

It was a glorious victory!  
 Jesus, thou weak man of poor estate,  
 What dost thou know of glory, or delicious wealth?  
 Thou timid preacher of peace and love.  
 Behold us! Our arms are red with blood to the elbows,  
 and we have sickened the air with the smell of  
 blood.  
 We have thrust our hands into the warm bowels of little  
 children and torn out their young hearts;  
 We have quenched the love light in the eyes of mothers,  
 and the love lamps in their hearts;  
 We have silenced the laughter of innocent children;  
 We have shot from afar and crushed the tender bones  
 of little ones, and made baby hearts to jet out red  
 fountains, through baby breasts.  
 With bullets we have dashed the brains of lads and of  
 budding bosomed girls upon the rocks.  
 The vultures and the tigers fled away to hide themselves,  
 to return only when our work was done.  
 We have fed the palm trees with blood, so that their  
 leaves shall wither and their fruit be accursed.  
 We have smeared our lips with the blood of babes, and  
 with tears from the eyes of little children as they  
 died in agony.  
 We shot from afar off, and laughed at the walls of chil-  
 dren.  
 We laughed at the sickening hiccough of a mother, shot  
 through the womb.  
 Get thee back upon thy cross, thou pale weak Jesus.  
 Whisper no more thy foolish tale of brotherhood and  
 pity.  
 For our hearts are big with the lust of conquest.  
 Blood wells up between our toes as we tread our path-  
 way.  
 We are brave!  
 Pitiful Jesus, what didst thou know of such bravery as  
 ours?  
 We have thrust our arms into the warm bowels of chil-  
 dren, and held their hearts quivering upon our  
 hands.  
 It was a glorious victory.  
 And there is no God.



**A FILIPINO VINDICATED.**

*Fiske Warren in The Springfield Republican.*

The sheaves of the Anti-Imperialists are beginning to come in. Here is one:  
 The Philippine commission has confirmed the election of Teodoro Sandiko as governor of Bulakan. This excellent man, one of the brightest hopes of his country, who distinguished himself by his successful efforts to obtain merciful consideration for the thousands of Spaniards captured by the Filipino forces, was traduced by our representatives in the Philippines as the author of the celebrated order for the massacre of Americans in Manila. This massacre order was frequently pointed to in the press of this country as proof that the Filipinos are savage by nature and incapable of self-government, while the fact that Maj. Crowder investigated the charges against Mr. Sandiko and dismissed them was allowed to slumber in the security of official records or to smother in the unfavorable atmosphere of the official conscience. Now he is confirmed as governor of Bulakan. Yet law No. 83 authorizes the Philippine commission to refuse to confirm an elected candidate, in case "there is reasonable ground to suspect his loyalty."



**AN INTERNATIONAL PATRIOTISM.**

*A Childhood Experience of Jane Addams, as Related in Unity.*

When I was barely twelve years old, coming into my father's room one morning, I found him sitting beside the fire with a newspaper in his hand looking

very solemn, and upon my eager inquiry what had happened, he told me that Joseph Mazzini was dead.

I had never even heard Mazzini's name, and after being told about him I was inclined to grow argumentative, asserting that my father did not know him, that he was not an American, and that I could not understand why we should be expected to feel badly about him.

It is impossible to recall the conversation with the complete breakdown of my cheap arguments, but in the end I obtained that which I have ever regarded as a valuable possession, a sense of the genuine relationship which may exist between men who share large hopes and like desires, even though they differ in nationality, language and creed; that those things count for absolutely nothing between groups of men who are trying to abolish slavery in America or to throw off Hapsburg oppression in Italy.

At any rate, I was heartily ashamed of my meager notion of patriotism, and I came out of the room exhilarated with the consciousness that impersonal and international relations are actual facts and not mere phrases. I was filled with pride that I knew a man who held converse with great minds and who really sorrowed and rejoiced over happenings across the sea.

I never recall these early conversations with my father nor a score of others like them but that there comes into my mind a line from Mrs. Browning in which a daughter describes her relations with her father:

He wrapt his little daughter in his large  
 Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no.



**THE CRIMES OF KINGS.**

*From One of a Series of Sermons on the French Revolution, Now Being Delivered in the Vine Street Congregational Church in Cincinnati, by the Pastor, the Rev. H. S. Bigelow.*

The French Revolution is the most intensely absorbing act in the whole drama of human history. To some it was a hideous nightmare. To others it was a terrible judgment day—a day of wrath appointed for the crimes of kings.

To measure the crimes that were committed in the name of the people we must consider the crimes that were committed in the name of the old regime. The crimes that were committed by the Revolution have been made the most of. They have been fully catalogued. They were seen of all the world. But the centuries were blind to the atrocities that were committed by king and grandee against the people; they were deaf to the groans of those who were left to rot and die in the dungeons of feudal France.

When Marie Antoinette was led to the guillotine all the world stood aghast. When the knife fell and the blood spurted and the headless trunk of a queen was carted off for burial, a thrill of horror encircled the globe. It was royal blood that the Revolution shed. One royal execution attracted more attention and commanded more sympathy than ten thousand wretches whose lives were harried out of them by crimes committed in the name of the law.

