he had also been anxious to teach English here, but it was impossible to get teachers. The children spent two hours a week studying religion. I asked the principal

whether Jewish children were forced to attend this class. He answered that there were no Jews in his school. Although the building was in a Jewish district, the children did not want to come. This seemed strange to me, seeing that the Jews have always been so anxious for education. Finally, after some hesitation, the principal said that possibly they were influenced in their decision by the fact that attendance on Saturdays was compulsory. As almost all of the Jews in Poland are sufficiently Orthodox to keep the Sabbath, this rule would necessarily exclude the majority of the Jewish children.

From here we were taken to one of the Polish High Schools. The institution we visited would compare more than favourably with most schools of the same class in America. The rooms were beautifully light, and kept in spotless order. The teachers were wide-awake, young University men who had definite ideas concerning education. There was an excellent chemical and physical laboratory, and also a library. While we were in the school a bell rang and all the pupils went into the large yard at the back of the building. Here they were given half an hour's military drill by a teacher who had had his training in the German Army. The principal told us that a small percentage of the boys here were Jewish. Their relations with the other boys were perfectly satisfactory, although each group tended to remain separate.

September 13th.—This morning Count Zoltowski called on Mr. Morgenthau and told him that the Polish Government would not press the matter of the affidavits from Wilno. The rest of the day has been spent in packing our trunks and papers and in saying good-bye.

At 7.30 we drove down to the station to take the train for Paris. The Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Zoltowski and other members of the Polish Government were there to see us off. Dr. Grynbaum, Mr. Farbstein and Dr. Gottlieb, the leaders of the Zionists, were also at the station. As our train slowly drew away from the

platform they were standing in one group, while at a little distance the Poles were standing in another. It seemed to me emblematic of the conditions existing at present in Poland. All that evening I kept wondering whether it was possible that these two groups would ever join into one.

APPENDIX

A SYNOPSIS OF POLISH HISTORY

A THOUSAND years ago the Poles lived among the forests and morasses of the upper waters of the Oder and Vistula. It was only in 965, when Mieczyslaw, the first King of Poland, became converted to Christianity, that this country came into relations with Western Europe. After the Tatar invasions of 1241, foreign immigrants—chiefly Germans—were invited to Poland, where they built strong cities and developed trade and commerce.

In 1333 Casimir III the Great ascended the throne. He introduced a whole series of administrative and economic reforms—especially protecting the cities and the peasants. During his reign Poland acquired the greater part of Red Russia or Galicia. At this time Cracow was the capital of the country and one of the wealthiest cities of Europe. The trade route from the East ran past it.

Casimir left his throne to his nephew, Louis of Hungary, who was succeeded by his daughter Jadwiga. Greatly against her will, the young princess was married to Jagiello, Grand Duke of Lithuania, who was crowned King of Poland, under the title of Wladislaus II, in 1386. The Lithuanians whom he ruled dwelt in the forests of the Upper Niemen, north-east of Poland proper. They were a brave but savage race, carrying on a long war against the Teutonic Knights who tried to convert them by force.

Jagiello did not remain Duke of Lithuania, as this country was too strong and independent to be ruled by Poland. He surrendered it to Witowt on the understanding that the two countries should have a common policy.

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On July 15, 1410, the united armies of these two countries met the Teutonic Knights, who were ravaging the northern districts, on the field of Tannenberg or Grünewald, and won an overwhelming victory.

During the succeeding reigns Poland fell into anarchy. The kings surrendered most of their authority to the incapable aristocracy, whose sole idea of ruling was systematically to oppress and humiliate the lower classes. In 1506, fortunately for Poland, Sigismund I became King. He struggled to restore the country, but was handicapped by the selfishness of the magnates and the szlachta (the lesser nobility).

During the reign of his successor, Sigismund II, the Protestant Reformation commenced in Poland. Calvinism became popular among the higher classes. Lutheranism and the doctrines of the "Bohemian Brethren" also spread. The success of the Protestant propaganda was due chiefly to the scandalous state of the Catholic Church. Despite her immense wealth, the Church claimed exemption from all public burdens, although her prelates exercised a disproportionate political influence. The King, however, supported the Church, which after 1560 started a counter reformation. The chief cause of the Protestant collapse was the division among the reformers themselves, for the two principal Protestant sects, the Lutherans and the Calvinists, carried on a fratricidal war. In 1565 the King consented to the introduction of the Jesuits, whose establishments became the centres of a vigorous and victorious propaganda.

On July 1, 1569, Poland and Lithuania entered into the Union of Lublin. Henceforth the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania were to constitute one inseparable body politic under one sovereign, elected in common, with one Diet and one currency. This union was unpopular in Lithuania, which desired to remain independent.

