

Dhananjayrao Gadgil Library



GIPE-PUNE-003530



ENGR BY J.L. PHILLIPANY

Michael J. Schoack.

ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS

A HISTORY OF
THE RED TERROR AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION
IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

COMMUNISM, SOCIALISM, AND NIHILISM

IN DOCTRINE AND IN DEED.

THE CHICAGO HAYMARKET CONSPIRACY,
AND THE DETECTION AND TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

BY

MICHAEL J. SCHAACK,

CAPTAIN OF POLICE.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS,
AND FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

By Wm. A. McCULLOUGH, Wm. OTTMAN, LOUIS BRAUNHOLD, TRUE
WILLIAMS, CHAS. FOERSTER, O. F. KRITZNER, AND OTHERS.



CHICAGO:

F. J. SCHULTE & COMPANY.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA: W. A. HOUGHTON.

ST. LOUIS: S. F. JUNKIN & Co. PITTSBURG: P. J. FLEMING & Co.

MDCCLXXXIX.

COPYRIGHT, 1889,
BY MICHAEL J. SCHAACK.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

W691.50k73.M8

B9.1

3530

**** THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS WORK ARE ALL ORIGINAL, AND ARE
PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT.**

TO

HON. JOSEPH E. GARY

AND TO

HON. JULIUS S. GRINNELL

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IT has seemed to me that there should be a history of the development, the revolt, and the tragedy of Anarchy in Chicago. This history I have written as impartially and as fairly as I knew how to write it. I have kept steadily before my eyes the motto,—

“Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

It will be found in the succeeding pages that neither animosity against the revolutionists, nor partiality to the State, has influenced the work. I have dealt with this episode in Chicago's history as calmly and as fairly as I am able. I have tried to put myself in the position of the misguided men whose conspiracy led to the Haymarket explosion and to the gallows; to understand their motives; to appreciate their ideals — for so only could this volume be properly written.

And to present a broader view, I have added a history of all forms of Socialism, Communism, Nihilism and Anarchy. In this, though necessarily brief, it has been the purpose to give all the important facts, and to set forth the theories of all those who, whether moderate or radical, whether sincerely laboring in the interests of humanity or boisterously striving for notoriety, have endeavored or pretended to improve upon the existing order of society.

After the dynamite bomb exploded, carrying death into the ranks of men with whom I had been for years closely associated — after an impudent attack had been made upon our law and upon our system, which I was sworn to defend — it came to me as a duty to the State, a duty to my dead and wounded comrades, to bring the guilty men to justice; to expose the conspiracy to the world, and thus to assist in vindicating the law. How the duty was performed, this story tells.

It is a plain narrative whose interest lies in the momentous character of the facts which it relates. Much of it is now for the first time given to the public. I have drawn upon the records of the case, made in court, but more especially upon the reports made to me, during the progress of the investigation, by the many detectives who were working under my direction.

I can say for my book no more than this: that from the first page to the last there is no material statement which is not to my knowledge true. The reader, then, may at least depend upon the accuracy of the information presented here, even if I cannot make any other claim.

It would be unfair and ungrateful if I did not seize this opportunity to

put on lasting record my obligations to Judge Julius S. Grinnell, who was State's Attorney during the investigation. His support, steady and full of tact, enabled me to go through with the work, in spite of obstacles deliberately put in my way. My position was a delicate and difficult one: had it not been for him, and for others, success would have been almost impossible.

Nor can I forego this occasion to bear testimony to the magnificent police work done in the case by Inspector Bonfield and his brother, James Bonfield, and by the officers who acted directly with me. These were Lieut. Charles A. Larsen and Officers Herman Schuettler, Michael Whalen, Jacob Loewenstein, Michael Hoffman, Charles Rehm, John Stift and B. P. Baer. Mr. Edmund Furthmann, at that time Assistant State's Attorney, as I have elsewhere recorded, worked upon the inquiry into the conspiracy with an acumen, a perseverance and an industry which were beyond all praise. I knew, when he was first associated with me in the case, that the outcome must be a victory for outraged law, and the result vindicated the prediction. To Mr. Thomas O. Thompson and to Mr. John T. McEnnis much of the literary form of this volume is to be credited, and to them also I am under lasting obligations.

MICHAEL J. SCHAACK.

Chicago, February, 1889.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Beginning of Anarchy—The German School of Discontent—The Socialist Future—The Asylum in London—Birth of a Word—Work of the French Revolution—The Conspiracy of Babeuf—Etienne Cabet's Experiment—The Colony in the United States—Settled at Nauvoo—Fourier and his System—The Familistère at Guise—Louis Blanc and the National Work-shops—Proudhon, the Founder of French Anarchy—German Socialism: Its Rise and Development—Rodbertus and his Followers—"Capital," by Karl Marx—The "Bible of the Socialists"—The Red Internationale—Bakounine and his Expulsion from the Society—The New Conspiracy—Ferdinand Lassalle and the Social Democrats—The Birth of a Great Movement—Growth of Discontent—Leaders after Lassalle—The Central Idea of the Revolt—American Methods and the Police Position, 17

CHAPTER II.

Dynamite in Politics—Historical Assassinations—Infernal Machines in France—The Inventor of Dynamite—M. Noble and his Ideas—The Nitro-Compounds—How Dynamite is Made—The New French Explosive—"Black Jelly" and the Nihilists—What the Nihilists Believe and What they Want—The Conditions in Russia—The White and the Red Terrors—Vera Sassoulitch—Tourgenieff and the Russian Girl—The Assassination of the Czar—"It is too Soon to Thank God"—The Dying Emperor—Two Bombs Thrown—Running Down the Conspirators—Sophia Perowskaja, the Nihilist Leader—The Handkerchief Signal—The Murder Roll—Tried and Convicted—A Brutal Execution—Five Nihilists Pay the Penalty—Last Words Spoken but Unheard—A Deafening Tattoo—The Book-bomb and the Present Czar—Strychnine-coated Bullets—St. Peter and Paul's Fortress—Dynamite Outrages in England—The Record of Crime—Twenty-nine Convicts and their Offenses—Ingenious Bomb-making—The Failures of Dynamite, 28

CHAPTER III.

The Exodus to Chicago—Waiting for an Opportunity—A Political Party Formed—A Question of \$600,000—The First Socialist Platform—Details of the Organization—Work at the Ballot-Box—Statistics of Socialist Progress—The "International Workingmen's Party" and The "Workingmen's Party of the United States"—The Eleven Commandments of Labor—How the Work was to be Done—A Curious Constitution—Beginnings of the Labor Press—The Union Congress—Criticising the Ballot-Box—The Executive Committee and its Powers—Annals of 1876—A Period of Preparation—The Great Railroad Strikes of 1877—The First Attack on Society—A Decisive Defeat—Trying Politics Again—The "Socialistic Party"—Its Leaders and its Aims—August Spies as an Editor—Buying the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—How the Money was Raised—Anarchist Campaign Songs—The Group Organization—Plan of the Propaganda—Dynamite First Taught—"The Bureau of Information"—An Attack on Arbitration—No Compromise with Capital—Unity of the Internationalists and the Socialists, 44

CHAPTER IV.

Socialism, Theoretic and Practical—Statements of the Leaders—Vengeance on the "Spitzels"—The Black Flag in the Streets—Resolutions in the *Alarm*—The Board of Trade Procession—Why it Failed—Experts on Anarchy—Parsons, Spies, Schwab and Fielden Outline their Belief—The International Platform—Why Communism Must Fail—A French Experiment and its Lesson—The Law of Averages—Extracts from the Anarchistic Press—Preaching Murder—Dynamite or the Ballot-Box?—"The Reaction in America"—Plans for Street Fighting—Riot Drill and Tactics—Bakounine and the Social Revolution—Twenty-one Statements of an Anarchist's Duty—Herways' Formula—Predicting the Haymarket—The Lehr und Wehr Verein and the Supreme Court—The White Terror and the Red—Reinsdorf, the Father of Anarchy—His Association with Hoedel and Nobling—Attempt to Assassinate the German Emperor—Reinsdorf at Berlin—His Desperate Plan—"Old Lehmann" and the Socialist's Dagger—The Germania Monument—An Attempt to Kill the Whole Court—A Culvert Full of Dynamite—A Wet Fuse and no Explosion—Reinsdorf Condemned to Death—His Last Letters—Chicago Students of his Teachings—De Tocqueville and Socialism, 74

CHAPTER V.

