to observe himself in a mirror he was filled with vain thoughts which may have been forgiven because, like the millions, Maxim, in his visored cap and his long frieze coat, with his broad shoulders, ample chest, hard, clean cheeks, and well-shaven chin was a magnificent picture of a soldier. And he, the humble mushik Maxim, had gazed upon the great red buildings of government around the open space where stands the towering column of Alexander the First, and had seen the palace of the Czar, and canal boats passing under the Nicolai Bridge when the sunset was reflected on the River Neva.

"They taught Maxim to be a soldier. Who were They? They were the Government. They were the man above the man above the man above. They were Authority: That is who They were. Maxim did not understand it very well. He was told that They were the bureaucracy under the Czar.

"There were ministers and ranks or grades or chins, as they are called, and some were dishonest and some were incompetent, so that, at any rate, it made a very stupid, clumsy machine which did little rather badly and did that little with slowness. But, in any case, there was nothing to be done about it. The peasants were making Russia, and those who were ruling Russia were much more intelligent than the peasants, and besides They were They, and Maxim was only Maxim.

"So, under the Ministry of War, there were ranks in the army too, descending to the man who drilled the squad in which Maxim learned to be a soldier and fight with a '3-line' rifle to which a bayonet is fixed permanently. Maxim took the drilling seriously except on rare occasions when he felt a temptation to laugh. On these occasions, when the company to which he belonged and other companies were engaged in marching and practicing the manual of arms in the square before the Cathedral of St. Isaac, where the grim, sullen and vandalized German Embassy stands stripped of its decorations by a mob, or in Dvortsovoy Square, or on the great Field of Mars, upon which the slanting sun sometimes tries to throw the shadows of the cupolas of the Church of the Resurrection, the men cast in the image of God suddenly seemed to be cattle or sheep, herded or driven. And Maxim would laugh to himself at the idea.

"To him, a peasant, the new world of Petrograd and eternal drill, drill, drill, was a dream world. Everything in it was confusingly wonderful, and nothing in it was real. He never knew there were so many men in the world as he saw being made into soldiers. Companies and regiments which had been training for weeks and weeks disappeared every few days and new squads appeared. The new squads came in by day, and the old disappeared during the night, marching silently through side streets toward the railroads with their guns and their equipment. Word was passed around that Russia would swamp her enemies by the number and the courage of her men, and confidence was manufactured by a government which had failed to manufacture shrapnel. If Americans and other foreigners could be taken down to the Russian winter front and cajoled into believing that the Russian army was in shape to sweep over into Austria, regaining all her lost territory, it is no wonder that Maxim, with his blind faith in a Russia loving God and the Slav power, believed that he was an infinitesimal unit in the millions who would know great victories.

"The swing of the Russian marching step began to rise from his feet to enter his brain. The sound of the band stirred his blood. He saw the Imperial Cossack Guard practicing cavalry charges on the Field of Mars, and he believed that nothing could withstand such sword-drawn onslaughts. Winter had come, and the summer garden, with its granite urns and its strange, deserted acres, was covered with the same snow that creaked beneath his feet; but now drilling, bayonet practice in which lungs were made at bundles of straw, called by some of the soldiers 'Kaiser Wilhelms,' and singing songs in the barracks were all parts of a new life, a dream life, an intoxicated life, a life of the drunken emotions.

"And then, suddenly one night, there were secret orders. The company of peasant soldiers of which Maxim was one were moved hurriedly from their bar-
racks. No one knew why. Maxim, at the station, watched the men being divided into squads and put into box cars. He laughed because in the railroad town near his village he had seen stock animals driven up inclined runways into freight cars in the same way.

"He remembered in the night that during the mobilization period of the Russo-Japanese War, he, as a boy, had seen soldiers in a train of box cars, and in his young way he had realized then that the stalled train, with its drunken soldiers falling out of the doors and lying helpless in the ditches, meant that vodka had rendered helpless soldiers, railroad men, locomotive engineers, and all. He was glad that the Little Father had put an end to this. Now vodka seldom appeared among the soldiers: only when some doctor had sold a pint for many rubles.

