

BARCELONA IS TORI WITH STRIFE OF ANARCHY

Execution of Professor Francisco Ferrer Certain to Give Added Impetus to Disorders in Catalonia Which in Their Present and Fourth Stage Are a Great Menace to Crown and Church



FACTORY DOORWAY DAMAGED BY BARCELONA BOMBS.

By Ray Cooper.
BARCELONA, Nov. 13.—Official severity has overlapped itself in Spain. By the execution—many call it murder—of Senor Ferrer, the Despertador, the most influential of the Spanish government has sown seeds calculated to produce endless trouble not only in Catalonia, but throughout the country. The fourth stage of the conflict between the progressive and reactionaries has been entered upon. Some predict it will close with a tragedy of which King Alfonso himself will be the victim, popular though he is with his subjects.

Long standing as the troubles of Barcelona have been, the blood of Senor Ferrer seems to have warmed the spirit, of unrest into greater vigor, and where formerly only whispers of discontent were heard, today there is a constantly increasing growl of anger.

Barcelona Doomed.
Rithest and fairest of all Spanish towns, Barcelona is doomed to a continuance of disorders by which her fair record is stained and her immense range of industrial enterprises crippled. The comparison is only superficially accurate. True, the Catalonians have long agitated for Separation, for Home Rule.

Industrial Storms.
The long and disastrous series of outrages perpetrated in Barcelona were, in the first stage, unmistakably what may be termed industrial outrages—the rebellion of labor against capital. In every case the destructive engines used exploded in the houses or factories of manufacturers. Badly constructed, on the whole, they caused little harm, except to alarm employers of labor.

About 10 o'clock one summer morning, a tremendous explosion was heard in the city and suburbs. It was caused by the bursting of a tube of iron filled with dynamite in the doorway of a textile factory in the Rambla de Sant Monica. The adjacent office and warehouse were completely wrecked. The merchant himself was miraculously saved by the fact that a few moments before he had left his office to examine some samples of cotton. The trees in the avenue outside were covered with fragments of iron, and with the remains of a poor dog, who, passing by at the moment of the catastrophe, was literally blown to pieces. The manufacturer lost his nerve and retired from business. The assassin was never discovered.

It began a series of criminal attempts, which, in different ways and with more evil refinement of cruelty,



RAMBLA DE LA FLORES, BARCELONA.



BARCELONA CHURCH ENTRANCE AFTER EXPLOSION

efforts to put a stop to these horrible crimes, set about more cruel methods of repression.
The Italian police agent, Ascheri, denounced to the then civil governor, Despujol, some 40 subjects. These were put to torture at the fortress of Montjuich. They were beaten, placed in solitary confinement in dark cells, and water was denied them. All the paraphernalia of thequisition were utilized, and with diabolical ingenuity the "helmet" was invented, which cramped and contorted the features until insensibility supervened.

All this produced the inevitable confessions, trustworthy or otherwise, and as a result, not only were five suspects put to death, but also Ascheri himself, who was implicated by the extorted statements.
Public outcry became vehement as a result of these tortures, and Signor Silveira, the greatest prime minister in the peninsula in recent years, took a wise step when he ordered the liberation of many of the suspects in Barcelona, and thus pacified to some extent not only local but national feeling.

All Is Mystery.
Since then, during what may be termed the third stage of the terrorism in Barcelona, the reason and origin of the subsequent outrages are wrapped in deepest mystery. Bombs follow petards, and petards bombs.
The terrorists exploded a bomb in the doorway of the chief of police, Trenols; but a little later Lieutenant Morales of the civil guard, was tried, and dismissed the army by a military tribunal for hiding explosives in the mountains and in the city and then discovering them as proof of his zeal and detective skill. For similar practices, Juan Rull, police agent and confidant of the civil governor, was tried, and after intense public excitement, was hanged. His mother was suspected of being the author of a bomb outrage during his trial, and his cousin is still in prison on suspicion.

During the reign of the last civil governor, which lasted two years, some 42 bombs exploded. Since the appointment of the present governor, Crespo Azorin, three months ago, over 20 outrages have been experienced, each with a considerable casualty list to its record.
And it is to be remarked that this last series of crimes has been worked out almost invariably in the poorest quarters of the city.
No longer are the bombs directed against the merchant princes, the local aristocracy, or the civil authorities. Three thousand suspected persons are detained in Barcelona's prisons, while a greater number have been deported or sent across the frontier.
The police force of the city amounts to over 7000, a stupendous figure for a

place of this size. Another force, a section of the civil guard, to the number of 1000, will shortly be drafted here. Needless to say, public confidence in the protection of the public is ruined, and business is broken backed. As a detail of interest, it may be mentioned that 40,000 apartments are vacant in Barcelona at this moment, the occupants having fled the city.

