RUSSIANS BLESSED BY STOLYPIN'S REFORM WORK

Under Its Working 32,000,000 Peasant Farmers Have Come Into Existence

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 12.—Agrarian reform begins to bear good fruit. It was the greatest work of Peter A Stolypin, premier of Russia, whom Dmitri Bogroff assassinated in the czar's very presence at a gala performance in the Municipal theater at Kieff last September.

"While quelling a bloody revolution Stolypin brought about a peaceful one," say those today who were the premier's bitterest enemies.

His great plan of letting the peasants hold land in perpetuity, which Stolypin inaugurated in 1906, has given land of their own to 32,000,000 peasants, they possess 3,000,000 square miles in European Russia and 7,500,000 square miles in Siberia. And the face of the land has been changed. The peasant now lives on his property instead of miles away, as under the land was redistributed every three years.

Besides the owner works intensively now, for he takes pride in his land Here again Stolypin's far-seeing brain came into play. He planned that the moujik should be a speculator in the world's grain trade. He opened hundreds of farming schools and hundreds more are being founded. Besides Stolypin arranged that money should be advanced to the peasant-farmer at a low rate of interest, 4 1-2 per cent, something unknown here, hitherto. The Imperial bank builds granaries and keeps the peasant informed on grain prices by posting official quotations, several times a week, in railroad stations, inns and markets. Co-operative stores have been opened in the markets; the peasants can buy agricultural machines on easy terms; mechanical experts give instruction gratis to farmers who desire it.

The results are as obvious as beneficent. A sturdy, hard working yeoman class is slowly but surely growing in Russia; this is six years, and the plan will not be worked out completely for several years more. The fact is becoming clearer and clearer that agrarian reform has done more to calm Russia than all the repressive dictates from this city. Socialistic and revolutionary agitators have no success where the moujik owns his land, because it is all he really cares for in this life, and once he has it he will run no risks.

A tremendous outcry against Stolypin arose when he set this work on foot; all political parties ridiculed and abused it. He never could have carried it out had he not interested the Dowager Empress in it.

THE STAGE

LYCEUM.

"Everyman's Daughter," characterized in the programs as "a play with a purpose," is the current offering in the Lyceum theater. It is a weird sort of an affair, with a strong tendency to preach, and a good deal of sophistry that sounds good but doesn't mean very much. There are some interesting comedy situations, but there are also some obvious flaws of construction and the acting at times is rather amateurish. The play was written by Edward E. Rose, author of "The Rosary," and it has been heralded as a companion piece of the latter. The producers are Rowland & Clifford, Inc., and they have mounted it beautifully.

Mr. Rose undoubtedly meant well when he wrote "Everyman's Daughter," for in it he has aimed a blow at the nefarious white slave traffic, and has succeeded in a way. The piece will need some retouching, however, if it is to outlast the present season.

"Everyman's Daughter" tells the story of a young girl, Hazel Willis, who is being taken to Joliet on a trumped-up charge because she knows too much about the men higher up in the white slave traffic. She escapes from the officers and finds a refuge in the parsonage of the Rev. Bethel Martin, who is acting as substitute for her husband in a country pastorate. Her sympathies are all with the girl, for her husband, who does not appear in the cast, has been an active foe of the "men higher up," and in their efforts to "get" him they have caused him to lose his mind and he has become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Hazel's presence in the parsonage becomes known to the men who are trying to put her out of the way, chief among whom is Wesley Trask, a typical wolf in sheep's clothing. They are about to take her away when it develops that Trask is her father and a reconciliation follows.

Incidentally the woman minister brings about a reconciliation between her housekeeper, Harriet Holcomb, and the latter's husband, Newton Holcomb, an odd sort of a chap.

The Rev. Bethel Martin is played by Miss Jessie Arnold, wife of the author of the drama. She is a capable actress and reads well. Miss Alma Russell does very creditable work in the role of Hazel Willis. She has a winning personality and possesses real talent. Others in the cast are Bernard Craney, Howard Teachout, Jack Lewis, Ralph Marthy, Lulu Bishop, Louise Kelly, Charles Parkhurst.

The Lyceum announces the return of "The Newlyweds and Their Baby," which scored a big success in this house last season, for next week.

GAYETY.

Ben Welsh, who heads his own company, which is known as "Ben Welsh's Burlesquers," and Lew Kelly, the "dope fiend," made good again in the Gayety theater, Sunday afternoon, where the company opened for a week's engagement. The aggregation was greeted by one of the largest crowds of the season, the "standing room only" sign being displayed long before the curtain went up.

Ben Welsh takes the part first of a Yiddish cemodian, and, later, of an Italian, the change being made in about two seconds. Lew Kelly repeats a number of his dope stories, and every one is good for a half dozen encores. His efforts to sell Welsh, posing as a Hebrew merchant, his million-dollar flea trap, is a scream.

