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Colours of War

R.C.Long





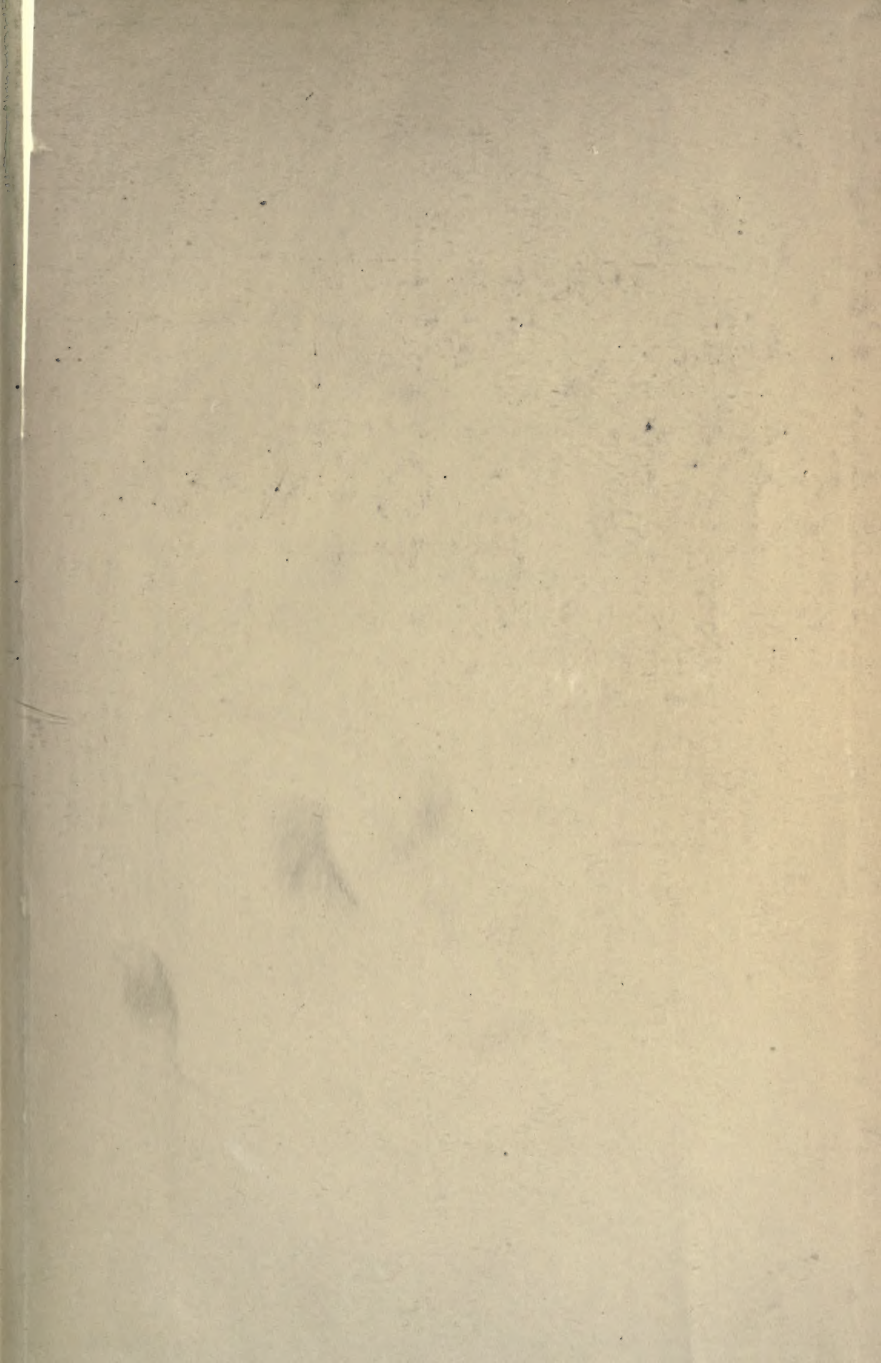
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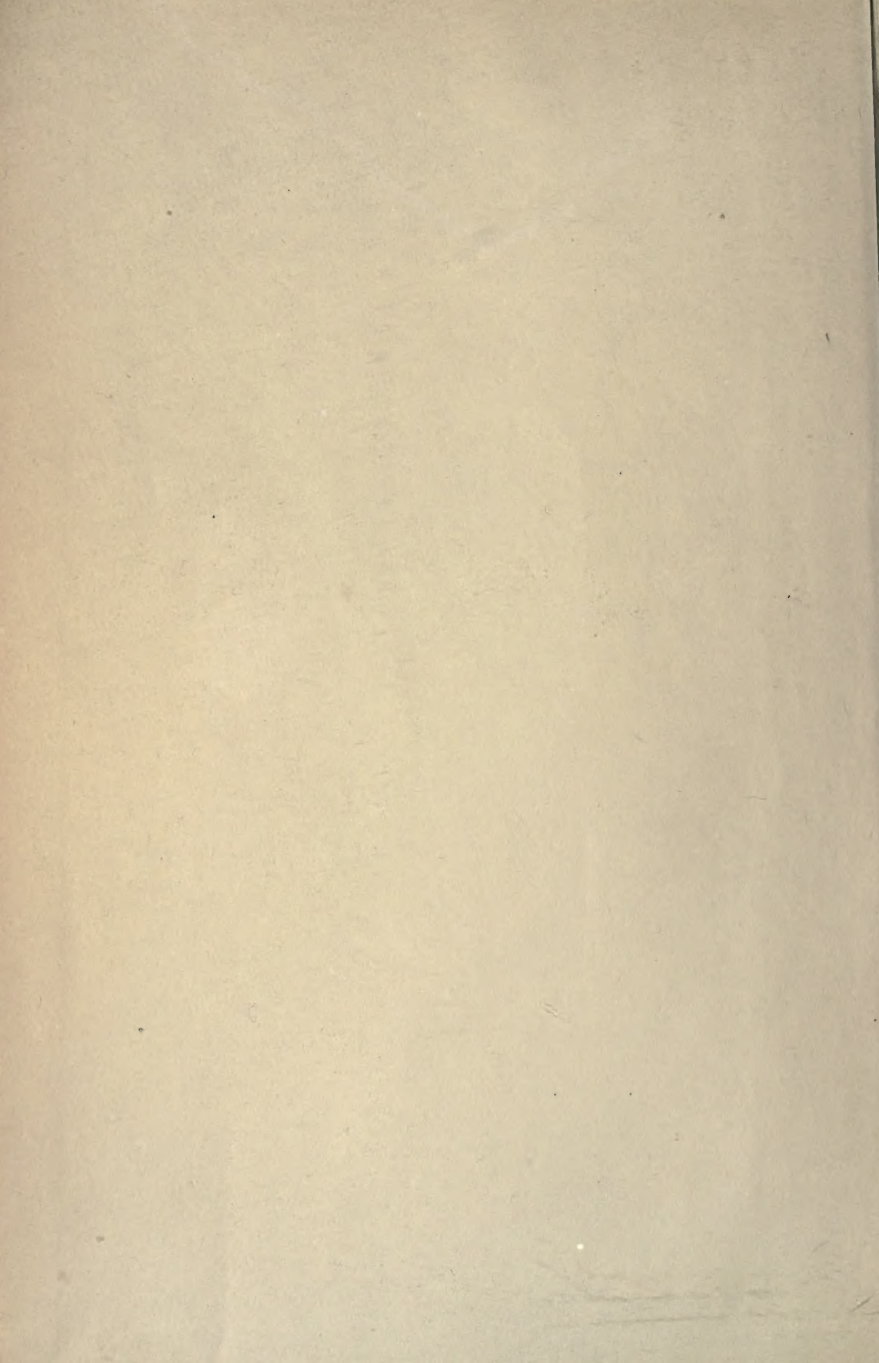
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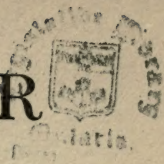
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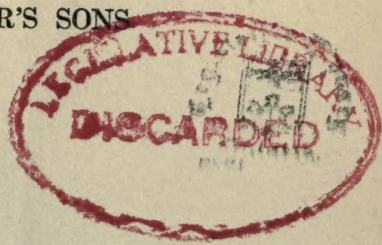
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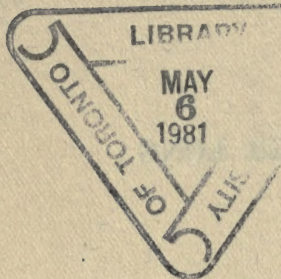
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NEW YORK
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1915





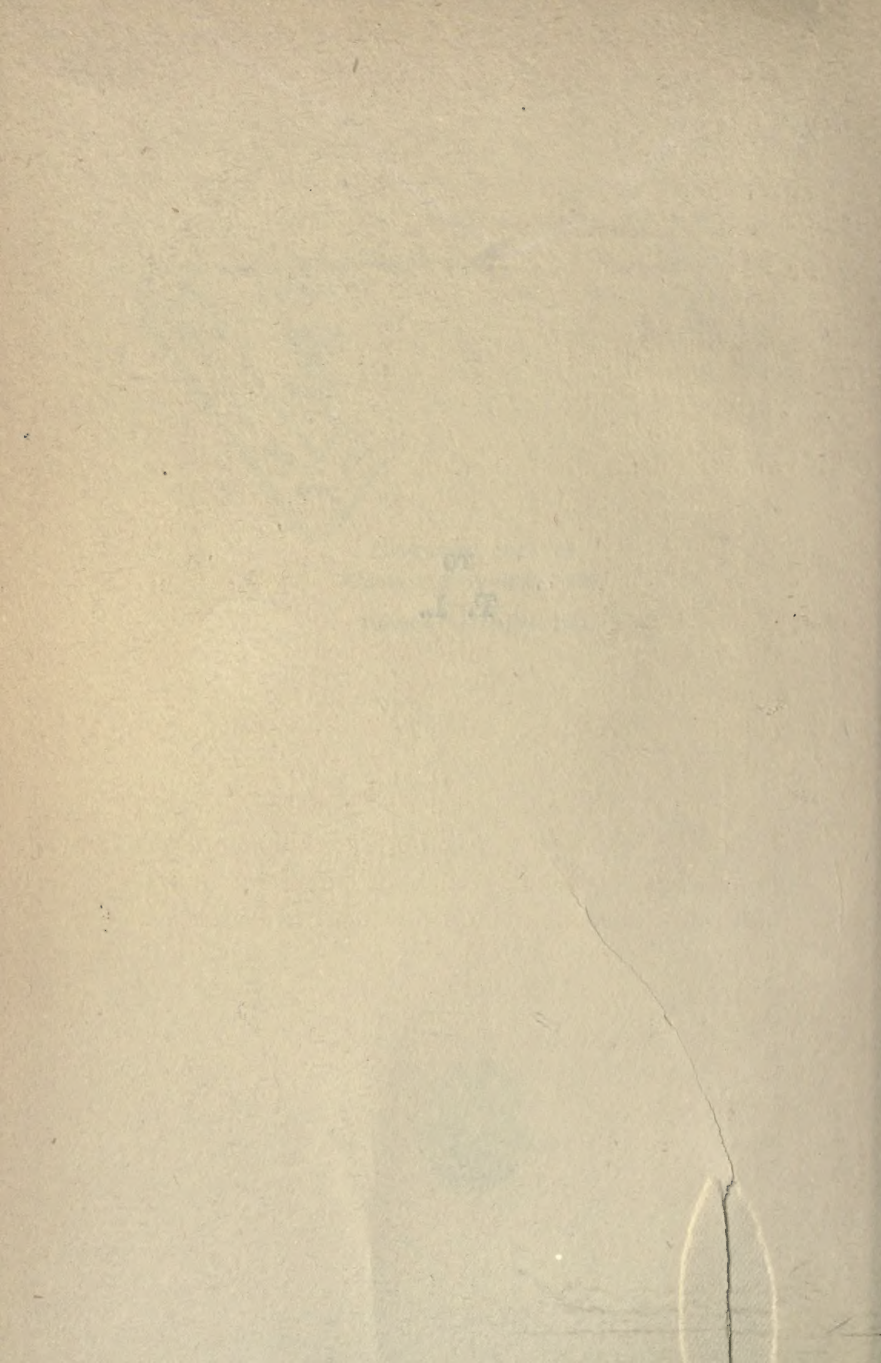
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TO
T. L.



PREFACE

THIS book is the material of a picture, not a picture. When watched from far, war appears as a quarrel, a few battles, and some manifestations of human nature. It is easily grasped and painted. Books on war written at a distance have unity.

Seen from very near, the outlines get rough; details expand, spoiling the great features; and the colours dissolve into blotches. A picture might best represent what happens in war; colours in confusion on a palette best convey what is seen.

Some of the matter here appeared in the London *Westminster Gazette* and the London *Fortnightly Review*; some in American journals; but the book is not a reprint of articles.

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COLOURS OF WAR

CHAPTER I

GERMANY

LAST memories seldom match first memories. On 7th August, a week after Germany went to war, I reached Holland from Berlin. At a station near the frontier were the station-master, a sentry, and a boy. Soldiers in uniform, reservists still in civil dress, and policemen had swarmed in the stations to the east. The boy, who was pale and dirty as few Prussians are, wore a helmet and he swung a toy sword far too long. He watched, with sleepy eyes; and he sang, provocatively, as if he knew who was in the train, the "Watch on the Rhine," *Fest steht und treu!* Fourteen years before, I entered Germany by another frontier. School children, welcoming at the station a Hohenzollern prince, sang the "Watch on the Rhine." The children were small; half of them were girls; and the warlike music seemed incongruous. After that I never heard

children singing war-songs. Now, even with battles and sieges almost within hearing, there was something incongruous in the boy, his martial squeak, and the sword as long as himself.

Some people were thrown out of Prussia. We went with songs. The platform at Hanover was occupied by soldiers of the reserve, tired and dusty men, who might have walked all night. In came the train with the missions of England and Belgium. The reservists demonstrated with the "Watch on the Rhine"; and some menaced. After that there was singing all the way. Soldiers sang out of passing trains. Reservists, laden with parcels, sang as they filed into the stations; and children joined in. At Wuntsdorf, drawn up as soldiers, Red Cross nurses waved flags, and welcomed us, waiting for our songs. The English enemies, and the Belgians, stared. A conductor got out of the train; a whisper went round; and the nurses began to sing. They sang "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles" to the hymn music of Haydn; when they reached the end "Flourish, German Fatherland!" they began again; they sang three times, mechanically in soldier fashion; and in the same soldier fashion they sang the "Watch on the Rhine." The nurses kept order; none threatened; but their faces

were spiteful and pained; and as the train moved they waved us ironically away. When we stopped in the night, the silence was broken by singing in the distance; by disciplined shouts that the Watch on the Rhine stood fast and true; and that Germany is over everything on earth.

This singing at night was the first thing that gave colour to the war. Things had gone too fast for colouring. Before Wednesday the 29th July the crisis was not understood. After the mobilisation in four military districts of Russia, clear-headed men expected war; but it needed news of frontier skirmishes and air raids, published before the result of the Ultimatum was known, to convince the public that war had come. On Friday, the Emperor moved from Potsdam to Berlin. Martial law was proclaimed. Many foreigners first heard of it when they used their own languages in telephone conversations. Only German might be spoken. In the afternoon white martial law posters appeared. They appealed for order, and promised a mild administration. Notices in the Post Offices regulated correspondence. For frontier provinces only open letters in German were passed. Beyond this, my corner of Berlin showed no sign of war.

In the centre there were no demonstrations. Men stared at the Russian Embassy in Unter den Linden. The French and British Embassies attracted no attention. In the east of Unter den Linden near the Palace, on the Palace Bridge, in the Lustgarten, and in the square north of the Palace, a crowd waited. People were quiet; they read the afternoon editions; and except for an attempt, which led to nothing, to sing "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," they were silent. At six o'clock an officer came to a window of the Kaiser's rooms, and said that the Kaiser would speak. The Kaiser with the Empress and his sons Adalbert and Oscar walked on to the balcony.

I saw him for the first time since trouble began. He was yellow, but erect and calm; he wore the grey-green uniform and the spiked helmet covered with uniform cloth which in the next days were seen everywhere. He spoke without emphasis, very low, and I heard nothing but the beginning: "A heavy storm . . ." and the sentence, "They have thrust a sword into my hand"—"Man drückt mir das Schwert in die Hand." The Kaiser said that the envy of neighbours had made war imminent; that war would cost the people much blood and goods; and that the foe would learn what it was to

attack Germany. He told the people to go to the churches and pray for the army. Later he drove down Unter den Linden in a yellow motor-car. The crowd cheered, and the trumpeting which clears a path in peace time failed. Next day the Kaiser's movements were hampered by crowds; and the Bürgermeister asked that the demonstrations should cease.

On Friday, the German Government instructed the Ambassador at St. Petersburg to say that if Russia within twelve hours did not cease preparations for war, Germany would mobilise. France was asked to say within eighteen hours what she would do in case of war between Germany and Russia. On Saturday, the Declaration of War to Russia was not known. The Foreign Office had no information. Communication with St. Petersburg ceased. The Russian Ambassador, M. Sverbeyeff, told me he had not been at the Foreign Office since Friday morning. There had been a demonstration; members of the Embassy feared to go out. I told them that good order was kept. Events proved them to be right; they were attacked as they started from Berlin.

At a quarter to six, when I left the Embassy, Unter den Linden was crowded. A civilian proclaimed from the top of a motor-cab that war

had begun. The crowd cheered. The speaker was a member of the Reichstag. War had been declared at St. Petersburg on the preceding midnight. This evening red posters flamed on the pillars. The posters gave the order of the first days of mobilisation; and ended, "and so on," leaving the duration of mobilisation in doubt. The Kaiser again spoke from the Palace. He said that he forgave those who had spoken ill of him; and that he knew no parties, only Germans.

From this day Berlin felt the social and economic reaction of war. The city was cut off; the train service ceased; no foreign letters were delivered, and few German. In some places the issue of internal money orders was suspended. Letters from West Europe were delayed at Cologne; money from abroad could not be had. Foreign cheques had no exchange. Speculating bankers paid three-quarters of the peace value; and booked the balance. The run on Savings-Banks and on banks for gold soon ceased; but little gold could be had. Mobilisation carried off workmen. The City Railway, the Underground, and the tramways shortened their services. Women trained as conductors, and conductors too old to fight learned to drive. Motor-cabs and horse-cabs disappeared. They were

mobilised as men were. When a motor-cab's hour came, it made for the Templehof Field in South Berlin. There, cabs were massed in companies, taught to advance, to retreat, to thread their ways in curves like manœuvring war-ships. Drivers took fares up to the last minute. The order was good.

The demeanour of the people was confident but depressed. I heard some cheering, and in cafés much singing; but there were many anxious faces. In German acquaintances I found dread of the coming sorrows and losses. There was no newspaper sensationalism. The reports of frontier fighting were reserved; the first report said, "We lost two wounded; enemy's loss unknown." Most wars begin with paper victories. The public's nerves were strained. On Saturday the story spread that the Crown Prince had been murdered by two Russians. A citizen with a reputation for truthfulness described the deed, as he saw it; such is war psychosis.

Nervousness grew; and many lost their heads. The Ministry of War asked the people to look for spies and to prevent attempts against railways and telegraphs. Railway carriages were posted with warnings. The public set itself to help. Russians drew suspicion; later

other foreigners were watched; and at last Germans. Sharp-eyed men seized an officer who wore with a faded tunic suspiciously new trousers; and, sure that he was a Frenchman supposed to have poisoned wells at Metz, dragged him to the police. In peace time the officer would have slashed his assailants' faces. A builder's cashier who had himself chased spies in Wilmersdorf drew suspicion. He protested. His accent proved he was a Dresdener. Spies, said the spy-chasers, always speak fluent German. The spy-chasers searched, and found no money. This proved he was a spy. They continued to search, and unearthed small notes. The notes, the crowd reasoned, were bribes for soldiers. An American journalist was seized at Gumbinnen. He appeared in the newspapers as a Russian Grand Duke. Patriots of South Germany searched for an imaginary automobile which carried from France to the Russian Treasury five million pounds in gold.

Trouble was threatened by the food question. There was food for a fortnight, and freight traffic ceased. Prices rose, and attempts were made to exploit need. Housekeepers were frightened into paying a mark a pound for flour. Such cases were few. The Commandant in the Mark, General v. Kessel, fixed maximum prices of 30,

27, and 20 pfennings for wheaten flour, rye flour, and salt. The timidity and selfishness of citizens who had no notion of war took forms of humour. Someone asked the Foreign Office whether war could be postponed — he wanted to search Leipzig. A druggist's sufferings were real. He sold an elixir for making artificial sunburn. In the week of crisis pillars glowed with puffs of the bottled sunshine. The soldiers with martial law proclamations covered the posters up. The druggist, saying that he had secrets, gained admittance to Kessel, and begged the general to make his bill-posters take the proclamations down. Under Nationalist agitation, sign-boards and notices in French, afterwards in English, were removed. A "Café Français" was among them. The sign-board was sold as old wood; the buyer, a joiner, who knew no French, pleased by the decorative letters, set it in his garden, and caused a local war.

After the first days, the mobilisation was seen. Through the streets in fours, in civilian dress, without arms, marched men of the reserve and Landwehr. All carried brown cardboard boxes of the kind used by tailors' packers. These were town reservists, not very strong, puffy and dull-eyed; warlike only by their tramp and the zeal in their songs. Women

and children walked beside them, and showed no feeling. The cheers were weak. There was no hilarity, sporting war spirit, or no drunkenness. The reservist columns stopped traffic, wound into barrack yards, and came out in uniform, mixed with active soldiers. The active soldiers were brighter and stronger. The physical gains of soldiering quickly pass.

The spirit was good. All who had to serve, and all who could serve, rushed to serve. The old men, women, and children were proud when their kinsmen left. At the declaration of war a student whom I knew, an untrained member of the replacement reserve, was sailing on Lake Constance. His parents and sister dreaded that he would come late, and be disgraced; at his return they showed more joy than if he had come safe from battle. I heard that a Landsturm man, not called up, offered to personate a friend in the Landwehr whose family conditions made service a hardship. The offer was not taken. I heard, too, of a deserter who returned from France when the negotiations looked dangerous. He had run away through hatred of army life. He refused to report to the War Office, and take advantage of amnesty, because if war were avoided he would have to complete his term. He was a weak man, ready to help

his country in war, but not in peace. The officers behaved well. I saw many, in field uniform with the cloth cap which did not always hide the helmet spike. Their conduct was a reproach to some civilians, who mishandled enemy subjects. The newspapers condemned these outbreaks.

In the first days there was a rush to the churches. For marriages of soldiers formalities were relaxed. Before I left Berlin there were some thousands of war weddings. Outside a church in southwest Berlin, couples waited in queues. There were soldiers in uniform; reservists in civil dress with handboxes; girls by themselves keeping places for bridegrooms who came late; and bridegrooms waiting for brides. Some brides were rich girls; some, servants with red arms, straight from work. In this way were wed the Kaiser's sons, Adalbert and Oscar; and Moltkes, Bülow, Blüchers, Delbrücks, and Siemenses. With some the God of War dealt hardly. An officer found on reaching Berlin that his betrothed had gone to Chemnitz, his garrison town. The trains passed; the officer, unwed, left for the front. In a church of Teltow, a bride fell dead as the wedding-ring was put on her finger. The soldier bridegroom saluted, and walked out of the church.

In politics I was struck by the indifference to England. The question which seemed most important, whether England would support Russia and France, caused no debate. Perhaps newspapers were asked not to raise it. I believe the first article in a Berlin newspaper appeared on Tuesday morning; it was written by Count Reventlow, who predicted that England would join Germany's foes, and said that it mattered little. More than three days before English and German publics knew, I was told by a German official that we were in the war. The story casts light on diplomatic history.

On Saturday, not aware that Germany and Russia were formally at war, I called on the Director of the English Department of the Foreign Ministry. I did not know this official; I knew that he was working with the Chancellor on the negotiations with England; that he knew England well; and that he had friendly relations with Englishmen. Without telling me that a declaration had been delivered to Russia at midnight, he spoke as if war between Russia and Germany was a fact; and he said that England was on the side of Russia. Germany could do nothing to prevent this. I asked whether he was speaking of accomplished facts, or forecasting the future on the basis of present con-

ditions. He repeated that England was in the war, and said he was sorry. What I heard later in other quarters convinced me that our Government had come to no decision; or that if it had, it had not let Germany know. On Sunday, hoping to clear up the mystery, I again called. It was still two and a half days before our Ultimatum. This time the same official told me without doubt that England was in the war. It was all over; nothing could be done; and no purpose would be served by discussion. I showed him a Berlin morning paper with quotations from a London newspaper which is looked on by Germans as the organ of the Foreign Office. The London newspaper made clear that no decision had been come to; it implied, if anything, that England would keep out. The Director of the English Department refused to read this; he made a gesture which suggested surprise that any one should consider England's participation an open question, and said, "It's no use. It's all over." I assumed that negotiations with England had ceased. I asked when our Embassy would leave. Could newspaper correspondents leave with it? They could, I was told, if the Embassy consented. At the Embassy I heard that there was no question of leaving. Nego-

tiations were proceeding amicably; and the statement of the Foreign Office caused surprise. I learned next morning that a colleague, who visited the same official two days before the Ultimatum, was told the same story. The incident made a stir; I believe it provoked a protest from our Embassy. The motive of the Foreign Office remained a puzzle. After our declaration of war the reason, though not the motive, became plain. While the negotiations for our neutrality proceeded, the higher officials of the German Foreign Office must have known that England would intervene. They knew that their army was to march through Belgium; and that this, independently of other causes, meant war with England. Probably the Government was influenced into accepting the Staff's plan by the belief that, Belgium or no Belgium, it would face to fight England. It can hardly be doubted that a Government so well informed as the German knew more than the British public knew of Anglo-French and Anglo-Russian negotiations. After war between Germany and the Dual Alliance began, the formality of negotiation with England had to be observed; otherwise the plan to march through Belgium would be revealed. Germany was able to prepare for certain action against us at sea,

at a time when our mind was not made up. The incautiousness of the Foreign Office official might have upset this calculation; a sharp thinker might have guessed that the violation of Belgian neutrality, the certain cause of British intervention, had been decided on beyond recall.

At the beginning of the crisis British residents prepared to leave Berlin. Few got away. The last train for Flushing left at midday on Monday. Early in the morning I found at the Zoological Garden station, the nearest station to the British quarter, about a hundred British subjects. They had enough luggage to fill ten vans. The train had one van. At the central Friedrichstrasse station conditions were the same. Refugees who made for the Silesian terminal station saved themselves and their property. At the other stations, mountains of trunks, with the belongings of British governesses and music students, were left behind.

On Tuesday morning public buildings were guarded. The police feared bombs. The central telegraph office in Französischestrasse was closed. In other offices telegrams for England were refused; later, telegrams in German were taken; later we heard that England was rejecting telegrams in German. At one o'clock

the Reichstag met in the Palace to hear the Emperor's Speech from the Throne. The Socialists stayed away. At three I went to the sitting in the Reichstag building in Königsplatz. The sitting lasted till six. The Chancellor spoke for half an hour. The Reichstag unanimously voted a War Credit of two hundred and fifty million pounds. Other war laws passed. These legalised maximum prices and compulsion to sell; provided for the support of soldiers' families; for securing the solvency of Sick Insurance Bureaux; for amendment of the Imperial Debt Law. The Chancellor thanked the Reichstag; the Reichstag cheered for Emperor and Fatherland, and adjourned.

The sitting showed that the Social-Democratic party supported the Government; and that Belgium had been chosen as the path of attack on France. The invasion of Belgium, the Chancellor said, was a breach of international law; he said that France had planned to invade by Belgium; and he pleaded necessity. Feeling that war with England was near, I watched the members. I judged that they did not see that England was in the war, or did not measure the seriousness of the fact. The policy of the Socialists was foreseen. Before the war, the party newspaper *Vorwärts* condemned Aus-

trian policy towards Servia; preached that Germany must bring Austria to reason, and that she need not support an obstinate ally. This policy offended Socialists, with whom patriotism had begun to melt cosmopolitan ice. The Russian Wing, the extreme Left, composed partly of Russian exiles, hated Russia. After Russia mobilised, the *Vorwärts* wrote against Tsarism. On Tuesday morning the Socialist deputy, Dr. Südekum, told me that the party was united; an hour later the spokesman, Dr. Haase, pronounced for the War Credit. He said that the party was not responsible for policy; it worked with French comrades for peace; the defence of the Fatherland was now the only question; Social-Democratic Internationalism upheld state independence; and the Socialists would not leave the Fatherland in the lurch. The party was against a war of conquest; it required peace whenever the enemy was ready. This, the only speech, was cheered by all parties. In the Socialist party outside the Reichstag there was a patriotic reaction. Some members who had served in the army asked for admission into the monarchical, anti-Socialist Veterans' Unions, called by the Kaiser his army in mufti. This caused no surprise to students of politics and human nature, who knew how thin

lies the new soil of Internationalism over the stone of race.

This evening I went to the office of the Telegraph Agencies in Zimmerstrasse to see the statement on British policy made to the House of Commons on Monday night. All the afternoon the speech came in in sections; the mid-day papers had none of it; and the short extract in a morning paper did not give the sense. On leaving the agencies' building, I found bulletins of the *Berliner Tageblatt* with the news that our Ambassador had asked for his passports. I went by Wilhelmstrasse to the Embassy. The house was under siege. The crowd, mostly well-dressed citizens of the doubtful Friedrichstadt class, stretched far south in Wilhelmstrasse, and on the north overflowed into Unter den Linden. Demonstrators hunted a cab which had left the Embassy. Three policemen, too few to disperse the crowd, rode up and down. A dozen men were at work. They hoisted one another to the window-ledges. The windows were broken with sticks or stones. I did not risk entering the Embassy. A Spanish diplomatist who left later was mistaken for our Ambassador, threatened, and forced to take refuge in a hotel.

While this siege was under way the police

raided English dwellings. They arrested Englishmen, often with the ceremony which in peace time is enjoyed by native Germans. Englishmen while under arrest were threatened by a crowd; the police drew revolvers on the crowd. Policemen entered the Hotel Adlon; called out the names of English newspaper correspondents and of an American who represented English newspapers, and carried the correspondents off. The charge against one was that he knew me. The police lost their heads. They arrested a German lady, wife of an officer at the front, whose daughter is married to an Englishman. At night a hundred British subjects were at the Police Presidency. They were given licences; and told to report themselves every three days. Later, the report system became stricter. Some Britons were sent to Spandau Citadel, the home of the War Treasure. I believe they were released. On returning to my apartment after I had closed it, I found a detective outside the door. He did not recognise me; and told me politely that I had left Berlin.

In society discourtesy was not shown. Friendships and business relations withstood the political storm. Germans known to me offered to take into their house an English lady who feared she could not get away in time. A serv-

ant who had taken an affection to this lady's child was willing to face any misfortune sooner than be parted from it; and went with the family in conditions of discomfort and danger over half of Europe. The hall porter of my house, who knew that foreigners had trouble to get money, refused to take payment for work done. There were cases of less agreeable kind; but the mob law and newspaper law which govern the fate of enemy subjects in some countries were not supreme.

In these days there was not much bitterness against England. France was ignored or painted as Russia's dupe. Enmity was against Russia; politicians, newspapers, and citizens held that Russia by mobilising had provoked war. When England declared war many newspapers expressed relief. Weeks passed before there was any understanding of England's part. Germans knew that with Austria-Hungary's help they could defeat the Dual Alliance. They foresaw the influence on trade and overseas supplies of England's intervention. They cared little for the naval threat against their colonies, because success in Europe would bring all the colonies they needed. The relief was due to the conviction that some day England and Germany would fight. A fight against England only

meant the loss of colonies, and no gains. It meant defeat. A fight against England and the Dual Alliance would be determined by armies; and no doubt was felt that the German army would win. Most Germans believed, with the Chancellor, that England would send at most a few divisions. They had a clearer knowledge of the politics of war, of its material and moral dimensions, than any of their enemies; but they under-measured us here. The blunder would have caused their defeat had we not under-measured them and over-measured our allies.

In so far as it concerns their duty to their own country the conduct of Germans was creditable. Their bearing showed the merits of drill, of authority, of class, professional, and academic codes of honour. In the sovereign, ministers, and generals confidence was felt. The nation, not only the army, was ready. From many statements to the Reichstag, and to the Reichstag Budget Committee, the nation knew the measure of its personal and financial responsibilities in armaments and policy. The obligations of the alliance with Austria were known; and in 1913 and 1914 the Legislature was told with precision of the military and diplomatic combinations which Germany expected to face. Appeals to the electorate before the expiry of

Reichstag terms were all on the question whether the people would pay for the armaments which the empire's policy made necessary; the policy was plainly put to the nation, and the policy was approved. These gave the Germans a moral preparation for war which could not be expected in countries where armaments and policy are independent: the first, as an easy thing, public; the second secret, in the hands of infallible men.

In the great danger which Germany faced, indifference could not be conceived. For shirkers and cowards was the vicious military system which requires all men equally to defend their country. Dissension did not hinder military concentration. Before the war there were differences of economical and political kind; Socialism was strong; some were discontented with the Constitution because they wanted an increase of the state's power; others wanted parliamentary administration. These differences, except that they inspired less violence, were similar to the political differences of other countries. The effectiveness of the state in battle was not impaired by them; no foreign condition pleased any party better; the friends of a strong state did not want Russia's way; and the friends of parliamentarism did not want

freedom corrupted into anarchy. Fortunate in not having to improvise armaments, the empire was fortunate again in not having to improvise unity. Englishmen who knew Germany agreed with me that we had a foe as formidable as our alarmist school preached, though not always formidable in the way it preached. They considered that Germany could be beaten only by well-prepared states with all material and moral resources under control of competent chiefs. It is unlucky that on this matter England was misled; that she was told of a Germany rent by Socialism and Particularism, undermined by corruption, and ruled by lunatics. It was natural that our ministers should know nothing; and excusable that ambitious men who have never been in Germany should make public their knowledge of German dissension, corruption, and lunacy. It was painful that men who knew the truth, and might usefully have warned, joined in the deception. Their excuse that the public wanted falsehood may have been true; they took their cue from above. I told the facts to a minister whom I found convinced that Germans were panting to help England to defeat their generals. He said that the Government knew its business; and that we were not fighting the German nation.

This was a Christian plan, but not pregnant with victory, as there was no shadow of doubt that the German nation was fighting us.

Relations with the police were so bad that newspaper correspondents, and others, due to leave with the Embassy spent Wednesday night at the Embassy house. Next morning soon after eight, the British Ambassador, the Minister of Belgium, the staffs of both missions, and a dozen correspondents of newspapers left from the Lehrter station. Measures were taken against demonstrations. Near the Embassy house passes were required, and policemen lined the road. The members of the Embassy drove by by-streets. A colonel of guards was in charge of the train; there were many officials and agents; and no undue delicacy was shown in foiling diplomatic designs feared against bridges. At the Elbe, windows were closed; once, the blinds were drawn. Armed men in civilian dress guarded the stations, bridges, and culverts. On the roads, trains of motor-cars carried military loads. At Doeberitz station, in heaps, lay aeroplane frames without motors or wings. They looked like rocs' skeletons. Trains with reservists passed, mostly going east.

The journey was slow. In the sunshine and

in the country the mood of Berlin passed; and only the war-songs brought thoughts of the darkness of war. The reservists smiled and cheered. The trains themselves seemed relieved. In Prussia, in peace time, only the bravest profane a railway; but war fostered liberty: the trains were flying forests, flying picture-galleries and treasuries of wit. Linden branches stuck from the windows; on the doors were drawn caricatures of Germany's foes; and "To Paris," "To Moscow," "To London," expressed the soldiers' faith. A scholar of Schönhausen had written in Cyrillic letters on a derelict engine, "Father Nicholas," meaning the Tsar; and on a water-tower — as if they needed remembrance — were the martial notes which open the "Watch on the Rhine."

CHAPTER II

LOST RUSSIANS

IN August, Russia began in London, stretched across the North Sea, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. Countless Russians — perhaps half a million — were in Central and West Europe; many were lost, and rewards were paid for finding them. Some were Jews, sick or corpulent, forbidden to profane home spas. Such Jews haunt Karlsbad, Vichy, Kissingen. Land communications ceased. The path home was to Stockholm, thence by alternative ways, painful to Russians and terrible to Jews. Steamers went to a Finnish port, and trains nearly to the Arctic Circle, round the Gulf of Bothnia, and south to Russia. The journey was long; and travellers new to Russia and Jewry learned both. This was so until Christmas, when all lost Russians were found.

In peace it took two days to reach St. Petersburg. It took nine days in war. Stockholm was four days from London. Åbo, the peace port of Finland, was closed; Hango was blown

up. Steamers, Swedish and Finnish, went to Raumo. Before the war, no one knew of Raumo. It is a little town, with small wharfage, joined by a private railway to the railways of the Finnish State. From Raumo to St. Petersburg took a day, sometimes more; it depended on troop movements. Refugees who feared mines, cruisers, or seasickness chose the Arctic Circle. Sweden and Finland are not joined by rail. A train went along the Gulf of Bothnia to Lappträsk; later it ran to Karungi on a frontier river, the Torneå Elf. There was motor-car communication to Haparanda, still in Sweden; from Haparanda ferries, later sledges, crossed to Finnish Torneå. The journey from Stockholm through Torneå to Russia took five days. Things got worse in September, when Germans sank a Finnish steamer and took enemy subjects off Swedish ships; still worse a month later, after Swedish steamers, three on one day, sank on mines at Mantyluoto. Sea traffic ceased. By Christmas the Arctic Circle route was shortened to three days. A railway was built from Torneå along the Torneå Elf to Finnish Karungi, opposite the Swedish terminus Karungi; and two miles of marsh and water divided the lines. Swedish fear of Russia delayed the linking up. Later, Sweden relented. A

branch line was built to Haparanda; and a bridge will be built after the war.

The Bergen Steamship Company's steamer *Neptune*, which left Newcastle, carried Russians. A Home Office official was hurt by their names; when he heard Kyril Maximiliano-vitsch Koliubakin, he hesitated; a policeman said, "Call you back again": and laughed. War jokes are lean. These were true Russians, soft, with soft faces, soft sibilant speech, soft hats, soft fruit bags, who feared mines and sea. The steamers were — and still are — small and bad. For safety they went along the coast of Scotland, taking half a day longer than in peace. No mines burst. At night off the coast of Norway, warships loomed, turned search-lights on the *Neptune*, and steamed alongside. There were no signals. The search-lights went out. On a sky and sea that seemed all one, spiked shadows stuck; whether they were Dread-nought shadows or gunboat shadows the Russians argued long.