The Socialistic Programme—Fighting a Compromise—Opposition to the Eight-hour Movement—The Memorial to Congress—Eight Hours' Work Enough—The Anarchist Position—An *Alarm* Editorial—"Capitalists and Wage Slaves"—Parsons' Ideas—The Anarchists and the Knights of Labor—Powderly's Warning—Working up a Riot—The Effect of Labor-saving Machinery—Views of Edison and Wells—The Socialistic Demonstration—The Procession of April 25, 1886—How the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Helped on the Crisis—The Secret Circular of 1886, 104

CHAPTER VI.

The Eight-hour Movement—Anarchist Activity—The Lock-out at McCormick's—Distorting the Facts—A Socialist Lie—The True Facts about McCormick's—Who Shall Run the Shops?—Abusing the "Scabs"—High Wages for Cheap Work—The Union Loses \$3,000 a Day—Preparing for Trouble—Arming the Anarchists—Ammunition Depots—Pistols and Dynamite—Threatening the Police—The Conspirators Show the White Feather—Capt. O'Donnell's Magnificent Police Work—The Revolution Blocked—A Foreign Reservation—An Attempt to Mob the Police—The History of the First Secret Meeting—Lingg's First Appearance in the Conspiracy—The Captured Documents—Bloodshed at McCormick's—"The Battle Was Lost"—Officer Casey's Narrow Escape, 112

CHAPTER VII.

The *Coup d'État* a Miscarriage—Effect of the Anarchist Failure at McCormick's—"Revenge"—Text of the Famous Circular—The German Version—An Incitement to Murder—Bringing on a Conflict—Engel's Diabolical Plan—The Role of the Lehr und Wehr Verein—The Gathering of the Armed Groups—Fischer's Sanguinary Talk—The Signal for Murder—"Rube" and its Meaning—Keeping Clear of the Mouse-Trap—The Haymarket Selected—Its Advantages for Revolutionary War—The Call for the Murder Meeting—"Workingmen, Arm Yourself"—Preparing the Dynamite—The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Arsenal—The Assassins' Roost at

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ix

58 Clybourn Avenue—The Projected Attack on the Police Stations—Bombs for All who Wished Them—Waiting for the Word of Command—Why it was not Given—The Leaders' Courage Fails, 129

CHAPTER VIII.

The Air Full of Rumors—A Riot Feared—Police Preparations—Bonfield in Command—The Haymarket—Strategic Value of the Anarchists' Position—Crane's Alley—The Theory of Street Warfare—Inflaming the Mob—Schnaubelt and his Bomb—"Throttle the Law"—The Limit of Patience Reached—"In the Name of the People, Disperse"—The Signal Given—The Crash of Dynamite First Heard on an American Street—Murder in the Air—A Rally and a Charge—The Anarchists Swept Away—A Battle Worthy of Veterans, 139

CHAPTER IX.

The Dead and the Wounded—Moans of Anguish in the Police Station—Caring for Friend and Foe—Counting the Cost—A City's Sympathy—The Death List—Sketches of the Men—The Doctors' Work—Dynamite Havoc—Veterans of the Haymarket—A Roll of Honor—The Anarchist Loss—Guesses at their Dead—Concealing Wounded Rioters—The Explosion a Failure—Disappointment of the Terrorists, 149

CHAPTER X.

The Core of the Conspiracy—Search of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office—The Captured Manuscript—Jealousies in the Police Department—The Case Threatened with Failure—Stupidity at the Central Office—Fischer Brought in—Rotten Detective Work—The Arrest of Spies—His Egregious Vanity—An Anarchist "Ladies' Man"—Wine Suppers with the Actresses—Nina Van Zandt's Antecedents—Her Romantic Connection with the Case—Fashionable Toilets—Did Spies Really Love Her?—His Curious Conduct—The Proxy Marriage—The End of the Romance—The Other Conspirators—Mrs. Parsons' Origin—The Bomb-Thrower in Custody—The Assassin Kicked Out of the Chief's Office—Schnaubelt and the Detectives—Suspicious Conduct at Headquarters—Schnaubelt Ordered to Keep Away From the City Hall—An Amazing Incident—A Friendly Tip to a Murderer—My Impressions of the Schnaubelt Episode—Balthasar Rau and Mr. Furthmann—Phantom Shackles in a Pullman—Experiments with Dynamite—An Explosive Dangerous to Friend and Foe—Testing the Bombs—Fielden and the Chief, 156

CHAPTER XI.

My Connection with the Anarchist Cases—A Scene at the Central Office—Mr. Hanssen's Discovery—Politics and Detective Work—Jealousy Against Inspector Bonfield—Dynamiters on Exhibition—Courtesies to the Prize-fighters—A Friendly Tip—My First Light on the Case—A Promise of Confidence—One Night's Work—The Chief Agrees to my Taking up the Case—Laying Our Plans—"We Have Found the Bomb Factory!"—Is it a Trap?—A Patrol-wagon Full of Dynamite—No Help Hoped for from Headquarters—Conference with State's Attorney Grinnell—Furthmann's Work—Opening up the Plot—Trouble with the Newspaper Men—Unexpected Advantage of Hostile Criticism—Information from Unexpected Quarters—Queer Episodes of the Hunt—Clues Good, Bad and Indifferent—A Mysterious Lady with a Veil—A Conference in my Back Yard—The Anarchists Alarmed—A Breezy

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Conference with Ebersold — Threatening Letters — Menaces Sent to the Wives of the Men Working on the Case — How the Ladies Behaved — The Judge and Mrs. Gary — Detectives on Each Other's Trail — The Humors of the Case — Amusing Incidents, 183

CHAPTER XII.

Tracking the Conspirators — Female Anarchists — A Bevy of Beauties — Petticoated Ugliness — The Breathless Messenger — A Detective's Danger — Turning the Tables — "That Man is a Detective!" — A Close Call — Gaining Revolutionists' Confidence — Vouched for by the Conspirators — Speech-making Extraordinary — The Hiding-place in the Anarchists' Hall — Betrayed by a Woman — The Assassination of Detective Brown at Cedar Lake — Saloon-keepers and the Revolution — "Anarchists for Revenue Only" — Another Murder Plot — The Peep-hole Found — Hunting for Detectives — Some Amusing Ruses of the Revolutionists — A Collector of "Red" Literature and his Dangerous Bonfire — Ebersold's Vacation — Threatening the Jury — Measures Taken for their Protection — Grinnell's Danger — A "Bad Man" in Court — The Find at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office — Schnaubelt's Impudent Letter — Captured Correspondence — The Anarchists' Complete Letter-writer, 206

CHAPTER XIII.

The Difficulties of Detection — Moving on the Enemy — A Hebrew Anarchist — Oppenheimer's Story — Dancing over Dynamite — Twenty-Five Dollars' Worth of Practical Socialism — A Woman's Work — How Mrs. Seliger Saved the North Side — A Well-merited Tribute — Seliger Saved by his Wife — The Shadow of the Hangman's Rope — A Hunt for a Witness — Shadowing a Hack — The Commune Celebration — Fixing Lingg's Guilt — Preparing the Infernal Machines — A Boy Conspirator — Lingg's Youthful Friend — Anarchy in the Blood — How John Thielen was Taken into Camp — His Curious Confession — Other Arrests, 230

CHAPTER XIV.

Completing the Case — Looking for Lingg — The Bomb-maker's Birth — Was he of Royal Blood? — A Romantic Family History — Lingg and his Mother — Captured Correspondence — A Desperate and Dangerous Character — Lingg Disappears — A Faint Trail Found — Looking for Express Wagon 1999 — The Number that Cost the Fugitive his Life — A Desperado at Bay — Schuettler's Death Grapple — Lingg in the Shackles — His Statement at the Station — The Transfer to the Jail — Lingg's Love for Children — The Identity of his Sweetheart — An Interview with Hubner — His Confession — The Meeting at Neff's Place, 256

CHAPTER XV.

Engel in the Toils — His Character and Rough Eloquence — Facing his Accusers — Waller's Confession — The Work of the Lehr und Wehr Verein — A Dangerous Organization — The Romance of Conspiracy — Organization of the Armed Sections — Plans and Purposes — Rifles Bought in St. Louis — The Picnics at Sheffield — A Dynamite Drill — The Attack on McCormick's — A Frightened Anarchist — Lehman in the Calaboose — Information from many Quarters — The Cost of Revolvers — Lorenz Hermann's Story — Some Expert Lying, 283

CHAPTER XVI.

Pushing the Anarchists — A Scene on a Street-car — How Hermann Muntzenberg Gave Himself Away — The Secret Signal — "Down the Informers" — A

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

XI.