In 1572 Sigismund II died and the Jagiellonic Period came to an end. In 1573 a national convention, composed of representatives from all parts of the country, met at

Warsaw. The French Ambassador, by bribing the leading magnates, brought about the election of Henry of Valois. Before the election, the "Henrican Articles" were adopted by the Convention, which converted Poland from a limited monarchy into a republic with an elective chief magistrate. The King was not to use the word "haeres," not being an hereditary sovereign, nor was he to have any voice in the choice of his successor.

In 1574 Henry fled secretly from Poland to become King of France, and Stephen Batory was elected to succeed him. He defeated the Russians who were beginning to threaten Poland, and also tried to organize a permanent border defence. The University of Wilno was founded by him in an attempt to raise the low culture of the country.

In 1647 the great Cossack rebellion broke out in the Ukraine. The Cossacks lived along the Dnieper River, where they had for years been used by the Poles as a guard against the Tatars and the Turks. They were mostly of Lithuanian origin and belonged to the Greek Catholic Church. The prime mover of the great rebellion was the Cossack Hetman Bogdan Khmelnitzki. On May 19, 1648, he annihilated a small Polish corps and seven days later he crushed a Polish army, massacring 8,500 men. All through the Ukraine the serfs rose, murdering the Polish gentry, the priests and the Jews. Meanwhile, the Polish Army, 40,000 strong, consisting almost entirely of noble militia, approached. On September 23rd the two armies met near Pildawa and the Polish forces were scattered. All Poland lay at the hetman's feet, but he delayed advancing. In the meanwhile, John II Casimir was elected King. He finally succeeded in 1649 in negotiating a peace with Khmelnitzki, who became the virtual ruler of the Ukraine.

In 1654 the Russians invaded weakened Poland, and in 1655 Charles X of Sweden forced a war upon the reluctant country. King John Casimir, betrayed by his own subjects, fled to Silesia. Only the monastery of Czestochowa, defended by Prior Kordecki, held out against the

Swedes. Finally a new Polish army was created by Stephen Czarniecki, and the Swedes were driven out. After some fighting, peace was concluded with Muscovy by the surrender of Kiev and other towns.

In 1676 John III Sobieski, a Polish nobleman, was elected King. His victory over the Turks at the gates of Vienna in 1683 was the one brilliant feature of his reign. His attempts to reform the Constitution of bankrupt Poland were defeated by the nobles, who clung to the liberum veto. This veto was based on the assumption of the absolute political equality of every Polish gentleman. Any single Deputy could arise in the Diet and exclaim " Nie pzrwalam "—" I disapprove "—when the measure in question at once failed. Before the end of the seventeenth century it was used so frequently that all business was virtually brought to a standstill.

Sobieski was followed in 1697 by Frederick Augustus (Augustus II), Elector of Saxony, who was elected because he arrived in Warsaw after the agents of his rivals had spent all their money. Soon Augustus joined Denmark and Peter of Russia, for the purpose of despoiling Sweden, and for the next twenty years Swedes, Russians and Saxons lived on unfortunate Poland.

In 1733 Stanislaus Leszczynski was elected King, but a Russian army appeared before Warsaw and compelled the Diet to proclaim Augustus III. He was too indolent to do anything, and permitted the great nobles to quarrel among themselves. Another attempt was made to do away with the liberum veto, but it failed.

In 1763 Augustus III died. The Russian troops again entered Poland and forced the election of Stanislaus Poniatowski, a good-looking, inefficient young Pole who had been a former lover of Catherine II. The Czartoryskis, a Polish noble family, tried to introduce necessary reforms, but some of the malcontent nobles who clung to their special privileges formed a confederation at Radom. They sent a deputation to St. Petersburg, asking Catherine to guarantee the liberties of the Republic. The liberum veto and all the other ancient abuses were

now declared unalterable parts of the Polish Constitution and placed under the guarantee of Russia. A patriotic uprising, known as the Confederation of Bar, followed, but it never had a chance of success, and was finally suppressed in 1772. Poland was now so weak that she could do nothing. Thereupon the three Empires of Russia, Prussia and Austria determined to seize part of her territory. The first partition followed in 1772, Poland losing about one-fifth of her population and one-fourth of her territory.