Ferrer's Execution.
Wild theories are afloat to account for this ever-present Reign of Terror. Some say the Revolutionaries by this means hope to force from the government Separation and Home Rule for Catalonia; others think the outrage was the work of anarchists from Marseilles; others, again, lay the blame at the door of the Jesuits, who wish to protest against the increasing Liberalism and religious liberty in the country.
Unfortunately the Spanish authorities learn nothing from experience, otherwise they would see that their violence breeds anarchy, as tropical swamps breed mosquitoes. When the reserves were sent to the war in Morocco their relatives were sternly shut out from opportunities of bidding farewell. The women, inflamed by this unlooked for restriction, first fought with the guards, and then went home to stir their husbands to join forces with the Revolutionaries in fighting the authorities. Thus the ranks of the violent section were enormously swelled. A seapegot was demanded, and Senor Ferrer was picked out for execution because from his printing press and school progressive ideas were disseminated. Declaring his innocence, he fell under a hail of bullets, after a trial that would have satisfied no other country than Spain.

His death has given the revolutionary cause the prestige of martyrdom, and fired the flame of fanaticism in thousands of Spanish hearts.
Outlook Fearful.
The fourth stage of the conflict between the Government and the people now opens with fearful portents. Clericalism, almost alone, defends the hardness of the repression. And yet, desperate as are the deeds of the Revolutionaries, there are indications of a marvelous restraint and calculation in their methods.
Perhaps for the first time in Revolutionary History, in the case of Churches and Convents destroyed, warning is sent beforehand, couched more or less in the following form: "Hasten away, and take what you can with you, for we are coming to destroy you."
It is a mistake to believe that the Englishman is not adapted to American methods of business. We sent several Englishmen from our staff to America to study American methods. When they returned they had learned it thoroughly. It did not take them long to spread the new gospel among the other employees.
One of the changes Mr. Selfridge inaugurated in London was the abolition of the practice of tipping store employees. Also he encouraged his patrons to come in and "just look around," a practice that is frowned upon by other London merchants.

have continued to the present moment. All along, the perpetrators have baffled the police, and the execution of Senor Ferrer is the outcome of police frenzy at their impotence. Constantly after this occurrence the police discovered dynamite cartridges in various places, presumably abandoned by persons afraid of carrying such dangerous merchandise.

Terrorism at Work.
To those interested in the study of terrorism, an episode of this time will be interesting. It happened a few days after the explosion in the Rambla de Sant Monica. A porter in the employ of the Telegraph company was approaching the Arco del Teatro when he was accosted by an unknown person. He asked for a light. The porter passed over his cigarette, and the unknown at the same moment skillfully slipped a small packet with fuse attached into his pocket. "Thanks," said the man, returning the cigarette, and took his departure. The porter went on his way, but was soon asked by a passerby, "What have you got in your pocket? There's something on fire!" The porter saw the smoking object, pulled it out, and threw it on the ground, where it immediately exploded, fortunately without doing much damage.

The relations between employers and workmen grew deeply embittered. The workers, through their ill formed associations, demanded increased pay and shorter hours. Bricklayers were working 12 hours a day for a pittance. The employers were stubborn. They called a general meeting at the general labor offices (Fomento del Trabajo Nacional), an important motion was passed, and the assemblance passed to another room to affix their signatures. Already 40

persons had signed, when beneath the table a fearful explosion took place. Tables and chairs were torn to splinters; the roof fell in; the lights were blown out. The panic was indescribable. Over 20 persons were more or less seriously injured, but no clew to the criminal was ever discovered.

Unrest and Violence.
Industrial energy grew in Barcelona in spite of the occurrences, but the relations between capital and labor passed from bad to worse. The manufacturer Batilo occupied a house at the corner of the Square of Cataluna. A dynamite bomb was placed in the doorway on the first floor. The explosion tore down walls and portions of the staircase up to the third floor. An old servant, 70 years of age, was mortally wounded and died a few days afterward. Batilo and his wife escaped unharmed, but the merchant never opened his factory again, and 1500 families remain without employment.