Satchelful of Bombs — More about Engel's Murderous Plan — Drilling the Lehr and Wehr Verein — Breitenfeld's Cowardice — An Anarchist Judas — The Hagemans — Dynamite in Gas-pipe — An Admirer of Lingg — A Scheme to Remove the Author — The Hospitalities of the Police Station — Mrs. Jebolinski's Indignation — A Bogus Milkman — An Unwilling Visitor — Mistaken for a Detective — An Eccentric Prisoner — Division of Labor at the Dynamite Factory — Clermont's Dilemma — The Arrangements for the Haymarket, 312

CHAPTER XVII.

Fluttering the Anarchist Dove-cote — Confessions by Piecemeal — Statements from the Small Fry — One of Schnaubelt's Friends — "Some One Wants to Hang Me" — Neebe's Bloodthirsty Threats — Burrowing in the Dark — The Starved-out Cut-throat — Torturing a Woman — Hopes of *Habeas Corpus* — "Little" Krueger's Work — Planning a Rescue — The Signal "? ? ?" and its Meaning — A Red-haired Man's Story — Firing the Socialist Heart — Meetings with Locked Doors — An Ambush for the Police — The Red Flag Episode — Beer and Philosophy — Baum's Wife and Baby — A Wife-beating Revolutionist — Brother Eppinger's Duties, 334

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Plot against the Police — Anarchist Banners and Emblems — Stealing a Captured Flag — A Mystery at a Station-house — Finding the Fire Cans — Their Construction and Use — Imitating the Parisian Petroleuses — Glass Bombs — Putting the Women Forward — Cans and Bombs Still Hidden Among the Bohemians — Testing the Infernal Machines — The Effects of Anarchy — The Moral to be Drawn — Looking for Labor Sympathy — A Crazy Scheme — Gatling Gun *vs.* Dynamite — The Threatened Attack on the Station-houses — Watching the Third Window — Selecting a Weapon — Planning Murder — The Test of Would-be Assassins — The Meeting at Lincoln Park — Peril of the Hinman Street Station-house — A Fortunate Escape, 364

CHAPTER XIX.

The Legal Battle — The Beginning of Proceedings in Court — Work in the Grand Jury Room — The Circulation of Anarchistic Literature — A Witness who was not Positive — Side Lights on the Testimony — The Indictments Returned — Selecting a Jury — Sketches of the Jurymen — Ready for the Struggle, 376

CHAPTER XX.

Judge Grinnell's Opening — Statement of the Case — The Light of the 4th of May — The Dynamite Argument — Spies' Fatal Prophecy — The Eight-hour Strike — The Growth of the Conspiracy — Spies' Cowardice at McCormick's — The "Revenge" Circular — Work of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and the *Alarm* — The Secret Signal — A Frightful Plan — "Ruhe" — Lingg, the Bomb-maker — The Haymarket Conspiracy — The Meeting — "We are Peaceable" — After the Murder — The Complete Case Presented, 390

CHAPTER XXI.

The Great Trial Opens — Bonfield's History of the Massacre — How the Bomb Exploded — Dynamite in the Air — A Thrilling Story — Gottfried Waller's Testimony — An Anarchist's "Squeal" — The Murder Conspiracy Made Manifest by Many Witnesses, 404

CHAPTER XXII.

"We are Peaceable" — Capt. Ward's Memories of the Massacre — A Nest of Anarchists — Scenes in the Court — Seliger's Revelations — Lingg, the Bomb-maker — How he cast his Shells — A Dynamite Romance — Inside History of the Conspiracy — The Shadow of the Gallows — Mrs. Seliger and the Anarchists — Tightening the Coils — An Explosive Arsenal — The Schnaubelt Blunder — Harry Wilkinson and Spies — A Threat in Toothpicks — The Bomb Factory — The Board of Trade Demonstration, 419

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Pinkerton Operative's Adventures — How the Leading Anarchists Vouched for a Detective — An Interesting Scene — An Enemy in the Camp — Getting into the Armed Group — No. 16's Experience — Paul Hull and the Dynamite Bomb — A Safe Corner Where the Bullets were Thick — A Revolver Tattoo — "Shoot the Devils" — A Reformed Internationalist, 445

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reporting under Difficulties — Shorthand in an Overcoat Pocket — An Incriminating Conversation — Spies and Schwab in Danger — Gilmer's Story — The Man in the Alley — Schnaubelt the Bomb-thrower — Fixing the Guilt — Spies Lit the Fuse — A Searching Cross-Examination — The Anarchists Alarmed — Engel and the Shell Machine — The Find at Lingg's House — The Author on the Witness-stand — Talks with the Prisoners — Dynamite Experiments — The False Bottom of Lingg's Trunk — The Material in the Shells — Expert Testimony — Incendiary Banners — The Prosecution Rests — A Fruitless Attempt to have Neebe Discharged, 457

CHAPTER XXV.

The Programme of the Defense — Mayor Harrison's Memories — Simonson's Story — A Graphic Account — A Bird's-eye View of Dynamite — Ferguson and the Bomb — "As Big as a Base Ball" — The Defense Theory of the Riot — Claiming the Police were the Aggressors — Dr. Taylor and the Bullet-marks — The Attack on Gilmer's Veracity — Varying Testimony — The Witnesses who Appeared, 478

CHAPTER XXVI.

Malkoff's Testimony — A Nihilist's Correspondence — More about the Wagon — Spies' Brother — A Witness who Contradicts Himself — Printing the Revenge Circular — Lizzie Holmes' Inflammatory Essay — "Have You a Match About You?" — The Prisoner Fielden Takes the Stand — An Anarchist's Autobiography — The Red Flag the Symbol of Freedom — The "Peaceable" Meeting — Fielden's Opinion of the *Alarm* — "Throttling the Law" — Expecting Arrest — More about Gilmer, 491

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Close of the Defense — Working on the Jury — The Man who Threw the Bomb — Conflicting Testimony — Michael Schwab on the Stand — An Agitator's Adventures — Spies in his Own Defense — The Fight at McCormick's — The Desplaines Street Wagon — Bombs and Beer — The Wilkinson Interview — The Weapon of the Future — Spies the Reporter's Friend — Bad Treatment by Ebersold — The Hocking Valley Letter — Albert R. Parsons in his Own Behalf — His Memories of the Haymarket — The Evidence in Rebuttal, 506

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Opening of the Argument — Mr. Walker's Speech — The Law of the Case — Was there a Conspiracy? — The Caliber of the Bullets — Tightening the Chain — A Propaganda on the Witness-stand — The Eight-hour Movement — "One Single Bomb" — The Cry of the Revolutionist — Avoiding the Mouse-trap — Parsons and the Murder — Studying "Revolutionary War" — Lingg and his Bomb Factory — The Alibi Idea, 525

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Argument for the Defendants — "Newspaper Evidence" — Bringing about the Social Revolution — Arson and Murder — The Right to Property — Evolution or Revolution — Dynamite as an Argument — The Arsenal at 107 Fifth Avenue — Was it all Braggadocio? — An Open Conspiracy — Secrets that were not Secrets — The Case Against the State's Attorney — A Good Word for Lingg — More About "Ruhe" — The "Alleged" Conspiracy — Ingham's Answer — The *Freiheit* Articles — Lord Coleridge on Anarchy — Did Fielden Shoot at the Police? — The Bombs in the Seliger Family — Circumstantial Evidence in Metal — Chemical Analysis of the Czar Bomb — The Crane's Alley Enigma, 535

CHAPTER XXX.

Foster and Black before the Jury — Making Anarchist History — The Eight Leaders — A Skillful Defense — Alibis All Around — The Whereabouts of the Conspirators — The "Peaceable Dispersion" — A Miscarriage of Revolutionary War — Average Anarchist Credibility — "A Man will Lie to Save his Life" — The Attack on Seliger — The Candy-man and the Bomb-thrower — Conflicting Testimony — A Philippic against Gilmer — The Liars of History — The Search for a Witness — The Man with the Missing Link — The Last Word for the Prisoners — Captain Black's Theory — High Explosives and Civilization — The West Lake Street Meeting — Defensive Armament — Engel and his Beer — Hiding the Bombs — The Right of Revolution — Bonfield and Harrison — The Socialist of Judea, 545

CHAPTER XXXI.

