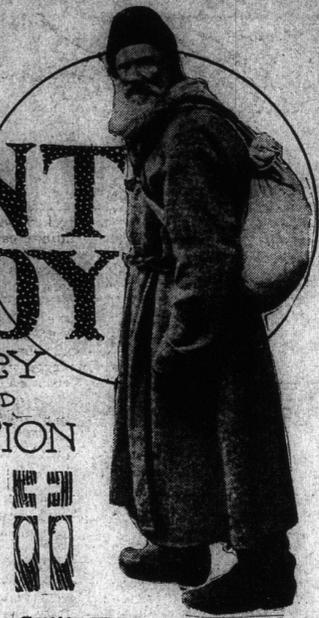


THE LATE COUNT TOLSTOY

HIS LITERARY CAREER AND AN APPRECIATION



Count Tolstoy as a Pilgrim

During his long and remarkable career, Count Lyeff Tolstoy touched every extreme of opinion on all the principal questions which perplex men's minds and fire their hearts. He preached almost every doctrine for which proof or probability could be alleged; and he announced each of these conflicting views with the eagerness of the discoverer, the sincerity of the apostle, and the dogmatism of the master. But all the ordinary arms of the reformer—history, science, political economy, statistics, and even emotional impulse—he casts aside as needless or harmful, and appealed to the world on the strength of his own powerful but unaided word. Yet in ethics he has set before us but an epitome of the Gospel, with the life-giving personality of Christ left out, and, none the less, he confidently exclaims, "The time will come when men will be convinced of the truthfulness of my teaching." His theory of Arts is, if possible, still more unsatisfactory, and no more complete refutation of it could possibly have been written than his own "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and the "Death of Ivan Ilyitch," the three undying monuments engraved upon which the name of Lyeff Tolstoy will go down to distant posterity. Tolstoy belonged to the very select class of literary men who awake and find themselves famous. His first books, however, were studies and sketches rather than finished productions; he was learning his trade, and he was known in his own country already for some years before he became known to Europe. It was Turgenev, his countryman, contemporary, and friend, that he owed his first introduction to the public of France, as well as many other good things in his life. But once Tolstoy's writings began to be read his hold upon the lovers of good literature in all countries was assured, for even a slight sketch by him was sufficient to reveal his extraordinary powers of observation, description, analysis, and presentation of character.

Uneventful externally as his life was after his retirement from the army, it was full of incident to him, of instruction, and "states of soul." He was a man to watch everything, to feel everything, and to combine keen observation and strong feeling in a curious way. Like Alphonse Daudet, who, when he uttered a great cry at the death of his father, wondered the next moment how the cry could be described, Tolstoy, when standing by the side of his dead mother or seeing his beloved brother's slow descent to death, was able to note everything he saw, everything he felt. When once he had got hold of his public, his productions began to be quick and fertile. His greatest triumph was "War and Peace." It would be wrong to say that this was the first really truthful picture of war—for Beyle in "Rouge et Noir" had given an account of the Battle of Waterloo which has never been surpassed as a picture of war from the point of view of the private soldier and the mere individual; and the writings of Erckmann Chatrian had also done much to bring home to the mind of the world what were the horrors of war in contradistinction to the old writers, who had known nothing of war but its romance and its glories. But Tolstoy worked on a broader, larger scale—a vaster stage than any preceding writer, and in many respects he might claim title to have been the creator of a new school of writers on his theme.

The novel which appealed to more general emotions, and which finally gave Tolstoy his hold on the imagination of the world, was "Anna Karenina." Here was a story of direct primordial human passion; with long and sometimes prolix divagations, it is true, but, on the whole, with very fair concentration on the central subject. It was the story of the love of a woman, married without her consent to a man to whom she is indifferent, in place of another, young, handsome, devoted. The theme, it will be seen, is not new; but Tolstoy invested it with such reality, such passion, such sombre and powerful light, that it was read with breathless interest from one end of Europe to the other, and most of the millions of readers who are to be found in the United States had read it even before it was well known in England. Many criticisms can be passed upon its treatment and its moral. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay"—this was the motto which Tolstoy affixed to the volume, and the story is intended to prove the truth of the Biblical text. It is, of course, but one side of a very difficult question, for there have been loves that were illicit, immoral according to all accepted standards, and yet some of them have been noble and a few of them successful. But the woman in Tolstoy's novel has to be sacrificed to the moral, and even at the moment, when everything seems to point to the final triumph of her happiness, when she has proved

