

WORLD OF HORRORS CAUSED BY DEMORALIZATION OF RUSSIA'S RAILROAD SYSTEM, SAYS EVA ZAINTZ

Wrote in "Battalion of Death" Had to Stand in Line Five Days to Get Ticket to Petrograd, and was in One Railroad Carriage for Three Weeks—The Trip From Taganrog, Through Siberia, to America Was a Terrible Experience

By EVA ZAINTZ, a Soldier in the Ranks

TRIEF horror and illness had made me as weak as a little child, when the order came two weeks after the... Battalion of Death should be disbanded. I did not await the order in remaining...

At last I realized that the lives of my father and mother depended upon what I should do. I roused myself, though I felt that I would gladly lie down and die with them. My father had, as always, a plentiful store of money in the house. I took possession of it by standing in the diminished and weakening lines before the shops and paying exorbitant prices for food...

Two dreadful sensations were almost constantly with me while I was in the car. One was that I was again experiencing the horrors of the night in Petrograd, and the other was that I had been robbed of our store of money which I carried concealed in the bosom of my dress. The robbery would have been easy enough, no doubt. Crowded among strangers so closely that I could not escape their touch, I often fell into the deep unconsciousness of utter exhaustion.

I lived on in the barracks because I had nowhere else to go and because I was too ill to go and I knew where I should find other shelter. I suffered also the deepest pangs of the most terrible of mental troubles—homesickness. I longed for my old father and my little mother and I knew not when I might see them.

At last I managed to summon the energy to act. I was penniless, but there was enough of my soldier's pay owing to me to buy a ticket and pay the way tax on it. Conditions were so completely more disordered in the city and the government of Kerensky was tottering. It was only after the greatest difficulty that I found a military bureau, where I received information as to the steps which would secure to me the small amount of money which I was entitled to collect. At last I received it, and after weeping over Nussia, lying there scarcely more than half-conscious and still in danger of death from weakness and shock, I started to buy a ticket for Taganrog.

When after three weeks in the one railroad carriage and more than a month altogether of travel, we reached Vladivostok, I found it impossible to buy tickets for us at any price. For three nights we were compelled to sleep among a motley crowd upon the floor of the railroad station—women, soldiers, children and old men. It was not permitted to remain there in the daytime, for others paid for the privilege of sleeping in it through the day, being unable to secure any place to sleep at night. During the day we remained in the railroad station, and I scoured the town for something like delicate food for my mother, whose illness had now alarmingly increased. When at last we were permitted to remain there in the daytime, for others paid for the privilege of sleeping in it through the day, being unable to secure any place to sleep at night. During the day we remained in the railroad station, and I scoured the town for something like delicate food for my mother, whose illness had now alarmingly increased.

Five days, from morning until night, I stood in the line of people before I reached the window where tickets were sold. There was some order or an attempt at it, though, even in this confusion. Each night an official marked the place to which I had progressed in the line during the long, weary hours of standing, and on the next morning I was permitted to resume it. Only those who were not at hand at the announced hour in the morning were denied this privilege. Those who were late were required to take their places once more at the bottom of the line. I was terrified for fear that this misery might fall to me. I would start from my sleep in the middle of the night and peer out in alarm to see if it had yet become daylight. Then I would start, hours before the necessary time, to the railroad station. Often I was there long before the official. The physical and mental strain of this five-day experience, coupled with the fact that I had no proper food, all my needs during the long trip to Taganrog. Still, it may as well have been little as much. There was nothing to buy. I lived upon the scanty food which others, in mercy, gave me from their slender stores.

I heard of some other persons who had gone away, through Siberia. It had taken them five months to get a passport, and people assured me that in no small amount of time could be obtained. However, I knew the value of my father's name—of his influence which had exempted me from all of the laws of race restriction. I managed to raise him enough money for going away, and I felt the deepest shame that I was willing to accept our money, even though it was with the greatest relief that I found that he could save my mother's life by dishonorable purchase of a privilege.

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At last I had my ticket. The money purchase of it had in my pocket not more than the amount which I would give a beggar at home when I took my place on the train. And that must supply my needs during the long trip to Taganrog. Still, it may as well have been little as much. There was nothing to buy. I lived upon the scanty food which others, in mercy, gave me from their slender stores.