The shock of the first partition awoke the public conscience and stimulated the younger generation to extraordinary patriotic efforts. As a result, on May 3, 1791, a new Constitution was accepted by the Polish Diet. It converted Poland into a hereditary limited monarchy and abolished the liberum veto. The franchise was extended to the towns and serfdom was mitigated. The Constitution had scarce been signed when three Polish nobles hastened to St. Petersburg. They entered into a convention with the Empress by which she undertook to restore the old Constitution. After three useless battles the Polish reformers fled abroad and the Russians poured into Eastern Poland. The second partition of Poland was then carried out in September 1793. Poland was reduced to one-third of her original dimensions, with a population of 3,500,000. In April 1794 the Poles rose in revolution. Led by Kosciuszko, the Polish troops at first were successful. Then their inveterate lawlessness asserted itself. These dissensions were followed by the defeat of Maciejowice (October 10th), at which Kosciuszko was captured, and the slaughter of Praga (October 29th). The third partition followed, and in 1796 Poland finally ceased to exist.

During the Napoleonic era the Poles sided with Napoleon, and for a brief period the Grand Duchy of Warsaw was once more independent. It perished, however, with the retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow in 1812.

By the Congress of Vienna, 1813, Poland was redivided between Prussia, Russia and Austria. Only Cracow,

with a population of 61,000, became a separate republic. Posen and Gnesen were given to Prussia; Galicia went to Austria, while the rest of Poland, now known as the Congress Kingdom, was incorporated with Russia. Alexander of Russia gave the Poles a Constitution by which Poland was declared to be united to Russia in the person of the Czar as a separate political entity; Lithuania and Ruthenia were separately incorporated as the Western Provinces. Poland was to retain its flag and a national army. The Czar and the Polish Diet soon quarrelled, however, as the Poles agitated for the full restoration of their former freedom.

The outbreak of the French Revolution in 1830 created great excitement in Poland. The Poles believed that their army was about to be used in the West against Belgium and France. On November 29, 1830, a military revolt took place in Warsaw. The Poles at first were successful, but they were weakened by lack of discipline. Finally, in September 1831, the Russians crushed the revolution, and the Congress Kingdom of Poland was reduced to a Russian province.

In 1848 the last vestige of Polish freedom was crushed out when Austria occupied the Republic of Cracow.

Russia now attempted to destroy the nationality and language of Poland. The Polish Universities of Warsaw and Wilno were suppressed and the Polish recruits were distributed in Russian regiments. A hostile policy also was adopted against the Roman Catholic Church.

Finally, in 1863, the Poles broke into revolt. The movement was badly planned, and was soon crushed. The only result of the revolution was the further destruction of Polish liberty. Henceforth all teaching, both in the Universities and in the schools, had to be in the Russian language. A strict censorship was also established.

In 1905 a revolution broke out in Russia. Only a few of the Poles took part in it, as it was Socialistic in character. As a result of the rising, however, Poland was given more freedom.

In 1914, when the Great War broke out, Poland became

the battlefield for the Russian and German armies. By 1915 the Germans had captured the whole country. They gave the Poles a considerable amount of self-government, as they wished them to fight on their side. Some Poles did side with the Central Empires, but the majority remained neutral.

In November 1918 the Germans left the country, and General Pilsudski became the Chief of State, with a Socialist and peasant Government, headed by Moraczewski. When Paderewski reached Poland, some time later, Moraczewski resigned, and a new Coalition Government of Conservative tendencies was formed.

The new Republic of Poland is a country of about 700,000 square kilometres, being almost as large in area as Germany. It has a population of 28,000,000 people, of whom nearly 4,000,000 are Jews, 3,500,000 Ruthenians, 2,000,000 Lithuanians, 2,000,000 White Russians, and 1,000,000 Germans. Poland as now constituted is made up of three separate parts—Russian, German, and Austrian Poland. The German part is known as Posen. Before the war it had a population of over 2,100,000, of whom about 26,000 were Jews. Austrian Poland is known as Galicia. Before the war it had a population of about 8,000,000, of whom 3,700,000 were Poles, 3,300,000 were Ruthenians, and 1,000,000 were Jews. Russian Poland as it exists at present (its boundaries are not yet fixed) can be divided into three parts—Poland proper, known as the former Kingdom of Poland, the Lithuanian District and the White Russian District. The total population of these three districts is about 18,000,000, of whom about 14 per cent. are Jews.

THE JEWS IN POLAND

The original Jewish settlements in Poland were almost entirely founded by immigrants from Western Europe. It is probable that during the tenth century some Jews from Kiev and the Crimea visited the country for trading purposes, but there is no record of their having remained permanently. The first Western Jews who dealt with the Slavs along the Vistula were merchants who came from Germany in the ninth century. It was not, however, until the eleventh century that large numbers of Jews entered Poland. They fled here from Prague in 1096 because the Crusaders, while passing through that city, had attacked them. In the twelfth century there was a steady flow from Germany owing to the persecutions in that country. Most of these Jews settled in the border cities of Cracow, Posen and Kalisch. These immigrants brought with them their language, a German dialect. With the admixture of Hebrew, Polish and Russian words, this original root has become the modern Yiddish.