The Russians represented their empire in races and ways. There were the painter and professor Alexander Makovski, a Judo-Polish jurist, a Jew from Bonn, a rich man of Moscow, a Siberian, many students, one from Warsaw, and student girls. There were one-year vol-

unteers due to join the army. The students came from France or Germany; they had money enough to leave England, but not to reach Russia; so half the world exploited their poverty while the other half helped. Nobody knew the way. In the old days political refugees reached England through Finland and Scandinavia; for want of money they stopped in Stockholm or Christiania; and now refugees of war were in the same plight. The Jews foretold the course of the war, and of the rouble. They expected to meet Germans at Warsaw. The Siberian's cousin had a brewery at Tomsk — if German prisoners came to Tomsk they might start competitive breweries. The rich man had walked five hundred yards on the Belgian frontier and lost his hat-box; he had no money, and offered a student girl an IOU for her berth. At Bergen we heard Brussels had fallen. "That is why the Wagons-Lits has not answered about the hat-box." In those days the worst sufferers were not soldiers with bullet-holes, but men whose hat-boxes were lost. With the Russians were a few children; and there was an Englishman, as there is on every ship that sails on every sea.

The Russians had many secrets, and they revealed them. A short-haired man whose busi-

ness I guessed washed his hands beside me. He said he was Lieutenant-Colonel —, an engineer; nobody must know he was a soldier; of course no Englishman would give him away. He knew about food supply in war; was inventor of a grain-sifter and refrigerator for saving Russian wheat; and told me that Russia had a new department to organise war finance and feeding. The Germans, I remembered, had a plan, not executed, for an Economical General Staff. The Russian warned us that if people got hold of the fact that he was an officer . . . Five minutes later, he stood in the smoking-room, declaiming on war, policy, and grain-sifting; and began every proposition with, "Gentlemen, when I was a raw lieutenant . . ."

The Russians gave me views of the war which agreed, except in that they were put coldly, with views I later heard in Russia. They talked of the war without passion as if it were a chess game played at the Equator by men they did not know. No one opposed the war; and no one wanted to exploit the Government's troubles for revolutionary aims. That showed a change: the war with Japan was treated by society as a Court adventure, welcome because it gave political malcontents a chance.

The officer who concealed his business by

telling it said that Russia promises a higher civilisation than Germany. The Russians are rude and unfit; they are neglected and oppressed. But they have ideas. The Germans are all that materialistic civilisation can produce. They have done their best for Europe and for themselves; their success means stagnation. New things would come from the mystical ideology and anti-materialistic leanings of Russia. Russia has seeds for growth; Germans have grown all their seeds. These notions are old: they are in Dostoyevsky, in Tolstoy, in the Slavophiles. The Russians on board accepted them, and denied them. Some held that Russia's success means the strengthening of the autocracy, which all along professed to be rooted in humanity and democracy; others held that success means a real constitution. The Poles would not agree whether the Grand Duke's proclamation to Poland was meant or not. A student from Cracow knew that Austrian Poles are solid with Austria. "Stronger measures against Jews," the Warsaw student said, "would please me more than Home Rule." The Jews with good humour assured him he would get his way.

The Englishman, as might be expected, talked sense. He was a young, intelligent man.

He said that I might enter Berlin with the Russian army and dine the Cossacks at my own house. *From Berlin to Berlin* might be the name of a book on the round tour. He envied men who saw war. "Enlist!" said the Russians. They learned things which, as they had been few days in London, were new. The Englishman had thought of enlisting; that was on the first day when things looked serious. On the fifth day he saw that before he could be drilled the war would end. The war, the Russians said, will be long; the enemy is strong. The Englishman said that he had once thought so, but that he was wrong. He read, before the war, the warnings of our experts on efficiency about the fitness of German methods and the terrors of the War Machine. The alarmist Teutonologues had now recanted. The disasters at Liége had shown the Germans up. The experts said that the War Machine was a fraud; that the Emperor William was mad; that a small boy at Dison had waved a flag and put a squadron of Uhlans to flight. With cuttings from the best newspapers, the Englishman proved that the Germans did not know they were in Belgium; they thought they were in Bulgaria; and that the Germans had no shells. He said that our Government and Press were

happy in this knowledge; they had promised universal felicity and low taxes; there were plans of retribution; monuments to aggression would be razed; one clever writer had arranged to tear off the Kaiser's epaulettes; some men went farther: they proposed to leave the Sieges-Allee alone. The Jew from Bonn doubted. The Englishman said there was a censorship to prevent circulation of untruths, even of truths, which might harm England; the newspaper story that the Germans had no shells must be both true and harmless. The Jew from Bonn still doubted. He said that the Germans were well prepared; true, the comprehensiveness of British Government programmes indicated thorough preparation; but there were differences in methods. This remark was obscure; the Jew's meaning, I think, was that the British Government had adequately prepared for victory, and that the German Government had only prepared for war.

Once Bergen was a fishing and trading port; war made it the Atlantic Brindisi. There is a streak of water between rocks; at the end of the chasm, shadowed by hills, is the town. I met Mr. Wollert Konow, a former minister. Norwegian sympathies, I learned, were on our side. The Norwegians were not friendly to

Russia. They believed that Russia would seize a Norwegian port; and threaten Norway's independence. I told Mr. Konow that this, at least at present, is unlikely. He said that Norway and Sweden were thinking of the future. The Scandinavian states would sympathise with an English attempt to prevent the undue aggrandisement of any Power. I talked with Mr. Mitchelet, editor of the *Annoncentidende*, with a Danish merchant, and others. All were friendly to us; and not friendly to Russia. The Dane wished for Germany's defeat.

Norway, in part, was mobilised. In August the Storting held a special session, and voted money. Bergen, Christiania, Narvik, and Trondhjem were in a state of defence. Nobody hindered me climbing a pine-covered hill, and examining the port through a field-glass. Sweden and Norway had signed an agreement to defend neutrality, and not to use against one another the new armaments. Civil life was deranged. No through trains ran; I changed at Charlottenberg on the Swedish frontier, and at Laxa. In the Swedish trains were officers; and at the stations reservists, and Landsturm men in civil dress and the three-cornered hat with a badge of three crowns which brings back the eighteenth century — it has been worn by the Swedish

army only in the last years. The Landsturm men are strong; but they lack the military stamp of soldiers of Great Powers.

On the 2nd of August Sweden mobilised her reserve and territorial army on the coast, in Gotland, and in garrison towns. The conscripts of 1915 were called up. A soldier became Minister of War; the Liberals ceased opposition to the defence project; and fifty million kronen were voted for "protective neutrality." All parties stood for neutrality. Elections to the Second Chamber in October made the Socialists the strongest party. In December, the Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark met at Malmö to consider measures for meeting economic difficulties caused by the war. This meant measures for defence of neutrality: economic measures, in the shape of contraband quarrels, were the only likely causes of breach of neutrality. In January, it was announced that Swedish business was suffering losses.

Stockholm reaps profits. The town is a clearing-house of the belligerents. There were speculators in German and Russian papers; and Russians and Germans traded in spite of the official boycott, sometimes with official authority. Jews from Warsaw, who like Germans, and Orthodox Moscow merchants who hate them, bought

German goods, stamped them "Made in England," and sent them home. Russians tried to buy German field-glasses and Germans to buy Russian grain. It was as reasonable to buy an enemy's field-glasses and grain as it is to use field-glasses and grain taken in battle; and the tolerance of the enemies pleased the unimpassioned Swedes.

The Swedes, some Left men excepted, wished for our defeat. With politeness they said why. Against Latins and Slavs they desired the solidarity of the Germanic peoples. Themselves the most attractive Germanic race, they believed that all Germanic races are attractive. They had swallowed our antique catchwords: "Down with Russian Autocracy!" "the Great Protestant nations," "the countrymen of Shakespeare ought to love the countrymen of Goethe." Such bad reasons for siding against us could not compete with German sophistry. The Swedes speak German. German newspapers reach Stockholm the day after issue. Science, plays, and clothes come from Germany. The chief British influence is "Tipperary": in Hasselbacken's restaurant dancers sang it; and editors, as heading for the wild talk of our ministers, printed "Lång, lång väg till Berlin." In Germany, Swedish war correspondents were

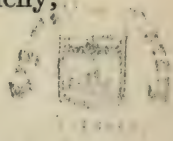
welcomed, and given useful truths and untruths. Our Government received correspondents coldly; it knew that they divulge military secrets, and preferred itself to do the divulging in speeches. When the ships sank off Mantyluoto, there was an Anglophile reaction; it passed on Herr Ballin sending the sufferers ten thousand pounds. In the spring there was a second Anglophile reaction which our statesmen, with the quickness always shown in blundering, spoiled. They sent trade spies to make black-lists of Swedes who sold Germany coffee; the spying caused public scandals; some spies were expelled. Sealed mail-bags from America were opened in England; the contents were pilfered. This policy had success; coffee was dearer in Stockholm than in Berlin; and Sweden, being unable to hit England, stopped half the goods transport to Russia, and hampered Russia's prosecution of the war. There developed, and increased in measure with the Entente's military misfortunes, an agitation known as Activism, which demands Sweden's accession to the Central Powers independently of any special cause of war given by the Entente. This agitation is officially condemned, and it is opposed by the neutralist majority; but the official policy of neutrality is not un-

conditional, and if the assumptions on which it is based were shaken through a quarrel with any Entente Power, Activism might easily tip the scale in favour of war.

Among influences which made the Swedes pro-German counts the zeal of Englishmen to make them pro-English. The Swedes are an honest, penetrating race. They liked our freedom from inspired journalism, Government press agencies, pamphleteering, semiofficial professors. They might have been bored towards the Entente by the Wolff Agency, the inversions of Herr Delbrück, and the eight hundred pages in which Dr. Hedin says that the Kaiser talked only to him. But England became Continental. Editors were offered from London a free news service. Letters from England promised payment if abuse of Germany was printed in editorial columns; and the censor let pass the writers' claim to be our Government's agents. Public men and hotels were shelled with missionary writings, full of patriotism, but empty of grammar and sense, the work of men incompetent in politics, credulous, ignorant of languages and life. Professors of Oxford made such a mess of their pamphlets that a Hessian patriot offered to pay for reprints. The Swedes did not want teaching from men who believe

that the Kaiser promised a thousand pounds to every soldier if Warsaw were taken. The newspaper head-line, when not "A Long Way to Berlin!" was "What Englishmen Believe!" The Press Bureau sent boasts that England was not in a panic, and mistranslations so gross that they caused scandal. The explanation was given me. "The Press Bureau has men who know German; but no one who really knows it."

The greatest influence in Sweden's thinking was dislike of Russia. The Russia of Peter dealt the first blow to Sweden, the Great Power; and Swedes fear that at Russia's hands may perish the small Power. They believe, with the Norwegians, that Russia wants an Atlantic port; that she will annex Northern Sweden, and seize the deposits of iron ore. They resented the espionage of M. Savinsky, the former Minister; they suspect Russian railway policy in Finland; and they hear Dr. Sven Hedin's tocsin. The Russians might take Königsberg and Danzig, and threaten Sweden from there. It is no use telling Swedes that Russia never has plans; that she can develop her own ice-free ports; that she will no more get Königsberg than Cadiz. Finland colours Swedish feeling. The need for liberating the Grand Duchy,



as an end in itself and as protection for Scandinavia's independence, is the main motive in the Activist war agitation. The relations of Finns, Swedes, and Russians may be understood by assuming the Germans to be in Ireland, suppressing our language, persecuting, and exiling to Togoland the Irish Protestants, half of whom have cousins or friends in England. Finland's culture is Swedish; Finns and Swedes read the same books; Finns come to Stockholm as to their metropolis. Swedish families intermarry with Swedish Finns; in Stockholm are Finnish exiles of distinction; some have become Swedish citizens. The Swedes say that Finland got back her liberties for a few months after Russia's defeat by Japan; and they proclaim that from a similar cause there would be the same effect. All these reasons were put without passion; with praiseworthy zeal to get the best of both worlds. At first the Swedes sold Russia shells; and with the profits bought books which expressed the hope that the shells would not burst. As a result of our policy, the sale ceased, and the purchase increased.

To Finland I travelled on the *Swithiod*, with lost Russians and Jews, the *Neptune's* and others. The terrors of war were in all heads. Near Stockholm, said Russians, you must not

bathe — you might dive on a mine. The Swedes had mined, at two places, the channel through the skerries. Passengers were sent below so that they might not see the sailors working, and the port-holes bristled with cameras. On the steamer were Professor Hjelt, Vice-Chancellor of Helsingfors University, head of the Finnish Cabinet when Finland had a cabinet, and Dr. Cajanus, an inspector of forestry. M. Hjelt was in South Germany at the outbreak of war; he was not treated as an enemy subject. There was a handsome, fair-haired girl who might have been a picture by Heinemann of *Lustige Blätter*. Fru Y came to Stockholm as Fräulein X of Dresden. Her brother built pumps at Moscow; he was sent as prisoner of war to Vologda; and his business would go to the dogs. Fräulein X engaged a Swede at twenty crowns to marry her; and with a Swedish passport made for Moscow. This war wedding recalled last days in Berlin. The Russians said that Fru Y was a spy, and that they would marry her for nothing; the Jews said that twenty crowns was enough.

Raumo is on deep water, behind skerries in a maze, each like a sea-king's graveyard. Every mariner has set up a cross on every rock. There are piles of wood; many gendarmes,

sleepy and dissipated; and Finnish policemen in Prussian helmets and coats. The policemen have not the Prussian stiffness and breadth. From Raumo, with Dr. Cajanus, I drove on a good road, fenced with weathered fir-sticks stuck aslant, to Åbo, Finland's oldest town. I saw Åbo eight years back, clean, with the same bright sun and sky, the same newly painted barques and barquentines matching the sky and spoiling the old Swedish burg. This time were washerwomen with brick faces and vermilion rags, models for Zorn, bent over water opaque and bright as if the washerwomen had poured in all their blue. On the steamer to Pargas a Finn, to show the ways of Finland's middle class, retold a story by Pylkkänen. The steamer wound between skerries in channels sown with mines. I spent a day with Dr. Reuter, Professor of Sanscrit at Helsingfors, a scholar and patriot whom Englishmen know. I saw him in Helsingfors eight years back, when Russian guns shelled Russian Sveaborg, when the mutineers, having won the forts, went home in Russian way to tea, and let their foes escape.

Helsingfors was quiet. At night on the sea-front no lights were shown. In Raumo I heard that Helsingfors was evacuated; the Germans

had come; a German consul had been shot for hiring Finnish pilots; many professors had been executed; and Hango was destroyed. The truth was that the consul at Åbo, Herr Gaedecke, was put in gaol; and that the lighthouse and storage sheds at Hango were destroyed. The Commandant of Hango, said Finns, was asked how long it would take to blow up the port; he did not know, and promised to find out; having battered the lighthouse lenses and blown up the sheds, he answered with a precision which drew praise. Outside Sveaborg at anchor, under command of Admiral v. Essen, a good officer now dead, was the Baltic Fleet. There were four battleships. At sunrise the fleet left Sveaborg; officers thought they were going to battle; they said farewell to wives and sisters who, in Russian way, had followed them; when the sun set, the ships returned, and wives and sisters rejoiced. This happened daily. The *Ariadne* stood at the quay, a white Finnish steamer, marked with a Red Cross. This hospital ship had not been used. In the town was the Twenty-Second Corps, under command of General v. Brincken. Soldiers and, at night, sailors were in every street. Citizens got on well with them; there was no drunkenness; and the kindly manner which is natural to Russians

won the soldiers more respect than bureaucrats ever see.

I talked to Senator Hjelt, to Dr. Ignatius, a displaced judge of the Court of Appeal, to Dr. Toerngren, the author of clever books on Russia, who formerly looked after Finland's interests in St. Petersburg, to Mrs. Tekla Hultin, a member of the Young Finnish party in the Diet. The Finns are politically the maturest people in Russia; and it was not surprising that, unlike belligerents and some neutrals, they kept their heads. There were no disorders and no threats. It was not likely that Germany would disperse her strength by sending troops to Finland. If troops did come, Finland would not help. No Finnish party, and no known individual, stood for that. The Finns knew that the Germans, whether winners or losers, would make peace without considering their helpers, leaving Finland to pay the penalty.

The resentment of the Finns at the loss of their liberties was not changed by the war. But some hoped. These felt to the Russian crown the old loyalty, deep and sincere when the Constitution was respected; and, thinking loyalty might bring alleviation, they wanted to show it. Some Finns volunteered to serve with Russia; and some talked of raising a Finnish legion. The

Finnish army, dissolved in 1902, had not been restored; but at Sveaborg there were Finnish officers of reserve; and in the field were other Finns, among them the cavalry general Count Mannerheim, who did good work in Poland and Galicia. The Finns received well the Dowager Empress when she returned through their country; they looked after the lost Russians; and they prepared to help the wounded. Their conduct made a good impression; and from St. Petersburg came stories of a manifesto of reconciliation.

The cliques which are enemies of Russia as much as enemies of Finland were against reconciliation. St. Petersburg Nationalists, professing a new friendship for Poles, and tolerance for Jews, held that the Finns, far from the war, might be ignored. The Governor-General agreed. Not content with enforcing the illegalities of others for which he was not responsible, he showed personal zeal in doing harm, in particular for traducing the Finns to his superiors. The war was his chance. His misrepresentations kept in Finland the well-trained Twenty-Second Corps at a time when it was badly wanted in Poland. After the battle of Tannenberg, St. Petersburg saw through General Seyn: the corps was withdrawn. The general commanding

wrote his thanks to Helsingfors. The Governor-General forbade the publication of the letter; publication would have spoiled the plot to convince Russia that Finns are disloyal and to convince Finland that Russians are unjust. While all belligerent states were seeking moral support, the persecution of Finland continued. Some of the country's best citizens were thrown into prison for no offence under Finland's laws, and the former President of the Diet, M. Svinhuvud, was sent to Siberia, where he remains. I agreed with the reasoning of the Finns that the restoration of the Constitution is a Russian, as well as a Finnish interest, the interest of the international group which Russia belongs to. But Finland is not a British province; and meddling in other countries' oppressions is thankless. When Finns who read English newspapers heard of this obstacle, they stared. They said we had promised Europe freedom on lines of nationality when the Germans were beaten; and that the Germans would soon be beaten as they had no shells.

In Finland was seen the easy way of Russia's war preparations. I spent a night at Åbo and two nights at Helsingfors without showing a passport. I was told that to drive a motor-car past the town limits of Raumo, I must have the

Commandant's permit. The Commandant was on a warship; his assistant was dining at the speed of one course an hour. After the time needed for two courses, all authorities agreeing that only the Commandant or his assistant could sign a permit, a plain policeman wrote on unheaded foolscap a permit. At the town limits, no one asked for the permit. The Customs had orders to search baggage for more dangerous things than cigars; but most luggage went through without search. Later, zeal was shown in preventing letters getting out, and more zeal in preventing them getting in. Neither aim was attained, nor any except the delaying of trains. At Vyborg station, guards pulled down the blinds, and passengers pulled them up. At Bieloostrov, the frontier station of Russia, there was a half-hearted search through half the luggage. Months later came a new system; travellers had to state their business, and to give addresses of persons who knew them. There were not the minute regulation and strict observance which I saw in Germany; and the indolent domestic spirit which is Russia's charm was not perturbed. At the Finnish railway station in Petrograd, it seemed that the lost Russians caused more emotion than the war. One sentry stood guard. There were

some martial-law notices; and many notices begging for news of men and women stranded in Europe. Excited men seized the newly arrived: "Have you seen Nina Petrovna Zhilkin, who was at Schandau near Dresden?" was the first thing I heard.

CHAPTER III

WORK

IN Petrograd lives a general whom I shall call Kozhin, a good soldier, a patriot, who loved comfort. In June, he was transferred to the dull town Gluchov, where there is no pavement, though there is electric light; where champagne is drunk because there is no clean water. The spoiled man, attacked by gout, resigned. In a month came war, and all wanted to fight. Kozhin asked for the command of an army. The Minister said no; we have healthy generals. "I have recovered," said the invalid, "I would take a corps." The Minister said no. The general asked for a division; for a brigade; then he offered to serve in any rank, anywhere. Nobody wanted him. He tried Red Cross work, and other things; all posts were filled.

Kozhin vowed that he would serve Russia. He kept his word. An adjutant, who came with news that the Minister had relented, first found how. The general's wife, daughters, servants sat at a table, and sewed herringbone edges to

soldiers' foot-clouts — the *portianki* worn instead of socks, as German soldiers wear *Fusslappen*. At the top of the table, with pride and resignation on his face, sat the general. He was herringboning foot-clouts, too.

In listless St. Petersburg, a town which produces little, all were at work. The soldiers, professional men, merchants, women. They knew that victory means labour, or worked for the charity which is in Russian hearts. Women sewed shirts, mufflers, foot-clouts, bags for tobacco; they managed hospitals, or took the three weeks' nursing course. When they were not working or nursing they collected. On the pillars were appeals: "Warm our Warriors!" "St. Petersburg to the Defenders of the Fatherland!" Collectors swarmed in restaurants, six at once, all begging from all diners for one charity, each giving a badge to protect you from the next, each begging with special zeal where he saw badges; till all badges, and money, were gone. Men in the streets wore badges in sheaves; drosky drivers wore single badges; and poor people put credit notes into the collecting boxes, and gave the badges back.

Collecting was done by students from the University and by girls from the Women's Higher Courses. Since Revolution days, the

students have changed. Students cut their hair; they are cleaner, less intense; student girls grow their hair, their dress is neater, and they seldom smoke. They collected tobacco. In the Nevsky, in the Mariya Square, were many hundred collectors, with cardboard boxes half full of cigarettes, a few cigars, rarely a pipe. The soldier likes mild tobacco rolled in a thin, feminine cigarette; or he smokes in a funnel of newspaper *makhorka*, a plant akin to tobacco, nearer akin to Prussian chlorium shells. A collector of tobacco, and sewer of shirts, was my old friend Marianna Tcherkasskaya-Paletchek of the Imperial Opera. To every shirt she sewed a silver cross engraved "Save and Preserve!" and a note which began "Dear Soldier!" The note asked how the soldier was; what a battle is like; and how about the children? After weeks, the soldier answered that he was well; that battles were tiring; that he had four children, Matvei, Sidor, Avdotya, and Stepanida; and that he hoped soon to get home. I read many answers. There was one, addressed but unposted, with a bullet-hole and life-blood. The soldier said that he had not been in battle; that he had two children, Karp and Akulina, and that he hoped soon to get home.

Outwardly, St. Petersburg was much as it is

in peace. Street demonstrations had ceased. There were a few processions with icons. The monument to war violence was the German Embassy building in the Morskaya Street. This is a big, unpleasing house of Finnish red granite, like the mass emporiums of Berlin. Authors of rejected plans — Germans — called it barbarous; and foretold that angry Russians would pull it down. The omen was fulfilled. On the night of the 4th of August, the mob sacked the house, and did to death an Embassy official, Herr Kattner. The statues on the roof were thrown into the Moika canal. The police looked on. Later the windows were boarded up. The walls remain spattered with mud. After that, for a long time there was no ill-treatment of enemy subjects by private citizens. In June, during the defeats in Galicia, mobs in Moscow sacked German houses and shops, and massacred Germans. Later, they burned Russian houses, shops, factories, and army equipment workshops. For bloodshed and destruction this event excelled the Jewish pogroms. The chief cause was rage at the military position, which could no longer be concealed from any public but the British. The official telegraph agency praised the affair to foreign countries as proof of national resolution and pledge

of success. In the Duma the Government was charged with having organised the outbreak.

Measured by population, Russia's field army is small. Public services were not curtailed; the passenger trains, trams, and droskies were as in peace. Strong hall-porters, dvorniks, and commissionaires lounged in the yards. The town was orderly; there were no restaurant scandals; and no fights between soldiers and civilians. Soldiers were treated with respect. The soldiers, and reservists on the way to depots, behaved well. The war brought a moral unity of which there was no sign ten years before. Drinking, the one thing apart from police incitements that upsets the mild people, was forbidden.

In the days of mobilisation the state vodka shops were closed; later they were closed till October; and at last, till the end of the war. As no private interest except the interest of distiller landowners was hurt, nearly all approved. The sale of wine and beer was suspended; later it was allowed under restriction. Vodka, as sold retail by the state, has 40 per cent. of alcohol, in Poland 50 per cent. Twenty years ago publicans sold vodka in their own drinkshops; the vodka was bad; gambling and usury went with drinking on the premises. In

1895 and the years following, M. Witte established the state monopoly. Poles only were compensated, they having a vested interest. Witte's motives were temperance, finance, and the centralising of economic resources in the state's hands. The state manufactured vodka; and sold it in sealed bottles. From vodka came a third of the revenue, and the state was interested in pushing the sale. Conscience was calmed by payment of subsidies to Curacies of National Temperance, official institutions which helped to found People's Theatres, and other enlightening works, but were distrusted, being bureaucratic, by independent social workers. Some temperance men thought they did more harm than good. In law there was a qualified Local Option; the village communes could petition for closing of the state vodka shops: in practice, the petitions were ignored. The system, though no worse than the old system, was bad. Vodka is not a beverage; it is drunk to excess on Sundays and holidays. Under the monopoly there was no drinking on the premises. Street drinking became the Russian form of intemperance; the street of the state drink shop had its trail of reeling men; the shop was shown by red patches on the lintels from the seals of the "little scoundrels"—so the small bottles were

called. Communal funds continued to be spent on drink; labour hirings, festivals, and family events were celebrated by drinking. On Sundays ten thousand drunkards were picked up in Petrograd streets. They spent Mondays sleeping off the effects. An anti-alcohol congress of 1898 condemned the monopoly; since then, condemnations have been many; and when M. Kokovtseff left office, the Tsar declared that the Budget must no longer be based on national misery. There is now no public drunkenness. There is illicit drinking of vodka, ether, eau de cologne, and furniture polish. The towns are quiet. The economy of health and labour will pay something towards the cost of the war.

Economic conditions were not bad. The low proportion of men taken as soldiers made it possible to continue industrial undertakings. Mining labour was short. Before the war began, the heaviest field work was done; women and children work in harvest; and the food production was normal. In the towns prices were high. Prices of manufactured goods rose owing to the cessation of import. Food prices rose because mobilisation stopped the freight traffic. The peasants did not gain from the rise; they could not sell their food in the towns or to foreign countries. It was hoped that when

mobilisation was complete prices would fall, and would remain until export was resumed lower than in peace. After mobilisation, prices fell a little; but they remain very high; meat prices have doubled. The railroad freight traffic never became normal. There were not enough engines and cars. The Germans seized the Polish coal-mines; wood was moved with difficulty, and there was scarcity of fuel. Employment was good. The stoppage of import and the special war needs forced Russia to manufacture many things formerly bought abroad. The chief were medical stores, optical and scientific instruments, electrical machinery, dyes, and printing inks. Zemstvos opened factories; and University scholars gave scientific help. This movement progressed; the new products are not much inferior to the foreign; but the cost of production is high. The financial situation was not promising. With the suspension of the vodka monopoly and the loss of import duties, the chief wells of revenue dried up. Direct taxes are few; and to increase them is hard. Taxes were imposed on telephones, postage became dearer, and there were new lotteries. The economic gain from the new abstinence from spirits cannot be turned into taxes at once.

In the streets the signs of war were wounded, many women in black, funerals, and masses for the dead. The shops sold pictures of the Tsar speaking from the Winter Palace and from the Kremlin; portraits of the Grand Duke Nicholas; postcards with the Grand Duke's proclamations to the Poles; and photographs of generals: Rennenkampf, Ivanoff, and Zhilinsky. Every month the generals changed; Rennenkampf and Zhilinsky were replaced by Ruzski, Brusiloff, Alexeyeff. These in turn disappeared.

The windows blazed with "wretched pictures." The wretched pictures (*liubotchniya kartini*) are bright lithographs. In peace they hang in every cabin and make parks for cockroaches: they show "The Emancipation of the Serfs, February, 1861," and "The Siege of the Trinity Monastery by the Poles"; and they are sold in small shops. In war, the subjects are livelier. Ten years ago, the wretched pictures showed good-humoured Cossacks spitting Japanese; the flight of Admiral Togo; and other events of history. This time the demand for pictures was great. The hero of most was the Cossack Krutchkoff, who spitted eleven foes, and got the St. George's Cross. Krutchkoff appeared as a true Cossack, with curls, a cap worn with coquetry on one side, and the

smile of a man who has slain eleven. He had three Germans on his lance; the eight, in Noah's Ark style, wriggled on discarded lances. The peasant Liakhoff, who wrote a commentary on Krutchkoff, says that as each lance took two Germans, an angel brought a new lance. "The Germans have no anti-airship guns," said Liakhoff. "A good thing for the angels." The other pictures make the Germans odious, and the Russians good-humoured and bloodthirsty. A Russian cuts the Kaiser in two, or His Majesty is slapped (in rearguard action) by a snub-nosed Ismailoff guardsman while the Austrian ally sprawls. The guardsman is a poet:

"Because you have provoked a storm
 You'll get a smack on your platform;
 You'll get a slap
 With a strap.
 Meantime I'll tread upon the toe
 Of your absurd ally, our foe;
 And soon I'll make the rascal wiser,
 And eager to forswear the Kaiser."

The only angry cartoon was *The Kaiser Antichrist*, with His Sulphurity, under winged fiends, astride a swine. A monastery of Novgorod province had drawings for a fresco, *The Slav Peoples Foiling Teuton Barbarism*. Russia, with Servia much in earnest beside her, stretched out her hand — the arrangement recalled *Nations of*

Europe Defend Your Holiest Goods! The Superior told me that the first sketch was burnt. The monks unrolled paper for new sketches; and went to bed. Next morning they found Russia and Servia outlined by heavenly hand. To the question whether the monks were locked in their cells at night, the Superior said, "In war time we must have faith."

There was at first no war literature or art. Pictures in the spring exhibition of the advanced society, *The Peripatetics*, dealt with the war. Cheap editions of the Orange Book were sold. At the Little Theatre, I saw a play by MM. Dalsky and Korsakoff, *The Shame of Germany*. There was a good parody of *Max and Moritz* as the two German Emperors; later a play by M. Burenin on the capture of Berlin by the Tsaritsa Elizabeth's soldiers. In Esthonia, peasants played *The New Poltava*. The Kaiser was the new Charles the Twelfth; there was a New Mazeppa (not the Imperial Chancellor). Dummies in uniforms of green paper played Germans. Villagers refused these rôles. "Why? Because you hate the Germans?" "We hate nobody; we don't like running away." "The dummies don't run away; you could stand still as they do." "We should have to run." Cossacks came on the stage with lances, whips,

and red cloths used as blood; and made the peasant's meaning plain.

The newspaper censorship, exercised in the Commander-in-Chief's name, was severe. Liberal papers were suppressed; fines as high as £1000 were imposed. Newspapers of enemy countries were excluded; the enemies' official reports were suppressed. Good news was issued; drawn engagements appeared as victories; and defeats did not appear. Of the battle of Tannenberg the public learned only that three generals were killed, and that the losses were heavy. After the battle of Gorlice-Tarnow, which cost Russia Galicia, Poland, Courland, and Lithuania, a statement was made to neutral countries that the enemy had had no success of any kind. Losses of territory were ascribed to strategical considerations, they were pledges of coming success. The Government did not invent the weekly marches on Berlin and destructions of Field-Marshal Hindenburg which rejoiced England; this higher class of work was left to the ally. Editors complained that truth was suppressed; to remedy the grievance they filled their unofficial columns with inventions far beyond a government's power. As with us, novelists whose books ceased to sell, turned to statecraft. After boring readers for years

by the admirable Russian restraint, they produced explanations why Bavarians massacre Prussians, and *Kaiser's Prayers* with the exordium, "I, God, am thy pig!" The transformation was surprising, for no example was set from above; ministers kept silent, not understanding with ours that jeers from the gallery are the nobler half of war.

As in Berlin in the last days, there was a new nationalism, a turning from foreign, in particular from enemy ways. From aping foreigners Russia, like Germany, suffered. St. Petersburg became Petrograd. The change was made by Imperial decree; in the newspapers beside the decree was news of the battle of Tannenberg. The agitation for Petrograd, which means Peter's-town, was begun by Moscow Czechs, who took Russian citizenship, and became more Russian than the Russians. Some Russians found that the change to Petrograd was childish; some that Petrograd sounds like a small Balkan town; some condemned a breach with history; the city is the European, Germanic creation of Peter; and Sanct-Petersburg, scholars said, was a form not German but Dutch. Schlüsselburg became Oriekhoff. Those who approved asked for the change of Kronstadt, Oranienbaum, and the Tsar's summer

home, Peterhof; and cynics said that the Germans would change Petrograd to Wilhelmstadt. The German language was no longer heard; speaking German in public was punished by fine; and the German newspapers were suppressed. Shops concealed that they were German; the restaurant Leiner became "Restaurant of the Association of Russian Waiters," and the dish Vienna Schnitzel became Kharkoff Slab. Later, German businesses were closed. Measures were taken against Germanism in the Baltic Provinces; and in the south against the German farmers. The Minister of Instruction, M. Casso, since dead, planned to replace the German language with English and Swedish. Subjects of the enemy states were sent to Viatka, Vologda, and Orenburg: women and men without military obligations left Russia. The trains through Finland were full of expelled Germans. Many had been born in Russia; they had no connections with Germany, and could not speak German. They were allowed to take fifty roubles in money and valuables. Fifty thousand enemy subjects left Petrograd. Some, long settled, became subjects of the Tsar.

The places of expelled enemies were taken by wounded. These were brought from the rail-

way stations in Red Cross motor-cars, or in coupled trams; one tram converted for badly wounded who could not sit, the other with seats as in peace. In Moscow, where streets are paved with cobbles, all wounded were moved in trams. The transport was well done. Every street had a Red Cross on a shield; and an inscription sometimes in Russian, sometimes in gnarled Slavonic:

“Lazaret of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Mavrikiievna.”

“Lazaret of the Commune of St. George the Victory-Bringer.”

“Lazaret of Piotr Michailovitch Ossetinsky.”

“Lazaret of the Bank of Commerce.”

Men of different classes, religious orders, and trading corporations founded hospitals or maintained them. There were hospitals without these signs. At houses of friends called on after long absence, I found nursing homes. The families crowded into back rooms. I visited the hospital at Tsarskoe Selo Palace, the Empress Mariya Hospital in the Michael Palace, the Obukhoff Municipal Hospital, and the smaller hospitals of private persons. The hospitals were clean and quiet. Officers had no complaints; the soldiers were better off than at home. The nurses were clever, devoted, and, after short practice, fit for their work. Surgeons

had not enough instruments and medicaments; help was expected from allied and neutral states. In private houses, women sat round tables preparing bandages, lint, compresses: there were many deaths; and as soldiers should be decently buried, different authorities were preparing coffins, crosses, and wreaths.

In these days most wounds were caused by shell splinters and shrapnel bullets. There were many contusions and burns. There were abnormal or serious wounds from bullets that changed position during flight and struck obliquely to their axes; from deformed shrapnel bullets that took with them cloth, hooks, or buttons; and from normal rifle-bullets. When travelling at great speed the normal bullet splinters hard bones, and sends the blood flying with explosive effect. In Poland I saw that proved by experiment on animals. There were many cases of lockjaw. Men were blinded by the pressure of gas from bursting shells, branded by shells that passed them by, and stripped of their clothing. Men stripped are often killed; the compressed gas gets into the body cavities or under the clothes, as it expands it rends body and clothes. From shells of the Thick Berthas, of the Austrian Pilseners, and of the Austrian 30.5 mortars men disappear.

For visiting, the apartment hospitals were best. In them were lightly wounded and convalescent soldiers, who liked to see visitors and to talk. The men were brave. They knew little of battles, and could seldom describe what they had seen and felt. There were exceptions; and I got rough notions of soldier minds. Confidence was great. Whatever the end of a battle, the soldiers recalled only the successful parts. They criticised the Germans, praising the German artillery, and laughing, without reason, at the infantry. The infantry was "no good." "Little, pale men who couldn't drive a horse or grow fruit." The man who said this fought at Hohenstein against Hamburg Landsturm men, probably middle-aged clerks. Men had vivid but confused memories. A soldier of the Army of the Narew said that at a rear-guard fight at Soldau, fought before the battle of Tannenberg, seven German companies lost 450 men. He told of the self-sacrifice of a comrade, heard of from prisoners. The comrade, when standing sentry on Mlava bridge, found Germans on the girders beneath. He fired in the air to summon help, next at the enemy. The Germans shouted advice to the Russian to leave his post and surrender. The bridge was mined. The sentry continued to fire. The

Germans fled. Bridge and sentry were blown up.

Soldiers tell stories hard to believe. Without intention they elaborate; plain tales in going the round of a regiment gather improbable complications. A clear-headed Baltic Province soldier told me that his comrades acted as executioners for the enemy. They surprised an outpost; and got, undisturbed, to the camp behind. German discipline is severe; and small offences are punished with death. The Russians, drawing near to the camp, crept. Peering over a hillock, they saw a blindfolded soldier standing before a firing-party. They were startled; and they watched. From another side came more Russians. These fired a volley: the first man to fall was the condemned. The Germans made off, leaving their wounded. The condemned man lay senseless with a bullet in the thigh. He was carried off by bearers who had not seen the execution. A surgeon, stopping the blood, assumed that the German had an old wound on the face; and remarked that it was strangely tied up. He pulled the handkerchief away. I found a Cossack from Rennekampf's Army of Vilna, who rode nearly to Insterburg, and at Tapiau was wounded in the ankle and head. His hair was cropped; his

face was gaunt and scarred; a *tchuprina* (the thin, long lock formerly worn on the crown) would have made him a Cossack of Gogol. With a vain grin, he showed me a photograph taken months before the war, showing a different Cossack with smooth face, long, carefully curled hair, and a forage-cap, worn as always coquettishly awry. He boasted that Cossacks stand above moujiks in civilisation; their land is better tilled; their houses have good roofs; education is higher; they have poetry and art. He pronounced the word "art" with reverence. But the Cossacks have the freebooter tradition: their spirit is liberty, boldness: they despise the moujik's Christianity, the abject will and fear of worldly success.

Petrograd talked of death. Hospitals in Petrograd and Moscow had room for a million; it followed that in each period equal to the average duration of cure, a million men would be wounded. In early September, after Krasnik, Lemberg, and Tannenberg there were stories of heavy losses: extinctions of guards' regiments; families that lost three sons; old races ended. Little was known. In the Palace Square, the Special Department for Collecting and Registering the Names of Persons in the Active Army Put out of Action drew crowds as

long as the department's name. The Palace Square is a cobble-paved, neglected space between the neglected crescent building of the Ministries of War, Finance, and Foreign Affairs and the neglected Winter Palace. Up-stairs went ladies from automobiles, wrinkled work-women in shawls, ancient, untidy generals; they crushed patiently with Russian fraternity. Lists of the killed hung on the walls, and no one could get near them. There was confusion. The surnames Ivanoff, Kuznetsoff, Smirnoff, with them the Christian names Ivan, Piotr, Matvei got mixed up. Newspapers told of a dead Smirnoff claimed by twenty widows. A Moscow girl learned from the newspapers of the death of the officer she was to marry. Later, he was listed as a prisoner. Last he was said to be wounded at Tsarskoe Selo. The girl went to the hospital, and found, at the point of death, a man she did not know. The betrothed officer, mortally wounded, had given papers to a comrade; the comrade was badly wounded; and the papers were supposed to be his own. Men stripped naked by shells lost their identity marks; they were reported missing; and their kith and kin wait for the day of peace when the Germans will send them home.

