

decker iron beds with straw mattresses, and cook their food on a primitive hearth in one corner, whose smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Except that they vary in size, all the other defenses along the front resemble this one.

Before returning to Tetuán we visited Wadi Martin on the shore of the sea. Five years ago it consisted of half a dozen huts. Now it is a little seaside resórt with a population of fifteen hundred people, a fishing-wharf, and a bathhouse. Wealthy Arabs have

seaside cottages here, and officers and merchants from Tetuán bring their families here for the summer.

All along our route I saw evidences of the vast sums that Spain is spending in this country — wireless stations, munitions depots, aviation camps, and all the rest. And I could see that everyone with whom I talked was deeply preoccupied with the all-absorbing question of how Spain was to get any return for all the sacrifices of life, money, and energy that she has made here.

## EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE<sup>1</sup>

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

### IV. RUDYARD KIPLING

The tin-can politics of Rudyard  
rust in some Tooting brick and mud yard,  
while through the sacred brushwood, rippling,  
glimmers the faun the gods call Kipling.

<sup>1</sup> From the *Spectator*.

# THE TOLSTOI LIFE DRAMA: A DAUGHTER'S STORY<sup>1</sup>

BY EKATERINA KUSKOVA

It was announced that Tatiana Lvovna Tolstaia-Sukhotina would speak upon the Tolstoi family drama, of her father and her mother. I dreaded to go. The most intimate family privacies, usually hidden from all outsiders, were, it seemed to me, about to be put on public exhibition, exposed to the profane gaze of the world. Could anyone picture justly and adequately the home life of a man like Tolstoi?

But the speaker's very first words reassured me. She was the true daughter of Tolstoi, who spoke to us with wonderful simplicity. Not a single embellishment, not a single artificial phrase. She told her story plainly and unaffectedly, now quietly, now with more emphasis, exactly as everyday life goes on. The great audience that filled the Slavianski Zal in Prague was hushed. No one moved while this gray-haired, wholesome-looking woman in a plain black dress spoke. Even the fact that after every few sentences she was interrupted by the interpreter, who repeated them in Czech, did not seem to distract attention — indeed, it gave one time to absorb what had just been said. And the audience grew tenser and tenser, as the great drama unrolled before its eyes: suffering without respite, mutual miscomprehension without hope of understanding.

'Fourteen years have now passed since my father's death, and five years since the death of my mother. During these years we children have heard much about their relations that was

true, but still more that was untrue. We have kept silent — we have not carried our tales to the public; but now it is time to speak. For books written by my father's friends have appeared that contain the sort of truth which, intrinsically, is false — especially concerning my mother. It seems almost harder to speak than to keep silent, but it is a duty to let the world know the true character of my mother, especially as it was exhibited during the last few years of their life in common, when her nervousness already bordered on insanity. It is painful to speak of my parents' relations with each other, but the fact is that all the things that remain hidden in other families were open to everybody in ours; we lived as if in a glass house. Every stranger was welcome to visit us, to look around, and then to tell from the tree tops what he spied out in the secret recesses of our hearts. Tolstoi himself disclosed much in his *Diaries* and his *Confession*; therefore I feel free to speak of what I myself have seen and lived through in my family. To be sure, I cannot tell everything, for it is still too early to mention all of those who shared in the tragedy.

'I, the oldest daughter, am only twenty years younger than my mother. For thirty-five years, until my marriage, I lived with my parents, and I intervened to smooth over many misunderstandings that became intolerably acute after 1880.'

Tatiana Lvovna continues. She tells the story, as the family tradition has it, of Tolstoi's marriage with the

<sup>1</sup> From *Dni* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian language daily), April 10