shape of the base, which is made of a disk of No. 20 gauge metal hammered upon a piece of soft wood until the desired shape appears. Then the whole surface should be hammered over a ball mandrel, and the edge given a roll by turning it over a small wire. A flange is turned up in the center, and the tubing slips over this and is soldered from the under side. The candle cup slips into the top and is soldered in the same way. The handle, made of No. 16 gauge metal, is cut according to the pattern, hammered so that it is slightly concave, and then riveted to the tubing. The tubing itself should be thoroughly hammered in order to give the desired roughness of surface.

Candlestick No. 2 is made by forming a cone of No. 20 gauge sheet metal and brazing it on the side. The edge is then flared out over a horn mandrel. The same effect could be gained by hammering down the cone from one disk of No. 16 gauge metal, but this is much more difficult to do and a great deal of annealing would be required in order to get it into the desired shape. A small roll is turned over at the top of the cone to form a support for the candle cup, and the base is also rolled by being bent over a wire. The handle is made of No. 10 or 12 gauge metal, one end being split, twisted and bent around the top of the candlestick, while the other is riveted to the bottom.

Candlestick No. 3 is also cone-shaped, but much taller and slenderer in its proportions. No. 20 gauge metal is used, and the cone is brazed on one side in the manner we have already described. The shield that catches the dripping from the candle cup should be hammered over a pitch or block of wood, the surface being smoothed by hammering over a ball mandrel, and the edge turned over and hammered down. The candle cup is made by brazing the side and slightly flaring the top, turning the edge over. The cup and the shield are then riveted together and soldered to the top of the candlestick.

All these candlesticks are easy to make, the idea being to give the amateur metal workers designs that are quite within their power and articles that will make useful and acceptable gifts to friends as well as furnishings for their own homes. In this way many articles of hand-hammered metal may be added from time to time to the household belongings.

ALS IK KAN

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS"

A FEW weeks ago, in a little wayside hamlet in Russia, a weary old man lay dying. For him, the last ties were broken; the long battle of life was done. He had won many victories and suffered many defeats, and now the time was come to rest. Outside the poor hut where he lay, the peasants crowded close, weeping for the loss of their best friend, and whispering that he died because his heart was broken with the weight of his love for them and all mankind. All over the world, men and women watched for news of the man who was to them one of the greatest of modern philosophers, and in the royal and ecclesiastical palaces in St. Petersburg and Moscow the Czar and the priests of the Holy Synod wondered what was to be done to avoid the consequences of allowing such a man to die under the ban of excommunication.

History records few situations more vitally dramatic than this. The whole despotic power of the Greek Church in Russia was pitted against the serene simplicity of one great soul.Thirty years before, he had told the truth about the ecclesiastical oligarchy and had been cast out of the church. Unless churchly dogmas were false and futile, the excommunicated man must be ostracized in life and at death go to eternal damnation. Yet he faced eternity with the trust of a little child, and the people mourned him as a saint. It was a most embarrassing situation, full of danger to the power of the church, and in the face of it the church capitulated, sending priests to the bedside of the dying man to see if they could not gain some admission from him that might be construed into an appeal to be readmitted to the fold, so that the Holy Synod might be spared the necessity of refusing him Christian burial in consecrated ground.

But they gained not one word, and Tolstoy, victorious even in death, was buried without pomp or ceremonial just where he wanted to lie,—on the quiet hillside under "Poverty Oak" at his own home; in the very spot where he and his brothers, as children, had buried their cherished green rocking-horse. Nothing was left for the Holy Synod to do but express the pious
wish that he might find in God a merciful Judge, and send the Cossacks with their whips to disperse the people who mourned.

It was the final triumph of the man whose every triumph had come from fearlessly following the dictates of his own spirit. All his life, he went regardless of the established order of things, but it is doubtful if he was ever fully conscious of doing so. For him, the customs and traditions that tyrannize over mankind simply did not exist. As a rule, he did not defy them except when he found them oppressive, and then he merely brushed them aside as obstructions too trivial to be worth any serious thought. This big simplicity of his—so complete and so unconscious as to be almost unbelievable—has given rise to misconception such as seldom falls to the lot of man. He seemed to incarnate in his own powerful, primitive nature all the mysterious racial qualities of the Slav—and he never thought of concealing one of them. Every impulse, every conviction, was followed or uttered as it came to him, with no more thought of consistency or expediency than he had fear of the world's condemnation. Therefore the world, while bowing before his genius as a writer and his wisdom as a philosopher, has looked askance at him as a reformer, accusing him of both fanaticism and insincerity, as well as overwhelming egotism.

The profoundly pathetic thing about it was that, in one way, these accusations were true. Pathetic because the very quality in the man that made them true was the fundamental quality of sincerity. Every circumstance in his life; every line that he wrote, was part of a self-revelation so simple and complete that few people found it possible to believe. We all know the story: the young aristocrat, wavering between the excesses that were the larger part of life to men of his race and class, and the passionate fits of penitence and self-condemnation that grew out of the introspective, deeply religious side of his nature. The struggle between the flesh and the spirit was as simple as that of a child trying to be good; as profoundly elemental as the clashing of the world-forces in the march of evolution. It was the struggle of man with his environment, and it lasted all his life. He tells us naively how, when a boy, he used to scourge himself for his sins until he cried with the pain, and then give it up as a bad job and spend the next few days in bed, reading novels and luxuriating in his favorite dainties,—gingerbread and Kronv honey. Then, after he was married, and in the midst of his happy patriarchal life on his farm, how the joy of life, from sheer abundance, turned to despair so deep that he dared not take a gun with him when he went for a tramp, lest he might suddenly be tempted to end it all. He mirrored in his own personality the joys and sorrows of the world, and its complexities overwhelmed him. The life of his class, as it was lived in Russia, filled him with a disgust so deep that death seemed the only way out of it, until one day he found peace in the literal application of the words of Christ and sought from that time forward to gain the kingdom of heaven by giving up all his possessions and living a life of toil among simple and believing folk close to the soil.