Grinnell's Closing Argument — One Step from Republicanism to Anarchy — A Fair Trial — The Law in the Case — The Detective Work — Gilmer and his Evidence — "We Knew all the Facts" — Treason and Murder — Arming the Anarchists — The Toy Shop Purchases — The Pinkerton Reports — "A Lot of Snakes" — The Meaning of the Black Flag — Symbols of the Social Revolution — The *Daily News* Interviews — Spies the "Second Washington" — The Rights of "Scabs" — The Chase Into the River — Inflaming the Workingmen — The "Revenge" Lie — The Meeting at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office — A Curious Fact about the Speakers at the Haymarket — The Invitation to Spies — Balthasar Rau and the Prisoners — Harrison at the Haymarket — The Significance of Fielden's Wound — Witnesses' Inconsistencies — The Omnipresent Parsons — The Meaning of the Manuscript Find — Standing between the Living and the Dead, 560

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Instructions to the Jury — What Murder is — Free Speech and its Abuse — The Theory of Conspiracy — Value of Circumstantial Evidence — Meaning of

a "Reasonable Doubt"—What a Jury May Decide—Waiting for the Verdict—"Guilty of Murder"—The Death Penalty Adjudged—Neebe's Good Luck—Motion for a New Trial—Affidavits about the Jury—The Motion Overruled, 578

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Last Scene in Court—Reasons Against the Death Sentence—Spies' Speech—A Heinous Conspiracy to Commit Murder—Death for the Truth—The Anarchists' Final Defense—Dying for Labor—The Conflict of the Classes—Not Guilty, but Scapegoats—Michael Schwab's Appeal—The Curse of Labor-saving Machinery—Neebe Finds Out what Law Is—"I am Sorry I am not to be Hung"—Adolph Fischer's Last Words—Louis Lingg in his own Behalf—"Convicted, not of Murder, but of Anarchy"—An Attack on the Police—"I Despise your Order, your Laws, your Force-propped Authority. Hang me for it!"—George Engel's Unconcern—The Development of Anarchy—"I Hate and Combat, not the Individual Capitalist, but the System"—Samuel Fielden and the Haymarket—An Illegal Arrest—The Defense of Albert R. Parsons—The History of his Life—A Long and Thrilling Speech—The Sentence of Death—"Remove the Prisoners," 587

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In the Supreme Court—A *Supersedeas* Secured—Justice Magruder Delivers the Opinion—A Comprehensive Statement of the Case—How Degan was Murdered—Who Killed Him?—The Law of Accessory—The Meaning of the Statute—Were the Defendants Accessories?—The Questions at Issue—The Characteristics of the Bomb—Fastening the Guilt on Lingg—The Purposes of the Conspiracy—How they were Proved—A Damning Array of Evidence—Examining the Instructions—No Error Found in the Trial Court's Work—The Objection to the Jury—The Juror Sandford—Judge Gary Sustained—Mr. Justice Mulkey's Remarks—The Law Vindicated, 608

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Last Legal Struggle—The Need of Money—Expensive Counsel Secured—Work of the "Defense Committee"—Pardon, the Only Hope—Pleas for Mercy to Gov. Oglesby—Curious Changes of Sentiment—Spies' Remarkable Offer—Lingg's Horrible Death—Bombs in the Starch-box—An Accidental Discovery—My own Theory—Description of the "Suicide Bombs"—Meaning of the Short Fuse—"Count Four and Throw"—Details of Lingg's Self-murder—A Human Wreck—The Bloody Record in the Cell—The Governor's Decision—Fielden and Schwab Taken to the Penitentiary, 620

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Last Hours of the Doomed Men—Planning a Rescue—The Feeling in Chicago—Police Precautions—Looking for a Leak—Vitriol for a Detective—Guarding the Jail—The Dread of Dynamite—How the Anarchists Passed their Last Night—The Final Partings—Parsons Sings "Annie Laurie"—Putting up the Gallows—Scenes Outside the Prison—A Cordoq of Officers—Mrs. Parsons Makes a Scene—The Death Warrants—Courage of the Condemned—Shackled and Shrouded for the Grave—The March to the Scaffold—Under the Dangling Ropes—The Last Words—"Hoch die Anarchie!"—"My Silence will be More Terrible than Speech"—"Let the Voice of the People be Heard"—The Chute to Death—Preparations for the Funeral—Scenes at the Homes of the Dead Anarchists—The Passage to Waldheim—Howell

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xv

Trodden Carries the American Flag — Captain Black's Eulogy — The Burial — Speeches by Grottkau and Currlin — Was Engel Sincere ? — His Advice to his Daughter — A Curious Episode — Adolph Fischer and his Death-watch, 639

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Anarchy Now — The Fund for the Condemned Men's Families — \$10,000 Subscribed — The Disposition of the Money — The Festival of Sorrow — Parsons' Posthumous Letter — The Haymarket Monument — Present Strength of the Discontented — 7,300 Revolutionists in Chicago — A Nucleus of Desperate Men — The New Organization — Building Societies and Sunday-schools — What the Children are Taught — Education and Blasphemy — The Secret Propaganda — Bodendick and his Adventures — "The Rebel Vagabond" — The Plot to Murder Grinnell, Gary and Bonfield — Arrest of the Conspirators Hronek, Capek, Sevic and Chleboun — Chleboun's Story — Hronek Sent to the Penitentiary, 657

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Movement in Europe — Present Plans of the Reds — Stringent Measures Adopted by Various European Governments — Bebel and Liebknecht — A London Celebration — Whitechapel Outcasts — "Blood, Blood, Blood !" — Verestchagin's Views — The Bulwarks of Society — The Condition of Anarchy in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other American Cities — A New Era of Revolutionary Activity — A Fight to the Death — Are we Prepared? 682

APPENDICES, 691



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—"THE FEAST OF REASON."

ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Beginning of Anarchy—The German School of Discontent—The Socialist Future—The Asylum in London—Birth of a Word—Work of the French Revolution—The Conspiracy of Babeuf—Etienne Cabet's Experiment—The Colony in the United States—Settled at Nauvoo—Fourier and his System—The Familistère at Guise—Louis Blanc and the National Work-shops—Proudhon, the Founder of French Anarchy—German Socialism: Its Rise and Development—Rodbertus and his Followers—"Capital," by Karl Marx—The "Bible of the Socialists"—The Red Internationale—Bakounine and his Expulsion from the Society—The New Conspiracy—Ferdinand Lassalle and the Social Democrats—The Birth of a Great Movement—Growth of Discontent—Leaders after Lassalle—The Central Idea of the Revolt—American Methods and the Police Position.

THE conspiracy which culminated in the blaze of dynamite and the groans of murdered policemen on that fatal night of May 4th, 1886, had its origin far away from Chicago, and under a social system very different from ours.

In order that the reader may understand the tragedy, it will be necessary for me to go back to the commencement of the agitation, and to show how Anarchy in this city is the direct development of the social revolt in Europe. After "the red fool fury of the French" had burnt itself out, the nations of the Old World, exhausted by the Titanic struggle with Napoleon, lay quiet for nearly a quarter of a century. The doctrines which had brought on the Reign of Terror had not died. After a period of quiet, the evangel of the Social Revolution again began. There was uneasiness throughout Europe. In France the Bourbons were driven out, although the cause of the people was betrayed by Louis Napoleon. In Germany the demand for a constitution was pushed so strongly that even the sturdy Hohenzollerns had to give way before it. In Hungary there was a popular ferment. Poland was ready for a new rising against Russia. In Russia the movement which subsequently came to be known as Nihilism was born. In Italy Garibaldi and Mazzini were laying the foundations for the throne which the house of Savoy built upon the work of the secret societies.

Nor must the reader believe that all this turmoil had not beneath it real grievances and honest causes. The peasantry and the laboring classes of Europe had been oppressed and plundered for centuries. The common people were just beginning to learn their power, and, while the excesses into which they were led were deplorable, it is not difficult to understand the causes which made the crisis inevitable.

There is nothing ever lost by endeavoring to enter fairly and impartially into another's position — by trying to understand the reasons which move men, and the creeds which sway them. Anarchy as a theory is as old as the school men of the middle ages. It was gravely debated in the monasteries, and supported by learned casuists five centuries ago. As a practice it was first taught in France, and later in Germany. It caught the unthinking, impressible throng as the proper protest against too much government and wrong government. It was ably argued by leaders capable of better things, — men who turned great talents toward the destruction of society instead of its upbuilding, — and the fruit of their teachings we have with us in Chicago to-day.

Our Anarchy is of the German school, which is more nearly akin to Nihilism than to the doctrines taught in France. It is founded upon the teachings of Karl Marx and his disciples, and it aims directly at the complete destruction of all forms of government and religion. It offers no solution of the problems which will arise when society, as we understand it, shall disappear, but contents itself with declar-



STORMING THE BASTILE.

ing that the duty at hand is tearing down ; that the work of building up must come later. There are several reasons why the revolutionary programme stops short at the work of Anarchy, chief among which is the fact that there are as many panaceas for the future as there are revolutionists, and it would be a hopeless task to think of binding them all to one platform of construction. The Anarchists are all agreed that the present system must go, and so far they can work together ; after that each will take his own path into Utopia.

