

From "Day by Day with the Russian Army" one gets many instances of this strange, bitter-sweet friendliness. By a succession of small episodes rather than by any direct dogmatic statement one also gets a vivid conviction of the thin-heartedness of the Austrian Slavs, of their eagerness for the war's end, of their fear of the Germans who would descend upon them periodically from the North in order, as our baseball critics would say, "to put pep into them." (Mr. Washburn confirms this idea in his book, too.) With no conscious literary artifice Mr. Pares does bit by bit sketch a sharp, clear picture of the average Russian soldier: he is simple, almost childlike, romantically courageous, over-lenient with spies, harboring no malice or rancor even when desperately wounded. The peasant soldier feels the war more as a kind of religious pilgrimage than as a part of the great game of political expediency. Again and again, after the retreat begins, it is the same tragic story of overwhelming masses of steel and fire pounding the first line into annihilation—followed by what seems almost like a Quixotic counter-attack of the second line. The tide is stemmed; then the heavy German artillery is moved up and concentrated on a new line, and the line of the Russians is burned and crushed at some fresh point. It is silly to talk of individual courage. "Give these fellows anything like an equal artillery," you catch yourself saying, "and the Germans would be now suing for peace with the Russians at the gates of Vienna and Posen."

It is the little human intimacies that keep you reading Mr. Pares's book. For "Day by Day with the Russian Armies" is local, provincial, episodic, rather superficial. There is no grasp of the war as a whole. Literally, Mr. Pares makes no attempt to see beyond the end of his nose. He is not really fair. Always the enemy is spiritually disheartened; there is but a perfunctory mention of the harsh treatment of the Jews. He says not a word concerning the debilitating corruption which at that time permeated so much of the higher Russian command. One would never suspect from his book that there was a strong pro-German party in Petrograd. Perhaps, as the official British observer, he preferred to keep these things to himself, although his failure to mention them seems to come rather from certain critical and imaginative defects of temperament. With his opportunities for observation, what a book he might have written!

Now "Victory in Defeat," without any of the gossipy intimacies of Mr. Pares's book, does give more of a coherent and large-scale notion of what the Russian campaigns were like, in about one-fourth as many words. It is conceptual, diagrammatic, massive, with pictures of mobile forces, bending and adjusting themselves to stresses and strains. There is a good deal of first-rate strategic analysis in Mr. Washburn's little book. The author didn't see one-tenth as much of actual fighting as did Mr. Pares. Most of the time he was safely in the rear of the first line. Yet he visualizes the condition of the entire line, with fine journalistic intuition catches the spirit of the retreating army. He explains the reasons for the retreat. It is worth quoting:

"The sector chosen for the attack was that lying from Tarnov toward Galicia. The Russian observers quickly detected during the last days of April the hitherto unheard of concentration of guns which they estimated to be 2,000 in number on a front of forty miles. . . . In two hours the enemy batteries fired . . . 700,000 shells ranging from the field shrapnel up to the 12-inch high explosives. The Russians were not routed, as the Germans assert, at all. They simply remained and died. . . . When the fragments of the three centre corps which had numbered

120,000 at the beginning were finally pulled together on the San . . . the total strength that rallied round the colors did not exceed 12,000. The result of this terrific fusillade, in plain language, was to leave a gap in the Russian line forty miles across, and through this the Germans and Austrians poured like a leak in the dyke."

Mr. Washburn gives us a fine description of the almost melodramatic escape of the Tenth Russian army on the retreat from Warsaw, an escape which he says was due to the leadership of Alexieff, Chief of Staff, the quiet Napoleon of inferior resources. He has no doubt of Russia's ultimate victory, although he recognizes the influence of German intrigue. "I was told on fairly good authority," Mr. Washburn writes casually, "that the man who actually laid out one of the most important forts on the Russian frontier, opposite East Prussia, has in this war been an officer on the staff of von Hindenburg." He is commendably fair, and when he says the treatment of the Jews by the Russians has not warranted any statement of widespread cruelty he commands respect. Nor are "human interest" stories lacking—after all, Mr. Washburn was correspondent for the *London Times* and he never forgot that he was first of all a newspaper man. In fact, "Victory in Defeat" is excellent journalism, lacking in literary suppleness and imaginative glow, but lucid and unprejudiced, with the real human insight. Perhaps Mr. Pares lived too close to the fighting to keep his perspective. Perhaps Mr. Washburn had a sort of strategic advantage. At any rate, these two books give us a criterion for the great book—if it ever comes—on the Russian campaign. It will have the background of intimate detail of "Day by Day" and the conceptual power of "Victory in Defeat"; but these qualities will be fused in a style of distinction and vivid beauty.

Another Russian

The Signal, and Other Stories, by W. M. Garshin, translated from the Russian by Captain Rowland Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.35.

