THE RUSSIAN CHARACTER
IN THE
RUSSIAN SHORT-STORY

by

Margaret Louise Anderson
A.B., Knox College, 1917

Submitted to the Department of English and the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Kansas in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

Approved by:

S. L. Whitcomb
Instructor in Charge

William Savage Johnson
Chairman of Department

June 1, 1925
University of Kansas, whose interest in the study of comparative literature encouraged me to undertake this modest survey of a literature with which, as yet, I am acquainted only through translations.

May 4, 1925.                          M. L. A.
A national literature may be studied as a manifestation of purely creative genius, in which case the emphasis is laid upon literary technique. Or it may be studied as a reflection of the spiritual life of a people, and a picture of its national character and social conditions. Few literatures equal the Russian in reproducing the spiritual struggles of its people. The study of Russian literature is therefore largely the study of the men and women with whom it deals.

The present paper concerns itself with the Russian character in the Russian short-story: the short-story because it presents the national life from an infinite number of angles; the Russian character because it is the most important element in this literary type.

Literature, like music, is not a national but a universal possession. Consequently the American student only increases his understanding and appreciation of English literature by a sympathetic study of the literary productions of foreign countries.

I am glad to acknowledge here the helpful assistance of Professor Selden L. Whitcomb of the
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Introduction</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. The National Character of the Russians</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. The Russian Peasant</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. The Nobility of a Past Regime</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. The Government Official</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. The Intelligensia</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. The Outcast and the Oppressed</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. The Revolutionist</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Russian Short-story Writers</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Bibliography</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Within the last century, the prose fiction of Russia has placed Russian literature among the great literatures of the world. Unquestionably it is the novel which is responsible for this almost unparalleled accomplishment. The names of Turgenev, of Tolstoy, of Dostoyevsky, are, first of all, names of Russian novelists. But by the side of this magnificent literary type and by no means over-shadowed by it, there grew up a briefer, more concentrated, intensive form of prose writing—the short-story.

Russian literature extends back as far as the ninth century, but nothing of particular value was produced before 1825. Ecclesiastical writings, chronicles, a rich oral folklore, and stilted imitations of foreign literary models briefly summarize its extent. The names of the scholarly Lomonosov, who created a new literary language, of Karamzin, the historian, of Kryloff, the fabulist, alone stand out in those long, barren years as worthy of more than casual attention.
With the Romantic Period in Russian Literature, the name of Alexander Pushkin is invariably associated. "Chance, which gave birth to this man in Russia, might have placed him in any other country, and his work would not thereby have been affected," says Vogue. "It would have always remained what it is, a simple mirror which faithfully reflected all the human emotions, clothed, however, in the style and garments adopted in the 30's by the cosmopolitan society of Europe." 1

Pushkin, with a powerful simplicity, put aside the waning influence of Classicism. Having early come under the fascinating spell of Byron, he became a passionate romanticist after the universal literary fashion of his day. But he gave strong indication of the peculiar Russian genius for realism or naturalism. Up to the time of Pushkin, hardly any writer had attempted to describe Russian people and Russian conditions as they were. But Pushkin did this, and so succeeded in fashioning out of Russian material a short narrative tale, romantic in atmosphere, but realistic in treatment, which marks the beginning of the type of Russian prose fiction known as

1. Vogue, p. 70
the short-story.

The Russian short-story as a type, however, defies all attempts at definition. The boundaries set for the American short-story would not serve at all. With the American short-story we naturally associate the technical term "plot". But Pushkin was practically the only Russian short-story writer who built up a carefully constructed plot. He was strongly influenced by French fiction writers—especially Voltaire—and his choice of details, his clear, precise style, and carefully outlined plots, indicate that he thought in French.

In the Preface to "A Guide to Russian Literature" by Moissaye J. Olgin we find this statement with reference to the classification of prose fiction which he observes in his Guide: "A short work, whatever its contents or character, if not exceeding in size some fifty pages of an ordinary book, is termed 'story'." Such a classification is about as satisfactory as one could make. As a rule, Russian writers do not construct their work carefully. They scarcely ever concern themselves with a plot. "What is their real interest and what gives their work a peculiar value is the palpitation of actual life, the soaring of the spirit, the sincerity of a human soul speaking directly and freely. Literary productions called
by their authors stories or novels are often neither the one nor the other. They are just a morsel of real life, an illuminating episode, a study in human character, or a string of such episodes and studies loosely connected. The Russian reader and the Russian critic were looking for the truthfulness and spiritual depth of a work rather than for its external perfection." 2

That being true it is not difficult to put aside the conventional ideas relative to the English or American short-story, and include in the Russian group any bit of prose fiction--exclusive of the novel and novelette--which is "a morsel of real life".

Gogol, who followed Pushkin, was the father of the realistic short-story. But realistic with a flourish, a fantastic verve. The reader, even in the midst of most commonplace experiences, is never entirely sure that his feet are on solid ground--but the soaring sensation is far from terrifying. It was a Romantic holdover, undoubtedly,---a capricious desire for the unexpected. Gogol gives his readers "morsels of life" but he concerns himself not at all with formal plot-building.

2. Olgin, p. li
Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches" are classified as short-stories but are frankly sketches. He is chiefly interested in his characters; not what they do, but what they are. His "Dream Tales" are fanciful "morsels of life"—life in the realm of sub-conscious experience. A certain volume of Chekov's short stories translated into English by Marian Fell is called "Russian Silhouettes". The name suggests the nature of many of Chekov's stories. A few deft strokes—sure, firm, colorful if not brilliant—and the picture is complete. No superfluous details, no neglected prunings. There is an old rule that a story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Sometimes Chekov's stories are merely the beginning; sometimes, merely the middle; sometimes, merely the end. But always there is a completeness. The artist stops because his task is done. Sologub ranges from ethereal fancy to grotesque realism. The stories of Garshin are wild, despairing cries. The revolutionary stories of Artsybashev are haunting, heavy, sordid "morsels".

The Russian short-story, therefore, does not lend itself readily to a study of literary technique, but rather to a study of the people and life with which it deals.

In the last hundred years, because of its
spontaneity, its very closeness to the Russian people, the short-story has faithfully recorded their spiritual, social, and political experiences. The romantic characters of Pushkin's stories were replaced by the definitely Russian men and women--peasants and nobility--of the feudal regime which Turgenev represented. The restlessness and depression which followed the emancipation of the serfs is found in the realistic fiction of Chekov and his contemporaries. The short-stories of the modernists, with their intense, psychological analysis, are an evidence of the tortured spirit of inquiry which marks the prerevolutionary period. And finally, with the approach of the socio-political upheaval, appears the individualist, the writer who, according to his temperament, prefers to withdraw into a pleasing, anesthetizing idealism, or to rush into a realistic portrayal of life in its least beautiful aspects.
CHAPTER II

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS

Russia is for the majority of the people in America an unknown country, and the Russians are an unknown people. To the middle of the nineteenth century, and even later, the foreigner conceived of Russia as an expansive land of persistent snow, greyness, and little laughter. Over the frozen plains shadowy fur-coated figures drove on their long, tiresome journeys. Shadowy officials, leisurely taking their tea, did the mysterious bidding of a vaguely terrible person called the Czar. And trampled under this host of shadowy beings—under the feet of the phantom officials, under the very weight of the Russian winters and great distances—were the tragic figures—innumerable—of the serfs. That was a half century ago. And yet today many people are in still graver error. Today the name "Russian" is a synonym for "Bolshivik"—the man of the red flag, of secret meetings behind barri-caded doors, of bristling black whiskers, and bombs.

The Russian people have been for centuries the actors in a colossal drama in which the powerful antagonist
was now the Tartars, now the Poles, now the Princes, Orthodoxy, Slavophilism, Autocracy. For a brief period in the eighteenth century a hero appeared, the incarnat-
on of unbridled energy. With a furious gesture of con-
tempt for the conservatives, he began breaking the chains which bound his country. But the hero died, and new chains were made. The strange sounds which the world has been hearing from Russia for the last eight years are the breaking of those chains. There is another sound, however, --scarcely audible--that of a mighty process of construction.

The country now called Russia is said to have been originally occupied by the Finns who came in the seventh century from the Altai Mountains. Physically the Finn is tall and vigorous. His features are neither handsome nor expressive, but possess intelligence and determination. His eyes are small, his lips thick, and his cheek-bones high. The language he speaks is a unique tongue, soft and sonorous, in musical effect very like the modern Italian.

The Slavs who formed the bulk of the original Russian population came from the Carpathians to the Dnieper Valley, lured by the rumors of its richness. They belonged to the Aryan or Indo-European race. As newcomers
in Europe they seem to have had the robust physique, the eyes ranging from grey to blue, and the auburn or chestnut hair of the Russian peasant of today. From their earliest appearance they are described as a kind-hearted, hospitable, liberty-loving, deeply religious people.

By the seventh century A. D. the Eastern Slavs, who formed the nucleus of present-day Russia, had become a distinct people. Early records tell that they were traders--dealers in fur, honey, and wax. But the chief article of commerce was the slave. During the tenth and eleventh centuries the foundation of Russian society rested upon the ownership of slaves. By the eleventh century, however, they began to give more attention to the cultivation of the soil, and so became an agricultural as well as a commercial people.

Then came the Tartar invasion. The name "Tartar" was given to the Mongols who came from the region of Chinese Tartary, south of Siberia, and invaded Russia in the thirteenth century. These Mongols, kindred in race to the Turks, were subject to a Tartar race which ruled in the north of China. They were nomads, with customs and manners comparable to those of the Huns and Scythians. Inspired by a self-appointed prophet who was fired with a
lust for conquest, the Mongols began a campaign toward the Pacific and then turned back toward the Dnieper. By 1240 even Kiev had been destroyed, and of all the towns of any importance, Novgorod, alone, escaped destruction. The Tartars then encamped on the banks of the Volga, continued their nomadic existence, and demanded tribute and homage from the conquered Russians.

For five centuries they held that territory. Tribute was paid as late as the seventeenth century. Driven north, the Russians centered about the trading cities that had sprung up—Novgorod and Moscow the most important. To these towns the Verangiers had come from the Scandinavian lands in the ninth century, assumed unrestricted control, and guided the first successful efforts of the Slav in state-building. To the Verangiers the Russian also owes his name. The name "Russi" was first applied by the Finns to the Veranger newcomers, and ultimately was applied indiscriminately to all inhabitants of the Veranger dominions.

The long-continued dominion of the Tartars was certain to have an influence on the subject people. Normally, the khans were content with the tribute and homage, and had no desire to interfere in internal affairs. They made no attempt to Mongolize the Russian; and even after
they became Mohammedans, in 1272, they were entirely tolerant of the Greek Orthodox religion of the Russians. It is now generally agreed that Russia's semi-orientalism came as a result of contact with Constantinople, and not from Mongol influence. Very few Mongol words crept into the Russian vocabulary, and very little Mongol blood entered Russian veins. The so-called "Tartar type" which is supposed to prevail in some parts of Russia among the peasants, is more accurately the Finnish type.

But if the Tartar invasion did not affect the Russians racially, it did result in a moral degradation among this youthful people. The tax collectors who came as officers from the khan treated the Russians with contempt. These forgot their pride or turned it into cunning, and by deceiving the Tartars, learned to deceive one another. Their honor suffered. All sense of tradition, of racial pride, and public obligation disappeared. It was a desolate period, and partially explains the slow recovery of a national consciousness.

There are countless examples in the short-story, most noticeably those dealing with the peasant, which reflect this lack of honor and loss of pride. "Makar's Dream" by Korolenko, Chekov's "In the Ravine", "The Muzhiks", and "The Murder", contain definite illustrations
of this unfortunate influence.

Another result of the Tartar rule was the strengthening of the national religion. The Russians belonged to the Greek Church and in its ceremonies were able to express the religious feelings characteristic of the race. Religion took the place of patriotism, or rather patriotism took the shape of religion, and became inseparable from it.

But the spirit, the ideals, the moral code, and the manner of life of the Asiatics did not even reach the Russian people. The Slavs were proving that they were made of substantial material and deserved to survive. Generations before, they had assimilated both their Finnish neighbors and their Scandinavian liberators without surrendering any essential part of their racial characteristics. According to a renowned philologist, ten words represent the entire addition of the Scandinavians to the Russian speech. Upon the Russian character no effect of these northern people can be traced.

