



SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1906.

ARISTOCRAT LEADS SLAV REBELS



THIS PORTRAIT OF MAXIME WAS MADE FROM A SNAP SHOT TAKEN AT THE ONLY GOOD PICTURE OF HIM

ARISTOCRAT, FORMERLY AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF THE CZAR, WHO HAS BEEN THE GUIDING FORCE OF THE RECENT REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAKS IN THE EMPIRE AND WHO HAS SHOWN WONDERFUL SKILL AS A LEADER AMONG MEN.

Former Officer of the Army Known as Maxime Directs the Revolutionists of the Russian Empire.

Special Cable to The Call. ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 17.—It has repeatedly been said that the present revolution in Russia is unique, inasmuch as it is a popular rising without leaders. Simultaneous risings have taken place in different parts of the empire as though organized by some skillful hand. Nevertheless, since the disappearance of Gapon, who led from Russia after the events of Bloody Sunday, in January, 1905, the revolutionary movement has apparently been without a leader. The Russian Government itself was long ignorant regarding this point, but as it has now discovered the identity of the revolutionary leader, it is betraying no confidence by communicating the particulars of this striking and fascinating personality. The leader of the revolution in Russia goes by the name of Maxime. It is an assumed name, but as he desires to be known thereby I will continue so to designate him in this article. Maxime is the mysterious invisible force responsible for the organization of the Russian revolution. Maxime, with almost superhuman energy and incredible organizing skill, has produced the popular outbreaks in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and other parts of the Czar's dominions. He organized and led the rebellion in Riga and the peasant rising in the Baltic provinces, in the course of which a series of crushing defeats were inflicted on the imperial troops. He organized and led the successive rebellions in Moscow, both of which ended without a decisive victory by either side. He organized and led the rebellion in the town of Kharkoff, where the imperial troops were also defeated and a communist republic proclaimed under Maxime's presidency. Maxime organized the rebellion in Warsaw and a series of other revolutionary risings in other parts of Russian Poland. All the revolutionary risings in different parts of Russia which seemed to be spontaneous and unorganized movements were in reality the work of this wonderful leader of men. Maxime is not only an organizer, but a valiant fighter. He has not only elaborated the revolutionary plan of campaign, but he has always fought at the head of his followers in the front rank and in the most exposed place of danger. Since the outbreak of revolutionary troubles, which occurred almost immediately after the conclusion of peace with Japan, Maxime has taken part in more than 200 engagements with imperial troops, and in spite of his desperate bravery and reckless behavior under fire he has emerged from all these battles without a scratch. This immunity from harm has given him a fresh hold on the superstitious Russian population, which has come to believe that he bears a charmed life and enjoys the especial protection of divine providence. Maxime, the leader of the revolutionary masses, is an aristocrat by birth, breeding, education and inclination. The bluest of blue blood flows in his veins and his aristocratic origin reveals itself in the delicate refinement of his personal tastes. His ancestors were originally a family of the French nobility. One of them left France and settled in Russia under the protection of Peter the Great and received in Russia the same rank and nobility as he had enjoyed in France. Since then the family has resided in Russia and many of its members have held high positions in the Russian army and state service. Maxime's father was a nobleman of wide culture and liberal views. He owned extensive estates in the Baltic provinces as well as in the central, southern and southwestern provinces of Russia. Maxime's father was a distinguished member of the Russian diplomatic service and in the discharge of his duties he resided for a number of years in other European countries. At the time of Maxime's birth his father was still at the zenith of his wealth and power. Maxime was reared in sumptuous luxury. He was taught all that money and the best European tutors could give him. After the usual course of study at a Russian university, Maxime entered the Russian army as an officer, but his military career was not particularly auspicious. Among the students of his university he had become imbued with seditious political opinions and revolutionary sympathies, so that he found himself considerably out of touch with his fellow officers in the army. After a few years' military service his connection with the Russian army terminated through a remarkable incident. Young Maxime's regiment was dispatched to a remote district in the province of Saratoff where, according to reports circulated by the official press, a peasant rebellion had broken out. The battalion, numbering approximately one thousand men, in which Maxime was lieutenant, marched at a village in the center of the district just in time to find about 1500 peasants holding a political meeting. There had been no rebellion and no breach of the peace. The peasants desired to obtain certain improvements in their conditions of life and labor by peaceful and constitutional means, particularly by a petition to the Czar. When the troops came in sight the chairman of the meeting, together with the majority of peasants, approached the major in command of the battalion and explained to him their peaceful intentions and their urgent desire to communicate their grievances to the Czar. They asked the major whether he would be willing to convey their humble and loyal petition to his imperial Majesty in St. Petersburg. The major, who belonged to the old school of Russian tyrants and despots, refused to parley with the deputation and ordered his men to prepare to fire at the peasants. The soldiers loaded their rifles and were awaiting the order to fire on the crowd of peasants, when young Maxime left his own company and hurried to the spot where the major was standing. Saluting the major, he said: "I suppose there is some mistake. I have received orders to direct my company's fire against these peasants at a given signal. Surely it cannot be your intention to allow a thousand soldiers, armed with repeating rifles to fire on a gathering of peaceful Russian citizens. It would be nothing more than a cold-blooded massacre, and I for one refuse to participate in such a dastardly deed." Maxime's military career came to a premature end. He was dismissed from the army and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a remote district of the Caucasian provinces for his insubordination. His punishment would have been far more severe but for his father's great influence which saved him from the worst consequences of his rash deed. Henceforth Maxime lived a life devoted partly to amusement and partly to study. When the Russo-Japanese war broke out he contrived to enlist under an assumed name and went to the Far East to fight as a common soldier on behalf of his fatherland against the Japanese. He took part in all the engagements in the first six months of the campaign in Manchuria, thereby gaining much valuable practical military experience, which he subsequently used in organizing armed rebellions against the Czar's Government. Toward the end of 1904 he was wounded, and consequently invalided home, where he soon recovered from the effects of the injury received from the Japanese bullet. He was in St. Petersburg at the time of Father Gapon's agitation and witnessed the events of Bloody Sunday, which made such a deep impression on his mind that he resolved there and then to devote himself henceforth to the movement for the political emancipation of the Russian people. Hitherto, notwithstanding his strong democratic sympathies, Maxime has had no connection with the revolutionary party, and when he introduced himself to the revolutionary leaders in the Russian capital he was received with deep suspicion. He was suspected of being a spy in the pay of the Government and he experienced considerable difficulty in persuading the leaders of the subversive

