

# WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

**I**  
When we see a stone house that is ancient and gray,  
Robed with vines and with mosses that crumble away;  
When we see the quaint door and the knocker of brass  
And the old fashioned flowers that nod as we pass,  
We are told Time will never forget in his flight  
That Washington slept in that house for a night.

**II**  
Though these structures may crumble and fall in decay,  
They'll be green with Love's ivy that fades not away;  
Though the harpsichord's still and Priscilla's no more,  
Her song patriotic floats sweet through the door  
Till we know in our dream of the fight for the right;  
That Washington slept in this house for a night.

**III**  
Oh, those famous headquarters are found there and here;  
They're the landmarks of Liberty precious and dear.  
And we fancy we see in the dim long ago  
All the soldiers on guard in the slush and the snow,  
While the wind weirdly shrieks in its musical might  
That Washington slept in this house for a night.

**IV**  
Hurrah for the man that lit Liberty's lamp,  
Whose face lights the green of the bill, and the stamp!  
Oh, what if his headquarters fall in decay—  
Those headquarters made for a year or a day—  
When he has a headquarters surpassing all art  
That is builded by Love in America's heart!

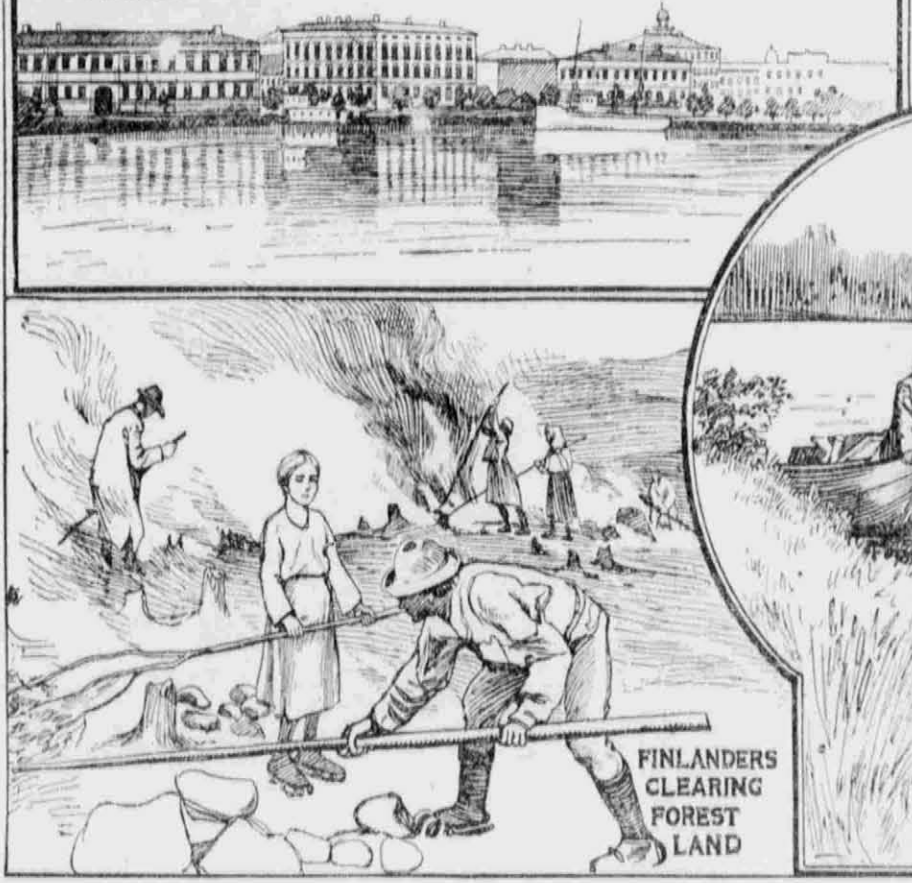


## The Situation In Russia's Conquered Provinces

**P**REVIOUS to the recent serious industrial upheaval in Polish Russia the political situation in the conquered provinces was involved in considerable obscurity. It was believed by the St. Petersburg authorities that no well organized preparations for revolt had been made either in Poland, Finland or any other of the assimilated provinces. The attitude of all of these subjugated races seemed to be tentative. Breathless with hopeful expectation, they were waiting for the war in the east to open some way of relief from existing evils, but they hardly knew in what form the longed for success should be expected to arrive. It has been impossible for these crushed and well high desperate peoples to conceal their gratification over the setback which the Russian arms have suffered, but their elation has been tempered by the industrial and commercial depression which has befallen them and the actual and threatened mobilization of their inhabitants for service in the east.

No nation in the world has a record more replete with deeds of bravery, of civility, of intense patriotism, than the Poles, and it is always a mystery to those who have not made a close study of the race how they were compelled to give up their nationality. At one time it cannot fail to become apparent how it is that the inhabitants of Polish Russia are incapable of maintaining a successful revolution. The obstacles in the way of such a consummation are in part territorial, in part racial. Polish Russia is geographically unfit for revolution. It is a flat and monotonous plain, without the natural features which are essential to national unity. It is only the fragment of a nation, and in order to become nationally capable it must act in conjunction with its other parts. Intelligent as they undoubtedly are, the modern Poles are not patriots. They were dreamers in the past, and they are dreamers today.

VIEW OF BJORNBERG, FINLAND



TWO LITTLE FINLANDERS



FINLANDERS CLEARING FOREST LAND

GRAY OYSTER FISHERMAN ON LAKE SAIMIN