When the train set out at last for its journey to the Pacific we were barely able to crowd upon a platform. After a few minutes I had actually a fight to prevent my father and mother from being suffocated. People were crowded into the toilet compartments, and many lay upon the roofs of the cars. For forty-eight hours we remained on the platform. The train was unheated and we were in the midst of a bitter Siberian winter. The whole experience

After one more miserable week of waiting a big ship came, and on this vessel we safely made the voyage to the town of Suruga, in Japan. I cannot describe the feelings of joy and relief which were ours when we landed in this comfortable, well-kept city. I gave thanks fervently to God when I saw my little mother beginning to regain her

strength as a result of the ministrations of the quiet, friendly people with whom we had found shelter.

From Suruga, when my mother was somewhat recovered, we traveled by train, sixteen hours, to Yokohama. Our tickets for this journey cost 180 rubles. After ten days in Yokohama we secured passage on a large steamship for San Francisco. Only second-cabin tickets were to be had and they cost, for the three of us, 5000 rubles.

Safe in America

Our voyage to America was uneventful. We were told that there was danger of submarine warfare, and the lifeboats were kept in readiness, but that was no doubt a groundless alarm. Before a German submarine shall do murder in the Pacific broad ocean, it will first be shot to pieces in the waters of the Pacific.

Since my arrival in America many persons have asked me to tell about the Battalion of Death. In these stories I have told all—simply, and truthfully, and sorrowfully. It was a mistake but a splendid sacrifice for Russia. It proved that women may have the hearts and souls of heroes, but nature has given them weaknesses which disqualify them for the work of soldiers. I have read one frightfully heartless, untruthful statement concerning the women who so bravely offered their lives for their country. It was attributed to Lieutenant Hall, an aviator. It could only have been a reckless misstatement born of the acceptance of rumor for fact. This I find in a newspaper as Lieutenant Hall's statement:

"Lieutenant Hall said that the revolution started in Russia only after the Church had purchased in my quantity and at a very low price. Stocks of it stood in the railroad stations rotting, because it could not be transported to the front. I was told that the women were dying for lack of it. Also, after the first week of our journey, there was coal for fires on the train. It was brought to the places where it was so greatly needed. I believe that the first cup of hot tea which I was able to give my mother saved her life."

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JESS SMITH IS VERY BUSY

Former Movie Man Now Devoting His Genius to Musical Shows and Vaudeville

H. Jess Smith is trying to take the devil out of vaudeville, and by all accounts of his work he is succeeding. Formerly a member of the Lubin movie studio, he left this city, his home one, to produce vaudeville and other acts following his stage. In his selection of the musical version of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which featured Alice Brady and played for one night under the title "Kitty Darlin'." Another act, soon to be seen here, is that of the famous "The Girl in the Red Velvet Gown," which is a play in which his direction and shows his clever handiwork. This act is scheduled to appear at the local theater next week at the William Penn and Broadway Theaters.

THREE SPANISH SHIPS SUNK

Barcelona, Spain, March 22.—The Spanish ships Jolet, Joanna and Guadalupe have been sunk in the Atlantic, it was announced here today. No details are given. The Guadalupe was a steel steamship of 2978 tons, built in 1907 and owned by the Guadalupe Navigation Company of Seville. She was carrying a 333-ton three-masted wooden sailing vessel, built in 1877, and registered at Torrejeda. The Jolet is not listed in Lloyd's.

AMERICA IS THE HOME OF THE NATIONLESS

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN

Story of a Rumanian Jew Who Absorbed the Spirit of Liberty

A singularly honest book is this of Mr. Ravage in which he recounts his own life history up to the point at which he considered that he had definitely become an American. The tale of the immigrant in America has often been told during the last decade, so that an ever-increasing number of the native born are brought to an understanding, or partial understanding, of the alien. Chiefly, we have heard the voice of the Russian Jew, which lends a slight tinge to Mr. Ravage's tale of the Rumanian Jew in America.



M. E. RAVAGE

Author of "An American in the Making"

he is equally unparading of himself and of his own people, and the American who may be wounded by extremely adverse criticism should feel calm for his troubled spirit when Mr. Ravage at last admits that the end of his struggle saw him turn from his own kindred to find happiness in American associations. The book is one of the best in its line, inasmuch as those who look for salvation through intellectual honesty. In contrast to Mary Antin's hymn of praise, "The Promised Land," it is particularly welcome. The author becomes an American, but in the course of his transformation he gives to his adopted land fully as much as he receives—a fact that most Americans have entirely overlooked. Mr. Ravage's personal narrative with Abraham Cahan's recent novel, "The Rise of David Levinsky." The one reveals the life of the "intelligents," those who that they may secure education; the other deals entirely with the "clodpates," or those who toil in order that they may some day own a factory and a house uptown.