BIG FANCY DRESS BALL FOR LONDON

Affair Planned by Mrs. Bradley Martin.

Will Be on Scale of Her Entertainment in New York.

Countess of Craven Is to Assist at the Coming Function.

Special Cable to The Call. LONDON, Feb. 17.—People are beginning to talk a great deal about the fancy dress ball which Mrs. Bradley Martin intends to give during the spring, and which, by all accounts, is going to be on quite as elaborate and expensive a scale as the famous one she gave when wishing farewell to the United States. This event has been spoken about in society for a long time, but one thwart or another caused it to be postponed, among others, Mrs. Bradley Martin's deep mourning for her mother, out of which she only recently emerged. The possibility of Mrs. Bradley Martin being once more able to wear her wonderful jewels (some one who knows tells me that were they all placed together they would turn the scale at half a hundredweight) means a certain excitement for London society, for these gems have already caused many a sensation. She is having two of her largest diamond tiaras unmounted and fixed so as to oscillate in the manner which has been so much in vogue lately among Parisian jewelers. This arrangement in tiaras will surely prove an anachronism on her Majesty from Sheba, but Mrs. Martin is not the lady to take mere details of this description into consideration. For some unexplained reason Mrs. Bradley Martin has never been in great favor with the royal set, though Princess Craven did grace one or two of her parties last season. COUNTESS WILL ASSIST. The young Countess of Craven will, of course, help her mother with this great ball, into which, I hear, she will enter when it takes place in the very same sedan chair as that in which Mrs. Bradley Martin was carried to the house of her never-to-be-forgotten guest. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast between mother and daughter than that which exists between these two ladies. Lady Craven is an exceedingly shy young woman, is domesticated to a degree, and takes little interest in things outside her husband's famous abbey, with its unique kitchen, gardens and fowl yards. Of poultry she is the greatest fancier in the kingdom and the most successful breeder, so much so that her name is a household word in every farmhouse in England. It is merely to please her mother that she ever enters into society with a large S. But for all that, she has many fast friends.

LADY CLARKE COMING.

Sir Caspar Purden Clarke, who has charge of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, will not be able to return to England for the marriage of his daughter, which is to take place in Paris, but after the Lady Clarke hopes to join her husband for a brief stay in New York. Lady Purden Clarke is bound to be popular among Americans, for although she is essentially a grande dame, yet her geniality and kindness of heart desire to help those who show talent. The house is full of surprises in angle nooks, unusual rooms and cozy corners, while the clever pictures, occasionally by artists who have not yet "arrived," are a proof of Sir Clarke's unbiased desire to help those who show talent. Altogether the house suggests the fine catholicism in art of the host and hostess.