After this outrage petards, charged with powder, were discovered in different parts of the city. The police were hopelessly baffled. A bomb exploded in the doorway of the first floor at No. 9, Junquera street, the residence of the manufacturer Alsina.
He, his wife and a servant were packing up in readiness for their departure on the following day. The clothes of the women were torn to pieces, and Alsina himself was seriously injured.
A little later another explosion occurred in the house of a merchant named Salvador, and his wife had a heavy brickbat in a crowd of women on the following day. The clothes of the women were torn to pieces, and Alsina himself was seriously injured.
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upon which, immediately afterward, the wall fell, completely destroying it.
Anarchy Follows.
But gradually the unrest developed into a movement that was frankly anarchistic—the rebellion of the lower classes against recognized authority.
The curtain was lifted on this second stage with dramatic effect. A great military review was being held on the magnificent promenade, the Fambia de las Flores, under General Martinez Campos. The general, surrounded by his staff of officers, was watching the march past of the troops, when a workman of ill-repute, named Pallas, suddenly threw his cap into the air, and shouting, "Long live anarchy," threw a bomb directly at the general.

A civil guard close by was instantly killed; several of those in the vicinity were wounded, but the distinguished officer himself had a miraculous escape. His horse was disemboweled, and died instantly, but General Campos only suffered a wound in the left thigh. Pallas was seized, tried by a military tribunal and shot.
He was the first to explode his anarchistic crime, despite all the frenzied endeavors of the police during the long series of outrages.

In quick succession five more terrorist crimes were perpetrated, one against the electric power station, and many suspected persons were arrested, but without result.
Theatre Tragedy.
Then came the terrible tragedy of the Liceo theatre. It was a gala night, and the building was crowded with the richest and most distinguished families of

the province. A bomb was dropped from the upper gallery and exploded in the stalls. A score of people were killed, and many others wounded. In the subsequent panic and rush for the doors others were killed and injured. For some time no trace of the assassin could be found. Some incautious remarks, however, gave the anxious police the clue they needed, and the criminal, an Aragonese named Salvador (the name is bitterly ironic when anglicized into Saviour), was arrested in a village of his native province. He was tried by the civil courts and put to death by the garrote.

Stirred up by this outrage, the police drew up an exhaustive list of suspects, many of whom were thrown into prison. In spite of all official precautions, however, another blow was struck in the case of anarchy. It was the time of Corpus Christi, and a religious procession was slowly passing along the street called Camblos Nuevos. Bearing lighted candles, women, children and priests were escorting sacred banners and emblems. How terrible must have been the fright and agony of these poor people when suddenly an infernal weapon burst in their midst! The cries of the killed and wounded rang through all Spain, but the author of this dastardly crime was never discovered.

People Terror Stricken.
Immediately afterwards commenced a series of outrages which terrified the entire population. Time after time deadly cylinders exploded in a public resort in the Rambla de las Flores, and several people were killed or wounded.
In the Rambla de Cataluna a bomb burst by the side of a flower stall, and a young and beautiful girl of some 20 years was torn to pieces.
The police, frantic at their own vain

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY ARGUES THE STENOGRAPHER--By Dorothy Dix

"DID YOU read that account in the paper about a sporty youth who, sitting in his club window, one day, bet \$100 that he could marry the first unmarried woman who passed by? Sure enough, presently a tidy little bundle of calico came by, the matrimonial market was so hot, and the young man, who had just been acquainted with her, and in less than a week had led her to the altar?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"And what's the end of this rapid fire romance?" asked the stenographer.

"Divorce," answered the bookkeeper.

"Just as anyone would have expected," replied the stenographer. "The impulsive marriage invariably ends in intensified regrets."

"That's on the level," agreed the bookkeeper. "None of your grab bag marriages for me. I want plenty of time to study her little peculiarities from different angles and get a good idea of her. I'll be sure to get a good one."

"Surest thing you know," said the stenographer, "for when you are married you are married a long, long time. And it seems longer."

"And yet," mused the bookkeeper, "how much more does the average man know about the real woman he marries, or the woman know about the real man she marries, than the couple of young idiots, who got married at eight, know about each other?"

"Of course, every engaged pair think that they have got each other's number and are sure there is no lottery in their case, and after marriage they find out that they have missed every guess, and that each is no more like what the other thought he, or she, was than he, or

she, is like somebody from the planet Mars.

