TOLSTOI IN HIS PEASANT BLOUSE.

THE RUDE SUIT MADE BY TOLSTOI'S OWN HANDS.

CHRISTMAS DAWNS IN DARK RUSSIA

The Czar Has Asked Tolstoi to Help Him Peaceably "Disarm" the Russian Peasant and Bring About the "Peace on Earth."

It is now certain that it was Tolstoi's influence that persuaded the Czar to issue his famous pronunciamento of peace. For years the Czar and his famous subject were kept apart. Political reasons and prejudice kept them from meeting on the ground upon which they felt the most interested—the Russian peasant.

Tolstoi's political friends said, "Send him down the path where his father lies," intending that Tolstoi should go on writing in favor of the peasant and that the peasant should go on plotting against the Czar.

But Tolstoi's "Czar Feodor," his wonderful play produced last year at St. Petersburg, had a mighty effect upon the Czar, who read it many times. Also there was a visit from the Countess Tolstoi, who went quietly to the Court of Russia. The result was a great deal of correspondence and the pronunciamento.

In no country upon which Christmas falls is there the utter, dense darkness of human suffering that is to be found in Russia. The Czar knew it when he sent out his proclamation, and the more lights educated of the Russians know that it was more for a moral effect at home than for any positive effect upon the world that His Majesty wrote the document. He wished the peasants to feel that it was for the unbinding of her thralls among nations that Russia kept a standing army, not for the subjugation of the peasant and the Nihilist.

THE POET AND THE CZAR.

The correspondence that passed between Tolstoi and the Czar was remarkable. Here is a plain extract from one of the letters written by the author to his ruler: "The Czar had written that he feared disarmament lest the people should overrate the ruler and the peace of the nation should be threatened. Tolstoi wrote back:

"What you say of the danger that threatens us is a delusion. All the States say that they want peace, and all are armed against one another. All men are brothers and it matters not at all whether one belong to one State or another. Those threats of other States that you write do not frighten us, and are of no importance to us.

"The law which is given to us by God, prohibits not only murder, but any sort of violence. We cannot be a party to your preparations of murder. We cannot give money for that purpose and cannot enter into the organizations that you have formed. In them the reason and the conscience of men are perverted. They become an instrument of violence, ready to obey any evil-minded person who wishes to make that instrument."

This the Czar pondered long and earnestly.

The immediate result was that he made certain very advantageous rules for the peasant. Previously he had abolished the use of the knout, by which 1,000 peasants have annually perished in Russia. Now he decreed that the land owners should observe certain rights of the peasant, such as the proper drainage of land and the privilege of living in dwellings long occupied by his ancestors.

Once Mr. wrote to Tolstoi and asked him what he called the new religion which he had found, and Tolstoi wrote back the single word, "Christianity."

Subsequently in a letter he then described his own conversion:

CONVERSION OF TOLSTOI.

"To all so Nihilist I might have experienced it yesterday. A beautiful morning, God's birds singing and His insects humming in the grass. My horse, tired of the great burden which I, lumpkin, imposed upon his back, stood still under the wooden image of Christ at the cross-shaped iron from yonder windows. I was so overjoyed in the contemplation of nature that I unloaded the beast, slacken-ing the reins to rest upon his neck while he rummaged for juicy grass and leaves. Up and by a group of moujiks (farmers) intruded upon my serene place, and without knowing what I was doing I listened to their prayers. It was the most wholesome medicine ever administered to a smoking soul. The simplicity and the ignorance of the moujiks, the confiding mouths, the wide hopeful mouths, touched my heart. I came from under that cross a new man. When I had my least of burden of God's creatures like a good way, I knew that the Kingdom of God was within us, and that the moral interpretation of the sermon on the mount should be the governing rule of a Christian's life.

This is the more remarkable coming from a man who had always been a follower of religion, and the Czar is supposed, after reading it, to have had the same experience.