"In the afternoon the train had reached Mogilev, and somebody told Maxim that Mogilev was the place where the Russian General Staff, the Czar's regiment was to take the place of an older regiment gone to the front.

"In Mogilev one could smell war: there was the faint odor of blood and smokeless powder. White-capped nurses of the Red Cross came and went, and doctors and squads of prisoners. A watchman on the high water tower balcony surveyed the picturesque central Russian town and could look down on companies of soldiers who went through narrow streets singing stirring songs on their way to their bath; he could see the Czar's residence surrounded by sentry boxes and the guards, all in white fur, hugging their guns in the cold.

"The Czar came and went in secrecy to and from Mogilev and Petrograd, and Maxim never caught a single glance at him, but once he saw General Alexiev, the Chief of Staff, a little bustling man who was such a contrast to the gray-coated officers of the Russian army. A certain kind of intelligence about his new world had come to him. He had been taught to salute all officers, and he had done so in Petrograd until his arm was tired. He knew how to jump out to the edge of a sidewalk, click his heels together, and stand with his right hand trembling with rigidity at his cap. He knew the Russian officer was a good-natured, kindly man, but Maxim was no fool. And if anything about could dispel the atmosphere of the grim business of war, it was the late hour of some of the officers' breakfasts, the sleepy eyes of mid-morning, and the way in which there traveled about among the men the reputation of some special officer who furnished a contrast.

"For instance, there was Kalpasnikov, commanding the First Siberian. Maxim did not know it, but Kalpasnikov, who was in the diplomatic service and once was second secretary in the Washington Embassy, left the Foreign Office service to fight. The First Siberian is a regiment which has already enrolled twenty thousand men. This means that it has been wiped out nearly five times! Even Maxim could distinguish between officers and officers. He knew that most of them were good fellows, but not quite 'on their toes.'

"And finally, after the days in Mogilev, came the order to go to the fighting front, somewhere in the south. So the regiment of Maxim marched away in the blinding snowstorm of early winter. There was a railroad journey again and a long march with the astrakhan caps pulled down over the ear tips. Everything was aghast with snow.

"'Remember,' said the voice of the man who marched next to Maxim. 'No German prisoners.'

"'Such are the orders?'

"'Fool! said the man on the other side. 'Fool! There are no orders. It is understood. The Germans are killing all Cossacks. It is understood. No German prisoners.'

"'You mean——?'

"'The bayonet,' answered the others conclusively. 'Certainly the bayonet. All the army understands.'

"Maxim did not shudder. He laughed to himself in an ugly fashion.

"Later on the two men who had told him not to take any German prisoners were seen by him sharing their rations with the refugees from new villages which had been ordered evacuated and burned by the Russians. Maxim wondered. Several days later, on sentry duty, he saw a child crying by the roadside at dawn and pointing into a ditch. The child's mother was there, and Maxim tried to share his rations with her, but he could not because she was frozen stiff.

"It was all a dream.

"Maxim knew nothing more of his movements or his purposes than his rifle.
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knew. The two miles of the second line of front he knew. He knew the sound of shells that screamed out of Russian masked batteries over the heads of the first line of Russian trenches. He knew the sound of German shrapnel that sang in the biting air in their approach.

"He knew no complicated military strategy, but when he had climbed to the crest of the ridge he could see a hollow of swamp between rocky ridges: a wide swamp exposed to the sweep of fire from either side and in which, there being only ice water and ledges, no night trenching could go on.

"He did not know that the German artillery was in an exposed position on the opposite ridge across the swamp where the fir trees stood out black against the sky. He did not know that if the Russian field pieces had sufficient ammunition they could pound that German position to pieces.

"The Russians were drawing up regiment after regiment under cover of night into the first line of trenches. Maxim thought there must be gathered under that cover, and ready to charge across the boggy, half-frozen swamp, all the Russian army! There were endless numbers of men.

"At dawn it began. There are endless numbers of men in Russia; they are spent prodigally.