Their dream of the future is accordingly as many-colored as Joseph's coat. Each man has his own ideal. Engels, who is Karl Marx's successor in the leadership of the movement, believes that men will associate themselves into organizations like coöperative societies for mutual protection, support and improvement, and that these will be the only units in the country of a social nature. There will be no law, no church, no capital, no anything that we regard as necessary to the life of a nation.

The theory of Anarchy will, however, be sufficiently developed in the pages that follow. It is its history as a school which must first be examined.

England is really responsible for much of the present strength of the conspiracy against all governments, for it was in the secure asylum of London that speculative

Anarchy was thought out by German exiles for German use, and from London that the "red Internationale" was and probably is directed. This was the result of political scheming, for the fomenting of discontent on the continent has always been one of the weapons in the British armory.

In England itself the movement has only lately won any prominence, although it was in England that it was baptized "Socialism" by Robert Owen, in 1835, a name which was afterwards taken up both in France and Germany. The English development is hardly worth consideration in as brief a presentation of the subject as I shall be able to give. Before passing to an investigation of the growth and the history of Socialism and Anarchy, I wish to express here, once for all, my obligations to Prof. Richard T. Ely's most excellent history of "French and German Socialism



KARL MARX.

in Modern Times." This monograph, like everything else which has come from the pen of this gifted young economist, contains so clear a statement and so complete a marshaling of the facts that it is not necessary to go beyond it for the story of continental discontent.

The French Revolution drew a broad red line across the world's history. It is the most momentous fact in the annals of modern times. There is no need for us to go behind it, or to examine its causes. We can take it as a fact — as the great revolt of the common people — and push on to the things that followed it.

Babeuf,—“Gracchus” Babeuf, as he called himself—after serving part



MICHAEL BAKOUNINE.

of a term in prison for forgery, escaped, went to Paris in the heat of the Revolution, and started *The Tribune of the People*, the first Socialistic paper ever published. He was too incendiary even for Robespierre, and was imprisoned in 1795. In prison he formed the famous “Conspiracy of Babeuf,” which was to establish the Communistic republic. For this conspiracy he and Darthé were beheaded May 24, 1797.

Etienne Cabet was a Socialist before the term was invented, but he was a peaceful and honest one. He published, in 1842, his “Travels

in Icaria,” describing an ideal state. Like most political reformers, he chose the United States as the best place to try his experiment upon. It is a curious fact that there is not a nation in Europe, however much of a failure it may have made of all those things that go to make up rational liberty, which does not feel itself competent to tell us just what we ought to do, instead of what we are doing. Cabet secured a grant of land on the Red River in Texas just after the Mexican War, and a colony of Icarians came out. They took the yellow fever and were dispersed before Cabet came with the second part of the colony. About this time the Mormons left Nauvoo in Illinois, and the Icarians came to take their places. The colony has since established itself at Grinnell, Iowa, and a branch is at San Bernardino, California. The Nauvoo settlement has, I believe, been abandoned.

Babeuf and Cabet prepared the way for Saint Simon. He was a

count, and a lineal descendant of Charlemagne. He fought in our War of the Revolution under Washington, and passed its concluding years in a British prison. He preached nearly the modern Socialism,—the revolt of the proletariat against property,—and his work has indelibly impressed itself upon the whole movement in France.

Charles Fourier, born in 1772, was the son of a grocer in Besançon, and he was a man who exercised great influence upon the movement among the French. He was rather a dreamer than a man of action, and, although attempts have been made to carry his familistère into practice, there is no conspicuous success to record, save, perhaps, that of the familistère at Guise, in France, which has been conducted for a long time on the principles laid down by Fourier.

All these men had before them concrete schemes for a new society in which the evils of the present system would be avoided by what they considered a more equable division of wealth, and each made the effort to carry his scheme from theory into practice, so that the world might see the success and imitate it. Following them came the men who held that, before the new society can be formed, the old society must be got rid of—the men who see but one way towards Socialism, and that through Anarchy.

Louis Blanc was the first of these, although he would not have described himself as an Anarchist, nor would it be fair to call him one. He represented the transition stage. He attempted political reforms of a most sweeping character during the revolution of 1848. The government of the day established “national work-shops” as a concession to him. Of these more is said hereafter.

Pierre Joseph Proudhon, born in Besançon July 15, 1809, is really the father of French Anarchy. His great work, “What Is Property?” was published in 1840, and he declared that property was theft and property-holders thieves. It is to this epoch-making work that the whole school



PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON.

of modern Anarchy, in any of its departments, may be traced. Proudhon was fired by an actual hatred of the rich. He describes a proprietor as "essentially a libidinous animal, without virtue and without shame." The importance of his work is shown by the effect it has had even upon orthodox political economy, while on the other side it has been the inspiration of Karl Marx. Proudhon died in Passy in 1865.

Since his time until within the last year or two, French Socialism has been but a reflex of the German school. It has produced no first-rates, and has been content to take its doctrine from Lassalle. Karl Marx and Engels, the leaders of the German movement, and Bakounine and Prince Krapotkin, the Russian terrorists, have impressed their ideas deeply upon the French discontented ones. The revolt of the Commune of Paris after the Franco-German war was not exactly an Anarchist uprising, although the Anarchists impressed their ideas upon much of the work done. The Commune of Paris means very much the same as "the people of Illinois." It is the legal designation of the commonwealth, and does not imply Communism any more than the word commonwealth does. It was a fight for the autonomy of Paris, and one in which many people were engaged who had no sympathy with Anarchy, although certainly the lawless element finally obtained complete control of the situation. The rising in Lyons several years later was distinctly and wholly anarchic, and it was for this that Prince Krapotkin and others were sent to prison.

At the present day there is no practical distinction between Socialism and Anarchy in France. All Socialists are Anarchists as a first step, although all Anarchists are not precisely Socialists. They look to the Russian Nihilists and the German irreconcilables as their leaders.

German Socialism is really the doctrine which is now taught all over the world, and it was this teaching that led directly to the Haymarket massacre in Chicago. It began with Karl Rodbertus, who lived from 1805 to 1875. He first became prominent in Germany in 1848, and he was for some time Minister of Education and Public Worship in Prussia. He was a theorist rather than a practical reformer, but competent critics assign to him the very highest rank as a political economist. His first work was "Our Economic Condition," which was published in 1843, and his other books, which he published up to within a short time of his death, were simply elucidations of the principles he had first laid down. His writings have had a greater effect on modern Socialism than those of any other thinker, not even excepting Karl Marx or Lassalle. His theories were brought to a practical issue by Marx, who united into a compact whole the teachings of Proudhon and of Rodbertus, his own genius giving a new luster and a new value to the result. Marx is far and away the greatest man that the Socialism of the nineteenth century has produced. He was a deep student, a man of most formidable mental power, eloquent, persua-

sive, and honest. His great book, "Capital," has been called the Socialist's Bible. Ely places it in the very first rank, saying of it that it is "among the ablest political economic treatises ever written." And while the best scientific thought of the age agrees that Marx was mistaken in his premises and his fundamental propositions, there is accorded to him upon every hand the tribute which profound learning pays to hard work and deep thinking.

Coming from theory to practice brings us naturally from Marx to the International Society. It was founded in London in 1864 and was meant to include the whole of the labor class of Christendom. Marx was the chief, but he held the sovereignty uneasily. The Anarchists constantly antagonized him. Bakounine, the apostle of dynamite, opposed Marx at every point, and finally Marx had him expelled from the society. Bakounine thereupon formed a new Internationale, based upon anarchic principles and the gospel of force. The Internationale of which Marx was the founder has shrunk to a mere name, although the organization is still kept up, and the body with which the civilized world has now to reckon is that which Bakounine formed after his expulsion from the old body in 1872. It is a curious fact that many of the Socialists in Chicago to-day are enthusiastic admirers of Marx and at the same time members of the society and followers of the man Marx declared to be the most dangerous enemy of the modern workingman.

Marx is dead, however; many things are said in his name of which he himself would never have approved, and the "Red Internationale" proclaims the man a saint who refused either to indorse its principles or to consult with its leaders. It is the same as though, twenty years hence, the men who last year followed Barry out of the Knights of Labor were to hold up Powderly to the world as their law-giver and their chief.

Louise Michel, who was a very active worker in the radical cause during the outbreak of the Paris Commune, was born in 1830, and first attracted attention by verses full of force which she published very early in life. She was sentenced in 1871 to deportation for life, and was transported with others to New Caledonia. At the time of the general amnesty, in 1880, she returned to Paris, and became editor of *La Révolution Sociale*.