As the Slavs spread over Russia they formed themselves into two main divisions, the Great Russians and the Little Russians. A third smaller division occupying the wooded region adjoining Poland was that of the White Russians. Of the two major divisions, the Little Russians
lived in the south, in the Ukraine district, and the Great Russians centered about Moscow and Novgorod. Because of climatic conditions and the intermixture of foreign blood, the two divisions developed quite different characteristics.

"The Great Russians are more stolid, more tough and more capable; the Little Russians, children of a more genial climate and nursed among softer surroundings, are more indolent, less enterprising; more mobile and alert in mind, and physically more apathetic; more imaginative and less positive; more independent and individual, and at the same time lacking in that power of co-operative force which is the strength of the Great Russian." 3

The real history of Russia is the history of the rise of the Great Russian element above all neighboring Slavic peoples.

The Finnish admixture left in the Great Russian a certain physical imprint. The Tartar invasion had a moral and political influence. Whether either of these was fundamentally important, the fact remains that the Great Russian was a more enduring, persistent type than the other Slavs.

It is not a simple matter to discuss in general

3. Baring, p. 34
terms the people of an entire nation, or to ascribe to them universal characteristics. The Russian people, like all peoples, is composed of individuals. And yet it is possible to suggest those qualities which appear again and again in the portrayal of the Russian character by Russian writers.

It is doubtful whether there is a quality which one man so appreciates in another as an all-embracing sympathy, a bigness of soul. The Russian has this quality. The peasant has it in his naive simplicity. The revolutionist is moved by it to set out in the effortful and distorted crusade for his people. It is absent in no class. It is an affectionate human feeling, forming the background into which the sudden flashes of wrath recede, and so lose themselves. A Russian cannot be angry long. He is impulsive, often quick-tempered, but the cause of his anger is soon forgotten.

The Russians are a simple people. In this day of over-sophistication, simplicity is sometimes considered an indication of ignorance. But in the Russian character it has a nobler origin. His naturally religious attitude of mind closely resembles that of the Hindu. M. Vogüé was considerably impressed by the evident kinship of the Hindus and the Russians. "Cite the Vedas to any Russian
peasant and he will understand without further explanation... It is not an uncommon event to hear a savant of that country [Russia] say to a stranger—with a certain amount of presumption—'You will never understand the spirit of the Aryan as well as we do; you are no more than their distant cousins—we are their direct descendants.'" 4

Environment and external circumstances also, have tended to foster the childlike simplicity of the Russian people. The great expanse of their country, with its absence of coastline, kept them from exchanging ideas with the outside world, and at the same time did not crowd them into the congested groups in which are cultivated the less worthy expedients for the triumph of the individual. The unvarying landscape produced a contemplative quiet. The long winters tested the faith as well as the body. The Russian loves Nature, responding in a most naive manner to its varying moods.

The political experience of Russia also has had a definite part in moulding the character of the people. The Russian has gone to a hard school. After the Tartar domination, came the struggle for supremacy among the Princes, the wars with Poland, the mighty stroke of

4. Vogüé, p. 29
the pen of Boris Godunov ushering in three hundred years of serfdom, the autocratic policy of the Czars, the heavy, enervating machinery of a bureaucratic government. The governed masses--eighty per cent of the population--endured a resigned suffering mingled with an inherent belief in fatalism. The remainder of the people wore their honors and responsibilities as a child might wear them--arrogantly, peevishly, brutally, or with a fresh, sincere satisfaction and naive enjoyment.

Sometime ago a Japanese student who is well acquainted with Russian literature said that in his opinion the Russian was so "natural". He felt for the word--hesitatingly--and when he spoke it, did so affectionately. To one who comes through Russian literature to know the Russian people--the people of Turgenev, of Tolstoy, of the great, compassionate Dostoyevsky, of Chekov, who served so nobly because he did not know he was serving, yes, even of Gorky, whose people are tramps and thieves, --serious writers all--loving their people, believing in them, suffering with them--to him the Russians can be spoken of in no other way. Slow of action? Yes. Blundering? Yes. Impractical? Often. But withal a people big-hearted, genuine, and lovable.
CHAPTER III

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT

Among the Russian writers who treat of the peasant in the short-story, Turgenev's "Annals of a Sportsman" undoubtedly gives its author first place. The title suggests the nature of the sketches, but the narrator, enthusiastic sportsman that he was, interests his readers primarily in the people whom he meets.

Turgenev's characters, whether life-sized studies or the merest sketch outlines, are not only true in a physical sense, but possess a spiritual verisimilitude. The human appeal of them all is genuine. Henry James in "Partial Portraits" states that Turgenev wrote out a kind of biography of each of his characters, including all their experiences of any significance up to the opening of the story. The action was therefore not mechanically preconceived, but followed as a consequence of the nature of the actors.

The sketches are done in autobiographical form, with the narrator acting only as the truthful observer, the sympathetic listener, and good comrade.
In the sketch "Hor and Kalinitich", the first of the series to be published, Turgenev presents two widely differing peasant types. But Hor and Kalinitich are individuals as well as types. The former is a hard-working, clever peasant. In twenty-five years, by careful managing, he had reclaimed a piece of swamp land, for which he paid his master rent, and so placed himself and his family in comfortable circumstances. When he is asked why he does not buy his freedom he replies: "And what would I buy my freedom for? Now I know my master and I know my rent... We have a good master."

Kalinitich is the huntsman. He is a man "of the merriest and gentlest disposition; he was constantly singing to himself in a low voice and looking carelessly about him...."

"Hor was a positive, practical man, with a head for management, a rationalist; Kalinitich, on the other hand, belonged to the order of idealists and dreamers, of romantic and enthusiastic spirits.... Hor had reared a large family who were obedient and united; Kalinitich had once had a wife, whom he had been afraid of, and he had had no children. Hor took a very critical view of Mr. Polutikin [the master]; Kalinitich revered his master.... Hor spoke little, chuckled and thought
for himself; Kalinitch expressed himself with warmth, though he had not the flow of language of a smart factory hand.... Kalinitch was in closer contact with nature; Hor with men and society. Hor had no liking for argument and believed in everything blindly; Hor had reached even an ironical point of view.... Talking with Hor, I for the first time listened to the simple, wise discourse of the Russian peasant. His acquirements were, in his own opinion, wide enough; but he could not read, though Kalinitch could. 'That ne'er-do-well has book-learning,' observed Hor, 'and his bees never die in the winter.'

''But haven't you had your children taught to read?''

''Hor was silent a minute. 'Fedya can read.'

''And the others?''

''The others can't.'

''And why?''

"The old man made no answer, and changed the subject."

In "Raspberry Spring", Turgenev emphasizes the resigned sorrow of a serf by the contrast which it makes against an old steward's tale of the luxurious living of the dead count, his master.

"'Embroidered coats, wigs, canes, perfumes, eau
do Cologne of the best sort, snuff-boxes, huge pictures; he would order them all from Paris itself. When he gave a banquet," exclaimed the steward, "'God Almighty, Lord of my being! there were fireworks and carriages driving up!'"

The steward and his companion are fishing; the Sportsman resting with them out of the August heat. Presently a peasant about fifty years old approaches them. He is wearing a smock and slippers, and is covered with dust as though he had come a long way. He drinks thirstily at the spring.

"'Ah, Vlass!' cried Tuman, staring at him; 'good health to you friend! Where has God sent you from?'

"'Good Health to you...' said the peasant coming nearer to us; 'from a long way off.'

"'Where have you been?' Tuman asked him.

"'I have been to Moscow, to my master.'

"'What for?'

"'I went to ask him a favor?'

"'What about?'

"'Oh, to lessen my rent, or to let me work it out in labor, or to put me on another piece of land, or something.... My son is dead--so I can't manage it now along.'

"'Your son is dead?'

"'He is dead. My son,' added the peasant, after
a pause, 'lived in Moscow as a cabman; he paid, I must confess, rent for me.'...

"What did your master say?"

"What did he say! He drove me away... "You first," said he, "bring me the debt you owe." He was angry altogether."

"What then—did you come back?"

"I came back. I wanted to find out if my son had not left any goods of his own, but I couldn't get a straight answer. I say to his employer, "I am Philip's father," and he said, "What do I know about that? And your son," says he, "left nothing; he was even in debt to me." So I came away."

"The peasant related all this with a smile as though he were speaking of someone else; but tears were starting into his small, screwed-up eyes, and his lips were quivering."

The sense of caste distinction between the peasants who tilled the soil and the house-serfs is shown in an exquisite sketch called "The Rendezvous". The girl is a lovely, sensitive peasant girl; the man, a worthless, conceited valet.

After waiting for a long time the girls sees the man coming through the birch wood. "His dress betrayed
his pretensions to good taste and elegant negligence; he wore a bronze-colored short top-coat, buttoned to the throat,—probably a piece of his master's cast-off clothing,—a pink-colored cravat with yellow ends, and a cap of black velvet with a gold band and a vizor coming down close over his forehead."

As soon as he sees that the peasant girl is waiting for him his manners become affected. He stops, shrugs his shoulders, and after greeting the poor girl with an indifferent glance, seats himself at her side.

"'Well,' he said with a yawn, continuing to look in the other direction... 'Have you been here long?'

"The girl remained a few moments without power to answer.

"'Yes, I have, Victor Alexandritch,' she said at length in a low voice.

The impossible Victor casually announces that he and his young master are leaving the next day for St. Petersburg. The girl is shocked by the news.

"'You are an intelligent girl, Akoulina,' he said at length. 'That is why I beg you not to be foolish. I wish you well, do you understand? No, you are not a fool; you are not entirely a peasant; your mother too, has not always been a peasant. But you have no education;
so you must listen carefully when I give advice.'

"'You frighten me, Victor Alexandritch.'

"'Now what folly is that, my dear!...But what have you there?...Flowers?'

"'Yes,' said Akoulina sadly; 'there is some field-milfoil,' she continued, brightening a little; 'it is good for calves. There is some plantain, it cures the king's evil. See what a queer little flower that is; I never saw one like it.... This is for you,' she added, holding up a little bunch of bluebells tied with a bit of grass. 'Do you want them?'

"The young valet reached out his hand and took the nosegay; he smelt the flowers unconcernedly, and began to crush them between his fingers, lifting his eyes towards the sky with a thoughtful, important air."

From Turgenev's own standpoint, he was first of all merely the artist. To him the truth concerning life was the main thing. But he performed a great service for the Russian people. He gave these pictures of rural life against a Russian background which showed that the peasants had the same human qualities as the so-called "better" classes. Today it seems an obvious truth; in 1852 it was a revelation. Turgenev did not idealize. He did not shed cheap tears. He did not aim to arouse pity.
But love was his best argument and his artistic sympathy with the people of whom he wrote was his greatest political weapon.


Just outside the village of Obrutchanovo a bridge was being built. Because the country was particularly beautiful, the engineer who was superintending the work had built him a house nearby and brought his family—his young wife and little girl—and his servants to establish a country home.

The peasants in the village watched the building of the bridge and the house. Some were bitter and contemptuous; some more passively tolerant. Old Kozov, a pessimistic creature who "kept winking with his crafty eyes and smiling ironically, as though he knew something" would continually announce to the villagers: "Landowners, too-oo!... They have built a house and set up horses, but I bet they are nobodies—landowners, too-oo."

At odd times the drunken, worthless Volodka who lived at the home of his father, Rodion, would discuss the newcomers.
"... 'We've offended the gentleman very much. I am sorry for him,' said Rodion.

"'We've lived without a bridge,' said Volodka, not looking at anyone, 'and we don't want one.'

"'What next; the bridge is government business.'

"'We don't want it.'

"'Your opinion is not asked. What is it to you?'

"'Your opinion is not asked,' Volodka mimicked him. 'We don't want to drive anywhere; what do we want with a bridge? If we have to we can cross in a boat.'"

The engineer's wife makes several attempts to be friendly with the peasants and their rebuffs worry her. One day when she and her little girl are at the village she talks about building a school.

"'We don't want a school,' said Volodka sullenly. 'Our children go to Petrochoe, and they can go on going there; we don't want it.'"

The engineer's wife is hurt by the obstinate refusal to meet her even part way, and turns to leave. Rodion, much distressed by it all, follows her.

"'Don't be offended, lady,' said Rodion. 'What does it mean? Have patience.... Our folks are good and peaceable; there's no harm in them; it's God's truth I'm telling you.... and don't mind Volodka. He's a fool; he
listens to the first that speaks. Some would be glad, you know, to say a word from the heart and to stand up for themselves, but cannot. They have a heart and a conscience, but no tongue. Don't be offended, have patience."

