

THE MILLIONAIRE

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The Millionaire by Michael Artsybashev & Percy Pinkerton

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MICHAEL ARTSYBASHEV & PERCY PINKERTON

THE MILLIONAIRE

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SOME PRESS NOTICES OF

S A N I N E

"It has a treble interest. It discusses sex-problems with unusual candour . . . it gives a vivid picture of Russian life . . . and it reflects the welter of thoughts and aspirations which are common to the whole contemporary Western world."

NEW STATESMAN.

"A book which deals with powerful human passions in no lethargic way. It may horrify by its brutality, and its assault on ordinary morality may well be considered startling: yet it counts for something that M. Artzbaschaf does not display the common fear of life."

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"The artistry of the novel, brutal, direct, detached, courageous, desperately poignant, is not to be disputed."

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"This is a strong and freshening story depicting the unfettered life of a young Russian . . . the background of society and Russian scenery is excellent."

MANCHESTER COURIER.

SIXTH IMPRESSION

IN PREPARATION

TALES OF THE REVOLUTION
BREAKING-POINT

THE
MILLIONAIRE
BY MICHAEL ARTZIBASHEF

TRANSLATED BY
PERCY PINKERTON
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK
B. W. HUEBSCH
MCMXV

PC
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INTRODUCTION

THE following autobiographical letter was written by M. Artzibashev for publication at the request of a friend :

You ask me for an account of my life.

I must confess that your request embarrasses me somewhat. An autobiography in the true sense of the word is, as I see it, a difficult and intricate piece of work. For such as are equipped with the necessary presumption it is easy enough ; every trivial occurrence in their life seems to them an important event. I lack this praiseworthy quality, and therefore must apologize before I attempt my task. What little I can tell you about myself is brief and dull. I have followed the usual course.

I was born in the year 1878 in a small town in Southern Russia. By name and extraction I am Tartar, but not of pure descent, since there is Russian, French, Georgian, and Polish blood in my veins. There is one of my ancestors of whom I am proud, and that is the well-known Polish rebel-leader Kosciusko, my great grandfather on the maternal side. My father was a small landowner, a retired officer ; my mother died of consumption when I was three years old, bequeathing me a legacy of tuberculosis. I did not become seriously ill until 1907, but even before that the tuberculosis never left me in peace, as it manifested itself in various forms of illness.

I went to a grammar-school in the provinces ; but as I had taken the keenest interest in painting from my childhood, I left it at the age of sixteen and went to a school of art. I was very poor ; I had to live in dirty garrets without enough to eat, and the worst of it all was that I had not enough money for my principal needs—paints and canvases. So it was not given to me to become an artist ; to earn anything at all I was obliged to do caricatures and write short essays and humorous tales for all kinds of cheap papers.

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M. Artzibashev

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