

THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

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Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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VOL. IX

LECTURES ON UKRAINE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

As already announced, the Department of East European Languages of Columbia University, in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association, will sponsor a series of weekly lectures on Ukraine, beginning Friday, February 14, 1941. All lectures will begin at 8 P.M. and will be held in Room 305, Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University. The "Evening of Melody and Dance" program, however, will be presented in the Earl Hall Auditorium at Columbia. Admission will be free, and anyone interested will be welcome. The lectures will consist of following:

Date	Subject	Lecturer
February 14	Ukrainian History: Kievan and Kozak; Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky	Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale University
February 21	Ukrainian History: Modern Period	Stephen Shumeyko Editor of "Ukrainian Weekly"
February 28	Survey of Ukrainian Culture (in Ukrainian)	Prof. Mikola Chubaty of Ukrainian Catholic College at Stamford
March 7	Evening of Melody and Dance	Chorus, Soloists, Folk Dance Group
March 14	Survey of Ukrainian Music (in Ukrainian)	Prof. Alexander Koshetz formerly conductor of world-famous Ukrainian National Chorus
March 21	Survey of Ukrainian Literature	Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia University
March 28	Taras Shevchenko (in Ukrainian)	Dr. Luke Myshuha Editor of "Svoboda"
April 4	Ivan Franko	Prof. Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University
April 18	My Impressions of Ukraine and Ukrainians	H. Hessel Tiltman British foreign correspondent and author.

Now as never before there is a responsibility resting upon the educational institutions of America to do all in their power to spread a knowledge of the problems that must be seriously considered if we are to set up a peaceful and democratic world. There can be no better way than to arrange such a series of lectures as above which will provide us with a scholarly background or the solution of problems which will arise in the New Europe.

CLARENCE A. MANNING

Acting Executive Officer of the Department of East European Languages, Columbia University

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

Don't Drop Your Insurance

Insurance protection is one of the most important items a family or an individual should have. It is important because, in the event of death, it provides for burial expenses and protects the deceased's loved ones from poverty and want either indefinitely or temporarily... depending on the amount of insurance in force at the time of death. Without such protection, there is no guarantee that the dead will receive a decent burial or that those left behind will be provided for. The importance of insurance protection can not be overemphasized. And yet there are people who think that an insurance certificate is just a piece of paper which obligates the holder to pay money. True, money must be paid for insurance. But an insurance certificate is more than a piece of paper. It is security. The head of a family who possesses such pieces of paper has no fears as to what will become of his dependents were he to die. The man without insurance is just a wishful thinker when he shrugs and says, "Insurance? Oh, I don't need it. Things will turn out all right." Sure, everything will turn out all right for him. He can die... what difference does it make to him where and how he is buried? He won't be around to worry about it. He doesn't have to scrape up money

for the burial. As for the wife and kids... they'll get along—there's always relief.

Don't kid yourself about insurance. You need it... we all need it. Of course it is often difficult to keep up the payments... but we know we have to keep paying in order to have the security, so we generally pay, somehow. We pay for food, and usually take care of the rent... both of which are necessary items—and security is just as necessary as food and rent.

The other day a letter arrived at the main office of the Ukrainian National Association which read as follows: "I am not interested in paying on insurance as I am to be married soon." Up to now I was under the impression that the average person doesn't consider protection really essential until he was married. For marriage carries with grave responsibilities, one of the most important of which is security. Could it be possible that the insurance companies are wrong figuring their best prospects are newly-married couples?

Married couples need protection. Marriage is not an excuse to dispose of insurance... but instead is a very excellent reason to be in the market for some. Heed our concluding remarks, dear reader... and remember that, when you're in the market for protection, the Ukrainian National Association will have it for you, together with all the benefits of fraternalism and U.N.A. membership.

Theodore Lutwiniak.

ALWAYS DEMOCRATIC

"Just how democratic are the Ukrainian people?" is a question we often hear. It is usually asked in connection with the character of the political state the Ukrainians will establish once they regain their national freedom. Only the other day a certain British foreign correspondent asked us that question.

The answer we give is invariably the same. Simply it is this:—The Ukrainian people are perhaps the most democratic, and certainly the most consistently democratic, of all the peoples of Europe.

