DESERET EVENING NEWS. Two or three simple statements of fact-in a want ad.-thay change and enlarge the whole outlook for Half a dozen lines of tpye may be the link between you and something you want. TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO

SATURDAY JULY 13 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

Anna Breese.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service. POLISH TOWN TURNED INTO SHAMBLES BY ASSASSINATIONS AMERICAN "NERVE" "PAGEANT KING" IS HALF-AMERICAN City of Lodz, Formerly Known as the "Polish Manchester," Has Been Rechristened "The Blood Stained" Owing to the Countless Murders and TALK OF THE TOWN Outrages Perpetrated There Within the Last Twelve Months-Deadly Feud Between "Socialistic" and "Anti-Socialistic" Workman has Resulted in Such Herrors as Have Net Been Witnessed Since the Days of the Terror in France. English Society Shocked at the Louis N. Parker is Directly Re-Audacity of Charming Miss sponsible for Extraordinary Vogue in Staid England. WANTS POYAL BRIDESMAID. "PRIMARILY A BOSTON MAN." Princess Patricia of Connaught Asked Author of Sherborne, Warwick and To Serve American Girl in That Bury St. Edmunds Pageants Tells Canacity at Swell Wedding. How They Should be Handled. medal Correspondence. ONDON, July 3. At a big party the ONDON, July 5 .- Historical pageother ulght 1 was met by half a ants have become so popular in dozen angry women each trying to England that though the first of tell me at once that she had never them was held only two years ago. heard such a piece of audacity in her no less than a dozen are being given life even for an American, as that of Romsey Abbey this summer in as many different towns asking Princess Patricia of Connaught of John Bull's tight little Island. Next to be a bridesmaid at the wedding of year there propably will be twice as many. Before many years have elapsed it is likely that every town in Eng-land with any claim to historfe renown will have held its open-air theatricals depicting memorable scenes in its an-rals. Miss Anna Breese and Lord Alastair innes-Ker. I tried to soothe them and said there was nothing like being depicting memorable scenes in its an-tals. The secret of the popularity of this form of entertainment is not far to seek. They afford realistic glimpses of the past such as can be obtained in no other way. They present lessons in history in the most attractive form. They encourage civic pride and local research into the manners and customs or old times. They are far more inter-esting than ordinary "exhibitions" with their monotonous repetitions of things most of us have seen before. No spectators wax more enthusinstic over them than American visitors. Mark Twain, for example, declared when he landed in this country recent-ly, that one of the things he most wanted to see was the Oxford pageant. AND WHY NOT? Now, it would be interesting to know if Miss Breese or her mother, Mrs. Higgins, are aware that in the amals of English history a princess of the blood royal has never acted as bridesmaid to the daughter of a com-moner. Be that as it may, I am told Princess Pat is much delighted at the possibility and unless royal ctiquette intervenes and sure sho must not, she will be charmed to act in the capacity for her very dear friend, Anna Breese, with whom she is on terms quite as intimate as she is with Nellie Post and Clare Frewen. Bat you can im-agine the flotter the very thought of such a thing has caused. Princess "Fat" has a great capacity for holding her own is never so happy as when she is doing something which other princesses have not done, so there is every renson to expect she will use all Mrs. Higgins, are aware that in the caped The Black Bano

AND WHY NOT?

AND WHY NOT? And that suggests the query: Why should not America have its historic pageants, too? History there does not go so far back as here, by a long way, but what there is of it is extremely picturesque and by no means lacking in thilling scences. There are no armor-cad knights concerned in it, but red-skins in their war paint, from a spec-tacular view, would be just as effective. The early settlements, the Indian fights, the colonial wars, the revolution, the war of 1812-mot to carry it any fur-theaux of tascinating interest that would present an epitome of progress and de-veloment well worth seeing. The man who knows more about his-foric pageants than any other man in the world is Louis Napofeon Barker, well known to fame as a dramatic au-thor before he entered fresh fields of renown. It was he who first introduced the historic pageant to England at Sherborne, two years ago. He has now here bageants on hand, and might, if he chose, keep busy at them for the rest of his days. He has been dubbed pageantuan strides. Truly he is a won-derful man. He digs out history from derful man. He digs out history from burrows and barrows and castle moats, and shrines and sarcophagi, and clothes the dead body of it with color and glory and gold! His pageants pay hand somely



should take place and refused to leave their work. So the strike failed. There were small ones here and there, but many factories, even in Lodz, were kept at full work. The Socialists swore they never would forgive their oppo-nents and passed sentences of death against them; they have been passing them ever since, with the addition that the non-Socialists, tired of being mur-dered wholesale, pass sentences, too. Hoppily, this awful fend is chiefty say that no man is safe here, be he

him on his way to and from work the ruffians will go to his lodgings. He is at his dinner or supper, surrounded by his wife and family; a loud knock is heard at the door. He asks who is there. A volce cries in Russian: "Open! It's the police!" He obeys. Two or three hirelings of the Black Band fall upon him, shoot at him till they are satisfied that he is dead, and after fir-ing the rest of their bullets into the walls, make off again.