The terrors around, the endless death-lists,

and certain omens which shocked the universal confidence worked on Petrograd in a special way. The exaltation of revolutionary days came back. People were strange; they behaved in ways their own. They spoke to one another in the streets. Emotion, like drink it may be, sharpens character and brings idiosyncrasies out. The fraternal people became more fraternal; and the barriers, always weak, which separate men from men fell. Strange proposals were made; and cold-minded men who in peace times laugh at eccentricities found the proposals commonplace and right. An actress known to me, a clever, cultivated woman, went daily to cry with the wounded; went in old clothes as if she really suffered, and brought no photographer. She did many things which are not done in peace. A concert, to bring in money for chocolate for soldiers, was planned. In Russia humane impulses are curbed; singing without authority is sinful; and authority dines at the rate of one course a day. The actress went to a lady in waiting, who would speak to the Tsar. This was an old, old lady, a princess, sharp and erect, impiously proud, so high over honours other than being herself that she dropped the title and was known as mademoiselle. All day long, high-nosed and

rouged, she sat in a stiff chair, counting stitches and muttering of dead friends: and few dared approach. She gave the promise. The actress had never seen any sight so wonderful; and she showed her pleasure. It was time to go. The lady in waiting took up the mittens, and said "Good day!" The actress said "Good day!" and waited. She reddened and said, "May I look at you for a moment? You have no idea how happy I am. I never saw such bright eyes, and your face looks as if it were stained with rose petals. Even on the stage we never have anything like you; you are more like a Dresden-china marquise than a woman on earth. I have a favour to ask you. May I give you a kiss?" The old lady was astonished; she began to cry. Palace life is dull; maybe this was the first scene of grace and pathos since the maker of Russia poured soup into courtiers' hair.

The soldiers who were to get the chocolates, tobacco, and coffins drilled in public. The drill yard was the Champ de Mars, a dusty space near the red building of our Embassy. Some companies drilled in uniform, some in civilian dress. The soldiers were Petrograd artisans, carters, and bargees; there were educated men — I saw two in the uniform of the College

of Technology. Reservists of the active army drilled over again; and there were new men learning the opening of rifle locks, and the meaning of *raz, dva!* All was in Russian way. The drill is easier than the German; there is no parade step; discipline is rougher, but there are human relations between sergeant and conscript. Men grin at their blunders, munch bread, and joke. Civilians and officers not on duty crowd in. An officer speaks to an ugly soldier who looks like Tolstoy in youth. The soldier grins; and his comrades laugh loud. The soldier told me the joke: it was about a collegiate secretary's horse, and had no point. In the field the human relation continues; it is a moral bond which repairs many failings. Soldiers at Lodz found their wounded captain under the ruins of a gun; sooner than forsake him they stood and were bayoneted: a captain of the 73rd Regiment crept from the trenches to save a wounded servant, and a bullet ended his brotherly work.

Studying soldiers, I went with a volunteer to Krasnoe Selo, the camp and manœuvre field to the south. It was still summer. Soldiers were playing football, twenty men a side, "because forty wanted to play." The spirit is elastic — if a hundred wanted to play, why not play fifty

a side? Forswearing ideality, æstheticism, and revolutionary exaltation, the nation took to sport. Zeal cooled when the Tsar instituted a Regulation Committee. The Chairman, the Palace Commandant General Voyeikoff, was a sportsman; but social initiatives get best on alone. When night fell we set out to a soldiers' soiree; plunged through Ingermannland mud, and lost our way. There were soldiers all round. A soldier told us his rank was "buyer of food"; his comrade, a handsome man in blouse and apron, was battalion "porridge-boiler." The porridge-boiler pointed across mud to a strip of light. This was a chink in a barn near pines. The light came from oil-lamps. There was a stage — planks on pine-trunk trestles — above were an oleograph, a true wretched picture, of a smooth-faced autocrat, and the new flag. The flag is the old red, white, and blue, with the Romanoff eagle in a corner, to express, said the Tsar's decree, the unity of Tsar and nation. The patroness, stout and handsome, was a general's wife. Soldiers and boys from a military school played the *balalaika*; there was a play *Bald but Not Bad-Tempered*; afterwards supper, which was dinner postponed, cabbage soup, buckwheat porridge, and boiled beef. The general's wife sent round apples, looked at me

angrily, and said in French: "When these men join they don't want supper; the villages oppose supper." She told me with irritation that a box of apples was lost. The man who said he was porridge-boiler thrust his head through the doorway, asking, "Will the foreign gentleman have honey?" He went to fetch the honey, but never returned. At the railway-station I met him in a uniform with red cuffs. On his arm was a black handkerchief with printed rosebuds, covering a girl's head. Probably he remembered the honey, for he blushed as red as his cuffs.

The soldiers, drilled and tramping to the Warsaw station, embodied the national spirit. They looked domestic and unsoldierly. They wore fawn overcoats, pleated behind, with long sleeves serving as gloves — in cold weather you join them in front; high boots wrinkled at the instep; soft caps, in winter busbies of sheepskin; and fawn hoods. The coats and boots were good. The haversacks were like tourists' knapsacks; men in the new formations and men sent to refill the ranks had plain sacks kept in place by straps round the chest. Some units had haversacks of both kinds. The men were hung round with axes, spades, coils of rope, small bags of tobacco, kettles, saucepans; and

they embraced chunks of bread. I heard them called "marching households." They were very heavily, very clumsily laden; but they walked well, apparently not to look martial, but to get ahead.

The soldiers were ugly. In Petrograd you see thin, bearded men; in the forests of Vologda and Olonetz are good-looking, spiritual men; and there are droschky drivers who look like Nesteroff's saints. If these types are among the soldiers, they are crushed by the busbies, rifles, sacks, pots, kettles. The complexion was sallow. There were no rosy men like Englishmen, no flabby beer-pink faces of Prussia. Coats, hoods, and faces were nearly the same brown; everything but rifles and the shining pots looked made of baked mud. Many men had red noses, smallpox marks, skin eruptions, scars. Soldiers from the north had Teutonic fair hair; sometimes a weak Finnish fairness going with broad faces, thin beards, and eyelids slightly oblique. Tartar faces were common, and there were smooth faces which might be Greek. Isolation makes impossible a national blend. The figures were hidden. The loose overcoat, the shapeless hood, the knapsack, pots, kettles, bread covered everything up. You saw bundles, broad and not very high; the

contents, probably, were strong, gnarled, and a little bent. Some of the faces were sharp, more were empty; there were many immobile faces. the faces of men who are dead, but in health, The sharper faces had a self-centred look, as if the brains behind were thinking of fences and lawsuits, and not of war. I watched these men getting clumsily into the train for Warsaw; and could not think their thoughts were of Warsaw, much less of Berlin. This impression was not true of all. A Russian army has plain soldiers, who have their own views, groping but useful and sometimes exalted, of life; it has volunteers who are inspired to fight for their country; and conscripts, who feel twice inspired, and have resolved not to fight at all.

CHAPTER IV

MESSIAH

THE Russians, laughing at their interpreters to Europe, tell of an Englishman, settled ten years in Tver, who gave as reason for not writing a book that he did not want to be praised as "the well-known authority on the Tsar's Empire." He could not be praised and self-respecting. English dualism and the mutations of policy required, not artists with the many colours of life, but authoritative monochrome painters of hero-mystics, or of savages fed on candles who snare wolves in the Kremlin. The fashion changed but remained extreme. The Russians distrust this dualism, dislike our new literature, which is full of it; and, were it not improved by translators, we should dislike theirs.

Being timid compared with the interpreters, Russians will not express their country in a phrase. They admit that there are national moral traits, not to be found in all: there are kindness, indolence, instability, ardour for brief heroism, more honesty in thought than

in action, and plenty of the virtue which most makes hope:

“Russian life is an unbroken chain of faiths and infatuations. Unbelief, negation — these it has not even smelt. . . . Half of my life I have been Atheist or Nihilist; yet never was there an instant when I did not believe. . . . Mother made us children eat a lot; and, giving us dinner, she said, ‘Eat, children! There’s nothing on earth like soup!’ I believed. I ate soup ten times a day; I swallowed it, sharkwise, to the extreme of vomiting and repulsion. . . . As soon as I could read and understand, my beliefs went beyond description . . . I joined robbers; I hired boys to torture me for Christ’s sake. . . . When I learned that white light, which I thought was white, was composed of seven primary colours, my head went round. . . . Like a madman, I rushed about the house; I preached my truth to the stable boys; I flamed with hatred against men who saw in white light only white. . . . I was infatuated without cease . . . by ideas, by men, by events, by places. . . . And I did not believe like a German Doctor of Philosophy or live as a hermit. My every faith bent me as a bow and tore my body to bits.”

In Petrograd lived an Englishman as long as

the compatriot in Tver; and wrote a book. He was more Russian than Russia, therefore twice faithful to our cause; and he knew that everything conceivable that could make victory swift would happen beyond question and at once. He seized in the street men he had not seen for years, and whispered with passion, "Roumania is joining us this week!" "How do you know?" "By induction." When he changed induction for inspiration, he said that Providence supported the right; he condemned as pro-Germans men who said that the Entente would have trouble because, though Providence supported the right, it sometimes gave victory to the side it did not support. This Englishman was the prophet of the war gospel of Russia. The men he lived among believed not as German doctors of philosophy, but in a way that tore them to bits. This resembled the confidence of England. But in Russia belief was free from make-belief, and it was coloured by emotions alien to our plain minds.

On the surface Russia was like the other belligerent states. Quarrels of politics and of economy ceased; there were zeal for victory and ardour for self-sacrifice. The suspension of home quarrels meant much, because these were as embittered as with us, the cause being

the same: the caprices of individuals were set above the law. A week before the crisis, Petrograd saw strikes which recalled the first strikes of the Revolution. The Government killed fewer men and the strikers killed more. The omen of 1905 was not fulfilled. Revolution did not seize the war as a lever. Unity was nearly achieved. Outside unity were the Social Democrats and the Labour men. The Social Democrats threatened that the army would turn against the autocracy. Had they been sharper tacticians, they would have done as the German Socialists did: pronounced for the war, shared the credit of success, saying in case of defeat, "We told you so." Socialist agitation failed; the workmen ceased their strikes. In the Duma, except from the extreme Left, no opposition was raised. The masters of policy and rhetoric, the liberalising Intelligence, welcomed the war more warmly than the Bureaucracy, more warmly than the reactionaries, whose steadfastness has been doubted. The Black Hundreds and the Intelligents whom they used to murder forswore their feud; the Black Hundreds and Nationalists ceased to hate Poles and suspended hate of the Jews. The nation generally ceased quarrelling with the Bureaucracy and the Tsar. There were

outbreaks of sincere good feeling, which in ardour and character resembled the fraternising of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews six years before. Faith was the cement in the new fraternity; when faith was shaken by defeat, dissensions returned. Reactionaries and progressives accused one another of being responsible; the Government was violently attacked and threatened with revolution; the dormant Black Hundred and Anti-Semitic movements awoke alarmingly; and the old hatred between autocracy and working class led to a massacre in Kostroma.

The causes of unity were several. One was Slav sentiment. Enthusiasts of Slav brotherhood upheld the Tsar's decision to champion Serbia against Austria-Hungary. They desired annexation to the empire of Slav lands outside, thinking most of Polish and Ruthenian Austria and Polish Prussia. This was a small cause, or a great cause which counted with few. Foreign affairs are no great thing to Russians. For a century society has been absorbed in internal struggles. As the salient international interest, Pan-Slavism drew foreign notice. Being linked with reactionary Slavophilism, its power was limited at home.

Dislike of Germany was another cause. Be-

fore the war, Germans were not hated. Progressives believed in the superiority of Europe without discrimination; seekers of health and pleasure crowded Germany; the Press, as in England, praised German science, the small extremes of wealth, the talent for living evenly and meanly which is foreign to the unthrifty Englishman and the expansive Slav. Slavophiles of the traditional doctrine disliked Germany. They cherished the expansive spirit — the “wide nature,” they said; and they ascribed to Germanic shackles Russia’s ills. Disliked were the Germanised Court, the Germanised Bureaucracy, the Germanised University and Gymnasium. Russia could produce other, better things. The Westerners (the anti-Slavophile *Zapadniki*) admitted the ills; but said that Russia had taken only the bad sides of Europe. In the last years this dispute has been still. Dislike was caused by Germany’s predominance in industry. Great values in German goods were imported. Though helped by high duties, Russians could not compete. German agents and travellers swarmed; their industry and knowledge gave them success. Competitors felt this as a grievance, as the Prussian agrarians felt a grievance in the import of Russian wheat. In both countries, the

consumers profited. After the war began, the notion of the pushing, laborious German played a part in agitation.

The chief cause of unity for war-making was that the war had come. Most believed that Russia would win; doubters had double reason to support the war. This is the way in all belligerent countries. A great war obscures doubts as to its cause. Reasons are marshalled; but the reasons are the fruit of zeal for the war, and not the seed. Germans who did not want to champion Austria-Hungary support the war and find their reasons. The war is a struggle for life; and men will not condemn their country to death because they question the acts of ministers: the penalty is too great; it falls on too many, and on the innocent. This is the nature of wars big enough to threaten national safety. The nation must win; unity in effort is necessary for winning; quarrels about the past impair unity in effort; success comes from unity; and success justifies any war. In Russia as in England, the value of unity in the complex of factors making for success was over-measured. In other respects there is little in common between Russian unity in support of the war and British.

Russia lacks the English homogeneity of

thinking and feeling. Differences of race and education are great; differences within the same class of the same race are greater. To men from a nation made homogeneous by thick population, communications, and standard reading, Russian variety of thinking seems strange. The Russians have no common bond like the newspaper culture and sporting morals of England. Contrasts of wealth are less marked, though sharper than in Germany. The intellectual contrasts are great; there are more educated men with good taste than in England; and there are men who are more ignorant and insensible than the most backward Englishman. Marked differences of temperament impede standardisation. There is no compulsion on every man to think with every other. Though most Russians supported the war, and expected victory, their motives and their hopes differed. A great many had no motives but only hopes. These were the peasants and the backward workmen. The "Intelligence" had no unitary attitude towards the war. The distance between one class of Intelligence and another was greater than the difference between either class and the "dark" moujik.

A part of the Intelligence, which I shall call the political Intelligence, resembled the edu-

cated in other belligerent countries. It comprised men essentially European, who accepted in politics the principles, prejudices, and catchwords of Europe. Such men are officials, landowners, merchants, lawyers, scholars, and a few workmen who in rising from the apathy and ignorance of their class sought principles, prejudices, and catchwords ready-made. They wanted healthy politics of every-day kind; they did not doubt that these politics were eternal truth; about the war they spoke as Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen speak. They had formulæ of peace: the enemy would lose land, pay indemnities, and deliver to stronger legs his militarist jack-boots; Poland would be united and freed in everything but freedom to choose her lot. As to the measure of reparation and vengeance there were disputes. In the *Novoye Vremya* M. Mentschikoff said that all Germany should be annexed; and the Duma learned from a member that peace would be signed over Berlin's ashes and the Kaiser's bones.

In other countries men who reason that way are not informed on the nature of war and policy; they are men without ideals. But Russia has few dull men; and as faith conditions idealism she has ideals without end.

Visitors new to Russia saw with surprise in men whose thoughts revolved round embassies, cessions, indemnities, and prohibitions a passion for betterment. Most political Intelligents were honest pacifists, who believed that bloodshed would cease with victory; armies would be maintained peacefully to keep workmen at peace; if only the worthiest victor nation had an army, the rest of mankind would be spared what rhetoric calls the crushing burden. These men believed in an absolute, providential equilibrium of land and race distribution, to be attained by victory and never more upset. They had hope of Europe's salvation, for all that Europe needs for salvation is the realisation of such plans as are realisable by the side that wins.

In August, in September, indeed long after, the political Intelligents were absorbed in the policies of speedy victory. The war gave an impulse to thinking and writing as great as the impulse given by the revolution of 1905. The theme was: the fruits of victory. It was plain, in view of the greatness of both, that the question what will happen after victory, and the question of the means of victory, could not be settled at once. The customary order of the discussions was changed by faith. The measures

after victory were settled well before Christmas; a discussion of the means of victory began in June. Believers that war is decided by arms, not by programmes, saw defects in this inversion: there must have been hidden merits, as Russia's allies went the same way.

All the measures proper after success, and many measures of doubtful propriety, were promulgated in the Press. In every street, in private houses, committees of citizens debated. At the house of my friend, M. Briantchaninoff, editor of a journal which refines Pan-Slav ambitions with true humanitarianism, meetings were held every week. I talked to many politicians, writers, professors. Had this been a first visit, surprise would have been caused by the high qualifications which Russians bring to the solution of problems far off. There were honesty, enthusiasm, sharp thinking, knowledge of history and constitutions; and an industry which let no point escape. The territorial gains were defined; extravagant men were rebuked by men with a sense of measure; under review passed the administration of the new provinces; the treatment of the new fellow subjects; the measure of tolerance of their languages, religions, and customs; and many points of economy. Russians are more critical

than we; and there was none of the English unanimity. Only after real clashes of reason was it settled whether Poland should have homogeneous local government; whether the constitution of Poland should be *octroyé* or agreed on by a Constituent Assembly and the Tsar in an irrevocable pact; whether Königsberg should be called Novo-Nikolaieff or be left as it is.

The backing given by enlightened men to programmes in the race of programmes against circumstances was nothing new. It is a national tenet that faith is absolute truth, and that facts are unreal and transitory. When the Premier Solypin was asked to cure the abuses by which he maintained his remarkable system, he consoled the importunate with a hearty: "What you say is dreadful! But Russia is all right! Whatever happens Russia will pull through! Believe in Russia!" He said, "Believe in Russia!" to men who complained of murders by police agents; and a week later a police agent murdered him. With successors this event no more shook faith that Russia would pull through than a cracked prism shakes faith in the structure of light. This steadfastness endured. A debating club of professors, calling itself "a group of friends,"

which I always attended with pleasure, was planning policy towards the Prussian Masurians when the news came that Hindenburg had destroyed a second army in Masuria. The plans went on. This transcendental attitude invested debates on concrete problems with the high qualities which, as a rule, only abstract thought has; and the men whom I have called political Intelligents were far more interesting than the intelligent politicians of England, Germany, and France.

The other Intelligents had the same Russian faith; and they were Russian in the objects of hope. They were men of education who stood above the principles, prejudices, and catch-words which pass for policy in Europe, and men of less favoured classes who in struggling up from darkness had found ways of thought and feeling of their own. They were the unpolitical Intelligents. For the War they stood, but not for conventional policy. They had no respect for cessions, transfers of power, indemnities. These things, they held, would not bring happiness and betterment; Russia has land enough; all their lives they had suffered from power: and money they chiefly know as the corruption of power. They were scholars, professional men, probably some bureaucrats,

peasants, and workmen. They were men discontented with Russia, and in general with humanity, who thought that the gap between Russia and Europe is narrow compared with the gulf which divides Europe from ordered civilisation and happiness.

These men wanted something better, to be quickly attained. They knew that this would not come from the old sources of betterment. Politics had been tried. For a century, the Intelligents watched Europe; and seeing that Europe was ahead and was political, reasoned that political inaction was the cause of Russia's ills. Neglecting other things, they made themselves politicians; and made their programme the quickening in the people of political life. That meant fighting for political freedom, for constitutional guarantees. Ten years back, after defeat in war, the goal was reached; there were a few months of political freedom and action. But political action brought no salvation; it could not even save itself. Armed to the teeth with politics, the Intelligents wanted the other weapons, moral and intellectual, of power. They were mentally a sharp, but a gaseous, morally instable breed. From intellectual and moral starvation politics died, and freedom with it. (The book *Marks — Viekh*

— the work of a group of Intelligents, put bitterly the truth.) There was a reaction from politics. Some tried healthy living, some sport, debauchery, even thinking, and work — some tried all in succession; probably some tried all at once. No short cut was found to happiness. The Intelligents would not forswear the faith in short cuts. There was a feeling of expectancy, a feeling that all expedients had not been tried.

Hypochondriacs like strong medicines: the war though not sought was welcomed. The war meant new suffering, and uncertainty; victory, indeed, was sure, but the fruits were not. The merit of the war was not what it would do but what it would undo. It was a break with the past; and nothing could be worse than the past. After scourging and thorns the pains of death are small; and death has prospects. In this despair and hope the war took a character which it lacks elsewhere. It is not a struggle for power; it is not a war, but the war, Armageddon, a judgment upon and renunciation of the past; a clearer of soil on which life worth living may grow. This Messianic hope of sudden transformation,

“The world’s great age begins anew,”

beckons to men who have lost faith in orderly

progress. It is a Russian hope and old; it occurred to Slavophiles for whom the Russian spirit was the world's regenerating elixir; it relieves the quietist writings of Tchekhoff, where through strata of resignation and levity rise wells of prophecy of a good time which is to come, in some way left to the imagination at some undated day.

These hopes were in a sphere which has no explorers and no terminology. Most unpolitical Intelligents could not say what great things could come from the war; some told what they expected, but did not say exactly what they meant. For want of a better, they took the language of the political Intelligents; and used it, refined but still too gross for their hope. They said the good time would be brought by Slav union, on the basis of pacifism, of constitutionalism, even of autocracy, a transfigured autocracy with bureaucrats expelled and direct relations established between people and Tsar. Ten years back, this transfigured autocracy was the reactionaries' one spiritual weapon; not being sincere, they argued it with bombs and knives: now a man who had been in gaol for preaching mild constitutionalism proclaimed that war would give autocracy the fructifying warmth for want of which it lay sterile. Some

talked of the greatness of Russia — an absolute notion, self-realisation not dominance. Enemies were impersonal barriers to be pulled down. Self-realisation might be reached without victory, by suffering, by renunciation, by mystical reactions. These hopes made possible the support of the war as an event, an experience, apart from the faith in victory. No acquisitions, no indemnity would repay Russia; but if Russia knew herself, the war would be won. By this some men who, doubting programmes, doubted in victory were brought to support the war. The burden of the complaint, the justification of the war as Armageddon, was that nothing had changed for the better since the war with Japan; if nothing had changed, why be surer of victory now than then?

The emancipated peasants and workmen, whom I class with the unpolitical Intelligence, thought in their own way. Their way is easier to follow, but not easy. Physical work makes physical thinking. Symbols and generalities mean things to the worker; presentiments seek sensible shapes. The "emblem of union of Tsar and people," the new flag, was taken as a reality; word went round about a miraculous "Tsar's paper," which would make union; peasants, reasoned some, would have freedom,

food, and clothing as the Tsar has. Believers that the war would change the world watched out for change. They projected new things, new men, and they set to work to find them. In the forests and marshes, the old homes of Messianic expectation, there was ferment. Prophets came out; signs burned in the sky; strange finds were made in queer spots; old men, from prayers in the cells of forgotten monasteries, came back with mysterious faces, to proclaim that things were going to happen at last.

In this, as it sprang up in many places, there was confusion; what was the gospel, who the prophets were, no one knew. There was the salient legend of Antichrist, who must be beaten that Christ might reign. For ages Christ had tarried. As Pole, as Turk, as Swede, as Frank, as Briton, Antichrist had come; now he had come as German — as Swabian; this was the last time of Antichrist; and man would be free. Some told of earthly prophets, reviled when Europe was fat, whose day would come when beaten Europe sought new consolation. In the forests round Ilmen, the prophet Kolbasa (his name means sausage) taught that humility and poverty would be the new law — plausibly in a war that will leave little wealth

and pride. Russia, whose people, not having either, despise both, would guard the law. Every man would get a kitchen-garden. No one knew Kolbasa; he became invisible, like the legendary city Kitezkh in Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera; his forerunner, a Minsk shepherd, found in milk-shops on Basil Island, rebuked doubt with the image, "You can see through water, but it's there." He promised that greater things would happen soon than ever have happened before, and counselled, "Wait!" Of sensible profits from the war the shepherd had no notion except that "the vodka prohibition is a good thing, though the holiest men are drunkards." The war was "the end of Europe." He would go no further. His looks implied that the end of Europe is nothing so mean as political regeneration; it is something harder to grasp, not to be talked of lightly, of real importance to men.

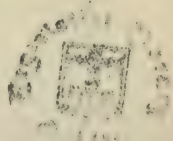
These hopes, with some national colouring, I found in Poland, where a history sadder than even Russia's has kept Messiah in the mind. They are not peasant hopes; they are the hopes of the elect in the small peasant Intelligence. The "dark" people had no ordered reasoning. They had faith, like the Intelligence, in success and in gains; like the In-

telligence, they had no notion of the mechanism of success; and the gains expected were grosser than humility, grosser even than kitchen-gardens. Their war philosophy was a tangle of facts, prejudices, and superstitions; inquiry was like visiting a museum of everything in which no order is kept. Men were at work to make the people "conscious"; but the fruits — as I saw in the provinces of Petrograd and Pskoff — were not ripe. The tour was made in September; the flimsy villas where Petrograd spends summer were closed; the sky was grey; weedy birches shivered near unmade roads; the land was soaked by the autumn rains which wash the nightless summers quickly into winters without day; the Tannenberg catastrophe had damped the first hope of victory. I had been here before, and found little change. There were the same delays; the same carts with wabbling wheels — this time the driver thought he heard guns; and the same stucco manor-house with mezzanine — this time the owner's sons had perished. The stories were the old: the Zemstvo had sold Michailovka iron roofs; Michailovka paid fire premiums; the police had carried off Emelyan. Faith, too, was the same: things are best left alone; thatches are cheaper than iron; though Emelyan

killed his wife he was unlucky; he had a good heart; wheels will not come off carts because God put them on. The cabins were still untidy, clean, and overrun by the old cockroaches or their children; there were still samovars, wooden spoons, varnished and plain, a stove which is the elders' bed. A rich peasant had a German sewing-machine; there were "wretched pictures" dealing with war; some pages with photographs from English journals; a lithograph of a branching tree with Arabic text which gave Mahomet's descent. The commune council still met in the open. Ten years ago the peasants had sons in Port Arthur; now they had sons in Kovno. Two sons had returned, each less an arm; and the commune questioned them. One hero told vaingloriously how he had fought after losing his arm; the other said with more truth and art, "The Prussians shot it off — that's all." The man came with me along the muddy road, and told me of his eight brothers. The council forgot him: it turned to the problem: will foreign nails be excluded by the Tsar?

Making the peasants "conscious" was the work of the landowner whose sons had perished. A dining-cabin, got ready for reservists on the way to depot, was also library. A peasant

woman dealt soup with a spoon, and porridge with the hand, and a schoolmistress dealt out books and papers; peasants studied a drawing of Germans carousing while a priest was being shot; there were Orange Books, and two pamphlets, one written for peasants. The pamphlets were graded for the readers' brains; the stupid peasants learned that the army supply suffers from bad roads and they were advised to make roads; the clever Intelligence was told that the Prussians once were Slavs and must be made Slavs again. The darkest peasants had heard of Germans and Turks; some had heard of Frenchmen; the number of very dark was small. Every one knew that Russia would win. There was a lantern slide, "Russians Defending 302 Metre Hill" at Port Arthur; it was shown during lectures on the Polish campaign. A good-looking peasant took me round, telling me of a German who had left three weeks before. He had a grain store. The peasants long debated whether to pay him their debts; they paid. He was not a real German, only a German subject; Russian was his language. "What happened to him?" "He was arrested at Glashevo, and sent to Petrograd. He could go as prisoner of war to Vologda, Viatka, or Orenburg. He was warned



against Viatka, but he went there. He was a kind man, obstinate, who drank and had hundreds of cushions."

We drove past his house, two-storied, clean, and empty. The driver still heard the guns. Over Petrograd province, he said, airships flew, they were painted to resemble clouds, so they were invisible like the prophet Kolbasa and the city Kitezsh. Near the railway-station a woman lay in the road. "She sleeps in the first place God pointed out." "How do women take the war?" "They hate Germans. The Germans sell cheap goods and spoil village industries; and they extort high prices. The village women help. Rich women in the towns sew mufflers and make up boxes of chocolate. They forget that these may be taken by the Germans, who want food and clothes. The village women pray." "Pray for the defeat of the Germans?" "They pray for what they want." The driver knew that Russia was big and that she must win. That is the peasant's gleam of consequent thought. He expected gains. After peace the peasants would not return to drink. They drink because nails are dear. "When a man has cheap nails he does all sorts of work, and doesn't think of vodka." Wheels come off carts because iron is scarce. If the Germans

were beaten there would be no foreign iron; Russians would make nails in plenty, and sell them cheap. Messiah as a vendor of nails did not surprise me. It came from the dark; what had come from the enlightened exhausted surprise.

CHAPTER V

WARSAW

IN the train to Warsaw were brothers, Poles, whose villa at Prushkow, the limit of Hindenburg's autumn advance, was burned. They came from the Oka River two thousand miles east, with the news that the Oka was more intent on the war than the Vistula. Absorption in people far off, and indifference in people near, I found elsewhere. We travelled in the slow, unclean, dark train called "passenger" to distinguish it from the "courter" train with carriages of the Wagons Lits, which gets to Warsaw in eighteen hours. The passenger train takes thirty hours; mine, as troops were being moved to meet a surprise, took fifty. The other passengers were officers. They wore short sheepskin coats, with the skin and a rim of wool outside, sheepskin busbies, and, underneath the coats, unmartial blouses of khaki. The blouses matched the pince-nez, the pillows, mufflers, Thermos flasks, the soft features, the soft incessant voices, the endless tea-drinking — things which in spite of autoc-

racy, corruption, and fifty other ills, blow a homely domestic wind over the Russian land.

The Poles, sharp-faced men, unlike Russians and proud of it, said that Warsaw was panic tempered by dance. The panic declined as time passed since the autumn raid: there was dance because people could not suspend dance for the endless days that the war will last, because Warsaw is frivolous, because the Vistula, neither hoping nor fearing much, is mentally farther off than the Oka. Citizens with real talents for anxiety had fled. The citizens who stayed were amusing themselves; having seen how harmlessly Hindenburg faded after his first visit, they did not mind if he came again. Alarmist rumours were thinning; the city now heard not more than once a week that the Civil Government had fled, and that the bridges were blown up at dawn.

On October the 11th, the advance guard of a German army got within two hours' walk of Sobieski's palace. For a week, guns reverberated; the windows rattled, and some broke. The civil authorities, not knowing whether the town would be held or abandoned, prepared to flee, and some fled. Money was taken from the Bank of State; schools, the chief theatres, and many shops closed; and there were days

without bread. From stations on the right bank, citizens made for Moscow, Kieff, and Petrograd. They crowded on the roofs of carriages and fell off. The left bank railway stations were closed. With battle so near, reinforcements and supplies do not go by rail. On the ninth day, when the enemy might have entered the town, the gun-thunder ceased, and Hindenburg's legions went.

Warsaw is entered through the ill-paven, dirty, but European not Russian, suburb Praga. The streets of Praga were camps of troops and waggons, all of Russian, leisurely and domestic, kind. The station at midnight was guarded by one sleepy sentry: otherwise, there was nothing like war. I contrasted Berlin, far from the front, where, ten minutes after martial law was proclaimed, the meanest stations were guarded by sentries, posted with numberless notices, and closed to all but travellers. The Vistula river first showed the precautions of war. Troops and transport crossed the Alexander Bridge; peaceful traffic went by the southern bridge which joins Praga with the Jerusalem Alley and the Vienna station. On the embanked approaches and at the porches policemen and sentries watched; on the bridge, a quarter of a mile long, there were sentries

every dozen yards. Traffic was controlled. Walkers who held their hands in their pockets got the order "Hands up!" and a rifle was levelled. Hands in the pockets meant bombs. Parcels drew suspicion. Horses were walked. If they walked too quickly, policemen and sentries bawled; if the horses were not slowed down, down came the rifles. Sometimes, to cross the bridge and embankments took half an hour. Half way across, the aim of the precautions was shown. In the roadway was a hole; into it, from a tripod crane, a taut chain went. Vibration from traffic was dangerous, because the bridge was mined. The central Alexander Bridge was also mined, but there was no hole; the northern bridge, crossed by the railway, was mined too. Early in August, when a *coup de main* was expected, the mines were laid.

On the left bank, Warsaw was all war. The streets were so full of battalions, guns, transport, wounded, nurses, that civilian Warsaw was crushed. The clean town, kept quiet by real pavement, became the dirtiest, the noisiest. As months passed things got worse. The first concentration, behind the Vistula, was on a broad front; parts of the army crossed the river above and below the town; and there was no

congestion. Later, the city became the central ganglion of communications. Everything, material and men, that went to battle entered Praga, crossed a bridge, and left the west of the town by the double-tracked railways which go to Lowitsch and Skierniewice. All day long, sometimes at night, down the Cracow suburb and the Nowy Swiat tramped regiments of shaggy, broad-faced men, many bringing to Europe's martial domesticity the pots, kettles, cans, ropes of Asia. Dirt came from the unending trains of carts; guns and limbers, hung in as homely a way as the men were with pots and kettles, made the noise. How many men, how many shells, loaves, coats, pots and kettles, passed through, no one knew. There were enough to disorder more orderly men than Russians. But order was kept. Traffic was stopped, but never mixed; the men entrained comfortably without much meddling by officers; and nobody made haste or lost breath. Even the regrouping, the movement of troops to meet new crises, was done with calm. This is the advantage, sometimes the great disadvantage, of Russia's conduct of war.

Civilian life, judged by streets and hotels, was unchanged, except that it was pushed aside. Citizens seemed to live their own lives, and the

war to live its life. Those who had work to do found that this was not really so. The town had a makeshift administration. Officials who fled in October did not all return; they took away money, papers, and seals; and some who came back came without them. One post office and one telegraph office were open, working badly. Letters to Petrograd took a week; they went, some said, to an internal censor at Vilna. Citizens made their own posts and telegraphs. Pan this or Pan that, newspapers announced, would leave to-morrow for Moscow; he would execute commissions at reasonable rates. Couriers came from Russia with satchels of letters; loungers at the Hotel Bristol took telegrams to train conductors, who took them farther; such telegrams arrived before the telegrams which had to compete with army correspondence on the wires.

Money, except in hotels and visitor quarters, was scarce. When the war began gold disappeared. Paper followed. In the northwest quarter and in Praga even brown-backed one rouble notes and silver half roubles were rare. The owners hid them in yards, in chimneys, and under floors; those who intended to run if the Germans came back sewed money in their boots. On an inlet near the Cuirassier

barracks, I saw men fishing from a boat; on the bank a woman gesticulated, threatening to jump in. The crowd said that an air bomb, aimed at the barracks, had fallen into the river. It would be fished up for examination. The police said that the woman, to save her bag of silver, had thrown it into the water; and now she wanted it out.

For a town besieged on one side, and practically besieged on the other, railway freight traffic having ceased, living conditions were good. Hotels charged the old prices for rooms, and raised slightly the price of food. Necessaries were a fourth dearer than in peace time; some necessaries were no dearer than in Moscow; and some things not necessaries were cheap. Coffee cost twelve shillings a pound, and tea eight shillings. Even in March, when railways were more congested, and stores had diminished, there was food for all who could pay prices moderately high. Some manufactured things were not to be had. From want of fuel manufacturing industry had ceased; but credit was plentiful; and in objects of luxury trade went well. In the Jewish quarter trade was carried on with I.O.U.'s; later, the Jews printed notes of one rouble and fifty kopecks, and these were accepted at face value.

Martial law, as elsewhere, was in force; but it was no more obtrusive than in Petrograd. At first, lights were extinguished at eleven; later the town was lighted all night; this contrasted, though the danger from the sky was great, with London. There was no rule against going out at night. Bars, cabarets, and dance-halls were closed, not by army order, but because no drink might be sold. The prohibition covered beer; allowing for human nature and spirituous furniture polish, of which others than joiners died, it was well observed. Hotels were occupied by staff officers; regimental officers on relief, with wives, mothers, and sisters; Sisters of Mercy; civilian hangers on of the army; and good-looking, refined country gentlemen whose houses were ashes. The theatres and biograph halls were open. The theatres avoided war plays. The biographs presented *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, making Englishmen proud. The sweet shops showed shrapnel shells of chocolate. In the streets and cafés were many well-dressed women. The war ladies, called with humour Cousins of Mercy, who flocked to Kharbin and Port Arthur in the last war, stayed away. The army was serious. Officers and soldiers behaved well. All that happened at the greatest base town

indicated that the gravity of the crisis was felt.

In the months after Hindenburg's raid, prisoners and aeroplanes were all that was seen of the enemy. The café experts said that no enemy aircraft had come, that no bombs were thrown: Germans hid on roofs, and dropped bombs which the simple believed to come from heaven. This was untrue. In the first four months three hundred bombs fell in town, on the railways around, or in the forts. Forty fell in August. When the Germans were near, many more fell; the Hotel Polonia was wrecked; at midnight it rained fire in the Marzalkowska Street; the Vienna station, the Brest station, and the embankment of the loop line were hit. In these months seventy civilians suffered. The airmen dropped notes appointing the next meeting, and warning citizens to stay indoors. At first, the morning was chosen: later, from twelve to two; in the fortnight after Christmas, the evening. On an airman, shot down, were found instructions. Bombs were not to be dropped in forts quickly in succession, but with intervals, so that more than one panic might be caused; the airmen should bomb all forts in order, and return to the first. Aviators attacking bridges should fly along the

bridges; when attacking unroofed railway stations, they should aim at water-towers, signal-boxes, and turntables.

A week after arrival, I saw the damage and panic which air attacks caused. A vessel lighter than air which may have been a Zeppelin crossed the Powarsky suburb, and aimed bombs at railway stations and military magazines. Around it, apparently as guards, were aeroplanes. A Taube detached itself, flew across the Nowy Swiat Street, and made every one, except some Siberian artillerists, run into shops. There was an explosion. The same Taube dropped a bomb and broke windows at the Kowel station. Later, the forts were attacked, and, under volleys of shrapnel — our reply to air attacks — photographs were taken. Russian aeroplanes rose from the flats east of Praga, and attacked. The airship went west. On this day seven bombs were thrown, and nine civilians were hurt. A single aeroplane bombed the railway at Novo-Minsk. It was struck by bullets, and forced to descend, and was surrounded by peasants. The cargo of bombs exploded, and put an end to airmen and peasants. From near the Alexander Bridge I saw an attack by Taubes. The Taubes appeared as specks, flew east, and under fire from Fort

Sliwnicki aimed bombs at the railway bridge. The bridge was a target once a week. The airmen, made nervous by rifle fire and shrapnel from the bridge-head fort, always missed. In November fell bombs, proclamations, and books. The books were works of art. The best was *The Resurrection of Poland*. On the cover a blue-robed Virgin with Child looked mildly; beside the Virgin in medallions were the Kaiser and Pope Leo XIII; beneath, peasants and a German soldier prayed; inside were coloured drawings of Poland's sorrows at Russia's hands; and on the first page was a Hymn to the Virgin:

SALVE, REGINA!

“Witaj Krolowa, Matko litosci!
 Nasza nadziejo, zycia slodkosci.
 Witaj Maryo, Matko jedyna,
 Matko nas ludzi — Salve, Regina!”

There was less art in the leaflet *Soldatskoe Dielo* (The Soldier's Business). It was printed on pink paper rimmed with thick cardboard to make it fall; it proved that it is not a soldier's business to fight. The pamphlets in Polish were well written; Russian works, not so well. Russian airmen scattered pamphlets in German, Magyar, and the Slav languages of Austria.