The Russian peasant has heard of the pronunciamento of the Czar, and to-day Czar Nicholas II. is stronger in the affections of the people than any Czar who has ever ruled the Russians. Peasants daily crowd around the country home of Tolstoi and ask him if it is true that their ruler is going to abolish Siberia and give up the great soldiery which is every way expensive, the poorer. To all of this Tolstoi replies that he is.

No one can could be at present in greater sympathy with each other than Tolstoi and the Czar. The report was circulated a few months ago that Tolstoi was condemned by the holy synod of Russia to trial for heresy. Of course, it was Pobedonostzeff who spoke. It was a centuri of Tolstoi and not the Count himself. While the unfortunate noted Tolstoi only said "Czar Nicholas is my friend, I feel nothing."

"ONLY TWENTY-FIVE."

Tolstoi was born, according to the almanacs, in the year of the last September. But according to his own words he was born in 1873, just twenty-five years ago, on the occasion of his conversion. It was then that he gave up the large country place, which had long belonged to the Tolstoi family and began to live the life of a peasant. He took his family with him.

Count Tolstoi's family at present consists of the Countess and two daughters, Tatiana and Marie. Tolstoi was married in 1862 to a Jewess, the daughter of a Moscow physician, M. Behr. The Countess was a girl of only 18, somewhat in love with Tolstoi. In the Domestic Peace (where she has been his thirteen children, nine of whom are now living, the youngest is a Peter, called The Cossack) has been most industrious all her life and has restored the property of the Count to such a good purpose that though he accepts no rents and will take nothing for his writings, he is a very rich man, rather, his family is rich.

Ten years ago he called his family and gave them another evening and announced that he was going to divide his entire property among the poor. His wife screamed, "What!" she exclaimed, "Give away everything?"

Next day the Count reconsidered his decision to the extent of dividing his property among his wife and children, on the ground that it was not depending upon the bounty of the Countess, who is, however, a very generous giver.

The house where he lives is the place where he was born. Yassaya Polyana, which has been in the Tolstoi family for a century.

Early in the century Yassaya Polyana, or Clearfield, to translate its name, was one of the greatest estates of Russia, and the family mansion of that period had few rivals anywhere in the Empire, but to-day the place reminds one very much of the neglected country houses of our own South. But two side wings remain of the old house the main part having been moved away several years ago in payment of a debt which the Count had contracted. The farm is managed by the Countess of her tactful, and it affords the family a very pleasant living in summer and some revenue in winter. It is situated on the railway to Sebastopol, about 150 miles due south of Moscow, and one can see the two white remnants of the old mansion from the train.

HIS LIFE.

Tolstoi's views might be intolerable to his friends were it not that he is a cultured man. He is an aristocrat. Count Tolstoi was born in 1828 on the estate where he now lives in Yassaya Polyana. His family belonged to the Russian nobility.

Tolstoi received an excellent education at the University of Moscow, and like his father, who had been a Colonel in the army, he became a soldier. Some years of his life he spent in the Caucasus, but when the Crimean War broke out he asked to be transferred to the Danube. In the campaign of 1854 he was on the staff of Gortchakoff at the storming of the Sebastopol. He acquitted himself with such gallantry that he was placed in command of a division. After the war he became attached to the imperial court of St. Petersburg.

He accidentally saw the misery of the Russian peasant and set to work to remedy it. His wife, to a certain extent, sympathizes with him, although she does not go quite to his extreme of simple life. The Tolstoi family really live in simple comfort and dine waited upon by servants, not served by the hands of the Countess as many suppose. The Count himself dresses in the roughest clothes, for he feels that he can understand best the peasant if he lives as he does; so he makes his own boots and puts together his own blouses which he wears when working in the field.

RATIONAL REFORM.

At first, like all reformers, he carried his work too far and would write nothing and do nothing except live as a peasant. Soon, though the influence of the Countess, he saw that he could best bring about the good of Russia by devoting himself less to hard work and more to literature. Consequently he stopped work half of each day and wrote a series of essays which reached the entire world and caught the attention of his master, the Czar.

Christmas light is certainly breaking over darkest Russia, and the young Czar may be the man who in history will have earned the credit of breaking up Nihilism in Russia, through the influence of measures.