longer ones. Whoever wishes to get at once an idea of his style and to see into the depths of his soul and the core of his gospel, should read a little story called "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch." It is characteristic of the author that the story opens with what in most writers would be the climax and the end—namely, the death of the man whose story is being told. Ivan Ilyitch is presented to you as he lies a corpse on his bed in the very first page, with that look of curious reproach and of having done the right thing—to use Tolstoy's own quaint description—which the dead always seem to wear. But, though you know thus how the climax has ended from the very start, it does not in the least alter or even diminish the intensity of the interest with which you watch the illness through its every stage and its every emotion down to the final finish in which the unhappy struggler gives up the conflict and welcomes the end. The grimness of the story—its sometimes awful revelation of all the horrors of mental and physical torture—all these things do not prevent you from following breathlessly page after page of the narrative; and there is not a scene in it which does not remain with you as vividly and as ineffaceably as if it had been the story of somebody's death who belonged to your own flesh and blood.

All these stories pointed to a gradual development in Tolstoy of the darker spirit of Puritanism—perhaps even of the brooding melancholia which argues the mind, if not diseased, at least disillusioned. And probably they owed their origin largely to temperament and to somewhat sad experiences. With a frankness that recalls the astounding self-re-

giveness—into drink and debauchery and fashionable frivolity—the final awakening is always the same. The most gloomy of all men is probably the man of imagination who leaves behind him the flesh-pots; he has not enjoyed them heartily during the hours of possession, and his disgust is overwhelming. So it was with Tolstoy, for the second half of his life was one long denial and, as he thought, renunciation and repentance of the first half. Like all reactions, it was both violent and extreme. In the end he who had once been the gay and light of love young civilian, or the dashing young officer, and who, even in the middle age, was the affectionate husband and the father of a huge family, arrived at ideas as to the relations of the sexes which lie at the roots of the Church that preaches the celibacy of the clergy and the holiness of virginity in man and woman. This new gospel was preached with extraordinary frankness in the "Kreutzer Sonata." It is the story of a marriage between two people who began by violently loving each other. The relations of the two are remorselessly pursued through their different stages until the marriage of love ends in the murder of the wife by the husband. Here was mere anarchy, and the fanaticism which in some sections of people—especially among the compatriots of Tolstoy—has led to unnatural horrors; indeed, it is difficult to understand how the gospel of pessimism could find a deeper depth of hopelessness.

Such, then, was this great writer: Slavonic to his finger-tips. He was Slavonic in the intensity of his emotions, in the extravagance of his methods and the merciless logic of his thoughts and acts; above all things Slavonic in

even more select than the registers. The telephone book is more catholic in its inclusions, but very meagre in statistics.

Why doesn't somebody get out a line of handsome Family Bibles with the Bible part omitted—slim, handsome octavo books, bound to last, and with due pages in them for the Family Register? This generations needs for use in cities a family record book for which there is room in a flat.—Life.

THE SEVEN STAGES

(With Apologies to my old friend, William Shakespeare)

By H. Sheridan-Bickers ("Yorick")

All the world's a wardrobe, And all the men and women merely wearers. They have their fashions and their fantasies, And each one in her time wears many garments And each one in her time wears many garments. Throughout her seven stages. First the Baby, Befrilled and brodered, in her nurse's arms; And then the silk-hosed schoolgirl with her flounces, And small-boy, scorning-face, tripping, skirt-wagging, Coquettishly to school. And then the Flirt, Ogling like Circe, with a business acillade Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a Bride, Full of strange finery, vested like an angel, Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance, Seeking the woman's heaven—admiration— Even at the altar's mouth. And then the Matron, In fair, rich velvet, with suave satin lined, With eyes serene and skirts of youthful cut, Full of dress saws and modish instances To teach her girls their part. The sixth age shifts Into the grey yet gorgeous Grandmamma, With gold pince-nez on nose and fan at side, Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly-wise In sumptuary law, her quavering voice, Prosing of fashion and of prices pipes Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all, That ends the sex's mode'swayed history, Is Second Childishness and sheer oblivion Of youth, taste, passion—all save Love of Dress.