The woman begins to cry and her little girl tries to pull her away from the village, crying in sympathy.

"Rodion was utterly overcome; his face broke into profuse perspiration; he took from his pocket a little crooked cucumber, like a half-moon, covered with crumbs of rye bread, and begins thrusting it into the little girl's hands.

"'Come, come,' he muttered, scowling severely; 'take the little cucumber, eat it up. ... You mustn't cry. Mamma will whip you. ... She'll tell your father when you get home. Come, come ---.'"

Korolenko, a contemporary of Chekov, has given us in "Makar's Dream" a peculiar blend of realism and fantasy. An exile for many years in Siberia, this writer had an opportunity to study closely the life of the peasants where it was most primitive.

Korolenko was a writer who never ceased to search for the "eternally human" in mankind. "One of the most striking characteristics of his moral and literary make-up is a peculiar politeness, this word being used
in its most positive and sublime meaning. He never forgets human dignity, the sacred rights of human beings; he grants them even to those who will not admit them in others."5 There is in his work a charm and simplicity of style which are combined with a deep sincerity.

Turgenev presents his characters by means of a delicately drawn portrait; he gives their mannerisms, their conversation. Chekov flashes before the reader a scene from life—vivid, direct, full of action—from which certain conclusions may be drawn. But in "Makar's Dream" Korolenko makes a psychological study of the peasant as well: Makar acts, talks, and—thinks.

To the distant village of Chalgan, "lost in the far forests of Yakutsk", the grandparents of Makar had come in search of a home. Because of this fact, Makar believed that he was Russian peasant of Chalgan—and so set apart,—socially—above the nomad Yakut. "He was very proud of his birth and station, and when he wished to vilify his fellow-townsmen he would call them 'heathen Yakuts', though if the truth must be told he differed from them neither in habits nor manner of living. He seldom spoke Russian and when he did, he spoke

5. Olgin, p. 152
it badly... He could ride very skilfully upon an ox, and when he fell ill he always summoned a wizard who would go mad and spring at him, snashing his teeth, hoping to frighten the malady out of his patient and so drive it away..."

Poor Makar worked desperately hard. His whole life had been spent in poverty. He had often suffered from hunger and cold.

"When he was drunk he would weep and cry: 'Oh, Lord my God, what a life!' sometimes adding that he would like to give it all up and go up to 'the mountain.' There he need neither sow nor reap, nor cut and haul wood.... He would 'be saved', that was all...."

"When sober he abandoned these thoughts, realizing perchance the impossibility of finding that beautiful mountain, but when drunk he grew bolder...."

Christmas Eve comes. The villagers are drinking vodka and carousing at the rude tavern. But Makar has no money. He suddenly remembers his good friends, the "strangers", who before have advanced him money on wood. He decides to go to them again. Making his excuses to his wife, a worn-out, sullen woman, Makar goes to the hut of the strangers. His attempts at a tactful approach to the object of his visit are delightful. It is time for the
evening meal. The samovar is steaming. Makar turns to one of the young men with an exaggerated enthusiasm.

"I like you, that is the truth. I like you so, so very much; at night I don't sleep--"

"The stranger turned and a bitter smile crept over his face.

"You like me, do you?" he asked. 'What do you want?'

"Business," Makar answered. 'But how did you know?"

The bargain is made. The strangers give Makar the money with the definite stipulation that he is not to spend it for vodka. With the best of intentions he promises that he will go right home. But his way lies by the tavern. It is Christmas Eve---. Sometime later, thoroughly drunk, he is shoved out into the cold.

The portion of the story which follows is a masterly transition from realism to pure fantasy. With a hazy narrative which doubtless evades even the most careful translator, the story wavers uncertainly. Now the ride home, now the unsuccessful attempt to escape the anger of the exasperated wife, now the encounter with the man bent on trap stealing--unconsciousness--death.

The first person whom Makar meets after he
has died is the old priest, Ivan, who had died five years before.

"He had been a good priest. He had never pressed Makar for his tithes and had not even asked to be paid for the services of the church; Makar had always fixed the price of his own christenings and requiems and he now remembered with confusion that it had sometimes been extremely low and that sometimes he had not paid it at all. Father Ivan had never resented this, he had required only one thing: a bottle of vodka on every occasion."

Father Ivan approaches and speaks to Makar.

"'Let us go to the great Toyon.'

'Why should I go to him?' Makar asked.

'He is going to judge you,' answered the priest in a sorrowful, compassionate voice...."

As they walk on, Makar notices that they leave no tracks in the snow, and he thinks what a capital place this would be for stealing traps. Farther on they meet a Tartar riding a piebald horse. It is the one he had stolen from Makar five years before. Makar wants it back, and raises a row.

"Makar was flying into a passion and shouting in order to draw a crowd about him, for he was afraid of Tartars from habit, but the priest broke in on his outburst.
"'Gently, gently, Makar, you keep forgetting that you are dead! What do you want with a horse? Can't you see that you travel much faster on foot than the Tartar does on horseback? Would you like to be forced to ride for a whole thousand years?"

"Makar now understood why the Tartar had been so willing to give up the horse.

"'They're a crooked lot!' he thought, and he turned to the Tartar.

"'Very well, then,' said he. 'Take the horse, brother, I forgive you.'"

At last they arrive at the spacious hut of the Toyon, and when it is learned that the man who is to be judged is from Chalgan, the attendants bring out the large scales because the sins of those from that village are so many.

"Makar approached the scales, and carefully inspected them to make sure they were not false. They proved to be correct...."

After checking through the sins of the peasant, the Toyon asks what bears the heaviest burden in Chalgan. Makar answers that the church warden's horses do. So the Toyon condemns Makar to take the place of those horses. But the Toyon's son has entered during the trial. He
intercedes for Makar, and the terror-stricken peasant, suddenly finding his tongue, makes a plea for his deliverance by describing all the hardships which he had to endure on earth.

"All eyes were now turned on Makar, and he felt ashamed. He knew that his eyes were dim, that his face was dull, that his hair and beard were unkempt, that his clothes were torn. And though for some time before his death he had intended to buy a pair of new boots in which to appear at the Judgment, he somehow had always managed to drink up the money, and now stood before the Toyon in wretched fur shoes like a Yakut.

"'Your face is dull,' the Toyon went on. 'Your eyes are bleared and your clothes are torn. Your heart is choked with weeds and thistles and bitter wormwood. That is why I love my righteous and turn my face from the ungodly such as you.'

"Makar's heart contracted...and he....took up his tale once more.

"What righteous men did the Toyon mean? he asked. If he meant those who lived on earth in rich houses at the same time that Makar was there, then he knew all about them! Their eyes were clear because they had not shed the tears he had shed; their faces were
bright because they were bathed in perfume, and their spotless garments were sewn by hands not their own."

And Makar, seeing his whole miserable existence exposed before him, is overwhelmed by an unbearable self-pity and bursts into tears.

"And the ancient Toyon wept with him. And old Father Ivan wept, and the young servants of God shed tears and wiped them away with their wide sleeves.

"And the scales wavered, and the wooden bowl (in which were Makar’s sins) rose ever higher and higher!"
The characters in the Russian short-story which suggest most vividly an age of romance—gayety, light laughter, love, and song—are the nobility, so long the center of national life, now fast becoming a tradition—beloved and despised. Alexey Sergeitch Teleizin in Turgenev's "Old Portraits" divided the nobles into three classes: "the prudent, 'of whom there are too few;' the prodigal "of whom there are quite enough'; and the senseless, 'of whom there are shoals and shoals.'" Certainly of those who made up the nobility, which at the beginning of the twentieth century numbered some six hundred thousand, many were of very common stock, merely possessors of inherited titles which meant little or nothing. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the representatives of the nobility ranging from the genuine aristocrat who is to the manner born, down to the unsensitive, coarse aspirer after the privileges which a title, alone, cannot bestow.

In "Old Portraits" Turgenev has given to
literature two indescribably charming representatives of the nobility—Alexey Sergei Teliugin and his wife, Malania Pavlovna, who lived in a typical old manor house of the steppes. "Alexey Sergei himself was a stumpy, paunchy old man with a chubby face of one uniform tint, yet pleasant, with indrawn lips, and very lively little eyes under high eyebrows.... he wore a white muslin cravat, a jabot, lace cuffs, and two gold English 'turnip watches', one in each pocket of his waistcoat.... Alexey Sergei had a little nasal, piping voice, and an invariable smile—kindly, but, as it were, condescending, and not without a certain self-complacent dignity. His laugh, too, was kindly—a shrill little laugh that tinkled like glass beads.... His legs were so weak that he could not walk, but ran with hurried little steps from one armchair to another, in which he would suddenly sit down, or rather fall softly, like a cushion."

The wife of Alexey Sergei was born at Moscow, where she had been famous for her beauty. The attentions she had received in her youth had quite turned her none too steady head, and although she had reared two daughters, she still posed as the frivolous
belle of old Moscow days. She delighted in recounting the glories of the past, her popularity, her various conquests, with sighing sympathy for the rejected suitors who she imagined had pined away for love of her.

"I knew her as a thin old woman with delicate but insignificant features, with crooked teeth like a hare's in a tiny little mouth, with a multitude of finely crimped little yellow curls on her forehead, and painted eyebrows...."

Malania Pavlovna was afraid of solitude and so surrounded herself with female companions whose duty it was to amuse her. Both she and her husband were devoutly religious, but Malania, since, as she said, "she had never learned to repeat prayers well", kept for the sole purpose of praying, a poor deacon's widow who "prayed with such a relish!"

"Alexey Sergeitch was well aware that his wife was a fool; but almost from the first year of his marriage he had schooled himself to keep up the fiction that she was witty and fond of saying cutting things." He was so sweetly considerate that Malania never guessed that she was not clever.

The conversation between the old couple when the husband is on his deathbed has the lyric beauty so
characteristic of the author.

"'Malania,' he said, 'so life has slipped by. Do you remember when we were married...what a couple we were!"

"Yes, we were, my handsome, charming Alexis!' "The old man was silent again. 'Malania, my dear, shall we meet again in the next world?'

"I will pray God for it, Alexis.' And the old woman burst into tears.

"Come, don't cry, silly; maybe the Lord God will make us young again—and we shall be a fine pair.' "'He will make us young, Alexis!' "'With the Lord all things are possible,' observed Alexey Sergeitch. 'He worketh great marvels!—maybe He will make you sensible.... There, my love, I was joking; come let me kiss your hand.'

"'And I yours.' "And the old people kissed each other's hands simultaneously."

The blustering, good-hearted, breezily apologetic landowner, Ipatoff, with his silent friend, Ivan Ilitch, is another of Turgenev's creations, in the story which he has named "In the Region of Dead Calm". The description of the two men as they pay a complimentary
call at the estate of a young nobleman, but lately returned from Moscow, sets the key for their participation in the remainder of the story.

Ipatoff, the reader is told, "wore a neat grey coat with large, mother-of-pearl buttons; a small pink neckerchief, half-concealed by the rolling collar of his white shirt, loosely incircled his neck; his feet shone resplendent in gaiters, the plaids of his Scotch trousers were agreeably gay in hue.... His companion, on the contrary, evoked in the spectator a less favorable sensation: he wore an old black dress-coat buttoned up to the throat; his full trousers of thick, winter tricot, matched his coat in color; no linen was visible either around his throat or around his wrists."

Ipatoff chatters incessantly, while Ivan Ilitch, whom he calls affectionately "The Folding Soul", scrutinizes the ceiling with slightly open mouth. Briskly, with an animated expression, Ipatoff describes to the young landlord the peculiar advantages of their district. He dwells upon the fact that it is a most informal neighborhood. "'...We people here are a straightforward folk.... We live in our simplicity; we say what we think without circumlocution. It is our custom, I must tell you, not
to call upon each other on Name-days otherwise than in our frock-coats, Truly! We have made that the rule."

In his rattling, headlong speech, Ipatoff has often to refer to his friend for elusive bits of data.

"...'... My father Nicholai, and my uncle Sergyei... laid out the park; they were exemplary friends... Damon and ... there now! I've forgotten the other man's name...'

"'Pythion,' remarked Ivan Ilitch.

"'Not really? Well, never mind--?"

It is impossible not to like Ipatoff. He is so absurdly real. How many Ipatoffs there are in the world! And yet he is characteristically Russian. He is a good landlord, a good father, a good friend. He is thoroughly provincial and yet occasionally attempts to pose as a man of learning. Speaking of a certain clever man in their district, he says:

"'Yes; Sergyei Sergyeitch,—he busies himself with writing verses. Well, of course he's not a Pushkin, but sometimes he gets off things which would pass muster even in the capitals. Do you know his epigram on Agei Fomitch?'