GARSHIN isn't really a new Russian—it is the strong wind that has been blowing from Petrograd towards London this past year that has suddenly brought him to our attention. He was big enough to merit endless and less partisan recognition. But Captain Smith must have had some curious inhibitions while translating this volume: it contains what is probably the most poignant indictment of war ever written, with the exception of "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace." The influence of this latter work of Tolstoi's, which began to appear in 1870 was, according to Prince Kropotkin, so profoundly felt in his country that during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8 not a single journalist reported events in the old Nationalist and bravo spirit—the spirit of "peppering the enemy like rabbits," or, "mowing them down like nine pins." This war, in which he served, made Garshin a writer at the age of twenty-three. His first and most famous story, "Four Days," is an account of the mental and physical sufferings of a badly wounded recruit, who, coming to consciousness on the deserted battlefield, finds himself lying beside the putrefying body of a giant Turk whom he had himself killed in his first charge. The realistic simplicity, the stark truthfulness, which Garshin shares with all the great Russian writers, pierces like a sort of light through the mediocre translation:

"He lies there dead and blood-stained . . . he

hears nothing, feels nothing, no painful wounds, no awful sickness, no thirst—the bayonet went straight to his heart. There is a big black hole in his uniform, with blood around it. *I did that!*

"I did not want to do it. I wished no one harm when I volunteered. It somehow never entered my head that I should have to kill people. I only thought of how I would expose my own breast to the bullets. I came . . . and now . . . fool! fool!

"And this unhappy fellow—he is even less to blame than I. First of all they packed him with others like herrings in a barrel and brought him to Constantinople. He had never heard of Russia or Bulgaria. . . .

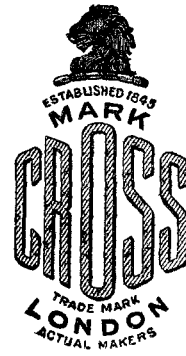
"I cannot help thinking of him. Surely it was not only that he should cease to live that I gave up all—that I have starved, have been frozen by the cold, tormented by the heat, and finally am lying here in this agony? Have I done anything of use to my country except this murder?

"Murder! Murdered?—who? I!

". . . The sun has risen. His huge disc, crimson as blood, is intersected with the black branches of the bushes. It looks as if it will be hot to-day. My neighbor! what will you look like after this day is over? Even now you are awful. Yes, he is awful. His hair has commenced to fall out. His skin, originally black, has become a grayish yellow. His swollen face has become so tightly stretched that the skin has burst behind one ear. . . ."

Such writing takes us far indeed from the patriotic idealism that prevails to-day in Western Europe. Garshin seems to have enlisted out of a sort of humanitarian fatalism, a desire to share the sufferings of the Russian people. "The Coward," the story of an intellectual who loathed war, is obviously as near to being an unvarnished personal record as any literary effort can be. Russian writers know nothing of the Anglo-Saxon fondness for euphemistic self-portraiture; they are baldly, not to say morbidly honest, and always let one know their inherent difficulty in reconciling feeling and reason. Garshin is convinced of the uselessness of heroism—of adding another to "the mountain of corpses serving as a pedestal for grandiose matters which will be inscribed on the pages of history." Yet he too can analyze and be filled with "the unknown mysterious force" which draws masses of men forward to battle.

His sharply visualized pictures of war have been compared to the canvases of the painter Vereschagin, whose creative impulse has its source in the same war, and then learned like Garshin to be a crusading anti-militarist. Garshin's pages are indeed concrete and material: all the senses contribute to them—but very delicately, with instinctive choice of the really significant. There is no piling on of horrors such as one gets in Andreyev's "The Red Laugh," though this story probably derives from "Four Days" as the latter does from "Sevastopol." Garshin seems to me nearer the older than the younger Russian literary school; he shrinks from brutality, and ugliness, and pain even as he describes them; he has the exquisitely responsive nerves, the desperately humane feelings, and finally the keen aesthetic sense we learned to know in Tolstoi, Turgenyev, and Dostoevsky. "The Reminiscences of Private Ivanhoff," with its thoroughly objective yet startlingly evocative details of the life and psychology of an army on the march remind one especially of Turgenyev. This story has a number of subtle military portraits, notably that of a Lieutenant who is constantly carried away



Every advertiser should endeavour to deserve the good opinion he has of himself.

Mark Cross

New York
404 Fifth Avenue
(at 37th Street)

Boston
145 Tremont Street

253 Broadway

London
89 Regent Street

The World's Greatest Leather Stores



Published June 1

A Book of Princeton Verse

Edited with a Preface by Alfred Noyes

This Princeton verse, written during the last six years of the Princeton Campus, was selected by Alfred Noyes, who also contributes the Preface. The volume is analogous to some of the college anthologies which have recently attracted attention in England. The entire work rings sound and the verse is of a strong, clean character. The poems are original and highly distinctive in every way. 204 pages, \$1.25 net, by mail, \$1.32.

Published May 27

The Single Tax Movement in the United States

By Arthur Nichols Young

A complete historical account of the single tax movement in the United States. 350 pages, \$1.50 net, by mail, \$1.60.

Published May 27

Revised Second Edition Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men

By Edwin Grant Conklin

In this revised second edition is introduced considerable new material and new illustrations. Illustrated, 566 pages, \$2.00 net, by mail, \$2.10.

