

"Clevelanders." One may take great liberties with men and things in a satire, but some attempt must be made to preserve what the older critics of the drama used to call "the unities." These are grossly violated by the introduction of so unlikely a Moses. Edward Everett Hale writes a few words of introduction to this entertaining *tour de force*.

J. D. M.

#### TOLSTOY AND HIS MESSAGE.

A work was needed that should acquaint us in brief with the philosophy of Count Leo Tolstoy, that should make clear what is hidden or dark in his teachings, that should set him right to those who know his thought only through a more or less desultory reading of his novels, in which the author's marvelous gift of story telling is so enthralling as to make his varied ethical purposes seem to most of us, when we recall them at all, fragmentary or confused. This want Mr. Crosby has supplied in a little work of less than a hundred pages.\*

The first two chapters are devoted to an account of Tolstoy's life, and the intellectual and moral growth it illustrates. The teachings of few men in our day and generation are so intimately a part of experience as these doctrines of life to which Tolstoy has attained less by intellectual study than by personal strivings with the concrete problems of existence. Here is a man who, above most individuals, has learned of men, guided always by the inner light of high purpose and passionate love of truth.

Mr. Crosby has set himself the task in this little work of interpreting Tolstoy to English readers. He accepts the teachings of the master in the spirit of a free disciple. This acceptance is not slavish, but we imagine, in spite of some slight deviation, that it leaves little to be rejected. Those who know Mr. Crosby personally will be interested in the account of his conversion to the chief doctrine of the great Russian teacher:

"For some reason it (Tolstoy's philosophy of life) took hold of me with a strange power. I was still a church member, and went regularly to church, but I had no genuine faith, and was not sure of anything intangible, and now the simple teaching that it is man's higher nature to love—that if he would only let himself love and renounce his selfish aims, he would enter a wider sphere, find his immortal soul and in fact be born again—all this struck me as a great discovery. I leaned back in my study chair; I tried to love, and—could I believe my own sensations?—I did actually feel that I had risen to a loftier plane, and that there was something immortal within me.

I remember going out into the garden and giving a small coin—a half piastre—to a little Soudanese boy who was playing there, and it seemed to me that no act of mine had ever given me so much pleasure, and for weeks after the novelty of the experience of loving was a continual delight. Nor was the change merely temporary, for since that day the world has never looked to me quite as it used to."

The chapter which deals with the doctrine of non-resistance is admirable if not convincing, and the concluding part of the work is a picture of "The Tolstoy of To-day." Tolstoy is shown to be the great magnified Russian peasant, whose simple faith and life, whose charity and humanity, reinforced in this instance by a splendid intelligence and genius of a high order, have gone to the completion of a code of life and conduct which, however seemingly difficult of adoption, is in reality the easiest path to peace and perfect happiness.

We cannot refrain from quoting the concluding paragraph in which Mr. Crosby takes final leave of the great Russian teacher:

"A strange figure, this peasant nobleman, this aristocrat, born into the ruling class of an aristocracy, who condemns all government and caste, this veteran of two wars who proscribes all bloodshed, this keen sportsman turned vegetarian, this landlord who follows Henry George, this man of wealth who will have nothing to do with money, this famous novelist who thinks he has wasted his time in writing most of his novels, this rigid moralist, one of whose books at least, the "Kreutzer Sonata," was placed under the ban of the American Post Office. That same dramatic instinct which made him a great novelist, which impelled Sir Henry Irving to rank his two plays among the best of the past century, and which, as we have seen, has so often led him to find lessons in the active world around him, this same instinct has made of this least rhetorical and most self-forgetful of men the dramatic prefigurement in his own person of a reunited race, set free by love from the shackles of caste and violence. As it was with the prophets of old, so with him; there is a deeper significance in his life, in the tragedy of himself, than in the burden of his spoken message. He is the protagonist to-day of the drama of the human soul. A stage which can put forward such a protagonist has no reason for despair." J. D. M.

#### THE MONARCH BILLIONAIRE.

This is a novel with a socialistic trend, is very readable and contains much shrewd observation on men and things. Much of the writer's economic diagnosis will appear

\*Tolstoy and His Message, by Ernest H. Crosby. Small, 12 mo., 98 pp. Price, 50 cents. Funk and Wagnalls Company, N. Y.

\*The Monarch Billionaire. By Morrison I. Swift. 12mo., 317 pp. Price \$1.00. J. S. Ogilvie 87 Rose Street, New York City.