"'What Agei Fomituh?"
"'Akh, pardon me; I keep forgetting that you are not a resident here, after all. He is our chief of police. The epigram is extremely amusing. Thou rememberest it, I believe, Ivan Ilitch?"

Two princesses who represent widely varying types are to be found in "The Princess" by Chekov, and "First Love" by Turgenev. The first is Princess Vera Gavrilinovna, a shallow, vain, bird-like creature, living apart from her husband, and playing at philanthropy. She stops for the night at a monastery which she has included in her charity program.

"The princess felt that she brought hither some such consolation as the sunray, or the bird. Her happy, affable smile, her kindly looks, her voice, her humor, her figure—little, graceful, dressed in simple black—these must indeed awaken in these simple, severe people feelings of emotion and charm. 'God has sent us our angel!' must be the thought of the monks. And feeling that this must indeed be the thought of all, she smiled still more kindly, and tried to look like a bird."

The princess in "First Love" is the disgustingly uncouth mother of the heroine. It is her two-fold misfortune to be at once a pathetically common creature and the victim of financial reverses.

"I found myself," says the narrator, "in a tiny
and not altogether clean room, with shabby furniture which seemed to have been hastily put in place. At the window, in an easy chair with a broken arm, sat a woman of fifty, with uncovered hair, and plain features, clad in an old green gown, and with a variegated worsted kerchief around her neck. Her small eyes fairly bored into me.... I communicated to Madame Zasyekin my mother's answer to her note. She listened to me, tapping the window-pane with her thick, red fingers, and when I had finished she riveted her eyes on me once more."

Madame Zasyekin, needing financial assistance, finally obtains from the boy's mother a dinner invitation for herself and her daughter.

"The Princess and her daughter made their appearance half an hour before dinner; the old woman had thrown a yellow shawl over her green gown, with which I was familiar, and had donned an old-fashioned mob-cap with ribbons of a fiery hue. She immediately began to talk about her notes of hand, to sigh and bewail her poverty and to 'importune', but did not stand in the least upon ceremony; and she took snuff noisily and fidgeted and wriggled in her chair as before. It never seemed to enter her head that she was a princess."
During the first half of the nineteenth century, French culture was prized very highly in Russia. Some of the nobility used the French language almost exclusively. Pushkin once said in a letter to a friend that he was writing in French because it was more familiar than Russian. But there were also those whose bourgeois attitude of mind prompted the use of French phrases as a kind of ornamentation. For these people, the arts and manners of western Europe, or of any foreign country, had a particular charm, and in their effort to acquire them they lost the sincerity which is one of the most admirable qualities of the Russian people.

In "The Agent" Turgenev has introduced a proprietor who is a devotee of foreign culture. Effeminate, even a coward at heart, he had built up a kind of fake culture behind which he terrorizes his servants, and fancies that he fascinates his friends.

"...he would not let me start without a breakfast in the English style, and conducted me to his study.... He drank his tea, laughed, scrutinized his finger-nails, propped himself up with cushions, and was altogether in an excellent humor. After making a hearty breakfast with obvious satisfaction, Arkady
Pavlitch poured out a glass of red wine, lifted it to his lips, and suddenly frowned.

"Why was not the wine warmed?" he asked rather sharply of one of the footmen.

"The footman stood stock-still in confusion and turned white.

"Didn't I ask you a question, my friend?" Arkady Pavlitch resumed tranquilly, never taking his eyes off the man.

"The luckless footman fidgeted in his place, twisted the napkin and uttered not a word.

Arkady Pavlitch dropped his head and looked at him thoughtfully from under his eyelids.

"Pardon, mon cher," he observed, patting my knee amicably, and again he stared at the footman. "You can go," he added, after a short silence raising his eyebrows, and he rang the bell.

"A stout, swarthy, black-haired man, with a low forehead, and eyes positively lost in fat, came into the room.

"About Fyodor....make the necessary arrangements," said Arkady Pavlitch in an undertone, and with complete composure.

"Yes, sir," answered the fat man, and went out.

"Voila, mon cher, les desagrements de la
campagne," Arkady Pavlitch remarked gaily. But where are you off to?!

We turn now from the manor, the country estate, the peasant village, to the more complex life of the Russian city, and direct our attention to the class which Gogol portrayed in his stories even before Turgenev wrote his peasant sketches.
CHAPTER V

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

The class in Russia which has evoked from the short-story writers the most pointed satire—now bitter, now good-naturedly tolerant—was that composed of the products of a cumbersome bureaucracy, the government officials. Spread over the Russian empire was an intricate web of officialdom. There were bureaus for this, bureaus for that, and bureaus for the other. At the head of each bureau was a chief; at the head of each department, a minister. Under the chiefs were graded subordinates down to the humblest clerk. Everything had to be referred to the official just above; one official passed it on to the next higher; this official relieved himself by submitting it to the department, and so on. It is not strange that every department was months behind in its work.

The Russian officials were usually well-meaning, pleasant gentlemen. They had a characteristically
Russian aversion to hurry. An air of indifference was ordinarily present in their offices. Many people loitered about, smoking cigarettes and leisurely taking their tea. A crowd of people with most urgent business might be waiting to see the chief, but his composure was not disturbed.

As a consequence, it required at least three men to do the work of one. Any impulse to take the initiative and handle matters with greater dispatch was curbed by the necessity of awaiting orders from above. A strong sense of loyalty bound each official to his chief. No great amount of energy or intelligence was required of him and he met only the demands. If a man were ambitious, his most favorable asset was an obsequiousness, a servile catering to the man with rewards to give.

There is little wonder that this crowd of government employees with their egotisms, their vanities, their inefficiency, should provoke the laughter of men with more penetrating vision. But not unadulterated laughter, for the official was ever associated with the awkward political system which he represented—a system seemingly so indifferent to the woes which needed redressing—seemingly so regardless of the welfare of the Russian people. Of all Russian writers, Nicholas Gogol
in his short-stories most playfully and seriously
directed his satire at the officials and the bureaucratic
system.

Gogol in his literary work was a contemporary
of Pushkin. He belonged to the same school and was not
unaffected by romanticism, but he was the first to cast
off its fetters, to leave the ideal and to portray life
as he saw it. In consequence of this, he is generally
considered the first Russian realist. Shakhnovski quaintly
suggests Gogol's method and the main element in his work:
"He painted the happenings in Russian society that departed
from the ideal and created not rogues but commonplace,
everyday people with all their pettinesses; and whilst
telling them of their declension from the ideal, did not
relate the feelings stirred up in him by their deficiencies.
His types create an irresistible impression on the reader,
who feels that the author is not laughing at the types he
depicts, but feels in his heart the deepest sympathy with
them. This is the impression which raises Gogol above
Von. Visin and Krylov and Shchedrin: it is called humor." 6

Gogol is the only great comic writer in Russia.
He was a man of the South and in his stories is dis-
covered the flame which is the result of the fiery passion

6. Shakhnovski, p. 107
and boundless aspiration of the Cossack. He constantly mingled comedy with tragedy and as compounds the purest quality of humor. Of himself he wrote that he described life "through visible laughter and invisible tears, hidden from the world".

Merezhkovsky calls attention to a significant discovery of the Russian humorist: "Gogol was the first to notice the most dreadful, eternal evil, not in tragedy, but in the absence of anything tragic; not in power, but in the lack of power; not in senseless extremes, but in too sensible mediocrity; not in sharpness and depth but in dullness and flatness, in triviality of all human feelings and thoughts, not in the greatest but in the smallest." 7

If ever an author strove to make his readers feel the misery of life and at the same time to become aware of the need for a greater human sympathy, Gogol succeeded in his story "The Cloak", which is the history of a very humble creature long crushed under the weight of an irrational order.

A "certain official" in a "certain department" was Akaki Akakievich Bashmachkin. He was what is called a perpetual titular councillor. No one remembered when he entered the department or who had appointed him. No

7. Olgin, p. 44
one showed him the least respect. Sometimes the younger officials made merry at his expense, made crude jokes about his landlady, and annoyed him at his work. "Not a single word would Akaki Akakievich answer to this, as though no one were near him. It did not affect his tasks; in the midst of all these taunts he made not a single error in copying. Once, however, when the jesting became unbearable, because they had pushed his elbow while he was at work, he exclaimed: 'Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?'

At one time a kindly director had asked Akaki Akakievitch to draw up some kind of report. The responsibility embarrassed and flustered the little man although all the work entailed was simply the alteration of the first to the third person. "...he began to perspire, to wipe his forehead, saying finally, 'No, better give me copying.'" From that time he was asked to do nothing but copy.

In order to keep himself from freezing, Akaki Akakievich is compelled to buy a new cloak. After long weeks of saving, of pitiful economies, the necessary amount is obtained. Then comes the glorious morning when Petrovich, the tailor, brings it to him. It is a beautiful cloak. "Akaki Akakievich paid and thanked Petrovich, and set forth in his new cloak to the depart-
ment. Petrovich followed him, and for a long time his gaze lingered on the cloak from a distance; then making a short cut through a side street he reappeared to view the cloak from another point—namely, directly in front."

The cloak impressed the younger officials. One of them, in holiday mood, invited Akaki Akakievich to a birthday party he was giving that evening. The little clerk went, but it was all painfully strange to him. "He simply did not know what to do with himself, where to put his hands, his feet, his entire body; finally he seated himself near the players, looked at the cards, or into the face of now one, now another, and after a time began to grow drowsy...."

On the way home, while the little man is going through a deserted section of St. Petersburg, his beautiful cloak is stolen. Then begins the long discouraging attempt to locate his lost property. One of the people whom he consults is the Superintendent of the district, a man whose newly acquired title had rendered him insufferable. He keeps Akaki Akakievich waiting an inexcusable length of time to impress the friend with whom he is chatting.

"When he saw Akaki approaching with his humble expression, wearing his shabby old uniform, he
turned round suddenly towards him and said, "What do you want?" in a severe voice, accompanied by a vibrating intonation which at the time of receiving his promotion he had practised before the looking-glass for eight days."

The harsh manner of the superintendent embarrasses Akaki, but he finally explains his difficulty. "The Superintendent found Akaki's method of procedure somewhat unofficial. 'Ah, sir,' he said, 'don't you know what steps you ought to take in such a case?.... You should have handed in your petition at the chancellery. This in due course would have passed through the hands of the chief clerk and director of the bureau. It would have been brought before my secretary who would have made a communication to you."

The cloak is never found and Akaki Akakievich, thoroughly broken in spirit, becomes ill and dies.

The story is concluded with a mysterious, fantastic touch, which curiously enough makes the character of the unfortunate official—so humorously pathetic—not less real, but immortalized.

In another story, "The Nose", a playful satire on the official, is a man whose extreme vanity is a worthy subject for mirth.
"Kovaloff had been a Caucasian committee-man two years previously, and could not forget that he had occupied that position; but in order to enhance his own importance, he never called himself 'committee-man', but 'Major'.

"'Listen, my dear,' he used to say when he met an old woman in the street who sold shirt-fronts; 'go to my house in S--- Street and ask "Does Major Kovaloff live here?" Any child can tell you where it is.'

"Accordingly we will call him for the future Major Kovaloff. It was his custom to take a daily walk on Neffsky Avenue. The collar of his shirt was always remarkably clean and stiff. He wore the same style of whiskers as those that are worn by governors of districts, architects, and regimental doctors; in short, all those who have full red cheeks and play a good game of whist. These whiskers grow straight across the cheek towards the nose.

"Major Kovaloff wore a number of seals, on some of which were engraved armorial bearings, and others the names of the days of the week. He had come to St. Petersburg with the view of obtaining some position corresponding to his rank, if possible that of vice-governor of a province; but he was prepared to be content
with that of bailiff in some department or other. He was, moreover, not disinclined to marry, but only such a lady who could bring with her a dowry of two hundred thousand roubles. Accordingly, the reader can judge for himself what his sensations were when he found in his face, instead of a fairly symmetrical nose, a broad, flat, vacancy."

Chekov's little story "Lean and Fat" illustrates in a humorous way the senseless awe which a mere title could inspire in the breast of a man of lower rank.

Two men who were at school together meet in a railway station. The lean man is accompanied by his wife—a thin little woman with a long chin, and his son—a tall school-boy with half-closed eyes.

