

"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."

Bloody fratricidal struggles have taken place in many quarters, struggles even more terrible are in preparation, and they cannot fail to burst out.

The result of the cruel action of the government is that the agricultural people, the 100,000,000 men in whom the power of Russia rests, are growing poorer every year. Famine has become a normal phenomenon. General discontent reigns among all classes, and the hostility of all classes to the government has also become an habitual fact.

Now the sole cause of the situation is this: Your advisers have persuaded you that when they stifle all vital movement in the people they assure the happiness of the people, as well as your tranquillity and your safety. But it would be easier to stop the current of a torrent than to stop the incessant, the progressive movement of humanity determined by Divine power.

It is easy to understand that men who are interested in preserving the present order of things, and who think "after us the deluge!" will try to convince you that such a condition is necessary. But you, the independent man of reason and of heart, whose every need is provided for, how can you believe that, how can you follow their appalling counsels, how can you do, how can you permit others to do, so much evil, and that because of a determination impossible to realize, the determination to stop the irresistible march of humanity?

You cannot be ignorant of the fact that from the beginning of the life of men, many economical, political and religious forms have followed an evolution; that from the brutal, the cruel, the irrational, the progressively gentle, kind and rational have been evolved.

Your advisers make you believe the contrary; they affirm that orthodoxy and autocracy have always been the fundamental principles of the Russian people, and that orthodoxy and autocracy must rule the destinies of Russia to the end of the ages.

That is why it is supposed that the happiness of Russia demands the maintenance of the two political forms linked together—religious and political organization—no matter what the cost.

That is a double lie.

First of all, it is not true that orthodoxy is the vehicle of Russian thought. It was in former times, but it is not now.

The reports of the Grand Procurator of the Holy Synod can inform you as to this; that the men of the people who are spiritually the best developed follow the teachings of religious sects, despite the dangers that they face when they abandon orthodoxy. If it were true that orthodoxy is inherent in the Russian mind, it would not be necessary to make so many efforts to maintain that form of religion, and it would not be necessary so cruelly to persecute those who refuse to follow it.

So it is with the autocratic institutions. If their system seemed indispensable to the Russian people when they believed the Czar to be the infallible god on earth, who alone could direct the country, that is not the case to-day, when all know—or when all learn as soon as they learn anything—that a good Czar is simply "a happy accident," and that Czars may be, and, in fact, have been, monsters and madmen, like, for instance, Ivan the Terrible, and Paul I. They know, as they learn when they are studying

things, that however good and however wise a Czar may be, he cannot, personally, govern one hundred and thirty millions of men; and that being the case, they know that the Czar's courtiers are the real rulers. The Czar's courtiers are men who care more for their own positions than for the well-being of the people.

"But," you tell me, "the Czar may choose great and unselfish or disinterested men for courtiers." No. Unfortunately the Czar cannot make such a choice; because he knows only a few dozen men, who owe it either to their luck or to intrigue that they have succeeded in approaching him, and who, having succeeded in getting close to him, are very careful to prevent any one from approaching him who could by any possibility compete with them in any way. So it is plain that the Czar cannot make his choice from the thousands of energetic, intelligent men who would be glad to serve the people. He must choose from such men as Beaumarchais had in mind when he said, "Mediocrity and push mean success." He chooses from the men he knows. Now, if a number of Russians are willing to obey the Czar, they are not willing to obey men whom they despise; and they cannot obey men whom they despise without sullying their own dignity. And yet despicable men rule in Russia, and they do it in the name of the Czar. It is evident that you are deluding yourself as to the people's attachment to autocracy, and to its representative, the Czar, because you in all the cities are greeted by crowds who cry, Hurrah! and run behind your carriage. Such manifestations are far from being an expression of the people's fidelity. The crowds are nothing but inquisitive people who follow all uncommon sights with the same eagerness; and, generally, they whom you take for the people's messengers of affection are nothing but needy wretches mustered by the police to make a show in your honor. I can cite the example of your grandfather. One day when he was at Kharkov he went to the cathedral. It was filled with "the faithful," who, in point of fact, were disguised policemen.

If you could promenade along the railroad some day when the imperial train is to pass, and if you could see the peasants lined up behind the troops, if you could listen to what is said by the starostas and other village chiefs who have been brought there to shiver in the cold and wet, with not one cent to pay them for it—not even bite or sup, and that, too, several days in succession!—you would hear from the mouths of those simple peasants (who are the real representatives of the people) words expressing anything but love of the autocracy and its manifestation, the Czar.

If the prestige of the Czar's authority was intact half a century ago (under Nicholas I.), great inroads have been made in it during the last thirty years, and in these days all that was left of it has fallen so low that no one fears to condemn the acts of the government—not to say the Czar—to shower invectives upon it, and to cover it with ridicule.