and shoot him then and there, the following incident being characteristic: Edward Grajnert, a board school teacher, had done all he could to put down Socialism among his pupils. The Socialists warned him once or twice, but he dared them to do their worst. One night, as he was going home from his betrothed several youths fell upon him, dragged him to a lonely spot near a disused mill, where their confeder-ates were awaiting them. They went a disused mill, where their confeder-ates were awaiting them. They went through a mock trial, in which some "witnesses" declared that he had worked against "the cause"—and he was sentenced to death. His cries brought a patrol to the spot; but not be-fore one of the "judges" had mortally wounded him. The patrol fired a volley and killed one man who was recognized as one Grobel, a notorious bandit, with more than one murder to his record. as one Grobel, a notorious bandit, with more than one murder to his record. Murderer and victim died before the ambulance reached them-and of course the other ruffians escaped. Grobel's body was selzed by the police and taken to the mortuary which was attached to the military hospital. But the anti-Socialists, who have learned to avenge their comrades and follow their ene-mies' example, entered the building in some mysterious way and snatched is the night before the funeral was to have taken place. It was found territhe night before the funeral was to have taken place. It was found terri-bly mutilated on a rubbish heap not far from the scene of Grajnert's mur-der. Thus one act of savagery is fol-lowed by another, till both sides have become inhuman in their cruelty, and seem to vie with each other. In finding out some new revenge. Galjnert's case is common enough; though generally the murderers get off scott free, so afraid are the police of being killed by order of the Black Band.

Where Murders Wers Planneo

L'raczewski was killed instead or ms brother, who had passed the scene of the murder half an hour sconer than usual. Both Socialists and anti-Social-ists make these mistakes. They often publish the names of their victims in the local papers, giving details of the murder and the reasons for passing the death sentences. Even bombs are re-sorted to by the anti-Socialists, though their marging here and yet of the

reason to expect she will use all ground to earry out this unque ASTOR BRACES UP.

AUTHOR OF "ROSEMARY."

Parker, who is best known in the United States as the co-author of "Rosemary," was born in France, edu-cated in Germany and has done his work in England. His mother was Eng-lish but his father was an American and his grand father a chief justice of Massachusetts. So, he says, he is a little bit of all influences, "but prim-arily a Eoston man." Obviously he is the best man to consult about the prospects for successful pageants in spects for successful pageants in

prospects for successful pageants in America. "My knowledge of American history," he said, raddestly, when I had pro-pounded my query to him, "is limited, but I should say that towns in Amer-ica with histories suited to reproduc-tion in the form of pageants are rare. But there are a few of them that would lend themselves to such a pur-pose admirably. Plymouth, Massa-chusetts, for instance, could be an ideal place for such a show. I could imagine none better in America. According to my ideas, speaking off-hand, an historic pageant there should be worked out something like this: The first tableau should depict a scene in the English town from whence it takes its name. Successive tableaux should represent the landing of the pilgrim fathers, the early trials of the settlers and their struggles with the Indians, the split with the mother land, and so on through the independent history of the count and the function to the function of the settlers and their struggles with the Indians, the split with the mother land, and so on through the independent history of the count

ANOTHER LIKELY TOWN.

"Salem, Massachusetts, is another town that affords abundant material for an historic pageant, the witch in-cident, especially, being well adapted to dramatic representation. Boston is another city that has the necessary history, but fine city though it is, from what I have seen of it, I should say its people are too busy to bother about pageants. The same is true of New York. Its population is too cosmo-politan and too much absorbed in trade and commerce to enter with enthusiasm

Fork. Its population is too cosmo-folitan and too much absorbed in trade and commerce to enter with enthusiasm into the preparation of an historic pageant. There are many people there who know nothing and care nothing about the history of the city." The towns in America whose history goes back far enough to afford good material for the presentation of page-ants in them are by no means so limited as Mr. Parker appears to think. Any-body familiar with American history could easily specify a dozen or more that would well answer the purpose. But an historic pageant is not a matter to be undertaken lightly. That Amer-leans who may be disposed to take the matter up may get some inkling of how to set to work I asked Mr. Parker to give me his idea of what a pageant should be like and how it should be constructed. HISTORICAL DRAMA.