The friends embrace and stare at each other with tears of joy in their eyes. The lean man begins to talk volubly. He introduces his wife, tells that his son is in the third class in school, recalls boyhood pranks, explains that he is a collegiate assessor, has been awarded the Order of St. Stanislas, that his small salary is supplemented by what his wife earns from music lessons and what he earns from the cigarette cases he makes out of wood—"first-class cigarette cases. I get a rouble apiece. If you take ten or more I make a reduction, of course."
Eventually he stops to inquire what his friend has been doing. In a spirit of bravado he suggests that he is probably state councillor by now.

"'No, old man; guess higher!' said the fat man. 'I am already privy councillor.'"

The lean man pales and shrivels up; his wife's long chin grows longer; the boy draws himself up at attention.

"'I, Your Excellency--I am delighted, I am sure. A friend, one may say, of one's childhood, has all at once become such a great man! Hee! Hee! Hee!'"

"'Enough of that!' said the fat man frowning. 'Why affect such a tone? You and I are old friends; what's the need of all this respect for rank?'

"'Allow me--oh, really!' tittered the lean man, shrivelling still smaller. 'The gracious attention of your Excellency is something on the order of life-giving dew. This, your Excellency, is my son, Nathaniel. This is my wife, Louisa, a Lutheran--in a way--'

"The fat man wanted to retort something, but such obsequiousness, such mawkishness...were written all over the lean man's face that the privy councillor was nauseated. He turned away from him and gave him his hand in farewell."
"The lean man took three fingers of it, bowed with his whole body, and giggled like a Chinaman:

'Hee! hee! hee!'

"His wife smiled, Nathaniel scraped his foot and dropped his cap. All three were agreeably overcome."
CHAPTER VI

THE INTELLIGENSIA

With the introduction of Western European culture in Russia, there grew up in that country a class of educated men and women known as the intelligensia. The intelligensia are for the most part university people, professional people—professors, doctors, lawyers, writers, actors, artists, and others. They are not always people of material wealth—often quite the reverse—but they usually possess a wealth of learning and appreciation. The educated Russian reads voraciously, learns foreign languages with incredible ease, and thinks. He is noted for his delight in endless philosophizing. He loves to talk, to spin out the threads of his argument until he himself forgets what the argument is.

During the nineteenth century, the Russians, with their characteristic ability to assimilate new ideas and yet keep their individuality, were developing a new culture of their own, which found expression in literature, art, and science. It had the spontaneity, the
freshness, often the crudeness, of a first experiment. But, on the other hand, it had a seasoned maturity, as though its roots had for centuries been fastening themselves into a deep and stubborn soil.

The Russian people, themselves, suggest both youth and age. In the short-story, the peasant is presented, for the most part, as a primitive creature, a stolid, mute product of the ages, untouched by the challenge of new ideas. To innovations of any kind he reacts either with stupid incredulity, obstinate resistance, or childlike wonder. Until the hour of her awakening, the treasures of the Russian nation had escaped exploitation. The innate qualities of the Slavic race, the disciplinary influence of a firm, sweet-hearted, but seldom smiling Nature, and the difficult centuries of political struggle, produced a people whose powers were undreamed of, even by themselves. For generations their lives had been ordered according to a definite pattern of social and religious traditions—traditions which in many instances were empty and meaningless.

In "Partial Portraits", Henry James quotes M. Renan with reference to this element of age-old maturity in Turgenev: "Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries
had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No
man has been so much as he the incarnation of a whole
race: generations of ancestors, lost in the deep of
centuries, speechless, came through him to life and
utterance." 8

Whether or not even the most enthusiastic
devotee would be warranted in making so sweeping a state-
ment about one man is doubtful. But the idea which M.
Renan suggests is a clue to an understanding of the
Russian people.

In becoming Europeanized, Russia became more
and more civilized, but the adjustment between the new
ideas and the old manner of living frequently produced
results that were grotesque and sometimes pathetically
ugly. The empty religious forms were filled with a
sophisticated skepticism. A superficial veneer of too-
quickly acquired learning was often an awkward burden.
Many Russian youths, like Turgenev's "Hamlet of the
District Tchigri", after spending a few years in French
or German universities, lost their contact with their
fatherland, found their foreign education inadequate for
their needs, and retired in melancholy disillusionment.
Others, having got hold of one philosophical or social

8. James, p. 291
When William Lyon Phelps wrote his "Essays on Russian Novelists" in 1911, he said: "To an Englishman or an American, perhaps the most striking trait in the Russian character is his lack of practical force--the paralysis of his power of will." Events subsequent to that date strengthen the contention that the time was not yet come for an exercising of that will. Centuries of submission had almost succeeded in making the Russian people forget that they had a will.

The intelligensia, more than any other social group in Russia, exhibit the interesting process of adjustment, because they came into closest contact with Western European ideas. The differences which are found in individuals, of course, determined the relative importance of the foreign influence, but fundamentally, the two streams--the blending of the old and the new--can be traced.

But while the more highly educated people of Russia were beginning to take their place in the world of letters and scientific achievement, they were by no means free to pursue their own course--for the good either

9. Phelps, p. 17
of their people, or of themselves. After the Crimean War, there was a period of reform which promised a refreshing freedom from political bondage. But it was short-lived. Bureaucratic autocracy regained power, and a deep depression and disillusionment penetrated all classes. The dream of an ideal structure of society passed away like a castle in the air, and the Russian intelligensia "awoke with a broken heart, a paralyzed will, inactive, deeply pessimistic, and with a fatalistic indifference to the rising tide of reaction." 10

Of all the Russian short-stories, those of Anton Chekov present the intelligensia in the most illuminating manner. Chekov, himself, was not of the nobility, as were Pushkin, Tolstoi, and Turgenev, but the son of a serf who had purchased his freedom. At the University of Moscow, and later in his dual role of physician and author, Chekov was in direct contact with the educated classes. However, he did not limit his attention to the people of any one social group as Gogol, Korolenko, and other writers tended to do. With reference to such limitation he says in a letter to A. N. Pleshtcheyev, 1888; "I understand specialization in art such as 'genre', landscape, history, but I cannot admit of such specializa-

10. Shakhnovski, p. 146.
tion as convicts, officers, priests... This is not specialization but partiality." Indeed, with the exception of the nobility, Chekov's characters are drawn from all classes.

Chekov was a son of the eighties in Russia. The life about him was more than sad. The intelligensia were afraid even to be dissatisfied. It is one thing to live in submissive ignorance; it is quite another to be poignantly aware of the gross defects in a social and political order, and be powerless to correct them--be powerless to suggest, with impunity, a possible remedy.

Chekov has well been called a "wise observer with a wistful smile and an aching heart." 12 As an artist he professed to be merely an observer--reflecting life as he saw it. He considered it outside the range of the author's responsibilities to solve human problems or preach moral lessons. Likewise, he considered that the author was not, as he said, "a confectioner, not a provider of cosmetics, not an entertainer," 13 culling out choice bits of life for a dainty public. "'My business," he said, "is merely to be talented--i.e. to know how to

13. Chekov - Letters, p. 57
distinguish important statements from unimportant, how to throw light on the characters and to speak their language." 14. But even so, Chekov was not a wholly disinterested observer. As disinterested, perhaps, as the Dr. Chekov who spent days and nights fighting cholera in his stricken district, built hospitals and devotedly served the people for whom he professed to have not the slightest concern.

The story "La Cigale" presents in the characters of Olga Ivanovna, and her husband, Osip Daimoff, two widely differing representatives of the educated circles. Olga Ivanovna is a clever woman. Without possessing any one talent in a marked degree, she has such versatility and enthusiasm that her mediocre abilities, enhanced by the flattery of her artistic friends, assume an unwarranted importance. She surrounds herself with a group of artist friends, men and women, who, if not celebrated, "inspired great hope for the future".

But Olga Ivanovna marries a man who, in the artistic society in which she moves, "seemed out-of-place, needless, and even insignificant, although he was really a very tall and broad-shouldered man." Osip Daimoff was

a physician—a studious, conscientious, kindly gentleman with no interest whatever in art. "I don't understand landscapes or operas," he tells his wife, "but I look at matters thus: if talented men devote their lives to such things, and clever men pay vast sums for them, that means they are useful. I don't understand them, but not to understand does not mean to deny."

Duihoff, after a daring scientific experiment, contracts diphtheria and dies. The old physician who attends him is overcome with grief and raves at the vain Olga Ivanovna.

"In despair he covered his face with his hands and shook his head.

"'And what moral fortitude!' he continued, each second increasing in anger. 'Good, pure, loving soul—not a man but a crystal! How he served his science, how he died for it. Worked—day and night—like an ox, sparing himself never; and he, the young scholar, the coming professor, was forced to seek a practice and spend his nights translating to pay for these... these dirty rags...'

One of the marked characteristics among the educated class in excitability. Among the university men in Russia there is hardly one who does not even before
middle-age boast of his past. This is because the specific result of excessive excitability is exhaustion. A man scarcely leaves the classroom before he takes up a burden which is too heavy for him—he wishes to reform the schools, to improve the condition of the peasants, to experiment with scientific farming. Before he is thirty-five he feels tired and bored. Conscious of his physical exhaustion and boredom, he looks about for causes outside himself and fails to find them. Then he begins to look inside for them and finds an indefinite feeling of guilt. For some inexplicable reason, this is a Russian feeling. It is experienced by the peasant, the official, the professional man. It ranges from a vague, undefinable self-consciousness to over-whelming remorse.

The main character in "On the Way", another of Chokov's stories, is a man but little over forty. With life entirely in the past, with little left but memory, a forced endurance, and an affectionate tenderness for the fretful little daughter who is accompanying him, he is on his way to become manager of some coal mines in a distant, god-forsaken place.

"'My serious enthusiasms,' said he, 'began when I was at the University.... I gave myself up to
science, heart and soul, as passionately as I would give myself to a beloved woman. I was its slave.... night and day I pored and howled over my books, ... weeping when I saw people exploiting science for their own personal ends.... I soon fell prey to a new passion. I plunged into Nihilism with its manifestoes; ... its secret transformations, and all its tricks of the trade.... Then, as I roamed across Russia and the scent of Russian life came to my nostrils, I changed into its ardent worshipper. My heart ached with love for the Russian people. I believed in their God, in their creative power, and so on and so on.... I have fallen in love with ideas, with people, with events, with places, time upon time without end. Five years ago I was the slave of the denial of the right of ownership. Non-opposition of evil was my latest belief.

"'You have much to remember.'

"'I ache to remember it. I have lived, and in the fumes that enveloped me, I have missed life itself. Can you believe it? I cannot recall one single spring.'"

The process of civilization and the influx of western ideas turned many of the intelligensia away from Orthodoxy but did not destroy their religious spirit. The
unthinking faith of Holy Russia gave way to something else—but the fervor, the impulse to worship, remained. The idols, it is true, were constantly changing. Even Atheism was a kind of negative religion.

"They say there is no God," says the fellow traveller of the man in "On the Way."

"But tell me, why do all great writers and students and all wise people in general believe in God at the end of their lives?"

"My idea is this, that faith is a gift of the soul. It is like any other talent: one must be born with it to possess it. Judging from my own case, from the people I have known in my life, and from all I have seen going on about me, I believe this talent to be inherent in Russians in the highest degree. Russian life is made up of a constant succession of beliefs and enthusiasms, and Russians have not yet scented unbelief and negation. If a Russian doesn't believe in God, then he believes in something else."

The educated people in Chekov's stories react to the baffling problems, with which they were surrounded, in different ways. Some retreat into the seclusion of their domestic relationships and individual lives, finding in the pursuit of simple happiness, in study, in
music, art, dramatics, an antidote for social ills. The family of Turkins in "Ionitch" are representative of this type. Others lose themselves in a tangled and complicated introspective life. Futile impulsive action is followed by endless philosophizing, apathy, nervous limpness, and exhaustion. In "Ward No. 6", the disheartened physician sinks lower and lower until he finds the first satisfying stimulus to thought in the conversation with an insane man. In "The Black Monk" the hero—a dreamer, a Doctor of Philosophy—is lost in his struggle to distinguish between the real and the unreal. The hero of the little story, "The Kiss", sees life only as a series of accidents without any connection or idea. "And the whole world—life itself—seemed to Riabovitch an inscrutable, aimless mystification."

But despite the depression and unending disappointment there was within it all a challenge—compelling, insistent. And to this challenge the young men and women of Russia kept answering with a buoyant nonchalance—bidding farewell forever to the smug traditions of the past.

