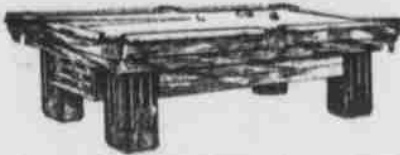


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Tolstoy to the Czar, the Kaiser and the King

(Continued from Page 3)

try 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 Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.

"AFTER the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without the moral feeling. But then, a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian-Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by a superior power.

"And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations. Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America and

the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. But then, in the middle of this century, I see a hero of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and purging the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious. It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torch of Commercialism. In place of the polygamy and monogamy of today, there will come a poetogamy—a relation of the sexes based fundamentally upon poetic conceptions of life.

"And I see the nations growing wiser, and realizing that the alluring woman of their destinies is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and the body. I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins."

THE late author-reformer finished, opened his eyes and looked at me slightly confused.

"Had I gone to sleep?" he asked me. "I beg your pardon!"

When I read his vision-talk to him, he listened gravely and nodded, saying that it was correct. Upon my request, he signed the document and handed it to me with a blessing. I left him the same day, and immediately upon my arrival informed the Czar of my readiness to see him.

I was received at the court in an informal way and led into the Czar's private study. I handed him the paper. He opened it nervously and read with pronounced agitation.

"Well, it's very interesting. I will make a copy for myself, and then forward other copies with a translation, to the Kaiser of Germany and through him to the King of England. The original shall be kept in my private archives. I shall ask the Kaiser and the King not to make any comments on the matter, as I do not like to figure as an intermediary between them and the old man whose seditious writings I do not like, generally."

It is because I have heard that one of the royal principals is going to include the secret message in his private memoirs, that I take this opportunity of publishing the whole truth about it and how I received the unusual document. The Czar has told me repeatedly that the Kaiser of Germany thinks it is one of the most impressive literary prophecies of this age.

Confidences of Arsene Lupin

(Continued from Page 5)

IT WAS at this moment that Chief-inspector Ganimard returned from India, where he had been hunting for Lupin on the strength of a number of convincing clues supplied by former confederates of Lupin himself. Feeling that he had once more been tricked by his everlasting adversary, fully believing that Lupin had dispatched him on this wild-goose-chase so as to be rid of him during the business of the tapestries, he asked for a fortnight's leave of absence, called on Mme. Sparminto and promised to avenge her husband.

Edith had reached the point at which not even the thought of vengeance relieves the sufferer's pain. She had dismissed the three detectives, on the day of the funeral, and engaged just one man and an old cook-housekeeper to take the place of the large staff of servants, the sight of whom reminded her too cruelly of the past. Not caring what happened, she kept her room and left Ganimard free to act as he pleased.

He took up his quarters on the ground floor and at once instituted a series of minute investigations. At the end of the fortnight, he asked for an extension of leave. The chief of the detective-service, who was at that time M. Dudouis, came

to see him. He found Ganimard perched on the top of a ladder, in the gallery. That day, the chief-inspector admitted that all his sleuthing had been fruitless.

Two days later, however, M. Dudouis called again and discovered Ganimard in a brown study. A bundle of newspapers lay spread in front of him. At last, in reply to his superior's urgent questions, he muttered:

"I know nothing, Chief, absolutely nothing; but there's an absurd notion worrying me . . ."

"Then . . . ?"

"I implore you, Chief, to have a little patience . . . to let me go my own way. But if I telephone to you suddenly, some day or other, you must jump into a taxi, without losing a minute. It will mean that I have discovered the secret."

Forty-eight hours passed. Then, one morning, M. Dudouis received a telegram:

"Going to Lille."

"GANIMARD."

"What the dickens can he want to go to Lille for?" pondered the chief-detective.

The day passed without news, followed by another day. But M. Dudouis had



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