

the story of his war-time experiences; and when he came to that night in Libby Prison, he sang the "Battle Hymn" once more. The effect was magical: people shouted, wept, and sang, all together; and when the song was ended, above the tumult of applause was heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln, exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

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Robert H. McLaughlin, who wrote *The Eternal Magdalene*, is a young Cleveland man, until

Robert H. McLaughlin recently the manager of The Colonial Theatre in that city. He has written several plays, some of which have been produced locally. Among these was *Demi-Tasse*, a dramatic one-act piece shown two years ago with Miss May Buckley and Jack Halliday in the principal rôles. *The Sixth Commandment*, which enjoyed a country-wide tour, has never played there.



ROBERT H. McLAUGHLIN, AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"



RUSSELL H. CONWELL, AUTHOR OF "ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

"Nothing in Tolstoy's life is so interesting to me as the circumstances of his death, his flight Tolstoy's Flight from home to the monastery, his perishing on a wayside station like some aged pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem." So writes Stephen Graham in *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary*. "The story is such a beautiful, pathetic, touching one that the station of Astapovo may well be an object of pilgrimage for people who can feel in themselves the poignancies of life, and who are interested in the destinies of mankind." It is a little station on a by line. "In the waiting room are peasants in rags, in sheep skins, in old blouses, peasants sleeping on forms, bundles on the floor, heaps of bundles, tied up sacks, ancient green trunks. On one side of the room is a grandfather's clock, on the other is a little wooden chapel with ikons and votive candles. From the clock to the chapel runs a long linoleum covered bar and on the ikon side of it are scores of



HENRY KITTELL WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

fresh loaves, while on the clock side are vodka and wine. On the top of the clock burns a paraffin lamp. There is praying and disputing and tea drinking, children crying, bundles, boxes, pointsmen with dim lanterns, a mouldy looking gendarme, and it is five o'clock in the morning."

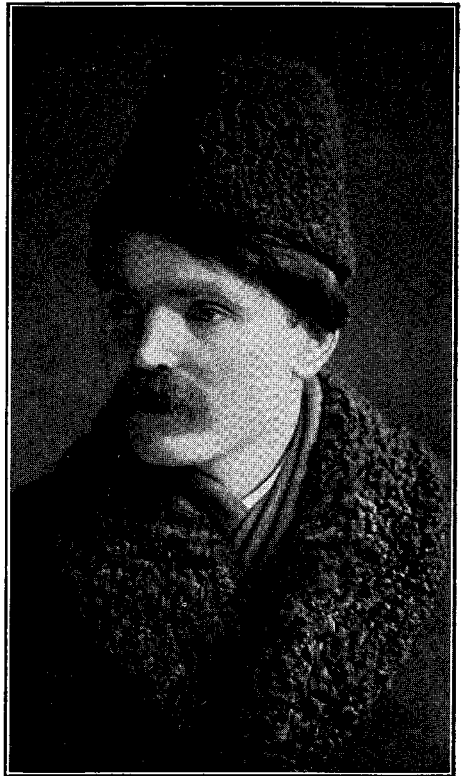
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"Out of the lingering train they brought Tolstoy into just such a room and to such a scene. 'They brought him through here,' says the heavy bearded man behind the bar, 'and they put him first in the woman's room and then took him to a room in the station master's house.' The man behind the bar has trained his whiskers to look like those of Tolstoy, and is vain enough to ask me: 'Did you not take me for Tolstoy's double? Some are frightened when they see me and think I am Tolstoy's ghost. Am I not like him?' A gruff, astonishing old fellow, this double of Tolstoy. A strange coincidence that Tolstoy should die at his station. He is heavy, awkward, unpleasant looking, like a Guy Fawkes effigy of Tolstoy; and as you watch him cross the

waiting room it seems as if his hair might fall off and prove to be a wig, and as if one might pull his beard and whiskers away. But he is quite obliging to me, and shows me the marble tablet in the station master's wooden wall, and directs me to the room in which everything stands just as it did then, which is being preserved so for all time—if Time spares Tolstoy's memory."

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"The first I ever heard of Tolstoy was the discrediting whisper, 'his wife banks his money; everything is in his wife's name.' And later on when I came to Russia, coupled with national pride in Leo Nikolaevitch was always the rumour: 'when he wants to go to Moscow he travels first class; he does not go on foot as he advises others to



STEPHEN GRAHAM