In "Betrothed" Sasha, a young lithographer, suffering from that disease which is so tragically common in Russia, consumption, urges his friend Nadya to
come away from her monotonous life and study at the University. But Nadya is engaged to be married. Her fiance, a respected but ambitionless young man, is highly satisfactory to her family. Sasha knows, however, that Nadya is not content and continues pleading with her.

"'Only enlightened and holy people are interesting; it's only they who are wanted. The more of such people there are, the sooner the Kingdom of God will come on earth.... What matters most is that the crowd, in our sense of the word, in the sense in which it exists now—that evil will not exist then, because every man will believe and every man will know what he is living for and no one will seek moral support in the crowd.... Show them all that you are sick of this stagnant, gray, sinful life. Prove it to yourself at least."

Nadya breaks her engagement and goes away to study. While she is at home on a visit, word comes of Sasha's death.

"She recognized clearly that her life had been turned upside down as Sasha wished; that here she was, alien, isolated, useless, and that everything here was useless to her; that all the past had been torn away
from her and vanished as though it had been burnt up,
and the ashes scattered to the winds. She went into
Sasha's room and stood there for a while.

"'Good-bye, dear Sasha,' she thought, and
before her mind rose the vista of anew, wide, spacious
life, and that life, still obscure and full of mysteries,
beckoned her and attracted her."
CHAPTER VII

THE OUTCAST AND THE OPPRESSED

Looking over the vast plains of Russia, now gathering in filthy, congested heaps in the large cities, now haunting the shady corners of the wharves, now sleeping under the open sky in the thick, wet grass of the steppes, are those picturesque, detached spirits which defy classification. If the short-story writers, Maxim Gorky was the first to portray the "bosyak" (tramp)--as a fearless, strong, exulting creature. "I love, my dear friend, this tramp's life. Sometimes I am cold--sometimes hungry--but the freedom is great! Nobody lords it over me. I am my own master." So speaks one of Gorky's heroes. And through the hero speaks Gorky himself. He knew the cities and the wharves, and had roamed with the homeless adventurers over the steppes.

Before the time of Gorky, these vagrant people had been portrayed as impotent malcontents, pining away in helpless wrath. But Gorky's tramps were new
phenomena. They were resolute to fight, to "tap the fist on the knife in their boot legs" 15 and fly at the throat of the society which had cast them off. They were people of masterful natures, rising above both good and evil and following the course which their instincts and caprices dictated.

Gorky is seen at his best in his short-stories. His power was impulsive, uneven, and spasmodic. He was a master at a "flash-light photograph" 16 of the "sub-life" which he portrayed. Because of his lack of literary training he often overreached himself and passed beyond the limits of his talent. He was not able to develop his characters, though he could present them to the life. Neither could he manage complicated groups or the development of a series of events. Gorky's tramps are sincere. They speak honestly. They take what life brings them with little complaint. They are sometimes cruel, but as a rule peculiarly generous.

Gorky's new and passionate way of placing himself on the side of the strong and his rights in life, regardless of the weaker, was definitely opposed to the humanitarian tendency of Russian literature. Moved by a zeal which was in a sense revolutionary in its nature, this writer shocked his readers with strange thrills and

15. Brückner, p. 538
16. Phelps, p. 228
unexpected sensations. But he offered no solution for the problems of life.

Foremost among Gorky's tattered folk in the story "Chelkash", is the figure of Greg Chelkash, a "confirmed toper and a bold and skilful thief". "Tanky, bony, and somewhat crooked, he slowly shambled along the stores, and, moving from side to side his hooked nose... he cast around him sharp glances, twinkling at the same time his cold grey eyes as they searched for someone or other among the dockyard men. His dirty brown moustaches, long and thick, twitched like a cat's whiskers, and his arms, folded behind his back, rubbed one against the other, while the long crooked, hook-like fingers clutched at the air convulsively."

The other main character in the story is Gabriel, a young peasant lad who had come to the city to make some money, but, having found no work, is about to return to his village home. His sturdiness and apparent innocence suggest to the old wharf thief that Gabriel would make a capital assistant in a bit of work which he has planned for that night—a "fishing job". He takes the boy to a public house, buys him food and vodka and makes his business proposition.

"Chelkash looked at him, and said with a derisive smile: 'Why, you're drunk already! What a milksop!"
And only the fifth glass too!"

Late in the evening the two begin their work. Gabriel, gradually recovering from the effects of the vodka, becomes suspicious of the venture. The black water, the dark hulls of the ships terrified him.

"'The sea's good, isn't it?' inquired Chelkash.

"'Rubbish! It's horrible to me,' replied Gabriel.... "'Horrible do you say? Ugh, you fool!' exclaimed Chelkash contemptuously.... He, thief and cynic, loved the sea. His excitable, nervous nature, greedy of new impressions, was never tired of contemplating that dark expanse, limitless, free, and mighty."

The work is done and the two spend the remainder of the night on a ship in the harbor. In the early morning they row back to shore. Chelkash has his bag of bank notes. He gives Gabriel forty roubles. He has five hundred more. As they row in, Gabriel thinks greedily of the money. He wants it. It meant so much to him. Chelkash is an old man, he reasons.... When they reach the shore Gabriel throws himself at the feet of the thief and begs for the money. Chelkash, amazed at the servility of the boy, thrusts his hands into his pockets and flings the bank-notes at Gabriel.

"'There, you dog! Devour....!' he said, trembling with excitement, bitter sorrow, and loathing
for the greedy slave."

Gabriel is carried away by this generosity. In a burst of confidence he tells Chelkash of his evil designs—his plan to murder him—of his comparative safety in his crime because, thinking of Chelkash, he had decided "'He's no good at all in the world! Who would ever trouble about him? You see how..."

"'Give up that money!" howled Chelkash, seizing Gabriel by the throat.

Chelkash starts away with the money but Gabriel throws after him a large stone. Chelkash falls to the ground. It is Gabriel's turn to be terrified. He prays for Chelkash to forgive him. Chelkash tries to kick him but cannot reach him. He drags off his shirt and wraps up his bleeding head, saying to Gabriel:

"'You've taken the notes, I suppose?'...

"'No, I've not taken them, my friend!... I don't want them... they'd do me harm!'"

"Chelkash shoved his hand into the pocket of his jacket and drew out a bundle of money, put back again in his pocket a single rainbow note and pitched the rest all at Gabriel.

"'Take it and go!'"

"'I'll not take it, my brother... I cannot! Forgive me!'"
''Take it, you monster!' said Chelkash...and, with an effort, raising Gabriel's head by the hair he flung the money in his face. 'There take it! You shan't work for me for nothing. Take it without fear. Don't be ashamed of nearly killing a man... Today it's your turn, tomorrow mine?...'

''Forgive me, brother!' Gabriel besought him once more.

''Bosh!' coldly replied Chelkash, pursuing his way. On he staggered, supporting his head all the time in the palm of his left hand, while with his right he gently twirled his fierce moustache.

"In the Steppe", by Gorky, is the tragic story of an encounter in that part of Little Russia known as the steppe. Three wayfarers, the soldier, the student, and the narrator--each a "bosyak"--"hungry as wolves and at war with all the world"--set out from Perekop.

"There was a sucking sensation in our stomachs, a strange unpleasant feeling. It seemed as if the juice was gradually trickling out of every muscle in our bodies--trickling away somewhither, and evaporating, and that our muscles were losing their vital elasticity."

Night falls. They come upon a man encamped on the steppe--a sick carpenter who is trying to get home
to his wife and children after a four years' absence. He has a revolver with him and in desperate fear of the approaching men fires a shot. In a half savage manner the starving tramps demand food and get it. They want more. The student attacks the sick man and forces the revolver away from him. They take more food and eat it in silence. The carpenter lies upon the ground not moving a limb.

"My brothers, I suppose you have done all this simply for the sake of bread?" suddenly exclaimed a hoarse and tremulous voice. He proceeds to tell them his pathetic story.

"We are eating. Don't bother," said the student.

"If only I had known that you were quiet, peaceable folks... do you think I would have fired? And here in the steppe too, at night. My brothers, you cannot say I am guilty, surely?"

"He spoke and wept...."

"'He's a miser!' said the soldier contemptuously.

"'He must have money about him,' observed the student...."

When morning comes the narrator and soldier...
awaken to find the carpenter dead. "The clothes covering his bosom were all torn, and he lay in an unnatural, broken-up sort of position. There was no sign of the student....

"'And there are the carpenter's little daughters!' said I.

"'Daughters? What?... They'll grow up, and it's not for us to find them husbands; they don't concern us at all.... Let us go, my brother, quickly. Where shall we go?'

"'I don't know.... It's all one to me.'"

The love of some kind of goodness is found in every creature however low he has fallen. While the bakers in Gorky's "Twenty-six Men and a Girl" have regular employment they are "detached", irregular wretches, and the villain of the story, the new overseer in the fancy-bakery, has all the evil bravado of the most fallen "knights of the road".

The bakers work in a stuffy, damp, and dark cellar from morning till night. "It was a narrow, stuffy life we lived in that stone cage beneath the low and heavy rafters covered with soot and cobwebs. It was a grievous evil life we lived within those thick walls, plastered over with patches of dirt and mould."
The monotonous and hard work would have killed everything human in these miserable men had it not been for two things. The first was their singing. The Russian laborer loves to sing. In the field, along the river, around the evening campfire, a sad plaintive melody will begin spontaneously and grow into a full chorus. These bakers would sing in such a manner as they worked.

"Sometimes, however, we sang; it came about this way. One of us in the midst of our work would suddenly whinny like a tired horse and begin to croon very softly one of those protracted ditties, the sadly caressing motif of which lightens the heaviness of the singer's soul.... the rest would, at first, merely listen to his lonely song, and beneath the heavy roof of the cellar his song would flicker and die out like a tiny camp-fire in the steppe on a grey autumn night when the gray sky hangs over the earth like a leaden roof. Presently the first singer would be joined by another, and then two voices, softly and sadly, would float upwards from the stifling heat of our narrow ditch. And then, suddenly, several voices together would lay hold of the song, and the song would swell forth like a wave, and become stronger and more somberous, and seem to amplify the heavy grey walls of our stony prison."
But more important, even, than their singing were the visits of little Tanya. Tanya was a sixteen-year-old girl who was employed at the gold embroidery factory which was in the second story of the house. Every morning she would come to the little window pierced through the door in our workshop, and pressing against it her tiny rosy face with its merry blue eyes, would cry to us with a musical friendly voice: 'Poor little prisoners! Give me some little biscuits.'

The bakers, dirty, mishapen wretches, would raise their heads to look at her, and converse with her in a language which seemed made for her alone. She was the one pure and beautiful thing in their life.

But a new man, cynical and corrupt, appears among them as overseer of the fancy bakery. He boasts to the twenty-six that no girl can resist him. The twenty-six are sure that Tanya can. They bet on it...and lose!

"As before, the sun never once looked through our window, and--there was no Tanya now." So the story ends.

Like Tolstoy and Hergeney, Fiodor Dostoyevsky is first of all a novelist. But he also wrote short-stories, and in these, as in his novels, he chooses his characters
from the lower classes. In him the all-embracing, all-penetrating pity for suffering humanity reached its climax. "Between scenes of heart-rending, abject poverty, injustice and wrong, and the torments of mental pathology, he managed to exhaust the whole range of human woe....yet all the horrors must be forgiven him because of the motive inspiring them--an overpowering love, and the desire to induce an equal love in others. It is not horror for horror's sake, not a literary tour de force, as in Poe, but horror for a high purpose, for purification through suffering, which was one of the articles of Dostoyevsky's faith." 17

In spite of the immense number of characters in Dostoyevsky's stories they all belong to a very limited number of types. There is, first of all, the gentle type of man, tenderly affectionate, self-sacrificing, ready to forgive everything, to justify everything. On the other hand there is the rapacious, passionate egoist, restrained by no laws of God or man.

Commenting on Dostoyevsky, Maurice Baring says: "To the student of Russia, Dostoyevsky's books are valuable as a revelation of the Russian soul.... Dostoyevsky reveals the Russian soul by flashes of lightning, and lays bare

17. Seltzer, Intro. Best Russian Short Stories, p. 9
Dostoevsky differs from Tolstoi and Turgenev in character portrayal. He gives little attention to the description of his men and women but concentrates upon their dialogue. This he does with such artistic sympathy that it is impossible not to know which character is speaking...by their peculiar form of language and the tones of voices they themselves depict, not only their thoughts and feelings, but their faces and bodies." 19

Probably no short-story of Dostoevsky's so adequately portrays the great-hearted, sensitive, forgiving type of Russian as that which he names "The Honest Thief". The fraternal, may paternal, love of the poor tailor for the drunken derelict who fastens himself upon him, is beautiful in its tenderness. In extreme poverty himself, the tailor again and again decides to rid himself of this extra burden, but the thought of the wretched man's reaction to the dismissal prevents his doing it.