Ferdinand Lassalle, like Marx of Hebrew blood, and of early aristocratic prejudices, was the father of German Anarchy as it exists to-day. He was a deep student, and a remarkably able man. He took his inspiration from Rodbertus and from Marx, but applied himself more to work among the poor. Marx was over the heads of the common people. His "Capital" is very hard reading. Lassalle popularized its teachings. On May 23, 1863, a few men met at Leipsic under the leadership of Lassalle and formed the "Universal German Laborers' Union." This was the foundation of Social Democracy, and its teachings were wholly anarchic.

It aimed at the subversion of the whole German social system, by peaceful political means at first, but soon by force.

Lassalle was shortly afterwards killed in a duel over a love-affair, but he was canonized by the German Social Democrats as though his death were a martyrdom. Even Bismarck in the Reichstag paid a tribute to his memory. Lassalle died just about the time that a change was occurring in his convictions, and had he lived longer, and if contemporary history is to be believed, he would have taken office under the German Government and applied himself heartily to the building up of the Empire.

After Lassalle's death the movement which he had initiated went forward with increased force. The German laborer was finally, as the International-



LOUISE MICHEL.

ists put it, aroused. The German Empire, following the example of the Bund, decreed universal suffrage in 1871. Before this, in Prussia especially, the laborer had but the smallest political influence. The vote of a man in the wealthiest class in Berlin counted for as much as the vote of fifteen of the "proletariat," so called. Lassalle died in 1864, and suffrage was first granted in 1867. The Social Democrats at first were in close accord with Bismarck. It was the Social Democratic vote which elected Bismarck to the Reichstag in the first election after the suffrage was granted. In the fall of 1867 they sent eight members to the parliament of the Bund. In the elections after the formation of

the Empire the Socialistic vote stood: In 1871, 123,975; in 1874, 351,952; in 1877, 493,288; in 1878, 437,158. The Social Democrats poll nearly 10 per cent of the whole vote of Germany at the present time.

In 1878 occurred the two attempts on the life of the Emperor of Germany described in a succeeding chapter, and the result was severe repressive measures against the Social Democrats. Their vote fell off, and their influence declined, but in the past two years, 1887 and 1888, they have more than recovered their past strength, and they now poll more votes and seem to exercise a greater political control in Germany than ever before.

The passage of the "Ausnahmsgesetz," the exceptional law against

German Socialists, drove many of them to this country, but had no effect in diminishing the propaganda in Germany. The result was an exodus of Socialists, or rather Anarchists, to America—by this time the two terms, wide apart as they may seem, had become one—and to Chicago came most of the irreconcilable ones. The American sympathizers, thus formed, at first fixed their attention upon the political situation in the old country, and they applied themselves closely to work in connection with the agitators who had not expatriated themselves. Money was sent in large quantities to the old country.

In Germany, in the meantime, the movement varied and shifted with each wind of doctrine; one president after another was tried and found wanting, until at last Jean von Schweitzer was chosen, and he guided the party until it was finally swallowed up in the organization perfected by Liebknecht and Bebel. Liebknecht was really but an interpreter

of Marx, but he was honest, enthusiastic and devoted, and no man in the whole line of German political energy has left his name more thoroughly impressed upon the time. Out of these conditions and born of these ideas came the Anarchy which hurled the bomb whose crash at the Haymarket Square first aroused us to the work which is being done in our midst.

The Anarchists of Chicago are exotics. Discontent here is a German plant transferred from Berlin and Leipsic and thriving to flourish in the west. In our garden it is a weed to be plucked out by the roots and



FERDINAND LASSALLE

destroyed, for our conditions neither warrant its growth nor excuse its existence.

The central idea of all Socialistic and Anarchic systems is the interference with the right of property by society. If we can convince ourselves that society has the right and the duty thus to interfere, then there is to be said nothing more. As long as the American citizen can buy his own land and raise his own crops, as long as average industry and economy will lead a man to competence, Socialism can only be like typhus fever—a growth of the city slums. There is no real danger in it. There is no peril which those charged with the protection of law and order are not ready to face, for every officer of the law that unreasonable discontent may menace is backed by the whole power of the republic; and the republic is founded upon principles which this alien revolt can neither harm nor affright.

There is a fact which, before I leave this chapter, I wish to bring home to the mind of every reader, and that is this:

The police of Chicago, like the police of every city in the Union, are actuated by no feeling of hostility to these people. We understand the genesis of their movement; we can put ourselves in their places and feel the things which actuate them; we are prepared to make as many excuses for them as they can make for themselves; we are ready to grant everything that they could claim, and more; but we see beyond this, and above this, facts which they forget and forego.

We have a government in these United States so firm and so elastic that it has every bulwark against either foreign or domestic attack, and yet it provides every opportunity to adjust itself to the will of the people.

The majority must rule, and does rule; but under our Constitution it rules only along lines decreed by the fathers long ago for the protection of the minority. There is a legal and constitutional means provided for every man to carry his theories of good government into actual practice. Every citizen has the right to vote, and to have his vote counted, and this right belongs to Anarchist and conservative, to radical and reactionist. There is no man can stand before the American people and say we have refused him his right: if it were done, the whole power of the Government would be marshaled to do him justice. When, then, we have provided every man with a means to impress his convictions upon the government of the country—when we have done everything that human ingenuity can do to secure a full and free expression of the popular will, as the final and supreme test upon every public question, we may be excused for refusing to let the Anarchists have their way. They are a minority of a minority, yet they would impose their system and their doctrine upon the majority. They would substitute for the ballot-box the dynamite bomb—for the will of the people the will of a contemptible rabble of discontents, un-Ameri-

can in birth, training, education and idea, few in numbers and ridiculous in power.

Thus, while the police entertain no animosity against these men, we feel — I feel and every officer under my command feels — that we are bound by our oaths and by our loyalty to the State and to society to meet force with force, and cunning with cunning. We are the conservators of the law and the preservers of the peace, and the law will be vindicated and the peace preserved in spite of any and all attacks.

If our system is wrong, which I do not believe ; if the principle that the majority of the citizens is to be ruled by an alien minority is to be accepted, which I do not accept, still there is the orderly and well-protected means provided by law, and guaranteed by the Government, to transform that idea into a governing fact. There is the ballot, free to every citizen, safe, satisfying, final. The men who try other methods are rushing to their own destruction. We pity them, we sympathize with them ; but our duty is clear and manifest. We have a government worth fighting for, and even worth dying for, and the police feel that truth as keenly as any class in the community.

CHAPTER II.

Dynamite in Politics—Historical Assassinations—Infernal Machines in France—The Inventor of Dynamite—M. Nobel and his Ideas—The Nitro-Compounds—How Dynamite is Made—The New French Explosive—"Black Jelly" and the Nihilists—What the Nihilists Believe and What they Want—The Conditions in Russia—The White and the Red Terrors—Vera Sassoulitch—Toungeneff and the Russian Girl—The Assassination of the Czar—"It is too Soon to Thank God"—The Dying Emperor—Two Bombs Thrown—Running Down The Conspirators—Sophia Perowskaja, the Nihilist Leader—The Handkerchief Signal—The Murder Roll—Tried and Convicted—A Brutal Execution—Five Nihilists Pay the Penalty—Last Words Spoken but Unheard—A Deafening Tattoo—The Book-bomb and the Present Czar—Strychnine-coated Bullets—St. Peter and Paul's Fortress—Dynamite Outrages in England—The Record of Crime—Twenty-nine Convicts and their Offenses—Ingenious Bomb-making—The Failures of Dynamite.

THE attempt to gain political ends by an appeal to infernal machines is not a new one. It is as old as gunpowder—and the evangel of assassination is older still. Murder was the recognized political weapon of the Eastern and Western Empires, and the Chicago Anarchists have proved themselves neither better nor worse than the "old man of the mountain" or the Italian princes of the middle ages. During the reign of Mary Queen of Scots the mysterious explosion occurred in the Kirk of Field in which Darnley lost his life. Somewhat later was the "gunpowder plot," in which Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The petard and the hand-grenade were the grandfather and the grandmother of the modern bomb, and murderous invention came to its new phase in the infernal machine which Ceruchi, the Italian sculptor, contrived to kill Napoleon when First Consul—a catastrophe which was avoided by the fact that Napoleon's coachman was drunk and took the wrong turn in going to the opera-house.

France was fertile in this sort of machinery. Some years later Fieschi, Morey and Pepin tried to kill Louis Philippe with a similar apparatus on the Boulevard de Temple. The King escaped, but the brave Marshal Mortier was slain. Orsini and Pieri made a bomb, round and bristling with nippers, each of which was charged with fulminate of mercury, to explode the powder within, meaning to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie.