Another obstacle in the way of Polish revolt against Muscovite rule is to be found in the fact that those members of the partitioned nation who are obliged in spite of themselves to acknowledge the czar as their sovereign are infinitely better off in most respects than are their less fortunate brethren who are forced subjects of either of the kaisers. Without meaning to be merciful and actuated entirely by

selfish motives, it has happened that the Russian government has not succeeded in making life so dreary for its Polish subjects—the Jews excepted—as has Prussia or Austria for their fellows. The Russian Poles are greater in numbers and are wealthier than those of either Germany or Austria. They are not at all blind to that fact. Since partition was inevitable, they realize that they have secured the best end of a bad

bargain. From a commercial viewpoint Russian Poland has been developed amazingly. Both Prussian and Austrian Poland have declined from competition and lack of market. Next best of all, the commercial spirit has superseded the ancient national sentiment. It is only when industrial interests are threatened that Polish Russia recalls the partition.

It was their inability to govern themselves that prepared the way for the dismemberment of the nation and the distribution of the Poles. Fashioned after the model of a republic, the kingdom of Poland was really an elective monarchy. The office of king was elective, and the government was administered by a sort of congress termed a diet. This legislative body became a seething caldron of political and religious wrangling. Religious intolerance

of the most inhuman description led to frequent and disastrous rebellions. Protestants, Jews and Mohammedans were persecuted alike. The Turks seized Wallachia and Moldavia. Enemies to the state sprang up on every hand. Russian gold found its way into the diet. The government became as feeble as it was venal. The Poles were obliged to beg help from Russia to save themselves from the Swedes. This paved the way for Russian occupation. The country became so rent with internal dissensions that Russia made it a pretext to fill the land with troops. Frederick the Great first suggested to Russia the scheme to steal the disorderly kingdom. The Russians demurred because they had made up their minds to commit the crime without accomplices. Frederick's diplomacy prevailed, and in order to divide the responsibility Austria was made participant.

The first partition was effected in 1772. By it Russia obtained 40,000 square miles, Austria 27,000 and Prussia 13,000. This shameful loot was agreed to by the Polish king and a mercenary diet, but it was resented by the people, and a wild insurrection followed. An immense army came in from Russia and another from Prussia. The whole kingdom was occupied by foreign troops, and to recompense themselves for the trouble another partition was made by the invading sovereigns. Russia helped herself to 96,000 square miles and Prussia took a paltry 22,000. A terrible uprising followed. The Poles ceased their domestic squabbling, united and drove the Russians and Prussians out of the country. Austria had been left out of the last partition and considered herself shamefully defrauded. She sent in an army, and the Russians and Prussians returned to the conflict. The Poles were overcome by this immense aggression, and the third partition followed. The remnant of the unfortunate kingdom was divided by the spoilsman, Russia taking 43,000 square miles, Prussia 21,000 and Austria 18,000.