MOVEMENT TO PERMIT HIM TO CO-OPERATE WITH THEM IN ANY WAY WHATSOEVER.

Maxime was ordered to show his mettle by organizing an armed rebellion in the remote province of Saratoff. He rushed off to the appointed district and threw himself into the work of organization with burning zeal. Maxime proved to be no empty-headed demagogue, but soon revealed the fact that he was as much a man of action as of words. He procured supplies of arms and ammunition, drilled the peasants, instructed them in military tactics and made all the necessary preparations for armed rebellion. When the favorable moment came he himself led his peasant army against the imperial troops. One great advantage which Maxime possesses over other prominent men in the revolutionary movement is his pecuniary independence. He inherited a fortune from his father and took the precaution of investing it in foreign securities soon after the revolutionary troubles began in Russia. Consequently he is a rich man and in receipt of a regular assured income from this source. Maxime is 20 years of age.

NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE SPRINGS FROM THE PEOPLE

M. Fallieres, who is about to succeed Loubet as President of France, is a man of the people. He prefers his country home with its vineyards to the palace in Paris and the salary of \$240,000 a year which he will receive. His grandfather was a blacksmith and his father a court clerk.

Really Prefers His Country Home to Palace



M. FALLIERES IN HIS OFFICE AND PALACE. THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, HIS WIFE AND PALACE THEY WILL OCCUPY.

Special Cable to The Call. PARIS, Feb. 17.—M. Armand Fallieres, entering upon his seven years' reign at the Palace of the President of the French Republic at a salary of \$240,000 a year, is a living indication of the stability which the republic has attained. In its days of storm and stress, when it had to fight for existence against enemies within and without, when it had to pick its way amid snares and pitfalls, it needed a keen-witted, brilliant, resourceful, masterful man at its head—a man of the born leader type. Now, with it a man who can be trusted to keep things jogging along smoothly, to leave well enough alone and firmly resist all dangerous innovations. M. Fallieres is that sort of man—clear headed, practical, amiable, genial and tolerant. Republicans know that in him they have secured a strictly constitutional President—one who will confine himself absolutely within the strict prerogative of the chief magistracy of a democracy. Although he does not rank high as an orator, the new President is an effective speaker. Threats and storms—and he has been through many—bring out all that is unyielding in his character. He dealt with political bullies as his grandfather used to deal with restive horses at his blacksmith's forge. He is a man of the people—the provincial people, not the gay, flippant, chameleon-like Paris folk by whom Paris is so often misjudged—and in his own character he typifies the best qualities of that people.

TRIES TO REDUCE WEIGHT.

At the age of 64, despite seven years of official polishing as President of the Senate, he still bears the unmistakable stamp of his peasant origin. People who knew the Fallieres family in the little Gascon village of Mezin say that the President is physically a reduced edition of his jolly giant of a father, the clerk of the petty court of Mezin, or of his big, burly, jolly grandfather, the blacksmith of the village, in whose house the future statesman was born. He is under the middle height, but what he lacks in length he more than makes up in girth. He rises at 7 o'clock every morning and goes for a long walk to decrease his weight, or, rather, as he says, to prevent himself from growing stouter. Mr. Fallieres was not particularly anxious to obtain the highest honor in his countrymen's gift. Indeed, life at the Elysee will be something like banishment for him. He loves his own "bourgeois" residence. He loves his native Gascony and his plain, comfortable, thoroughly "bourgeois" country house—farmhouse—there at Loupillon. He has no great taste for the pomp and show of the Presidential office, no love of the merely conventional proprieties, no republican feeling of self-sacrifice to duty and will be found to endure all the ceremonial boredom as smilingly and cheerfully as "saunter Loubet" himself, who goes to the length of attending musical festivals, though he is unable to distinguish one note from another. As a youth Fallieres gave scant promise of ever attaining to greatness. He was quick enough to learn when he set his mind to it, but that was seldom. He was not a bit studious, and his prof-

MEETING WITH LOUBET.