When the Jews first entered Poland there were only two fixed classes in that country—the owners or nobles, and tillers or peasants of the soil. The Jews therefore acted as pioneers of trade and finance, and some of their leaders even became administrators of the Royal Mint. The kings looked with favour on this new class, and in 1264 Boleslav gave the Jews a charter of privileges.

During the fourteenth century there was increased immigration of Jews from Germany, and King Casimir the Great (1333-1370), who was trying to develop the economic life of his country, welcomed their advent. He granted them new privileges, and also protected them

against the growing hostility of the clergy and the municipalities. The Polish cities at this time were chiefly inhabited by German merchants and artisans who had been encouraged to settle in Poland. They objected to the competition of the Jews, and began the race war which has been carried on to the present day. Casimir's favour to the Jews is said to have been due in part to his love for a beautiful Jewess, called Esther, who lived in the royal palace near Cracow.

During the reign of the next King, Louis of Hungary, the Jews were persecuted, and Esther was killed. It was not until 1407, however, that the first of the excesses against the Jews took place. In that year a priest in Cracow suddenly announced to his congregation that the Jews had committed a ritual murder, i.e. had killed a Christian so as to use his blood for religious purposes. The people thereupon attacked the Jewish houses, killing and plundering the inhabitants.

During the succeeding reigns the position of the Jews throughout the kingdom became steadily more unfavourable. Finally, in November 1454, the clergy and nobility forced King Casimir IV to accept the Statute of Nyeshava which rescinded the former Jewish privileges as " being equally opposed to Divine right and earthly laws." In 1538, at the Piotrkov Diet, the Jews were required to wear yellow hats to distinguish them from the Christians.

The Jews at this time enjoyed considerable self-government, not being treated as regular members of the municipalities. The Kahals, the elders of the Jewish Community, had courts in which Biblical and Talmudic law was applied as between Jews. Cases between Jews and Christians were tried in the royal, as distinguished from the more prejudiced municipal, courts.

In 1576 Stephen Batory was elected King, and during his ten-year reign the Jews were well treated. He issued an edict forbidding the impeachment of Jews on the charge of ritual murder, as such trials were always the signal for excesses. Batory was followed by weak kings, under whom the nobles increased their power. The

Catholic reaction which followed a brief reformation period reduced the Jews virtually to the standing of outlaws. In 1598 a series of ritual murder trials began, followed, as usual, by riots.

The growing division between the Jews and the Catholics in Poland increased the autonomy of the Jewish Kahal during the seventeenth century. The Jewish Community became a civil entity forming a separate Jewish city within the Christian one, with its own administrative, religious, judicial and charitable institutions. The Kahal collected the Jewish taxes and paid them over to the Government. It was also in charge of education, which it limited strictly to religious and ritual lines. In only a few schools was simple arithmetic taught. Knowledge of the Talmud was the aim and end of all learning. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the golden age of Talmudic study in Poland, for the two great Rabbis and commentators, Moses Isserles (1520-1572) and Solomon Luria (1510-1573), lived during this period.

The Jewish Community, although suffering from a great number of disabilities, continued to increase until the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was struck a series of terrible blows. In 1647 the south-eastern border province of Poland—the Ukraine—rose in revolt. Led by the Cossack hetman, Bogdan Khmelnitzki, the Cossacks and the peasants ravaged the country, killing the Polish nobles and the Jews with equal fury. After a year of massacres the new King of Poland, John Casimir, finally made peace in 1649 with the Cossacks. Five years later, in 1654, the Muscovites invaded North-Eastern Poland—Lithuania. They were hardly less cruel than the Cossacks, killing large numbers of the Jews in Wilno and Moghilev. In 1655 the Swedes, in their turn, invaded Western Poland. They spared the Jews, but when they retreated from the country the Polish soldiers themselves, under General Czarniecki, instead of fighting the Swedes, fell upon the Jews and murdered and robbed them. The Poles destroyed nearly all the Jewish Communities in the province of Posen, excepting the city of Posen itself. It was not

until 1658, when Poland made peace with Russia and Sweden, that the Jewish massacres were finally stopped. During the decade from 1648 to 1658 the Jewish Community lost over 100,000 killed. Those Jews who remained alive were financially ruined and, in most cases, were also homeless.