"I seemed to see how he'd stare at me, if he were to hear me say that, how long he would sit and not understand a word of it. And when it did get home to him at last, how he would get up from the window,

18. Baring, p. 278.
would take up his bundle--I can see it now, the red-checked handkerchief full of holes, with God knows what wrapped in it, which he had always with him, and then how he would set his shabby old coat to rights so that it would look decent and keep him warm, so that no holes would be seen--he was a man of delicate feelings! And how he'd open the door and go out with tears in his eyes. Well, there's no letting a man go to ruin like that.... One's sorry for him."

The tailor, often exasperated by the old man's weakness, would occasionally attempt to correct him.

"'You lost soul'--I was in such a rage I called him that--'if you could but learn tailoring work! Look at your old rag of a coat!'"

But the derelict's pathetic attempt to mend the ragged coat was more than the sympathetic heart of his benefactor could endure.

"'Well,' said I, 'this is a nice way to treat me! If there had been folks by to see, I don't know what I should have done! Why, you simple fellow, I said it in a joke, as a reproach. Give over your nonsense, God bless you!'"

But "The Honest Thief" can be appreciated, as indeed the majority of the Russian stories, only when it
is read as a whole. The most enthusiastic description is inadequate. It is the kind of story which causes the reader reverently to exclaim: "Great God, what people these Russians are!"

Korolenko in his story, "In Bad Company", introduces the reader to a band of outcasts living in a village in Little Russia. Driven out of an old estate, a remnant of Polish grandeur, they take refuge in a deserted dissenting chapel. The leader of the group is Tiburtsi Drat, who lived there with his two children, a boy and a little girl. No one knew from where he had come. They knew him only as a fiery orator who could deliver speeches in Latin and in Greek. On market days Tiburtsi would deliver speeches of Xenophon and Cicero from barrels in front of the taverns, for the benefit of the Little Russians. The audience would gape and nudge each other while listening to the miraculous flow of words.

"Little Russians are, by nature, endowed with a glowing fancy, and these were able to read their own meaning into Tiburtsi's fiery if unintelligible speeches. When the orator beat his breast and turned to them with flashing eyes, exclaiming: "Pateres conscripti" they too would knit their brows and say to one another, 'Aha, the
But when Tiburtsi recited Latin poetry, his hollow, sepulchral tones and rolling eyes would so affect his listeners that they would hang their heads till their long top-knots dangled before them, and exclaim with tears trickling down their long beards:
"'Oh, oh, little mother, how sad it is!'"

The little boy who tells the story, the son of one of the village dignitaries, strikes up a friendship with Drab's son, Valek, and in spite of the two boys' precaution, is at the old chapel one day when the leader of the thieves returns. Tiburtsi's first reaction is a desire to punish the boy for spying, but he changes his mind.

"He let me go, and stretched himself wearily on a bench by the wall.

"'Bring me that there,' he said to Valek, pointing to a large bag which he had left on the threshold as he came in. 'And light the fire. We're going to cook dinner today.'

"He was now no longer the same man who had frightened me a short while ago by rolling his eyes, or the mountebank who was wont to amuse the public for pennies. He had taken his place as a host at the head of
his family, and like a man who has returned from his daily toil, he issued his commands to his family.

"He seemed very tired. His clothes were drenched with rain. His hair was clinging to his brow, and his whole expression was one of utter weariness. It was the first time I had seen that look on the face of the jolly orator of the cafes, and the glimpse behind the scenes of an actor resting after playing a difficult and exhausting role on the stage of life, filled my heart with a feeling of pain and dread."

The Russian writer seldom moralizes about the members of the lowest stratum of society; neither does he treat them as curiosities, or objects of his condescending sympathy. His treatment might well be called a subjective treatment, because he describes their emotions and their sufferings as though they were his own. He loses himself in the life which he is representing. He asks himself not "Will this be most effective?" but rather "Is this true?"
CHAPTER VIII

THE REVOLUTIONIST

The revolutionist had made his appearance in Russian literature long before the actual crisis in 1917. The spirit of revolt was inevitable in Russia for two reasons: first, because of the limitations placed around human freedom, and, secondly, because there is within Slavonic people an inherently rebellious nature. In whatever walk of life you meet him, the Slav is at heart a revolutionist. His is an unusual disposition which is never content unless it is against something, although he may not know why or what he is against. "'An unconscious socialist,' one authority has called him," says Richardson Wright, "he is also an unconscious revolutionist." 20

A particularly illuminating fact with regard to the many revolutionary outbursts which have taken place in Russia in the last quarter century is that the Slav's wrath is of short duration. The wrath of the Russian people is comparable to that of the proverbial

20. Fanning, p. 5
patient man. It accumulates slowly over a tedious length of time, but is gone as soon as the blow is struck. Countless Russian revolutionists are silent witnesses to this fact. "There is always the gradual gathering of the storm, the feeling that something must be done, the sharp, quick blow; then a complete finality of anger. The rest of life is spent in self-pity, theatrical pose, or sincere repentance." 21

It is not within the scope of the present study to attempt to evaluate the service of the revolutionist in the history of Russia. As yet we are too close to the gruesome drama which began quietly enough on those first March days in 1917, but gathering force and momentum swept the already suffering country with new terrors. In the years to come Russia may see fit to honor these men and women who, impelled by a great shapeless passion, tore down the old in preparation for the new.

In Chekov's story "The Steppes", the character of Dymov, one of the wagoners, is essentially that of a revolutionist. He kills a grass snake and the other men resent it. Yegorushka, a little boy who is accompanying the wagon train across the steppe, inquires of an old man the reason for his killing it.

21. Fanning, p. 5
"'Grandfather, what did he kill it for?'

'As stupid fellow. His hands itch to kill, and that is why he does it,' answered the old man; 'but he oughtn't to kill a grass snake, that's true... Dymov is a ruffian, we all know, he kills everything he comes across...'

Later in the evening Dymov's profanity and cruelty to the downtrodden man with whom he is working so enrages the little boy that he suddenly denounces him and runs off to the wagon terrified at his own audacity. But it has a peculiar effect on the wild Dymov. He asks the old man the boy's name, and sometime afterward goes over to the wagon and pulls himself up to where the boy is lying.

'Yegorushka saw his face and curly head. The face was pale and looked grave and exhausted, but there was no expression of spite in it.

"'Yera!' he said softly, 'here, hit me!'

'Yegorushka looked at him in surprise. At that instant there was a flash of lightning.

"'It's all right, hit me,' repeated Dymov. And without waiting for Yegorushka to hit him or to speak to him, he jumped down and said: 'How dreary I am!'

"Then swaying from one leg to the other and moving his shoulder-blades, he lazily sauntered along-
side the string of wagons and repeated in a voice half weeping, half angry:

"How dreary I am! O Lord! Don't you take offence, Emelyan," he said as he passed Emelyan (the man whom he had repeatedly insulted). 'Ours is a wretched cruel life.'

Commenting on this character, Chekov says in a letter to A. N. Fleshtcheyev: "Life creates such characters as the dare-devil Dymov, not to be dissenters or tramps, but downright revolutionaries." 22

Andreyev's little Sashka in "The Little Angel," even as a child, reveals the spirit of wrathful rebellion. Sashka is the son of parents who have fallen into disgusting poverty. At Christmastime he is invited to a children's party at the home where his father long before, in his respectable days, had been employed as tutor. The agonizing contrast, which the beautiful, comfortable home and the happy children make with his own life and wretchedness, arouses a dull anger in the boy's heart.

"The tree blinded him with its red, shrieking insolent glitter of countless candles. It was foreign, hostile to him, even as the crowd of smart, pretty children which surrounded him. He would have liked to

give it a shove and topple it over their shining heads. It seemed as though some iron hand were gripping his heart, and wringing out of it every drop of blood. He crept behind the piano, and sat there in a corner contemptuously crumpling to pieces in his pocket the last of the cigarettes, and thinking that though he had a father and mother and a home, it came to the same thing as if he had none, and nowhere to go to. He tried to recall to his imagination his little penknife, which he had acquired by a swap not long ago and was very fond of; but his knife all at once seemed to him a very poor affair with its ground-down blade and only half of a yellow haft. Tomorrow he would smash it up, and then he would have nothing at all!"

While the stories of Maxim Gorky do not present the revolutionist in the manner of those of the later writers, their whole spirit strikes a note of hopefulness for submerged Russia. In Gorky, the outcasts and oppressed found a sturdy champion. Without marking any program or attempting a solution of their problem, he cheered them to a belief in their own powers. He spoke to the revolutionary element of his people in a language they recognized and understood.
The short-story writer, however, whose name is usually associated with the character of the revolutionist is Artsybashev. In his "Tales of the Revolution" are fragments of human life full of sordid tragedy. In almost direct contrast to his contemporary, Kuprin, whose stories are singularly idealistic and free from any objectionable element, Artsybashev in all his subjects is full of erotic tendencies, and approaches French naturalism. His heroes, all moral anarchists, belong to the declassed elements of modern bourgeois circles, full of sensual feelings, desire for self-assertion, and independence of action. Unlike the realism of Dostoyevsky and of Gorky, that of Artsybashev is unrelieved by that great-hearted sympathy which Vogue considered indispensable in real literature.

Two stories by Artsybashev reveal the predominating types to be found among the Russian revolutionists. In "Shevirof" we see a man driven to desperation by a long series of discouraging experiences. His own tragedy, which in his mind enlarges itself until it includes all similar unfortunates, makes of all contented people his deadly enemies. On a certain day he finds himself walking down the street behind a trotting,
corpulent gentleman swinging a cane in his gloved hand. The gentleman wears a hat turned up at the side, and has a pink neck which looked like a furrow of flesh. Sheviroto persistently follows the rosy neck, whose owner goes on ogling the pretty women. His heart is full of murder, and he thinks to himself:

"Go your ways, go! But mark this, that when I meet any prosperous, well-fed man, I say to myself, 'He is well-fed, prosperous, and living his life, only because I allow him to do so. For me, the miserable arguments in favor of each man's sacred right to live, no longer exist.' I am the lord of thy life. Noone knows the hour nor the day when the limit of my patience shall be reached, and I shall bring to justice all of you who for so long have crushed the life out of us....who have condemned us to a joyless life of eternal slavery.... The life of every man is in my power, and I can fling it into the dust and dirt as soon as ever I will."

And the story ends with Sheviroto, finally cornered in a theater, wreaking his last despairing vengeance on the people he hated by shooting promiscuously into the audience. His captors look at his expressionless face, shout at him, and shake him"....but his eyes remained cold and hard, having a fixed, far-off look in
them, as if he saw something that others were powerless to see."

The revolutionists were by no means found only among the lower classes. Many university students, impelled by a great, incomprehensible love for their people, sought to serve Russia by enlisting in the destructive cause. For many of them their well-intentioned but fruitless efforts produced only despondency, which ended in suicide or despair. At first the peculiar nature of their service cast a glorified haze of unreality over all their experiences, but they awoke with a dead sense of the emptiness and uselessness of it all.

In Artsybashev's "Morning Shadows", Nesnamoff and Dora, young medical students, await the dawn of the day upon which they have planned to assassinate a certain official.

"Slowly yet steadily the dawn approached, as the roseate light touched Nesnamoff's pallid features and blonde hair. He sighed deeply, and as he moved away from the window, he said to Dora with a faint smile:

"Perhaps this is the last sunrise that I shall see! There's only one thing that I am sorry for; you know I am really most terribly sentimental; I love the sunlight, the sky, and springtime, and autumn; the
green grass; all the peace and joy that nature gives. I really don't want to kill anybody. I don't want to die.'

"Then why do you undertake this?" asked Dora nervously, feeling again proudly conscious that her question was making history.

"I don't quite know how to explain that," replied Nefyandoff. 'Most probably it is because I love life myself so much that it grieves me to see how others spoil it...."

"God grant that it may all end well."

"No matter if it doesn't," replied Nefyandoff. 'If not the first time, then it will be the second time. It's all the same. All those who have brought the people into this appalling state I count my personal enemies; and if I succeed in escaping with my life this time, I shall go and kill somebody else. It doesn't matter.'"