Bombs, and stories of bombs, caused some

panics. When bombs threatened, working men made for the stations of the eastern railways. Crowds gathered in the Saxon Garden, to avoid bombs supposed to be aimed at the building of the Warsaw Military District. The airmen strewed leaflets. Next morning, traffic in the Jerusalem Alley ceased; women dropped parcels; and carters abandoned carts. The cause was a friendly biplane. Workmen who lived near the threatened railway stations of Praga fled to Warsaw. On the bridge, they met a stream of men and women bound for Praga. An airman had bombed the Vienna station. Imagination caused many panics. At Bura-kow, north of the town, I found furniture in the road. An invalid woman lay on a cottage piano, turned on its side. Children screamed, looking up at nothing. Mounted policemen dispersed the crowd. The fright was caused by the rattle of transport over cobbles. Frightened men telephoned to the centre that the Germans had come, and the panic spread. The well-to-do and educated seldom showed fear; when aeroplanes appeared, they took shelter in leisurely, dignified way.

Citizens who escaped rending by bombs had a chance to hang as spies. Many spies were executed, some said five a day. Of all towns in

the Eastern theatre Warsaw is best for spies. It is half German. The stamp taken when it was Prussian, when it was dynastically tied with Saxony, remains. There is a Brühl Hotel, also a Saxon Garden; in architecture German influence is marked: a little cleansing would reproduce the old part of Berlin. The three hundred thousand Jews speak German or Yiddish-German. Many enemy subjects remained; the system of registration and expulsion was loose. In February there was still talk of expelling Germans. There were Swiss Germans, and other neutral Teutons. The administration was German. The Governor (captured at Kutno) was a Korff, his successor a Grösser, the Vice-Governor an Essen, the police-master a Meyer, the senior police assessor an Utthoff, the mayor a Müller; high positions were held by Behrlands, Tittens, Scheppings, Schillers, Burmanns, Reiters, Petzes, and Krühls. The name Schmidt no more drew suspicion than the name Mickiewicz. As the funnel through which the armies passed, the town was attractive for spies. Spies seek first to learn the dispositions of troops; they had only to see the shoulder-straps of the columns which crossed the bridges. The small towns west and southwest of Warsaw are largely Jew-

ish and German speaking. This made it easy for spies to reach the enemy's lines.

Before retreating in October the German Staff prepared for espionage. Officers dressed as Jew peddlers stayed behind; trustworthy Germans and Russian subjects were given carrier pigeons and signalling apparatus; and telephones were laid underground. During our occupation, Skierniewice was a centre of spies whose names are known. They are now out of reach. Spies infested Brest-Litovsk, Rovno, and Biellostock. They telephoned to their employers in the west. Bottles with plans floated down the Warthe to the enemy's positions. From tree-tops signals were made; helioscopes and mirrors flashed news from rooms; and peasants, driving their cattle or hanging their washing in ways prearranged, gave facts to airmen. Jews were able spies; their motive was not always money; sometimes it was hatred of Russia, and hope to come under Germany or Austria. Many Jews were hanged; and from some towns as a precaution all Jews were driven. I saw two good-looking young Germans, probably officers, marched past the Bristol Hotel. Soldiers behind guarded a box of signalling apparatus, which had been used on a hillock. The spies were hanged in the Citadel. They carried

forged Russian passports, with imitations of police registration stamps. Some spies were women, German, Jewish, and Polish. A governess, half Polish, was executed. She went with a Committee to Petrokow to help sick refugees. In December, when the Austrians advanced, the Committee left. Pleading illness, the girl remained. She was seen in hiding. Papers with military facts were found. The spy had joined the Committee in order to get to the Austrians. She had men accomplices in Radom, and refused to give their names.

For three weeks of the Lodz operations, during the highest tension of battle, a hundred thousand wounded were in the town. Before Lodz, and after, there were fewer; but the stream never ceased. During the lull of February and March, five hundred came daily. The badly wounded were taken in trams or Red Cross carts; the lightly wounded, under care of nurses, walked through the streets in groups of six or eight. The wounded were got away in order, and great care was taken; but there were not enough instruments and stores; improvised nurses learned by experience. As at Petrograd hospitals, I found that most wounds, and the worst, were from shells: after battles in the open, there were many shrapnel

wounds. The badly wounded were comforted, and those bound for death died decently. They merited less compassion than the lightly wounded, than the long, un-Christian processions of men in pain, maimed for life, and conscious of their misery.

In hospital were wounded women, Russian, Austrian, and German. Some were victims of air-bombs; romancers turned them all into soldiers. Of enemy women-soldiers I saw nothing; I heard stories, mostly hard to believe. Russia had many Amazons — a Moscow lady said four hundred; they had the devotion of Nekrasoff's *Russian Women*, and the nerves of men. Some personated reservists, giving the names of dead men and shirkers — I heard of wives rebuking shirker husbands by shouldering guns. Men who had not to serve were induced to submit to the army examination; when they were passed, women took their places. Hoping to become soldiers, young women ran from home. Some were found out and sent home; some still serve. A masculine brunette, Uglicki, entered East Prussia with the Vilna army, and survived the battle of Masuria and the retreat. She said that she felt no fear; the first reaction against war was in a bayonet charge, when she saw that she might have to kill. On the Nida fought a

Lithuanian woman, a scarred veteran, who had killed Hunguses. There were women Cossacks. The soldiers treated women comrades with contempt, not deserved. The women equalled the men in marching, fighting, and morale.

Prisoners passed through the town every day. There were no surrenders in units; the groups that came from the trains were stragglers, shirkers, and odd men caught in outpost fights, mostly well-dressed, healthy men. The enemies were on good terms. There were Poles from Prussia, who made themselves understood with fragments of Slav, *woda* (water), *piwo* (beer), *chleb* (bread). Russians learned Polish quickly. Each side regarded the other with condescension. The Germans watched the shaggy Russians with awe, with the feeling that here was something inferior, barbarous, and incomprehensible; the Russians looked at the prisoners ironically, reasoning that they were not much worth if they had to be eked out with ladylike haversacks, finicky drinking-glasses, and ostentatiously tailored clothes. Contempt inspires kindness: the Germans grinned at the Russians; and the *makhorka* (tobacco), brought by Polish ladies, was shared with the unfortunate. The Germans tried the tobacco, and looked as if they now first knew

the woes of captivity. The Russians gave them cigarettes. The thin cigarettes were better. The prisoners broke them, stuffed the thready tobacco in their pipes, and smoked it away in two draws. The enemies said good-bye. The Germans saluted; the Russians saluted; some Russians lifted their caps, as if they were not soldiers but peasants at home, and bowed very low.

With soldiers, wounded, and prisoners making a floating population were many refugees. Some came in summer before the first invasion; Some came when Hindenburg was near Prushkow; some in December after the battle of Lodz. The first refugees were from Kalisch; the second from all parts of left-Vistula Poland; the last from the province of Petrokow, and from the villages on the Bsura and Rawka. In Russia there were refugees from Warsaw. Fifty thousand fled in October; some returned when the enemy retreated; some fled again when guns on the Bsura were heard in the suburbs. Many fled without cause, or because of the favourite legend: "The Civil Government has left." Stories were told of free tickets to Moscow; and the poor rushed to the Brest station and returned in tears. Refugees from the west were hungry, in rags, cold, exhausted, sometimes wounded. Some were suspect Jews, sent

from the front. The Jews, mostly traders, crowded the quarter near the Krasinski Garden. The Christians — peasants and country gentlemen — were everywhere. A priest who led from Petrokow his hungry flock took me to a camp near the Governor's summer residence. The refugees had brought carts with rugs and utensils; they dug holes, turned the carts on their sides to windward, and stretched the rugs overhead. Life for days was between an earthen floor and a rug. Compared with the most unfortunate, they lived well.

Country gentlemen arrived, hungry but calm. Southwest of the town, an old-fashioned carriage passed me. It was drawn by good horses, with postilions, and moved east with eighteenth-century state. Gentlemen remembered they were gentlemen. I met one from Kalisch who brought a domestic priest and twelve servants, who were paid their wages in German requisition notes. His chief estate was in East Prussia; about it he told me a droll, a Prussian story. When war began he was in Kalisch; his German affairs were let slide; and with pain he remembered that he owed income tax, and that his marquetry tables would be seized. He sent his children to Warsaw, but stayed on the land, hoping the German connection would help him

to save the house. The German Commandant asked who he was, made notes, gave him protection, and all went well. A month later, a field postman brought a demand for payment of income tax, plus forty pfennigs fine for delay. Distraint, said a memorandum, has been tried on your East Prussia property, but nothing saleable was found. The house had been burnt to the ground.

The politicians of Warsaw lazily watched events. The relations between Russians and Poles could not be judged; demonstrations may be made only in favour of the side in possession. The Poles were friendly to the soldiers. In the shops were picture postcards showing Russians and Poles locked in embrace. The recognised newspapers were Russophile, with different degrees of warmth. Moral preparation had not been made for war. When the war began, the Petrograd Nationalists were deep in plans, on the late M. Stolypin's lines, for the humiliation and further dismemberment of Poland; and their repentance, though perhaps sincere, could not bear fruit at once. Fraternity counts with unity as a moral factor of war which may not be improvised. The proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas, promising Poland union and Home Rule, was handled tepidly and irreso-

lutely. The Poles who welcomed it wanted a legally binding pledge. For a year nothing was done to redeem the Grand Duke's promise; after the spring defeats, when Poland was as good as lost, a commission met to decide what form of government should be given not only to Russian Poland, but also to Austrian and Prussian Poland. This policy of belated programmes caused complaints in the Duma. The pro-Russian section of the Poles had hoped that the Tsar would come to Warsaw and pledge his word. The Russian practice is to take with one hand what is given with the other. Bureaucrats, grown old in the notion that suspicion and hatred are the normal relation of ruled to rulers, dread more than bombs the exuberance of reconciliation. When Home Rule for reunited Poland was proclaimed, a Petrograd editor, my friend, wrote essays full of honest Slav brotherliness, with no politics. The censor suppressed them as too friendly to the Poles. This was a month after the proclamation. A few weeks later the proclamation, sold in Russia and praised in Europe, had disappeared from Warsaw; wise men feared it might corrupt the Poles into gratitude; and the Poles were reading *The Resurrection of Poland*, which dropped from the German sky.

Disputes as to the right policy of Poles, impossible in public, went on under ground. Against lawful Polish publications of Russophile colour and Russian publications, friendly but not too friendly to Poles, agitators secretly printed journals and pamphlets. The *Głos Wolny* preached that Poland would be better off in disunion than in union under the Tsar. The Polish Socialists and some peasant organisations seemed to take this view. The agitators raged against the Russian Polish Legion started by M. Dmowski and M. Gorczynski; Poles called up as reservists, or invited to join the legion, were advised to fly to Cracow and join the rival legion of the Supreme National Committee. The Russian party, after long troubles, got permission to form a Polish National Committee. There was a secret anti-Russian Polish confederation. Many arrests were made. Most Poles, I believe, want reconstruction and independence; having no hope of these, they cry a plague on both your houses. Some demonstrate for the side for the time being on top; and when the side on top goes under, they change with good faith and Slav facility. In Galicia a few Poles and Little Russians welcomed the invader; after Gorlice-Tarnow all acclaimed the Austrian deliverer. The town of Pabianice, in

Russian Poland, was fined for welcoming the Germans; it showed such honest joy at the Russian return that the fine was remitted.

With the richer Poles economic factors counted. Maybe these men would not have set their interest above the race's cause; but they were cynical and incredulous; they awaited no alleviation; and without selfishness they could hope at least to be spared material ruin. The Lodz and Warsaw manufacturers (except the half-Germans, and the Jews whose hatred transcends pocket motives) wished for the retention of Poland by Russia. Russian Poland is in great part a country of industry; in efficiency of production, being directed by Germans, it stands above Russia; and it sells, behind a tariff wall, to Russia. Cheapness of food keeps down production costs. As a German or Austrian province industrial Poland would have a lower tariff, and it would pay more for food. Until things adjusted themselves, it could not compete with the efficient German or Austrian industry. This is a manufacturer's view. The Social Democrats, though mainly industrial, reject it; they say that the profits from cheap food and high industrial prices go to the manufacturers; and they covet the influence and legal protection which German Socialism en-

joys. The land interest is the opposite. As producer, the agricultural class suffers from low food prices; as consumer, from high industrial prices. The high German and Austrian food duties would favour the producer, and there would be cheap manufactured goods. These arguments go with motives of race and religion into the neutral, or divided, sum of Polish sympathy. After all their country had fallen into the invaders' hands the Poles adapted themselves to new prospects and promises. They showed zeal to work with the conquerors, hoping probably to gain thereby the position of the Austrian Poles, who have not only liberty, but political power.

The graceful half-Latin spirit — the levity of Slavs blent with old Catholic refinement — helped the Poles to withstand hopelessness, risk to their lives, and material loss. There were few complaints; some, with cause to complain, found distraction in small war discomforts; the distress caused by dirty streets made them forget that their houses were burnt. The uncultured went to *Pies Baskerville'ow*, testing, as they watched the Hound, the spiritual links between Britons and Slavs; they reasoned eat, drink furniture polish, and be merry; to-morrow we die. Russian faith without Russian

ardour gave them hope. The Germans would be beaten and would pay for the damage, or the Germans would win and build new houses; both would lose, and in their exhaustion Poland might gain. The cultured and well-to-do did not worry. On the way east before the armies they danced in battered chateaux; when they arrived with roubles in notes and pale-blue German promises to pay they gambled. North of the Vienna railway were gambling hells. A Kielce noble set the pace. His ten thousand sheep reposed in soldier stomachs; his house was razed; but he had gold and promises to pay. He gambled away the gold, the promises, his jewelry, the ashes of the house, and his trench-rent land. When he had lost all he resolved to lose his life, and he made for the yellow river. Staff officers pulled him out, and hired him as interpreter, and he soon was seen in a Bsura dug-out gambling away his wage.

CHAPTER VI

HINDENBURG'S RINK

A FIRST impression is that Poland in war consists of roads as broad as they are long. Some way from town, where houses are scattered and fences are few, the unpaven ways spread right and left; they have no edges; furrowed by wheels without end, they look like ploughed fields of black earth. In peace the roads ran before houses; now they run behind and before, making the gardens islands in mud-streams. As the old roads wore out; after Hindenburg dug holes in them to impede our march, the cavalry, artillery, ambulances and transport moved along fringes of field; the fringes were churned up; traffic edged to new fringes, and the mud-stream spread. After autumn rain the shining surface froze; the army called it "Hindenburg's Rink," *Katok Gindenburga*.

West and southwest there were many Hindenburg rinks. The Germans and Austrians passed part of the country twice, part three times. In October they held all left-Vistula

country, except a triangle southwest, and an oblong of swamp west and northwest, of Warsaw. On the 14th of October Hindenburg repulsed between Warsaw and Ivangorod the attack of eight corps. Backed by Germans, the Austrians stood before Ivangorod. Russian cavalry crossed the Vistula near Novogeorgievsk. On the 18th of October cavalry fought cavalry at Sokatchew. On the 20th, Russian corps from over the river threatened the invader's left wing; and on the 21st Hindenburg broke off the battle. The battle of the Vistula yielded neither side booty worth mentioning; the issue was not pushed to extremes. It was the first meeting of the main German and Russian armies. To Russia it gave the encouragement of the enemy's retreat; it showed that the Germans did not think themselves strong enough to win on the Vistula; and it caused the offensive, mistaken in England for a march on Berlin, to be begun with confidence. The Germans learned from it Russia's strength. They got new proof of the doctrine that while the opponent is unbeaten, the interior of his country cannot be surely held. The battle forced on them the strategy of destroying separately such parts of the army of Russia as were near the frontier.

The theatre of the battle of the Vistula is true Poland. It is flat, with hills only at Kielce; there are ravines made by melted snow, mixed forests, and streams running through marsh, or between bluffs. On the land are many isolated factories of red brick; Girardoff, southwest of Warsaw, is a factory town. The villages have one street, the place of sojourn in summer and winter; the street is deep in miscellaneous transport dirt. The streets of the small towns radiate from market-places. The larger towns are dirty; they have stucco ambitions, and are more European, less homelike than the bare white, or bare log, houses of Russia. It is Europe, Slav Europe, not, as Russia is, Slav Asia. The Poles have weak faces and peering eyes; unlike the broad-faced moujiks, they are Europeans. They have the Slav dread of cold; in spring sunshine they wear sheepskin jackets and black lambskin caps. The little boys have top-boots and ragged breeches, and the little girls wear shawls. They are dirty, without being picturesque. The towns are Jewish, not Christian; Jews sell in the market squares, lend money at usurious rates, and throw war falsehoods in. Some are red-haired or fair-haired; and all are oppressed and so meek that they invite oppression. The dress is a long gaber-

dine and a flat, peaked cap. Over shops in Cyrillic and Latin letters are German-Jewish names. Many Jews are Gordons; this, with the children's ragged breeches, reminds you of home.

The broadest Hindenburg rinks are around Lodz. Near Warsaw they are broad enough. They begin west of Prushkow, the high-tide invasion mark. I visited villages north and south; later Nadarshin, Groizy, and the small towns. History of the war is written in mud and battered roofs. As written in local brains it is mostly false. Citizens of Nadarshin said that the invaders were Austrians; there were no Germans; they knew the uniform and the Slav speech. I heard many doubtful things, and a few disconnected facts that stood examination.

West of Nadarshin were the first big trenches, Russian and enemy's, half full of snow water. The enemy's trenches were neatly cut and broad. Planks and balks lay about; the trenches had been covered. The westernmost trench had a square underground room. There were rags, papers, broken water-bottles; arms and shrapnel-cases had disappeared. The October plan was to rush Warsaw. No serious fighting occurred before the river was reached; peasants

say that the trenches were dug during the march east, for use in a foreseen retreat. At Skierniewice, when advancing, Hindenburg dug trenches, and flanked them with redoubts. These were not used during the advance; during the retreat a rearguard fought in them, covering the flank of columns which marched west through Lowitsch.

To the south the country has fewer tracks of battle. The roads have spread less; there are small earthworks and some burnt villages. When the Germans retreated, the villagers, thinking the war was over, began to rebuild. Stoves, chimneys, floors, and brick foundations were intact. Rebuilding means nailing planks aslant round the chimneys, making a shed which from far looks like a tent. When Hindenburg took Lodz, and the roar from the Miazza was heard, the work ceased. In such a village, half restored, there were quarrels with the village exploiter — as Russians say, the “fist.” The “fist” sold planks to the homeless at war prices; when the homeless fled from new terrors, he tore down their shed homes, and removed the planks.

From Nadarshin I drove to Mlochow, and some hamlets to the south. These had suffered from robbers. One village the Germans shelled,

setting the cabins on fire. The church escaped. This was a miracle; and when danger again threatened, refugees fled to the church as to a sanctuary. The church could not be burnt. Behind the refugees came robbers, who agreed that the church could not be burnt, but disagreed about food. In a triangular duel — refugees, marauders, and natives — the church blazed. Marauders were strong between here and the Pilitsa. Uncertainty, hunger, and impunity tempted men who in peace were honest. Having plundered manor-houses, the robbers, to efface clues, burnt them. Warsaw was full of booty. Military justice at first flogged robbers, then shot them. Suspects were made turn out their pockets. Robbers flourished under Austrian martial law in the southwest; the civil population was left to shift for itself. The German courts-martial worked hard.

In these villages the war was little talked of, and near domestic terrors much. Peasants got used to the artillery roar and the midnight glow in the west; their interests were lawsuits delayed by the war, weddings that did not come off, and hunts for gold which the Germans hid. Many had seen battles, but few knew what happened. The headman of Mlochow saw a fight which cost five thousand lives. He re-

remembered that the German helmet-spikes could not be seen; this surprised him, as he had often heard of the spikes, and seen pictures of them, and he believed that no German could fight without spikes. He remembered that the first shell aimed at the village would have upset a washing tub if it had fallen to the right. He did not remember whether the shell killed any one. Later shells killed people. The villagers were not depressed. On Sundays, villages which had little food and no workaday clothes sent out gaudy religious processions, trails of singing girls, and country fops who whistled music learned from the foe. There was no dignity or pathos. Warsaw had the city virtue, patriotism. Labourers sang, tediously but with feeling: "Not yet, not yet is Poland lost!"

North of Grodsisk on the Vienna railway some houses had been destroyed as a reprisal. A commune official told me of the invasion. The Germans sought popularity, but they punished the least unfriendly act. In this part are the biggest German field fortifications. There is a crescent double trench, with sapped approaches running to the southeast, ending at the battered remains of an observation tower. The owners of the farms were filling the trenches in. Smaller German crescent trenches run

parallel to the Warsaw fortifications. A rear-guard attacked these trenches; on being repulsed it retired into its own trenches, which are flanked by enclosed farms, and resisted until told to retreat. As the railway bridge of Grod-sisk was being blown up, German dragoons galloped to save it. They were on the bridge when the explosion came. This country is a vast camp.

Along the river, above Warsaw, I got some notion of the strategy pursued. The first German advance was to the Vistula, and not only against Warsaw. The Vistula is Poland; it is the best strategical frontier. At the Alexander Bridge the river is a quarter of a mile broad; outside it is broader. The banks are low, and are often flooded. Sometimes for a short time there is ice which would bear artillery, sometimes none at all. In the past winter the river at Warsaw froze weakly twice. It is not likely that Hindenburg meant to cross with his whole army, and attack our army on the right bank. The right bank, if taken, could not have been held. The plan was probably to take Warsaw, and the *tête de pont* at Ivangorod, and to hold left-Vistula Poland. On the right bank might have been held the province of Plock, as far east as the railway to Mlava.

The Bug-Narev fortresses would have hindered a further advance east. The German attempts in October to gain ground on the right bank were probably feints. Every big operation of Hindenburg has gone with activity in minor theatres.

With a Russian friend, I visited Willanow, and from there went by motor-car to Gora Kalwarija, the first place on the river reached by the army which assailed Warsaw. Near the road were trenches, half filled in, but there were few signs of war. To Gora Kalwarija, by way of Rawa, came one of three columns in which the Germans marched. The other columns passed through Blone and Prushkow. The Gora Kalwarija column had pontoons. Having tried the river, it marched northwest. Outside, near the light railway, are small earthworks. The Germans passed in great force; they had a hundred field guns, the artillery of a corps. I saw buildings where a patrol withstood Cossacks for hours. The besiegers, having no guns, peppered the walls with carbine bullets till no plaster was left. The windows of the village were glazed with greased paper. An old soldier brought me to a brick-kiln where concealed Russians ambushed the enemy's scouts. The Germans were let pass; when they

found their retreat cut, they fought hard; they lost half their strength, and they galloped north into our lines.

Among pleasantries of Warsaw, "the pride of Pjassetchno," a town on the light railway twenty miles south, competed with, "The Civil Government has fled." Pjassetchno believed itself to be the point nearest to Warsaw reached by the enemy; it brooded on the distinction till it lost the normal meekness of Judo-Polish townlets; it lost its head, it looked proudly at travellers, it talked as if Pjassetchno, not the yellow river and the Novogeorgievsk Cossacks, sent Hindenburg back. Civic patriots planned a monument; they wrote a modest inscription which proclaimed the townlet's fame, but gave the glory to the God of Christians and Jews. Emissaries, sent to Warsaw to buy a monument, came back with news that Prushkow, four miles nearer, also had German visitors, who had left their own monument in the shape of battered walls. A Pjassetchno bureaucrat whom I questioned changed the subject. The Germans, he said, sent engineers to examine the light railway. They planned to extend it from Groizy, the terminus, to Koljushki, a junction for Czenstochowo. This would give them a new communication from east to west. The

bureaucrat had his troubles. A staff officer, finding he read German, asked him to correct the Polish version of a notice. He was to be careful. The notice said that any one who disobeyed an order would be shot. Citizens were forbidden to approach a park of aeroplanes. The agitated official left out the "not" from "must not approach." Finding that he had disobeyed an order — the order to be careful — he begged for mercy on his knees.

Pjassetchno's war-history was that "the Germans put gun-cotton down the throats of their dead and blew them to bits. The aim was to conceal losses." The town, and some soldiers, agree that the enemy has his own way of destroying guns which must be abandoned. He elevates the muzzle, fills the gun with water, and fires. The resistance makes the gun burst. I heard this from a soldier who had fought in many fights, and had himself, he claimed, captured two guns. He said that in the November retreat many guns were buried: "all Poland is one big gun." Of the destruction of guns near Pjassetchno he told this. The retreating Germans abandoned a battery. A causeway of logs and railway sleepers across soft land had failed, and the guns fell in. At night, a rear-guard, having repulsed the Russians, sent in-

fantry with machine guns, sappers, and engineers, to rescue the guns. The Russians were found dragging the guns from the morass.

Two had been saved. A German searchlight glared; machine guns poured bullets from front and flanks; and many Russians fell. The survivors lay in a ditch, and tried with rifle fire to keep off the enemy. The saved guns were dragged away by volunteers. The other guns remained in the morass. "When we next advanced, the guns were found, blown to bits with water." From this soldier I got many stories, mostly untrue. He said the Germans had tunnelled under the Vistula. Vermin quickened his fancy. When I bent over him to see his tunnel plan made with matches, he said: "High-Well-Born-Ness, keep off! The Landsturm will get you!"

In Tartschin, which is twelve miles southwest, German shells struck some houses. Tartschin is important; it lies at the junction of the main roads to Warsaw, Radom, and Skierniewice. On the morning of the 10th of October, the Germans, in small force, appeared. Russians were in strong positions near the town; they held the enemy for hours. The Germans, as always, were in a hurry; without artillery preparation, they rushed at the trenches. Their

aeroplanes dropped bombs, causing no loss. Later, they threatened the Russian flank, and the trenches were given up. Frightened townsmen rushed between the lines, and were killed. A grain-dealer took me to the ruins of his house, half a mile south. A shell destroyed it. Before marching north, the Germans requisitioned sheepskin coats. Their proclamations said that half the Austro-German army was Catholic. They marched off with songs. There is a brothers' grave, with words in German, and words in Russian afterwards put up, and there is the grave of a child who went to see the battle, and never came back.

All the Pilitsa valley is grave-strewn. There are soldiers' graves and graves of civilian victims. In battle here, bayonets decided. To the west, with the Tsar's palace Spala, is Inow-lods, the junction of the German and Austrian lines. Houses west of Pribyschew are burnt and razed. A single flame seems to have consumed them. On the river the Russians held a slippery bank, the Blue Slope; Germans attacked and Russians defended till neither had a company left. Cossacks forded the stream; logs sent adrift swept them away. Near Warka the Siberians who crossed the Vistula at Ivan-gorod fought all day. In Warka there were a

few wounded, at Nowe Miasto many, and a few graves. A sacristan's house sheltered six wounded Christian soldiers and four Moslem Turkmens, all cured by one surgeon's assistant and a Sister of Mercy. Three of the Turkmens spoke no Russian except "Exactly so, Your High-Well-Born-Ness!" They lay four weeks in a town to the west, set out for Warsaw in a motor-car, and got stranded. Favourite was the Turkmen Hannibal. The chauffeur, having no other name, called him Hannibal; when asked if he was Hannibal the Turkmen, said: "Exactly so, Your High-Well-Born-Ness!" The Russians pronounced it ominously *Gannibal* (they confound *h* and *g*). Hannibal was a barbarian, with inquisitive eyes, a yellow skin drum-tight but wrinkled, a burn, a bullet-wound, and one ear — a shell splinter took the other. The Turkmen fought after losing his ear, fought after the burn, but the bullet was too much. He was a holy man, and rebuked a comrade whose wound was made a pretext for neglecting prayer. His devotions caused laughter. The oasis where he was born is east of Mecca, and he had learned to pray to the west, to the setting sun. Poland is west of Mecca, but the Turkmen could not box the compass. At sunset he dragged to the floor his striped

blanket, looked earnestly towards Berlin, and prayed. The nurse laughed, and the surgeon said: "The Kaiser can't hear you!" Hannibal was obdurate. With his face straight towards the German lines, he gave thanks to the Power that had spared his life and one ear.

At Nowe Miasto were other men from Asia. There were Turkmens, horsemen from the Caucasus, and Siberian infantrymen who praised themselves and merited the praise. They have colonial ways, independence, and vigour. Where the moujik of Europe emphasises his helplessness with, "I cannot know!" the moujik of Asia knows everything; he argues on war and electricity, and he has a sea-lawyer's skill in growls. I heard Siberians condemning German tactics, and praising to the skies their own. They knew how the Turks, Americans, and Frenchmen do things, and commended the Turks. "The Turks have no Christian souls. A Christian soul hems a man's freedom of action. . . ." To European soldiers the Siberians were "The Capless"; as they crossed the Vistula, they put their caps on their bayonets, and the wind carried the caps away. The Siberians liked the Grand Duke Nicholas; they believed that he boxed officers' ears, and that the officers deserved it. From villages past Lake Baikal

came letters to the Commander offering help, and asking for it. A peasant wrote that he had twelve soldier sons. The Grand Duke sent him fifty roubles. A neighbour wrote that he had thirteen soldier sons. This proved to be untrue. The swindler got the answer: "Thirteen is an unlucky number, and you are an unlucky man as the Grand Duke is not sending you fifty roubles."

At night I saw the Turkmens, ugly men in dressing-gowns striped like blazers, dragged bushies, and high boots. They flourished curved swords; some stood on their saddles, peering at the moon, as if it sheltered Germans. The Turkmens were tribesmen of Hannibal. Skobeleff called them the world's best cavalry. They rode better than Cossacks. To Moscow, sent by the tribal elders, came chaperones — men — to see that the bloods withstood the Christian seduction, drink. The vodka shops were closed, the chaperones, incensed at finding no work — or no drink — returned. The Turkmens grumbled in their own tongue at the inadequacy of war. It was dull. Kirghiz horsemen forswore water as much as wine, they galloped over a shell-swept plain sooner than cross a ford.

The Moslems were good soldiers; many were

promoted, and many for valour wore the St. George's Cross. They got the fourth class, without the ribbon, bringing an increase of pay, and a pension. Christians get a white enamel cross, with a picture of the Saint spearing the Dragon. In respect for their faith, the Turkmens, Tartars, Kirghizes get a cross with the Imperial Eagle instead of the Saint. To Opotschno came General Ivanoff, Commander of the Southern Armies, and pinned the expurgated Cross on a Tartar's breast. The Tartar frowned at the Eagle, and said with emphasis: "I don't want the hen! Give me the Cossack who's sticking his lance through the Kaiser!"

CHAPTER VII

THE FRONT OF CRACOW

IN February I visited Galicia. After the battle of Lodz, Galicia became the chief theatre of the Eastern campaign. The battle of Lodz is the chain of engagements which began at Wlozlawsk on the 14th of November and continued without break till the evacuation of Lodz on December the 6th. In these engagements both sides had unitary aims. The Lodz battle made Galicia chief theatre, because it showed that an invasion of Germany was beyond the army's power. The Germans proclaimed that the battle destroyed Russia's offensive capacity. As far as Germany was concerned, this was true; no general offensive has since been tried. But, without admitting defeat, Russia could not confine herself to the defensive. She resolved to try a second time Austria-Hungary, the Power of less resistance.

Galicia east of the Dunajec was in our hands. The taking of Cracow would have completed the conquest. This was not practicable while

the Austrians in South Poland held the Nida, outflanking, though the Vistula divided, an army on the march west. The Nida might have been forced, but that would have meant forcing also the Rawka and Bsura. Had this been done, the invasion of Prussia which failed in November must again have been tried. These were reasons why the new Russian offensive against Austria would not be on the front of Cracow. I heard in Petrograd that the offensive would be through the Carpathians. The initiative was with General Brusiloff, Commander of the Eighth Army. Our newspapers heard it, and with customary charity gave the enemy the plan.

The conquest of Galicia, almost complete, was a political and moral gain. The strategical gain was potential, to be realised only by the conquest of Hungary. When Russia took Galicia, she did not clear her flanks; she did not tear apart the strategical sack which smothered Poland, the primary sphere of operations. The conquest widened the sack. Hungary remained a place of arms, supplies, communications. With Hungary untouched, and the Carpathian passes in Austrian hands, or not impregnable in our hands, Austria could attack the flank of Russian armies moving west in an

offensive against Germany. The political and moral gains were great. Russia, alone of the Allies, had won battles in Europe, taken many prisoners, and occupied enemy territory. Galicia, where not Jewish, was Slav. Enthusiasts, with All-Russian faith, proclaimed the attainment of historic aims, reunion with Red Russia, the reconstitution of Poland. Cooler heads valued Galicia as an asset in peace liquidation. In case of victory in the main theatre, Galicia, with other things, would be kept; and it could be exchanged in case of defeat for land lost elsewhere.

The conquest of Galicia was creditable, and easy. Both sides fought well. The conditions of defence, a good railway system excepted, were bad. Galicia is a salient in enemy territory, as on a larger scale is Poland, and, on a smaller scale, East Prussia. All the salients were invaded. Galicia joins the Russian plain. The frontier has no hills, and only in parts rivers. In numbers Russia was much stronger than Austria. This was not foreseen. The Austro-German Alliance assumed that Italy would help, or at least be friendly, that the Balkan States would not oppose, and that Great Britain, if she joined the enemy, would do little. Had this been so, the Austrians and Germans

would have won with ease. But Austria fought Servia, watched Italy, and helped Germany against France and England. The numbers in the first crisis of Galicia are not known. The Russians were stronger, perhaps by two, perhaps by three to one.

Hoping for victories before Russia concentrated her armies, Austria attacked. A success would have hindered the concentration. The Austrian advance was in a northeasterly direction against the front Warsaw-Liublin-Lemberg. At the end of August, the Austrians under Dankl defeated the Russians at Krasnik, and drove them back on Liublin. A few days later, the Austrian centre was beaten before Lemberg. Lemberg was abandoned. The Austrians, holding Przemysl, retreated over the San, then over the Wisloka. Hindenburg intervened. The troops set free by the victories of Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes were sent south; they marched against the Upper Vistula to threaten the flank of the pursuing Russians. In order to meet Hindenburg, the Russians in Galicia relaxed their pursuit. They transferred troops to South Poland, east of the Vistula. Then developed the situation which led the Germans and Austrians to the front Warsaw-Ivangorod, and the Austrians back to

the San and Przemyśl. The position of the German and Austrian armies was bad. The Russian concentration in superior force was complete; a decisive battle could not be fought so far from home. After heavy fighting, which did not take the character of a decisive battle, both invaders went back. They were followed by the Russians, who regained nearly all of Galicia. On December the 4th the Russian advance-guard was eight miles from Cracow. After the German victory at Lodz, came a new Austrian offensive. On December the 12th, the Austrians won the battle of Limanovo; they retook Neu-Sandec, and Bochnia. A week later, the Russians ceased to retreat, and took a front facing Cracow. The enemies built field fortifications, and their lines remained with little change for four months. Galicia, six thousand square miles excepted, remained Russian.

In the struggle for the Carpathian passes, there were corresponding waves of success and failure. Russia first reached the watersheds in September after the Austrian retreat. When Hindenburg marched against Warsaw and the Upper Vistula, the passes were lost. During the general retreat the Russians took them again. After Limanovo, the Austrians advanced, the threatened Eighth Army was with-

drawn, passes were lost. The Austrians reached the southern railway. They fortified the passes and slopes. Fortifications made the Carpathian strategical frontier impregnable to Russian assaults in March and April, and influenced the campaign.

In February, little happened in Galicia. The armies defending and facing Cracow held their lines, and cold and snow checked the offensive in the hills. At the beginning of the month, to aid the Carpathian armies, came a German force under General v. Linsingen, commander of the Second Prussian Corps. In Warsaw, officers spoke confidently of the march into Hungary. There were dangers, I saw, other than weather; the plan could be justified only on the ground that other offensive plans were hopeless. An advance into Hungary would encourage the enemy to force the Cracow front, and to threaten the invaders' rear. This convinced me that the Cracow front was more interesting than the Carpathian. If the march on Hungary were postponed, there was no use going to the Carpathians; if it were tried with success, a flank attack on the Cracow front would bring the decision.

The front facing Cracow was held by the Third Army. Radko Dimitriyeff, a hero of

the last Balkan War, commanded. The army held lines from the Vistula, along the Dunajec, to a point south of Wojnicz, from there across the Biala to Gorlice and the summits, near Konieczna in the East Beskides. This prolonged the front of Central Poland, which began at the confluence of the Vistula and Bsura, continued along the Rawka and Nida, and ended at the Nida confluence. In places, Radko Dimitriyeff held the left bank of the Dunajec; on the Tarnow section he held the right bank. The strength of the army I did not know. The staff was at Pilzno, the staff of the Ninth Corps at Tarnow. The Austrians had three or four corps, and, on the right, a German division. The Archduke Joseph commanded.

I visited the Cracow front with a Russian. We travelled by motor-car from Warsaw, by way of Grojec, Radom, and Opatow, to Sandomierz, the frontier town. There is a good road twenty-five to thirty-five miles behind the front, repaired after the German and Austrian retreat. Except for the artillery roar, heard at Grojec, and two red conflagration glares, there was no sign of present war. In October the enemy had held the country; some parts had been twice, some three times, lost and won.

The damage along the road and to the east was small. In Radom, Grojec, and the townlets nearer Warsaw, were houses in ruin, as a rule together in blocks, the damage having been done by single shells. Fighting near the Pilitsa was severe. Close together, there were field fortifications, sometimes with breastworks, redoubts, big dugouts, wolf-pits, and the ragged, snow-filled ravines of exploded mines, always with wire obstacles. Many trenches saw no fighting, many were unfinished or badly dug. The Russians are supposed to be best when underground: that is true during a protracted defence; when attacking, they look on shelter-trenches and cover-taking as shameful; many shallow trenches bear witness to this. West of Bjalobrshegi on the Pilitsa are German trenches of great size; they have underground chambers with planked floors, walls, and ceilings. Except shell fragments, there were no relics of war on the ground; the peasants had rifles, shrapnel-cases used as vases, water-bottles, bullets, and books and papers taken from the dead.

Among the settled population, war was not much affecting economic life. There was enough necessary food; foreign and colonial products sold at prices not much higher than at Petro-

grad; and, except in areas of destruction, business went on as in peace. A Pole whom I knew well, the late Jean de Bloch, foretold that economic exhaustion would terminate a great war. Three months were his respite. A great war, he said, would be mainly indecisive position war. He was an economist who understood economy, and did not understand war; his predictions about economy have proved wrong, and his predictions about war have proved right. In Radom, the Government capital, I found Jewish traders starting for Paris to buy goods. When I was in Stockholm; I saw these traders buying German goods. War did not divert the paths of economy, much less suppress it.