Hardly had conditions begun to settle down when, in 1664, pupils of the Jesuit school in Lemberg stormed the Jewish quarter and killed about 100 Jews. In 1670 the Diet of Warsaw passed a law forbidding the Jews to keep Christian servants. For a few brief years, after 1674, John Sobieski, the hero of Vienna, protected the Jews, but his reign was followed by new ritual murder trials.

In 1772 began the Partition of Poland. From that date on the history of the Jews in Galicia and of those in Posen is primarily like that of the other citizens in these districts. Only in Russian Poland was a sharp line drawn between the Jews and the Christians.

Russia, or the Empire of Muscovy, before the seventeenth century, had refused to admit any Jews within her borders. This was partly due to the prejudice which the Russian people felt against foreigners as such, and partly to the religious hatred against non-Christians. In 1667 a small group of Jewish prisoners of war, captured in Poland, were allowed for the first time to settle in Moscow. It was not until the partition of 1772, however, that a great number of Jews became the subjects of Russia. At the end of the partitional period Russia found herself the ruler of 900,000 of the people to whom she had previously refused admission. The problem of what to do with these Jews was settled by the Imperial ukase of December 23, 1791, creating the Pale of Settlement. It was decreed that " the Jews have no right to enrol in the merchant corporations in the inner Russian cities or ports of entry, and are permitted to enjoy only the rights of townsmen and burghers of White Russia." After the second and third partitions the Pale was necessarily increased in size by the seized territory. The Jews in all these new Russian provinces were strictly forbidden to

enter Central and Eastern Russia. The result of these rules was that the Jews were concentrated along the western frontier, where they formed about 14 per cent. of the population.

In 1795 an Imperial ukase was issued decreeing that endeavours be made to transfer the Jews of the Pale from the villages to the towns and cities. This policy of the Government, carried out steadily for many years, increased the overcrowding of the Jews in the cities. In the same year the Government deprived the Kahals of their social and judicial functions, limiting them to religious questions.

Under the fairly liberal Czar Alexander I, Jewish conditions changed little. A few of the younger Jews, during his reign, began to break away from the old customs. Some of them shaved their beards and wore short coats. The older Jews fought this Western influence, and in most cases proved victorious. They also defeated the attempt to teach the Jews Russian or Polish, preferring their Yiddish language.

Alexander was followed by Nicholas I, who instituted a reactionary despotic régime. In 1827 he imposed military service on the Jews. The real purpose of this measure was to force the conversion to the Christian faith of the young Jews. In 1835 the "Statute concerning the Jews" was enacted, by which the Jewish disabilities were codified.

In 1841 the Russian Government changed its methods, and began an attempt to enlighten the Jewish masses. It was planned to establish more modern schools in place of the Jewish Heders. As the Jews felt that the purpose of this reform was to convert their children, they opposed it, and finally succeeded in defeating it.

In 1846 Sir Moses Montefiore, the English philanthropist, travelled through the Pale. He was everywhere met with great enthusiasm by the Jewish masses. His audience with the Czar did not, however, bring about an improvement in their condition.

In 1850 a further attempt to modernize the Jews was made by the Imperial ukase which prohibited the use of

a distinct Jewish form of dress. The Jewish masses refused to submit to this order, and in time it became a dead letter.

In 1856 Alexander II became Czar, and a more liberal era followed. During his reign Jewish first guild merchants were permitted to settle permanently in the interior of Russia, together with their families. This right was also extended to University graduates, and later to Jewish artisans and mechanics.

In 1881 Alexander II was assassinated by Russian Terrorists. He was followed by the reactionary Alexander III. Taking their cue from the Government, the Russian newspapers began to attack the Jews. There soon followed numerous riots near Kiev, with the result that a number of Jews were killed. On May 3, 1881, a riot broke out in Odessa, and many Jewish houses were sacked. In December 1881 an outbreak occurred in Warsaw, during which 1,500 Jewish houses were pillaged.

On May 3, 1882, the Czar sanctioned the famous " Temporary Rules." The purport of these rules was to drive the Jews from the villages into the towns and cities. The Jews were also forbidden to carry on business on Sundays.

The result of the excesses and the new restrictive laws was to check the progress towards assimilation which had been going on in Jewish circles during the reign of Alexander II. The Jews began to look for new hope in emigration. Lilienblum preached " Love of Zion," and in 1882 Pinsker published a book, *Auto-emancipation,* urging the re-establisment of the Jewish people upon a territory of its own.

The Government continued its policy of restriction. In 1887 admission of Jews to schools and colleges was limited to a minimum, and in 1889 no more Jewish lawyers were called to the Bar. By 1888 there were over 650 restrictive laws directed against the Jews in the Russian Code.

