

that day fearing that he might fatigue me.

Count Tolstoy is an impressive figure. His years have only slightly bowed his broad shoulders, and his step is still alert.

In height he is about five feet eight, his head is large and his abundant hair is not yet wholly white.

His large blue eyes are set wide apart and are shaded by heavy eyebrows.

The forehead is unusually wide and high. He wears a long, full beard that gives him a patriarchal appearance.

The mouth is large and the lips full. The nose is rather long and the nostrils are wide. The hands are muscular and the grasp bespeaks warmth of heart.

Tolstoy presents an ideal, and while he recognizes that the best of efforts is but an approach to the ideal, he does not consent to the lowering of the ideal itself or the defense of anything that aims at less than the entire realization of the ideal.

He is opposed to what he calls palliatives, and insists that we need the reformation of the individual more than the reformation of law or government.

He holds that the first thing to do is to substitute the Christian spirit for the selfish spirit.

He likens those who are trying to make piecemeal progress to persons who are trying to push cars along a track by putting their shoulders against the cars.

And the religious spirit he defines as "such a belief in God and such a feeling of responsibility to God as will manifest itself both in the worship of the Creator and in fellowship with the created."

He is not a believer in protection and regards a tariff levied upon all of the people for the benefit of some of the people as an abuse of government and immoral in principle. I found that he was an admirer of Henry George and a believer in his theory in regard to the land tax.

He is opposed to trusts. He says that the trust is a new kind of despotism and that it is a menace to modern society. He regards the power that it gives men to oppress their fellows as even more dangerous than its power to reap great profits.

He referred to some of our very rich men and declared that the possession of great wealth was objectionable, both because of its influence over its possessor and because of the power it gave him over his fellows.

I asked him what use a man could make of a great fortune, and he replied: "Let him give it away to the first person he meets. That would be better than keeping it." And then he told how a lady of fortune once asked his advice as to what she could do with her money (she derived her income from a large manufacturing establishment), and he replied that if she wanted to do good with her money she might help her workpeople to return to the country and assist them in buying and stocking their farms. "If I do that," she exclaimed in dismay, "I would not have any people to work for me and my income would disappear."

As all are more or less creatures of environment, Tolstoy's views upon religion have probably been colored somewhat by his experience with the Greek church. He has, in some instances, used arguments against the Greek church which are broad enough to apply to all church organizations. He has not always discriminated between the proper use of an organization and the abuse of the power which a large organization possesses.

While animated by a sincere desire to hasten the reign of universal brotherhood and to help the world to a realization of the truth of the central thought of Christ's teachings, he has not, I think, fully appreciated the great aid which a church organization can lend when properly directed. In the work in which Tolstoy is engaged he will find his strongest allies among church members to whom the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is not merely sound philosophy, but a divine command. These will work in the church, and through the church, while he stands without, raising his voice to the same God and calling men to the same kind of life.

His experience with the arbitrary methods of his own government has led him to say things that have been construed as a condemnation of all government. He has seen so much of violence and injustice done in the name of the government that it is not strange that the evils of government should impress him more than its possibilities for good. And yet those who believe that a just government is a blessing can work with him in the effort to secure such remedial measures as he asks for in his letter to "The Czar and His Assistants."

Tolstoy's career shows how despotic is the sway of the heart and how, after all, it rules the world, for while his literary achievements have been admired,

the influence which they have exerted is as nothing compared with the influence exerted by his philosophy.

People enjoy reading his character sketches, his dialogues and his descriptions of Russian life, but these do not take hold upon men like his simple presentation of the doctrine of love, exemplified in his life as clearly as it is expressed by his pen.

Many of his utterances are denied publication in Russia and when printed abroad cannot be carried across the border, and yet he has made such a powerful impression upon the world that he is himself safe from molestation.

He can say with impunity against his government and against the Greek church what would be perilous for others to say, and his very security is proof positive that in Russia thought inspired by love is, as Carlyle has declared it to be everywhere, stronger than artillery parks.

#### OTHER COUNTRIES HAVE EXPORT BARGAIN COUNTERS.

The American Economist, organ of the Protective Tariff league, attempts to justify the action of the protected manufacturers in selling goods to foreigners at half the prices charged at home, by declaring that this same evil practice prevails in other countries and, to some extent, even in free trade Great Britain.

When two wrongs make one right, then, and only then, can we hope to eradicate this great economic evil by pointing to the same evil in other countries. The Economist cites Germany and Great Britain. Of course Germany, being a highly protected country, sells goods to foreigners at greatly reduced prices. In all highly protected countries there are bargain counters for foreigners only.

Thus German sugar is now being sold in Germany for 6.5 cents per pound, and for export to England at 2 cents. The tariff duty on sugar imported into Germany is 4.3 cents per pound. It is this duty, and this alone, that enables the German sugar trust (Cartel) to thus discriminate against the German consumers. No such discrimination as this exists, or can exist, in Great Britain or any other low-tariff country.

The only specific instance of discrimination in England cited by the Economist is that of the Taff Vale railroad, which charges "37 cents a ton for (Welsh) coal shipped over the road, while the same kind of coal pays only 25 cents a ton when shipped to go out of the country."

The London Colliery Guardian is quoted as explaining that "the railroads sometimes favor the foreigner because they have the home trader in a corner, and he cannot get away."

This is an explanation which explains not only the slight difference of 12 cents a ton in coal rates in England but the great difference between our own export and home prices. Our borax trust, protected by a duty of 5 cents per pound, has us in a corner and compels us to pay 7½ cents per pound for borax which it sells in England at 2½ cents. Our wire nail trust, protected by a duty of one-half a cent per pound, has us in a corner and makes us pay 1.9 cents per pound for nails that are sold in all other civilized countries at 1.3 cents per pound. And so on with the other trusts.