The situation in the Baltic provinces, notably Finland, is entirely different.

The grand duchy of Finland, remote from the established lines of travel, was a terra incognita until the story of Russia's dastardly oppression began to creep out. The bear's determination to destroy the cherished institutions of the province and to efface its individuality drew upon the sympathy of the entire world. The subsequent famine which prevailed in the grand duchy intensified the sorrowful impression made by the recital of the wrong inflicted on a peaceable and intelligent people.

Finland is larger than Great Britain and the Netherlands combined. It was formerly under the protection of Sweden, although it was governed by its own constitution until 1809, when it was ceded to Russia. Its modified constitution, acquiesced in by Russia, provided for a national parliament in which the four estates—the nobility, the clergy, the burghers and the peasants—were represented. The Finns were induced to consent to a protectorate by Russia by the most solemn promises of religious and educational freedom. They profess the Lutheran faith and are exceedingly attached to their national privileges. They are far more intelligent than the Russians. In proportion to its size there are at least five times as many bookstores in Helsinki, the capital of Finland, as there are in St. Petersburg. The majority of the people can read and write, which is not the case in Russia. Public schools are plentiful, and there are several universities of high standing. There are 2,700,000 Finns, and only about 8,000 of them speak Russian.

The czar's grandfather and father did not interfere with the customs of this remote grand duchy. Nicholas, however, self constituted champion of universal peace, is possessed by a fierce determination to Russify these alien subjects. Under preceding rulers no garrisons were actually necessary, but now these once gentle and tractable folk have been converted into bitter foes, and any revolution in the empire that promises results may number them among its adherents. Finland is ready for revolution.

WILLIAM ZABRISKIE.

## Happy Domestic Life of Russia's Grand Old Man

**W**Henever an attempt is made to specify the causes which have led up to the present chaotic state of Russia's domestic system and the state of chronic unrest which is manifested by the industrial classes all over the empire it is impossible to eliminate Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoy from the process. It is he who has told the story of Russia's misconduct in a way that has enlightened the whole world. He has done even more than that. He has convinced the weary, pleading toilers of the empire that they have cause for complaint. He has warned his countrymen of the impending judgment, and he has transformed himself into a second Daniel in order to interpret to his bewildered sovereign the handwriting on the wall.

Yet he is the simplest of mortals. Old age has overtaken him, but it has dealt kindly with him and has not dimmed the splendor of his intellectual equipment. On the contrary, his later utterances are more prophetic than ever. He is the world's most wonderful old man, and it is worth the long journey to Yasnaya Polyana to be permitted to sit for a brief moment at the feet of this modern Daniel. No pilgrim to the little island commune near which the Tolstoy estate lies has ever met with less than a cordial welcome. From Moscow the direction is south to Tula, the capital city of the province of the same name. It is a railway journey of about 119 miles. Tula is rather a fine town of nearly 100,000 inhabitants, the center of a great manufacturing district. It has been called the Birmingham of Russia. The Tolstoy home is ten miles distant and can be reached only by drosky unless one prefers a walk through the well cultivated farms and villages.