KNOW IN CHRISTENDOM.

It is a singular thing to note the close relationship between the Christmas and Nihilistic holidays. Santa Claus. Nearly all the Christian countries are covered with snow at this time. Ireland, the devout, enjoys no winter sun. Scotland is bitter cold.

England, one of the most prosperous of Christian lands, has a snowy Christmas. Russia, the land of snow par excellence, has a Christmas tied, is treated to its deepest snow at Christmas time, and so through almost all the Christian countries of the earth. One of the exceptions is Australia, which is warm at Christmas time.

Heathen, or Pagan, countries are hot. Turkey, the land which knows no snow, knows no Christ. The great tropical belt of the Indian and Pacific Oceans is the home of most of the heathen countries of the world. The Christian is underfed, and lean, though southern France, where the climate is as cold as here, is as Christian-like, and as delicate most of the countries you can mention. The Christmas tome is our own southern regions, and in the lower parts of North America, especially in Mexico, where it is bathed by the Gulf. But here the difference is merely climatic and sentimental, not one of country.

As a rule it will be found that there is a constant affinity between the snow and Santa Claus.

THE RICHEST MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas evening, John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, enjoys one of the simplest diversions, though the rarest one. He plays on a 150,000 orchestra, and spends the whole night with patient pulling the bow over the violin strings.

The 150,000 orchestra belongs entirely to the Rockefeller family. The head of the family, John D., is the violin, the second violin is played by the son, John D., jr. The piano accompaniment is carefully handled by Mrs. Rockefeller.

Two other musicians are in the orchestra. They are Mrs. Frank Rockefeller and Mrs. Harold McCormick, another daughter. These ladies can play either violin, viola, 'cello or cornet. The family is a veritable musical curiosity, for here every instrument sounds.

They are a musical family, the Rockefellers, and play by ear naturally, as well as by note.

THE YEAR 1898.

The prophets who look into the stars and tell you what is coming are predicting a great European war for 1899. This has been forecast by each individually, since the dawn of the first year of '98. The war clouds rise in the East of Europe, but culminate in the West, according to the prophets, in Western Europe. This might mean France and it might mean Spain.

England, all say, will wet her hatchet, and trail her flag in blood, but, as they prophesy, it will be the blood of victory—she need not worry.

THE WAY TOLSTOI ALWAYS WRITES.

TOLSTOI ADVISING THE CZAR TO ISSUE THE FAMOUS PRONUNCIAMENTO OF PEACE.

CHRISTMAS FASHIONS FOR MEN.

Our Own London Correspondent Tells what will Be Worn by Gentlemen who Lead the Styles for the Coming Winter.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—If the women drew for Easter the new dress for the Holidays. A woman chooses the gay Sunday in April to come out in the new clothes of the year. A man, active on the manly order of doing things the other way, selects the last week of the year for his new clothes.

The Prince is in London—in spite of his age and his years—the novelty thing, the fashion model, the idol of the chappies, the mover of the middle aged men and the envy of the set. When the Prince appears in a new hat or in the waistcoat of the hour, the haberdashers get out their designs in rear or for, and the factories of Scotland and Ireland, where most of the good and tough cloth is turned out, get busy orders for the design within a few hours.

The Prince is most generous in these matters. He does not care, too, often in a new pattern, and he wears one a long time. A delicately designed little coaching coat, which he will wear Christmas week will also be seen upon him during January and February, yes, and on into Easter week he will wear it, and no doubt you imagine you will see him with the same waistcoat on during the height of the London season. The Prince has many clothes, but he alternates them. He loves to wear, today, this, and to-morrow, that.

The latest design of the Prince is a diagonal waistcoat, which he has worn on several social occasions. It is a light gray cloth with very fine diagonal stripes, and shows very slightly the edge of a turning line of black. The vest is finished with a twin stitching of black around the neck.

When drinking the Prince wears a necktie to match. It is of pale gray satin with small dim dots. At home he substitutes a white string tie of satin or lace.