It is still so. Remember Bloody Sunday when the poor people who demanded an audience with the

"Little Father" were shot down in the streets of St. Petersburg. Did our government at Washington send to the people of Russia any message of indignation or sympathy? But a few days later when one Grand Duke was murdered, were not the condolences of the American Republic cabled forthwith to the Czar's government?

When the cravat of Louis the Sixteenth was untied and his royal neck laid on the block of the Revolution, the crowned heads of Europe fell into a rage. They were shocked that a fat and stupid king should be done to death. Shocked, indeed, though they had borne complacently enough the sufferings of their own unnumbered victims. It was nothing to them that the trenches of senseless battle-fields should be filled with the mangled bodies of fathers and husbands; it was nothing to them that their mute dungeons should confound the innocent with the guilty, and stop forever the piteous cry for justice and liberty; it was nothing to them that harpies held high revel in kings' palaces while labor was bent by the weight of taxes, and men and women and children were driven to eat grass with the beasts of the field.

Said the dying Revolutionist to the Bishop in Victor Hugo's story: "I will weep with you for the children of kings, if you will weep with me for the little ones of the people."



### HOW MEN DIE IN RUSSIA.

From the Chicago Tribune of April 7, 1906.

Ivan Norodny, a Russian revolutionary, who led the attempt at mutiny at Cronstadt last year, and who was minister of domestic affairs in the provisional government of the Baltic provinces, has arrived in New York. He escaped from Russia in disguise early in January, with a 30,000 rubles (\$15,000) price on his head.

Norodny has a letter from an attorney named Riasner, who was an eye-witness of the execution of Lieut. Schmidt of the Russian navy on March 19 at Otchakoff. [The Public, vol. viii, page 857.] Schmidt was the leader of the revolt at Sevastopol.

"I saw the assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius hanged," writes Riasner, "yet that was as nothing by the horror of this shooting. My pen refuses to move when I think of it.

"It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Schmidt was led out for execution with the three common sailors who died with him. His struggle to the end was to save the three sailors. On the way to the place of execution he begged permission to send a telegram taking all responsibility and exonerating the sailors. The admiral refused that.

"Then let me at least die like an officer," he said. 'Do not blind nor blind me.'

"They granted that, and decided that since he could see and the others would die blind, he should be shot first. Schmidt was placed with his back against a hill. Thirty men of his own command, many of whom loved him, were told off to kill him.

"Now the admiral feared that these men might not shoot at the word; so behind them he stationed 200 men with loaded rifles trained on every man of the firing squad. Their orders were to shoot instantly any man who failed to fire.

"Schmidt walked like a soldier to the spot. All the way he spoke incessantly to the soldiers who walked

to the right and left, exhorting them to rise for humanity. A priest approached him.

"No," said Schmidt, kindly, 'I believe in no God except the good of humanity.' Then he stepped into his place.

"The officer had drawn his sword, when Schmidt called out: 'Wait, I want a glass of water. You cannot refuse that to a dying man.'

"It seemed a strange request, but they granted it. Hardly were the water bearers out of range when he raised the glass high above his head:

"To the people of Russia," he cried. 'To the Russian people and the social revolution.'

"These were his last words, for the officer cried 'Fire.'

"Only sixteen of the thirty men in the firing squad fired. The rest lowered their pieces, overcome by the sublimity of this pledge in the face of death.

"The admiral kept his word. The sixteen who had fired were ordered rapidly out of line; the fourteen who failed were kept in place, their backs toward their death.

"Fire," said the officer of the 200 men behind.

"Probably not more than half of them obeyed, but it was enough. The fourteen fell as one man. Then they proceeded with the butchery of the three condemned soldiers.

"What a day was this, comrade, in the history of Russia!"



### TOLSTOY TO THE CZAR.

In the Following Direct Personal Appeal to the Czar, Count Tolstoy Urges Still Further Concessions in Behalf of the Great Proletariat in Russia—In View of the Coming Meetings of the National Assembly, the Suggestions Offered by Count Tolstoy Are of Particular Interest at This Time.

Reprinted From Harper's Weekly of Feb. 3, 1906.

Dear Brother:—I think it more fitting to call you "dear brother" because in this letter I am addressing myself less to the Czar than to the man and brother; and, more than that, I am no longer of this world, but standing at the threshold of the tomb. I do not wish to die without telling you what I think of your present activity—telling you what that activity is, and what it ought to be for the greater good of millions of men and for your own good; and also telling you what a source of evil your conduct may be for these and for yourself if your activity continues to follow its present course. To-day a third part of Russia is under okrana\*—in other words, a condition which sets the law at naught. There is a whole army of policemen, lawyers and secret agents; and that army is growing; the prisons and the penitentiaries are overflowing; a considerable number of men politically condemned (and that classification covers the working class) swell the list of the thousands of common-law criminals. The veto of the censor has reached the culminating point of stupidity. Religious persecutions have never been as frequent or as cruel. In all the manufacturing centers armed forces are concentrated and turned out against the people at the least warning.

\*"Okrana," approaching the condition of siege, or "slight state of siege."