The supporting company is also good. The chorus is sprightly, well trained and handsomely gowned. Vic Casmore, as the Spanish lover, does a clever bit of acting, and Ben Turbitt, as the waiter, is good. The women include Alice Clifton, Patsy Delaney, Effie Weston and Della Curley. They appear in two laughable skits, "A Hot Town" and "A Day and a Night in Chinatown," during which several song hits are sung and a number of dancing specialties introduced.

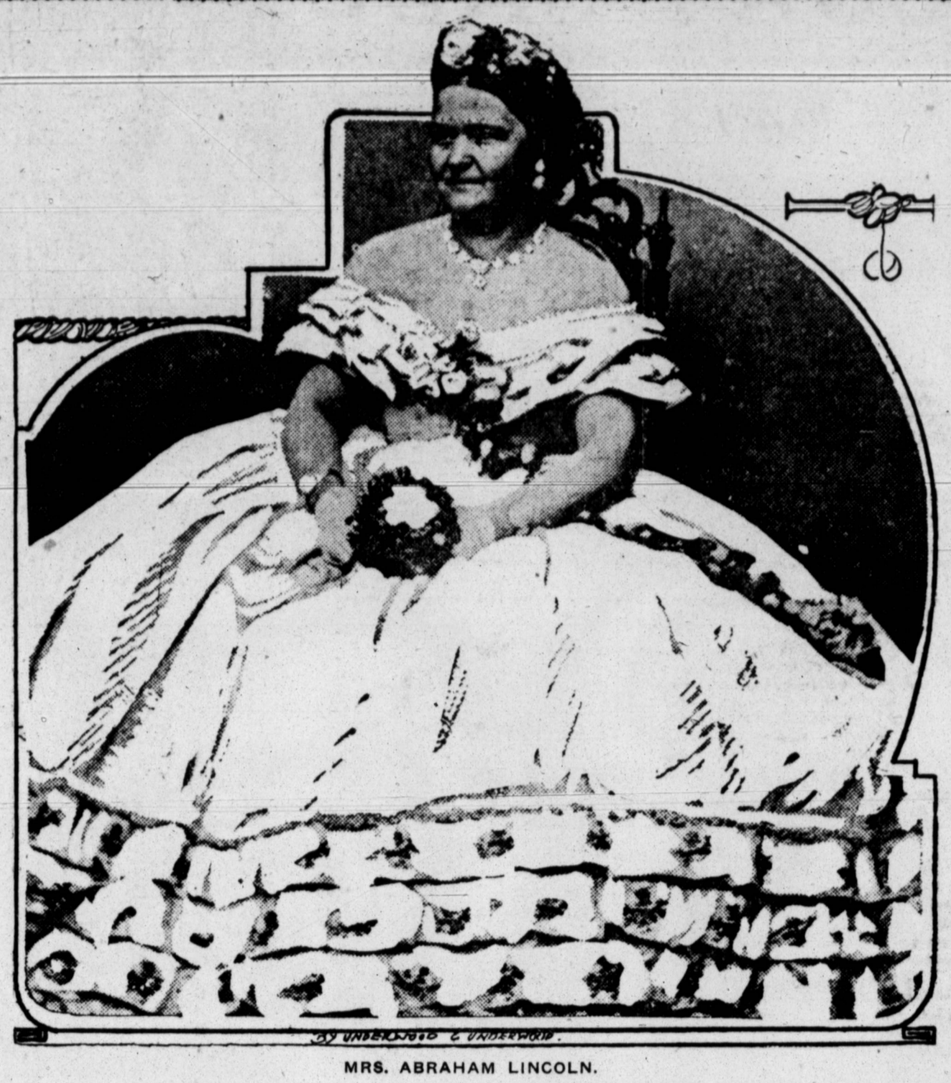
Next week the "Queens of the Jardin de Paris" will be the attraction.

AVENUE.

The Whirl of Mirth, the current attraction in the Avenue theater, is a continuous whirlwind of fun from the time the curtain rises until the finale of the last act. The songs, with the exception of Alexander's Ragtime band, which is becoming superfluous even in burlesque, are new and spicy. The chorus is slightly above the average and is well costumed.

The opening burletta is entitled "Dooley's Reception." While the stage business and dialogue are of the usual slapstick variety in spots, they are funny. Eddie B. Collins and William J. Kenney lead in the funmaking. They are well supported by a number of shapely soubrettes, and a quartet of young men possessing excellent voices. A feature of the first act is the song "O'Callahan," which is rendered by Harry McAvoy, "made up" as an Irish biddy. The feature of the olio is the "Great Tallman," who recently deserted polite vaudeville for the more lucrative burlesque stage. His short exposition of "pool as she is played" is both interesting and amusing. A night's ride on a sleeper somewhat interfered with the expert's performance yesterday afternoon but his work was a marvel nevertheless. Miss Gene Pollard, in topical songs, and Willie Mack, imitating George M. Cohan, are the other acts in the olio.