I crossed the Vistula at Sandomierz. Sandomierz lies ten miles from the San confluence, in a toppling, impressive way on a hill, overlooking dirty water, then strewn with dirty flocs. It is the town of the Consensus Sandomiriensis. Sandomierz is best seen from the Galician plain on the right bank. There is a cathedral church, also a castle built by Casimir, and you enter under a red brick arch. In the red brick town hall are marks of a projectile. I did not search for damage, and saw little, but I found at the cathedral, on the brink of

the hill, the new grave of a doctor of medicine. On the Austrians approaching, the doctor and a fugitive hid in a cellar. When the fugitive was forced to come out, the doctor came with him, and the wrong man was killed. Across the river is Nadbrezie. Part of the temporary bridge was under water; when I came back, all was under. Engineers and sappers were working on a new log bridge with a curved approach through the marsh. The work was well done. A railway runs from Nadbrezie to Debica, and Nadbrezie is mostly made up of terminus sheds.

From Nadbrezie I made, by way of Mielec and Debica, for Pilzno, beyond the North Galicia Railway. There were few signs of war. In Mielec and Debica are shattered houses; there are some wrecked cabins, and factories in ruins. Factories, standing alone, often suffer; they are targets; sometimes they serve as staff headquarters, sometimes as lookout points, sometimes they are the enemy's workshops. At Tarnobrzeg on a hill of oaks is the chateau of Count Tarnowski, now a hospital. He is one of the many Tarnowskis in Austrian and Russian Poland. The chateau was plundered. Russians say that the Austrians did the plundering, the Count being suspected of Russian

leanings. There are three parallel trenches, with entanglements intact, and beside and behind the trenches are cottages, also intact. The trenches do not seem to have been used.

Near Debica, I met prisoners, well-dressed, happy men, guarded by two Cossacks. They answered in Ruthenian my inquiry made in German; one gave in bad German as cause of his surrender, "Winter fighting is incredibly hard!" They had come from the flank, high in the hills. A frost-bitten man said that the night temperature was -17° R.; that on flat surfaces the snow lay three feet deep, twenty feet deep in ravines. The prisoners' bread ration was smaller than our men's. Their treatment was good. I met two more parties. The second was under charge of infantry soldiers. The soldiers transferred the prisoners to other guards, and half an hour later overtook our broken-down car. They belonged to Radko Dimitriyeff's army, and praised the general "as good for a Bulgarian." "Why, for a Bulgarian?" The soldiers came from Kherson, where there is a Bulgarian colony; they got on badly with the Bulgarians because the Bulgarians grow vegetables for sale, and the moujiks do not. The Bulgarians were Russian subjects. "Fifteen of them are Ivanoffs, all

in the same battalion." The Bulgarians displeased the Russians by their thrift. "Our Russians write post-cards all day if they've money, and if they haven't, they get it from students." When a student gave the Russians a rouble, they rushed to the telegraph, and sent this message to their village: "All alive, Kuznetzoff, Drozdoff, Biriukoff, Reshetnikoff, Karpoff, Rodni, Polunin." This magniloquence at five copecks a word scandalised the Bulgarians. They sent a telegram, signed in the plural "Ivanoffs": "All alive except Matthew." The soldiers told me many things about prisoners. I saw them last at Pilzno, near the commander's house.

Pilzno, become a centre of orthodoxy, was getting ready for the Great Fast. A room of the Field Treasury, hung with pine-needle wreaths and garlands, was the chapel. Steaming soldiers crossed themselves, and droned *Gospodi pomilui!* Pilzno is chiefly market square. Radko Dimitriyeff and his immediate staff lived in a house on the square. A motor-car generator rattled at the corner. Shopkeepers on the edge of the town told me the noise came from machine guns. There were few officers and soldiers, no formalities on entering the town, and, except at the com-

mander's house, no sentries. The square was clean, the machine-gun generator supplied electric light.

An army commander keeps no state. He is a great, but a very little man. He may command five corps, and may have under him five generals, each commanding forces larger than the British army of Waterloo, but he is the underling of a subordinate. Over him is the commander of a group of armies, who may command six armies as big as his, numbering a million, and over the commanders of groups is the Commander-in-Chief. The army of General Radko Dimitriyeff, with the Carpathian armies and the forces in South Poland, was under Ivanoff, whose headquarters were Cholm, a hundred miles away. The Grand Duke's headquarters were at Baranovitchi, three hundred miles from the nearest front, and four hundred from the farthest. I heard this military hierarchy criticised. It is hard to combine freedom for the army commander with unity of strategy. The Germans, having smaller forces, omitted one instance of command — there was no intermediary between Hindenburg and his army commanders. The Russian command before the Tsar took it over had another feature. The Commander-in-Chief

was advised by two officers: the Director of Military Operations and the Chief of Staff. The first was General Daniloff, the second, General Yanushkievitch. The Director submitted plans of operations, and the Chief of Staff discussed them with the Commander-in-Chief. No one could tell what was the special aim of this system, or who decided differences between the Director and the Chief of Staff.

Radko Dimitriyeff welcomed my Russian companion and me. The general is less imposing than his portraits; he is less like Napoleon, and is like no one else. He is a little, broad-shouldered, spare man, with thin hair, coal-black, with black moustaches, a high nose, and dark eyes, beetling and sharp. Russian he talks through his nose without Bulgarian accent. He introduces his wishes and forecasts with appeals to God. If he has forgotten the "*s bozheyu pomoschtchiu*" — "with the help of God" — he breaks off, says it with double emphasis as if in apology, and begins again. He is plainly sharp-thinking and pious, zealous that no man shall take him for a worldling. He lives plainly, and to all visitors says, "We make war with fasting and prayer." He wore a rubbed uniform with the white enamel crosses of the Third and Fourth Classes of the Order

of St. George. At dinner were six officers of the Staff, hospitable, frank, and kindly men of Russian mould. One was Colonel Kozloff, the explorer of Mongolia, who knows many Englishmen, and has been honoured by our geographers. For some weeks he was Town Commandant of Tarnow.

Radko Dimitriyeff promised that I should find his army and the other armies of Galicia in good health and temper. Success had inspired them. The Third Army's sickness rate was lower than in peace time. He put that down to the climate, the bright February sun, the dryness of hill positions. In the past six weeks the Galician armies had taken 45,000 prisoners. Of the defeat of General v. Sievers' Tenth Army in East Prussia nothing was said; but it was known that the Russians were out of Germany. The general praised the equipment of the Austrians, the skill of their officers, and their good Staff work. He criticised them for bad morale, shown by easy surrenders and unsoldierly willingness of prisoners to talk. The cause was not cowardice, but weakness of interest in the war, absence of the race responsibility and the race solidarity which make Germans formidable. I heard this from other Russians, and believed it; but observation

showed me that morale must not be judged from prisoners. The catastrophe which overtook this army in May, partly at the hands of Austrians, confirmed my view. The Austrians are able and active; their defeat and retreat in Galicia can be explained by their weakness in numbers. The May battle and the active defence of the Carpathians in March and April showed the unwisdom of the assumption that the Austrians are worn out; since then the Austrians have had unbroken success.

The enemy, Radko Dimitriyeff told me, was well furnished with artillery, in particular with heavy howitzers and mortars, and he had enough shells. His position was naturally as strong as ours. West of Tarnow, our lines commanded; in other parts, the Austrians held higher ground. The low-lying Austrian lines on the left Dunajec were naturally weak; they were subject to flooding, and might be fired into from above, but they were defended against infantry attack by wolf-pits, fougasse mines, and entanglements. Later, I heard that there were tread mines. A tread mine is a flat bomb with horizontal, radial metal rods. The bombs are laid close together with the rods touching, and are covered with earth and sods. Pressure on the rods makes the bombs burst. This is

economical and effective; only such bombs explode as will kill attackers, and when the enemy is repulsed the bombs are easily renewed. Mining for defence is slow work; it consumes much explosive, and causes little loss. The general believed that his army was stronger than the Austrian army; in the then present relation of strength he could resist any attack; he could force the opposing lines, and march on Cracow. He awaited strategical developments. The Third Army, as the left flank, could not be extended when the centre west of Warsaw was stationary and the right had been driven back to the Niemen. The army was well equipped, well fed, and supplied with enough shells. I did not hear much of big guns. The general was certain that he, and Russia, would win, and, qualifying with "with God's help!" he told me the peace which Russia must make.

I asked about the conduct of the army, of the enemy, and of the people. In the country held by Radko Dimitriyeff's troops little damage had been done wilfully; damage from battle and accident was not great, odd houses in towns, factories, single peasant cabins, and a few whole villages had suffered. What I saw on the road from Sandomierz was a fair measure of the ruin

elsewhere. The troops behaved well; the men had been told to treat the people as friends; there had been very little plundering, but no army is perfect. For goods requisitioned the army paid with notes. Swindlers, or the enemy, forged Russian credit notes; soldiers refused to take them, and the legend spread that the Russians were repudiating their own notes. No one touched the goods of the peasants, workmen, policemen, and minor officials who stayed at home. The higher officials, country gentlemen, and residents who had connections with Vienna left their homes unguarded, and peasants took the opportunity to settle old scores. The peasants wanted the war to end. In politics, the country belongs to Cracow, a centre of Austrophile feeling. The Third Army showed sense in ignoring this, and treating the people as friends. Few attempts were made against communications, and civilian spies were rare. Soldier spies, dressed as peasants, crossed the Dunajec; one was shot the day of my arrival. He died bravely. Sokols — and other *francs-tireurs* — inspired from Cracow, made trouble. Marianna Prebyla, an educated girl, when not writing verse, in which she had skill, shot Russians. She wore a Hussar uniform. Her friends of the Sokol band wore civilian dress,

and when caught they were shot. Marianna, too, was captured. Perhaps because she was uniformed, perhaps because she did not cite her verse in defence, no one wanted to shoot her. Orders were sent for. The hierarchical system, needed for the command of millions, delays replies, and, tired of awaiting execution, Marianna rode off on a captured horse. She left verses behind. She fired provocatively at the sentry, who had not seen her, risking her life for the joy of killing a foe. Later, she sniped with vigour on the Tarnow road.

Radko Dimitriyeff is looked on as a soldiers' general. Pilzno is twenty miles from the Dunajec; but the commander spent much time within rifle-range of the enemy; he knew the earthworks, and the position of every company. Commands based more on memory than on maps went by the field-telephone wires which sagged from yellow sticks along the road. To knowledge of the country was due a small but useful success. The Austrians attacked, and counter-attacked. The commander, in his room, remembered a winding of the hills which gave cover. He sent infantry behind it, and these surprised the Austrians' flank. To his Staff and men the general was a hero and a shield. They believed that shells ceased to burst when

he was near. In Petrograd bad men envied him; and good men, meaning a compliment, classed him with Brusiloff, his neighbour.

In the evening, without the general, the Staff talked of Austrians, Germans, and music. The officers had seen little fighting; one who had not always been on the Staff had seen a great deal. A young officer played *Puppchen*, discord which enraged me in Berlin, but pleased, as proof of military liberality, here. The officers knew little of the war in Poland; they got belated newspapers; of the war in the West they knew nothing; they praised the way our Government conducted it. They spoke of the Germans in soldier way; praised their equipment, courage, and leadership; and had great words for Hindenburg. This I ascribed to chivalry. I knew from our experts that the Field-Marshal was a fussy, instable man, not without ideas, who spent his days getting his men into holes, and claiming victories when he got them out. The Germans, the officers said, had a more businesslike way of fighting than the Austrians; they had no desire to be showy; and while they lost many men, few were wasted. The Hungarians were spectacular. The officer who had seen fighting from near told me a story of spectacular death.

This happened before the battle of Lemberg. Hungarians, entrapped on a farm, were attacked by infantry and Cossacks. They resisted. The only path of retreat was along a fenced lane, blocked by carts. Some Hungarians fired; the others cleared the lane. Cossacks were sent to cut the road. The Hungarians came into the open, attacked, lost heavily, and fled back to cover. Russian battalions, having heard the firing, came to help. They brought guns. Shells were poured into the farm; a white flag went up. The Hungarians offered to surrender on terms. They asked to be allowed, without arms, to rejoin the army. The Russian field statutes do not allow of this; and the hopelessness of resistance made the request absurd. The Russians told the besieged to surrender. They got a refusal. The *parlementaires* went back, and shelling was resumed. The farmhouse caught fire. Through field-glasses the Russians watched the destruction. Hungarians, their faces red from the glare, crowded into a room. A soldier who rushed out was struck by a falling beam. When the flames got near the room, smoke cut off the sight. The Hungarians shot themselves, or burned to death. This story ended in more *Puppchen* — the Magyars' dirge.

I spent a night at Pilzno. Guns boomed. My servant was a reservist from Pennsylvania with a bare chin, sharp eyes, and a Roman nose which spoke pure American. He resembled a senator. At dawn, starting for Tarnow, I asked the Poles if they had heard the guns. They pointed towards the square where the motor-generator rattled, and said, "The machine guns stopped at twelve."

Tarnow is the best town between Lemberg and Cracow, and it has values for war. The North Galicia railway crosses a line from the Vistula via Neu-Sandec to the hills and Eperies. The Austrians left on the 9th of November. Next day came Circassian horsemen, who prayed in the street at sunset. I visited General Schtcherbatchoff, commander of the Ninth Corps, a scientific soldier, formerly a Staff Academy instructor. Tarnow is a contrast with neglected Russian Poland. It starts in mud as a one-story village which recalls Ireland, and develops into a little metropolis. There is a red brick cathedral; the Schwarzenberg Husars club-house would grace Pall Mall; and there are big administrative buildings. The club and the Government houses were used as hospitals of the Duma, the Red Cross, and the Union of Russian Towns. In baths arranged

by the Union of Towns, I found sixty soldiers, steamed, dripping trench dirt. Tarnow had daily bombardments. Until May, when Gorlice was razed by four hours' shelling, no town on the Cracow front heard more shells burst. This morning, there were deafening roars; and afterwards some sharp reports. These came from Russian guns. The Austrians, who rested seldom, were resting. Their big guns were on the hills west of the Dunajec. They had many 30.5 mortars, field howitzers, and a 42 cm. gun which was twelve kilometres from the town. Radko Dimitriyeff showed me the photograph of an unexploded 42 cm. shell, inscribed in whitewash with its history and size. He believed that it came from a Krupp mortar, a Thick Bertha, which was served by Germans but belonged to Austria. Later, I learned that the gun was a Skoda howitzer, "the Pilsener." It was built independently of Krupp, resembled the Krupp mortar only in size; in other respects it was like the Austrian 30.5 mortars. The initial speed is greater than the speed of the Thick Bertha; the shell weighs six hundred pounds more: at normal working pressure a shot can be fired every four minutes. This gun appeared on New Year's Day: the first shell burst in a courtyard behind the Rathaus, and dug a hole

sixteen feet deep and thirty broad. The last shell before my arrival fell in a suburb; the gas storm blew in the wall of a house far away. After that, the Pilsener aimed at the railway-station. The track and outbuildings were destroyed; the turntable lay bottom up; but the station-house was spared. The station-house is Tarnow's pride; it is new, and has a dedicatory plate with effigy of Francis Joseph, frescoed walls, and stained-glass windows. The concussions broke the windows, and sent plaster flying; glass and plaster littered the floor; but no shell struck the roof or walls. A sentry who had seen shells burst every day for six weeks had not a scratch. The town, which the Relief Committee of Vevey describes as "ruins and ashes," had twenty or thirty houses destroyed out of several thousands. There were gaps, with flat heaps of brick. The cathedral and the hospital escaped. Afterwards, I heard, the Ursuline Convent suffered.

From safety standpoint, Tarnow was worse than Warsaw, where air bombs made mere pin-holes. The tedium of interexplosion hours was varied by the same graceful levity. Citizens ran away when Ruzski took Lemberg, well out of shell range, and when battle drew near enough to be dangerous they came back. The

houses next the railway-station were occupied, and from windows overlooking shell craters children peeped. The shops were busy, there were cheap biographs with the same *Hound of the Baskervilles*; and M. Smirnoff, "with the Commandant's permission," and the permission, later withdrawn, of the art-loving Pilsener, gave pianoforte recitals. A Warsaw actor whom the Russians brought to replace the refugee owner of the Café Avenue, said that residents of the safe country to the east came to Tarnow for recreation. The Russians helped them. There were no passports, restrictions, or menaces. The soldier is a better master than the bureaucrat; people spoke well of Radko Dimitriyeff as a just and kindly man, and Tarnow in war was pleasanter than Russia in peace.

In Galicia the Russians behaved as if they had come to stay. Official utterances and the Press of Petrograd implied that the province had been rejoined to Russia after a few years of Austrian rule. On the eve of the unlucky battle of Gorlice-Tarnow, the Tsar paid a visit, and proclaimed that Galicia was annexed, and a week after the battle the Commander-in-Chief was decorated as Galicia's Liberator. Russian money was the legal exchange; Aus-

trian circulated at a fixed course. The yellow Austrian letter-boxes with the double eagle, hardly distinguishable from Russian, were in place but out of use. The Austrians had taken the keys. Minor officials, policemen, and students wore the Austrian kepi. The civil population was left alone. The Jews, as in Poland, suffered much. I was told they suffered because they were spies; I believe they were spies because they suffered. In Eastern Galicia, conditions were different. Lemberg had three Russian daily papers; the chief, *Carpathian Russia*. The soldiers treated the people half as Russians and as friends; the bureaucrats, in their zeal to make them Russian, treated them as enemies. Russification went on at high speed; citizens who wanted to remain Ruthenian were exiled, school-teachers were sent to Russia to learn Russian, and the assimilators proclaimed that children must learn Russian. Examinations in the Russian language were held. The Academy at Petrograd admits that Ruthenian is a language, not a dialect. Violent Nationalists who differed from the Academy were followed to Galicia by an intolerant bishop, who discovered that the people had no right to their religion, as their forefathers had been fooled into it by

evil men. These measures for thoroughness — also, as the enemy had fifteen hundred guns on the Dunajec, for timeliness — recalled the autumn programmes of Petrograd amateurs. The Duma strongly protested against these measures. Humane men condemned them; cynical men thought that they might be postponed, and executed with the other plans, formulated when war broke out, for the happiness of mankind.

CHAPTER VIII

GALICIAN CATASTROPHES

WEST of Tarnow, I crossed the Biala by a long bridge which Russians built in a week. The airy Polish — or airy human — spirit persisted. All the way to the Dunajec from Rzuchkowo village, then a divisional staff headquarters, cabins and farms are hidden in little valleys. Some houses were between the reserve positions and the terraced trenches by the river. Some were a thousand yards from the Austrian entanglements. The hill-crests sheltered them from direct fire; but bullets fired at high elevations fell. Houses near the field-artillery positions were in danger from shell and shrapnel. Over the whole country, day and night, went “Pilsener” shells, twelve-inch shells, field-howitzer shells; and shrapnel, turned on our gunners, poured the ugliest kind of bullet down. This had been so since Christmas. At first the people fled, but they returned, and stayed. Men, made homeless by earlier fires, were laying roofs, women and children worked on the slopes, and cattle

grazed. Visitors new to projectiles are nervous; when told to bend, because heads are seen over the ridge, they bend without shame. There were no ducking peasants, but some who sawed logs were bent into safety.

On the Lower Dunajec, where Radko Dimitrieff's army held both banks, a thousand shells fell in a day. Eighteen men were killed. For wealth of shelling and meanness in results, it was often so. Divisional staff officers spoke of the small loss from long-range shelling. Ceaseless shelling, they said, has military use if the shellers are well supplied, if eroded guns are quickly replaced. It hampers movement, threatens safety on the *étappe* roads, and strains nerves. The Austrians knew this, and the Germans knew it. War, even when the visible gain is small, must be waged at high tension. Rifle-bullets aimed at heaven flew all day. There were alarms. When it grew dark, the enemy's "aiming bullets" burst with vicious blue flames. There were more alarms at night; before dawn the front blazed provocatively with star-shells, and, peering over the river breastworks, our men saw faces in the enemy's trench.

The battle of Gorlice-Tarnow spoiled the doctrine that shells do no harm. During my

visit it was so. Sometimes the Russians ignored the shells. They kept their strength for infantry fights, short and sharp. These fights ended well. We took prisoners, extended our trenches, and twice drove the enemy from positions naturally strong, and made him intrench on weak ground. In such a battle the Austrians lost the right Dunajec bank. Two brigades fought. The Austrian lines were charged, and a colonel and eight hundred men were made prisoners. It was on this day that the commander's memory of front topography led to the enemy being trapped. The unfinished Austrian shelter-trenches, a row of oval holes, twelve inches deep, remained. Farther up the river were tentative night attacks. A Tyrolean captain, shivering and rheumatic, described the last attack. The Dunajec, nowhere a great obstacle, has fords. At night, taking advantage of a shift of our infantry, Austrians started to cross. The sun shone on the foot-hills since the middle of January; snow was melting, and the water was high. Thirty soldiers were swept down, the Tyrolean reached the Russian bank, and was taken prisoner. Some men, he told me, perished in holes made by our sappers. The Austrians tried to cross by a ford higher up, but the delay gave time

to strengthen our trenches, and the attack failed.

Shelling, desultory rifle fire, and far-off, small outpost collisions, were all that happened on the day I reached the front. Aeroplanes were shelled. Early in the morning an Austrian airman soared over Tarnow Cathedral. The people looked up. As we crossed the slopes west of Rzuchkowo on the way to the field-artillery positions, a biplane flew from beyond the Dunajec, made a loop, and sped east. We were approaching a depression with a new earthen rampart where I expected to find a battery. Protected in this way was a field-gun, mounted on a wooden stage resembling a railway turntable. It did duty as anti-airship gun. A battery commander who came down the hill gave orders to shell the biplane with shrapnel. I think it was more from desire to show something than in hope of hitting the biplane. The shell burst; the aeroplane turned, cut through the smoke puff, and dwindled to a line.

The battery officers spoke of Austrian airmen, who were strong in numbers, bold, and efficient in ruses. A few days back, airmen had dropped bombs on Brzostek, a town on the Wilsoka, probably believing that the com-

mander was there. A Zeppelin crossed the Dukla Pass. The wind on the Dunajec scattered air-leaflets headed, "How Prisoners Live in Austria; Better Than Free Men at Home." At Rozwadow, an airman caused the abandonment of a Russian trench. He made a detour round our flank; flew from the direction of the corps command; and appeared over the headquarters of the divisional staff. Down came an order on Russian staff paper that a trench, newly taken, should be evacuated. The telephone to the corps staff was cut; messages had been coming by motor-car; and it was believed that the aeroplane had been chosen for its speed. The trench was abandoned. The Austrians had used a captured aeroplane. Next day the same airman rose for some other ruse, but shots brought him down. The aeroplane shot at in my presence, known by its patched wing, was enterprising. It bombed Cossacks at Jaslo, and was seen east over besieged Przemyśl.

The soldiers condemned aeronautics. "A man is a man, and a hen is a hen." With Cossacks, supplanted by airmen in reconnaissance work, dislike was lost in contempt. They boasted that any man could drive a paper bird (*bumazhnaya ptitsa*), but that few airmen

could ride a Cossack steed. This was proven. Wounded German airmen were forced to descend within our lines. Cossacks took them prisoners. In the spirit of the boast, a Cossack vowed that he would ride through the skies. The Germans stared; the Cossack climbed into the car. After his experimental fumbling, the aeroplane raced ahead, and rose. The frightened Cossack swore, pulled at levers, and bade the paper bird descend. The bird was frightened by threats — or it felt the right lever — for it dived and charged a tree. The aeroplane and the Cossack's nose suffered. "The Germans were very angry." "Did they try a Cossack pony?" "No; we don't like airmen. Only God has a right to see down a man's neck."

The artillery belonged to the Ninth Corps. The men were small, sunburnt, and active; they were bright and inclined, as men seldom are, to take war gaily. They paid small attention to the shells, greeting them, "Another grouse dead!" From a safe dugout, artillerymen could be seen playing "little towns" with shrapnel-cases still hot. In peace, the art of the game is to disperse with big logs geometrical "little towns" of smaller logs. Years ago at Terioki, in Finland, I saw Gorki

playing with the novelist and playwright Leonid Andreyeff. The throws from Gorki's long arms were like falling shells.

On hills between this artillery position and Rzuchkowo the last Dunajec battle was fought. The field, pitted with shell craters, resembled a lunar landscape. The Austrians avenged their defeat with shells from twelve-inch mortars, from field-howitzers, from field-guns. On the space of a football field were twenty pits of the biggest shells. Between, sometimes overlapping, sometimes in, the big craters, were the craters of smaller shells. A landslide, caused by explosions, blocked a dugout, and nearly finished the tenants. Before my arrival, a twelve-inch shell, fired on low trajectory, sliced from an ammunition cart an angle of steel, and burst in a tempest of flame, smoke, and dust; the masked gun positions were shaken, and sods and sacks flew. The Russians were retaliating. No target was in sight. Judged by the spouts of flame, evenly apart on one hill contour, the aim was good. An eight-inch gun which dropped three shells on the same spot at Tuchow was silenced. Everybody asked, "Where is Thick Bertha?" Thick Bertha, in reality the Pilsener, answered late in the day with a "portmanteau" (the Rus-

sian analogue of "coal-box") that killed house-breakers in a Tarnow ruin.

In this campaign the enemy, even when near, is unseen. Soldiers seldom see him in bayonet charges; the charges are stayed by bullets, or they win by the moral threat, before the foes meet. Only on the Dunajec, I saw the enemy free, fighting, and at work, as if I were in his lines. The trenches on the left bank were below and very near ours. Three hundred yards lay between. The artillery observation point, and behind, sheltered by a ridge, the nearest battery of field-guns, were on a hill above the trenches. The observation point was half a mile from the Austrians. It was reached through a sapped gallery. I found a straw-lined dugout with sleeping room for four officers; and, past the entrance, with only the eyes over the edge of the sap, a Zeiss periscope. I stared long at the enemy's lines.

The Austrian artillery positions could not be seen; they were behind the hills, or on the hillsides, masked. Before the hills, flat land lay; and here, ten yards from the river, were the first infantry positions, faced by a ribbon of yellow clay, which may have been strewn with tread mines. There were three trenches, joined by saps, close together, with high, flimsy

entanglements. Our entanglements are lower, broader, and better built. There was a mild exchange of rifle fire. The Austrians aimed high over our heads, threatening the peasants and cows. Men in the first trench fired, the men in the back trenches dug, some bent over newspapers or white plates. The trenches were thinly manned, perhaps because in daylight they could not be surprised. The men in the trenches might have been picked off by sharpshooters, but if heads were exposed bullets came. The enemy's infantry reserves, I learned, were behind the hill; sometimes, on chance, Russian shrapnel was sent there. Wondering what the enemy would do to see our lines as we saw theirs, I left the observation point. The enemy, I learned, had seen our lines. Captive balloons had been up. The trenches had been photographed. The observation point escaped. It was an easy target; but except for stray bullets, nothing came its way.

I spent the afternoon with the divisional staff, with engineer officers, and with infantry officers on relief, met on the way to headquarters. Incredible stories were told of Austrian war-making. The Austrians, one man said, used their dead as dummies. On the

Lower Dunajec, trenches were fifty yards apart. When attacking at dawn, after night fighting, the Russians saw heads strangely exposed over the enemy's trench. These, they judged, were dummies, and they laughed at the foe's simplicity, for infantrymen, when they are not firing, do not show their heads. The dummies were corpses. On our left in the hills, where trench and trench were closer, there were truces broken by outbursts of rage. The Austrians broke an agreement concerning food, the Russians dammed a gorge, and let water loose. As a rule, truces lasted, and as time passed without fighting, friendships were made.

Thanks to prisoners and to spies, the Staff knew a great deal about Austrian dispositions. Prisoners were taken first to corps headquarters, then to army headquarters, and questioned twice. The first examination is more fruitful. In the emotion of safety prisoners forget the soldier's duty of silence; they feel a need for exchanging confidences; they ingratiate themselves; or they talk merely for the love of talking. After resting they change. "On the day of capture a prisoner's our spy; watch him, for the next day he's the enemy's." The officers told of a captured German who escaped from

Gorlice, leaving behind his helmet. In the helmet were notes of our strength.

The Staff gave me Austrian rifles, shells, and dum-dum and explosive aiming bullets. The aiming bullets — *Einschusspatrone* — look like normal bullets; when shaken they rattle. The charge is fulminate of mercury. All armies are said to use them at night; the flash given at impact shows that the bullet has struck. The use in large numbers, or for any purpose but aiming, is against the customs of war. I saw a machine-gun belt full of them, all marked with Austria's eagle and the year of manufacture. We took the rifles to a quarry pit, and fired dum-dums and explosives into a beam. The dum-dums made a clean entry and a ragged exit; the explosives made a clean hole, charred throughout. The charge is weak. This is the only breach of the rules of war I have seen. I heard of others; officers made few charges, but they were made in good faith; the stories of peasants, Jew traders, and Warsaw gossips were lies. Later, I tested new hand-grenades, flattish and glistening, like mustard-tins. These we cast into a pond, and they exploded on the ooze. It was a bright day, and towards the sky rose water-jets, thin and high as a house.

I visited hospitals at Tarnow, later some

étappe hospitals, and saw many wounded. The Ursuline nuns of Tarnow did good work, and Russian officers had respect for them. At a village on the Sandomierz road I found an étappe hospital in the hall of a Sokol league. There were thirty soldiers, all newly brought, in rows on sacking and straw, well tended by two young doctors, and very wretched. The girl helpers belonged to a nursing commune, put for the term of war under the Red Cross. As Russian women mostly do, they worked well; better than men. They were careful, practical, and devoted. Many years back I saw girls nursing scurvied Tartars in a breadless Kama-side village, while the men helpers begged that their names might be put in the papers. Here there was a girl, with a swollen hand which threatened blood-poisoning, cleaning from parasites a very dirty man.

As I drove to Pilzno, the boom from the Dunajec ceased, and a weaker boom came from the Beskides, forty miles south. In the passes the Austrians had big guns, and they fired without cease, sometimes to hit, sometimes to tease, sometimes to shake down snow. Snow and ice in the mountains retarded war. The Austrians retook Stanislau and Czernowitz, and reached our frontier. The Russians began the attempt

to force the passes which lasted through March and April. This was the third general offensive. The first began in November, the second at Christmas. On the eve of the third attempt Russia held the Dukla Pass and part of the canton of Saros. Fighting went on everywhere, hardest on the Dukla, Lupkow, Uszok, and Tuchla fronts. In the centre, on the Lupkow Pass, leading to Homonna, heavy blows were aimed.

The battle seemed to be the crisis of the campaign. It brought great sacrifices. The tactics were to shrink from no loss while there was hope, to attack when attack failed, and to counter-attack when the enemy won. Given the elements of success, these tactics are right and humane. In failure, the existence of the army is threatened; when losses reach a certain height, the army, although the organisation, artillery, and technical equipment remain, loses its combative value. After a chain of bloody combats this attack failed. Success would not have profited it. A week after the battle of the Passes ended, an Austrian and German army broke the Cracow front, and ten days later it reached the San. Had the Carpathian armies conquered and marched on Buda Pest, not a man would have returned.

Officers say that in killed and wounded the battle of the Passes was the costliest of the war. Germans called it "the grave of the Russian Army." Losses were great, but smaller, I believe, than in the battle of Lodz. For duration, steadfastness on both sides, and skill in meeting difficulties, all mountain fights were excelled. Snow lay shoulder-high on plane slopes; the drifts were as deep as wells; the cold was intense; and there were mists. Sunshine melted the surface snow, making slides of ice. While the Russians fought Arctic winter, the Austrians, ascending the south slopes, had an early spring; they struggled in torrents of snow water and abysms of mud. The Austrians had their backs to the sun; the Russians were dazzled as they stormed the hill fortresses; the glare across the snow hampered aim. The Eighth Army was in trouble for supplies. Wheeled carts would not move, and the slopes were too steep and the snow too deep for sledges. Supplies came on endless chains of sleds with broad runners, hauled by men at the summits. Trains were swallowed up, and had to be dug out. Guns were floated over the snow on platforms, and dead men on planks were slid down the hills for burial.

The men marched, shot, and shed their blood

in the snow. A hospital worker told me that he passed near Baligrod a winter battle-field. He looked from above on a slope where the snow, trodden only in parts, was white; and red flowers seemed to grow in it. It was painful to see wounded men, on their way to the first-aid points, leaving trails of blood; to see them, bandaged, struggling through snow to the field-hospitals. Bearers who followed the trails found a soldier frozen to death. Hoping to stem the blood, he had pressed through the snow his shattered hand.

Snow tactics were devised. There was snow-field engineering; both sides faced the problem of attacking with infantry over snow-fields. The end of March saw snow-fortress fighting. This was at the Tartar's Saddle on the Lupkow front. At night, after trouble with supplies had caused a Russian withdrawal, the Austrians advanced. They had infantry on skis, guns on runners, and transport sleds. The snow was breast-high. In the dawn, when our airmen, rising from the plain, soared to reconnoitre, the Austrians were seen, high up, in trenches terraced on the snow slopes. Snow will not stop bullets. Snow water, provided by the sun, had been poured on the snow parapets. At night the soaked snow froze, and made bullet-proof walls. The aerial for-

tress overlooked our lines. To take it was hard; field-guns higher in the pass poured shrapnel; and machine guns were fired from turrets of frozen snow. Some of the Austrian guns were silenced; the ice parapets split. An infantry attack had to follow. Infantry could not cross the snow. In darkness the snow was sapped. The Austrians saw the sappers, and renewed their fusillade. At dawn our men were fifty yards from the enemy. They began to lose; the soft snow concealed them, but it let bullets through. The Russians cast grenades. The Austrians answered with grenades. From the concussion, snow swept down the mountain, and buried friend and foe. The Austrians came off better. Their frozen parapets held; and when the snow sea ceased to move, they struggled out. A dozen Russians perished. Tunnels were dug through snow. An enemy's observation outpost was housed in a shed on a snow slope. Not far off Russians shivered in trenches and dugouts of snow turned to ice by sun and night frost. Hoping to surprise the enemy, our men tunnelled. The snow was water-soaked; and at first the roof held. When the tunnellers were near the shed, the roof caved in; heads emerged; a rifle went off; there was a collapse with sounds so disturbing that the Austrians fled, flounder-

ing through the snow wilderness. Our men were so pleased by their successful failure that they forbore to shoot.

On the Dukla-Lupkow front the fighting was spread. Isolated units could not keep in touch. Forces had successes or failures hours, sometimes days, before the results of actions fought close to them were known. Half a battalion vanished; it attacked and dispersed Austrians on a remote ridge. Snow fell; the path was lost; and the Russians were heard of no more. There was no telephone; clouds prevented signalling; in the roar of a battle forty miles long, shot signals were unheard; ski runners perished in a ravine. The soldiers made snow dugouts, wrapped up their wounded, and waited. Next day the Austrians, as they returned to the attack, were seen from below. A force sent to attack them found the lost men, some with frost-bites, all too tired to move.

Mists, made by melting and evaporation in the March sunshine, hampered work. Austrians, marching south on the Uszok front, blundered in the mist against a battalion of our men. Russian forces were higher in the hills; the battalion, hearing the tramp, feared to shoot lest the invisible men were friends. The Austrians shot. Still believing the shooters were comrades,

our men lay down and shouted, "Friends!" The Austrians fired again. One of the Russian forces on the hills returned. The mist rose; the Austrians found Russians in front and behind. The Russians still feared to shoot, as bullets which passed the Austrian ranks would have hit friends. By firing on both sides the Austrians might have mown down both enemy forces, but, seeing retreat cut, they surrendered. In an engagement on this front a Little Russian signaller lost his life. After the officers were killed, he took charge of an infantry outpost on a hill. The Hungarians threatened from all sides. With the side of a beef-tin the soldier-commander signalled for help. When help came, only three soldiers were left. The signaller died last.

There were fierce bayonet fights, many bloody repulses of attacks and counter-attacks, and some position war. The position war was made necessary by the fortification of the transverse valleys after the last Austrian advance. Redoubts were buried in the slopes, masked with snow and pine saplings, so that they were invisible even from near. There were terraced trenches of Russian kind, well masked, with loopholed breastworks of logs. To destroy these was hard. The attackers' guns moved slowly;

the defenders' guns were posted in advance. Shrapnel fire from masked batteries delayed a division two days. Crossing a hillside at night, our men took three works from the side with the bayonet. Later, works were found protected at the side with entanglements. Magyar Honved units, perhaps because they fought for Hungary's defence, showed greatest resolution. In April a Honved force, newly come from Homonna, assailed Russians who were advancing. Unable to intrench, the Russians sought shelter behind a pine-covered ridge. The Magyars three times stormed against our rifles and machine guns. They lost half their number, retired to trenches, were attacked and shattered, but held out. Reinforcements came for them and for us. The Magyars stormed again, and failed. A counter-attack cast them out, and few escaped.

As winter passed, trouble with mud and stones replaced trouble with snow. The mud was deep. In the fights for the Orawa valley stones did the work of projectiles. Sometimes through concussion, sometimes by the impact of shells, boulders in instable equilibrium were sent flying. An avalanche of stones which tore down the Ostry caused the evacuation of trenches. The enemy took the lowest trench,

and held it, sheltered against fire from above by a salient of rock. The slope over the upper trench was covered with stones. When firing began, the stones bounded down. Later explosions brought on a stone bombardment of our trenches, which killed some men and bruised many. The soldiers covered their heads and spines with folded coats, haversacks, and logs, and crouched or lay. When the enemy saw our trouble, he fired shells into the stones. The men crept sidelong from the trench, and ran, under rifle fire. Stones bounded over the salient into the lower trench, now held by Austrians; and the Austrians ran. When the stones tired of falling, the fight, this time with hand-bombs, was resumed.

Mine war, in the style of Flanders, played a part in the Austrian and German counter-attacks in the Orawa and Opor valleys. The Russians turned the hills into forts. Plane slopes with a clear field of fire and deep gullies in the valleys helped the defence. The Austrians of Hofmann, part of the German Linsingen's command, bored galleries across the valleys, sometimes under the gullies. They blew up our trenches, stormed the Zimin and the Ostry, and at great cost won the Orawa valley a few days before Radko Dimitrieff's defeat caused a retreat from all the

passes. It is no puzzle why blood was shed in frontal attacks when the plan was ripe to recover Galicia by an advance from Cracow. The enemy's way is to disturb all fronts. In strategy, as in tactics, the pressure is high.

The main change from the battle of the Passes was a Russian loss on the Dukla front. The Austrians pushed north from near Sztropko to beyond Krajna Polyana, near the frontier. They failed to reach the watershed. East and west their gains dwindled to points. Failure casts no aspersion on the Russians. The courage shown was great; and if blunders were made, they lay in the strategical problem itself. The positions were too strong; the Austrians, backed by Germans under German generals, defended with obstinacy, and counter-attacked with fire. Attacks that fail bring the judgment that they ought not to have been made, but that implies foreknowledge. Risks must be taken; and as a march west against Prussia was doomed, the military and political destruction of Austria-Hungary was the only aim.

My belief after the battle of the Passes was that no new offensive could be tried unless Russia's allies in the West shook the Germans, and compelled them to transfer men. From the little I saw, and from all that I heard, it

seemed that the defensive in Galicia could be maintained and resumed; the Cracow front would be held as before; and, in spite of German and Austrian successes in the Beskides, Russia, if she ceased from attacking, could hold the northern slopes. This judgment assumed that no more German troops would come. In the passes the Russians were strong, and the Cracow front looked impregnable. It had been held for months, it ran without break from the Vistula to the hills, and it was fortified with every device. The Western campaign taught that such a front might be gnawed at, but that it could not be swallowed at once. This teaching is disproved. A strongly posted army, confident of strength, kept in inaction by strategical exigencies, spared trench fighting, may fall a prey to a foe who has initiative, and the boldness of conception needed for vast operations. The Tenth Army of Baron v. Sievers perished from such causes, and in May perished the army of Radko Dimitriyeff.