Their democracy; it should be realized, is no recent manifestation. It dates back to the earliest of times, and assumes various forms. Its outstanding feature has been the representative form of government, based on the ancient "viche," the general clan assembly whose decrees were executed by elected officials—a sort of an American Colonial town-hall meeting. Today that "viche" form of government is as popular among the Ukrainians as it was when it first appeared in their tribal days. It has constantly dominated their social-political forms and aspirations.

It is true, of course, that the first political state the Ukrainians established was a monarchy: the Kingdom of Kiev, or Rus as it was called (9th-13th centuries). But that system of government was not established by the people; it was foisted upon them by their princes, originally chieftains who through conquest rose to royal power. Monarchy remained extraneous and unpleasant to the people. Consequently a never-ending struggle developed in the Kievan kingdom between autocratic power, which rested on military might, and the power of the "viche," sanctioned by long tradition. Incidentally, this internal struggle over democratic rights was one of the principal causes of the weakening of the Kingdom of Kiev, so that eventually it fell prey to its highly autocratic neighbors, Muscovy and Poland.

When after a period of servitude, mostly under Poland, the Ukrainian people regained their national freedom, the Ukrainian Kozak state they created showed very clearly its highly democratic character. In that Kozak state, as Stephen Rudnitsky, the eminent authority, points out, absolute equality of all citizens in all political and social rights prevailed above all else. All authority was vested in the Kozak General Assembly, and its decisions were enforced by elected officers who were, at the same time, officers of the army. In it, too, the liberty of the individual was very great, though it had to yield to the will of the whole. Yet in time of war, it is interesting to note (especially now), the General Assembly delegated to the highest official a degree of authority with which the power of any of the absolute rulers of Europe then could not be compared.

This Ukrainian Kozak State, especially its democratic form of government, was naturally an abomination to autocratic Muscovy (Russia), just as it was to aristocratic Poland, so the two of them immediately set out to destroy it, first by promoting dissensions among the Ukrainians and then by conquest, followed by servitude and oppression.

Finally, at the close of the First World War, when the Ukrainians once more regained their national independence, many thought that since democracy had not been of sufficient help to them in the past in preserving their liberties, they would this time have to adopt some different system of a government, which perhaps would have better chances of surviving the terrible ordeal awaiting them. But this they did not do. Without any hesitation they established their Ukrainian National Republic, founded upon democratic principles, forms and institutions.

Though in the end this Ukrainian democratic state collapsed before the onslaughts of its powerful and anti-democratic neighbors, the determination of the Ukrainian people to hold fast to their democratic traditions did not waver. Today that determination is stronger than ever, and it is the basis of their political ideology.

So if anyone has the right to be regarded as democratic, it certainly is the Ukrainian nation.

Women's Apparel in Carpatho-Ukraine

Head-Dress

THE dress of the young Hutsul women has been preserved more fully than that of the men; which was described on these pages last week. The younger girls still dress their hair beautifully, not covering their heads even in the hot weather. They divide their hair at the crown, carefully smoothing it and braiding it into two plaits to which they affix ribbons of different colors. In wet weather they cover their heads with a cloth. But only the married women are allowed to wear a cloth, having twisted their plaits around their heads in the form of a wreath and having passed them under the chin, joined the ends at the back. This is a symbol of the loss of their freedom. At the ceremony of crowning the bride both she and the bridegroom wear wreaths made out of the leaves of the periwinkle in form of a cap, in accordance with ancient tradition. These wreaths are decorated in different ways; in Jasina with little paper flowers of bright colors, green leaves and bright beads; the whole is covered with gold tinsel and attached to the hair by red woolen threads.

The Blouse and "Zapaska"

The more simple women's dress consists of a long Ukrainian linen blouse reaching almost down to the ankles, gathered in a little round the neck and at the sleeves, with rich embroideries on the breast a little lower than the shoulders and wider than those worn by the men. Instead of a skirt there are worn two woolen aprons (zapaski). The rest of the clothing is the same as that of the men; stockings, leather coats and a pelisse in winter. A blouse with a shallow collar is fastened with

a tape at the front and round the waist by an ornamental belt of different colored wools, containing golden threads. These aprons are woven of thin wool in close stripes of light and dark red wool relieved by silver and gold threads. The appearance of these aprons is generally the same but they differ in the shade of color used and one sees, on looking closer, slight variations in the woven pattern. They are fastened both in front and behind by a long woolen selvedge so that the front part of the apron comes round over the back one. But every village has its own variation; the bottom part of the blouse shows more or less, etc.