Of course not all of the hundreds of protected trusts that have us in a tariff corner compel us to pay the foreign price of their goods, plus the tariff duty and plus the cost of transportation; but the most of these tariff progeny work with this ideal price in view, and are mortified if they cannot succeed in attaining it. Practically all of them make us pay "corner" prices for their goods. And why shouldn't they, when we deliberately elect to put ourselves in a tariff corner and at the mercy of these tariff cormorants?

When will the people get tariff sense?

BYRON W. HOLT.

"What kind of man," asked the high official, "is this James Jewell—straight and trustworthy?"

"Absolutely," replied the assistant. "Why, there's a man who wouldn't even rob an Indian."

The high official looked somewhat skeptical of this, but made allowance for customary extravagance in speech.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A typographical union in North Carolina has found a practical way to help a few of the child workers in that State. It has instructed its secretary to select some of the little girls who are working in the cotton mills and send them to school, paying them their salary from the treasury of the union. The first child selected was nine years old—the only support of a sick mother and a baby brother. She was getting \$1.20 a week in the mill, but the union voted to raise her wages. This kindly act has created a great deal of attention from all classes of people in the South. One Southern labor leader

proposes that all the children who are working in the cotton mills be sent to school and have their wages paid by the State.—*Chicago Teachers' Federation Bulletin.*

"Do you believe in expansion?"

"Do I believe in expansion? Why, I believe in it so thoroughly that I hope to see the time when the Monroe doctrine is expanded to take in China and Japan."

Vandervelde, the Belgian socialist leader, said recently in an address to the strikers at Brussels: "Let us take the motto which the Christians have abandoned: 'Thou shalt not kill!'"—*The Whim.*

The Plain People, retaining some sentiments of religion, regarded Mammon with cold distrust.

But the fiend was nothing daunted.

"I have only to disguise myself as a Savings Deposit," chuckled he, "and they will worship me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## BOOKS

### THE BEING WITH THE UPTURNED FACE.

Clarence Lathbury is described as having escaped the title of poet only by writing in prose. The truth of this description is especially evident from his latest work, "The Being with the Upturned Face" (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York, and The Nunc Licit Press, Philadelphia and London. Price, \$1; postage, 10 cents extra), in which the strain of prose-poetry seems somewhat overdone for a philosophical theme not more generally accepted and understood.

Mr. Lathbury's theme is "the upsweep of human life from protoplasm to angel." Alike upon evolutionists whose faith is strong enough for protoplasm but blind to the angelic culmination, and to religionists whose faith is strong enough for angelism but not for protoplasm, the beauty of Mr. Lathbury's periods and the power of his poetic epigrams are likely to be lost. It is enlightenment rather than exaltation that they crave for, if they crave at all; and prose-poetry is not well adapted to demonstrating either angelhood at one extreme of human life or protoplasm at the other.

The same kind of criticism will probably be even more widely appreciated, not only with reference to these extremes of human life but also with reference to many of Mr. Lathbury's allusions to facts along the path of the supposed upsweep. For instance: "There was a point in prehistoric times when the animal reached its culmina-

tion, and the elusive element called consciousness stole imperceptibly in; here the brute ended and the man began." How does Mr. Lathbury know that? Scientifically? Certainly not. It is only "scientific" speculation. The fact that it happens to be a "scientific" fad of the present does not make it true. We have had "scientific" fads before. Again: "Anatomy places man at the head of the brute creation, and tells us that with him the series comes to an end; he is not only the highest branch, but the highest possible branch." This is an assumption—none too violent for poetry, but hardly axiomatic enough for philosophy. In some such manner we find evolution, heredity, and much of the fatalism which they involve, accepted by Mr. Lathbury as scientific demonstrations and turned to account as the basis for a spiritual climax. Such a theme, to make it acceptable to independent rational minds, requires more philosophical treatment than it receives in "The Being with the Upturned Face."

This, however, is not a denial of Mr. Lathbury's postulates or conclusions. It amounts to no more than saying that poetry, even in prose form, is a different thing from either science or philosophy. Much less do we condemn Mr. Lathbury's book. However defective that book may be as a biological monograph, it must none the less appeal with great force not only to readers who are already in harmony with its philosophy, but also to many who, though their heads reject philosophy have souls that are full of poetry. That this must be so may be seen from a few typical extracts.

How, for example, could spiritual involution as the necessary prerequisite of material evolution, be more strongly expressed than at page 38? "Power and purpose ride on matter to the last atom, and arrive at man." Or, what more poetic expression of supreme creative intelligence and beneficence acting by evolution from involution could be desired than that at page 41? "An exquisite and puissant moral order seems to have delegated to the cosmos the office of stairway to a temple of worship." And it would be hardly possible to suggest more comprehensively in fewer words or stronger phrase the true explanation of the tumultuous spirit of our time—aye, of all time of which we know, for each age has had its own peculiar unrest—than Mr. Lathbury has done it at page 106: "We are athirst for the Infinite and do not know it."

### PERIODICALS.

Speaking of the religion of imperialism the Nation says: "It is an eminently practical religion, dividing with absolute precision the elect from the non-elect. . . . How absolutely repugnant to democracy and to Christianity this new religion is need not be remarked. . . . Never in the past have such elaborate pains been taken to prove that whatever is right, how much more wholesome, nay, how much more humane, than this ethnological claptrap is Machiavelli's conception of the world as one great cockpit." At least it can be said that Machiavelli was no