Charm of the West Indies Those who are so fortunate as to be able to go to a warmer climate to escape the rigors of late February and March ought to read A. Hyatt Verrill's "Book of the West Indies" before deciding on the place of their recreation. Mr. Verrill has told the story of the great emerald circle of islands which enclose the Caribbean, and has described their charms in a most alluring way. He has compressed into 450 pages a volume of information into the 450 pages of the volume. For example, he tells us that Cuba, if placed on the map of the United States, would be larger than New York to Indiana; that Santo Domingo is as large as Maine, three times the size of Belgium and only a little smaller than Texas; that more shipping enters and leaves the port of Havana than any other American port save New York, and that the first American university was in the West Indies and that students were graduated from it 100 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

between in that stage of her life where in she must form conclusions that will influence for good or bad her entire later course. This latest tale of Sylvia is full of wisdom and profit for young ladies in particular and every one in general.

What Happened to Kelly

Of the numerous books that Arthur Train has written in the last few years "The World and Thomas Kelly," his latest production, is perhaps deserving of the most serious consideration. The story of a young man who, upon leaving college, became entangled in the meshes of so-called "society," it is to a certain extent an analytical study of those temptations which many American youth encounter in the days of their callowness. Mr. Kelly is undoubtedly a real type—superficially weak, but with an innate strength of character that in the end redeems him. There are many in the real world like him: if there were fewer there would not be so many human tragedies. It is to be hoped that a better name is still known as the "Smart Set."

Like all of Mr. Train's novels, "Tom Kelly" is breezily written, is highly entertaining. It has the further merit, not always to be found in fiction, of ringing true. The characteristics are not exaggerated, notwithstanding that, in the main, the story is a satire. The young married woman with whom Tom fancies himself in love is typical of a class; so is her husband, who is a little more than a caricature. The characters of the millionaire and his daughter, who are so anxious to drag young Mr. Kelly to the altar, are a little more vague and perhaps not quite so convincing. Paradoxical, the cynical parasite, may not have been taken from real life, but there are many in "society" who closely resemble him.

An heroic hero is by no means a novelty in fiction, but few of their creators have been so successful as Mr. Train in making human faults and weaknesses so appealing as to arouse and retain the reader's interest and sympathy. THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY, by Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

UNDER FIRE

Robert Herrick in "The Day," says "The best of all those intimate signs of truth that carry immediate conviction, is the story of the things that were done."

INSIDE CONSTANTINOPLE

An American Diplomatist's Diary By Lewis Einstein

Mr. Einstein kept a diary from day to day while a member of the United States Embassy in Constantinople during the Turkish Revolution. In his book he gives the remarkable picture of life inside the Turkish Capital. Any one wishing a complete picture of the dual life of New York's East Side cannot do well to combine Mr. Einstein's personal narrative with Abraham Cahan's recent novel, "The Rise of David Levinsky." The one reveals the life of the "intelligents," those who that they may secure education; the other deals entirely with the "clodpates," or those who toil in order that they may some day own a factory and a house uptown.

Jack London's New Dog Story

That Jack London was at his best when he wrote stories of animals, most especially dogs, most persons who have read his books will agree, even though some of them may say his dogs are not true to life. "The Call of the Wild" will probably be remembered longer after most of the versatile author's other stories have been forgotten. It is, therefore, a matter of little satisfaction to Jack London's admirers that the latest of his works, published posthumously, should be another dog story. "Michael, Brother of Jerry," is the title. It tells of another "singing" dog, even more highly accomplished in the vocal art than was "Jerry of the Islands."

The chief purpose of the author in writing this story seems to have been to prepare an strong indictment as possible against the performance of trained animals. His attack upon this form of public entertainment is scathing, but perhaps a trifle too sweeping to carry conviction. That cruel and inhuman methods are oftentimes used to train animals those critics which elect to ignore the matter after from unthinking audiences nobody will deny; but that all animal trainers rely entirely upon such methods may well be doubted. There is much of real pathos in "Michael" that will arouse and hold the attention of any one possessed of affection for dogs. Fortunately, the book compensates for some of the grimness of the earlier chapters.

