

Why Russia Worships Tolstoi

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



COUNT TOLSTOI



COUNT TOLSTOI AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE



THE COUNT PLAYING CHESS WITH HIS SON-IN-LAW



THE COUNT AND FAMILY ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY



TOLSTOIS HOME.

IF THE peasants of Russia had their way in the bestowing of a title upon Count Leo Tolstoi, he would be known as the Most-Beloved Leo Tolstoi. For there is no man in the world who has so many friends among the plebeians. Still Tolstoi is immensely wealthy, but that does not interfere with the great life work which has now nearly drawn to a close.

He is now 80 years old and while in good health at the time of this writing, his passing is but a matter of a few months or years. There are two sides to this great man. One is Leo Tolstoi, the artist, and the other—Leo Tolstoi, the man. As the artist he has written fearless works and the person or clique which has fallen under the scathing attack of his pen has seldom been known to boast of it.

There is no disputing his rank as the best known of living authors. Also he is the most generally read and recognized. He has attained the highest pinnacle of fame in the literary field and it cannot be said that he craved fame, either.

Best of all, Tolstoi is a friend of all Americans. The traveler from the United States, visiting Russia, is as welcome at the Yasnaya Polyana estate of Russia's great man, as if he were in his own home. America likes Tolstoi, too, for the author is the most democratic of men.

It is told of him that he spurns all worldly luxuries, even going so far as to have two tables set within his home at each meal—one resplendent with fancy edibles, while the other is stocked with simple food of the peasantry. Friends of his daughters and sons are always welcomed at the more prosperous looking board, while in the same room, Tolstoi, seated alongside of his wife, partakes of the necessities of life as an ordinary plebeian would. However, his children, having been brought up to the luxuries of life, are allowed to gratify their every whim, and he never allows his beliefs to step between them and happiness. In that respect he is an ideal father and he has been praised the world over for his broad-minded manner of treating others who do not believe as he does.

He is also what Americans call a "mixer," but in an entirely different sense. He meets the poor of Russia on their own level, and, except for the fact that he often scatters money at their feet, one would never suspect his wealth. There are no strings attached to Tolstoi's gifts, and thousands of beneficees to Russians in general, while the benefactor's name is a secret, are popularly laid at the door of this great man.

To be a friend of the Russian peasant up to a few years ago meant to be an enemy of the government. Upon several occasions Tolstoi's outcry against oppression of the czar's subjects has placed him behind the grimy walls of Slav dungeons, but he always returned to continue the work which he has so ably accomplished.

He is a social reformer of the first water and many of the acts of justice which the Russian government of late years has accomplished can be traced back to the work of Tolstoi.

As a literary artist the count is dead. His demise was a literary suicide, and it occurred 33

years ago, when he himself declared that his great creative works were unworthy and altogether evil. Here is his own account of the split in his life: "I had tried to test science and modern culture, and I have turned from them with a feeling of repulsion because of the inability of the first to solve the really important problems of life and because of the hollowness and falseness of the second."

By becoming chummy with the peasant Tolstoi declares he turned to frankness, simplicity and essential kindness, and he says he is to-day nearer mother earth than ever in his life. He declares the peasant, typically, is the ideal Christian. And thus since 1875 his writings have been almost exclusively polemic and didactic.

To-day Count Leo Tolstoi is a large, heavily-built man with unusually long arms, hanging loosely at his sides, with a wide nose, somewhat thick lips, small gray eyes, a head set on bulky but slightly stooping shoulders and a matted white beard. He possesses an air of strength that is found in few great men. The power that one finds in him is both mental and physical, and hence of the durable sort.

One of this man's great themes is the Sermon on the Mount. In this he has declared that he found five laws of God and he has made them his rules for faith and conduct throughout the later years of his life. These laws are summarized as follows:

- Live in peace with all men and do not regard any man as your superior.
- Do not make the beauty of the body an occasion for lust.
- Every man should have one wife and every woman one husband, and they should not be divorced for any reason.
- Do not revenge yourself and do not punish others because you think yourself insulted or hurt. Suffer all wrong and do not repay with evil for you are all the children of one father.
- Never break the peace in the name of patriotism.

What Tolstoi has done for the people of his time in Russia is to be found in the dress, customs and habits of the lower classes of that absolute monarchy, but the critics say that right in his home his own teachings have had little effect. The answer which close friends of the count give to that assertion is that Russia's benefactor is too broad-minded to make his home a martyrdom and to inflict his beliefs upon his wife and children if they do not care to abide by them.