HISTORICAL DRAMA.

"Briefly," he said, "it is a very digni-fied and impressive display of the his-tory of the town in which it takes place, from its carliest origin down to some date, not too modern. This is set forth in the shape of a drama divided into scenes, each of which deals with a defi-rite event or period, and is a complete listle play in itself, acted by its own performers, whose share in the whole

(Continued on page eighteen.)

Russian, Jew, Cossack, workman or government official. The streets are more dangerous than were those of Paris during the Reign of Terror. Sc regardless, in fact, have the inhabitants become of the value of human life

ours

that most of the great mill owners, cotton spinners and manufacturers have fled, leaving their splendid residences a prey to the mob, who take savage delight in destroying the work of a lifetime.

This time, moreover, it is not a case of employers ill-treating their men and suffering the consequences, nor of brutal Cossacks persecuting peaceful citizens. The responsibility for Lodz lies. with the Polish workmen themselves, who keep up a continual bloody feud, murdering all who do not think with them, torturing women and children because they refuse to tell their husbands' and fathers' secrets and lynching those who dare to speak against the present terrible state of things. Every day and many times a day funerals are to be seen wending their way toward the cemeteries-funerals of victims who have been shot for nothing worse than their political opinions.

ARMED MOURNERS.

Even the mourners run the risk of being fired upon by the dead man's enemies; so his friends surround his coffin, loaded revolvers in hand, ready to shoot at any who attempt to "rush" it. If they did not take these precautions, so terrible has the hatred between the Socialists and the anti-Socialists (patroits) become, that the dead man's political enemies would seize the coffin, break it open and drag away the corpse before the eyes of the bereaved relatives. Shots are fired on the processions in the churchyard while the priests are saying the prayers for the dead; the ambulance is as well known at Lodz funerals as the hearse. The things which happen here read more like hideous tales of the fierce middle ages than the annals of a European city in the twentleth century. So chronic have scenes of butchery become that the Polish newspapers have set aside the Polish newspapers have set aside a separate column for reports from this unhappy town, permanently headed "Bloody Lodz," "Bloodstained Lodz" and "The Reign of Terror in Lodz," ac-cording to the taste of their respective editors. editor

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

The world at large on hearing of all this naturally will ask how such a state of terrorism and murder came about. It may be said, then, that the first fault lay with the Socialistic com-patriots a year or so ago. During the month of January, 1906, they deter-mined to organize a general strike on the same lines as that of the preceding autumn. autumn.

The non-Socialisticw orkmen, remem-bering the horrors of the last strike, were as determined that no repetition

dered wholesale, pass sentences, too. Happliy, this awful feud is chiefly confined to Lodz, where the Socialistic element always has been strong, and where the population is almost entire-ly industrial; otherwise the state of the kingdom of Poland would be unbear-able for any but hardened assassing.

ESCORTED BY BODYGUARD. When a well-known anti-Socialist-

When a, well-known anti-Socialist-a man who has waged war against the assasins-goes out, he is escorted by a bodyguard of friends, who hold their revolvers in their hands. He dare not enter a car alone, for the chances are ten to one that the pas-sengers he finds in it are in the pay of his enemies and ready to murder him at the first opportunity. A man who dares to put an end to a strike by arranging conditions of work or pay with the foreman and managers is sure with the foreman and managers is sure to be shot at, and the wonder is that men are to be found who will risk their lives at such dangerous work.

TERRIBLE BLACK BAND.

The Socialists' method is very simple. They possess a committee, known as the "Black Band," whose whole duty is to pass and execute death sentences upon their political enemies. They have their spies in all the factories and northeless. have their spies in all the factories and workshops: they also receive letters of denunciation, which are left at a certain low pot-house. The "Black Band" meets at various other low pot-houses two or three times a week. The place of meeting always is being changed, and so well is the secret kept that the po-lice, in spite of several raids, have not been able to eatch the leaders red-handed. One of the accompanying ll-lustrations shows one of their old mounts, which was fired at and finally entered by a patrol. But the birds had flown into the darkness of the night and avenged themselves by shooting the policeman who headed the raid. UNLUCKY FOREMAN

UNLUCKY FOREMAN.