In the year 1866, according to the most trustworthy authorities, dynamite was first made by Alfred Nobel. In speaking of the invention, Adolf Housaye, the French litterateur, recently said :

It should be remembered that nine-tenths, probably, of the dynamite made is used in peaceful pursuits; in mining, and similar works. Indeed, since its invention great engineering achievements have been accomplished which would have been entirely impossible without it. I do not see, then, much room for doubt that it has on the whole been a great blessing

to humanity. Such certainly its inventor regards it. "If I did not look upon it as such," I heard him say recently, "I should close up all my manufactories and not make another ounce of the stuff." He is a strong advocate of peace, and regards with the utmost horror the use of dynamite by assassins and political conspirators. When the news of the Haymarket tragedy in Chicago reached him, M. Nobel was in Paris, and I well remember his expressions of horror and detestation at the cowardly crime.

"Look you," he exclaimed. "I am a man of peace. But when I see these miscreants misusing my invention, do you know how it makes me feel? It makes me feel like gathering the whole crowd of them into a storehouse full of dynamite and blowing them all up together!"

Few people know what dynamite is, though it has attracted a good deal of attention of late, and before considering its use as a mode for political murder it may be well here to give an account of its making.

Nitro-glycerine, although not the strongest explosive known to science, is the only one of any industrial importance, as the others are too dangerous for manufacture. It was discovered by Salvero, an Italian chemist, in 1845. It is composed of glycerine and nitric acid compounded together in a certain proportion, and at a certain temperature. It is very unsafe to handle, and to this reason is to be ascribed the invention of dynamite, which is, after all, merely a sort of earth and nitro-glycerine, the use of the earth being to hold the explosive safely as a piece of blotting-paper would hold water until it was needed. Nobel first tried kieselguhr, or flint froth, which was ground to a powder, heated thoroughly and dried, and the nitro-glycerine was kneaded into it like so much dough. Of course, many other substances are now used, besides infusorial earth, as vehicles for the explosive—sawdust, rotten-stone, charcoal, plaster of Paris, black powder, etc., etc. These are all forms of dynamite or giant powder, and mean the same thing. When the substance is thoroughly kneaded, work that must be done with the hands, it is molded into sticks somewhat like big candles, and wrapped in parchment paper. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed on the tongue or the wrist. It freezes at 40° Fahrenheit, and must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of 100°. In dynamite the usual proportions are 25 per cent. of earth and 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine. The explosive is fired by fulminate of silver or mercury in copper caps.

Outside of the French arsenals it is to be doubted if anybody knows anything more about the new explosive, melinite, further than that it is one of the compounds of picric acid—and picric acid is a more frightful explosive than nitro-glycerine. I find in my scrap-book the following excerpt from the London *Standard*, describing the artillery experiments at Lydd with the new explosive which the British Admiralty has lately been examining. The *Standard*, after declaring that the experiments are "entirely satisfactory," says:

The character of the compound employed is said to be "akin to melinite," but its precise nature is not divulged. We have reason to believe that the "kinship" is very close. The details of the experiments which have lately been conducted at Lydd are known to very few individuals. But it is unquestionable that the results were such as demonstrate the enormous advantage to be gained by using a more powerful class of explosives than that which has been hitherto employed. There could be no mistake as to the destructive energy of the projectiles. Neither was there any mishap in the use of these terrible appliances. The like immunity was enjoyed at Portsmouth. A deterrent to the adoption of violent explosives for war purposes has consisted in the risk of premature explosion. But there is still the consideration that the advantage to be gained far exceeds the risk which has to be incurred. France has not neglected this question, and she is ahead of us. Her chosen explosive is melinite, and with this she has armed herself to an extent of which the British public has no conception. All the requisite materials, in the shape of steel projectiles and the melinite for filling them, have been provided for the French service and distributed so as to furnish a complete supply for the army and the navy. Whatever may be said as to the danger which besets the use of melinite, the French authorities are confident that they have mastered the problem of making this powerful compound subservient to the purposes of war. Concerning the composition of this explosive great secrecy is observed by the French Government, as also with regard to the experiments that are made with it. But Col. Majendie states that melinite is largely composed of picric acid in a fused or consolidated condition. Of the violence with which picric acid will explode, an example was given on the occasion of a fire at some chemical works near Manchester a year ago. The shock was felt over a distance of two miles from the seat of the explosion, and the sound was heard for a distance of twenty miles.

The conduct of the French in committing themselves so absolutely to the use of melinite as a *materiel* of war clearly signifies that with them the use of such a substance has passed out of the region of doubt and experiment. Their experimental investigations extended over a considerable period of time, but at last the stage of inquiry gave place to one of confidence and assurance. So great is the confidence of the French Government in the new shell that it is said the French forts are henceforth to be protected by a composite material better adapted than iron or steel to resist the force of a projectile charged with a high explosive. In naval warfare the value of shells charged in this manner is likely to be more especially shown in connection with the rapid-fire guns which are now coming into use. The question is whether the ponderous *staccato* fire of monster ordnance may not be largely superseded by another mode of attack, in which a storm of shells, charged with something far more potent than gunpowder, will be poured forth in a constant stream from numerous guns of comparatively small weight and caliber.

Combined with rapidity of fire, these shells cannot but prove formidable to an armor-clad, independently of any damage inflicted on the plates. The great thickness now given to ship armor is accomplished by a mode of concentration which, while affecting to shield the vital parts, leaves a large portion of the ship entirely unprotected. On the unarmored portion a tremendous effect will be produced by the quick-firing guns dashing their powerful shells in a fiery deluge on the ship.

Altogether the new force which is now entering into the composition of artillery is one which demands the attention of the British Government in the form of prompt and vigorous action. While we are experimenting, others are arming.

Dynamite, however, is the weapon with which the "revolution" has armed itself for its assault upon society. A terrible arm truly, but one difficult to handle, dangerous to hold, and certainly no stronger in their hands than in ours, if it should ever become necessary to use it in defense of law and order.

A number of Russian chemists, members of the Nihilist party, were the first to apply dynamite to the work of murder. It is to their researches that is to be credited the invention of the "black jelly," so called, of which so much was expected, and by which so little was done.

Nihilist activity in Russia commenced almost as soon as the emancipated peasantry began to be in condition for the evangel of discontent. It was Tourgeneff, the novelist, who baptized the movement with its name of Nihilism—and the truth is that it is a movement rather than an organization. It is a loose, uncentralized, uncoded society, secret by necessity and murderous by belief; but it is a secret society without grips or passwords, without a purpose save indiscriminate destruction, and its very formlessness and vagueness have been its chief protection from the Russian police, who are, perhaps, after all is said and done, the best police in the world. A statement of Nihilism by that very famous Nihilist who is known as Stepniak, but who is suspected to be entitled to a much more illustrious name, runs thus :

By our general conviction we are Socialists and democrats. We are convinced that on Socialistic grounds humanity can become the embodiment of freedom, equality and fraternity, while it secures for itself a general prosperity, a harmonious development of man and his social progress. We are convinced, moreover, that only the will of the people should give sanction to any social institution, and that the development of the nation is sound only when free and independent and when every idea in practical use shall have previously passed the test of national consideration and of the national will. We further think that as Socialists and democrats we must first recognize an immediate purpose to liberate the nation from its present state of oppression by creating a political revolution. We would thus transfer the supreme power into the hands of the people. We think that the will of the nation should be expressed with perfect clearness, and best, by a National Assembly freely elected by the votes of all the citizens, the representatives to be carefully instructed by their constituents. We do not consider this as the ideal form of expressing the people's will, but as the most acceptable form to be realized in practice. Submitting ourselves to the will of the nation, we, as a party, feel bound to appear before our own country with our own programme or platform, which we shall propagate even before the revolution, recommend to the electors during electoral periods, and afterwards defend in the National Assembly.

The Nihilist programme in Russia has been officially formulated thus :

First—The permanent Representative Assembly to have supreme control and direction in all general state questions.

Second—In the provinces, self-government to a large extent; to secure it, all public functionaries to be elected.

Third—To secure the independence of the Village Commune ("Mir") as an economical and administrative unit.

Fourth—All the land to be proclaimed national property.

Fifth—A series of measures preparatory to a final transfer of ownership in manufactures to the workmen.

Sixth—Perfect liberty of conscience, of the press, speech, meetings, associations and electoral agitation.

Seventh—The right to vote to be extended to all citizens of legal age, without class or property restrictions.

Eighth—Abolition of the standing army; the army to be replaced by a territorial militia.