IN THE NEW YEAR

If you have a friend worth loving, Love him. Yes, and let him know That you love, ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sunset glow. Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you Sing by any child of song, Praise it. Do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long. Why should one who thrills your heart Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble pleading tone, Join it. Do not let the seeker Bow before his God alone. Why should not your brother share The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling From a brother's weeping eyes, Share them. And by kindly sharing Own your kinship in the skies. Why should anyone be glad When a brother's heart is sad?

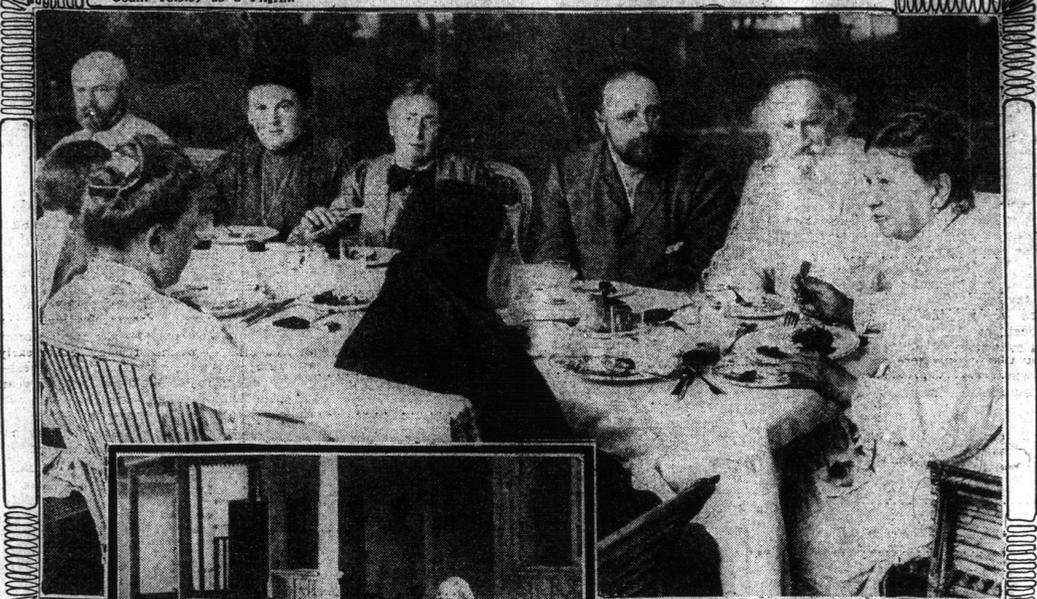
If a sil'ry laugh goes rippling Through the sunshine on his face, Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying— For both grief and joy a place. There's health and gladness in the mirth, In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy By a friendly, helping hand, Say so. Speak out brave and truly 'Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman dear, Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness, All enriching as you go— Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver: He will make each seed to grow. So, until the happy end, Your life shall never lack a friend.

TO THE BABIES!

Did you ever stop to think, when the editorial ink Was announcing how today was making history, That those wee and helpless things, now our nursery queens and kings, Are the ones who'll have to solve the future's mystery? Sprouting teeth and squeaking toys now sum up their woes and joys, As the hours pass unheeded; but tomorrow They will occupy our seats, their victories As the old world wags in happiness or sorrow. May their hands be strong to guide, as with heads erect, they ride To success that knows no "ifs" nor "ands" nor "maybes"! May a wisdom from above fill their breasts and lives with love! So I give the toast—this Christmas—"To the Babies!" —Warwick James Price.