"Now, suppose I meet up with a girl who makes a hit with me. She seems all to the good, but before I ask her to give me the privilege of parking her board bill and supplying her shopping money for the next 30 or 40 years, I would really like to know just what sort of a disposition she's got because no one knows whether she is thrifty and economical or one of the sort who believe that money was made to blow in and all that a husband is good for is to raise the wind.

"My happiness depends upon my finding out these little points, but how am I going to do it? I can't tell from observation, because when a girl has a bean calling upon her she has got on her company manners. If I show her my matrimonial platform, if she wants to marry me, she'll swear that she stands fast on every plank of it, and I cut my wisdom-teeth too long ago to take any stock in campaign promises.

"I can't ask her, girl friends what kind of a disposition she's got because the girls are in the matrimonial market themselves and it isn't up to them to boost another girl's stock. I can't ask her parents because their play is to boom their daughters and get them married and off their hands as soon as they can. So there I am, a poor little babe lost in the matrimonial wood, without even a single robin to come and show me the way out.

"I don't see, when you get married,

"Of course, if a girl has enough energy to do it, she can find out whether the man she is going to marry drinks to excess, but she can't find out until she is up against it whether he has got more than a souce. It is harder to live with than a souce."

"Even the one tip that is handed out to girls about husbands falls. People always say that a good son makes a good husband, but heaven help the poor girl who marries mother's darling and sister's pet, for he is invariably so spoiled and so accustomed to adulation that he is beyond human endurance."

"There is no way for a woman to know a man until it's too late for her knowledge to do her any good. All that she can do is to take the best thing in sight and thank heaven its no worse."

"Still you should take what precautions you can in matrimony," said the bookkeeper. "It's risky enough at best."

"Yes," assented the stenographer; "the only formula for matrimonial happiness is to turn a searchlight on the individual you are going to marry before marriage, and wear blinders after you are married."

"And even at that you'll get left."

He Took the Prize.
From the Philadelphia Record.
An Englishman was asked to speak at the Al Fresco Dining club. He arose, stuck his monocle in his eye and told this story.

"I was in Chicago at a dinner, you know, and when they were to give a prize for the best story, one of the fellows got up and told a story and sat down, another told another story and sat down, and so on, and so on, and they asked me to tell a story. I arose and said:

"I am an Englishman with a sense of humor, and to my amazement they gave me the prize before I could say another word. You see what I mean?"

ENGLISH LIKE SODA WATER

"THE BEST thing the American department store has done for England," said Harry Gordon Selfridge, proprietor of "Selfridges," the only American department store in London, who arrived in Chicago recently, with his wife, "was to give its people the American ice cream soda. It seems to have filled a long-felt want. Our big soda fountain has done a tremendous business during the last summer, and next year we are planning to enlarge it."

"The English, like the Fiji Islanders or any other people, have a sweet tooth. Our little experiment with the soda fountain has demonstrated that, after all, human nature is about the same the world over."

Mr. Selfridge said that there was nothing new to be told about his store.

What We've Got.
Our home is in an awful mess. 'Tuz everybody's sick. An' things will be worse yet unless the baby's got the whooping cough. An' Sammy's got the mumps. My mother's down with achin' teeth. An' grandma's got the dums.

My grampy's got the roosteritis. I ain't got much of anything. Exceptin' what's the use? My aunt that's visitin' us has got what father calls "the greut." What's that you say? "What's father got?"

O, father's he's got out!

—Boston Herald.

Financial.
From Smart Set.
"Money is the root of all evil," and grafting doesn't improve the fruit.

Municipal Drug Store.
From the Detroit News.
The high rates at which medicines and drugs are sold by the private pharmacists and drugstores of St. Petersburg have induced the municipal authorities to start a municipal pharmacy for which purpose \$0,000 rubles (\$15,450) have been recently allowed. The city pharmacy will supply medicines and drugs to all the disinfection and sanitary departments, as well as municipal hospitals. To private persons drugs will be sold at 25 per cent discount against the normal charges.

Backwheats.
From the New York Sun.
The fruit is on the pumpkin patch. The backwheat is on the business here. With all its soil and trouble. And from the city's crowded houses. A million wait at breakfast time. For backwheat cakes and honey. Away with costly cavare. And cavarets, only in the reach. A symptom in brown and gold. Each morning gets me down. It's a sweet treat, the Government. Uncle Sara says.

From the Boston Herald.
Time works wonders by temper. If you may hitch up with time some day.

Abundant Crop.
The chestnut season opens. Roof garden days are over. But the chestnuts are on the road. And we will get the same old load. Of chestnuts as of yore.

—Chicago News.