UNLUCKY FOREMAN. Suppose that "A.," a mill hand, is not of the same terroristic opinions as the other men in his shed; that he is against murders and strikes, and re-fuses to join the Socialists. One of his comrades denounces him to the "Black Band." His case is not con-sidered bad enough for death, so a delegation or perhaps a letter is sent to the foreman demanding that he be dis-missed at once and replaced by a So-cialist, whose name is given. Suppose the foreman refuses to comply with the request either because "A." is a good workman or because the foreman ob-jects to interference. Then "A.'s" days are numbered. His name comes once more before the committee and he is sentenced to death "for daring to rebel against the Black Band." TWO DOLLARS PER VICTIM.

TWO DOLLARS PER VICTIM.

The Black Band is worked in connec

The Black Band is worked in connec-tion with a "kantor," or office, where those who know the ropes can hire ruffians to murder their enemies, at prices ranging from \$2 to \$10, according to the social status of the victims and the time it takes to entrap them to a suitable spot for murder. This "kan-tor" supplies the men to kill poor "A." Being a workman, he is easy to get at. He must walk to and from his work every day and the locks of his wretched lodging are none too secure. It is an open secret that the murder of such a man does not cost more than a couple of dollars, while a doctor or a lawyer can be "removed" for \$10. TYPICAL CASE.

14

walls, make off again.

HUNDREDS MURDERED.

Nobody in the building dares go to see why such screams are coming from "A's" room, for the fear of terrorists exceeds any feelings of humanity. The rufflans walk down the common stair-case in broad daylight and coolly disperse in the street, to meet again later in the day and get their blood money from the Black Band. "A's" case is that of hundreds of honest working men who have perished in Lodz dur-

men who have perished in Lodz dur-ing the last year or so and still are perishing daily. Even when he is dead the Biack Band has not vented all its hatred up-on him. If he has been an ardent anti-Socialist they will not even let his body-rest in peace. It is torn out of its grave and thrown on the ground hard by. Bodies in the Lodz ceme-teries have been thus descrated three times, till a military guard has been set by the grave to prevent a repetiset by the grave to prevent a repeti-tion of such hideous scenes. Some-times the bodies disappear altogether, and only the Black Band know what has become of them. Often it happens that a man whom they have shot at and wounded in the

Often it happens that a man whom they have shot at and wounded in the street is taken to the hospital by an intrepld policeman or a passing patrol, and in that case the Black Band sends its ruffians to finish their work at his bedside. It is not often that such a victim gets off as easily as one Michael Michta did the other day, for only a lucky chance saved his life while in hospital. hospital.

SHOT IN HOSPITAL.

He and his friend, Andrew Blacha both strong anti-Socialists—were shot at by order of the Black Band, because they order of the Black Band, because they voted against a strike at a work-men's meeting. They were both wounded, Blacha seriously, and Mich-ta lightly, and taken by a patrol to the hospital, Blacha had to be chlorota lightly, and taken by a patrol to the hospital, Blacha had to be chloro-formed, and after the operation was carried into ward No. 3. Michta had been put into ward No. 4, and feeling fairly well one evening, put on a hos-pital dressing-gown and went to see how his friend Blacha was getting on. They were chattling together when a band of men rushed lato the ward, went straight to Blacha's bed and killed him with six or seven re-volver shots. Michta, who stood by petrified with fear, heard them say. "Now let's go to ward No. 7 and polish off that roque Michta." Happily they did not recognize him in his bandages and dressing-gown, and ran off to his ward, while he hid under his dead friend's bed till the hospital was rid of his would-be murderers. They ex-pressed great surprise at not finding Michta in ward No. 7, and looked un-der all the beds in the room. Then they left, promising to come another time. And they did not fall to crack a few jokes with the other patients, as if they had come on a natural and praiseworthy errand. ACTS OF SAVACERY.

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ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. ACTS OF SAVAGERY. Their conduct was the more daring because the hospital stands between the Cossacks' barracks and a prison, which is guarded by a strong patrol. Typical CASE. If "A." has armed friends to guard

INCREDIBLE SCENES.

The mere recital of these daily horrors would fill volumes. One week the So-cialists have their orgies of blood, kill-ing and wounding wholesale; the next the anti-Socialists enjoy their revenge, killing or wounding. If possible, the same number of victims as their ene-mics. Some of the scenes which have disgraced Lodz are almost incredible. the anti-Socialists had an active leader, Koperek by name, who had been on the "Killing committee" for some months. A few workmen betrayed him and he was shadawed. But he always had a strong guard, and it was some time before they could get him with only one friend. That day came, how-ever, and his enemies followed them from the mill to within a short distance of his house. Koperek began to get nervous and slipped into a house, hop-ing to escape by the roof. His pur-suers saw his trick, let him get on to the roof, which he did by means of a chimmey and followed him. WILD CHASE; BLOODY END. The mere recital of these daily horrors

WILD CHASE; BLOODY END.