In March 1891 over 20,000 Jews who had been permitted to settle in Moscow were suddenly expelled and forced into the overcrowded Pale of Settlement.

In 1894 Nicholas II succeeded Alexander III. He soon made it clear to the Jews that he would follow the reactionary steps of his predecessor. In 1894 the liquor trade was put under Government control. By this step thousands of Jews who had kept inns in the country were thrown out of work.

In 1903 occurred the famous Kishinev pogrom. On the eve of the Easter holiday rumours spread through the town that the Jews had killed a Christian girl. Excitement grew, and on Sunday, April 6th, bands of men broke into the Jewish houses. They continued to rob and murder the Jews until the next day. Forty-five Jews were killed in this excess, and over 500 were wounded.

In 1905 the famous workers' revolution spread through Russia. It was carried on chiefly by strikes and individual terrorist acts. In this attempt for freedom the Jews played a prominent part. To defeat this liberal movement the reactionary Government stirred up the ignorant masses against the Jews. A number of massaçres followed, in which the mobs were led by the "Black Hundred."

The revolution was followed by a few liberal concessions. A Duma, or Parliament, was created, and the Jews were allowed to vote for representatives. There were twelve Jewish Deputies in the first 1906 Duma.

In 1906 a pogrom broke out in Bialystock, in which 80 Jews were killed and over 100 wounded. In 1911 there followed the notorious Beilis case. The body of a murdered Russian boy was found near a brick-kiln owned by Beilis. He was indicted on the charge of having committed a ritual crime, but, after a protracted trial, he was finally acquitted.

In 1912 elections to the fourth Duma took place. The Polish National Democratic Party, in Warsaw, nominated the anti-Semite Kukhazhevski. The Jews refused to vote for him, and instead supported the Polish Socialist candidate, Yagiello, who was elected. This action of the Jews aroused the hatred of the National Democrats. Their leader, Roman Dmowski, preached an economic boycott

urging the Poles not to deal with the Jews. This campaign was at its height when war broke out in 1914.

During the first year of the war, in which Poland was a battleground, the Jews suffered great hardships, many being exiled from their homes by the Russians. After 1915 their history is the same as that of the Poles, for the Germans, who were occupying the country, made no distinction between the two races.

JEWISH POLITICAL PARTIES IN POLAND

The Orthodox Party

The majority of the Polish Jews belong to the Orthodox Party. This party publishes a newspaper in Yiddish, *The Jewish World* (*Das Judische Wort*), which has a big circulation. The Orthodox believe that the Jewish question is only a religious one, and they are opposed to the political demands of the Nationalists and Zionists. They consider Palestine to be the Holy Land, and are in favour of Jewish colonization there, but do not support the founding of a political Jewish state. The idea of an immediate regeneration is contrary to the Orthodox belief that the Jews will be regenerated through a Messiah. The Orthodox are fundamentally Conservative, being in constant opposition to every new movement.

The Zionists

The Zionist Party is controlled by the " Central Committee of the Zionistic Organization in Warsaw." This Committee, which is composed of twenty-five persons, is divided into a number of smaller commissions, which are very efficiently managed. The Zionistic Party also runs schools, gymnasiums and clubs. The Zionistic movement rose in Poland towards the end of the nineteenth century, but it has become much more powerful since the beginning of the Great War. The official newspaper organ of the Zionistic Party is *Dos Yiddishe Folk*. The Zionists desire a Jewish state in Palestine which shall form the Jewish national centre. They also have a new programme which is based on the principle of self-determination for national minorities. According to this principle the Jews

in Poland should have special rights as a distinct national group. They desire that the Jewish Community be changed from a purely religious one into a distinctly political group. The Zionists demand separate schools, which shall be governed by freely elected representatives of the Jewish population. " The self-government of the schools is the foundation of social and political freedom, and as such is the first condition of a free national development." The official Zionist body considers Hebrew to be the national language of the Jews. In the Zionistic Board Schools the teaching is done in Hebrew as soon as the pupils are sufficiently advanced.

There are a number of other independent Zionist parties, the most important of which are the Poale Sion and the Mizrachi. Poale Sion means " the workers of Zion." This party is in strong opposition to the Central Committee, which it considers a bourgeois and reactionary group. It operates only in the sphere of Jewish workmen, and is steadily growing in importance. Its political ideal is a Socialistic state in Palestine. The party also demands full rights for the Jewish national minority in Poland. It considers Yiddish the principal language.

The Mizrachi are a group of Orthodox who have joined Zionism. They consider old Jewish national and religious traditions as the most important factor in the future regeneration of the Jewish people. The Torah is to be taken as the basis in all educational matters. This party is small but quite active.