After my visit, the Staff moved from Pilzno to Jaslo, a town to the south. Radko Dimitriyeff was at Jaslo when the attack began. The attackers were the three or four corps of the Archduke Joseph, the German division which stood in February on the right, and German

reinforcements of unknown strength. The plan was conceived by the Austrian Chief of Staff, Baron Conrad v. Hoetzendorff; the command was given to General v. Mackensen, the victor in the flank attack from Thorn, which ended our advance against Posen and Silesia. The Vienna Staff report says that the Third Army comprised the 9th, 10th, 12th, 24th and 3rd Caucasus Corps, with reserve divisions. On a front of seventy miles the enemy concentrated fifteen hundred guns; there were many Austrian 30.5 mortars, and at least two 42 cm. Pilsener howitzers. The Pilseners were used to prepare for storm the important height, 419. The Lower Dunajec is dammed against floods. The Austrians, working at night, pierced the dam; at dawn they blocked the hole, and they got ready, greased and on wheels, their pontoons. By a bombardment of four hours on the morning of the 2nd of May, the Russian position was battered. The Austrians and Germans crossed the river; farther north they marched against Gorlice, and they stormed our lines. The lines were pierced at six places, and by the afternoon the front was crushed. The best resistance was made by the centre, west of Tarnow; there, was a good general with a good corps. The penetration of both wings

and pressure on the centre itself compelled retreat. History has no more remarkable frontal attack.

The Austrians and Germans advanced rapidly, crossed the Wisloka, captured Pilzno, Jaslo, Krosno, and Brzowow; eleven days after the battle they crossed the San, and a month after the battle they retook Przemysl. Their advance threatened the communications, one after the other, of the armies in the passes. From Dukla to the Opor valley there were hurried retreats, the enemy pursuing. No Russians were left in Hungary. Some units failed to escape. The Nida positions, strongly fortified, in South Poland were outflanked; they were evacuated, and the Austrians regained Kielce. The Russians were expelled from Bukowina and the Austrians crossed into Bessarabia. The Germans and Austrians advanced rapidly down the Carpathian slopes and crossed the Dnieper. The Russians made some vigorous counter-attacks, but had no general success. The attackers crossed into South Poland, near Tarnograd. They marched on Lemberg, captured the Grodek and Wereszyca lines, the city's natural defences, strongly fortified, to the west; and on the 22nd of June retook Lemberg.

The Dunajec offensive seemed at first to be merely the beginning of a campaign for the recovery of Galicia. It bore no obvious immediate relation to the struggle for Poland, and did not foreshadow the campaigns in the Baltic Provinces and Lithuania, still less the greater campaign for the overthrowal of Russia, which is now under way. Russians held that Austria and Germany, in spite of the new victory, were too weak to attempt a general invasion. Before Lemberg was lost this view was shown to be mistaken. The battle of Gorlice-Tarnow must be regarded as one link in a chain of offensive operations aimed from the first at the destruction of Russia's armies and the conquest of Poland and West Russia.

A cause of the Austro-German success was the superior ability of the two Powers to create new forces from their stores of untrained men and of material. During the winter, in which, except for the Masuria battle, they were inactive, Austria and Germany called into being powerful new armies. Here they were competing with the Entente Powers, and they were bound to win. Against Russia they had the advantage of great manufacturing resources; against France they had the advantage of larger stocks of untrained men (in the years before the war,

the German army took little more than half the men who reached service age); and against England they had the advantage of having intelligent, patriotic Governments, really intent on national defence. A competent Russian tells me that in the seven months before the Dunajec battle, Austria and Germany, in addition to preparing for the field their men of the older classes of reserves, equipped and trained 1,500,000 men.

The first sign of an Austro-German offensive all along the line was the seizure by Germany of Libau, Russia's only ice-free port in the north. After the recapture of Lemberg, the Austro-German armies of Galicia turned north. The invasion armies in Central Poland pressed heavily on our front; and it appeared that large German armies under Hindenburg were operating in North Poland, Lithuania, and Courland. The immediate aim of Austro-German strategy was to envelop and cut off, or force to retreat, the Russian armies defending Warsaw. That was to be effected by an advance north from Galicia between Vistula and Bug, by a break through the Narew-Bohr-Niemen fortress line, and by attacks on the forces west of Warsaw. The Russians were too weak to resist. The retention of the Vis-

tula position meant their destruction. Even before the Narew fortress line was broken by the capture of Pultusk and Roshan, Warsaw's fate was sealed, and the city, together with Ivangorod, was abandoned on the 5th of August. The Staff proclaimed that it would hold the Bug line. This was a front stretching from near Riga to Kovno, from Kovno along the Niemen to Grodno, thence to Brest-Litovsk, and along the Bug to the Galician frontier. From Kovno south the line follows closely the political frontier of Congress Poland. The plan involved the abandonment of Poland, Courland, and the western half of Kovno province. The straightness of the front, the fortresses, the Niemen, the Bieloviezh Forest, the Bug, and the Pripet marshes made the new position strong. The plan failed because even far from their frontiers the military superiority of Austria and Germany remained operative; in the north the invaders threatened fresh envelopment along the lines Kovno-Vilna and Mitau-Dvinsk; and in the south they began an advance east of the Bug against Kovel and the Rovno fortress group. On the 26th of August, after the storming of Kovno and Novo-georgievsk proved that no fortress could withstand German attack, Brest-Litovsk was aban-

done. A rear-guard defence was made. The Austrians stormed Lutsk; Grodno, the last of the new defence line's fortresses, was taken on September the 3rd, and on September the 19th fell Vilna. So Russia lost nearly all barriers, natural and artificial, against invasion of her home provinces. For future defence she must rely on what is left of her field armies, on her great distances, her winter climate, the difficulty of offensive warfare in a country with few roads and railways, and the chance of relief from the strategy of her Allies.

If Russia's disasters of last summer are not retrieved, the battle of Gorlice-Tarnow will rank as one of the decisive battles of the world. No battle makes so plain the meaning of strategy and the moral penalty of defeat. The force defeated on the Cracow front was not a tenth of the army; its destruction caused the retreat, and in part the dissolution of armies four times as great; it caused the loss of the Carpathian strategical frontier, the loss of the fortress key of Galicia; and the loss of all the fortresses with some thousands of guns, and the loss of prisoners declared by the captors to have numbered in the four months, May to August, over 1,100,000. The battle showed to most what from the first was plain to a few, the superior-

ity of the Central Powers in all the factors which count in war.

I left Galicia long before this battle. The visit strengthened an old conviction, confirmed in the present war on other fronts, that the Russian army has brave soldiers and zealous leaders. An inexperienced eye found little to criticise. Clothing, feeding, and the supply of ammunition seemed good. Until our Ministers revealed the fact to the enemy, it was not known that there were not enough shells. I saw no soldier without a good overcoat and good boots. The *étappe* service worked well; and morale and discipline were good. Relations of officers to men were fraternal. In technical sense, the artillerists and engineers stood highest; these were the most important branches. The infantry officers seemed to be up to their work. Of the Staff I could not judge. I saw that, owing to the good order in the organisation and to the tactical stagnation, it had little to do.

The army's conduct continued to be good. Poles whom I questioned on the way back agreed. The soldiers, true peasants, were rough, idle, and easy-going; the prohibition of drink prevented the excesses they are given to in peace. My last glimpse of the Third Army was at Mielec, a townlet on the railway to Sando-

mierz, where transport men sang, and a sapper held under his overcoat a child's squeaking doll, and by pressure brought squeaks from his chest. Probably no child ever stared more, and no soldier showed more conceit.

CHAPTER IX

ARMS AND MEN

AFTER a small success, an officer asked me why Russia, the winner in many small affairs, gained no victory over the Germans and held no German soil. Some successes had been gained by inferior numbers. With superior numbers in the whole theatre, Russia ought to win. The officer asked why resources were not making themselves felt; the Entente combination had untold resources; it had been organising them for a year; but the position of Germany and Austria improved every day. These questions led me to combine some thoughts about the nature of the war with observations and reported facts.

A war fought in a very large theatre by large numbers, operating in dislocated armies, is certain to be won by the side which has most power — most of the sum of numbers, physique, morale, equipment, leadership. Many past wars were not won by power, they were decided by single battles: and the single battles were won not by power, but by impromptu thoughts

of leaders, by mistakes, omens, accidents of weather. The better armies with the better generals lost. The present war cannot be decided in that way.

The war consists of several campaigns in detached theatres. In each theatre each side has several armies, far apart; and each army has several corps, each holding a longer front than was held by the greatest army of past wars. Mistakes, impromptu thoughts, accidents of weather may decide small affairs: the collisions of brigades or divisions, perhaps a fight between corps. They will not decide a battle. A battle is a string of detached engagements along a great front; if not one-sided, the battle is gained by success in the greater number of the important operations. One mistake or one accident will not outweigh superiority of power; the chance victory of an inferior army would not decide a campaign in which several armies fighting many battles are engaged, much less would it decide the war.

Great battles, properly fought, resemble technical undertakings. The chance of their normal course being disturbed is not much greater than the chance of a canal project failing. The canal engineer draughts his plan, measures the material and labour needed to overcome re-

sistance, provides the material and labour, and sets to work. If he has planned according to the rules of canal-building, measured the resistance accurately, and provided material and labour, he can hardly fail. He will not begin the work without plans, without calculating resistance, without sufficient material and workmen, comforting himself with the knowledge that he is doing his best. The battle of Tannenberg, the Winter Battle of Masuria, and the battle of Gorlice-Tarnow were executed by the victors as engineers dig canals. The victors measured the power of the armies they proposed to destroy; they collected material and men sufficient to overcome the resistance of the enemy's power, and attacked. The operations were too vast and differentiated to be disturbed by chance. The victors did not undertake operations beyond their strength. If they were short of material and men, they did not — consoled by the conviction that they were doing their best — attack according to plan, or resort to a makeshift plan. Where they miscalculated the resistance and doubted a complete success, they abandoned the plan, and made another, a new, not a makeshift, plan commensurate with the material and men they were sure of. An instance is their refusal to fight on the

Vistula in October, 1914. The strategy of the Entente in France and Flanders has been to get what material and men could be got; and to attack, not with the conviction of accomplishing specific operations of importance, but with the hope of doing the best possible and causing the enemy loss. Battles were victories or defeats according as they gained or lost ground, not according as they accomplished or failed to accomplish strategical aims planned in advance. This strategy was costly; in the East, the enemy with smaller losses conquered and reconquered provinces, and took guns by the hundred and prisoners by the hundred thousand.

Great wars, decided by numerous victories in battles which are themselves not materially influenced by chance, resemble business undertakings of great size. They differ from the wars of the past as ocean-liner companies differ from groups of merchant adventurers with single ships. In the ocean company the absolute number of accidents is greater, but the influence of accidents on the operations is slight. The war is on such a scale that nothing can prevent the victory of power. Persons who could accurately measure the power of the antagonists could tell without fail which would win.

The side with the greater power is not the side with the greater resources. Wars are fought with men and arms which do certain things; they can no more be fought with resources than canals can be dug with pig iron directed by men who are not engineers. The promise of victory by resources is made by rulers caught unprepared for war, because it condones their negligence and postpones their punishment. History is a record of the victories of power over resources. Fifty years ago, the power of Prussia beat the greater resources of the Austrian league; four years later German power beat French resources; Japan with little resources beat China; Japan beat Russia; the Balkan Confederation beat Turkey. Older history is the same. The disappearance of the old world-empires was caused by the victory of power over resources, by nothing else.

The belief that resources beat power springs from the belief that resources can be transformed into power so as to reverse the first decision of arms. This may happen if the initial disparity in power is small. In general, the belief is false. Resources take time to turn into power; and war goes on. The intellectual or technical backwardness, which has hindered the accumulation of power before war, persists; a

government which cannot prepare in the ease of peace is twice unfit to prepare in the confusion of war. Where land is won by the victor, resources are lost to him. The Germans gained resources by the capture of Lille, Lodz, Libau, and Warsaw. The superiority in power grows and the inferiority in resources disappears. New power produced by the beaten side is of lower quality: it is less powerful. Soldiers have short training, officers are improvised, commanders have not had practice in handling large forces; the morale may be good from desperation, but the victor's morale is good through success. The new power cannot be applied with advantage. To keep the old power on its legs, the new power, produced in dribblets, is sent to war in dribblets; the accession of strength replaces losses and makes material for new losses, but it is never adequate to give the superiority of power needed for victory. The will to win with stronger armies led by better generals, which is the essence of victory, is replaced by hope of wearing the enemy out. The true doctrine, attrition, is falsely applied. A log of wood will not rub away a file. The losses of defeat, in men, material, and morale, exceed the losses of victory. The transformation of resources into power cannot keep pace with the loss of power. Fall of

morale, discontent, finance, the hopelessness of warring on a basis which assumes the enemy's superiority, bring the war to an end. The political and moral condition of Russia is therefore a vital factor in judging whether Russia can repair her defeats. The war of Russia against Japan shows how little attrition avails. The attrition doctrine affects injuriously the conduct of war. The side with less power and more resources believes that Nature is its ally; it neglects the one chance of retrieving defeat. The chance lies in the creation of the most possible power of the highest possible kind in the shortest possible time. In the present war, this meant that England should cease boasting of resources, money-bags, and silver bullets, and take to conscription, subordinating, as Germany and France do, all state and private interests to the making of war.

In nations prepared for war to the limit of their abilities, resources and power are nearly the same thing. The human resources have been turned into soldiers; the material resources have so far been turned into weapons and supplies that there are enough for all men. In measure as resources have been turned into power the war is national. To Germany the war is more national than to Russia. In both

it is nearer a national war than any war of the past. The soldiers are not dominant races or hereditary fighting castes. The armies contain the nation's qualities and quantities. The nation's physique is the army's endurance; the nation's contentment and discipline are the army's morale; the nation's technical level is the army's equipment.

The difference between Russia and Germany is more marked than the difference between other belligerents. Russia could not be as strong a military state as Germany. Russia surpasses Germany in numbers. The standard of health is lower; the absolute number of men fit for military service is greater. The Germans are a better disciplined people, more contented with rulers and institutions. Technically, Germany is superior; her superiority has increased in the past century as result of education and industrialisation and of the stagnation of Russia. There is no reason known why Russia should not produce more men with military talent than Germany; but there is smaller chance for military talent to show itself. The Germans profit from their good school of leadership. The balance of national fitness for war is to Germany's credit. Competent Russian soldiers knew this; they did not expect too much too soon; and

they ascribed our rhetoric about the march on Berlin and the steam-roller to German agents working for our defeat. A general showed me with anger in an English picture newspaper a portrait of Hindenburg, described, "He is Flying for His Life." A few days before, the Field-Marshal had captured 300 guns and 100,000 prisoners. In view of the zeal which these patriots showed for our defeat, their disappointment causes surprise. The Russian army did not disappoint. Relatively to Russia's stage of development, Russia's army is good. The share of Russian thought, work, and wealth spent on the army is greater than the share of German thought, work, and wealth spent on the German army.

In physique the Russian army compares best with the German. Abundance of conscripts prevents the enrolment of weak men. Men of the active army are strong. The health of reservists has been affected by bad feeding, drink, and unsanitary housing. The war puts severe strains on muscles and nerves. A prisoner told me that between the battle of Tannenberg and Hindenburg's retreat from Warsaw, he fought in six actions. Soldiers broke down. Near Radom, a company of sleeping Germans was captured. Of fighting near Kovno in June, a

German report says: "When our indefatigable men pushed forward to the railway-station Koslowa Buda they found a sleeping army. Three thousand Russians had thrown themselves down, hoping next day to find an opening for escape. They were made prisoners." The outnumbered Austrians in the first Lemberg battles expressed joy when rifle ammunition failed; they could sleep; shells killed sleepers; a soldier fell asleep on his bayonet and died. Exhaustion hindered pursuit. After three weeks of fighting round Lodz, the Germans could not follow up their success. German marches in the battle of Tannenberg and the Winter Battle of Masuria are remarkable. I saw at Warsaw Siberians who had walked fifty miles in two days; they looked well. The Russian peasant at home is not a walker or a worker; heavy field labour lasts a few weeks; in winter, if he does not work in a town factory, he idles and sleeps.

The nerves of soldiers are shaken by battles and privations; but few men go mad. A field surgeon told me that soldier minds stand war strains better than the minds of civilians; the civilian afflictions: bellicose paranoia, hallucinations, and pathological credulity are rare. Among prisoners the chance of mental derange-

ment is high. Success in battle fosters mental health. Trench life, affecting physical health, reacts unfavourably. Insanity is seldom traced to war excitement. I heard of a soldier who lost his reason through the tameness of war. He was a nervous, imaginative man, spoiled by reading war histories. A Pole went mad through loving Germans. He began by hating them. He was in charge of prisoners, mostly inoffensive, soft youths; this caused a reaction. He fed the prisoners, gave them tobacco, began to like them, and talked only of them. His comrades nicknamed him "The Kaiser's groom." He put on a prisoner's helmet, and ran about. In the dusk he was taken for a fugitive, and was shot dead.

In its morale, which is not homogeneous, Russia's army represents the national life. It differs from the German army, which takes a single stamp from unity of education, discipline, and patriotism. In Russia between highest and lowest is a gap. At present, patriotic feeling is strong. Family and school discipline are weak; oppression has exalted revolt, independently of causes, into a virtue. Education determines conduct in battle. The more backward a soldier, the greater is his resistance to influences which depress and elate. Ignorant

men do not understand military conditions; they are insensitive about their personal safety, do not easily take fright, and show no love for taking risks. The regimental officers have an insensitive spirit. They are not true Intelligents; in provincial garrison towns they keep to themselves; they are awkward and shy in Intelligent society. The soldiers and most officers have the quality ascribed to the army as a whole: they are stubborn. Russian life is not all insensibility. The Intelligence is hypersensitive. The Intelligents of the army are staff officers, many officers in the guards' and metropolitan line regiments, and some officers of line units in the country. They are well-educated men, socially connected with the highest Intelligence; they can show more scholars, poets, and musicians than the German officers' corps; and if they have politics the politics are often Left, that is Intelligent. The distance in thinking and feeling between the two army elements is great.

This may explain mysteries in present history. The army is stubborn; it is tough in defeat, and slow to gain stimulus from success. There are times when the toughness dissolves; the times when the stimulus acts quickly are few. The army resisted Hindenburg before Lodz for three

weeks, and escaped, leaving few prisoners and guns; in the spring, it fought seven weeks for the Carpathian passes. Beside these are Tannenberg and Gorlice-Tarnow, defeats followed by dissolution. Many incidents indicate that the Russians do best in prolonged, hammering operations which exclude surprises. In surprise, appears an element which is not stubbornness, and may be Intelligent hypersensitiveness. Stubbornness, being inertia, limits victory. The Austrians, after their beating near Lemberg in September, were let escape; no advantage was taken of both invaders' embarrassment on the Vistula in October, 1914; the two corps of Litzmann surrounded at Tuschin in November got away. The Germans took risks which they would not have taken against Germans; they exposed their flanks, weakened their centre when dealing flank blows, and succeeded in operations (the raid to Libau), which invited defeat. Sometimes the Russians tried sharp attacks on the weak points; small successes, not pushed home, were gained. Victories like Tannenberg were not won even against the Austrians. The sensitiveness or quickness of part of the army was not enough. Such operations need an army which is all quick, sensitive, accurate, specialised, and homogeneous.

The morale of Russians under loss is good. In operations where there was no surprise, large units after heavy losses stood fast. The soldier is brave in face of death, and in pain brave and insensitive. The defeats were not caused by soldiers breaking under heavy losses; the heaviest losses were suffered after defeat, and many more men were lost in prisoners than in casualties. In defeat the peasant soldier needs unceasing guidance; confusion above has bad results. For other moral qualities, obedience, cheerfulness, and comradeship, the soldiers may be praised.

German technical superiority is fully operative. Bad communications influenced the campaign. The isolation of Russia from Europe, and the dependence of Russia upon Europe for certain supplies, were foreseen; they lay in the nature of a great war. No communication was provided; the ports which are ice-free were neglected; to Archangel ran a single-track light railway, the ice-breakers were inferior and the wharfage and anchorage inadequate. The removal of these defects would have cost no more than a few years' maintenance of an army corps, and would have been worth many corps. Bad roads and scarcity of railways in Poland, in particular the want of concentric railways around

the Prussian-Galician sack, made it hard to meet surprises, and made an offensive campaign, even if the other conditions existed, impossible. Railways were not built, it is said, because Germany could not be resisted west of the Vistula. It is impossible to gain victory on the assumption that the enemy will win, and that the way to foil him is to prepare for defeat.

In artillery, the technical factor which, after railways, has most influenced the war, Germany started well supplied, with ability to repair and replace. She began with 2832 field-guns against the Russian 4434; 900 field-howitzers against 444; and 400 heavy howitzers against 64. Germany strengthened her artillery with many captured Russian guns. The German corps has 108 field-guns against the Russian 96; the weight of projectiles is as 10 to 7. In middle stages of the campaign, the German heavy artillery has been mostly in North Poland and Galicia. Concentration of guns, and concentration tactics in their use, account for many victories. The fire of 1500 guns destroyed in a few hours defences which the Third Army took months to build. The battle of Lodz was won by shrapnel. The dominance of artillery is reflected by the campaign. The first German victories were won near the frontier in autumn

or winter. The heavy artillery could not be quickly moved over roads soft from rain or snow. When the attackers reached the immediate aim of destroying a Russian force, they recoiled, or, having no heavy guns, were stopped. The victory of Gorlice-Tarnow was won in May, when the good Galician roads were dry. In capture of prisoners or guns on the spot, it was less complete than Tannenberg, but the guns kept pace with the pursuit, and the pursuit lasted till Lemberg's fall.

Russian and German leadership cannot be compared. German strategy bears the impress of the will and of the choice of ways. Russian strategy was imposed. As long as Russia had the initiative, strategy was imposed by the initial conditions of the war; afterwards it was imposed by the enemy. The envelopment of Poland by Prussian and Galician territory, Austria's relative weakness, and the defenceless frontier of Galicia dictated the march on Lemberg. The march into Southwest Poland after Hindenburg's retreat was compelled by the fortress obstacles in North Germany. In the battle of Lodz, Germany took the initiative, and she has kept it. The unsuccessful assault on the Carpathians in March and April gave Austria also the initiative. After April, Russia

fought a defensive fight; the blows have been aimed where the enemy chose; and strategy has consisted in doing in the least costly way what the enemy required.

When she had the initiative, Russia executed in her own way the strategy imposed by geographical and defence conditions. In the hope of outweighing with superior numbers the enemy's quality, she used her army as a single weapon of offence on a great front. She planned to crush or envelop. Of this kind were the attack on Austria in September, the march on Silesia and Posen in November, and the spring assault on the Carpathians. For such strategy the Germans and Austrians had not men. They did not try to crush the Russians by one operation. The plan was to choose for destruction one Russian army; to concentrate superior power; to attack, with the certainty of victory, before the attacked could be reinforced. This strategy was first tried at Tannenberg. After victory a surprise attack was prepared on another front. The aim was to keep on weakening the Russians, to take their artillery, and undermine their morale until the time came for a general attack. The extension of the battle of Gorlice-Tarnow into an assault on the whole Russian front indicates that the enemy last

spring believed the time had come. The ease in moving heavy guns was not the only factor. The strategy against Russia was costlier and took more time than the strategy of general attack tried in France. It accorded with the nature of the war as a self-insuring enterprise. By multiplying the number of operations, it distributed risk, and yielded the enemy the full fruits of their power, their good school of leadership, their good equipment, training, and morale.

Russia's position, as result of the Austro-German victories, is beyond expression serious. She is pressed by enemies whose armies are larger, better equipped, and better led than at any stage of the campaign, whose morale has been raised by unexampled victories. She has lost the greater part of her army, much of her artillery and technical equipment, her fortresses, and a system of communications necessary for defence and offence. She has lost her most civilised provinces, with half a dozen manufacturing cities, and a great part of her coal supply. The mechanism for replacing waste of equipment is largely lost. In England these losses are represented to be trivial; they are even painted as latent and potential victories; but the deceiving of the British people, which the Government and part of the Press

have pursued for a year, is no consolation for Russians, who fully realise the truth. While England has been learning that Russia has not been defeated, that her retreats are triumphs, and that her losses of fortresses, prisoners, and guns are intentional, the Russian nation is hearing from Duma and Press that the war has been a catastrophic failure; and that unless some saving factor — at present invisible — intervenes, the Russian cause and the whole Entente cause are lost.

The defeats have brought open collision between Government and people, and a state of revolution which has, so far, with one exception, been peaceful. The autocracy has collapsed, as it collapsed temporarily after the defeat in the Far East. Some obnoxious ministers have been dismissed; as successors have been appointed men who, if not programmatic reformers, have good reputations; some freedom to criticise has been extorted; and progressive politicians are fighting for a responsible administration. The blame of defeat is put on the Government. The Duma reminds the Government that years ago it demanded in vain remedy of the army deficiencies which in the past year proved fatal; and it violently reproaches the bureaucracy for pursuing unchanged a system of government

which led to a debacle ten years ago. In this quarrel between Government and society, all reason is not on one side. The Progressives, who before the war put their fingers on army defects and prophesied disaster as result of misgovernment, forgot their warnings when war broke out. They not only shared official confidence, they went much further than bureaucrats went in prematurely proclaiming victory, in planning conquests, in the exuberances of faith which I witnessed when I first came out. If blame of the Court, Bureaucracy, and Ministry of War is justified, the Liberal Intelligence, the Duma, and the Press must share the blame. This fact must be remembered in measuring the chance of restoring Russia's military strength during the war.

At present parties are divided as to whether the war can be best carried on by the present bureaucratic system, with new men of good character and talents placed to some extent under representative control, or by a parliamentary administration. A point agreed upon is that any Government must depend not on its own efforts but upon the cooperation of society. It is not clear that parliamentary administration or closer Duma control would increase military efficiency. The

circles which demand these reforms showed no more foresight about the war than the bureaucracy showed. The revolution of ten years ago showed that these circles are no richer than the bureaucracy in men of character and ability. The demand for Parliamentarism, though honestly motivated by desire to carry on the war more efficiently, is in reality a move in the class struggle for power — an attempt to complete the truncated revolution of 1905.

In immediate defence measures the co-operation between Government and society is having a good result. Energy is being shown in the manufacturing of equipment, and generally in what England calls the organisation of the nation. The output of equipment and munitions has been steadily increased. Difficulties have to be faced. They lie in part in the shortness of machinery and of trained hands; and in greater part in the fact that the synthesis of classes implied in "co-operation of Government and society" has not been achieved. It is not possible to improvise confidence. The Liberal Press daily prints evidence that the old bureaucratic suspicion of voluntary effort, of social initiative survives; that it is hampering organisations and individuals whose only motive is a patriotic will to serve their country.

This moral hindrance, born of old distrust and oppression, operates against "the organisation of the nation" in the same way as strikes and disorders, the fruit of our Government's ante-war policy of anarchy, hinder the organisation of England.

To avert disaster, Russia needs a respite. Even with a respite, her chance of recovery is small; without a respite, she has no chance. A respite would have been gained if the Niemen-Bug line had been held for the winter; after the line was lost it would have been gained if the enemy had assumed the defensive, and sent his superfluous forces to some other front. Possibly the invasion of Servia will bring Russia the needed rest. But the Austrians and Germans, who understand the political and moral principles of war as well as they understand the political principles, may not give Russia a respite, but may pursue the campaign to extremes. If so, unless a powerful diversion comes from some other front, the case of Russia and of the whole Entente is past repair.

The only front possible is the Belgian and French. The notion that on this score Russia has cause of complaint against France and England is not correct. Officially, Russia has laid stress on the constant withdrawals of Ger-

man troops from the West for employment in the East; and in the Press are vague complaints that Russia is bearing most of the sacrifice. The implied complaint is not justified. It was Russia's misfortune, and not her merit, that the Germans and Austrians after the battle of the Marne turned attention to her. Had they continued a successful offensive towards Paris, and held successfully against Russia a defensive line based on the Prussian fortresses, the Vistula, Cracow, and the Carpathians, France would be complaining that it is she who bears all the sacrifice. It was the use Germany made of her ability to attack on either side, while the Entente could attack on neither, which brought the present misfortunes on Russia. It is not true that Russia, in order to save from destruction the French and British armies, diverted her strategy from its normal course, and sacrificed in East Prussia valuable armies. The armies destroyed at Tannenberg and at the Winter Battle of Masuria invaded Prussia because for Russia's proposed general offensive it was essential to clear the East-Prussian flank. Russian generals were not so naïve as to plan the relief of France and England by consciously sending armies to destruction. Russian strategy has been governed, first

by the aim of crushing Germany and Austria, secondly by the aim of crushing Austria, and thirdly by the aim of defending home territory.

If Russia has not got her respite, recuperation, with a new offensive, or even — at least until the impassable interior is reached — with a successful defensive, is out of the question. I base this judgment on the present relation of strength in the Eastern campaign. A Franco-British offensive so vigorous as radically to change the relation of strength in Russia's favour by causing Germany to send large forces west would retrieve the situation. But the present Austro-German superiority margin in Russia is great, and the diversion offensive would have to be of overpowering character.

It seems that the issue of the war depends on operations in the West. As France has already put her last man in the field, the issue of the war depends on England. Nothing but efforts by England out of all proportion greater than she has made so far can save the Entente from crushing defeat. So far the British people has been misled about this. It has been led to rely not on its own efforts but upon allies who are too weak, and on factors which have no value on war, on "attrition," on "silver bullets," the heaping up of munitions, on rhet-

oric about steam-rollers, and on the hope of a material, intellectual, or moral collapse of our chief foe, who in these three respects is superior to ourselves. The hopes have been deceived. The present war will be won — if it has not already been won — by the belligerent with the largest and best armies led by the best generals. The defeat of Russia can be retrieved only if England can put into the field forces comparable with Germany's in numbers, quality, and leadership. If she cannot do so, she may as well make peace. A half-hearted war, limited by considerations of national comfort, the whims of Labour, the foreign exchange rate, the balance of exports and imports, is of no more use to our allies than would have been neutrality. If England knew that she could only wage a limited liability war, sufficient to prolong the Entente's agony, but not to save it from defeat, she ought not to have gone to war at all.

CHAPTER X

FINIS POLONIAE

FAR in the north, in midsummer, the sun rises so soon after it sets in the pines or in the rye that afterglow and the foreglow of dawn unite. The red belt stretches too far, and lasts too long, for reality; it seems that behind the rye, Hyperboreans are burning the earth. Such a belt of fire, overhung by smoke, moved with the armies east, west, then again east. During position struggles the fire went out — no fuel was left. When the ruin was behind trees only a corona glowed; sometimes the trees were in flames. Chimney rows, all that stood of ruined villages, made bars across the glow. They looked like fences built to stay the flames.

No one knows how much of Poland burned. The London Relief Fund said three-quarters; the Committee of Vevey beats it in precision; both invent enough to make a worse cause succeed. These exaggerations were published before the devastation of East Poland by the

retreating Russians last summer. Some small towns in West Central Poland were then in ruins; some had been half or three-quarters destroyed. Great areas had seen no war; the largest towns which had seen war were little harmed. Near Warsaw one house in thirty may have suffered. The worst destruction was on the Bsura, Rawka, and Nida; a gun-duel raged for four months; on a long, narrow belt little was left for relief fund reports to raze. The larger theatre round Lodz, where battles raged for three weeks, is not all ruin. Some small towns have disappeared; the total of destruction is greater than on the Bsura, Rawka, and Nida. This follows a rule of the war: the relative destruction is conditioned by duration of battle; the absolute destruction by area and duration. Isolated farms suffer more than villages. Farms with enclosed spaces are battered because they give cover to infantry; big buildings are targets for airmen's shells. Towns suffer from bombs; they suffer from artillery only when they are in the battle line. Towns in the battle line, held with resolution, are destroyed. When the Austro-German envelopment movement compelled successively the evacuation of the Vistula and Bug lines, a new kind of destruction began, causing more loss

and suffering than all ravages of the preceding year. The retreating Russians carried off the civil population, destroyed or removed food stores and portable property, and burned farms, villages, and townlets. Where the invaders compelled a rapid retreat, much property was spared. Of the larger towns, Brest-Litovsk, which has 50,000 inhabitants, was the only one wholly burned. When the retreating armies traversed territory populated by Russians, devastation ceased. The military value of devastation is doubtful; the invaders do not depend on the country for supplies or shelter; and the invaders seized the occasion to proclaim to the Poles that they only had to suffer in Russia's cause, whereas Russians were spared.

Of damage west of the Bsura, Rawka, and Nida, I heard from refugees. During the battle of Lodz flames were everywhere. An airman who flew at night over Petrokow Provinces saw fires without end. Beneath were jagged patches of yellow and red; farther, smaller fire patches with rounded outlines; on the horizon gleamed dots. He felt that he was flying upside down, looking at an exceptional sky with torn nebulas, comets, suns, and star points. In this battle, through accident or design, the burning grew worst towards the end. Sometimes shells burst;

sometimes reprisals were taken. Sometimes there were street fights — these end with flames.

Houses had to go because they gave the enemy cover, or stood in the line of fire. At Warsaw, at Ivangorod, at the fortresses of the Bug, Narev, and Niemen, villages were razed. The Austrians burned and blew up round Przemysl and Cracow. When a town, as Jaroslau, was hurriedly fortified, fire worked as hard as spades. Field fortifications began with razing. Sappers came to the commune headman; notice was given; and surveys were made. Out of the cabins tumbled the peasants, and out of the yards were trundled carts; the carts were loaded with bedding, utensils, and clothes; the rest was left. I saw such an eviction. The wet thatches would not light; matches were laid to curtains inside. Dynamite cartridges, buried under a middle wall, blew up three cottages. The villagers were told to break down the brick chimneys and the still erect walls. Women wept, and children wept or clapped their hands. Trees were sawn through; big tree trunks were blown to bits. Some of the villagers fled to Warsaw; others found shelter in spared villages; some lost their heads, refusing to leave their homes, and they were dragged out by soldiers or friends.

Many civilians suffered. The hospitals of Warsaw sheltered twenty persons hurt by shells during flight, half of them women and children. Wounded peasants came wrapped in rags and saved from freezing by sacks and straw mats. Women came in uniforms taken from the dead. In villages which had become centres of battle many peasants were burned. A sergeant, who left a North Poland village as the Germans entered, told me of this. The main street was in flames. There was a block of traffic — artillery, Red Cross waggons, refugees' carts. The flames set off explosives in a munition cart. A panic began. The Germans and the Russians believed that townsmen had attacked them. The leopard of a travelling menagerie got loose. Shelley's dream of fire and wild beasts in a sea storm was no worse.

The country people suffered because they stayed when it was time to run, and ran when they ought to have stayed. The battles round Lodz and on the Bsura lasted for weeks. At the beginning the peasants in villages some way distant fled; seeing a stalemate, they returned; the stalemate, they reasoned, would last. Then the battle ended, the victor advanced quickly, and the peasants were trapped. Many fled from rumours, but faced realities.

The people of Schabja Wolja, near the Warsaw-Skierniewice railway, rushed west on hearing that the Germans were advancing *from* Warsaw, having got there after a march along the Upper Vistula. Often the first danger-signal was a shell falling by night; there was a race down the burning street; villagers escaped, half naked, and left their goods behind. Many were killed by shells, burning beams, and rifle bullets. Some rushed into the enemy's lines, and got bullets from sentries. Sometimes the war looked harmless; confidence was felt; then the war changed its face, and brought panic and death. I saw a village in the Schidlowec district which had forty out of two hundred houses burnt. The Germans twice held it, and they did no harm. War was malignèd. The Russians held it, and their peaceful ways confirmed the belief that war was malignèd. The soldiers spent money, and regret was felt when they left. The Germans intrenched to the west; the Russians were said to be east. A patrol advised the peasants to leave. Assured that war is a malignèd thing, they stayed. They found themselves the centre of a big battle. The first shell blew off the roof of the communal administration office. More shells fell. The peasants, shocked by the disclosure of War's

reprobation, fled to a ravine; and lay there a day and a night while their houses blazed and collapsed. Into the ravine came a couple of shells.

During an excursion along the Lodz road, made with citizens who wanted to hear the artillery roar, I saw refugees in movement. The refugees were peasants. They told me they had vowed to stay at home, and all broke the vow. When one fled, others fled; when only a few remained there was a panic, each seeking to outfly the rest. The last man found in a village is looked on as a spy. Six mud-covered carts carried bundles of clothes, boxes, pigs, and geese. The owners, except a grandmother wedged between pigs, walked. A battered town droschky brought a woman and three small children, kept from freezing by shields of bottle-packing. I heard of peasants starving to death, and of suicide from hunger; and I saw some living skeletons, children, who ran after Cossacks, crying "Bread, Bread!" Hunger was a temptation to spy for either side, or for both sides alternately, or at once.

Most villages in South Poland had food for three or four weeks. There were big stores in the towns. The Germans requisitioned grain. Villages without bread managed to buy it at

moderately high prices; this business was done on credit, and usurers made fortunes. I found villagers eating bread from mouldy grain. The grain had been stored on the ground floor of a country house. German officers had lodged overhead. The house caught fire, and the water used in extinguishing spoiled the grain. The country towns suffered from a fuel famine, caused by congestion of railways and roads. Manufactured goods were scarce. But except among refugees and in centres of burning, the need was not great.

The refugees from Lodz, Petrokow, and West Poland were mostly Jews; small traders who curried favour with the invader by putting "Jewish Business" over their shops, as the townsmen Poles, to show they were not Russian officials, put "Polish Nationality," "Jewish Nationality," softened German hearts, but failed to deflect shells. The ruin of Jewry was great. At the end of November many Jews left Lodz. The Germans, who entered a week later, found the town without food, and they gave permission to leave. Refugees made detours south, and got through a gap which separated the front of Lodz-Lowitsch from the front Czenstochowo-Cracow. They travelled in country carts, and in decayed droschkies, which broke

down in the morasses. Praiseworthy steadfastness in suffering combined with absorption in higher matters. I saw, in company with other women and with men, a Jewess of Tuschin, whose child was killed by a shell. Like all the Jews, she spoke German. "Das kleine Ding spielte in dem Hof. . . ." The men broke her off, explaining that a tool-shed was burned; the corrugated-iron roof cost forty roubles. A woman, hearing the mother's tale, cried with compassion; her husband reminded her that the roof cost forty roubles. I long heard his heart-breaking, "Forty roubles. . . ." and the women's heart-breaking whines.