THE FAMILY CIRCLE WHICH COUNT TOLSTOY LEFT

the depth of, melancholy despair to which his race seems condemned by the gloom of their climate, the spreading desolation of their steppes, the depths of their peasant poverty and ignorance and drunkenness, the combined helplessness and omnipotence of their government, and a religion which appeals to the fears and the superstitions and has little hold on the conscience and the hearts of its votaries.—London Telegraph.

ACROSTIC

Sputtering strong statements,
Ululating ultra utterances,
Females foolishly fussing,
Filing feminine letters,
Rasping reckless remarks,
Advancing annoying arguments,
Gregariously gossiping grievances,
Emanuating empty elocution,
Talking terrible twaddle,
Shrieking senseless sentiments.

EXIT THE FAMILY BIBLE

Publishers say that the institution known, or once known, as the Family Bible, has almost gone out of use. Bibles abound, but they are smaller ones, handier to read. It is the big Bibles with the Family Record in the middle, between the two Testaments, that is said to be disappearing.

Well! Well! Are families of no account nowadays in this country, that they should keep no records? The Family Bible was not much read; it was too big; but it was carefully preserved and children were entered in it when they came, and marriages and deaths. A Family Bible used to be included among wedding presents. Has anybody seen one lately among the properties of a new bride?

In various cities the Social Registers keep tab on some selected families, but they are hardly statistical enough in their stories and concern comparatively few people. As far as they go they record marriages and deaths, but not births. You can't get people's ages out of the Social Register, for that you have to go to the "Who's Who" books, but they are

THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST WITH HIS SISTER (A NUN) OUTSIDE THE FENCE OF THE HOME WHICH HE ABANDONED



the love of her lover and found it enduring, devoted, and worthy; she can find no other solution for the vexed problem of her life but suicide in the most agonized form, namely, by throwing herself under the wheels of a passing engine; and the man has to find in the battlefield escape from remorse and the sense of bereavement.

Some of Tolstoy's shorter stories were even more powerful and characteristic than the

elations of Rousseau, Tolstoy told during his life the story of his youthful follies, escapades, disillusionments. It is evident that even in his hours of youthful self-abandonment he had in him the germs of the sombre philosopher; he was never a man to do anything in entire self-forgetfulness—the brooding spirit of reflection always lay like a spectre above and around him. And when men of that temperament are dragged into the vortex of vicious self-indul-

TO PLEASE BOTH SIDES

"You allege cruelty, madam," says the court. "What particular form of cruelty?" "Your honor," says the complainant, "my husband got mad and threw things at me because I tried to please him with the meals I fixed for him." "What have you to say?" asks the judge of the defendant. "I'll tell you, judge. Maybe I was a little hasty, but it's this way: She is always trying new salads that she finds in the recipe columns of the papers, and after I had tried to eat nasturtium salad, and hickory nut salad, and carrot salad, and egg-plant salad, and dried beef salad, and spaghetti salad, I did lose my temper when she handed me a dish of shredded chrysanthemums with olive oil on them." "I will not grant a divorce, but I will censure the defendant in my private office," says the judge, leading the way. Once the door is closed on him and the wondering defendant, the judge says: "Shake, old man! I did the best I could for you. I have to put up this bluff and consen-

ing you because my own wife will read of the case, and she is now making delicious desserts from cold mush and left-over breakfast foods." Clapping each other's hands, the two men weep silently.

TOO FRANK

"We need brains in this business, young man." "You needn't tell me that, sir. Your business shows it."—Baltimore American.

THE NEXT MOVE

Wife—Dear husband, I find it quite impossible to move in this hobbly skirt; won't you buy me an automobile?—Meggenorfer Blaetter. "What makes you think she's uncultivated?" "She thinks Ibsen's plays are stupid." "Well, a lot of people think so." "Yes; but she says"—The Leader.

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BABY
zed at him. his presence ly dreading of her little wholeheart- mance at her rd with un- moved in m, but with- neer or any t he felt ris- er effort to le bald head llate a trifle, ed does she stion to him He, too, is s taken him e man as he world might nt. Here is s—will read whom self- ger, and who in the whole met such a pleasure rise baby. Quick ens, her little es disappear, hem, and her smile. Genu- imiles at the revelation of
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