"Orders and officers' commands poured the open advance over the cover of trenches and into the swamp. Far away on the frosty air sounded the rattle of German machine guns. They were mowing down the advance. Maxim could see! He saw the running figures of men change from vertical to horizontal positions. The swamp was becoming a slaughter hole. Maxim cared nothing. Suddenly he felt himself superhuman. He felt himself able to run across the swamp and all alone with a handful of rocks, if need be, charge the ridge beyond. And in this, too, he represented the real Russian soldier. He clutched his gun. His regiment was drawn up ready. He had no fear. He cared nothing. Nothing was terrible in the sight of lines mowed down. Nothing was terrible in the sound of the roar of artillery or the song of shells or the rat-tat-tat of the '3 liners' or the machine guns on the distant ridge which gave out a noise like that of the stem-winder of a watch. Nothing was terrible but the delay. Maxim was drunk with war.

"And at last his regiment poured out into the swamp. From the cover of the trenches and the screen of woods ran the new horde of men. With them ran Maxim—Maxim, the flaxen-haired mus-hik, with his straight, powerful body of youth, his alert mind, and his Potentiality. He had forgotten to pray.

"He ran on, firing as his regiment advanced across the open. The ice of the swamp was filled with air holes, and in places springs kept the mud soft. In one of these Maxim tripped and fell. He scrambled to his feet and ran on, shouting with his fellows the Russian charging yell: 'Hoora, hoora!'

"Maxim did not know that with proper ammunition at hand no such wild charge would have been necessary. He did not know that the proper ammunition was lying in the snow somewhere thirty miles south of Archangel. He did not know that the shells had been dumped in the snow by the order of some railroad official, and that the freight cars which had carried them had been taken back to Archangel and reloaded with the imported goods of a Russian merchant in Petrograd. He did not know that the railroad official had received one hundred rubles a car for his part in the transaction. He did not know that it was Russians who were killing Russians. He thought the enemy was responsible.

"Maxim, however, recognized that slaughter was going on. He thought, as he ran, of his fancy that the men were like sheep or young beeves.

"The sweep of some machine gun mowing down men like the sweep of a sickle or a scythe included Maxim.

"He went pitching forward with a half-audible grunt. There was not a moment to think of Vera or his mother or the village or even of Russia.

"He had given all for Russia.

"Some days later the English newspapers which came into Petrograd contained a dispatch describing the repulse of a Russian advance. This dispatch the censor blotched out with a sticky black ink, and over the ink he sprinkled sand so that no one curious to know the truth could remove the ink without scratching off the printing.

"On that same day a raven lit near a
thing in the swamp, a thing which looked like a bundle of rags. There were plenty more of such bundles scattered about, as the raven could see. Maxim was not alone. . . . In death, just as in life he represented the millions which are Russia.

"There are those who will find in the story of Maxim—the story of the Russian peasant who dies on the battlefield—only the tale of a simple man snatched from his home, jammed into military service, not knowing clearly why he is preparing to fight, deluded by the governing classes, hastened to the front, and killed like an animal. I believe that any one who has been with the Russian army will protest against this view.

"The Maxims are not as intelligent as the British soldier who has volunteered among more than three million others to 'do his little bit' overseas, but the Maxim who lies in the swamp—one dead Russian private from the stupendous number of dead and live Russian privates, one among the inexhaustible, terrifying hordes of fighting men who come at the call of Russia—did not die like an animal. He died like a man.

"Maxim on his way from the village to the frost of the swamp learned much of that which to him became a great and living truth—Russia belonged to him, and he belonged to Russia. Holy Russia! This is how Maxim spoke of his country. Compared to Holy Russia, Maxim believed himself so unimportant that in war nothing of him except the service he could render to a common cause was worthy a thought. It was a remarkable and an inspiring thing to find that the Russian soldier who is more a conscripted, herded, government driven soldier than any in war, is serving with all the strength of his free will, with fierce bravery, with self-effacement. Maxim may have been a fool; but fool that he may have been from some points of view, Maxim's soul, if it had its way, would resurrect the body from the swamp where it lies, to serve again in the name of Holy Russia. Vera and Maxim's aged parents may be fools; but fools that they may be, they do not love Russia less because Maxim lies in the swamp where the ravens call; they love Russia more. Maxim for the new Russia has done his part."

(Continued on page 99.)
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