So while Tolstoi has spent his life or the greater part of it in preaching the doctrine of poverty and non-resistance, his children were reared on the great estate and from the first their lot was that of the aristocrat. They married "well," and are said to have completely renounced his views. It is told of Tolstoi that his wife has always managed to "sily" a piece that velvet under her husband's crown of thorns just when he wishes to press it to his head most heavily.

That might be termed an inconsistency, but surely it is not the count's choice. The work which some of the critics of other nations scoff at has reached from the thatched hut of the poorest peasant clear to the palace of the emperor himself.

For the sake of peace also, Tolstoi has accomplished a great work. The first Hague conference, which made history, would probably never have been called had it not been for the persistent gospel of this friend of the populace at large. Tolstoi saw that the eventual result of his teachings would be some sort of a world's peace gathering and he expressed gratification when Czar Nicholas called the initial session of the body over which the dove of peace was destined to perch.

No church in the world, it is recorded, carried out as petrified a ritual as that of the Slav. Today, chroniclers tell us, there exists a tendency towards softening of the customs of religion in the czar's country. Teachings of simplicity by Tolstoi will be accorded the honor for this change if it is eventually wrought.

Humane treatment of prisoners and philanthropic moves of the immensely wealthy men of Russia are also laid to the work of the count. Tolstoi tasted the bitter cup of imprisonment himself and he was well prepared to go about that work with a zest born of actual experience.

Simple moral truths have been the axioms of Tolstoi throughout his later years and while skeptical persons call his ideas impracticable their defender could, were he not all too modest, point to the works which have followed in the wake of his unique, quaint gospel.

- 1828—BORN ON FATHER'S ESTATE AT YASNAYA POLYANA.
- 1843—STUDIED ORIENTAL LANGUAGES AT KAZAN.
- 1848—RECEIVED DIPLOMA AS LAWYER AT KAZAN.
- 1851—DESERTED HIS ESTATE.
- 1853—ENLISTED IN THE ARMY OF DANUBE IN CRIMEAN WAR.
- 1857—VISIT ABROAD WHICH CAUSED DISAPPOINTMENT IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.
- 1864-1869—WROTE HIS MASTERPIECE—"WAR AND PEACE."
- 1862—MARRIED SOPHIE ANDREYEVNA BEHRIS OF MOSCOW.
- 1890—IMPRISONED FOR HIS TEACHINGS.
- 1897—THRUST INTO PRISON FOR A SHORT TIME BECAUSE OF ALLEGED ANTAGONISM TOWARD GOVERNMENT.

IS NOTED EDUCATOR

PRESIDENT ELLIOT HEAD OF HARVARD FOR 40 YEARS.

Dean of University Chiefs Tenders Resignation to Take Effect Next Spring—Is Father of Elective System in Schools.

Boston.—President Charles W. Elliot, for years head of Harvard university, has tendered his resignation. President Elliot will be 75 years old next March, and desires to be free from the cares of office the remainder of his life.

Although because of his age the resignation of President Elliot has been looked forward to as a probability for the last two or three years, the news that he will retire in the near future will doubtless cause surprise to thousands of Harvard graduates throughout the country. He is the dean of American university presidents, and the general public, like Harvard men, has grown to look upon him as an educational institution not to be changed suddenly. No university head, indeed, probably is better known to the public than President Elliot, and his long administration of university affairs, in its essential respects, seems in keeping with Harvard's spirit and history.

President Elliot is in his seventy-fifth year, having been born in Boston, March 20, 1834. He was fitted for college at the Boston Latin school and in 1853 was graduated from Harvard. From 1854 to 1858 he was tutor in mathematics and student in chemistry at the university; in 1858 he became assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry in the university's Lawrence Scientific school and remained in that capacity five years. Then he went to Europe and studied chemistry and investigated educational methods for two years. Returning to the United States in 1865, he became professor of analytical chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he remained four years. Again he went abroad, to France, where he studied a year and in 1869 he returned to take up the presidency of Harvard.

At the time he became the head of this old and wealthy seat of learning and culture President Elliot was 35



Charles W. Elliot.

years old and had achieved a reputation as an authority on chemistry. These two facts hardly qualified him for the administration of a great institution of learning, according to New England traditions. Since their establishment the principal colleges of the east had been governed by clergymen past middle life. It was something of a shock to New England to have a young man and a scientist become the head of Harvard. The idea of young men and non-clergymen as presidents has since become popular, and this is largely due to the success of President Elliot's administration.

