

ILIODOR, RUSSIA'S "MAD MONK," AGAIN IN U. S.; PLANS TO BECOME A "SECOND BILLY SUNDAY"

One-Time Firebrand, Who Defied Holy Synod and Led Black Hundreds, to Be a Baptist Missionary

WIFE AND CHILDREN HERE TO BE REAL AMERICANS, FORMER PPIEST ASSERTS

Tells of Last Hours of Czar and His Ill-Fated Family, and Demands Severity in Handling Radicals

A small front room of an East Side apartment house the pages of Russia's dark fantastic history are rustling today.

Within, as his guest, his picturesque black hair tumbling over his brow, sits Russia's famed "Mad Monk Iliodor." Eleven years ago in that land heavily bolted and barred doors, subterranean passages and

He is Iliodor, of Tsaritsin, who, with an extravagant sweep of adulation from millions of peasants and the appellation "new favorite of the Czar," held the center of the stage of all Russia.

Yesterday in New York he rode on the top of a Fifth avenue bus. All the while his three little children were playing games with the little Podlesney girl up and down

He has come to America to become in due time another Billy Sunday.

Iliodor made this announcement last night through the kindness of his interpreter, young Podlesney, whose father is a Baptist minister.

"I understand those millions of hearts," he said; "it was because I understood the hearts of the masses of the people and the heart of the Czar, too, that I was able to hold Russia. This was my power."

"And human hearts are the same all over the world." He raised his hand knowingly as though to sweep away all doubts; his hand, often raised to sway the destinies of 150,000,000 people, still made memorial gestures.

"They will have a tree," their papa said emphatically, giving as much attention to the project as if it were the time he told Prime Minister Stolypin to do as he ordered.

"They will have it with me," said the little Podlesney girl, who is seven. It was the first time she had spoken, though she, too, was listening to everything that went on.

There are 18,000,000 people starving in Russia, Iliodor had said a little before. Half of them would rush to America if the Soviet Government would permit.

The father looked proudly at his little ones as he bade them go back to sleep and went once more to the table. Many pictures hung on the walls. The windows were peevily

in this country when we were here in 1918." Little Iliodor was the only one asleep of the little fledglings in the pink down quilt of a nest. The

Sergius Trufanoff, better known as the "Mad Monk Iliodor"

others were wide-eyed and none the worse for having nearly perished in the quicksand as they made their escape from Russia. Only when their mother, amber of eyes and hair, came over toward the bed did they duck under the covers and pretend they were not listening to what papa Iliodor was saying.

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hung with curtains and the bureau carefully festooned in honor of its visiting family. A setting appropriate indeed for one who would translate a life rich in fantastic color and storm into terms of quiet domesticity and democracy.

Once at the beginning of the rise of his power Iliodor preached at Tsaritsin what the Holy Synod decided was heresy. The synod ordered him to proceed to Crimea "for restoration of his health."

Once he won a victory over the revolutionaries leading the people and singing, "Save, Lord, Thy People." Eleven times the revolution-

comes of Grecian royal ancestry. She will be a real American now, though, and so will my children. I have planned for Sergius that he be a preacher.

It was then Iliodor, with his thoughts imprisoned behind glittering eyes and heavy black brows, made this rather momentous prediction.

But he did not go on with the thought because once more he returned to the subject of Nicholas and the downfall of the monarchical system in Russia.

It was the speech rather of a man who had looked in on the sadder human aspect of watching a great nation fall: who had seen pomp and royal rubric swept away and the relationship of a great ruler and his favorite reduced to simply this: the giving of a piece of bread.

Hunger! The physical hunger of a monarch who had ruled over 150,000,000 of people!

Gave Their Last Meal To Czar and Czarina

"I gave them their last meal," he said quite simply. "I saw them two hours before they died in the house where they were kept prisoners. The Czarina, who was the more masterful of the two, bowed her head low. The Czar stood by a spinning wheel and the Czarina was trying to work on a pillow.

Iliodor pictured the Russia of today as a babe and compared America to a big brother standing by and powerless to help. Bolshevism, he said, was choking Russia, and he pointed out that here in America we are too lenient with radicals.

"America Too Lenient With Radical Element"

"You are too delicate with them," he said with emphasis, and this time his eyes held fire. "You are too lenient by far. Harsh measures are needed for your extremists, who are linked with the extremists of Russia and supplied with funds by them. You are too lenient with them. It was the same with the Czar. Had they listened to me they would have been warned in time, but they laughed at the thought of the revolution as a foolish boy's parts of the country. For eighteen months he lived in this way, sometimes with the Red Army and sometimes with the White Army."

"In 1918," he continued, "I was betrayed to the Bolshevik officials and I was told these officials wished me to become head of the Russian Church that I might undermine its influence and personnel to make its workings valueless. I was put in jail and threatened, but released and put under surveillance.

No decision was made until Iliodor learned through private sources that unless he took action against Tikhon he would be executed. It was then he decided on the quick and urgent trip to America. He left Russia without a passport, but was permitted to sail because of a document issued in the American Consulate in Riga. Instructions to issue the papers had been cabled, it was said, as the result of the request of Baptist church officials. The trip, however, that preceded the actual setting forth from Riga was in itself an adventure for the whole Iliodor family.

Surveying the entire Russian situation



he Monk in his robes—a photograph taken before he left Russia



Monk Iliodor, his wife and children, who hope to become Americans in time. The children are Sergius, seven years old; Hope, five, and Iliodor, four. The last named was born in the United States

ists tried him for his life. In the end they offered him the head of the Russian Church.

Had to Flee to Riga To Escape His Enemies

It was when he heard his life was in danger because of his refusal to accede to his enemies' demands that he put his wife and two younger children in a place of safety and then with his older son, Sergius, made the long trip to Riga in a wagon. His wife and children followed him on foot.

His voice took on softer accents as he spoke of his wife and children. His eyes followed her as she walked here and there in the other room helping in the little tasks of the kitchen. She wore a blue serge dress and seemed about thirty years old. Ilidor broke his vows when he married her.

Spent Year in Prison With Rise of Rasputin

Only this was his reign of favor and glory interrupted for Iliodor when Rasputin supplanted the Cossack monk as spiritual adviser to their royalties. At the time Iliodor was sent to prison for a year, and it was only through a narrow escape that he was saved a trip to Siberia.

Speaking of this period of Russia's dark past, he said: "It was listening to the advice of Rasputin that proved the fatal step for the Czar. He was at the road where he might have done one of two things: I said to him, 'If you listen to Rasputin you will be lost. Listen to me, the voice of reason, and you will be saved.'"

tion Iliodor said that bolshevism was doomed to downfall, that Lenin and Trotzky had never accomplished anything of good to the Russian people and that the greatest single need in Russia at the present moment was a physical one.

"They need food and clothing," he said almost brusquely as though the need was so obvious that it could not help but shout out to the world for itself.

The "mad monk," in spite of his stern, picturesque appearance, has the suggestion of the child about him. He has the child-heart enthusiasm of the foreigner which Americans with all their national youth do not seem to achieve. He stands six feet and his Slavic origin is clearly traceable in his pale, well-moulded features. He smiles frequently and just now seems extraordinarily happy.

America stretches before him as never a wonderland as ever it stretched before the humblest immigrant who sees "Status of Liberty" beckoning to a life of gold.

Ilidor does not seem to be a man who is easily satisfied. He is a man who is always looking for a better way.



The figures represent an angel and St. Mary