On they came, chanting freedom mottos and singing their national anthem. As they made the turn into Shara Baladia, the police went into action.

Armored cars drove into the mass of demonstrators at twenty miles per hour. This surprise move broke the phalanx-like formation, and mounted police rushed in behind the vehicles, clubs swinging wildly, to further disorganize the mob.

A small boy tagging along with an older brother fell and was stepped on by a surging horse. As the leaders broke in full retreat, the small boy did not follow.

Behind the horse police came a solid line of bayonet-armed reserves, forming a wall of flesh from curb to curb.

Injured demonstrators were carried to the rear by police and thrown into open trucks. A screaming boy, his arm dangling uselessly at his side, was silenced by a heavy-handed sergeant and thrown into a truck with the others.

Shopkeepers hurried to lower their steel shutters as the herd of rioters rushed headlong down the street. The big window of the Café Sardi was smashed by a policeman's billy, which had flown from his hand in the mêlée.

An hour after the demonstration had gotten underway it was all over. Broken windows, wrecked automobiles, and blood in the streets gave mute testimony of the riot. The government-owned newspaper reported that evening that three persons had been needlessly killed, ninety-four injured, and that a staggering amount of property had been destroyed.

The following morning the city was back to normal, with signs "Open for Business" hanging over the doorways of many ruined shops.

A MINOR TRAGEDY

Feathers soft
of quivering gray,
Pinned against
a summer day.

Shimmering arrow
straightway spun,
Crimson blood
beneath the sun.

Gentle life,
flecked by pain,
Gentle death,
its last refrain.

—SUE WINGER