National or Popular Jewish Party

The Popular Jewish Party was formed in July 1916, and was at first grouped around the newspaper *Moment*. It demands guarantees for national minorities, with a right to separate schools. It considers Yiddish as the national Jewish language, and demands for this language full rights in Poland. It is opposed to Socialism. This party is particularly audible in its demands, but is not as powerful or as well organized as the Zionists.

The Bund

The Bund is the party of the Jewish Socialists. It was formed in 1897, being called the Universal Jewish Workmen's Union. The Bund stands on the platform of class struggle. It took an active part in the revolutionary movement in Russia in the years 1905 and 1906. It is in opposition to all the other Jewish parties, accusing them of being either "Clerical Conservative" or bourgeois. The Bund does not care about the interests of the Jewish people as such, and is opposed to all varieties of Zionism. In its meetings and publications Yiddish is used.

The Assimilators

The Assimilators in the middle of the nineteenth century were for a time the only cultured element among the Jews, and took a leading part in all social and charitable work. When the Zionistic and Nationalistic ideas took root in the Kingdom of Poland, at the end of the eighties, the influence of the Assimilators began to diminish. They consider the propaganda of Polish culture their most important mission. They believe that Judaism is only a matter of religion, and strongly oppose emphasizing the question of nationality. They have no political programme at all, most of them belonging to different Polish political parties; they consider themselves Poles, and oppose the Jewish Nationalists. Most of the wealthy and professional Jews belong to this group.

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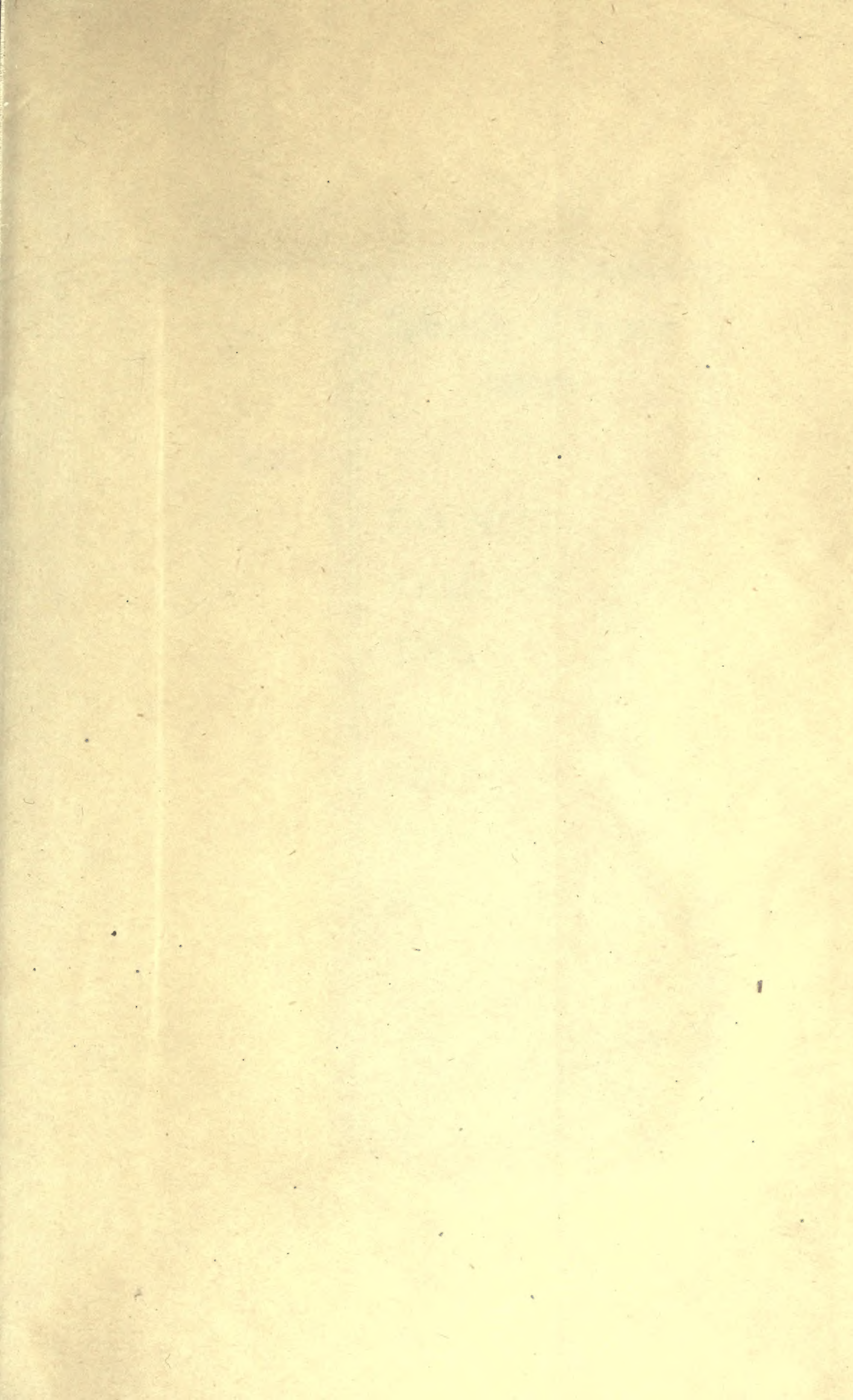