We must refer to the woven winter gloves which are carefully decorated on both sides with a many-colored design and also to the more beautiful neck-ornaments of glass beads which are worn by the girls and women. Ordinary beads are worn more rarely. The pattern for the neck-ornaments has the same character as that on the embroideries but does not vary. In width they are not more than five centimetres. The most narrow ones I saw were in Bogdan where they also decorate tablecloths with glass beads.

Variations

This, of course, is not all that could be said regarding the costume of the Hutsuls. From Veliky Bockov to Jasina there is a whole scale of local fashions. The garments of the women vary in design, choice of colors, dimensions and the technique of sewing. The narrowest in size are found in Bogdan, those of Rakhovo, and Kvasy are wider while the widest of all are to be seen in Jasina. Nevertheless in the enormous village of Jasina, which is really a congeries of smaller ones stretching for more

A GREAT HUNTER

ONE of the greatest hunters and sportsmen in Ukrainian history was Prince Volodimir Monomakh. He ruled Kievan Ukraine from 1113 to 1125. To have been the able ruler that he was in those turbulent times, one had to have plenty of courage, energy and endurance. These qualities Prince Monomakh greatly enhanced within himself by hunting, sports, and traveling. "I spent more than thirteen years in hunting and traveling," he wrote, "and made more than eighty-three long journeys and numerous lesser ones during my lifetime."

Writing of his hunting experiences, the Prince noted that:

"In the wilderness near Chernihiv I rounded up thirty hawks singlehanded. Twice I had the experience of being tossed about and gored by a wild bull. Once a stag gored me. At another time two moose set upon me, trampling upon and goring me. Another time a boar just missed my thigh with his fangs and bit my sword in half. A bear bit off a chunk of my calf. Some wild animal leaped upon me while I was riding on my horse and dragged both of us to the ground. During my many hunts I was unhorsed very many times, suffering sundry injuries..."

than twenty kilometres along the Tisa, the style of embroidery varies with each part of the village. In some places the sleeves of the women's shirt are embroidered all over, producing a splendid effect. The style of the men's dress varies as well. But these details are of secondary interest.

In moving westwardly along the Tisa one is struck by remarkable character of the dress to be found there, recalling that of the dwellers

Concerning his travels, Prince Monomakh recorded that: "From Chernihiv to Kiev I made the entire journey on horseback between sunrise and sunset." This was quite a feat, considering the distance (about 83 miles) and the type of roads in those medieval times.

The Prince credited his fine health, great strength, and victories to his abstemious living and to the fact that he spent so much of his time outdoors. He counselled his children: "Let the sun never find you in bed—as it never did thus find my father and other noble men."

As in hunting so at home, he urged that one must get used to doing things oneself instead of depending upon others to do it. "To rise early, be always active, and know how to rest," is most important, he said, in developing oneself physically.

All this is found in the "Teachings of Prince Monomakh," a work which he wrote primarily for his children but which became not only an important literary monument of the 12th century but also a fine guide to an understanding of how the ancient Ukrainians regarded the matter of the moral and physical development of their youth.

on the Hungarian plain, with short blouses beneath which can be seen the naked body above the belt. This paradoxical and obviously borrowed costume is also worn by the men in the neighborhood of Irsava and Dolga. The shirt worn by the women, however, does not differ much from the Hutsul one.

(Based on "Peasant Art of Subcarpathian Russia.")

The Jay's Wing

By IVAN FRANKO

(Sixteenth in Series of Translated Select Ukrainian Stories)

(Concluded)

(5)

FANTASTIC thoughts came to my mind. I wanted to wire to my father or with the aid of police find out the truth about Henris' parents. But, uncertain of everything, I feared everyone and locked myself up in the hotel. One night Sigmunt brought Henris who was dead drunk.

"My God! Uncle! What happened?" I shrieked.

Sigmunt burst into laughter. "What uncle am I to you? Prepare the bed for this fellow. He sure is soured!"

Henris fell upon the sofa and immediately began to snore.

"You are not my uncle?! Who are you then?" "Oh, Henris and I belong to the same company."

"What do you mean?"

"Did he not tell you yet? Still keeping you in a state of childish innocence? I want you to know, Many, that we are benefactors of humanity. We relieve rich people of their troubles."