The dream of his life was to bring about a bloodless revolution of the world by exterminating vice and misery, and the way to do it seemed to be the living of a natural, healthful life, stripped of all unnecessary things, and passed in the doing of useful work out in the open. His philosophy of life was that: "Man lives as Nature lives—and there are no conditions except those invariable ones which Nature has imposed on the sun, the grass, the animals, the trees. They have no other laws. Happiness is to be one with Nature." So far as his own life was concerned, he acted according to his belief, but for him it became literally true, that "a man's foes shall be those of his own household." Not intentionally so; no man was more deeply and loyally loved by his wife and children than was this aristocrat who became a peasant for love of the people, but they loved him as the world loves, and they were of the world and of their class. He had no choice but to yield and let them go their own way until such time as they might choose to follow him, but the harshest judgment of the world has been visited on him for yielding,—judgment only a little less harsh than that which would have fallen on him had he been consistent throughout and reduced his wife and children to begging because he believed that property was the crying evil of the world.

He tells us in the early days of his married life that he was the happiest man on earth. He says joyously: "I am head over
ears in farming, and Sonia is as deep in it as I. We have no steward, and she herself plays bailiff and keeps the accounts. I have bees and sheep, and a new garden, and a spirit distillery.” When the children came, life was well nigh perfect. His one thought was of them. He was their jolliest playmate when at home, and if he was obliged to be away he was haunted by the fear that all might not be well at home. Yet when the profoundest conviction of his life over-whelmed him, the care for his family broad-ened almost in spite of him into care for mankind so that he would have stripped them of every penny that they might follow with him the footsteps of the Christ.

Then the mother had to choose, and her choice was as tragically hard as his. Her brother tells us of the struggle she had. “I have hard work now,” she said to him. “I must do everything myself, whereas formerly I was only a helper. The property and the education of the children are entirely in my hands; yet people find fault with me for doing this and not going about begging! Should I not have gone with him if I had not had young children? But he has forgotten everything in his doctrines.” It was the world-old tragedy, and the two suffered equally—the man in the grip of a belief that was to him the key of life; the mother fighting for her children.

Because both were simple and sincere, their life went on with some measure of tranquillity. Tolstoy, as always, did the thing that was natural to him. He had out-lived the complexities of civilized existence, and material things fell away from him because their value was gone. He lived only in the realm of the spiritual, taking the physical life which had meant so much to him as unconsciously as an animal. The world jeered at him as a poseur because he did the work, ate the food and wore the clothes that belonged to the life he had chosen and made him one with the simple toilers who were his friends and children, but the chances are that, after the first keen appreciation of their fitness, he never thought anything about it. His mind was filled with the larger work that his spirit drove him to do, and in preaching his gospel and immortalizing the salient features of his people and his times so that all the world might come to understand his beloved Russia, he simply allowed all superfluous things to fall away as they would.

And that they did fall away so completely is due to the woman who fought for the worldly welfare of his children, but never ceased to care for him as the most helpless of them all. As in their youth she freely forgave the sins which he freely confessed to her, so to the end she bore with his weak-nesses, worshiped his greatness, indulged his fancies, toiled at his side in every phase of his mental struggle and achievement, and shielded him from the pettiness and friction of life that his spirit might soar unham-pered to the heights. When, at the end, it broke away even from her care, she followed him without a word of reproach and—waited outside until he needed her. The need never came, for his spirit had already melted into the universal and, like a dying lion, he sought solitude that the wornout body might drop away without hindrance. Well might the uneasiness of the Holy Synod, the clamor of the priests, be un-heeded by both of them. Fears regarding his own “salvation” were very far from the man who roused from unconsciousness to whisper: “There are millions of people and many sufferers in the world. Why are you anxious about me? It is death, that’s all.” And the gossip of the world about past troubles and misunderstandings were equally far from the weeping woman who knelt by his bier, saying over and over again to those who would have comforted her: “The light of the world is gone.”

**IF BUSINESS SLACKENS, WHAT THEN?**

Mr. James J. Hill is prophesying sad things for the business of this coun-try as a result of the reform move-ment that expressed itself so em-phatically in the recent elections. He does not go so far as a panic, but he predicts dull times and a general slowing down of the wheels of commerce and industry under the brakes that are likely to be applied if the people are permitted to say to the great cor-porations,—especially to the railroads,—“Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.” He specially deprecates the opposition to the raise in rates recently put in force by all the railroads; recapitulates the enormous bene-fit to the country that has grown out of rail-road enterprise, and hints that persistent at-tempts at regulation may lead to a ces-sation of this enterprise, which would in-itably result in general stagnation.

This plea of the capitalist has grown so threadbare with much use that it is surpris-