Chauncey-about Carson, who is all the rage now, is almost as Hebrewish-cupid as the Prince. He is a little shorter than the Prince, and never saw him, and he dresses a little better for good dressing has never been left to Mr. Carson's door up to this time. At a recent public occasion he appeared in one of the new dress suits with a broad, round satin collar turned over to form a smooth, shiny lapel. His shirt was dead white, polished bosom and cuffs to dress without being boisterously bandaged, but there was no glare upon it. His necktie was of white satin, tied in stock fashion, perfectly flat and broad, suggesting just a little the modern bow.

The London winter overcoat is of heavy dark cheviot, black, very deep and very long, with a little of the appearance for the house. Chevoit is primarily a gentleman's cloth, for, being rough, it catches lint and requires the careful hand of the brushes every time it is worn. A man who keeps to valet, hesitates at sight of the cheviot, unless he is a Londoner of patience who is willing to put in ten minutes himself doing his own brushing.

A charge was laid against the primary men of Great Britain a few years ago that they were unkempt and not properly "brushed." This is not true of the primary day voters. But a country set London does not know and the city is treating them right royally. Never a hayseed, but a liberry coat is there see the hop.

The double-breasted Prince Albert is seen under the chevoit, which, in turn, is worn open on mild days. The overcoat of the season is single-breasted, fastened straight down from the chin, with four or five large buttons. When thrown back a large boutonniere is worn over this as the mark that it is a pleasant day and the Londoner is out enjoying himself. Upon the lapel of the Prince Albert another boutonniere is worn, and this sign goes to show that the Londoner is very gay indeed.

The very up-to-date Prince Albert is double-breasted with the rows of buttons four buttons each, the top reaches almost to the knees and is three inches shorter than the overcoat. Its color is a dense, beautiful black.

Men who find the frock coat very becoming to them are having their frock coats made in all colors. One worn by the Earl of Bradford was of tan cloth, made to order, of course, with trousers to match. The buttons were smoked pearl that almost matched the cloth.

The Duke of Marlborough, who is a very correct dresser, wears a frock coat of snuff brown under an overcoat of black cheviot.

The London silk hat is high and bell. The bell gives it the appearance of being a little low, but on actual measurement it is higher than last season. Its brim is broader, but more nothing its band is worn a little wider and it may be a "dense band" of cloth or an afternoon band of corded silk, with a bow on the side of the silk.

The ever-fashionable derby comes this year in two distinct styles. There is the low derby and the high derby, and quite a fair range in the wearing of the same.

Early last season the London hatters held a consultation and models were turned in upon them, in order to find the derby styles for the coming fall. A popular vote was taken among the hatters with this result: That a short man looked better in a low derby and a tall man was more suitably fitted out with a high derby. This is exactly the reverse of the rule of the previous winters, but experience has proved how true it is.

Londoners are generally a little late buying their winter wardrobe; they are too conservative and so afraid to spend their money. But Christmas week will see them all dressed for the winter.

CHRISTMAS FEAST OF OLD WORLD RULERS.

The Czar of Russia will dine on Christmas Day at 6 o'clock. At that hour there will appear upon the Russian royal table a whole roasted pig, kneeling with a sprig of green in his mouth. He will be stuffed with boiled buckwheat or kasha, which will be mixed with the original liver, heart and other edible adjuncts of the animal.

The royal pig is specially raised and killed for Christmas Day. For years the royal caterer has raised one shoat of pig from which the gobbet is selected every year for the ruler's Christmas dinner. The animal never weighs more than eight pounds and is in color a very dark brown like a Jersey pig.

Out of regard for the Czar's English wife there is English roast beef, but the other dishes are essentially Russian. There is the borsch, which is an infusion of cheese, cream, butter, onions and raisins, and there is the kostlecke, which is a raisin cake. And then there are the roasted eggs, which are on every Russian table. The Czar drinks a great deal of Kouniss, of which he is very fond, and all the fine wines of the kingdom. He dines long and liberally, and the Russians consider his a very good eater, and indeed, he should be, for he descended from a very long line of gentlemen.

THE KAISER'S DINNER.