The name of President Elliot will forever be associated with the development of the elective system in American universities. He, possibly more than anybody else, brought about this system, which was for a long time looked upon with suspicion and distrust and has not yet found universal acceptance, though to a degree its principles have been accepted by nearly every one of our larger institutions of learning. The system differs fundamentally from the old rigid curriculum of prescribed studies in allowing a student to choose the greater part of the studies he must take to earn a degree. According to President Elliot's views on the system it promotes concentration and individuality, equipping each student to make the largest contribution to the betterment of the race and combining practical with theoretical culture.

It has been said of President Elliot that he is "first, last and only a university administrator." Instead of being first a great teacher or author or scholar and secondly a great administrator. He has the faculty, highly developed, of co-ordinating the work of many men toward a harmonious and effective end, and he has a vigorous and impressive personality that has enabled him to carry out his ideas without exciting opposition. His kindness of spirit and desire to put students on their honor as much as possible have made him popular with undergraduates to an extraordinary degree.

One of his great achievements as an administrator has been the steady bettering of the Harvard professional school. The Lawrence Scientific school, the medical school and the dental school have been greatly improved and, the law school's high standard has been raised.

Domestic Economy.

"Nora, was that the coalman I saw making love to you yesterday evening?"
 "Yes, ma'am; but I 'ope, ma'am—"
 "Does he love you very much, Nora?"
 "E says 'e does, ma'am."
 "Devotedly?"
 "Yes, ma'am."
 "Well, tell him that unless he gives us better weight than he has been doing we shall get our coal elsewhere."

Output of American Quarries.

State valued at \$6,019,220 was quarried and sold in the United States in 1907, an increase over 1906's output of \$350,875.

HARRY'S MOTHER

By DUNCAN MILLER

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"I'm glad we're about through," said the foreman. He yawned, and tilting back his chair, put his feet on the table with the air of a man who saw, not far off, the end of what had been mostly unpleasant work. They had been at it and hard at it a week, every day and all day. There had been the usual number of larcenies, burglaries, "hold-ups," "con" cases, etc., to consider and pass upon. Now and again the monotony was relieved to some extent by a murder or an assault with intent to kill.

"We've found a hundred indictments, with a few yet to consider," said the foreman. "Let's wind 'em up before we adjourn."

The other members of the grand jury yawned their acquiescence.

"That's all the evidence you have, isn't it, Billy?" asked the foreman.

"I think so," responded Billy. "I'll have a look outside. There may be one or two more witnesses, but we'll make short work of them. There are none that amount to anything."

The retired saloon-keeper borrowed a little "star plug" of his neighbor from Decatur township. The manufacturer looked at his watch, lit a fresh cigar and wondered why the business hadn't all gone to the dogs during the few days he'd been away. He had been quite sure that it would when he asked the court to excuse him from serving on the grand jury.

Billy opened the door and passed through into the ante-room. Some one came in. The foreman took his feet off the table. The manufacturer laid down his cigar. The retired saloon-keeper spat once and sat up straighter. The prosecutor re-entered, closing the door after him and, motioning the new-comer to the witness chair, took his accustomed place at the table.

"Well, madam, what can we do for you? What case were you subpoenaed for?" and the prosecutor picked up the somewhat thumbed

say your son's name is Ainsworth, Harry Ainsworth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—a—he does not seem to be charged with stealing a razor."

"Oh! I'm so glad, and then you'll—"

"Bowers was arrested for stealing the razor and," continued Billy, not feeling just right about the throat, "and—a—Harry Ainsworth, I see, is charged with stealing a purse containing \$50 from one of the guests of the hotel."

"Not at all! Not at all, sir. I saw the newspaper myself—or the clipping rather—and it said that Harry was accused of stealing a razor—and when he had a razor, too. Wasn't it silly?" She smiled. "I'll just show you the clipping. Here is—Oh! pshaw! I came away in such a hurry that I forgot it. Anyway, Harry wrote me and said—"

"But," commenced Billy, then he paused; the going was getting pretty heavy for him by this time; he looked at the other men. The foreman was looking out of the window, the manufacturer had picked up his cigar, which had gone out, and, after putting the wrong end of it in his mouth, laid it down again; there was no hope for Billy in the others, so he lunged ahead.

"But," he resumed, "the man from whom the purse was taken positively identified it when it was found in your son's possession."

