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"Gathering Maiden Blushes"

was the most popular of my pictures last year. I have a limited number of them left which I will give free (as long as they last) to everyone purchasing this set. This Christy picture could not be purchased at any art store for less than 50 cents.



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women dropping to the earth like logs of wood. Moans, cries and shouts filled the air. But many of the marchers started forward again, and the procession seemed to be advancing. Thirty yards away, on the other side of the canal, were the infantry soldiers, with their rifles ready for execution. A sharp command was heard, and instantly a terrific volley was poured into the mob.

Of the horror that followed—the cries of the wounded, the shrieks of the fleeing; the wails of women, the groans of men, and the sobbing of little children—I can hardly bear to write.

My escape from death was incredibly close. I survived the hail of bullets, and dashed into a side street where I rested for a moment in temporary safety.

In the evening, the city was plunged into darkness. Firing was heard all through the night, while the police carried away the dead. Soldiers occupied every approach to the heart of the city, and in many instances inoffensive passers-by were slaughtered as if they had been wild animals. During the night, the police began to arrest every one suspected of being in sympathy with the movement; and when the prisons were full, the military barracks were used as houses of detention. All the hospitals were overcrowded with the wounded. The next day, General Trepoff was made Prefect of the city and martial law was immediately proclaimed.

The Taking of Kronstadt

AFTER this tragic fiasco, I realized that to stay any longer in Russia could only result in my being arrested and sent to Siberia. I fled to Berlin, where I founded a radical magazine for distribution among the soldiers at home. I had greater faith than ever before in the value of pushing our propaganda in the army; and I decided to organize a strong revolutionary group of soldiers and officers in the fortress of Kronstadt, one of the most important strategic points in the empire. As there were already many members of our military organization in the fortress, it was easy for me to direct the work from my headquarters in Berlin. In the course of a few months my associates informed me that they were in a position to capture the fortress from the inside, with all its guns and ammunition, if I would go there at once. I was eager to respond to the call; but as I was an exile and was shadowed day and night by spies, it seemed almost impossible for me to cross the Russian frontier.

At this juncture, I was fortunate enough to meet Mr. S. White, an American journalist and sympathizer, with whom I had been in correspondence for some time. I explained my difficulties to him, and he at once offered me his passport, which would enable me to enter Russia as an American citizen. In the meantime, he undertook to look after my office in Berlin. I thought the matter over, and I decided to risk it. But when I arrived in Viborg, Finland, which is only fifty miles from Kronstadt across the Finnish Bay, I found that I could not get any farther, owing to a strike of transportation workers having been proclaimed in the empire. I sent a cipher dispatch to the leader of the movement, explaining my helpless situation.

Two days passed; then, late at night the manager of the hotel rushed in and told me that two artillery officers wished to see me immediately. I thought that the Russian police had come to arrest me; but to my surprise, my visitors proved to be members of our organization. They told me briefly that they had a navy yard boat waiting to take me to the fortress. We reached Kronstadt early the next morning, and I put up at the house of one of the officers as his American guest.

During the day we held a secret meeting, and I was elected to be the commander in chief of the fortress. On that occasion I issued the since celebrated manifesto, reading as follows:

"Nicholas Second, the Czar of Russia: We, the undersigned representatives of the Russian people, feel both abused and humiliated by the acts and laws which you as sovereign of our country have wrongfully imposed, and illegally enforced, upon us.

"In behalf of international justice and natural right, we recognize our holy duty to renounce all our allegiance to you, to accuse you before the nations of the world as a common criminal and to proclaim a new Constitution and a new sovereignty, which we shall call: The Republic of Russia.

"Justice and humanity will be the witnesses of our proclamation in this national and international tribunal.

"Respectfully submitted:

"In behalf of the Committee of the Russian Republican Administration:

"IVAN NARODNY,

"Chief Executive Commissioner."

(Other signatures.)

The result of this proclamation was that practically the entire garrison went over to the revolution, and the soldiers marched through the streets of the town, singing the revolutionary hymn. The loyal officers, on learning the reason for the uproar, incontinently fled. Without a drop of blood having been shed, the great fortress of Kronstadt had fallen into our hands.

The next morning, we held a meeting and discussed whether we should bombard St. Petersburg and the Palace of the Czar at Peterhoff. We were eager to open fire with the great guns; but we learned, on investigation, that with the ammunition at our disposal, the fortress could be defended for a few days only. The troops in St. Petersburg seemed to be loyal; and, as the Czar had proclaimed a Constitution, that had had the effect of pacifying the people, we decided to await developments.

This was the great moment of my life. Had I been willing to demand further sacrifices from my associates, I could have made a grand stand play that might or might not have inflamed the country and swept the Russian monarchy out of existence. At any rate, I could have shelled Peterhoff, and probably killed many members of the Royal family. But I would not assume so terrible a responsibility, when the chance of achieving our ends was so slight. I held the fortress for five days, as an object lesson to the government, and then decided to surrender it, on the condition that every one who had participated in the coup should be pardoned. To this, the Czar agreed; for Kronstadt was practically impregnable, and the authorities did not realize how small our store of ammunition was. With Mr. White, who had in the meantime joined me from Berlin, I left the fortress on a gunboat and arrived safely in Finland.

The Czar's amnesty was not revoked, as I thought it would be, and I was soon in St. Petersburg once more. A few days after my arrival, I went, as a delegate, to a meeting of the Free Economic Society. I noticed suspicious-looking men, just before the entrance of the hall, whom I took to be spies, and resolved so to place myself that it would be possible to escape. There were about three hundred delegates, including nearly all the revolutionary leaders of the working people. I took my seat not far from the rear door and near a window, whence I could command a good view of the proceedings. These were destined to be of short duration; for, not long after the meeting was called to order and while a debate concerning the freedom of the press, was in progress, the police rushed in with revolvers in their hands, while their commander shouted in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, you are all under arrest!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when I opened the window behind me, and jumped out into the snow. As I was without cap or coat, the possibility of escaping through the police lines drawn around the building seemed extremely small. However, seeing some soldiers approaching, I walked with a bold front to a petty officer and handing him my card, said in a tone of authority:

"I am of the Secret Police. Here is my card. Your cap and coat—quick! I have to catch a fugitive revolutionist—one of the leaders—hurry!"

Impressed by my emphatic manner, the fellow at once, and without asking a question, handed me his cap and coat.