The German Emperor is a marvelous dinner giver. This ruler understands the art of caring with all nations and his Christmas dinners are like his every day life—a grand international picture.

He has a wonderful kitchen, in which a dinner for 1,000 can be prepared as easily as a dinner for two. The German royal family on holiday occasions numbers fifty, for there are a great many "uniting" German counts who expect to be invited in at this time. The favorite picture in the Emperor's dining room is that of a German girl picking cabbage from a Christmas tree and underneath is a beautiful German inscription to the effect that Germany is the garden of civilization.

The Emperor has a Christmas dinner of all Nations, consisting of, among other things, roast beef and turkey. He also has sour kraut, sausages and by a great central dish a goose stuffed with chestnuts. The dessert consists of cheese cake, baked apples and sweets. All the children dine at the Christmas dinner table which is spread at 5 o'clock.

FRANZ JOSEPH'S FEAST.

Franz Josef, though only a few miles from his German cousins, eats decidedly different food. Viennese cooking is more delicate than German, or is so considered. The goose is roasted brown and is served with brown potatoes. And there there is a very nice compote of pears and rice. Very small round sausages, nudles and coffee bread are served as an entree and the dessert consists of a marvelous pudding in which there are nuts of all kinds, served with hard sauce. The late Empress had a great many private dishes which are now a part of the American cookery. She brought them from Paris, where her sister, the Duchess d'Alencon, was a noted cuisine.

MIDNIGHT'S RELIGIOUS SPREAD.

The King and Queen of Italy go to church on Christmas morning as regularly as they dine Christmas night, being the strictest of Roman Catholics their Christmas Day is spent in worship at a long mass. The great feast day in Italy is observed at 8 o'clock at night with a big Christmas dinner. Here, too, our National bird has travelled, and King Humbert will eat a marvelous turkey stuffed with chestnuts, with sole as a side dish. He will have macaroni, scallops and cuts of honey and almonds.

On Christmas Day the King sends to the Pope an entire Christmas feast, which His Holiness may eat or serve to the servants of the Vatican. The choicest of wines are drunk on the royal table and the dinner is a right royal epicurean one.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF COMMERCE.

He Has Reached the Sulu Islands and Is Doing a Very Nice Trade With the Belles and Natives.

The first Yankee trader has reached the Sulus. He went via the Philippines where he found a great many ahead of him; but, hearing that there was no American trader in the Sulu Islands, he took a steamer and arrived at the largest of that beautiful little group two weeks ago.

His cargo consisted of bright colored blankets, beads, looking glasses and Yankee notions of all sorts. Getting a long cart and a team, he waited boxes he started through the islands, stopping at each of the villages en route. He did a thriving business, specially in looking glasses, for they were unknown to the islanders and sold on sight. It was truly beautiful to behold the girlish delight with which the Sulu belles seized the looking-glass.

With Yankee thrift, on his journey, he picked up curiosities and now he has as fine a collection of bric-a-brac and pottery as you would care to see. Sold at auction in this city his collection would bring thousands of dollars. There is every kind of so-called Japanese work, for the industrious Sulus excel in finger craft, such as enamel and lacquer and inlaid work.

But he proposes to do no auction work. He has contracted with a very large firm in New York to receive his emporium and he will send over Sulu inland pottery at the rate of a cargo every two weeks, which is as often as the trading vessels stop at the islands.

This trader is a New Englander, as you may suppose. He is thrifty and will doubtless return home with the distinction of having been the first man to make a living in the Sulus.

The Sulu Islands have a population of 75,000 and the area is 800 square miles. They are fertile with a number of pretty mountain chains running through them.

Other traders will soon follow and we shall soon have an entirely new line of bric-a-brac from the Colonies. The Dutch originally traded in this way with the Indians, purchasing valuable territory for "one watch."

A VIEW OF THE FIRST YANKEE TRADER IN THE SULU ISLANDS.

THE LATEST LONDON STYLES FOR FASHIONABLE MEN, AS SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST ABROAD.

THE PRINCE AND VICEROY IN THEIR NEWEST NECKWEAR.