

## TOLSTOY'S VISION

Saw All Europe in Flames and Bleeding and Heard the Lamentations of Huge Battlefields.

**I**N February, 1913, the Globe-Democrat printed an article by Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, in which she told of an interview she had had with her great relative, Leo Tolstoy, in the autumn of 1910, in the course of which he described to her a vision that had appeared to him frequently during the two years preceding the interview.

"I have had," he said to her, "some really strange experiences which I could not publish as fiction. There is something that has haunted me for the past two years. I don't know how to explain the nature of it to you. I can not call it a dream, because I have seen it often while I have been sitting at my writing table. On other occasions it has appeared to me at twilight, before my dinner hour. I am not a believer in ghosts, nor in the spiritualistic explanations of phenomena; but I admit that I can not account for this mysterious affair."

"Is it a vision?" I interrupted.

"Something of that order, but very clear. So clear that I could draw a distinct picture of all that transpires. Furthermore, I can call up the vision at will. I am almost sure I could do it while you are here. The only difficulty is, that I am not able to write anything during the time of the manifestation. My hands are absolutely paralyzed."

"I shall be happy to write down what you dictate," I urged.

"Very good! That settles the matter," he replied. "I shall try for something immediately. There on the table are paper and pencil. Or use a pen—whatever you want."

In a few minutes I was waiting for the great moment, pencil and paper in hand. My aged host leaned back in his chair, covered his eyes with his hand and relapsed into an apparently comatose condition. For ten minutes he remained absolutely motionless. Then, straightening up like one in a trance, he began in a low and hollow voice:

**T**HIS is a revelation of events of a universal character, which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair-ornament of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name: 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follows in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hand. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is the roar of guns and musketry.

"The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger worlds of literature, art and statesmanship.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of Southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Germans, the Slavs and the Mongolians."

### Mob Law in the South.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Last month there was a great mass meeting in New York city to protest against the massacre of the Jews in certain European countries. Charles E. Hughes, who was one of the speakers, was applauded when he said: "If America stands for anything, let her speak, now."

The black and bloody spots on civilization are not all on Europe's skirts. A few days ago, in Mississippi, a mortally wounded negro was captured by a mob made up of whites and members of his own race, hanged, and his body burned, and this though a physician had stated he could not live more than twenty-four hours. This is but one of many similar occurrences which smirch the record of America as a land of law and order. In this most recent instance the governor of the state, petitioned to interfere, declared himself powerless, alleging that "nothing can keep the inevitable from happening."

In the case of this latest victim of lynch law, the crime was confessed. In a majority of instances the accused is rushed to execution without even a pretense of trial or an opportunity to prove innocence.

There is no talk of a remedy for lynching; mob law seems an unofficially established Southern institution. President Wilson's argument last summer has proved no more than Colonel Roosevelt's arraignment a dozen years ago. Professor Mims of Vanderbilt, recently said: "If the community cannot stop lynching, the state can; if the state cannot stop it, the nation can—and should."

### SON SHINES ON ROOSEVELT DAY. HE IS ELECTED

Oyster Bay, L. I., Nov. 5.—"It's a big day for my family. He is a fine boy. Mrs. Roosevelt is doing well, and I am elected from my home district to the assembly," said Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt at his home last night, thus summing up events affecting the Roosevelt household during the last twelve hours.

As the colonel was started on his political career by the voters of his district, who elected him to the assembly, his first political office, a son was born to Mrs. Roosevelt at the Sagamore Hill home.

The baby, the fourth in the family, was named Quentin, in honor of Col. Roosevelt's brother, who was killed in France while serving in the aviation corps.

Col. Roosevelt was opposed for the seat in the assembly by Elias Raff, Democrat, who served as a private with the 77th division in France. Col. Roosevelt won by three times the normal Republican majority. In one precinct he got 76 of the 77 votes.