Towns that were spared were full of the homeless. Some of the homeless lived ten in a room; where rooms were full, the refugees camped. Some found lodgings in trenches. At Skrinno, a townlet west of Radom, I found thirty families of trench dwellers. There was a deep trench, roofed with planks, and divided into cubicles. The dwellers were happy; they had vodka — the first bottle I saw. In Blendow, a compassionate shell blew open the vodka shop, and gave fleeting oblivion. In the country held by the enemy, the trench settlements were better. There were comfortable dug-outs for permanent habitation, with skylights, stoves

from ruined houses, and ventilators. The greatest settlement was near Głowno, the centre of the Lodz-Lowitsch line, where the battle for Lodz was fought. Underground were tables and chairs, utensils, even looted pianos; a dug-out served as a general shop. The Germans sent gendarmes to establish order and to catch spies; the gendarmes found order, and were told that no spies would be harboured. The mayor and administration of the trench settlement were recognised. They lynched robbers, made improvements, drained the dug-outs, and provided common bakeries. A priest told me that health was not bad. The refugees refused to come to Lowitsch; they had lost the instinct of settled life; war, they reasoned, will return; if even soldiers have to seek safety in trenches, where should civilians be?

In this there was reason. Most towns were as dangerous as battle-fields. In Głowno, forty men perished in a day. During the last hours of the great battle, the Germans shelled Lodz. An assistant of M. Gutchkoff, the Red Cross inspector and former Duma Speaker, who was the last man to leave before the enemy came, told me that in this half-German town, German shells with malice sought German targets. A shell killed the German housekeeper of the

German club, the German theatre and the offices of the German *Lodz Gazette* were battered, and the first air-bomb wrecked a German electro-technical workshop. The centre of Lodz suffered little; the suburbs were burnt; Strykow, Głowno, and the southern part of Konstantinow were razed; Ljutomersk, after a three weeks' street fight, had bare walls. Rain saved Lowitsch, a German-Jewish town. Sparks blown across the Bsura set the suburbs ablaze. After Russian soldiers had failed to stay the flames, a saving downpour came. A Jew knelt in the mud, praying that his house might be spared. His house was spared, and a falling chimney broke his leg.

Burning did less to finish Poland than effacement by spade and axe. Forests were turned into fields, and fields into wastes. The roads and railways became weapons of war; they were made or unmade as they passed from hand to hand. During the German advance, impressed workers made roads. Muddy tracks from West Prussia to Warsaw were paved with pine-saplings, laid side by side. Osiers, pinned at the ends with pegged battens, made surfaces for causeways through the morasses. The railway gauge was changed from 1.523 m. to the German 1.435. A railway was built from Slupzy

on the frontier to Lowitsch, and trains, we heard, ran from Mons to Lodz. The Poles blessed the enemy; travelled in clean trains; and along flat surfaces unknown before drove to market their surprised cows. The Germans retreated; roads, causeways, railways vanished, and the Sarmatian waste came back.

This was Hindenburg's plan. The roads were chess-boarded — dug up or blown up alternately on different sides — and left with holes of snow-water, some ironically placarded "Mixed Bathing." The railway lines were torn up, and the rails removed; the stations were destroyed; the water-towers were razed, and the points and signal apparatus smashed. The telegraph wires were chopped up, the poles were sawn through, and the isolators broken. Blood was spilt to insure destruction. The Russians near Radom drove off a small rearguard which had caused surprise by holding a weak position. Sappers with Polish civilians were found behind the battle-line, destroying a railway station. Already, the wooden buildings were burnt, the brick foundations broken, metal was smashed, even the stovepipe was rent. Being without explosives, the sappers had diverted the rails toward a water-tower, and sent along them a locomotive which razed the tower and tumbled

into a stream. A village boy, seated on a motor-waggon, clipped coils of spare telegraph wire. Officers said there was a machine on an eight-wheel bogey which swallowed torn-up rails, and discharged them as corkscrews. Roads and railways which the invaders could use in the reinvasion, already planned, were spared. From the bridges at Brest, Gostynin, and Ljubravtes the girders were removed, but the pillars were left, so that repairs might be made in a few hours. By this route, the outflanking army of Mackensen was to march. In South and Central Poland, where our centre was to flounder helplessly while its right was being crushed, destruction was thorough.

A quarter of the fields round Warsaw cannot be tilled. They are swallowed by roads, or rent by trenches, sometimes by three trenches, one behind the other, with entanglements which the peasants, expecting the war will come back, fear to remove. The forests have been burned or cut down. As the roads grew, the woods dwindled. Pines, having straight trunks, were most needed. The osiers were shorn from willows. At Opatow I saw an avenue of living trees without a twig. On the main road is an avenue of old oaks, all sawn five-sixths through, felled, and turned into the fields in neat rows.

The trees hampered artillerists. On the west front of Ivangorod, the Austrians loopholed the oaks, and put sharpshooters behind. The wood was shelled to bits. The use of the tree-tops as crows' nests of lookout men caused destruction. Everywhere behind the Nida where fights took place, copses were blasted; trees were pierced by shells that did not explode, or were shorn, uprooted, or split. Forests on the Bsura which hindered fighting were burned. Before the battle of Tannenberg, the Germans soaked a wood with petroleum: in the climax of the victory they set the trees aflame; and into the flames drove the flying enemy. There was fun in this for a race of forestry experts. They saw the point; and in the battered streets of Kalisch planted rows of limes.

Lodz changed hands five times. Soon after war began, the Germans came. A stream of refugees from Kalisch flowed before them. The Russians returned, and stayed for a fortnight. On their first advance to Warsaw, the Germans came back, staying till the end of October. Manufacturing had ceased; there was no fuel; in the streets hungry workmen swooned. The Commandant, General v. Libert, and the Commander of the Citizens' Militia, M. Grohmann, introduced order. After the retreat from War-

saw, the Russians retook possession. On December the sixth, after their success in the three weeks' battle, the Germans came again. M. Grohmann was still chief of the Militia. Colonel v. Zurich was the new Commandant. The German Polish Legion did garrison duty; when the invaders marched on the Miazza, no soldiers were left. Again there were no lights, no fuel, little food. The Commandant ordered that a light be shown in every window. Grohmann protested. There were no candles and no petroleum. "Windows must be lighted," repeated the Commandant. Grohmann got a respite. He asked the Commandant to dinner. The guest was received in a dark dining-room. In came the butler with a stump of candle, guarded as jealously as the knight in Selma Lagerlöf's tale guarded the flame from the Sepulchre. When soup was eaten, Grohmann blew the candle out. "What do you mean?" asked the German. "To spare the candle. We can talk in darkness. To eat we need light." The fish was brought. The chief of the Militia lighted the candle. When the course was over, the candle was again extinguished; and the talk went on in darkness. The candle was lighted for the other courses, and was put out as they ended. When coffee appeared, the dwindling

stump was lighted. It sputtered, flared up ironically, and went out. The window-lighting decree was revoked.

Like the Russians in Galicia, the Germans and Austrians in Poland behaved as if they had come to stay. South Poland, held by Austria, continued under military rule and jurisdiction, with district commandants at Petrokow and Kielce. The Germans established a civil administration, and, after capturing the Bug defence line, they formed of all Poland in their occupation a "General Government for Warsaw," under General v. Beseler. They kept order, relieved hunger, and shot spies in scores. Trial by jury was introduced; Lodz was given a municipal council; and the Jews, as the race which hated Russia most, were favoured. The factory magnates expelled Russian from the schools, and substituted Polish. German newspapers opened offices; and German traders opened shops. When fuel and raw material were found, many factories started; factories which produced things needed for the Army started first. A day after Lodz fell, shell-cases were being cast. This was the German way. At Libau factories were set to making munitions at once. There were no speeches to workmen; and no praise of society ladies for filling

shells in the half-hour before tea. In Lodz, German signs were put up beside Polish. The market square of Lowitsch became Kaiser-Wilhelm-Platz — the thousandth such Platz in German lands. There was a Hindenburg-Strasse, also a Mackensen-Strasse. In the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Platz, to the memory of the German and Russian dead, rose a square tower of unhewn stones with a peaked roof, massive and ugly as the new German monuments are, in discord with the plain, dignified houses. Photographs of it have been in German papers; I remember the town since Revolution days. In Chorzele was set up a colossal bust, worked by a Landwehr cavalryman, of Hindenburg, the face turned towards Warsaw. On the pedestal are the names Tannenberg and Masuria.

The economic measures resemble those reported to have been taken in Flanders and France. Copper and lead were requisitioned. The raw metals were taken; owners of manufactured copper articles had to register. It was forbidden to send copper and lead out of the towns. Copper coins might be circulated in the towns, but not sent outside. Goods were paid for with requisition notes. Sometimes the owners got blue tickets with an eagle stamp: *Die russische Regierung wird ersucht . . .* : "The

Russian Government is requested to pay. . . .” A Jewish woman told me, with tears, that “the Prussian soldiers carried everything off.” She remembered that they paid for a jam-boiling pot as solid brass, “though it was brass only on the surface,” and she smiled through her tears.

On the Vistula the Germans established a steamer service; they regulated the channel, and in places dammed the banks. They compelled farmers to till. Captured Russian officials had to make lists of farms and farmers, giving the average yield, the labour needed, the source of the labour supply. Farmers who refused to work were forcibly sent back; if they were out of reach, soldiers worked the farms; the yield, after payment of expenses and a fine of twenty per cent., was banked. Professors of farming “in civil clothing and helmets” came, also practical farmers and foresters. The measures were harsh, but they made for industry. For loungers there was no more grace in Lodz than in Posen. Despotism aggravated by order displeased a nation used to despotism tempered by neglect; and many Poles went south to the easier sphere of Austria, where at least they need not work.

CHAPTER XI

TRANSPORT

DURING the advance of September, 1914, South Central Poland on the left Vistula bank was held by Germans. These were troops of Hindenburg, sent to relieve Austria by threatening the right of Ivanoff's armies in Galicia. When the Russian army, concentrated behind the river, threatened to cross in the north and in the south, the Germans went north to check the threat to Hindenburg's left. They were replaced by Austrians, who were to stop a Russian crossing in the south. The Austrians failed, and retreated; the Russians came after them, and a battle was fought in the Lysa Gora hills. On November the third, the Russians occupied Kielce; and they marched from there to Miechow, near Cracow.

In the advance which followed the German victory of Lodz, South Poland fell to Austrians under Woyrsch. The Austrians stormed Petrokow on the seventeenth of December; the Russians retreated. An Austrian column, com-

ing from the direction of Cracow, marched to the Nida. This is a tributary which flows in a southeasterly course from a point near Kielce to the Vistula at Nowi-Kortschin. It continued the Rawka-Bsura river line, the defence of Central Poland. The Pilitsa cut the line; to the north were Germans, with a bridgehead at Inowlods, to the south Austrians. Woyrsch tried to force the Nida, as Hindenburg tried to force the Bsura and the Rawka. He found the left (the east) bank strongly held, and he sat down to position warfare. The Russians on the Nida were first shaken by the defeat of Tarnow-Gorlice.

Fighting on the Nida was with shells and rifles. There were some bayonet collisions. In January the Russians tried to cross the river. The Austrians counter-attacked. Next month, there were fights south of the Ivangorod railway. Engineers and airmen worked hard. The Russians blew up an Austrian bridge at Schernicki. At Bochinez fighting was indecisive. There was a struggle for the ford at Wisliza. Ice blown up by the Russians swept the enemy down. In April the northern half of the Russian lines was shelled heavily. The Austrians, somewhere near Konsk, bombed a chateau of the universal Counts Tarnowski,

and fed the flames with proclamations promising Poland prosperity. The château was supposed to shelter a Corps Staff. Cracow Austrophiles and spies infested Kielce and the Lysa Gora. In the virgin forest around Sandomierz bandits swarmed; on the day I passed through the town they were put to flight by the guards of an episcopal clerk.

The central *étappe* service of the Nida armies went by the road from Radom to Kielce. Parallel runs a railway joining Ivangorod with the industrial district of Silesia. The traffic was an epitome of Russia. Into Radom ran trucks and vans from the Siberian line, the Transcaspian line, the Central Asia and Eastern Manchuria lines; I saw vans marked "F. J." from Finland: and later heard Finns complain of a van famine. The van famine was universal — it impeded the food supply; in Petrograd trails of housekeepers waited at butchers' shops, and failed to get meat. Sanitary trains with wounded men from all places between the Vistula and the Pilitsa passed Radom. Many trains were of fourth-class Siberian emigrant cars, painted grey-white and marked with Red Crosses. Their four window-panes distinguished them from other carriages. On the platforms stood surgeons with red spots on their overalls,

and young women nurses, serious, ugly, and irritable as people are who think only of work. Through the unclean windows I saw, crossed by the bars, bandaged and often bloody heads; sometimes men in yellow-white shirts raised themselves on their elbows to grin.

I started for Kielce in the wheeled oven known as *teplushka*, the warming-place. It is a heatable railway carriage with rough seats. The fourth-class carriages, marked "eight horses or forty men," were fitted with seats after mobilisation; seats, with straw for bedding, are all that differentiates them from the eight-horses state. The warming-place is kept heated, and the door is kept shut. When the door is opened at a station, soldiers cry, "The draught!" and rush to shut it. Men who have spent months in windy trenches seize the first chance to wrap themselves up. This is a Russian way, common to all classes; as a physical and psychical idiosyncrasy, it is caricatured in Tchekhoff's *Man in the Case*. Cossacks whom I told that it was spring said, "That is why we keep out the cold. It is spring in the Kuban, cattle and flowers are in the open air; here it is only a Polish spring." If the door were kept closed, and the stove kept heated, it would seem like spring in the Kuban.

The soldiers would not talk of war. The most talkative had seen battles; but all they said was, "I was on the position . . . when you get to the position . . . the position was taken. . . ." They used the Russianised word, *positsiya*. The peace talk was absorbing. It began about a lady, a landowner's wife, Kapitolina Platonovna; no one, a soldier said, could be called Kapitolina; but in Kherson a man named Plato is always a gentleman. There was a Bishop Plato in the first Duma. The soldiers argued about the right way of saluting by cavalymen who ride with both hands. They said that soldier chauffeurs when driving do not salute at all. At Jastrshomb, not far from Radom, the soldier who knew Plato was a Bishop, washed his shirt piecemeal in a small can: when the train stopped, he waved the shirt on the platform; later he clambered on to the carriage roof, and spread the shirt. The soldiers crowded on the platform and laughed, saying, "Hang it on the sun!" The washerman said, "The nearer the sun, the sooner it will dry. Teach your godfather to sneeze!"

In six hours we covered forty versts. The train went not to Kielce, its destination, but to Suchednew, near the junction for Lodz. For transport farther, I had to send to a village

east of the station. The carriage came at half-past three in the morning, and took four hours to cover the twenty miles to Kielce. There were some houses in ruin. I walked in the dawn to a hamlet, near the railway line, which had not one brick left in place; there were brick heaps with charred balks, broken chairs, battered cheap pictures, rags, papers. Close by is the grave of two civilians killed by a shell. When it grew light, there was firing from heavy guns. One shot came every five minutes. Weaker sounds came from the south. The Austrians were bombarding our lines on the provincial frontier of Radom and Kielce. Near Kielce, I forgot Poland's misery. Misery is flat. On the left were slopes and bare hillocks, and behind rose the real hills of Lysa Gora.

At Kielce I was to meet an officer who had promised that I should see the Austrians, as I had seen them in Galicia, but should see nothing more, as the front was quiet. I met him coming into the town by the road from the south; after him a trail of wounded. The lightly wounded walked; eight were packed like sandwiches in a Red Cross automobile. The streets showed the usual painful sight — men with bandaged hands, and childish looks of surprise and injured innocence. Fighting, I learned, was

going on; a Red Cross official had been twice to the Nida marshes, and was going back. The marshes in thaw were a better defence than the thread of Nida water south of the railway. Now they were frozen. There had been heavy shelling; infantry fighting had begun, but there was nothing, I heard, to see; one side — no one knew which — was trying to cross and take the other's trenches. Perhaps both were trying. We drove in a motor-car south, and crossed the Black Nida. Here there were old trenches, and a cottage in ruins; some way north are the universal graves. We met a soldier with a wreath of pine-needles in paper ribbons; he wore the wreath round his neck like a ruff. "What's the necktie for?" "To bury the men." "What men?" The lines were miles away. Someone, we learned, had dug into graves to hunt for valuables. The Poles were angry; they came in crowds to the *étappe* station to say no Pole was guilty. The battlefield politicians must have felt sore; the dead officers' watches had gone to their heirs, and the soldiers never had anything worth stealing except life.

At the Black Nida, the roar of big guns was loud. It ceased; there were other sounds, lower and sharper; and it began again. Wounded

were coming, all along the road; some came afoot from the Rembow marshes miles away. They said that the Austrians had attacked, that the Russians had attacked, that they did not know which had attacked. A staff motor-car passed at great speed. Cossacks brought a few prisoners, one with bloody bandages. Like most Austrians I have seen, they were slight, rosy, and neat, a contrast to our dust bundles with dust faces. They answered our greeting with "*Gru'ass Gott!*" a South-German pronunciation; they said No when I asked if they were Tyroleans—I think they came from Salzburg or Upper Austria. Their story was that the Russians attacked. We overtook an ammunition column. The driver said that there was a vast battle going on, "hundreds were killed, perhaps millions." The last ammunition column had sought shelter behind a wood; Austrian airmen flew over it, dropping bombs which exploded in mid-air, and made white clouds. These were signals; the enemy acted on them by shelling the wood from high-angle guns. Next a soldier bearer with flesh torn from his leg, came on a cart. A peasant woman drove. He said he had been struck three days before; the Austrians were now attacking. The road after this was blocked with transport, ammuni-

tion carts, ambulances, and a battery of field guns. The guns had not forgotten their kettles and pots. Our car could not pass. After tacking up a field in the way of Commodore Trunion, and finding that ditches stopped navigation, we returned to the road, left the car with the chauffeur, and made for the next village. Here was an *étappe* hospital full of wounded men; the artillery roar was loud, and from the roof we saw columns of smoke. We found one officer's horse, and, after long delay, a pony with a Cossack saddle, and made six miles along the road, partly in fields, and all the way through or past transport, ammunition cars, and guns. An hour later, I was nearer the Austrians than I had been anywhere except on the Dunajec; but I saw no Austrians except prisoners, and these only in fours and fives. Fighting was going on in an unknown place, in an inexplicable way.

Fights are seen only by fighters, and these see little. Red Cross men and newspaper correspondents see battle material, but little of the use. Specks in the sky are the chief things seen of the enemy's attempts to destroy. These are shrapnel shells; the bursting of brisant shells is best watched from a roof; there are eruptions of smoke and mud, with flame plainly visible in

weak light. In position fighting shrapnel explosions are easier to see than shell explosions. Shells are dropped in the advanced trenches and shrapnel is used against artillery, infantry in movement, ammunition columns, and other things in the rear. This is not always so, but it is the rule. You see guns slowly moving with ammunition waggon, reserves, cavalry which seems to be idling, a field-hospital, wounded men on foot, in carts, and prisoners. You also see many officers, single or in small groups; soldiers, single or in groups; and single horsemen, all moving or watching; and unless you are expert in war you do not know what they are about.

Prominent is the service of the wounded. The first work is out of sight. Civilian and soldier bearers with stretchers are behind the fighting line; they have been there since the battle began. A battalion has twenty bearers with five stretchers. The bearers carry for first aid the badly wounded; the lightly wounded walk. First aid is given at a bandaging point, which is served by Red Cross cars. The bandaging point may be in the open air, it may be a tent. From there the wounded are taken to the field-hospital, usually in a house, where first operations are done; afterwards they go to a

permanent war hospital. If you get to a field-hospital you are as near as you can safely be.

In position warfare, where the battle consists of shell fire and rifle fire, with slow infantry progress, you can safely get nearer. You can get through saps to field artillery positions, and easily to the positions of big guns and howitzers in the rear. If there is an eminence you can see through good glasses the trenches, and dots of your own, and even of the enemy's infantry. Reserve troops in movement behind the line are seen. Poland is flat, and the few eminences are dangerous; woods are shelled because they give cover to reserves, sharpshooters, and munitions.

Most things appear as details in confusion. Of the nature and aim of the whole you have no notion; line officers cannot tell you, only when you get week-old newspapers is everything easy and plain. There is confusion of men, guns, and waggons at the rear, and of smoke discs and mud spouts in front; you are sharp if you can tell where are friends and where are foes, and which side has filled the air with the discs of smoke. The unbroken roar and rattle, the rattle's strange weakening on one side and nervous waxing on the other, and the echo effects and reverberations near big buildings and forests confound

the confusion. If the battle is big, you feel dazed, and you soon get tired.

The fighting this day was in the Rembow marshes. There was a patch of flat country, with thin snow and bare patches. Far behind the fighting line were big shell-craters, which must have been old, for they were half full of snow. Some craters were outside the cottage, from the roof of which my companion, three relieved line officers, and I watched. The shells which made these craters blew the cottage windows in. The frozen marshes and the frozen Nida were out of sight, or they were blent with the plain. Fighting went on to the south. The artillery roar relaxed, but rattle of musketry was continuous. Loud reports came, I was told from Russian 21 cm. mortars, used to break up trenches. Officers whom I asked about the mortars pointed to a plain with shrubs: nothing was to be seen, except at one point where an abrupt hillock was covered with something dark, perhaps sapling-pines.

A few Austrian shells could be seen bursting, not enough to explain the roar. The first explosions were little clouds of earth, which rose all at once out of the white ground, and subsided, leaving patches of black. I saw no flame. Later, the Austrians sent shells at a square park of

ammunition waggons and carts outside a farm. One blew a gap in the side of this dark mass. The rest went over it, and burst steadily on the same spot, snowless from traffic. A few of the shells sent up regular spouts of earth; most raised ragged masses which looked like very big waves hurled over rocks, dark as you see such waves when you are nearly underneath. There was white foam, not on top. This was smoke. The smoke delays. It seems as if the black wave came out of the spray, and the wave tumbles back on the spray, and crushes it into the ground. While this bombardment went on, an enemy aeroplane flew. Officers told me it was flying along our lines, but they knew only vaguely where the lines were. The map showed the Nida to turn at right angles; if the line was the Nida, and both sides held it as a trench, it was impossible to know whether to look east or south.

Behind the invisible lines, movement went on. Wounded came back, all bandaged, some in carts. Then came an empty ammunition waggon drawn by two horses. A shell had wrecked it. Spokes were missing, the stump of a shaft stuck from the hooked footboard, the rail on top was broken, and paint was off the side. Going south, obliquely to the probable line of fighting,

there was a battery of field guns. I believe it was the battery seen on the road. Guns not in action, turned backwards with lowered muzzles, awaken thoughts of depression and retreat; these seemed domesticated and tame. I asked an officer where they were making for. "The Austrians," he said, "are crossing higher up. Lower down." He had been on the Bsura and Rawka which flow north; the Nida, which then made up the rest of the tactical frontier, flows south. In a fight near Warsaw this officer had lost a finger. He told me that he tied the finger stump, fought all day, and was bandaged by a doctor at night.

Our field guns began to bombard the Austrian positions beyond the Nida. The roar of the guns was loud; no effects were seen — the distance was too great. I heard that shell was used. The Austrians continued to shell the park of waggons, which dispersed, and to pour shrapnel on country to the north. The target at first was out of sight; the shrapnel shells seemed to be bursting over a snowless dark space; later something came into sight, reserve infantry winding towards the trenches or ammunition columns. A few shrapnel shells went over a house not far off, making high whistles which were well heard through the gun roar and musketry rattle.

There were discs — really globes — of white smoke which melted quickly; underneath some, for an instant, showed specks of black. Sometimes the shrapnel shells burst at the same moment, sometimes after regular intervals; before one disc melted another appeared; and at one moment a big arc of sky was strewn with discs which winked and went out. To the right something burning sent up a column of smoke, mixed with unstable and dull fire; the smoke broke up and spread in wisps, engulfing the shrapnel globes. Later, there were other sky signs which I did not understand: plumes of smoke, blue against the lighter sky, with torn tops and stalks dwindling to points. I counted them, one, two, three, and questioned an officer. Officers seldom know much of battle phenomena; they take no interest. This officer said, "You see all sorts of things in war."

During the exchange of shells and bullets, wounded went past; a few in Red Cross waggons, more in peasant carts, and most of all on foot. I went to meet them. I asked the wounded whether many were killed: they said, "Nobody; lots of us have bits chipped out." This was a soldier's observation of a few yards of trench. One man's boot, as he passed the cottage, leaked blood in the snow. He had been bandaged by a

bearer, and sent straight to the field-hospital, the first-aid point being overworked. A cavalryman, somebody's orderly, was brought on a cart. He had fallen partly under his horse, and pressure stayed the bleeding from a wounded arm. On the next carts were men seated, unable to walk, but merry; they waved their hands. The last cart brought a dead man. His body was put aslant, feet down, in a shell crater and covered in. A clod knocked the handkerchief from his face. Most dead men are calm, this man's face was quizzical and surprised, as if he had been stopped in a joke.

The fight ended in rain. There was less and less noise; then there was a lull; next a single shrapnel disc, rifle shots, and silence. I heard that the Austrians had made some attacks and been repulsed, and that we counter-attacked. Forty prisoners were taken in the first hour, others were taken later. As we rode back, women who had been watching the fight told us that this was the bloodiest fight of the war. There were hundreds of wounded. To the question, how many hundreds, one said, "We saw eight carts with wounded all at once"; the other said, "We saw ten." These carts I found further on in a crush of empty ammunition waggons, peasants' carts, and Cossacks in the saddle. We

rode across the fields. At the hospital the crush was worse; and an hour passed before our car could start. Everything was mixed up, the drivers made surprising manoeuvres, sometimes backing yards to gain feet, sometimes dashing through openings that quickly shrank. In the confusion reigned order; nobody fussed; carts tumbled with dignity into the big roadside drain; and the transport oaths—the *tchort vozmi ! diavol !* and *anathema !*—were so placid that strangers ignorant of Russian — and Greek — would think the men were at prayer.

The *étappe* service bewilders laymen; also soldiers. I asked many, and a few knew more than I. You see crowded roads, carts crawling with food, munition carts with far too many horses, loads of bridge material, meaningless loads of thin iron rims, and all the wheeled traffic of the Red Cross. The wheels turn in their own way, leisurely, without regard to one another, in social equality: the motor-car gets only the precedence it exacts by speed and strength — the dirtiest peasant cart pays it no respect. Most of the carts go laden south and go empty north, but the Red Cross carts go empty south and return full north. That is the *étappe* service: a circulation of food and bullets which come back in the bodies of men.

The organisation is hidden. On the trees are rough-cut signboards, scrawled in tar "Étape Road"; and in town is the *étappe* commandant, a tired officer who holds a telephone receiver while his elbows disturb piles of blotted forms. The *étappe* organisation is not so simple as that. It has military structure; diagrams with coloured, ramifying lines; inspectors, and power to impress labour, govern, and punish. The automobiles, horsemen, carts, that look so disorderly, converge and diverge where they ought to; columns without confusion cross one another. The service controls railways, rivers, canals, automobile parks, storehouses, butcheries, bakeries. It feeds the army and it feeds itself. It is linked with the sources of production. If the sources are adequate, a fit *étappe* service insures the army's supply. So much theory I got from officers. I saw later the practice of the *étappe*.

Between Kielce and Radom I travelled in an empty train. From Radom the railway to Warsaw goes through Ivangorod, across the Vistula, and along the right bank. It is a hundred miles. By rail it would take a day, maybe two days — the trains stop for hours at a time, and the average speed is walking speed. I arranged to go by automobile with an officer friend from Bjalobrshegi on the Pilitsa to Warsaw. For the

twenty miles to Bjalobrshegi I had to find a carriage. The whole journey would take five hours. At a stream which lies a third of the way, I was tempted to drive aside to see Austrian trenches. There was nothing in them, except a picture of the Emperor Francis Josef, and mud-trodden picture supplements of Berlin newspapers. The expedition took two hours; before I reached Bjalobrshegi the motor car had left. To the north is the river which has washed down more blood than all other rivers together. It washes nothing else; the town is Poland's dirtiest; its Jews have the greasiest caftans, and its children the most tattered breeches. There were no carriages, no horses, and an *étappe* official whom I met in the hotel offered to take me to Warsaw if I waited three days.

When I said I should walk, the official asked about my bag. The bag forced me to a journey which proved unclean and novel. To the hotel came a big, very dirty man, with top boots and a whip. He laid down a blue paper, and said he was a *viestovoi*, a messenger. The Russian word is akin to "Avesta"; the *viestovoi* is akin to horses, whips, blue forms, and grubby envelopes. He takes papers with *étappe* columns. As a rule he is a deliberate, responsible man. When I asked the messenger if he could get me

a carriage, he said, "Yes, I shall myself take you to Warsaw; M. Lebedieff went, and he was pleased." I thought I should get a saddle horse. We went to a yard where there was a park of loaded carts. Many drivers lounged. The bag was put on a cart, on top of sacks. On the sacks, beside the bag, I waited for an hour, watching the messenger roll tobacco in newspaper wisps and hearing, "We shall start at once." He disappeared, returned after half an hour, said, "We shall start at once," and started. Starting meant watching the drivers, who walked one horse after the other into the cobbled street, mixed the carts up, and said calmly *Anathema!* My cart was last. Before we left Bjalobrshegi it was lost in an endless train.

The train of carts is the greatest part of traffic on the *étappe*. Carts come from everywhere. In Europe, with railways, roads, and many automobiles, transport is easy. A big motor car supplies a hundred times more men than a peasant cart — it carries ten times the load and makes ten times as many journeys. Here there are no railways worth mentioning, and few motor cars; the roads are tracks, and the peasant carts, small and rickety, have horses to match. My transport cart differed

from a peasant cart in peace time by a "C. 409" in red paint. Other carts had "C," their class in the *étappe* scheme, and numbers. The carts had no springs. The shafts were unpainted pine-sticks, dust grey as all the woodwork is; the harness was a rope. A ridge of wood in front was the box. When ruts were crossed, the sacks wobbled, and the passenger held on by the driver's ridge of wood. The messenger, standing high in his stirrups, rode alongside: he reproved the driver, kept him awake, and swore imperturbably.

The messenger said that the transport train was small. "How many carts?" "Maybe a thousand." I saw neither beginning nor end. In front was a similar two-wheeled cart with a peasant driver in short sheepskin coat and cap of lambskin. Farther on, an artillery forge cart rumbled. It was an intruder, and the driver behind jeered at it. Before it were carts without end, and behind me was the same endless chain. Beside went a second chain of carts with another letter in red. At Grojec, this branched off, and we were joined by two more trains, one short. Near Grojec the road rises. I stood on the sacks, swaying as they wobbled, and searched through field-glasses for a patch of free road. There were only carts.

The drivers slept. When we came to a narrow bridge, or met a motor car, the messenger thrust his whip down my driver's neck and woke him. At small villages the messenger took out a thick watch, and made notes on a blue form. He discovered an *étappe* official, who sent a very young man and a grizzled man into the road. These men checked the carts. Some carts were missing. The thin Polish horses were guilty. Every half hour the train met a staff motor car. The horses kicked and reared. The staff officers, the chauffeurs, the drivers bawled, "Cover his eyes!" the horses lashed out, dashed into the ditch, and smashed the shafts. Nobody worried. If the wrecked cart was near the head of the team, it arrived with the tail—the team took longer to pass the wreck than the driver took to make a new shaft.

The messenger and, when he awoke, the driver, behaved as my hosts. The messenger came from Lody, near Minsk; he had a wife and seven children, and he belonged to the Army Service Corps. He pointed to his shoulder straps, and said, "There you are!" I asked why he wore civilian trousers: he said, "I have never worn army trousers except in August." Of Lody he said, "It's peaceful now, but there's nothing to drink, so folks are ir-

ritable." He showed me the blue form, and I saw that he wrote really well. The driver was annoyed. He turned and said, "Yes, he can write and he can talk; I am a dark man, but I can write my name." At a village half-way to Groizy the messenger fished from his saddle-bags grey bread, broke it, and offered me half. Again the driver was annoyed. He hesitated and pulled some grey bread from a sack. He offered me half, and seemed pleased when I declined.

The messenger told me that the transport men do not want the war to end. They earn good wages. They drive day and night, they never go home, hear nothing of wives and children, never change their clothes, never go to bed. When the endless train winds into Warsaw, or Siedlec, or Brest-Litovsk, it spreads into a square, rests, loads, and starts again. The drivers are under military law, but most are civilians, especially the fellows in the lamb-skin caps: these were Poles. "There are seventy thousand transport drivers earning good money." "How many drivers altogether?" "Maybe a hundred and fifty thousand, maybe more. That is seventy thousand civilians and fifty thousand soldiers. The rest don't count." "Why don't they count?"

“They are White Russians. They live round Pinsk in the bog, and get skin-diseases from eating spoiled grain.”

All night the transport went. The messenger covered me with a sheepskin, but it was too cold to sleep. We passed the half-burnt village of Lasy. Next day we reached Warsaw by the Grojec alley, which is unwashed like Bjalobrshegi. The messenger refused to take money, saying, “It’s Crown work.” The driver took a rouble, and looked at the messenger derisively, as much as to say that Crown work is just the work for which roubles are meant.

CHAPTER XII

SOLDIERS

OUTSIDE Warsaw, at Brwinow, an elderly man in mixed uniform, plainly a scholar, wrote from the dictation of illiterates letters to certain Mariyas and Lukeriyas. The illiterates served in a new unit. The letter-writer wrote with zeal and anger, ignoring instructions of the soldiers, who asked, "Have you put in the stops?" but not, "Have you put in the sense?" The scene recalled Repin's *Zaporog Cossacks Writing a Letter to the Sultan*. The letter-writer was newly chosen. Before him, scamps haunted the front, and wrote letters of affection and litigation. The scamps asked three kopecks for work worth two; they mixed things up — ladies awaiting avowals of love received threats that unless they paid . . . Then came a Pole, who spoke Russian. He charged little, and forgot no stops; his weakness was that he could not write. The soldiers dictated, "Genuflections to Mariya Semionovna, genuflections to Lukeriya Petrovna; and have you repaired the shed? . . ."

and the Pole, with a shorthand writer's impassivity, scratched noughts, pothooks, crosses, hangers, and oghams. In this way he addressed the envelopes. After gaining praise by neat work, he wrote for a man who could read. The man seized the unfinished letter, and bawled: "The Pole's a fraud! He can't write Russian! He's writing in Polish!" The fraud was replaced by an honest, cross man, who wrote at least half of what was said, and to impress wives in the cabins of Sášhina added rhetoric of his own.

Wounded men dictate their letters to nurses. Men letter-writers, mostly unpaid, write for soldiers in camp. Letters dictated are more eloquent and less original than the soldiers' own. The letter-writer may concoct adventures, lending one adventure to two or three men. In newspapers I found the same letter with different signatures, describing adventures which could hardly have happened twice. In Warsaw, M. Arsenieff showed me letters with histories of fights. Some were newspaper echoes; some told of real things in plain words. There were no politics. I saw Berlin given as "Vaskingrad," an analogue of Petrograd, meaning, "Bad Willy's Town"; and I read this: "A reserve man of our battalion boasted that no

bullet would kill him. He got a stomach wound. He rose from his bed, and said, 'It's not a bullet, is it, doctor?' 'No,' said the doctor, 'a shell splinter.' 'Then I was right,' said the reserve man, and died." Soldiers seldom use images. The Austrians, one told me, were "like stones skimming over the surface of water." He meant that the enemy was bravest when he charged. "When they ceased to move, they dropped like stones." As reason for not following up a success, I heard, "We all had wounded legs." The soldiers, this meant, were tired.

The education of soldiers of the same social class is not on the same level, and there are many classes. At Schtchepetowo railway station, a private soldier, his face concealed by bandages, a tube for breathing in his mouth, stood with a well-dressed young woman. He was the lady's brother; he had volunteered not for patriotism, but because he held that no man had the right to be happier or more wretched than other men. The soldiers of the active army, in peace time over a million, are nearly all literate. These are young men. Schooling has spread; and the first months' service of illiterates are spent in battalion schools. Reservists are worse schooled than

active men. There are soldiers who learned to read without help. The reading passion is strong. Soldiers rush into railway carriages, and beg for "gazettes." Many read like the coachman in *Dead Souls*, for the mechanical joy of reading; they pore over papers out of date; more intelligent men read aloud, and discuss the news; the most intelligent tear the papers into strips, twist funnels for tobacco, and smoke.

The moral and mental states of soldiers are not conditioned by learning. The "dark" soldiers are as good as the "conscious," and as intelligent in different ways. The dark soldier puts childish notions in childish, coloured words; he is himself. The conscious factory-hand soldier has notions which, being in grown-up speech, sound grown-up, but are often inane. Neither knows much of war; but the dark soldier knows more, as he thinks the aim of war is to satisfy needs. To the dark soldier the aim of the war is to take German land, because in his commune no man has more than five acres; the conscious soldier, fed on some daily *Viedomosti*, says that the aim of the war is to put the Kaiser in a cage.

The view of battle is unromantic and Homeric. An army fights in order to win; an in-

dividual fights in order to kill and to escape being killed. Tempered by compassion and the will to help, is the notion that a wounded man is inferior. He has been bested by the foe. A fight with rifles against unseen foes is as much a test of fitness as a duel with swords. Every soldier ought to have a chance. At Pavlovsk I heard a wounded man telling how he had been hit before going into battle. "Why did they hit me, an innocent man, before I killed their men? Why? Why?" A wounded man who had been through the Bsura battles praised a certain Matvei for escaping by agility a shell which wounded many. Matvei, he said, was a good soldier; and he condemned himself and the men who were killed. He could not grasp the notion of laying down life for the Fatherland; when told that the killed men died gloriously, he said, "If we had ducked in time we might have killed ten Germans apiece." With some these notions are strengthened by the belief that a wound means death. The soldiers say, "First time you get *drob* (gun-shot — a slight wound); second time you get *grob* (a coffin)." Slight wounds are not reported to kinsfolk. The village, the soldier knows, will say, "Fancy a tall lad like Grishka being fooled by a German!"

The soldiers believe that brave men come off best. Brave men in civil life make brave soldiers. I found soldiers running about the platform of Vilna station with kettles of boiling water, while they argued, "Must the third-class buffet attendant give boiling water gratis?" Months before, I learned, a third-class attendant refused; to convince him a soldier quoted paragraph — of the regulations. This was a brave man; he went unscathed through many fights while his comrades perished. The soldiers developed this thesis: there are two kinds of brave men; brave men who never get killed, and brave men invulnerable in battle who die of violence outside battle. The men spoke of bullets that changed their paths; kettles that saved life by taking bullets down their spouts; and shells deflected by cigarettes. In hospital was a soldier whose adventures surpassed invention. At Tannenberg a bullet pierced his cap; he escaped by a chance on the East Prussian frontier; of a patrol surprised by the enemy he alone returned. His fate came where there was no enemy. On the way to camp with firewood he fell to a sentry's bullet.

Soldiers believe in selection by missiles. "While we were marching," they told me, "a shell struck the head of the man in the first

rank; it rose and spared the man behind; then it fell and killed the third man; and so on." "The killed men may have been taller than the spared men." "They were taller. But we saw the shell dip and rise. If the spared men were meant to be killed, they would have been tall." I walked with a trail of lightly wounded on a road near Mstchonow. They told me in soft South-Russian with Roumanian idioms, that every ninth man on the roll of their battalion was dead: all the ninth men, doomed to death, were dead, so the battalion would escape further loss. "Somebody else is now ninth man," I said, "there will always be ninth men until only eight are left." They argued. These soldiers spoke of the war as The Robbery. They asked, "When will The Robbery end?" I took them for Pacifists. Later I learned that the Slav *razboi*, which means highway robbery, is used by the Bessarabians in the sense "War." It is strange that the posterity of Trajan's Colonists have no word of their own. Their choice shows the irony of Latin minds.