Yasnaya Polyana came to Count Tolstoy through his grandfather, one of Catherine the Great's generals. When

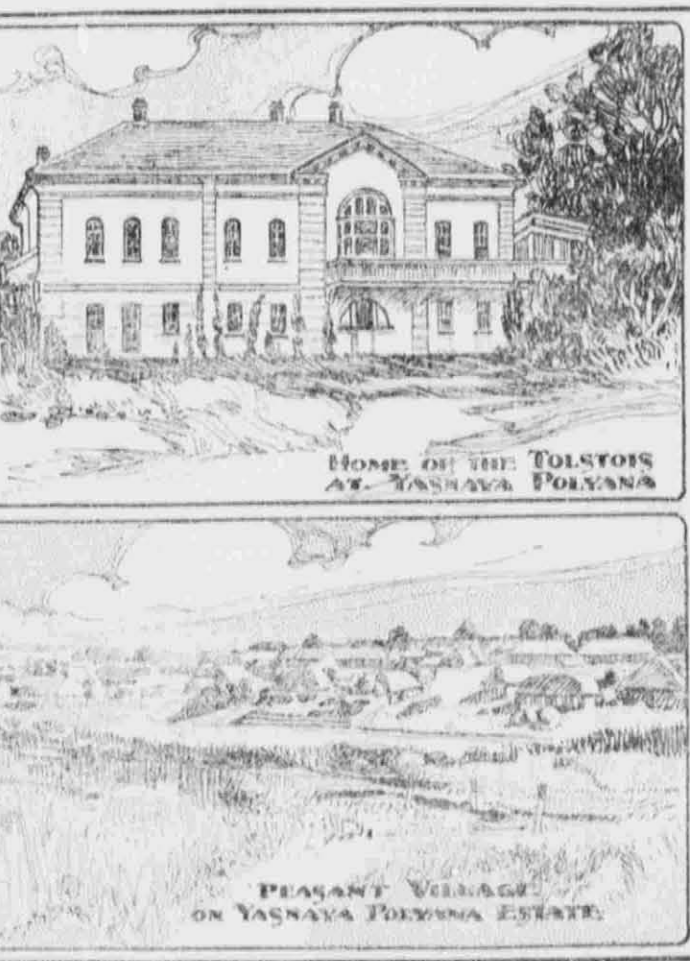
Tolstoy came into possession of the property there was a fine residence upon it, but he had made up his mind to lead a single life, and he sold the house to a neighbor, who tore it down and removed the material to another estate. Shortly afterward Tolstoy met Sophia Behrs, the woman who drove all notion of a celibate life from his mind. She was the young daughter of a Moscow physician, and Tolstoy was so impressed with her domesticity and good sense that he abandoned his oft repeated determination to remain a bachelor to the end of his days and began to pay her the most devoted attention. His suit was not altogether successful at first. The gentle and prudent Sophia admitted that she felt more than a passing interest in the count, but strange tales of his early irregularities and later erratic conduct had come to her, and she confessed that she lacked the courage to make the venture.

It took Tolstoy two years to convince her. At the end of that period they were married and went immediately to Yasnaya Polyana and began to bring order out of the chaos which reigned there. They built a comfortable but plain house, and there the first seventeen years of their married life were spent. At the close of that period they removed to Moscow and lived in a house which the count had built. It is a low, two story dwelling in the midst of a garden in the suburbs. The house is of brick plastered on the outside in the Russian style and enclosed by a brick wall seven feet in height. It is homely enough, but extremely comfortable, and in it Tolstoy wrote many of his most popular stories.

Nowadays the Tolstoy live most of the time at Yasnaya Polyana. The original house has been provided with so many additions that it has become quite an imposing structure. The atmosphere of Moscow became so hateful to the count that he vowed he would retire to the country and never again set foot in the abominable town. Although the countess is fond of Moscow, her



COUNT TOLSTOY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY



HOME OF THE TOLSTOYS AT YASNAYA POLYANA

PEASANT VILLAGE ON YASNAYA POLYANA ESTATE

birthplace and the scene of all her youthful memories, she consented dutifully, and the family laces and penates were transferred to Yasnaya Polyana. Three of their married children and their families accompanied them, and the household is a large and merry one.

The countess herself is the mother of thirteen children, eight of whom are living, but she delights in the society of her numerous grandchildren. In her way the Countess Tolstoy is a remarkable woman, quite sufficiently so to be the wife of a genius of her husband's caliber.

