

[San Francisco - Aug 30, 1896.]

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## MORE SOCIALISTS UNDER ARREST.

Their Silent Open-Air Mass-  
Meeting Badly Broken  
Up.

SENT OFF TO PRISON.

Officer Whelan Seizes a Crowd  
and Threatens to Use  
His Club.

HE MAKES A FORCIBLE SPEECH

Mottos Carried in a Parade After the  
Seventh-Street Gathering Was  
Dispersed.

The Socialists' attempt to hold an open-air meeting on the corner of Seventh and Market streets was not a success last evening owing to the leaders being arrested for disturbing the peace. The whole affair was curious in the extreme, inasmuch as there was no speaking and no demonstration. In fact it was the most silent assemblage that ever gathered upon the streets.

changed at intervals of a few seconds. Sometimes the crowd cheered, but the socialists invariably requested silence.

The windows of Odd Fellows' Hall were filled with people, and a curious crowd gathered at the curb, oblivious of the passing showers that fell. Some of the banners read: "The Odd Fellows' Idea of a Public Meeting," "You May Work, but You Can't Speak," "Free Press, Free Speech," "The Cure for Socialism," showing a handcuff with three links of a chain. One large banner said:

The idler gets the oyster,  
The workman gets the shell;  
The idler goes to heaven,  
The workman goes to —.

Before the Quaker meeting was ten minutes old the police escorted Charles D. Sunflower, the chairman, to the patrol wagon. He carried his banner with him. In a few moments Leon D. Brown, Manuel Bottana and A. Delaroche were added to the company. With their arrest the seal of silence fell from their lips. They harangued the crowd from the city's carryall, though the officers clapped their hands over their mouths and sat them down with more force than politeness. Then the patrol wagon rattled off over the cobbles to an accompaniment of hisses. The four men were booked at the Southern Police Station for disturbing the peace. Later T. F. Burns, the head of one of the labor councils, was arrested for obstructing the sidewalk. Mr. Burns claims that he was moving, although slowly, and threatens to make a test case of it.

Then the Socialist laborers formed for a demonstration. The American flag, smothering a Socialist under its folds, marched first. A half dozen shimmering torches followed and then about fifty banners that he who ran might read. Three were carried by women—Miss Bentley, Mrs. Samet and a young woman student from Stanford University.

Down the street, over the rough cobbles, they went in single file. The Salvation Army, only lately in similar plight, stopped to stare—past a blocked street of interested bicyclists and a half dozen religious bands they went. At Kearny and Market they wheeled and countermarched between lanes of people, returning to the hospitable steps of Uncle Sam's Mint, where they were housed so many times before. The banners were set up, the arrested leaders turned up and the speeches continued until 11 o'clock. The speakers paid particular respects to the Odd Fellows and the Police Department, one man saying that a policeman must be a graduated thief before he can go on the force.

William Edlin presided and George Speed, R. T. McIvor of the Labor Union, C. D. Sunflower, Ross Martin and T. F. Burns spoke. There will be a meeting of the Socialist Labor party at 909 Market street to-night.

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## SILENT SOCIALISM

IS NOT GOLDEN.  
1896 Aug. 30?

### ARRESTS FOR DISTURBANCE.

#### CARRY BANNERS IN THE PATROL WAGON.

#### The Police Again Interfere With the Street Gathering—Five Men Taken In.

The same fight that made Trafalgar square memorable is going on in this city at the corner of Seventh and Market streets, and the Socialists said last night that they would fight it out on that corner if it took all winter.

Last night the second act in the drama came on. No one believed that the socialists could keep still, but they proved their ability last night. They had announced a "silence" meeting, where every man was to hold his tongue. The place was the corner where the eaves of the Odd Fellows' building drip—that building where the lights shine through softly tinted panes, in which are emblazoned the three links, standing for faith, charity and brotherly love.

A Socialist meeting without speech is like a summer without sunshine. Nobody believed that the golden silence would endure. But the Socialists were prepared to address other senses besides that of hearing. They had banners—roughly painted and hurriedly gotten up, hundreds of them—and these they silently displayed. On them were emblazoned the tenets and texts of socialism, and they were silently