"He will never come to any good," the old blacksmith grandfather frequently grumbled. The father, who was anxious to make a lawyer of his son, thought that change of scene, of teachers and of classmates might induce him to buckle down to work, and with this object in view sent him to the Lycee of Angouleme. But he continued to shirk his studies as much as possible until the last year of his stay, when he put on a spurt which just carried him through his baccalaureate examination. He was 18 then. His father next sent him to Paris to study law in the office of an advocate. The selection of one had been left to the boy's own judgment. Trusting to chance to direct him, he obtained an official list of advocates, opened it at random, closed his eyes and stuck a pin into it. Then he applied for admission at the office of the lawyer whose name he had pricked. There was no room for him there, but all the same it would appear that destiny had a hand in that chance/pin prick. Some of the clerks took him to a cheap table d'hotel in the Latin quarter, where he made the acquaintance of two other law students for whom fame had great things in store—Leon Gambetta and Emile Loubet. They introduced him in turn to their set and as a result he became a red-hot Republican and the time that he should have devoted to the study of law he gave to politics. Of course he was plucked when he went for examination to the law school. That was just forty-five years ago. He was recalled in disgrace to his native village. The old blacksmith grandfather, who was a staunch Monarchist, held more stoutly than ever to the opinion that the young man would come to no good when he found what revolutionary doctrines he had picked up in Paris.

SPURRED ON BY LOVE.

All of a sudden, and to the old blacksmith's astonishment—to everybody's astonishment—the young man turned over a new leaf and ground away at his law books with almost savage energy. The secret of this surprising change? Why, when in Paris young Master Fallieres had fallen in love. Back to Paris he must return and marry the girl of his choice. But that necessitated studying and qualifying himself for the

exercise of his profession that he might be able to earn a living and set up house-keeping. He passed his examination with flying colors. And in the later sixties he hied himself to his native Gascony, where he quickly made his reputation as an able advocate who had a knack of winning difficult cases.

Following the bent which he owed to that lucky pen prick, he went in for politics and became Mayor of Nerac. He held that office when news came to the town of the fall of the empire and the ascent of Gambetta to the Ministry of the Interior. Fallieres did not wait for instructions to proclaim the republic and to order the removal of the imperial eagle from the public buildings.

He first entered Parliament in 1878. His first official post, the Under Secretaryship in the Ministry of the Interior, was given him by Jules Ferry. He rose steadily in the official hierarchy. He became Minister of Public Instruction, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Justice, Prime Minister. In 1899, after twenty-two years of Parliamentary life, he was elected President of the Senate with a salary of \$30,000 a year, with the Petit Luxembourg as an official residence. As President of the Republic he will receive as much in a month as he was paid in a year in the billet which he will vacate to-day. But he will have to spend so much money entertaining that it is doubtful if he will be able to save anything out of his pay. Also, he will find the work much harder. The presidency of the Senate is not an arduous post, and Fallieres, it is said, is fond of taking things easy.

HOSPITABLE COUNTRY HOME. Once, when he left one ministerial office for another, the new Minister who succeeded him found 450 private letters, covered with dust in the drawer of a writing table. M. Fallieres had not even opened them.

Fallieres loves most the simple country life. Whenever he gets a chance of kurring off to his rustic Loupillon he seizes it. He likes to smoke a pipe and talk vine culture with his old Gascon cronies. He is a successful vine grower and his vineyards bring him in between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year. Among his vines he wears a blouse, covered with dust in the drawer of a writing table. M. Fallieres had not even opened them.

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Despite his corpulence he is an active man and thinks nothing of taking a twelve mile ramble in the country, with a stout stick and a stout pair of boots and his pipe for company. He is a capital shot and there is nothing that he enjoys so much as a day's sport among the moors or hills.

His wife is a woman of strong domestic tastes and has never made any effort to shine in society. She is a rather sober-visaged woman. She is not above accompanying her cook to market. She has never employed a man servant, though she will find the Elysee full of them. Doubtless she will regard the grand functions there a sore trial and will make every effort to remain in the background. She has two grown-up children, a son and a daughter. The former is a lawyer of great promise, but unlike his forbears is of frail physique. The daughter is 31 years old. She has refused several offers of marriage, declaring that her one desire is to remain at home and look after her father and mother in their old age.

It is one of the most conspicuous men in the anti-clerical party. Mme. Fallieres is a devout Catholic.

Wealth of Henry Irving. LONDON, Feb. 17.—Probate of the will of the late Sir Henry Irving has been granted to his two sons, H. B. and Laurence Irving. Details of the disposition of the will have already been published. The gross value of the estate was \$102,573, of which the net personality has been sworn at \$74,185.