Since the beginning of the present century, the troubous times in Russia have had a marked effect upon her literature. According to the genius and temperament of her writers the pendulum swung unsteadily between realism and idealism. In Sologub, for instance, we see a writer who now indulged in an almost grotesque realism and now withdrew into an unbelievably delightful world of fairies and beautiful princesses.
With the institution of the Soviet government, two million Russians exiles fled to foreign cities. Among these were many of Russia's most prominent writers: Artsybashev, Bunin, Kuprin, Merézhkovski, and others. For the most part they continued their writing and their literary output during the last three years has reached its pre-revolutionary size. Whether or not the new and closer contact with the life of the various European nations will prove valuable to Russian literature, we cannot presume to prophesy.

Russia is in the midst of a political experiment of gigantic proportions. Her literature today is largely an exiled literature. Yet Targenev did most of his writing in Paris. Our most logical conjecture is feeble enough when we attempt to make predictions. The great literature which Russia has produced belongs now to the world. No revolution, no political upheavals, can destroy that gift. And in the light of the magnitude of that gift, the world may well keep faith with the Russian people, and wait patiently for her achievements in the future.
APPENDIX I

RUSSIAN SHORT-STORY WRITERS


5. Dostoyevsky, Fyodor (1821-1881). Son of poor physician. Studied in School of Engineering at Moscow. Exiled four years in Siberia. One of the writers most loved by the Russian people. Most important works were his novels.


8. Gorky, Maxim (real name, Alexis Peshkov) (1868- ). Son of poor upholsterer. Practically no formal education. Lived vagrant life. For part in revolution of 1905 was forced to flee to Italy. Returned to Russia in 1917 to assist in educating the people.


10. Kuprin, Alexander (1870- ). Received military education but preferred literature. One of the most prominent Russian realists.


13. Tolstoy, Leo (1828-1910). Son of wealthy noble. Educated by German tutor and at University of Moscow. Served in Crimean campaign. Gave up literature to pursue a certain religious program. Noted chiefly as a novelist. Also playwright, critic, etc.

APPENDIX II

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A. General Reference


Baring, Maurice. The Russian People. Methuen. 1914.

Brückner, Alexander. A Literary History of Russia. Translated from the German. Scribners. 1908.


Chekov, Anton. The Kiss and Other Stories. Stokes. 1915.


Courtney, W. L. *The Development of Maurice Maeterlinck.* Richards. 1904.


Fanning, C. F. *Selected Articles on Russia.* Wilson. 1918.


Gorky, Maxim (pseud.) *Chelkash and Other Stories.* Knopf. 1916.

Milizkov, Paul E. Russia To-day and Tomorrow. Macmillan. 1922.
Poole, Ernest. The Village, Russian Impressions. Macmillan. 1919.
Shakhnovski, I. A Short History of Russian Literature. Dutton. 1921.
Sologub, Feodor (pseud.) The Sweet Scented Name and Other Fairy Tales, Fables and Stories. Constable. 1915.


Turgenev, Ivan. First Love and Other Stories. Scribners. 1907.

Turgenev, Ivan. The Jov and Other Stories. Scribners. 1907.


COLLECTIONS.


B. Short-Stories Read.

Andreyev, Leonid Nikolaevich, 1871-1919.

At the Roadside Station.
Bargamot and Jaraska.
City, The.
Crushed Flower, The.
Friend, The.
In the Basement.
Judas Iscariot.
Laughter.
Lazarus.
Lie, The.
Little Angel, The.
Love, Faith, and Hope.
Man Who Found the Truth, The.
Marseillaise.
Ocean, The.
On the Day of the Crucifixion.
Original, The.
Petka at the Bungalow.
Serpent's Story, The.
Silence.
Snapper.
Stepping-Stones.
Story Which Will Never Be Finished, The.
Tocsin, The.
Artsybashev, Michael Petrovich, 1878.
  Blood-stain, The.
  Doctor, The.
  Morning Shadows.
  Pasha Tumanof.
  Revolutionist, The.
  Shevirof.

Chekov, Anton Pavlovich, 1860-1904.
  After the Theater.
  Agafya.
  Agatha.
  Album.
  At a Country House.
  At Christmas Time.
  At Home.
  At the Barber's.
  Bad Business.
  Beauties.
  Beggar, The.
  Bet, The.
  Betrothed.
  Bishop, The.
  Black Monk, The.
  Bliss.
  Boots.
  Boys.
  Carried too Far.
Chekhov (con.)

Champagne.
Children.
Chorus Girl, The.
La Cigale.
Classical Student, The.
Cook's Wedding, The.
Darling, The.
Death of an Official, The.
Decoration.
Dreams.
Drunk.
Easter Eve.
Enemies.
Examining Magistrate, The.
Father, The.
From the Diary of a Violent-Tempered Man.
Gusev.
Grisha.
Happiness.
Head Gardener's Story, The.
Head of the Family, The.
Horse Name, A.
Huntman, The.
Hush!
In a Hotel.
In a Strange Land.
Chekov (con.)

In Exile.
In Passion Week.
In the Coach House.
In the Court.
In the Dark.
In the Graveyard.
In the Ravine.
Inadvertence.
Incident, An.
Ionitch.
Joke.
Journey by Cart.
Kiss, The.
Ladies.
Lady N-‘s Story.
Lean and Fat.
Letter, The.
Little Jack.
Malefactor, The.
Maligners.
Man in a Case, The.
Marshal’s Widow, The.
Mass for the Dead, The.
Murder.
Muzhiks, The.
Mystery.
Chekov (con.)

Naughty Boy, The.
New Villa, The.
Nightmare, The.
Not Wanted.
Oh! the Public.
On the Road.
Orator, The.
Out of Sorts.
Overwhelming Sensations.
Oysters.
Peculiar Man, The.
Petcheneg.
Pipe, The.
Play, The.
Post, The.
Princess, The.
Privy Councillor, The.
Problem, The.
Reed, The.
Robbers.
Rothschild's Fiddle.
Runaway, The.
Schoolmaster, The.
Shrove Tuesday.
Chekov (con.)

Slander.
Sleepy.
Steppe, The.
Student, The.
Trifle from Real Life, A.
Tripping Tongue, A.
Trousseau, The.
Troublesome Guest, A.
Tutor, The.
Uprooted.
Verotchka.
Volodya.
Ward No. 6.
Witch, The.
Without a Title.
Woz.
Work of Art, A.
Zinotchka.

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor Mikhailovich, 1821-1881.

Christmas Tree and a Wedding, The.
Honest Thief, The.
Notes from the Underground.
White Nights.
Garshin, Vsevolod Mikhailovich, 1855-1888.

Four Days.
Signal, The.

Gogol, Nikolai Vasilevich, 1809-1852.

Clock, The.

Evening in May.

Memoirs of a Madman.

Nose, The.

St. John's Eve.

Viy, The.

Gorky, Maxim, pseud. (Alexei Maximovitch Pyashkov) 1868 -

Chelkash.

Chum.

Comrades.

Green Kitten, The.

Her Lover.

In the Steppe.

On an Autumn Night.

Rolling Stone, A.

Twenty-six Men and a Girl.

Korolenko, Vladimir Galaktionovitch, 1853-

Day of Atonement.

In Bad Company.
Makar's Dream.
Murmuring Forest, The.
Old Bell-Ringer, The.
Shades, A Fantasy.

Kuprin, Alexander.
Outrage, The.

Potapenko, I. N.
Dethroned.

Pushkin, Alexander Sergeivich, 1799-1837.
Queen of Spades, The.
Shot, The.
Snow-storm, The.

Saltykov-Stetshedin, M. E.
How a Muzhik Fed Two Officials.

Semyonov, S. T.
Servant, The.

Sologub, Feodor, pseud. (Teternikov, Feodor Kuzmich) 1863.
Adventures of a Cobble-stone.
Bit of Candy, A.
Bud Kl, The.
Candles.
Crimson Ribbon, The.
Delicate Child, The.
Dress of the Lily and of the Cabbage, The.
Sologub (con.)

Equality.

Frogs.

Future.

Golden Post, The.

Herald of the Beast, The.

Hide and Seek.

Hungry Gleam, The.

Independent Leaves.

Keys.

Kiss of the Unborn, The.

Lady in Fetter, The.

Little Stick, The.

Lohengrin.

Lump of Sugar, The.

On the Other Side of the River Muirure.

Road and the Light, The.

She Who Wore a Crown.

Slayers of Innocent Babes.

So Arose a Misunderstanding.

Sweet-Scented Name, The.

Turandina.

Who Art Thou?

Wings.
Tolstoi, Leo Nikolaevitch, 1828-1910.

Children May Be Wiser than their Parents.


God Sees the Truth but Waits.

How Much Land Does a Man Need.

How the Good Peasant Overcame the Cruel Overseer.

Moscow Acquaintance, The.

Roulette.

Three Questions.

Too Dear.

Two Brothers and the Gold.

What Men Live By.

Where Love Is, There Is God Also.

Turgenev, Ivan Sergiewich, 1818 - 1883.

Agent.

Andréie Kolosoff.

Biryuk.

Bully, The.

Byezhim Meadow, The.

Clara Militch.

Correspondence, A.

Counting-House, The.

Death.
Turgenev, I. (con.).

District, Doctor, The.
Dog, The.
Dream, A.
Enough.
First Love.
Forest and the Steppe, The.
Hamlet of the District of Tohigri.
Hapless Girl, The.
Hor and Kalinitch.
In the Region of Dead Calm.
Jew, The.
Kassyan of Fair Springs.
Lebedyan.
Lgoif.
Lhumu.
My Neighbor Radiloff.
Old Portraits.
Pleasant Proprietor Ovsyanikov.
Phantoms.
Piotr Petrovitch Karataeff.
Poems in Prose.
Pyestychkoff.
Raspberry Spring.
Rendezvous.
Singers.
Turgeney (con.)

Song of Triumphant Love.
Tatyana.
Two Friends.
Two Landed Proprietors.
Yermolai and the Miller's Wife.
INDEX.

(Note: The items starred are names of stories.)

*Agent, The, 18.
Andreyev, L., 39, 96.
*Annals of a Sportsman, 5, 17.
Artsybashev, M. M., 5, 91, 92, 96.
*Betrothed, 67.
*Black Monk, The, 67.
Boseyak, 70.
Bunin, I. A., 95, 96.
Bureaucracy, 45.
Character, National, 7.
Chekov, A. P., 5, 11, 24, 27, 40, 53, 60, 61, 81, 89, 96.
Chekash, 72.
*Cloak, The, 48.
Dostoyevsky, F., 1, 79, 81, 96.
Finns, The, 8, 11, 12.
*First Love, 40.
Garshin, V. M., 5, 97.
Gogol, N. V., 4, 46, 47, 48, 97.
Gorky, Maxim, 70, 71, 75, 77, 97.
Great Russians, 12, 13.
Hamlet of the District Tehigri, 58.
*Honest Thief, The, 81.
*Hor and Kalinitich, 17.
*In Bad Company, 83.
*In the Ravine, 11.
*In the Region of Dead Calm, 37.
*In the Steppes, 75.
Intelligensia, The
*Ionitch, 67.
Karamay, N. Y., 1.
*Kiss, The, 67.
Korolenko, V. G., 26, 83.
Kryloff, I. A., 1.
Kuprin, A. I., 91, 97.
*La Cigale, 62.
*Lean and Fat, 53.
*Little Angel, The, 89.
Little Russians, 83.
Lomonosov, M. V., 1.
*Makar's Dream, 26.
*Morning Shadows, 93.
*Murder, The, 11.
Nobility, 34, 42.
*Nose, The, 51.
Official, The Government,
*Old Portraits, 34.
*On the Way, 64.
Peasant, The, 17, 21, 24, 26.
*Princess, The, 40.
Pushkin, A. S., 2, 3, 4, 60.
*Raspberry Spring, 19.
Revolutionist, The, 86, 87.
Serfdom, 16.
Siberia, 9, 26.
*Shevirof, 91.
Slav, 9, 12.
Sologub, F., 5, 98.
*Steppe, The, 87.
Tartar, 9, 11.
Thief, 72.
Tolstoi, L. N., 1, 79, 81.
Tramp, 70.
Turgenev, I. S., 1, 79, 81, 23, 27, 34, 44.
*Twenty-six Men and a Girl, 77.
Verangers, 10.
*Ward No. 6, 67.
White Russians, 12.
*Woe, 24.