In terrible amazement, I looked at him with wide-open eyes. He laughed and made a very explicit gesture, which signified picking pockets. I turned pale and could not utter a sound. Later I tried to hang myself in the adjoining room. Sigmunt found me in convulsions and took me down unconscious.

I was ill for two weeks after that. Henris was always with me. He told me his story, which sent chills through me. Not bad at heart, but misled since childhood, he went through the entire school of thieves at Warsaw.

We spent a month at Warsaw, after that we went on a tour," as Henris called it. Sigmunt, the two of us, and a few more suspicious looking people went to Lodz, Dombrow, Radom, and other cities. Sigmunt was the leader of the gang. Gradually I was initiated into their plans. I was to wear conspicuous cloth, promenade with Henris along boulevards and other public places, and attract the attention of rich men. In the meantime the other members of the gang "worked" those places. And I knew it, Massimo! My soul revolted against it, while my lips smiled: I was under the devilish influence of Sigmunt. As life went on, Henris' personality faded and vanished, and I soon paid no atten-

tion to him. I feared Sigmunt, but his strength, intelligence, and energy, attracted me.

I remember once at Dorpat Henris was caught in the act of stealing and arrested. I sat alone at the hotel, when suddenly Sigmunt rushed in.

"Many, dress up in your best clothes, and do not forget about fresh linen."

I did not understand and looked at him in amazement.

"Do not look at me like a calf looks at a new gate!" he said sharply. "Henris was arrested. Before he is transferred to the main prison, you can save him."

"I?"

"Yes. Here is fifty rubles for the police-officer. Ask him to take you to the chief-of-police, whom you shall beg for Henris. Do you understand? Hurry up!"

In ten minutes I was on my way to the police-station. An hour later Henris was free. Do you know the price of his freedom?...

That night I again tried to hang myself, but again Sigmunt rescued me from the noose. He seemed to have guessed my feelings and was watching me.

Our tour through Russia lasted quite long. In Spring we came to Odessa. There Henris disappeared. Sigmunt told me that he was caught in theft on a steamer and was thrown into the sea.

"Well, Many," said Sigmunt to me one day, "Now you are mine!"

I looked at him in anguish, for I felt myself in his power.

"That milk-sop was not worth a single hair of your luxurious tresses," he said, embracing me, "I shall show you how a husband can love."

When Sigmunt was to me the chief of the gang, surrounded by mystery and fatalism, his personality interested me, and I used to think that I could love him. But now, when he appeared before me as a mere man, homely of face, old, crude and uncultured,—I hated him. My hatred grew more bitter when he forced his love upon me, and haunted me. The more I hated him, the worse I treated him, the softer he became, the stronger his passion for me, the weaker his will.

"Many, he often said, when we were alone, 'you will bring me to a state of mind when I shall put an end to both of us!'"

"Too bad!" was my usual answer, "I care very little about myself and still less about you."

Sigmunt was arrested at Nijni Novgorod and I remained alone. I was free and I had some money. But I was broken and corrupted by the dreadful life. What could I do? Go home? Where to,—to whom? What for?

I bought a ticket to Moscow without any reason. I thought I might find some work, some

shelter there. On the way there, I met an engineer, who was bound for Irkutsk and further beyond the Bykal to build railroads. We became friendly. He was not married, was going to far, uncultivated lands, where he expected to get a considerable amount of money. When he asked me to join him, I agreed without hesitation.

Volodimir Semenovich was a wonderful man. I never met such delicacy and tender sympathy in a man. He guessed my thoughts and desires, showed care and affection of a mother. I marveled at the good men Russia has. But soon I learned how quickly they can fall.

We stopped at Irkutsk to wait for instruments and instructions from Petersburg. Weeks and months passed,—nothing came. My Volodia received a large salary, but could not do any work without implements. After our honeymoon was over, we grew lonely. There were no books, no people. The winter was cold, snowstorms severe. Soon my Volodia began to come home drunk. At first he would excuse himself and feel ashamed, but he soon got over it. He was very pleasant and mirthful when drunk. One vice attracted another and he became a passionate gambler. I found out about his card passion when he lost all he had, including me.