A wild chase followed, Koperel A wild chase followed, Koperek crawling over the slanting roofs as well as he could and the others pursuing. But they were six to one, and sur-rounded him. By this time a large crowd had collected in the street be-low. Koperek, knowing that death awaited him in any case and choosing the less horrible, jumped from the roof. But he fell onto the crowd below, who, without exacty knowing why, began without exactly knowing why, began to tear him jimb from limb. When his pursuers called from the roof to stone him, they were obeyed, and by the time the military and the ambulance had arrived all that remained of the victim was a mangled, bleeding mass which could not be recognized as Koperck even by his own family, and it was not until the passport had been taken from his pocket that they knew who it was,

WRONG MAN SHOT.

Often the wrong man is the victim. An old man named Pilatowski was shot instead of his son, though there was about 30 years' difference in their ages, and the father had a white beard, while the son wears a black mustache. The next day a young fellow named Jan

sorted to by the anti-Socialists, though their enemies have not yet followed their example in this respect. One man, a butcher by trade, dis-missed a refractory boy. Next morn-ing, when his son was sweeping out the shop, he picked up a queer looking piege of piping which hay just inside the door. He was about to throw it away, when his father called to him to leave it alone. The warning was timely, for when the police came past the butcher showed it to them and learned that it was a bomb, very strongly charged with a new explosive, easy enough to was a bonib, very strongly charged with a new explosive, easy chough to get at the chemical factory where the dismissed boy's brother worked. But space forbids giving more than a mere sketch of, the horrors to which the population of Lodz have grown callous and of scenes which daily disgrace this "Foilsh Manchester."

SERGIUS VOLKHOVSKY.

RAIL ON CLUB REVEALS

and late hours on the third floor of a handsome building on the Boulevard

Clichy. Apparently these women were students of Esperanto. They were members of a club ostensibly for the learning of the Universal language. This club had the high-sounding name of "The Republican Association of the Me-tropolia and the Colonies." The principal was Madame Mathilde Beaujon. Its prospectus stated that it was formed in order to gather together people for the study of Esperanto and to further the use of this language in Paris, the colonies and the whole world. There were many rules, the strictest of which was that neither religion nor politics were to be discussed on the cluff prem-808.

The police for several weeks noticed that a large number of fashionably dressed women visited the club and that they kept jong hours. When some lozen of so well-known members of the lemi-monde were seen entering and eaving, the police suspected that the earing of Esperanto was scarcely

their object. So a few evenings ago a half dozen detectives quietly forced their way into the club and were not over surprised at what they discovered. In a very at what they discovered. In a very large and handsome apartment were scattered baccara tables around which crowds of women were gathered. All were gambling furiously. Not one of the women was under 40 years of age. Three or four old men were also pres-ent. There were found in another room some roulette tables presided over by women at which a few score of old women were also playing. Madame Beaujon and some assistants were dis-tributing cake and tea, sandwiches and wine graits. This Esperanto "school" is now no-more. The police took charge and Ma-

more. The police took charge and Ma-dame Mathilde is now passing two months in jall after paying a fine of \$100.

visits it.

MRS. PALMER'S DISTINCTION.

OLD WOMEN'S GAMBLING DEN Special Correspondence. PARIS, July 1.—Studying Esperanto is not a thrilling occupation. So reflected the police of Paris and accordingly became suspicious of a few score women who spent many and late hours on the third flore of a

The tent of the set of denying by telephone after she got back, coupled with expressions of an-noyance that publicity had been given to the report.

THE EARL'S REGRETS.

THE EARL'S REGRETS. The earl said, too, he much regretted is some of his candid friends say what he mest regrets is that the report is not true. For he is one of the im-pecualous peers and cannot afford to marry unless there is money in it. That is why, although 45 years old, he is still a buchelor. He has no broad acres and no old castle. He succeeded to the titles—a barren English barony as well as an high earldon—on the denth of his elder brother in the South Affican war in 1902. The original earl-fore the present earl can boast that he is royal blood in his veins, but he has inherited no great talents along with it. He holds a minor position at the court as one of the king's gentlement ushers. And his English barony carries, with it a scale in the house of lords. Perhaps the publicity that has been given to him through the report of his engagement to Airs. Potter Palmer mov-cause some American heiress to cor-ause and the stock of him.

une some American heiress to con-ver and take stock of him.

EX-BOSS CROKER.