She has been the count's good angel and without her he could never have accomplished what he has lived to bring forth. Ever since her marriage she has assisted him in his literary work, copying his manuscripts with infinite patience and neatness and

correcting proofs as they came from the publishers. She has always insisted on looking after her husband's health, and it is due to her that he is still alive and able to write the words which make the world burn with sympathy. She has also attended to the

count's financial interests. Without her Tolstoy would have carried his communistic doctrines to the extreme limit of personal application and would have been penniless today. For years she has had complete control of the publishing and sale of her husband's books, and she has shown a capacity for the work that has won the approval and admiration of the book trade.

No member of Tolstoy's family is an active disciple of his radical propaganda. The countess has never professed to agree with him in his opinions on religious and social matters, but she never attempts to dissuade him or modify his expressions, no matter how violent they seem. The sons are equally prudent, but they let it be known that they do not stand by the things their father has written as his message to the world. Tolstoy has always shown great affection for his daughters, the youngest of whom, Maria, has assisted him in his work. He declares, however, that he has never been able to convert her to his way of thinking. She declines laughingly to commit herself.

It is in this atmosphere of domesticity and loving appreciation that the aged seer and teacher of a new evangel is ending his days. His tendency to re-lapse into communal simplicity is regarded with profound respect. At his place at the family table a pewter mug, plate and spoon are placed, because he believes it to be wrong to use silver. His living rooms are bare except for the books which fill them. No one looks askant at his coarse peasant's garb and patched hobnail shoes. His shapeless gray felt hat is treated with as much consideration as if it were fresh from the bazaar, and his rude walking stick is the object of special consideration. If he is seized with an inspiration to spend some days in a mud hut his desire is not combated, but his self-inflicted humiliation is made as endurable as possible. All his departures from conventionalities are humored lovingly, and all of his idiosyncrasies are held sacred.

GERALD LEXOW.

### THE ROUND WORLD.

Betty Meagher of County Sligo, Ireland, who died the other day at the age of 125, used to rail at her seventy-five-year-old daughter for keeping late hours.

Angiolanla is still increasing in Paris. Formerly one used to hear of la belle, le jeu de paume, le raquette, le ballon, etc. Today everybody says nous

faisons du sport, du rowing, du yachting, du football, du tennis, du golf, etc. A well known naturalist tells of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of ants who prey upon it actually ran across it without recognizing it as their food. Mr. Selater noted in South America another insect—one of the

membracidae—which not only mimicked the leaf cutting ant for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a sixpence. The dead stars probably outnumber the living stars by many. It may be millions to one. Dark stars, although invisible to the eye, may yet be brought within the range of human observation, as many of them, though no longer lu-

minous, must emit heat and may be photographed on plates sensitized to the infrared rays of the spectrum. In the town of Thurso, Scotland, an old man eighty-seven years of age still follows his duties as superintendent of some flagstone quarries. Among the workmen he has seven sons, six sons-in-law, twenty-nine grandsons, four granddaughters-in-law and two great-grandsons. Forty-nine members of one fam-

ily, all connected with the same trade, employed in the same works and living in the same district is something decidedly out of the common. The balloon offers a new instrument to the physician, according to Dr. Albert Robin, the French scientist, who suggests that a balloon to take the consumptive poor into the upper regions of the air for a few hours each day would do more good than expensive

trips for a few days into the country. He has already conducted a series of experiments with consumptive patients. Turkish women do not come into control of their private fortunes until after marriage. After that they can dispose of one-third of it without the husband's consent. In making out a list of the thousand famous men and women who are given the most space in the four chief encyclopedias of the world—English, German, French and American—Professor Cuttall of Columbia university states that Napoleon heads the list. Shakespeare stands second, Mohammed third and Voltaire fourth. A turner's workshop, with large motive wheel and dog trained to turn it, is advertised to be let in the city of Liege, where one dog and two dog tilled carts and wagons are common.