An owner of a gold mine, Svetlov, came to Irkutsk from a distant part of Siberia. He was a middle-aged man. Stories were told about his wealth. He saw me with Volodia and fell in love with me. As soon as he had learned that our union was illegal, he began to contemplate how to get me into his possession. When Svetlov heard about Volodia's love for cards, he got him drunk, induced him to play cards, and won all his money. Then he lent Volodia some money, which the wretch soon lost. Finally, Svetlov asked Volodia to stake me. If Volodia wins,—they will call it square; if Svetlov wins,—he takes me away.

Of course Svetlov won...

I remembered that dreadful night. The storm raged, while I sat alone, waiting for Volodia. Suddenly I heard several voices, the sound of which frightened me. Something must have happened! Volodia came in and with him was a giant dressed in a fur coat, with a red beard, a stout red face and a flat nose. They were followed by the chief of police and several other people. Volodia approached me with tears in his eyes.

"Maniussia!" he said in a broken voice. He first kissed both palms of my hands, then slapped his face with them.

"Maniussia, I am a scoundrel! I lost you in cards to this... to Nikanor Ferapontovitch!..."

He pointed to the giant who smiled and bowed to me.

THE UKRAINIAN PEASANT

ESSENTIALLY the Ukrainians are a peasant people. As such they have a character of their own. Some understanding of it can be gained from the following extracts taken from Prof. Stephen Rudnitsky's volume describing Ukraine and the Ukrainians. It should be noted that this work was written early this century, prior to the First World War.

The Ukrainian peasant—he writes—is distinguished, above all, by his earnest and sedate appearance. Beside the lively Pole and the active Russian, the Ukrainian seems slow, even lazy. This characteristic, which is in part only superficial, comes from the general view of life of the Ukrainian. Life is not merely a terrible struggle for existence, opposing man to hard necessity at every turn; life, in itself, is the object of contemplation. Life affords possibilities for pleasure and feeling, life is beautiful, and its esthetic aspect, at all times and in all places, is highly respected.

The ultimate foundations of the individualism of the Ukrainian are derived from his historic-political traditions; preference for extreme individualism, liberty, equality, and popular government. Proceeding from these fundamentals, all the typical characteristics of the Ukrainians may be logically explained with ease.

The family relations reflect the peculiarity of the Ukrainian people very clearly. The comparatively high ancient culture, coupled with individualism and a love of liberty, does not permit the development of absolute power in the head of the family. In innumerable cases, the woman is the real head of the household. A daughter is never married off against her will among the Ukrainians; she has human rights in the matter. Grown sons among the

Ukrainians, as soon as they are married, are presented by their fathers with a house and an independent farm.

The capacity for association is very considerable in the Ukrainians. All such association is on complete equality in the division of labor and profit.

The general relation to other people has become a matter of fixed form to the Ukrainians; a form developed in the course of centuries. The ancient culture and the individualistic cult have produced social forms among the Ukrainian peasantry which sometimes remind one of ancient court-forms. The proximity and influence of cities and other centers of 'culture' have, to a great extent, spoiled this peasant ceremonial. But in certain large areas of the Ukraine is may still be observed in its full development. Great delicacy, courtesy and attention to others, coupled with unselfish hospitality, these are the general substance of the social forms of our peasants.

BRANCH 435 ELECTS DELEGATE

At the first annual meeting of the Friendly Circle, Branch 435 of the U.N.A., held several weeks ago, the following officers were elected for the year 1941: President—Joseph Hawryko, Vice-President—Michael Kondrasky, Recording Secretary—Miriam O. Kurlak, Financial Secretary and Treasurer—Stephen Kurlak.

Branch 435 was first organized in August 1939 with 8 members and now has a membership of 35. By virtue of this fact, the lodge achieved the privilege of sending a delegate to the coming U.N.A. Convention in Harrisburg. The honor of this position went to Stephen Kurlak, who was elected unanimously with Michael Kondrasky as alternate.

HOW I LEARNED UKRAINIAN

Fortunate indeed is the young Ukrainian-American who can read Ukrainian, for not only does his cultural horizon become wider as a result but he also becomes better acquainted with his Ukrainian background and heritage.

To those of us who learned to read Ukrainian, it seemed quite a difficult task. Some of the Ukrainian letters had such curious shapes. Yet once we began memorizing them, the whole alphabet appeared less formidable, and soon we had learned it completely.