Between the soldiers and the men who make war and profit by war there is a moral opposition. Any man who talks to the soldiers without seeing that must be without compassion and imagination. The soldiers do not think as think

the men who make wars: they are not hunters of sensation; few of them care more for the frontiers of Empires than for the landmarks in their own communes; and they are not guilty of the crooked domestic bookkeeping which wars generously erase. Not being philosophers, they do not know that war is no worse than other evils of life. They want happiness, and have no notion of happiness except freedom from the pain, hunger, and cold which The Robbery brings. There is little enthusiasm; the more Russian the unit, the less enthusiasm there is. Polish soldiers, though they hate Russia, and resent the compulsion to fight brother Poles, are more militant by nature than the Black Earth moujiks. In Cossacks lives the tradition of war as a trade and a sport. Disappointment was great, for in the static campaign in Poland cavalry was little used, the Cossacks least. Austrian Hussars fought as infantry. In a camp near Warsaw, well out of the war area, I heard Cossacks lament. They had been at Mlava in North Poland, and expected to go to East Prussia. Then came the winter battle of Masuria, and the expulsion from Prussia of the fragments of the Tenth Army. After changing places, the Cossacks found themselves far from the war, with no hope of getting



near. They came from the Don with the notion that war is a thing of charges and booty. The officers disliked inaction. The men reasoned that strategical interests should give way to Cossack tradition. "It is a pity the Germans don't have a success." "Why?" "They would then come far into Russia, and the Cossacks would be allowed to fight." For warlike ardour, the Circassians and the Moslems of Asia match the Cossacks. Generalisations are unsound; there are too many races, and no way of learning what they think. Many speak no Russian except *tak totchno*, the army expression of assent — "We are delighted to do our best," and "We are delighted to remain!" In these phrases is a homely sound; they express the fraternal Russian spirit. But they are not spontaneous. The Statute of Internal Service says what soldiers must answer to every remark.

The soldiers value themselves high. They behave, especially the reservists, as solid fathers, whose lives have a moral and economic worth; who, apart from the pain to themselves of death, measure the pain to others. They reason without shame that it would be a bad thing if they were killed, because son Vánka is young, because brother Luká, known to the village as Feather-

head, cannot manage a farm. Letters written after battle show joy at escape. Braggarts are ridiculed as "trench chickens." Great events are taken with calm. On an autumn evening, a wounded soldier came into an inn in Petrograd where I sat, talking to workmen. An old peasant asked, "Where do you come from, worthy man?" The soldier said, "From Germany, from Germany, grandfather." Perhaps he had seen the cataclysm of Tannenberg; but he would say no more.

In death are shown resignation or animal indifference: very seldom there is fear. I saw, borne on a stretcher, a wounded man who shook nerves by exclaiming, "Don't let me die!" He was a middle-aged man, with the face of a Privy Councillor, and the piping, "Don't let me die!" was incongruous, even absurd, for he was as good as dead. The soldiers reason simply about death. They have no notion of immortality; or they have mechanical notions: men in the grave are so lively that they spoil the grass overhead; Christian corpses object to corpses of Jews; and so on. On the terraced trenches at Tarnobrzeg I heard men talk of death. There was a cross with the words, *Im Kriege Feind; im Tode vereint* — the Austrians put this up everywhere, and the Germans put

Ruht sanft or *Auf Widersehen*. The soldiers knew that friends and foes were buried together; and they asked whether the Austrians were Catholics or Uniates, and whether they edged away from the Orthodox dead. There was nothing to prevent the dead moving when the ground was soft with snow-water. Men could live anywhere. "They breathe in the air, and they swim in the pond." "And in the fire, Wiseacre?" "If they get into the fire, then let them get out." The soldier called Wiseacre spoke bitterly of his wound; he had lost three fingers of the right hand, and he asked, "What good am I as a workman?" I heard from others this groping question as to the future; it was more painful than "Don't let me die!" — it strengthened my belief that it is not the pain of death, but a fair valuation of themselves as husbands and workers which makes the soldiers take care.

This feeling does not spoil them for battle. Little is heard of shirkers and voluntary surrenders; the mass surrenders do not reflect the soldiers' wills. Deserters are few, and their ends are tragic. A sick soldier, Orthodox, but of Polish blood, came for rest to Bielostock; nursed by a red-cheeked, beetle-browed Polish girl, he fell in love; a priest married them; the soldier,

disguised as a pedlar, fled with his bride to Kovno. He was caught, and court-martialled; the bride, told that she too might be shot, was ordered to leave Poland; in the night, she rushed at a sentry, knowing that he would shoot. There are some "self-shooters" (*samostrieltsi*). A letter says that in a trench fight a soldier held his hand before an Austrian rifle, expecting a bullet. The explosion took off the hand: the self-shooter was bandaged, tried, and shot.

Of strategy and tactics the soldiers know little. They trust in the bayonet, and, like soldiers of all armies, believe that the enemy dreads it. They understand holding trenches and mowing attackers down. They have little sense of orientation. If they repulse the attack, it is the same whether they face east or west; when well led, they fight as well in retreat as in advance; they keep their heads, so long as the enemy is seen only on one side — in big battles that is always so. The soldier wants a visible objective; with a town in front to be attacked, or a town behind him, he is best. In other respects — with the exception that he does not report his triumphs in advance — he thinks much as a British Minister. He believes that war needs no preparation or applied genius; that it is a thing of *impromptus* and interven-

tions; that luck must turn; that if you only wait, something will get you out of a hole.

This spirit governs the soldiers' reasoning on victory and defeat. No pride is felt in success achieved by courage and skill — these are human virtues: the intervention of Providence or chance is the only right cause of pride. The story that General Schwartz's horse saved Ivan-gorod went round the army; jealous soldiers adapt it to other victories. General Schwartz commanded the fortress during the attack of October. His soldiers were in expectant mood, for they had seen on a white horse the ghost of General Michael Skobelev. Schwartz had a white horse, for war use coloured green. On battle days it rained and blew. The general rode a long way in a straight line; the rain washed white the windward side of the horse; the leeward side remained green. The general rode to a point where his men wavered. A shell burst; the horse shied; the soldiers saw the green side, then the white. They were sure that this was Skobelev; he had not had time to finish colouring his horse. "They cheered; they charged, and the Swabians ran."

The mystical view — the view that rational thinking and consequent action have little value against accidents — is pushed far; soldiers re-

ject generalship, and take joy in showing how simplicity outwits it. This is the tenet of peasant Nihilism — that wisdom, wealth, and strength are helpless things against the Christian arcana hidden in the spirits of the weak. A little child shall lead. Primitive stratagems, or merely unconscious follies, give falls to the pride of the brain. Feodor the Fool beats German generals. The Fool was an intellectual blank; it was easier for Heaven to write genial things in him than on brains thick with the stupidities of Staff colleges. The Fool summoned the captured general, and lectured him on the folly of trying to thwart God with maps and bent pins stuck into them. Maps were useless; the pins might be sent to the general's wife. Another Fool, a certain Bogatoff, fooled another German. Bogatoff was such a fool that he lost his way. He changed into peasant clothes. He was captured, and brought before a general.

A big man, the general, covered with stars, like a Frenchman, like a sort of Napoleon. He asked Bogatoff to show the road through the marsh. Bogatoff showed. The general called him a blockhead, and said, "The road could not be there." "It is," said Bogatoff. "We all know it, I helped to make it. There was another road, but it's destroyed."

Bogatoff guided the Germans along the wrong track; and they fell into the marsh. "Ours" opened fire. "What's that?" asked the general. "It's my workmen breaking

stones," said Bogatoff. The Germans went on; their army fell into the marsh; and all were killed. The Tsar gave Bogatoff the general's decorations; and now it is Bogatoff who shines like a Frenchman, like a sort of Napoleon.

Beyond the day's comforts and discomforts, the soldiers take interest in family matters, land, moral problems, and religion. They speak more of children than of wives, praise schooling and schoolmasters, and complain of village thieves. When they speak together, they call their children *Vánka*, *Várka*, *Stiópka*, with the *ka* ending, — derogatory, like the Italian *accio*; if an Intelligent listens, they say, with respect, *Iván*, *Várvara*, *Stepán*. I asked a soldier why he did this. He got red. He told me that when he drove away from home in Penza, he wondered what would become of his family, and cried; and his children ran after him, jeering, "Father's afraid he'll be killed."

The soldiers have mixed notions of morals, they seldom impute hypocrisy; they hold that church-going thieves and drunkards are sincere, only deep piety could lead a thief to church — it is no trouble for a good man to pray. Religion is not morals, but exaltation — the ecstatic Suvoroff,

"Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow."

read the lessons in *Kontchansk* church. With

morals goes department. The soldiers are decorous; they greet one another politely, without familiarity. I heard soldiers praising the virtues, solidity and gravity. A corporal told how two men who streaked their cheeks with ochre were killed. They were killed because they lacked gravity. Gravity, he said, is passing from the world. In the old days men were grave. They wore long coats, and talked seriously in low voices; nowadays men wear short jackets — even gentlemen wear short jackets — and there is no dignity left. “We wear overcoats in winter: when we take them off, what are we? Spiders. Short jackets are the cause of the war.” He condemned the clothes of France and England, and condemned the Germans for flooding Russia with “German clothing:” This meant European clothing. A soldier objected, “Men can be serious in any kind of coat. Only popes need long coats.”

Of the land question I heard much. There were mysterious lawsuits lasting for years; trouble with meddlesome commissaries, timber wars, and the immemorial question, individual tenure or communal? Hard, responsible men, who embody gravity in long coats, want individual ownership as fostered by the Law of 1906; mystics, weaklings, the younger idealogues —

men who pit the Fool Feodor against Hindenburg — stand for ownership in common. You see their hankering after equality in need. The sharper men of both classes condemn the prevailing perversion of land reform for political aims. I heard soldiers talking of a Kharkoff man who profited more than is usual from the law. He was killed. "The Government is guilty," said the soldier. "Of what? Killing the man, or letting him grab the land?" The soldier was not clear.

The army has no art except song. M. Arsenieff looked for drawings; finding none, he ordered them. The drawings were behind the German soldier art, which I saw a year ago on reservists' trains; the profiles had almond eyes: one drawing had humour; it showed the Kaiser with moustaches turned up, and Dundreary whiskers turned up in the same way. The likeness was bad. Of army theatricals the brave General Kondratenko was a supporter. I bought in Radom a faded pink book, *A Collection of Plays for Soldiers*. In it were a play *Don't Dig Pitfalls; You'll Fall in Yourself*, with heroes called Glutton and Drink-it-Up; a play on the Slav Faust, *Pan Twardowski*; and *The Tsaritsa's Slippers*, dramatised from Gogol. Russian voices are better than German, and in the songs there

is more poetry, but the singing is disorderly. There is a war-song about the Vistula, which recalls our own; the burden is the long way to the Vistula; and there is doggerel with the refrain, "Bullets fly. . . ." — *Pulyi letayut* — which says that,

"The rifle bullets go through you like pins;
Bullets of shrapnel shells shatter your shins"; . . .

this need not worry you, as most bullets wound only the wind. I have heard German soldiers singing the same thing:

*"Die Musketenkugel macht ein kleines Loch,
Die Kanonenkugel ein weit grösseres noch.
Die Kugeln sind alle von Eisen und Blei,
Und manche Kugel geht bei manchem vorbei."*

To war-songs most soldiers prefer *Down by Mother Volga*, the *Pedlar's Song* of Nekrassoff, and new songs about "red girls," "black eyes," and village Lovelaces — "accursed curly Vankas," whose victims' husbands jump down wells. I found a soldier who could sing, "High, high is the sun under heaven; deep, deep is the ocean sea," the most poetical beginning in the mediæval epos. He had learned it from a school-master, and sang badly. Cossacks gave me a narrative poem with an old Russian plot, and a moral from the tale of Polycrates. The hero,

“the Cossack” without a name, fell in love with a “red [beautiful] maid,” a Kirghiz sultan’s child. The Cossack converted and married the infidel maid, and she bore him children. The Cossack was too happy; he feared that contentment was extinguishing his spirit, and he blinded his wife’s blue eyes, and cast her unto the Ural. In history, Stenka Razin, the Volga freebooter, loved with passion an abducted Persian princess. In payment to the river that gave him power and wealth, he sacrificed her, as “the Cossack” sacrificed the “red maid.” Songs like this, not songs of battle, are sung. In the Bsura trenches, concertinas were played; the Germans heard, and to the music of Volga bargee chanties sang “The Two Comrades” and other songs of war.

The epic spirit lives. Peasant soldiers and Cossacks rhyme about present deeds. The war with Japan gave plenty of verse, uninspired, beginning:

“Adjutant-General Grippenberg,
One of our best leaders . . .”

From a Cossack officer I got a new composition which told with more poetry how a ford in Galicia was found:

The Russian leaders asked, “Where is the ford, where is the ford of the San?” No one answered. The Russians delayed till morning the crossing.

At night, in the midnight, the Cossack Yegor Yegoroff rose. He dreamed. He saw before him not the tedious San, but the glorious, quiet Don. He knew the Don by a willow, a broken willow whence he had cast stones in the glorious, quiet Don; he knew that one verst lower was a ford.

The Cossack set a Christian cross, an Orthodox cross, on the bank, and marked the ford.

At dawn the Russians sought a ford in the tedious San. The Cossack rode to the Christian cross, and shouted, "This is not the San, but the glorious, quiet Don. I know the ford of the Don. It is near the broken willow."

The lieutenant said, "Be still!"

"This is the ford; I know the ford."

"Be still!"

The Cossack thrust his lance through a sheep that was being dressed for dinner; thrust it far; half the lance was stained with blood. He took the bloody lance, and cast it into the middle of the San, exclaiming, "This is the glorious, quiet Don, and here is the ford!" The lance stuck upright; the blood was not covered.

The lieutenant saw that the San was indeed shallow. There the Russians crossed.

The soldiers' relation to enemies is a reproach to the bad politicians and bad writers who show in safe arm-chairs so much courage and intolerance. Men who have really suffered, who have exchanged their homes for wounds and hunger, do not talk of vengeance. If a soldier wrongs a prisoner or a civilian, he may repent it next day; reasoned plans of wrong-doing are never his. The worst thoughts of soldiers are above the daily talk of arm-chair heroes; and the best

things have more truth and poetry than all the arm-chair rhetoric of the year. Newspapers printed a soldier's letter, asking for a concertina, a loud one so that the Austrians might hear. A soldier told me the war would end in a month. Expecting an arm-chair tale of marches on Berlin, I asked, "Why?" He said that the enemy's soldiers were great sinners; but suppose they should lay down their arms and ask for forgiveness? Queerer things have happened. Asked, "What put that in your head?" he laughed mysteriously and cunningly, as much as to say, "That is above your understanding." He had seen two prisoners brought in; they were young men, and both were crying. Why were they crying? No one offended them. They were crying because they were sorry. If some were sorry, why shouldn't all be? Who knows what is in any heart? The vision of Hindenburg's millions, all with reversed helmets as lachrymal urns, coming for pardon seemed to me matter for laughter; and I laughed. The soldier looked hurt. He looked as if he had never read speeches; he also looked sharp and bitter, as if he wanted to say, "Where did you get *your* plans for ending the war; and do you really think they're more likely than mine?"

CHAPTER XIII

ULTIMA RATIO

WITH the Germans on the Bsura, thirty miles west, Warsaw was more tranquil than in October when they held a suburb. Beyond the forts, guns were heard; west winds brought the noise to the Election Field at Kolo; some heard the noise at night in the city limits. The dirt and the levity remained. The Russians, soldiers or nurses, were at work. The Poles talked of trips to hear the gun-roar, of fancy-dress balls with rouged Thick Berthas and Zeppelins. The nephew of a ruling official went to see things; he rode through a gap in the lines some way south, and was caught by Germans. Seeing he was not a spy, but an amateur of battle — a *Schlachtenbummeler* — they sent him back. There were other amateurs — rich, idle men who came in disguises; some as Red Cross workers who did no work; some as writers for newspapers that do not pay; some distributing cigarettes. They talked about supreme battlefield thrills and expressions on

dead men's faces. The house of the Countess — teemed with heroes, who were fed, and asked if they hated the Germans . . . how it feels to drive your bayonet . . .? The Countess spirited home a man who had lost fingers, a good-looking, slow man, with conceit based on victory in battle with cooks. "Were you badly frightened?" the Countess asked, "when the enemy came in sight." "No," said the soldier, and blushed. "I knew you meant to treat me only to tea."

The right wing of our army retired to the Bsura after the defeat of Wlozlawsk in November, and before Christmas, on the Bsura, Rawka, and Nida began an immobile campaign. Spirits were good, if not radiant as the Third Army's were. Two months' fighting made clear that the Bsura line could be held; if it were forced, a field defence farther east would prolong our resistance. Would the town be held as a fortress if the field defence failed? No one knew whether the nineteen forts and the *tête de pont* at the railway bridge were armed and in repair. The forts were too near to save the town from bombardment; they would need a big garrison; with army and refugees, there would be a million mouths to feed. The citizens knew little of these things. They pointed to the unarmed

Citadel on the outskirts, built by Nicholes the First to punish the rebels of 1830, as their palladium; and the amateurs of battle discussed the Citadel's threat to Field-Marshal Hindenburg.

There were no panics. I saw no aircraft or bombs until after my return from Galicia; but I heard of both. In Christmas week, four aeroplanes came together; and a few men were killed. Down fluttered leaflets requesting people to stay indoors at certain hours. Guns in Praga shelled the aeroplanes with shrapnel. A month later there were four days of air raids. A Taube was brought down by the Okecie fort. A hotel roof was broken. In February aircraft bombarded the forts. On the day I returned from Galicia, an aeroplane sailed over the Stare Miasto, and disappeared, leaving a trail of broken roofs, and a booklet on Freedom. The bombs hurt no one; the booklet on Freedom struck a jeweller who was looking out of a window. The impact so startled him that he fell and broke his neck. The Poles joked on the deadliness of German fiction. In hospital there were many air-bomb victims. In the Café Bristol, amateurs of battle described their wounds.

In the middle of February, in Left-Vistula Poland the snow melted. Snow held in ravines.

On the right bank the snow was thin; in Masuria, a hundred miles north, the fragments of Sievers' Tenth Army struggled knee-deep, and Germans in sledges pursued. The winter, severe in the Carpathians, was mild here. The Vistula tributaries which formed our defence line were long frozen; this did not help the Germans, who had forced the Rawka when it was open, and could not force all of the Bsura when it was frozen. As rivers, the Bsura and Rawka did not count much. They were narrow, but the banks had natural strength, and they were fortified well.

From the Vistula confluence to Sokatchew, due west of Warsaw on the Kalisch Railway, the Bsura banks are high and wooded. Near the confluence, the Russians held the right bank. Behind, with hamlets scattered, are marshes impassable in thaw. South of Sokatchew there is less wood. Here the Bsura ceased to be the defence line. The Germans had got across; they were fighting on the Sucha, one of three small streams which run parallel. Borzymow, a scene of fighting early in February, is here. The Upper Sucha runs through forest. From Bolimow south to Rawa, the Rawka was the dividing line. Rawa on the right bank was held by Germans. In places, the Russian lines over-

looked the German; in the slopes were terraces of trenches, and earth-sacks in rows. This was as on the Dunajec. Mining war went on. Both sides had difficulty in gaining ground; on the balance the enemy gained. The Germans had reserve field fortifications which stretched to the marshes of Lowitsch. They turned Kolo, on the Warthe, into a permanent fort.

The German positions were well masked. Sometimes it is useless to mask trenches from airmen. The straight line reveals them. An airman showed me photographs, taken at moderate height, of what seemed to be unpeopled, scrub-covered land. There was no sign of war. The photographs were of a Bsura position, held by intrenched men, which bristled with guns. The trenches were roofed, the roofs were covered with branches and pine-saplings, and, to break the line, bushes were planted in irregular groups. Further south, the Germans scraped a streak of land, laid down some uniforms, and presented it to airman as a trench. Where snow lay, land ribbons were cleared, and the dark lines looked like trenches. Sometimes the tricks deceived our airmen; sometimes our tricks, which may not be described, deceived theirs. Both sides photographed without ceasing. A German air-

man and his mechanic had to descend in the marshes. They told with guffaws how the peasants, fearing the paper bird's flight, sawed off a wing.

The German offensive lost in vigour, and gained in cleverness. After the attacks of January, men were spared, and cheap advantages sought; the defence was to be worn out by ruses, by changes of method, by night attacks seldom carried through. Movements of troops were screened with smoke curtains, usually made with straw. Before the battle of Wlozlawsk, a veil of smoke hung from the Vistula south for thirty miles. The aim was to hide a concentration at Thorn. Behind the Rawka were the same veils, sometimes hiding important things, sometimes hiding nothing, being ruses to divert attention from regroupings elsewhere. On the morning of the 5th of January the Germans sent up smoke. The screen stretched two versts along the front; in the south, at right angles, a second screen rose. After flying high, our airmen returned with the report that the enemy was moving infantry and artillery south along the line. The plan was not to attack us on the south, but to deceive us by a feint of troop movements, and to attack us in the north. In the night, without any screen, reinforcements had

been sent to the north, and now they lay hidden in reserve trenches and woods. The Russians saw through the plan, and the attack failed.

The engagement developed into street fighting of a kind common during the struggle for Warsaw. The Germans, with machine guns, occupied a ruined village between the lines. The Russians resolved to attack. They shelled the ruins. The Germans kept quiet, and it was believed they had retired. When our men, attacking, got to the outskirts, the enemy came in fives and tens from behind walls. Reinforcements helped the Germans to gain all except the end houses; the Russians cleared out, shelled the battered houses, and made a new attack. The cottages, one by one, were fought for; some were taken and lost. The Germans, hidden between walls, checked a general Russian advance. The Russians found a heap of sheet-iron. With three or four sheets laid together, they made a shield and, sheltering behind it, they advanced up the street. The Germans made their last stand behind brick stoves and chimneys. Every stove and chimney was defended. In six hours the village was cleared.

In the night attacks stratagems were used. Wounded men who streamed into town next day

told me stories. As a rule, night attacks were signalled with rockets; next, up went star-shells, shedding daylight; when the attack was under way searchlights glared, so that our men might shoot in blindness and be dazed in bayonet work. In January the programme was tried on successive nights. The Russians got used to it, and though the glare hampered, they fought with success. At the end of a week, the signals were repeated; the threatened trench was strengthened; and, convinced that the enemy was creeping beneath the searchlight glare, the defenders' men fired low. No Germans were seen. Simultaneously to the north, without signals, star-shells, or searchlights, the enemy surprised a trench. The same night, the ruse was tried twenty miles south on the Rawka front; and again by Woyrsch's Austrians on the Nida. The Staffs had prescribed the same tactics for the whole front.

Protective appliances were used. A shield which I tested stopped Browning bullets at close range. Against rifle-bullets fired perpendicularly, the shields were useless. The creeping soldiers may have held them aslant, with the lower half of the oval ahead; held so, the shields might deflect rifle-bullets. On the Sucha front, east of the Rawka, were lever machines for de-

stroying entanglements and bridges for barbed wire. Our entanglements are made with four or six rows of stakes, closely wired. A length of mesh-backed canvas, moved in a roll during advance, was thrown over the rows of wire. The Austrians used a steel-shod plank, ten yards long by one yard high, mounted on wheels. Infantrymen crept behind it. Hand grenades were the only weapon against this. Bullets do not penetrate, and artillery cannot be used, for fear of hitting friends.

When creeping towards entanglements the Germans pushed sacks of clay, or they rolled barrels. An officer from the Sucha told me of this. The enemies held trenches at the tops of easy slopes. Our men sapped across the valley to within fifty yards of the German trench. The Germans, using grenades, stopped the advance. In the twilight the Russians saw a dozen barrels rolling towards them. Behind, it was believed, were Germans. Bombs were thrown, some barrels were shattered or knocked askew, others rolled steadily on after the men behind must have been killed. When all bombs were thrown, a second regiment of barrels advanced against a neighbouring trench section; the entanglements were cut and the trench was lost. The unbroken barrels on the first section began to re-

treat up the slope. Surprise was great. The enemy had tied strings to spikes in the barrel heads, and sent the barrels down by their own weight.

The trenches in places were as close as they are in Flanders. Hand bombs were more useful than rifles. The soldiers bombed the enemy's trench, cleared him out, and rushed the trench with small loss. Rifle fire was confined to sharpshooting. At first, the Germans had ruses to get our men to expose themselves. Shell fragments were tied in handkerchiefs, and thrown in front of our trench. When heads rose, bullets flew. Rifles in loopholes covered every yard of our line. The Russians held up Turks' heads, usually canisters wearing German helmets. Friendly notes were exchanged. The Germans said that in the first week of February the Kaiser was on the Rawka and Bsura. It was the fiftieth story of the Emperor's visit; this time the story was true. Some days later, in the crisis of the Winter Battle, he reviewed troops in Lyck. Germans found a St. George's Cross in trenches which our men had surprised. They threw it, stuck in a potato, across the intervening yards. The Russians returned a New Testament. From the enemy came requests to surrender. — "The more the better."

The Russians wrote, "Only two can come"; they threw this across, and after it they threw two bombs. After this wit, peace prevailed; there were meetings for mutual improvement and protection.

In the German trenches order was pushed to extremes; the Russians looked on the enemy as pedantic, and once had reasons for the belief. In a Bsura village, our men took fifty prisoners. The prisoners were locked in houses, their rifles were stored elsewhere. A German counter-attack reversed things. The Germans captured half a company. Both sides were reinforced; there was a street fight; houses blazed; the prisoners taken by the Russians escaped, but the rifles were kept; the prisoners taken by the Germans were released, as their prison caught fire. Both sides abandoned the ruins. The Russians got back with German rifles, and the Germans with Russian. The Germans sent a non-commissioned officer to ask for an exchange of arms. The Russians were puzzled; there were enough spare rifles taken from the killed. The German said he had been sent by the battalion armourer, whose books were put out of order by an exchange without precedent. The armourer knew what to do when rifles returned without owners, when owners returned

without rifles, even when men came back with their own rifles and with the enemy's. But he had no precedent for a company of Germans returning armed as Russians; "his book-keeping was upset and his moral equilibrium disturbed." As there was no need to add the upsetting of moral equilibrium to the necessary pains of war, the Russians exchanged. I heard other parlementaire stories. An officer, the survivor of an outpost, found himself at dawn near the enemy's lines. Knowing that flight would draw bullets, he waved a handkerchief, announced that he had been sent by his commander, and asked for a truce for burying the dead. As the dead had been removed, the Germans were surprised. A telephone message to higher authority brought the reply that a truce was not needed, and the parlementaire was sent back.

The stagnation on the Bsura, and the very slow advance over the Rawka to the Sucha may have been due to trouble in artillery transport. On the Bsura and Rawka the German heavy artillery did not show to such advantage as in the East Prussia and Galicia battles, fought at the edge of a good railway net. On the Bsura the losses from shells were not great. In part this was because the bombardment

was seldom intense, in part because the Russians developed to extremes their effective burrowing system. They went farther and farther underground. A disabled officer made a wax model of the Rawka lines, showing the high banks, the trenches, the earth sacks with sapped approaches; and, round and in these, the pits of exploded shells. Few shells fell in the trenches. The shells which fell near overwhelmed, knocked down, and blinded men with earth, but they killed few. The larger shells killed at a distance, by concussion, gas pressure, or scorching. Shells which struck the sticky Rawka clay made neat holes, sent the clay high, and destroyed within a narrow sphere.

The roads from Warsaw to the Bsura and Rawka showed that the theatre of main operations was elsewhere. The Winter Battle of Masuria was being fought. Transport of food still went west, but the Red Cross traffic declined, and ammunition columns rumbled back to Warsaw to reinforce the East Prussian front. There were few prisoners. I saw Germans at Blone, healthy men, belonging to replacement troops; they had been in Poland a week. Their uniforms and equipment were good; they had new eating utensils and tent sections, and

diaries which they kept posted by order. The Staff read the diaries. At Rawka a German was captured with suspicious ease. His diary read: "We cheered the — Corps as it started from Thorn"; and gave other useful facts. The Staff officers read with suspicion; the entries were untrue — the surrender, they believed, was a ruse. One of the prisoners was wounded, a young man, good-looking, with an empty schoolboy face. He had been bandaged by Russians; his trousers were cut away. He produced a bandage packet with a red compress, and showed it with pride. My companion, a Red Cross official, bound the wound in the open air; the sufferer was given a stick: with a mild "Danke gehorsamst!" the prisoners went.

Blone is a townlet on the Kalisch railway half way to the Bsura. It was a German Staff headquarters during the October invasion. Here were reserve positions of great strength. The Red Cross official who took me to Blone wanted to go to Wisitki, which is nearer the Sucha; we got part of the way, broke down, and waited. A German cylindrical field baking oven, with a high funnel — it looked like a primitive locomotive — rusted near the road, and near it were graves with crosses, some plain, some

shaped like the Iron Cross. There were soldiers everywhere; they cooked or washed; one under trees ate buckwheat porridge, and pulled ropes through holes burnt in a plank. "What is that?" "I cannot know; I was bidden do it" — an epitome of moujik passivity. This answer, though he must have heard it fifty times, enraged my companion. He told me stories to prove that the peasants are sottish and malicious; and then he laughed, and said: "What am I saying? They are no worse than I am. Everyone abuses the peasants, and heaps sins on their backs. If the ropes are not properly pulled through the holes, someone will say that the soldier is a blockhead, but probably the soldier wasn't told what to do. When a chimney falls, the builder says, 'What can you do with such workmen? When the lawyer loses a peasant's case, he says the peasant muddled the evidence; when the peasant dies because someone neglected him, the doctor says, 'What can you do with *this* people?'" "And when you lose battles?" "In the army, I have never heard an officer say, 'What can you do with such soldiers?' I don't think anyone says it. The moujiks in my province, Kursk, are wretched and forsaken; the moujiks in Khar-koff are worse. The only place where the

moujik has God's image is Siberia. The Siberians are robbers and tyrants." "Is that God's image?" "I mean they are men. The Siberian wants things; the will is strong; if he could persist at anything for fifteen minutes, things would go well with him. The moujik of Europe doesn't even want. He's a hen."

We turned away from Wisitki, crossed the railway, re-entered Blone, and then drove towards Sokatchew. I heard of the wonders of this battered town, and saw none of them. There was a chimney shot three-quarters through which stood, and there were other things. We did not go in. From Adamowa, beyond the river, German 21 cm. mortars were dropping shells. Not to do damage, for the sky-line showed there was little to damage except chimneys and toppling walls. From a point south, our men were shelling Adamowa and Altanka, an invisible hamlet on the river brink. Adamowa, I heard, was visited by the Kaiser when he came to Poland; if so, he took risks. I saw two shells falling in Sokatchew's ruins, or in front of them; in the west were dull flames and smoke. Two wounded men came out of the ruins. They said that the doctor who dressed their wounds was struck by a shell splinter. One limped, the other had lost his

thumb. We put the limping man next the chauffeur; as his thumbless comrade looked pained, we took him too. He was a squat man, with an ill-tempered, humorous face. "What will you do when you get to your village?" I asked, expecting the mournful, "What good am I as a workman?" He laughed, and said, "I shall work; I am a clever man." The limping man was a shepherd of Kieff, a young man, thin and handsome, with a daring expression. He was not abashed by my companion, or by "the French traveller" — so he called me; he talked boldly and openly, looking over his shoulder; when I said something he did not agree with, he interrupted me. "Your High-Well-Born-Ness is wrong. We learned that at school."

At Blone, I met many officers, and M. Arsenieff, who had collected soldier art and letters. About soldiers he told me many things, most of them here retold. The news of the battle of Masuria, he said, had got out piecemeal at Petrograd, but it had not shaken faith. The officers talked of the paths of shells; I told them of the Pilsener's deeds at Tarnow, and they said that a Thick Bertha or a Pilsener at Adamowa could batter Blone. M. Arsenieff offered them wine. Three said nothing; they

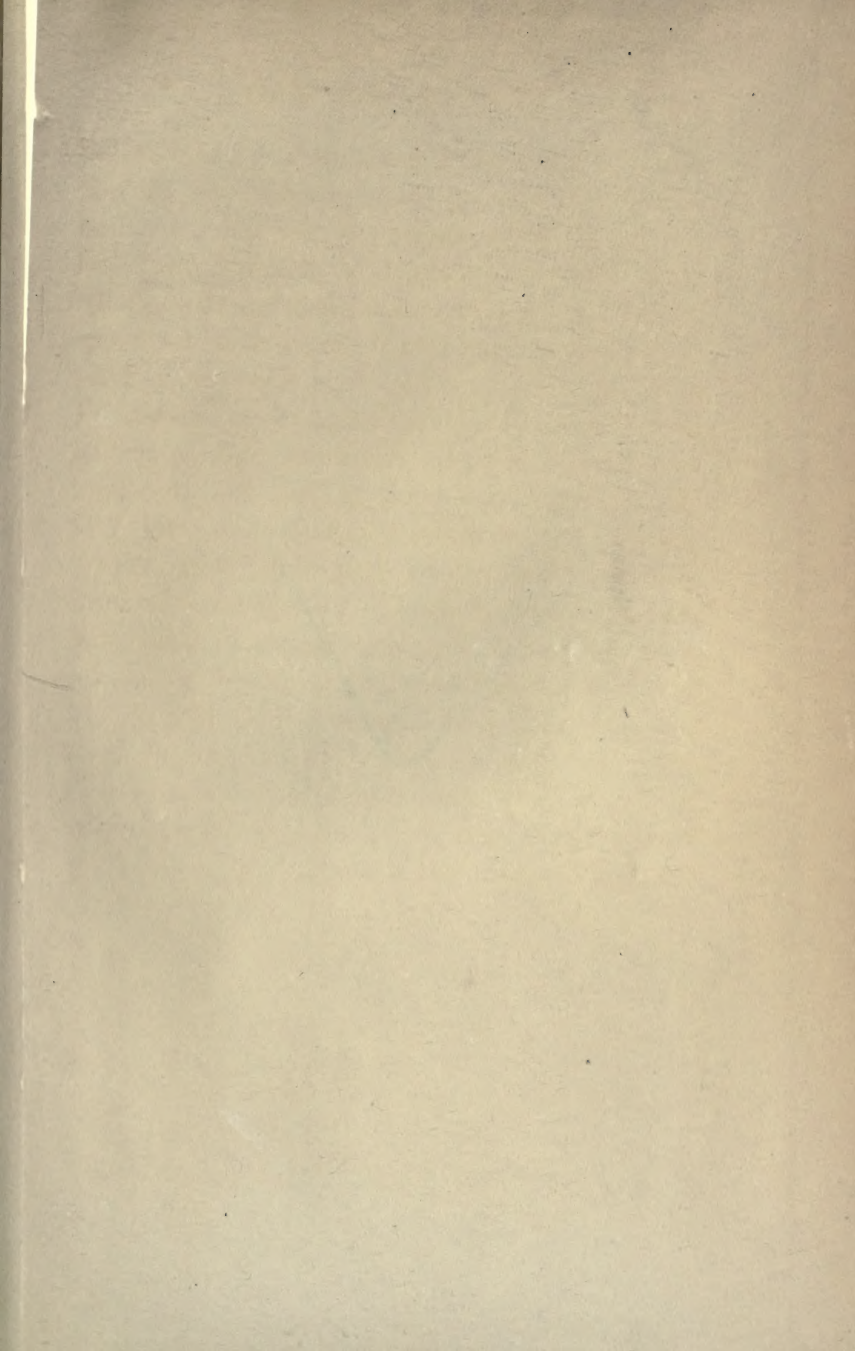
looked at one another questioningly as if they meant, "I'll drink if you will"; the fourth said he would drink nothing till the end of the war. When twilight fell we tramped west, watched the waggons struggling, and looked towards Sokatchew. There was the old glow of burning homes, one stage more towards *Finis Poloniæ*; in the south the glow was pierced by shattered roofs. The waggons disappeared; they were replaced by Red Cross cars, moving slowly. We went back to Blone, took the car, and drove towards Sokatchew. The glow of the conflagration got bigger. Overhead was an arch of black, without starlight. At midnight it dawned. Russians or Germans sent up star-shells; the air turned blue. A man, who was bending over a dead horse, rose and ran. After that for an hour we looked at fireworks, and heard a few shots. Two star-shells went up at once; they shed the brightest daylight; this, with the afterglow from the burning villages, made the likeness to a white night on the Arctic Circle complete.

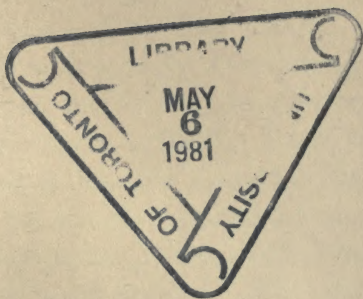
Towards the end of the pursuit in Masuria, I travelled to Petrograd. Warsaw's levity was chastened, not suppressed. Citizens knew of the unlucky battle; they heard that the Germans were marching on Grodno, and they

imagined the rest. Hindenburg would cut the line, and invest Grodno; he would rush the Bsura; the Civil Government had left; and the Vistula bridges. . . . There were transports of troops to meet the danger. The railway was blocked. Trains to Petrograd took two or three days; on one day no train ran. Travellers for Petrograd, fearing they might be cut off, went by Moscow. They saved a day. Hoping to see the offshoots of the battle, I went direct. The sixty miles between Warsaw and the Bug were done in twelve hours. There were troop trains, and endless chains of trucks, with field guns, limbers, and some things bulky packed in straw. The trains crawled no faster than ours; there was no confusion, but, in the slowness and congestion, Russia's troubles in warring were made plain.

The train was nearly empty. There were officers, a few civilians, and four nurses. In black dress, and black headdress, was Miss Yevreinoff, the playwright's sister; she bandaged three hundred men a day on the Nida; she could stand it no more, and home she went to study International Law under M. Pilenko. I met her brother years ago. From Bielostock we heard the guns bombarding Ossoviec. At Grodno an agitated officer, and a weak, puffy

officer in a sheepskin coat, got in. The agitated officer said that German cavalry was outside the forts. They might cut the line. He had come from the battle, told of the defeat, and laughed at the Germans for wasting their shells; they spent at least two shrapnel shells for every man hurt; but as they fired, may be, a hundred thousand shells, there were losses. I remembered that the Germans had no shells. He repeated that they might cut the line; pointed to his puffy comrade, and said, "If they catch our friend, they'll flay him alive." "*Sderut s nyevo kozhu!*" I looked at the man who was to lose his skin; and saw from the hilt of his sword — it had no guard — that he was a Cossack. At the words "flay him alive," the passengers started. The nurses had been talking of Germans and of International Law — which blend pictorially; and the new, bright war colour made them laugh.





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640
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Long, Robert Edward Crozier
Colours of war