Instructions for Airmen

The long series of books about aviation dealing with the adventurous side of the craft is now being followed by the publication of technical handbooks for the guidance of those who must man the new aerial fleets. Lieutenant Albert Train of the Royal Naval Air Service, has written one of the most complete and elementary knowledge of the art of flying and of the work which the airman must do. There

are chapters on the theory of flight, map reading, charts and meteorology, following by other chapters on the construction and care of the aircraft. The book is written in nontechnical language, and ought to be most valuable to the men in the aviation camps. Captain N. J. Gill, of the Royal Artillery, has written a smaller but less technical detail which will serve excellently as an introduction to Lieutenant Murray's manual. He traverses the same ground, but covers it less thoroughly.

King Cophetua of Today

The somewhat worn theme of a millionaire's son's marriage to one of his humble employes is resurrected by Murray in "The Hope Chest." There are, however, a novel twist of circumstance, out-of-the-ordinary characters, and fresh handling. The treatment is breezy and the persons sketched are human and not at all the stock puppets young hero, son of the millionaire, national champion of candy stores, with a penchant for beauty in the salaried man, the millionaire's son, who marries the lowliest of his salaried employes. The author would like to know what became of Daddy Joe, the millionaire, and the irrepressible Mabel, the school teacher, who would be a good thing in the technique of the factory rewarding or punishing of every body in the story according to his deserts.

THE HOPE CHEST

By Mark Lee Luther. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.



Look up!

Even the Easter Bunny has a new idea this spring. His new idea has made his job difficult. To little children he will bring fairly colored eggs, as usual, but when grown up he is recommending a copy of CAROLYN OF THE CORNERS as the happiest Easter gift to be had. Duff and Company, Montreal, 1918.

UNDER FIRE

The Nation says: "The greatest contribution to the enduring literature of the war that I have read."

UNDER FIRE

By Henri Barbusse (Le Feu)

Chicago Observer says: "The greatest book of the war that I have read."

Evening Public Ledger Photoplay Calendar

THIS PROGRAM IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Table with columns for days of the week (Monday to Saturday) and rows for various theaters (Alhambra, Apollo, Arcadia, Belmont, Bluebird, Broadway, Cedar, Coliseum, Colonial, Empress, Eureka, Family, Fairmount, Frankford, Great North, Imperial, Jefferson, Jumbo, Knickerbocker, Leader, Liberty, Locust, 10th St., Market St., Model, Nixon, Palace, Park, Princess, Resident, Alto, Goli). Each cell contains the name of the play being shown at that theater on that day.

Charm of the West Indies

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What Sylvia Decided

The careers and romances of Sylvia Arden and her two impish college chums, Barb and Suzanne, simply crowd every page of "Sylvia Arden Decides," "Cheerful Book," "Sylvia Arden Decides," full of activities, mostly directed toward making other persons happy. Sylvia, an innocent, sunny-eyed, good-natured, however, nearly leads to grief. All three have their taste of New York society, but are strong enough to see through the innocent cynicism of the city. Her friends are all so completely bewitched that their love entanglements are necessarily of the heart-breaking order. Not one comes through this greatest of all life's mysteries without a deeper insight and a humbler understanding of the world's multifarious humanity.

MY TWO KINGS

The most brilliant historical novel of recent years dealing with the Restoration. The author believes that she is the reincarnation of Charlotte Stuard, who played an important part in the life of Charles II and his son, the Duke of Monmouth. \$1.50 Net. Postage Extra. All Bookstores. E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N.Y.

"The Place Called Crucifix Corner"

There lay the Huns, huddled, menacing—and over them swooped the fast plane, dropping death. Shells burst around the bird man—he was hit—hit again—his pilot wounded—and still he drove on. What was the outcome? Read THE FLYING FIGHTER by Lieutenant E. M. Roberts, R. F. C.

THE FLYING FIGHTER

by Lieutenant E. M. Roberts, R. F. C.

Roberts is an American ace. He was two months in the wilds of Canada before he knew the war was on. Then he heard—went straight to the front, first as a private, then as a despatch rider, then on bombing expeditions, then in the Royal Flying Corps, where he fought in the air until he was discharged, permanently disabled by wounds received in action.

He has been gassed and wounded and shell-shocked; he was brought down from the air four times in four days by the Germans. He has volumes and volumes to tell, to tell with a humor, a sincerity, a charm—as delightful as his keen face—as alert as his slim athletic body.

He has packed it all into one gorgeous, vivid, thrilling book.

Harper & Brothers Established 1817 New York Today at All Bookstores \$1.50