I don't like to say it, but once I was very backward about admitting my Ukrainian origin. My father did his best to teach me certain Ukrainian ways, which I now know definitely have their place in the American scheme of life. But I was obstinate and paid no attention to his efforts then. And thus I drifted further and further away from things which should have been dear to me, especially the Ukrainian language.

By chance I went to a Ukrainian chorus rehearsal. I went because I had heard that the entire community in which we lived, Ukrainians and non-Ukrainians alike, loved to sit on certain summer evenings and listen to the melodic and moving singing of this chorus. So I went to one of these concerts and became enraptured by the beauty of Ukrainian song. Overnight, it seemed, I became interested in things Ukrainian.

Immediately I realized that to take pride in my Ukrainian origin and traditions yet remain ignorant of the Ukrainian language was a contradiction, to say the least. So I decided to learn to speak the language of my forefathers.

First of all, I said to myself, I would have to learn the alphabet, then words, and then the construction of sentences. I needed

some sort of a primer here. So to the Svoboda Bookstore went my order for such a primer, "Persha Knizhchka." Looking it over upon its arrival, I was quite surprised to find that it was quite simple, not hard to learn from. An early and interesting discovery I made soon thereafter was that certain Ukrainian letters were the same as in English. For instance the English A, K, M, O, are printed and pronounced the same way as in Ukrainian. Then I noted that the Ukrainian H and P had the sound of N and R respectively in English. Next I memorized a few Ukrainian letters that were shaped a little differently from English letters. In this way, through such an association of ideas, I gradually learned the entire Ukrainian alphabet. That certainly made me feel fine.

Knowing the alphabet well enabled me to make rapid progress in speaking Ukrainian, for now I was better able to understand the explanations of my parents of words which I could not understand before in any way. Now a word composed of the letters I had learned formed a definite picture in my mind—and elementary yet indispensable process by which any language is learned. Now it was easy for me to utter Ukrainian words, and to read them too.

I sincerely hope that everyone of the readers of this Weekly who as yet does not know how to at least speak and read Ukrainian, will make a determined effort to do so as soon as possible. The task will seem hard at first, but as one makes progress it becomes more and more fascinating—sort of an exploration and discovery of new ideas and conceptions.

LEO KUNICK
Altoona, Pa.

"Yes, I had the honor and pleasure!" he said. "What do you people want of me?" I asked. "Maniussa, forget about me! I am a scoundrel," wept Volodia. "I am, not worthy of your little finger! Spit upon me! I am not yours and you are not mine!"

"You shall be very comfortable, Marya Karlovna!" said the giant. "I am a Christian, and I like you with all my heart."

"But I do not know and do not want you!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"It will not take us long to get acquainted." Then he added, "Let us not waste time. Please, pack your belongings. My sleigh is waiting."

"Sir," I answered determinedly, "I do not understand all this. Please leave my husband and me in peace!"

"If you please, Marya Karlovna," said Svetlov sweetly. "Do not be angry and do not try to oppose us. Remember that you are in Siberia and not in your heathen Germany. Here we live in fear of God and law. My friend, the chief of police, wishes to say a few words to you."

The chief of police came up to me and said curtly, "You know Sigmund Zembetzky, don't you? Well, he is here in prison. If you do not want to join him tomorrow, do as you are told, without comedies. This is my advice."

Next day I was going with Svetlov to the snowy plains of northern Siberia...

Mikola Fedorovich is dying. A Japanese shell has just burst in front of my house. Half of the roof is gone, all the windows smashed. What is next? It seems to me that someone stands behind me and whispers: "Hurry, hurry! Finish up!"

"Hurry,—where? To what end does my fate chase me now? Under a bomb, to the bottom of the sea? Or to a ray of light, which shall gladden my heart and to which I must hasten? Massine, mine! The thought of you gives me courage and strength in this hellish life. Everything I do seems to have one aim—to come back to my native land and to see you. What will our meeting be after all that has passed, all that is written on these sheets, of paper? But,—why think of it?"

"Hurry, hurry to the end whatever it might be!"

Svetlov was very good to me. But his lack of culture and crude nature made him loathsome to me. God, when I think of the three months with him!... But,—what are my sufferings—my bloody tears to you? No,—hurry, hurry!

