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til he encountered the welt raised by the tar pot. "There! It is badly swollen. It was at half past eleven, last night

"Listen," Patty pleaded. "It was not last night. It was eighteen years ago. I am your little Patty. Don't you remember her? I am grown up, of course.—Mother, why don't you kiss him?—Father! Kiss her!"

Mrs. Gifford recoiled; nor did Seth Gifford take advantage of the invitation. Again he tried to fling his unrecognizable hands from him.

"I . . . I need a bath," he muttered, then tottered to the edge of the cabin and sat down. "Oh dear, oh dear!" he moaned, and burst into tears.

IX.

REALLY, you know, he's the same Seth—not changed a particle in all that time," Mrs. Gifford announced. She had just come on deck and joined the others in the morning cool.

THE DRAMA OF MY LIFE
(Continued from Page 5)

with the wounded. Their bandages were fresh, and blood was soaking through their shirts. All along the road I met crowds of mutilated men, carried on stretchers, or staggering along with blood streaming from their wounds. Some had crawled three miles from the village. The manner in which the doctors dealt with the wounded was magnificent.

"The Bloody Sunday"

AS A RESULT of my bad health, augmented by the horrors I had seen, and the losing of most of my best friends in this frightful battle of Mukden, I left Manchuria and arrived in St. Petersburg in the middle of November.

Following the dismissal of six or seven labor leaders from the Putilovo Iron works, a strike was called by the workers under the leadership of the noted priest, Father Gapon. They demanded an eight-hour day, the minimum wage, etc. Their example was followed by the men of the Nevsky Shipbuilding Yard and a number of other factories and mills. Gapon's labor organizations comprised about 60,000 members, and the movement began to assume a political character. Meetings, marked by fiery, revolutionary speeches, were held throughout the city.

Then, on the occasion of the annual ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, a ball fired from a gun in the fortress on the opposite side of the river, broke through a window in the Nicolaevsky Hall of the Winter Palace. Several others fell near the pavilion where the Emperor and his Court were assembled. No damage was done, and the incident was not generally regarded as an attempt upon the life of the Czar. Yet, in spite of the official explanation that ball cartridge had carelessly been used in firing the salute, the Czar was not deceived; and I wish to announce for the first time that the "accident" was an attack planned by our military organization. It failed merely because of a mistake on the part of the soldier who fired. A tenth of a minute earlier, and it would have been all up with the Czar and his family.

Before long, about two hundred factories in the city were closed and more than one hundred thousand workers were idle. Bands of strikers paraded the streets daily. The capital was in darkness, except in the districts where soldiers had charge of the electric light works. "The Official Messenger" was the only newspaper published. At this juncture, Gapon organized a deputation of citizens, to meet the Emperor and to present him in person with a petition in behalf of the workmen and their families. The general features of that document were bold and revolutionary in spirit, and demanded fundamental reforms and the summoning of a Popular Assembly.

"We are insulted and treated not as men, but as slaves, who ought to bear their cruel fate in silence. We are deprived of human rights, are uneducated, and are stifled by despotism," began the historic petition. It was universally acclaimed by the people. Gapon sent an

"But he makes me feel so elderly," she went on. "He has stood still. He is all those years younger."

"I feel as if I had witnessed a murder," said Temple Harrison.

"I don't see why," Patty objected. "I do. What has become of Captain Bill Decker? He is now dead, isn't he?"

Patty shook her head. "There is no corpse," she said. "Captain Bill Decker has merely gone into the silence that father occupied for eighteen years."

"And I hope, I most fervently hope, that Captain Bill Decker stays there," was Sedley Brown's contribution.

"It is very strange," said Patty. "A miracle," Mrs. Gifford added.

"Me—I did it—with my little tar pot," said Willie, brazenly puffing a cigarette to windward of his mother.

All turned to regard the miracle, who was standing by the lee rigging, gazing seaward and unconsciously striving to fling overboard his dirt-grimed hands.

other letter by special messenger to the Czar, who was in retirement at Tsarskoe Selo, announcing that the workingmen had resolved to appear at the Winter Palace at 2 P. M. the next day in order to inform His Majesty of their needs. At the same time a letter was sent to Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, who was the Premier, informing him that the people desired to see the Czar. That day the Metropolitan, Antony, pronounced an anathema against Gapon, for inciting the people to rebellion.

From early morning till late at night, on Saturday, January 21, meetings were held, at which the petition to the Czar was read and discussed openly. Rumors spread that the Government would repress the procession to the Winter Palace. A deputation of distinguished writers, journalists, and citizens of St. Petersburg—among them, Professor Miakotin, Professor Kamyeff, Mr. Annensky, Korolenko and Gorky—called upon the Premier, in order to prevent bloodshed. But the minister declined to receive them.

On January 22, 1906—a day that will always be notorious as "The Bloody Sunday" of St. Petersburg—a clear and frosty morning dawned upon the capital. The bridges, connecting the industrial quarters with the center of the city, were early occupied by troops, and the main streets leading to them were shut off. Small groups of soldiers in gray uniforms were stationed at short intervals throughout the snow-covered streets, with wood for bonfires, stacks of rifles and ambulance vans in readiness. St. Petersburg looked like a field of battle. The church bells called in vain for worshippers; but all windows were crowded with spectators. The people moved in slowly from the suburbs toward the Palace Square. At eight o'clock in the morning I found the latter crowded with thousands of men and women, while a company of Cossacks stood idly in the center. I was told that crowds that tried to pass from the Vassily Ostroff across the bridge to the meeting place on the other side of the Neva came into collision with the Cossacks, and that two had been killed and fifty or more wounded. I hurried to Gapon's headquarters, where the people were forming into a long line for the procession. I advised Gapon, whom I knew personally, of the situation. He shook his head, saying:

"They can't shoot into an innocent festival gathering of men, women and children."

The procession started. I arrived at the edge of the square in front of the Gates of Narva. A company of infantry was posted on the other side of the Tarhanovsky Canal. At the head of the procession, as it approached the square, was Gapon, bearing banners of the church. There was an atmosphere of tense and expectant silence. Suddenly, a squadron of Cossacks, with drawn swords, galloped from the center of the city toward the procession. Hundreds were trampled under the feet of the horses; I saw swords rising and falling, and men and



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