Published April 15

England and Germany 1740-1914

By Bernadotte Everly Schmitt

"An intelligent and impartial discussion of the relations of England and Germany on the eve of the great war, and of the historic events and influences in which these relations were rooted. . . . Of intense interest and of great value."—*N. Y. Times*. 524 pages, \$2.00 net, by mail, \$2.10.

At All Bookstores or from the Publishers

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

119 William Street, Princeton, New Jersey

by violence toward his men—so much so that they plan to shoot him in battle—and yet cherishes them so deeply that after the loss of half of his company he is found sobbing on the floor of his tent, and repeating, "Fifty-two, Fifty-two."

To militarists Garshin would appear less than a pacifist: a neurasthenic, a hypochondriac, a man with a sick will. He was in fact mad at several periods in his life—which is again according to literary tradition—and died at thirty-three after throwing himself down a flight of stone stairs. He wrote only some twenty stories altogether, seventeen of which are collected here. If I have emphasized the five that deal with war, it is because they stand out peculiarly this year. But there are two stories of insanity, "A Night," and "The Scarlet Blossom," the first recording the progressive stages in the mental struggle of a man who is about to commit suicide; the second, the strangely beautiful obsession of another who is confined in an asylum, which are quite as unforgettable as "Four Days." A more gentle irony and pessimism find expression in half a dozen allegorical sketches, chiefly drawn from the natural world. The successful human types in Garshin's stories are always hard and unscrupulous, like the engineer in "The Meeting"; his heroes are the humble and resigned like the old soldier in "The Signal," or irresolute idealists, like the artist and the hunchback in "Nadejda Nicolaievna."

"Nadejda Nicolaievna" suggests the novel Garshin might have written had he lived. It is a profound loss to literature that he should not have tried his gifts further, for they are finer and more revealing in promise than those of his successors—Artzibasheff, for instance. His lucidity, his tenderness, his feeling for beauty, his shining candor—if I may call it that—of mind and soul endear him so much that the grim shadow that haunts him neither dismays nor revolts us. But he never really escaped from himself into the great, impersonal world. How far he realized the dangers of introspection one may gather from the despairing cry of the hero of "A Night," who longs to tear from his heart "this horrid little deformed god with its protuberant paunch, this repulsive ego which like some canker worm sucks dry the soul, and ceaselessly demands of it fresh food. But out of where shall I tear it?" he exclaims. "Thou hast already devoured all" . . . Before that time came, even as he saw it coming, Garshin was passionately forcing his mind to understand and analyze, and his pen to set down with fidelity. That is why he is so real and moving, at least to those who are far enough from Anglo-Saxondom to admit that to think, rather than to act, is to be.

E. S. S.

Now, we all know (if we own anything that looks like a house) that it is the measly repair bills that eat the holes in our bank accounts. Of course, the reason is that we didn't learn about CYPRESS, "The Wood Eternal," in time. But we CAN do the next best thing and make all replacements of CYPRESS. That's one comfort.

All-round Helps Department

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Ass'n

1255 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La.
1255 Heard Nat'l Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

INTERLAKEN A School on a Farm

"Where boys learn by doing" **SCHOOL**

Thorough instruction in sciences and languages. Prepares for all universities. Academic work applied in practical agricultural and mechanical training. The school, located on a 700-acre farm, with its own electric light, power plant, wood and metal shops, makes two hours of useful work each day part of the school course. Boy leadership. Self-government under university-trained men counselors.

Summer Camp Mid-June to September 1st

For particulars and catalog address

Headmaster, Box 120, Rolling Prairie, LaPorte Co., Ind.
Chicago Representative, 'phone Kenwood 4375.

Just Published

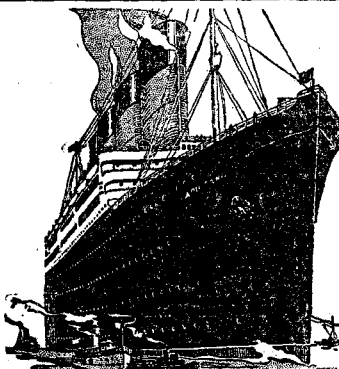
A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO

By EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

A book of intimate personal experiences during the dramatic period when Nelson O'Shaughnessy was *Chargé d'Affaires* in Mexico and including the occupation of Vera Cruz—a contribution to American history, a book which will arouse much discussion. Illustrated \$2.00 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817



GUNARD
Established 1840

AQUITANIA
MAURETANIA

NEW YORK — LIVERPOOL
NEW YORK — LONDON
BOSTON — LIVERPOOL
MONTREAL — QUEBEC — LONDON
NEW YORK — MEDITERRANEAN

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS
Through bookings to all principal ports of the World
21-24 State St., New York
Agencies Everywhere

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

must be received ten days before the new address is to go into effect.

Circulation Manager
The New Republic

421 West 21st Street
New York

Life Insurance For Professors

By CHARLES E. BROOKS

Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Insurance in the University of California

A timely study of a question of interest to all salaried men

Price, paper 25 Cents

University of California Press, Berkeley, California