Once, when Svetlov and I were going to Kratnoyarsk, we were held up by highwaymen. Svetlov was very strong and fought them for sometime. But one of the gang stabbed him with his knife and the giant fell exhausted. How they tortured him and made sport of his

sufferings! I sat in the carriage like a corpse and looked on with indifferent eyes of one who is dead... When Svetlov was dead, the bandits got into the carriage. Who were they? An unfamiliar person took the place of the driver. Next to me, wrapped in Svetlov's fur coat, sat... Sigmund.

"We have been watching for you for about a month," he said curtly. "Thank God! At last we have got you!"

Counsel was held further in the woods. God! What faces, figures, and voices! They were dividing the spoils. There was a terrible fight over me. Sigmund tried to prove that I was his wife, but there in the Siberian woods his proofs were of no avail. I was given away to the leader. Everybody called him "Shashka," but no one knew his nationality, religion, on anything about him. I think he was a Jew. Before leaving the gang, Sigmund whispered to me: "Don't fear!"

One night two weeks later, the den of the gang was raided by a regiment of soldiers. Shashka was hanged there and then, while the others including Sigmund, who brought the soldiers, were put in chains. I was taken away by the captain. I never saw Sigmund after that. Night had brought us together and night had separated us. He forever remained in my memory as a frightful creation of Night.

What happened then, was the most dreadful, the most terrible of all I went through in life. Neither life among bandits, roaming in Siberian marshes, tramping in Siberian Steppes, were as loathsome and filthy, as the life in the Captain's house. He had a lawful wife who was as mean as a snake, but was kept in constant fear by the Captain. He drank heavily and beat both of us. Think of it, what a life we two had! Days and nights passed alike in mad labor. At last I escaped. I intended to drown myself, but just then I happened to come across a train of soldiers bound for China. I went with them. It did not matter to me with whom and where to...

The night was terrible. The bombardment was heavier than ever before. It seems as though the town was going to be shattered to dust. Mikola Fedorovich is dead!—He is going to be buried with military honors. It is quiet today. Both sides are burying their dead, attending to the wounded. If you could see all that these few insignificant words conceal!...

A Chinaman had told me that the mail is going tonight. I am finishing this letter. Enough. It is impossible to tell all, but at least you can see that I did not mean to conceal anything from you.

Goodbye, my beloved! We shall meet yet! If not here, then—there... I believe, don't you? If I lost this faith, I could no longer live. Perhaps this faith is a symptom of insanity?

Goodbye! I hear the bursting of shells again! A new attack, I suppose. I am going to the sea, to give this letter to the Chinaman. Once more, farewell! Till we meet again!

"Your Little Jay."

And this is the truth? No, never! Just lies of a foolish romantic girl, for the purpose of... But what is the matter with me? It is a quarter to twelve. My God! And I am still sitting over this letter, which is now wet with my tears! The New Year is approaching. Is that how I planned to meet it?

Where are my expected joys? Where are my aesthetic principles, my quiet satisfaction? All is lost forever! Here is life! This suffering, this struggle and disappointment, tortures, and fragments of joy which obliterate the cruellest sufferings!

"Till we meet again!" Is it possible? Is it possible for us who are separated by so many graves, to meet again? No, I cannot believe. And over those graves flows a great river of suffering. Till we meet again, my heart! Come, come, let whatever is left after crossing all those graves, whatever remains alive in our hearts among the ruins—let it live! Let it hope! But, perhaps Spring cannot come to us anymore? Maybe we buried our Spring and no power can bring it to life again!

Where are you now? Still at the bloody Port Arthur among the wounded and doomed to death, with your own cemetery in your heart? Or perhaps your bones were long since washed ashore by the stormy Yellow Sea? It might be that you are again in the marshes of Siberia or dirty Chinese towns, thrown out by fate, which plays with you like with a discarded broken toy... My little dove! Where are you? Let your spirit come from over the far seas in this last hour of the Old Year and touch me with its wing! Let a breath of real, endless, suffering life come to my frail, useless existence! Perhaps I will wake up, break my bonds and start a new life! The doorbell at this hour! What could it be?! A telegram? I hear Ivassie is opening the door. A sound of voices... What is it? Who is it? Steps in the parlor...

"Is that you, Ivassie?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Weren't you asleep?"

"No, Sir, I was reading."

"Who is it?"

"A lady to see you."

"A lady? Young or old?"

"I don't know. She wears a veil. I asked her to come in, but she only slipped her fur coat off and remained in the cold hall, shivering in her thin red dress with white dots."

"Show her in!"