Autocracy is a superannuated governmental form. It may answer the needs of some insignificant tribe of Central Africa that squats there at a distance from civilization; but it does not answer the demands of the Russian people who have been civilized by contact with universal progress.

That is why it is not possible to apply this system to Orthodoxy without recurring to oppression in all its forms—siege, banishment by the administration, religious persecution, executions, interdiction of books and newspapers, and other bad and cruel action.

Of such a character has been all the conduct of your reign. When you ascended the throne, your answer to the delegation from the government of Tver termed its most legitimate appeals "insensate dreams"—that answer provoked the indignation of Russian society.

All your ordinances concerning Finland, the grasping of Chinese territory, your convocation of the conference of The Hague (to the accompaniment of an increase in your military strength), the gradual but progressive limitation of electoral assemblies, and the growths of arbitrary administration, the religious persecutions that you encourage, your approbation of the monopoly of alcohol (in other words, government trading in poison), and last of all the maintenance of the system of corporal punishment, despite the incessant appeals and demands addressed to you for the abolition of that stupid, useless and humiliating custom; you could not have accomplished all that if you had not been docile to the suggestions of your counsellors, and taken upon yourself the visionary task of arresting the life of the people, and setting them even further back than they were in the olden times.

Violent measures are excellent to oppress a people, but they are not good to govern it. In our day, the only means of really governing would be to place yourself at the head of the popular movement, which, rising from the evil to the good, from the shadows toward the light, is to lead the people upward, mounting by the means that are within reach of all. In order to be in condition to do that it is necessary before all else—to make it possible for the people to tell what they need—to give them the possibility of making their wants known, and then having given them that possibility and having listened to them, it is necessary to answer their desires, and to accord what they require for the necessities not only of one class, but for all the needs of the majority of the people—the working classes.

Now, as to what the Russian people would ask were they free to claim what they wish; in my opinion, first of all, they would demand to be disembarassed of the laws of exception, which have put them in the condition of a pariah; then they would ask the right to circulate freely, to go and to come, according to their own will and to believe according to their consciences; and then the people—one hundred millions of men—would cry out as one man and more than for all else, for the right to enjoy the ground, for the abolition of private rights in land, the abolition of individual property in real estate.

In my opinion suppression of the private right to the ground ought to be the first step toward the reform to which the Russian government of our day should tend. In other words, the only way to enfranchise the Russian people is to abolish private owning of land, and to recognize land as part of the property of the nation.

Dear brother, you have only one life on this earth, and you may wofully squander that life in your vain effort to halt the march of humanity,

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which is the progressive advance determined by God Himself to lead man upward from evil to good, from darkness into light. By inspiring yourself by a knowledge of the needs and wishes of the nation, you may consecrate your life to the nation and live with your people in peace and joy, serving God by serving men.

However great your responsibility may be before men, either because you have done much good or much evil during your reign, still greater is your responsibility before God for your life here below on which depends your life eternal. God has not given you your life so that you may have time to accomplish divers acts of evil, or so that you may participate in bad actions, or tolerate bad actions in others. God gave you your life so that you might work His will; and His will is not to do evil, but to do good.

Think of this, reflect on it; not as before men, but as before God; and do what God tells you to do; that is to say, do what your conscience tells you to do; and do not trouble yourself about the obstacles that you will meet when you enter upon this new mode of life. Those obstacles will disappear; you will not even notice them if what you do is done, not for the glory of men, but for your soul; that is to say, for God. Forgive me if, unwillingly, I have offended you or grieved you by what I have just written. Only the desire for your good and the good of the Russian people has dictated this letter.

Have I reached the end that I have had in view? Only the future that, probably, I shall not see, can decide. I have done what I consider my duty.

Your brother, who wishes you the true happiness,

LYOF TOLSTOY.



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For The Public.

When social sins have strewn their waste  
Across the path we keep,  
And progress will not be retraced,  
Nor conscience pause to sleep,  
Some soldier of the surging throng—  
Unheld by fear or pride—  
Leaps forth to seize the noisome wrong  
And cast its slime aside.

Not every savior of the race  
Sits high upon a throne,  
Assured the borrowed power of place  
Is his to hold alone.  
Beneath the most exalted bends  
The savior with the rake,  
Upon whose sacrifice depends  
What'er advance we make.

How shall the chiefest critic call  
Anathema to those  
Whose rakes a pestilence forestall,  
Where graft unhindered grows?  
Has envy stung the strenuous one,  
Or self-reproach assailed  
The booster of reforms—undone,  
Of probings that have failed?

Comes from some close official sewer  
A stench that must expose  
A state the public won't endure,  
Tho' named a harmless rose?  
Does near disturbance of the rakes  
Upset imperial schemes  
That flourish when ambition takes  
Its over-reaching dreams?

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