

exactly four feet five inches. Therefore the circle covered, always in the same direction and always without result, was described 335 times.

"Experience and reflection are not in their province. The ordeal of a five hundred yards' march and three to four hundred turns teaches them nothing; and it takes casual circumstances to bring them back to the nest. They would perish on their insidious ribbon if the disorder of the nocturnal encampments and the halts due to fatigue did not cast a few threads outside the circular path. Some three or four move along these trails, laid without an object, stray a little way and, thanks to their wanderings, prepare the descent, which is at last accomplished in short strings favoured by chance."

BRUSILOFF, THE MAN

An Intimate View of the Great Russian General

CHARLES JOHNSTON, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, on "Brusiloff," observes that there is nothing hap-hazard or extemporized, no element of mere luck, in what General Brusiloff has accomplished; no single factor of effort or training or science has been lacking in his lifelong preparation, and no element of devotion or consecration. Heredity, too, has played its part, and early environment has had a share in the ripening of his genius.

Alexei Alexeievitch Brusiloff comes from the great traditional school of Russian military prowess and skill, the Caucasus, where, among mountains far overtopping the Alps, the armies of Russia have fought for generations against the valorous savage tribesmen of whom the Cherkess, in the north, and the Kurds, farther south, are outstanding types. His father, a former General Alexei Brusiloff, won renown in the Caucasian wars; he was serving with the Russian armies in the Caucasus when the present war hero was born there, some sixty years ago.

It was natural, therefore, that Alexei Brusiloff and his two younger brothers should all three enter the profession of war. It was equally natural that, with their old Cossack blood, the two soldier brothers should, when they had completed the courses in the Russian military schools, find their way into the Tver Dragoons. In everything that had to do with horsemanship, Alexei Brusiloff was supreme. Slender and light, with the figure almost of a jockey, he is to-day one of the best cross-country riders in Russia. In the training and management of horses also he excels; as between the rough method and the gentle, he strongly advocates the latter, and has always enjoined it on his regiments.

In 1809, the Emperor Alexander I. founded an Officers' Cavalry School in Petrograd, and it became a tradition that the more martial members of the Imperial House should give to this school much of their time and care. The Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch the elder put at the head of it Colonel Sukhomlinoff. From the Tver Dragoons came Alexei Brusiloff. Colonel Sukhomlinoff was so impressed by his qualities that he made Brusiloff his adjutant.

The Grand Duke Nicholas the elder, and two of his sons, Nicolai Nicolaievitch the younger and Peter Nicolaievitch were frequent visitors at the Cavalry School. Thus it happened that Alexei Brusiloff was in constant association with the two men who were Commander-in-Chief and Minister of War in the summer of 1914. As a result, he was, at the outset, given command of one of the four Russian armies which were the first to move.

As a result of his excellent work at the Cavalry School, Alexei Brusiloff was (before the war) transferred from the Tver Dragoons to one of the mounted regiments of the Imperial Guards, with the same rank—a rare and exceptional honour, and one which gave him an opportunity to prove his quality as a soldier.

For in these crack regiments of the Russian army there is always the likelihood that an atmosphere of social elegance and easy-going gayety will prevail over the sterner military virtues and Alexei Brusiloff immediately found himself under the pressure of this tendency. He reacted vigorously, with a humorous result: he began to carry out the theory, which had long lain in his mind, that the training for war should be almost as rigorous as war itself; that the condition of actual warfare should be the goal of all manoeuvres. In his own practice, this took the form of long and arduous cross-country gallops, in which he himself always took the lead, seeking rather than avoiding darkness and rain and foul weather. But this was not at all acceptable to some of the spoiled gentlemen of the Guard, and protests, backed by high social influences, found their way to "the Highest Personages." It is credibly recorded that, to such a protest, General Brusiloff made answer: "If Your Majesty will guarantee that the enemy will only attack on fine days, I will countermand the night-

riding!" But the guarantee was not forthcoming, and the night-riding went on. During the winter, when General Brusiloff's troops, often up to the shoulders in snow, were attacking in the Carpathian passes, one remembered that wise reply.

Alexei Brusiloff rose steadily to the command of



A Rascal he can Tackle!

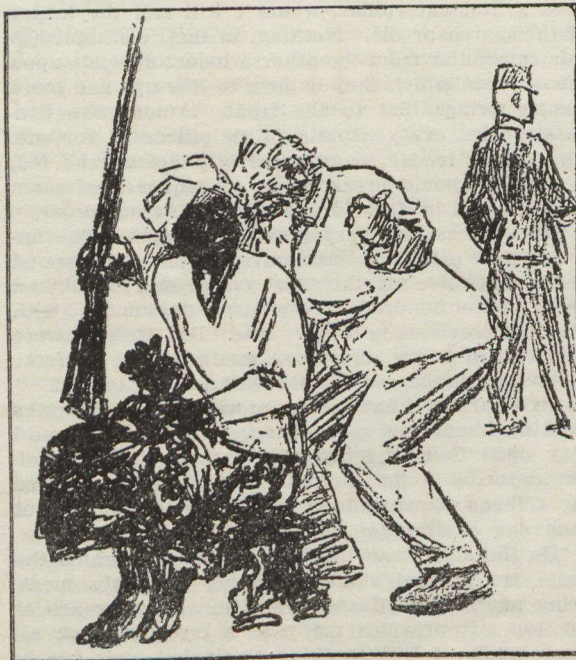
—Passing Show, London.

his regiment, of a brigade, of a division, and then of an army corps, the Fourteenth, stationed at Lublin. Several years earlier, he had married a cousin from Courland; their son, who is also an Alexei Brusiloff and a daring cavalry officer, has been decorated for valour in the present war.