"Fifty dollars, did you say? My Harry—take—No, sir! He didn't need it!" triumphantly. She was beginning not to like Billy. Women never like prosecutors when they're prosecuting "Harry made five dollars a week and his board and that was ample, for sometimes he sent me money. Why only last month he sent me his whole month's salary. Oh! No, sir, Harry didn't do that because he told me—She faltered, then stopped. The confident smile began to die.

"In any event," said Billy, kindly "we couldn't settle the matter to-night if he should be indicted, he would have to be tried and it would be a matter of weeks before that."

"Oh! I must get back because I could only get one day away; they are so busy at the store," said Harry's mother.

"I much fear you'll have to stay longer, Mrs. Ainsworth, if you want to see this matter through."

The gloom of approaching darkness was settling over the dingy room. The cars were clanging their strident warnings to the hurrying home-goers on the streets below.

She arose. The smile was dead.

"I'll—I'll stay until they let Harry out. You'll excuse me—won't you—for taking so much of your time—but I—I don't know much about law. I—"

She straightened up, turned and walked with strained earnestness toward the door. The foreman wondered why he didn't hear the door open. He looked around toward it. She was standing quite still. No sound came from her. Her head was bowed in her hands and her spare frame shook.

The foreman went to her, took her by the arm and, leading her to the other door, said, huskily: "Go out this way, you'll not see any one and it's nearer."

She passed out—to wait "until they let Harry out."

The foreman closed the door.

After a moment he announced with unwonted brusqueness: "We stand adjourned until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

The retired saloon-keeper spat again and blew his nose vigorously; it seemed to Billy in the uncertain light that his cheeks were streaked, but then the saloon-keeper had been perspiring earlier in the afternoon.

The manufacturer coughed a little and said: "There's no use talking, if a fellow wants to be sure he's rid of the hay fever he must stay away until after the fifteenth of October."

In another minute the room was vacant.

Billy reached home just in time to help "tuck the boy in."

While he was reading the paper after supper he looked up at the sweet-faced woman on the other side of the table and said:

"Don't think I'll run for another term as prosecutor, Mary."

A moment or two later he added:

"And, dear, we must be very careful to know with whom the boy plays."

Where Forests Die Hard.

That is the one astounding thing in this whole region of northern Maine, the regenerative power of the forest. Men with axes have been hacking at the giants of the wood up here for two centuries and more. The goliaths have been laid low, indeed, yet for one tree that stood on a given space along the hillsides and in the valleys of Number One a century ago five stand to-day.

They are giants no more, it is true, but they are splendid trees, and just as the Gulliver was bound, so these trees hold their own against man and even press in on his clearings and wipe them out. There must be many more lumbermen with axes along the Macawaboc, the Molonus and the Matwankoc before this beautiful region will fall of its forest.

Walking Backward.

Not long ago a man of 62 walked backward from Macclesfield marketplace to the Crescent at Buxton. He covered the whole distance of 12 miles in three hours 14 minutes 45 seconds, or 15 minutes 15 seconds under the waggered time. In 1876 Aleock (that was the man's name), performed the same feat in two hours 44 minutes.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Births in New York's "Zoo."

New York city's Bronx Zoological garden has more additions to its collection of animals by birth than any other such garden in the world.

THE SENSE OF DISTANCE

A Pleasure Mr. Glimmerton Finds When He Takes His Vacation.

"One of the things that I go on my vacation for, one of the chief things," said Mr. Glimmerton, "is distance; the refreshing, reviving, expanding power of distance. The change to new scenes, as any change whatever is always sure to be, is helpful; but the broadening, uplifting, clarifying effect

the effect in which we find the greatest enjoyment and by which we store up the greatest renewal of strength for the future, we get through our sense of distance. "We are so shut up in the city, our range of vision is so limited; live where we will or go where we will here and our sight stops short at walls. Then when we go away and leave the city behind us, as we get

out into the open country, where we can see past houses, how grateful does the distance seem! "But I get this sense best at a quiet place where I go in the mountains, where I can sit and look down a long, broad lake with mountains rolling away on either hand and beyond. The change, I know, from the city is great and delightful; but the thing that gets me here, and releases me, is the distance. "Daily, hourly, I come back to this view, to expel what lingering traces

may be left in me of the contraction of the city and to expand anew in this great spaciousness through the sense of distance. Space has no care nor confinement, but only freedom. And what joy and relief to be where one can cast off all chains and be free! "Any change is good for us; but the greatest joy in change that comes to me is through the sense of distance." —N. Y. Sun.

The man who wants gold has got to dig for it, but the trouble is some folks don't enjoy a pick and shovel.