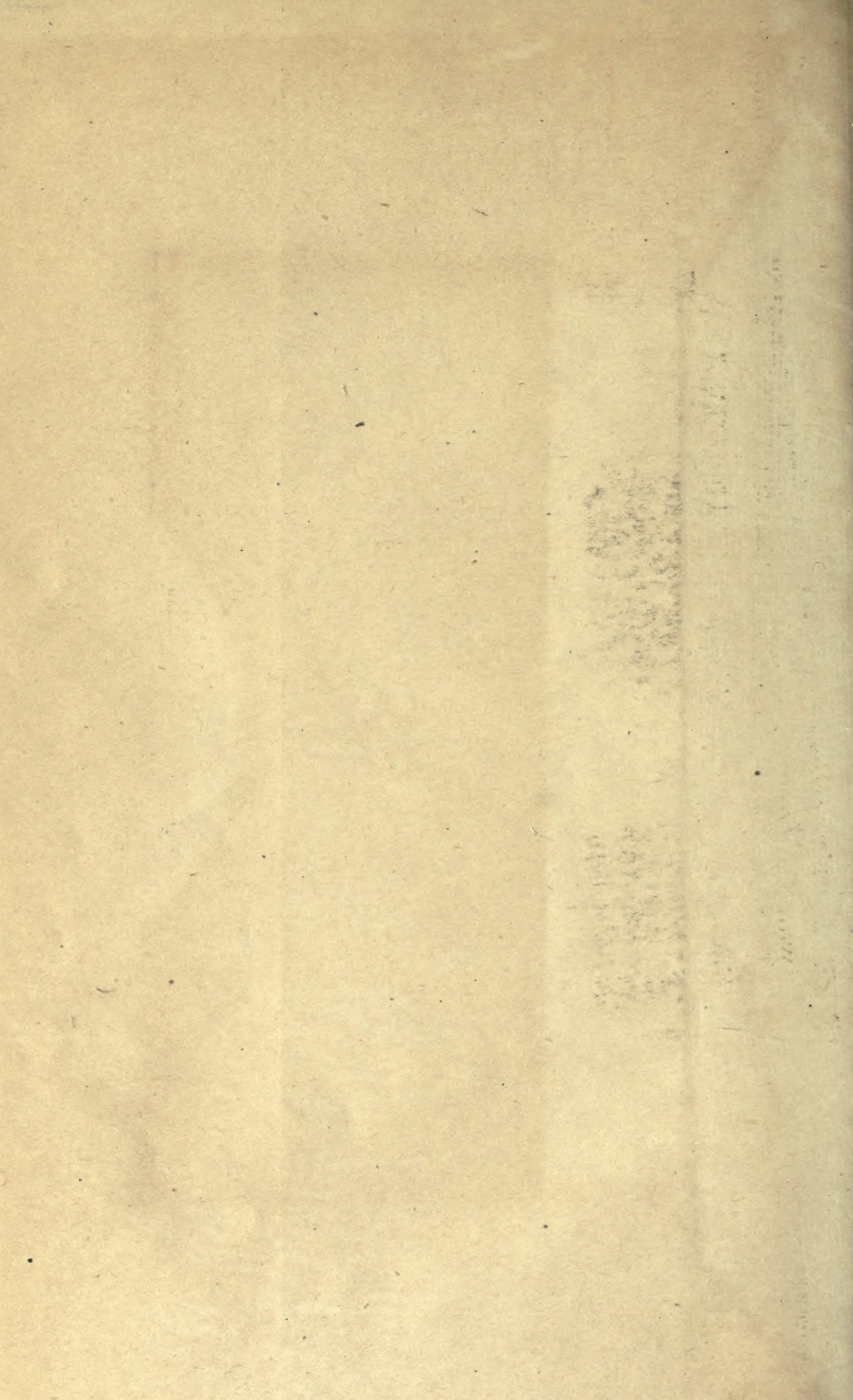

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