A SHARP TONGUE AND A LOVELY NECK HAD SNAPPY MISS MARY TODD IN HER GIRLHOOD DAYS—INTIMATE STORY OF LINCOLN'S YOUNG WIFE



MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By OCTAVIA ROBERTS.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 12.—When I was little the children did not go to history to learn about their townsman, Abraham Lincoln; they went to their elders. Our grandparents and their friends had borne some natural human relation to the great man and his family.

From their stories we gathered a vivid picture of Lincoln, his ambitious wife and his four little boys, the contemporaries of our parents.

"Mary Todd" the old ladies called Mrs. Lincoln—of her we had almost as clear an impression as we had of our own acquaintance.

She had come to Springfield to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards. That sister's house was now our school house, so that it was easy to picture Mary Todd in every nook and corner of the spacious brick house.

We liked to wander into the parlors where Lincoln and Douglas courted her in those far away days. We could furnish again the old rooms as they had looked in Mary Todd's day, for our friends owned pieces of the old furniture, great mahogany divans covered in pressed haircloth, gilt mirrors, beautiful old lamps with dangling prisms.

Mary Todd was quite an aristocrat. She had her social traditions, she spoke French, she astonished her simpler friends by the ease with which she talked to gentlemen about the affairs of the day. She was not exactly pretty, but she had a lovely neck and arms, and a bright way of speaking.

An old lady of 90 years and more, Mrs. Kane, still remembers the impression she made in "white jackinet with black velvet sash and tie" and how all the young men paid her "particular court."

We liked to hear of the sharp things Mary Todd could say. Once she was talking to some gentlemen in a "very subdued manner" when a "bold self-sufficient fellow" approached and cried out:

"Are you talking dog Latin? I can't understand a word."

"That's strange," Mary Todd flashed back, "a puppy should understand his native language."

Later when the young, ungainly Lincoln vied with others for her favor he fared no better.

"Miss Todd," he said, "I want to dance with you the worst way." When the cotillion was over (square dances were once called cotillions) she could not resist saying: "Mr. Lincoln, you've had your wish, you have danced with me—the worst way."

"Mary," her girl friends teased her, "if you ever rest on Abraham's bosom, you will have to take a ladder."

"His heart is as large as his legs are long," she would reply.

That there had been some mystery about Mary Todd's marriage to Lincoln we gathered even as children. We knew vaguely that some misunderstanding had intervened between the engagement and the final ceremony. But better than the gossip we liked the vivid details of the wedding itself.

From the scraps of talk we could picture the whole busy day for Mary Todd and Lincoln gave their relatives but a scant day's notice at the last. We even knew that Lincoln called at the Episcopal minister's residence and said: "Dr. Dresser I have a little job I want you to do for me this evening."

We knew that Miss Todd's sister had asked the neighbors' assistance to bake the cakes and biscuits and hams for that night. That Mary Todd wore a sister's white satin dress and spilled coffee down the ample widths. The dress is still preserved among us. We knew, too, that Lincoln slipped on the plump little hand a ring engraved "Love is eternal."

Many stories have been circulated about Lincoln's unhappiness with his wife. These found little credence among us. We knew that she made him a comfortable home and that her heart and soul were in Lincoln's success.

We knew of her passionate affection for their four boys. We heard Lincoln's partner's wife, Mrs. Stuart, tell of her bitter grief when one died. Mrs. Stuart remembered Lincoln bending over her with some food, saying, "Eat, Mary; for we must live." The poor mother turned away her head and would not touch it.

We heard a thousand stories of Lincoln's care and consideration of her; how he always hurried home when it thundered because the storm terrified her and that the moment he was nominated for the presidency he hurried to "tell a little woman who would like to hear the news."

True, she had a hot temper. An old Portuguese woman is still living here who was once her servant. She sums up the fiery little woman in this way: "Mrs. Lincoln she take no sassy talk; if you good to her she good to you. You got a good friend."

Mrs. Lincoln was fond of dress. Ladies remember yet the pretty clothes she ordered before she went to the White House and of her rustling proudly into church the last Sunday before they left, gowned in "an ashes of roses bayadere stripe with bonnet to match and black lace shawl."

When Springfield saw her again it was long years after. She was a crushed, hearbroken woman who had seen her husband shot down by an assassin's hand, and had buried three of her beautiful boys.

She had come back to us, to live out her days in that house of her sister's that had sheltered her when Lincoln and Douglas had vied for her hand.

In 1882 we laid her to rest.