General Brusiloff, like most men of his class in Russia, speaks French admirably. More than that, he knows France and the French army well. General Brusiloff knows Germany also, has watched the great Prussian manoeuvres, and has learned all that can be learned of the military science of the enemy.

General Brusiloff was a widower when he was made commander of the Fourteenth Corps at Lublin. Shortly after he had taken his new post, he married the second daughter of the late Madame Jelihovskaya. General Brusiloff's bride was living in Odessa. The first important town on the railroad from Lublin to Odessa is Kovel. There General Brusiloff and his bride met and were married. Kovel, therefore, now comes into his biography for the second time.

At Lublin, by virtue of an international kinship, I



THE GERMAN DANGER IN THE DUTCH INDIES.

German Agent: "Look here, I'll give you all the money and all the weapons you want so that you can rise and overflow your Dutch oppressors!"

—De Telegraaf, Amsterdam.

had the good fortune to be General Brusiloff's guest, in the late summer of 1911, less than three years before the war. If I were to seek for a single phrase, to sum up the impression made by his personality, it would be, I think, distinction—personal distinction in a high degree. But one may associate the idea of distinction with a certain kind of weakness, of

over-refinement. In General Brusiloff, on the contrary, distinction is as the fine edge on a sword-blade of highly tempered steel. Distinction, with great personal charm, which expressed itself at once in the perfection of his hospitality, and in a delightful gift for teasing, a ceaseless flow of delicate banter that bubbled up like a spring of crystal water, creating an atmosphere in which anything like gloom or despondency was unthinkable.

He was always in uniform, whether undress, or, when some function was in preparation, the full parade uniform of a lieutenant-general. And, on all occasions, the perfection of neatness—of grace also, as becomes a man who is an admirable dancer, as well as an admirable horseman. One felt that a slovenly or slipshod attitude would be impossible for the finely tempered steel of his slim, muscular body. I was struck by his close personal knowledge of his men, and spoke to him of it. "Yes," he said, "I know them all personally. But that is not the point. The point is, that they should know me; so that not one of them shall hesitate an instant, in time of war, in recognizing his commander!"

Two little incidents remain in one's mind, as expressing his gentleness and tact. We went, on one of our walks through Lublin, to the ancient ghetto, in which pre-Russian Poland had confined its Jews; it lies without the city gate and, oddly enough, one found the old Russian church in the same quarter, equally exiled by the Poles. The Jews there still affect the old costume, a kind of long, rather dingy overcoat, a rusty cap with a glazed peak, and somewhat rusty high boots. And the odd thing is, that their boys, even the youngest of them, wear a miniature copy of the same costume. One of these little chaps, with sleek hair and dark, keen eyes, seeing the officer's uniform, drew himself up very straight, clicked his heels together and saluted. Acknowledging the salute, the general turned to me and smiled; "I should like to hug him," he said, "but they would at once make an 'incident' of it!"

Another little scene: on one of the country roads just outside Lublin, a little chap, this time a genuine little Pole, came trotting along the road on an old nag. The boy's knees were pulled up almost to his chin. General Brusiloff, standing in the middle of the road, cried "Halt!" as though the boy had been a squadron of dragoons. The terrified youngster pulled up short. Then the corps commander stepped to the side of the old horse and lengthened first one stirrup-leather and then the other, and put the boy's feet back into the stirrups. Then, starting him once more on his way, he commented whimsically: "They would quote that as an instance of the Russian oppression of the Poles!" It was, by the way, one of his griefs that all his efforts had won almost no cordial response from the Poles and Lublin; they remained icily aloof, in spite of his kindest overtures.

Very like General Foch in certain qualities, he is like him also in this, that he is deeply religious; in the highest sense a Christian mystic. And, speaking of things mystical, he talked one day of a book he had been reading, the story of a modern Antichrist—a man supremely endowed with intellectual power and exercising a fascination over masses of men, who, in the name of material well-being, of the earthly paradise, was seducing men's souls from every vestige of spiritual faith. "I believe," he said, "that the author's idea is a true one. There is an Antichrist and we shall have to fight him!"

WHY ENGLAND IS GREAT

Havelock Ellis Analyzes the Building of Race Character

THE English are not only, as has often been observed, the most individual of people, but England is also the most individual of nations, says Havelock Ellis, in an article on "The Genius of England," in the North American Review. That is the natural result of the peculiar position of England as a citadel in the sea. At the outset, the strong and adventurous alone might dare to approach the forbidding shores of this island, to seize and to hold it. A process of selection was thus exercised on all would-be invaders. Only the men of vigorous and original individuality could be tempted to this hazardous enterprise across the waves, only such men could overcome the risks of this dangerous coast and achieve success in their daring task.

When once the island was peopled by a strong race its qualities as a citadel could be utilized. For a thousand years there has been no great hostile invasion of England. The various bands of daring adventurers who seized the land, once firmly welded together, have been free to develop their native characteristics as individualistic sea-faring

(Continued on page 23.)