It must be remembered that the conditions in Russia are peculiar. The country is ruled by an autocracy; government is not by the people, but by "divine right." The conditions which the English-speaking people ended at Runnymede still exist in Muscovy. There is neither free speech, free assembly, nor a free press, and naturally discontent vents itself in revolt. There is no safety-valve. Russia is full of generous, high-minded young men and women, who find their church dead, and their state a cruel despotism. They find themselves face to face with the White Terror, and they have sought in the Red Terror a relief. Flying at last from the hopeless contest, they have carried the hate of government born of bad ruling into Western Europe, and it is the infection of this poison that we have to deal with here. The average Russian Nihilist is a young man or a young woman—very often the latter—who, by the contemplation of real wrongs and fallacious remedies, has come to be the implacable enemy of all order and all system. Usually they are half-educated, with just that superficial smattering of knowledge to make them conceited in their own opinions, but without enough real learning to make them either impartial critics or safe citizens of non-Russian countries. We can pity them, for it is easy to see how step by step they have been pushed into revolt. But they are dangerous.

When one reads such a case as that which gave Vera Sassoulitch her notoriety, it is easier to understand Russia. General Trepoff, the Chief of Police of St. Petersburg, had arrested Vera's lover on suspicion of high treason. The young man was by Trepoff's order frequently flogged to make him confess his crime. Sassoulitch called on Trepoff and shot him. She was tried by a St. Petersburg jury and acquitted. Immediately a law was declared that no case of political crime should be tried by a jury, except when the Government had selected it. The arrest of the woman was ordered that she might be tried again under the new regulation, but in the meantime her friends had spirited her away.

A very similar crime was that attempted by another Nihilist heroine, Maria Kaliouchnaia, who attempted to kill Col. Katauski for his severity to her brother. In the assassination of the Czar, as I shall relate, a number of women were concerned, and their bravery was greatly more desperate than that of their male companions. The Russian woman is peculiar. I know no better picture of the "devoted ones" than that given in Tourgeneff's "Verses in Prose":

I see a huge building with a narrow door in its front wall; the door is open, and a dismal darkness stretches beyond. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl. Frost breathes out of the impenetrable darkness, and with the icy draught from the depths of the building there comes forth a slow and hollow voice:

"Oh, thou who art wanting to cross this threshold, dost thou know what awaits thee?"

"I know it," answers the girl.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, a fearful death even."

"I know it."

"Complete isolation and separation from all?"

"I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrows and miseries."

"Not only if inflicted by enemies, but when done by kindred and friends?"

"Yes, even when done by them."

"Well, are you ready for self-sacrifice?"

"Yes!"

"For anonymous self-sacrifice? You shall die, and nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honored?"

"I want neither gratitude nor pity. I want no name."

"Are you ready for a crime?"

The girl bent her head. "I am ready—even for a crime."

The voice paused awhile before renewing its interrogatories. Then again: "Dost thou know," it said at last, "that thou mayest lose thy faith in what thou now believest; that thou mayest feel that thou hast been mistaken and hast lost thy young life in vain?"

"I know that also, and nevertheless I will enter!"

"Enter, then!"

The girl crossed the threshold, and a heavy curtain fell behind her.

"A fool!" gnashed some one outside.

"A saint!" answered a voice from somewhere.

With such material it was not difficult to build up the tragedy of 1881.

Before the day of the Czar's death came, there had been desperate attempts upon his life. Prince Krapotkin, a relative of the Nihilist of the same name, was murdered in February, 1879, and following this deed the terrorists applied themselves resolutely to the removal of the Emperor.



EXCAVATED DYNAMITE MINE IN MOSCOW.

For instance, in November, 1879, was the mine laid at Moscow. It was intended to blow up the railway train upon which the Czar was to enter the city, and for this purpose Solovieff and his comrades laid three dynamite mines under the tracks. Hartmann, who subsequently figured in the assassination, was one of the leaders, and here, too, was Sophie Peroosky, another of the regicides. They hired a house near the railway tracks and tunneled under the road amidst incredible difficulties and always in the most imminent danger. One hundred and twenty pounds of dynamite was in position, but the Czar passed by in a common train before the im-

perial one on which he was expected, and his life was saved. On February 5, 1880, the mine under the Winter Palace was exploded; eleven persons were killed, but again the Czar escaped.

For some time before March 13, 1881, Gen. Count Loris Melikoff, the officer responsible for the safety of Czar Alexander II., had received disquieting reports which gave him the greatest anxiety. On the 10th of the month Jelaboff, the ringleader of the conspiracy, was arrested by accident, and the direction of the attempt on the Czar's life was accordingly left to Sophie Perowskaja, a young, pretty and highly educated noblewoman, who had left everything to join the Nihilists. It is said that on the morning of the 13th Melikoff begged the Czar to forego his purpose of reviewing the Marine Corps, and keep within the palace. The Emperor laughed at him, and declared there was no danger. There was no incident until after the review. As the Emperor drove back beside the Ekaterinofsky Canal, just opposite the imperial stables, a young woman on the other side of the canal fluttered a handkerchief, and immediately a man started out from the crowd that was watching the passing of the Czar, and threw a bomb under the closed carriage. There was a roaring explosion, a cloud of smoke. The rear of the vehicle was blown away, and the horror-stricken multitude saw the Czar standing unhurt, staring about him. On the ground were several members of the Life Guard, groaning and writhing in pain. The assassin had pulled out a revolver to complete his work, but he was at once mobbed by the people. Col. Dvorjitsky and Captains Kock and Kulebiekan, of the guards, rushed up to their master and asked him if he was hurt.

"Thank God! no," said the Czar. "Come, let us look after the wounded."

And he started toward one of the Cossacks.

"It is too soon to thank God yet, Alexander Nicolaivitch," said a clear, threatening voice in the crowd, and before any one could stop him, a young man bounded forward, lifted up both arms above his head, and brought them down with a swing. There was a crash of dynamite, a blaze, a smoke, and the autocrat of all the Russias was lying on the bloody snow, with his murderer also dying in front of him. Col. Dvorjitsky lifted up the Czar, who whispered:

"I am cold, my friend, so cold,—take me to the Winter Palace to die."

The desperate Nihilist had thrown his bomb right between the Czar's feet, and had sacrificed his own life to kill the Emperor.

Alexander was shockingly mutilated. Both of his legs were broken, and the lower part of his body was frightfully torn and mangled. The assassin—his name was Nicholas Elnikoff, of Wilna—was even more badly hurt. He died at once.

The Czar was taken into an open sled, and although it was claimed he



"IT IS TOO SOON TO THANK GOD!" THE ASSASSINATION OF CZAR ALEXANDER II.

received the last sacrament at the Winter Palace, most of those who know believe that he died on the way there.

In the meantime the police, with the utmost difficulty, rescued the first bomb-thrower from the maddened mob. The man, whose name proved to be Risakoff, coolly thanked the officers for preserving him, and then tried



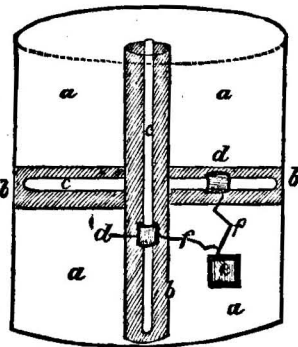
THE CZAR'S CARRIAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

to swallow some poison which he had ready. In this he was foiled, and he was taken to prison.

The infernal machine used by Elnikoff was about $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, and its construction is exemplified in the annexed diagram. Metal tubes (*bb*) filled with chlorate of potash, and enclosing glass

tubes (*cc*) filled with sulphuric acid (commonly called oil of vitriol), intersect the cylinder. Around the glass tubes are rings of iron (*dd*) closely attached as weights. The construction is such that, no matter how the bomb falls, one of the glass tubes is sure to break. The chlorate of potash in that case, combining with the sulphuric acid, ignites at once, and the flames communicate over the fuse (*ff*) with the piston (*e*), filled with fulminate of silver. The concussion thus caused explodes the dynamite or "black jelly" (*a*) with which the cylinder is closely packed.

I said above that Jelaboff, the real leader of the conspiracy, had been arrested on the 10th. He was merely a suspect, and it was some time before the police realized what an important arrest had been made. Only two hours before the murder of the Emperor, Jelaboff's house was searched, and there was found a great quantity of black dynamite, India rubber tubes, fuses and other articles. Jelaboff had



been living here with a woman who was called Lidia Voinoff. This Lidia Voinoff was arrested on the Newsky Prospect, on March 22nd, and almost immediately identified as Sophia Perowskaja, the young woman who had given the handkerchief signal to the bomb-throwers, and who was wanted besides for the Moscow railway mine case. On the prisoner were found papers which led to the search of a house on Telejewskaia Street, where a man named Sablin committed suicide immediately on the appearance of the police, and a woman named Hessay Helfmann was arrested. A regular

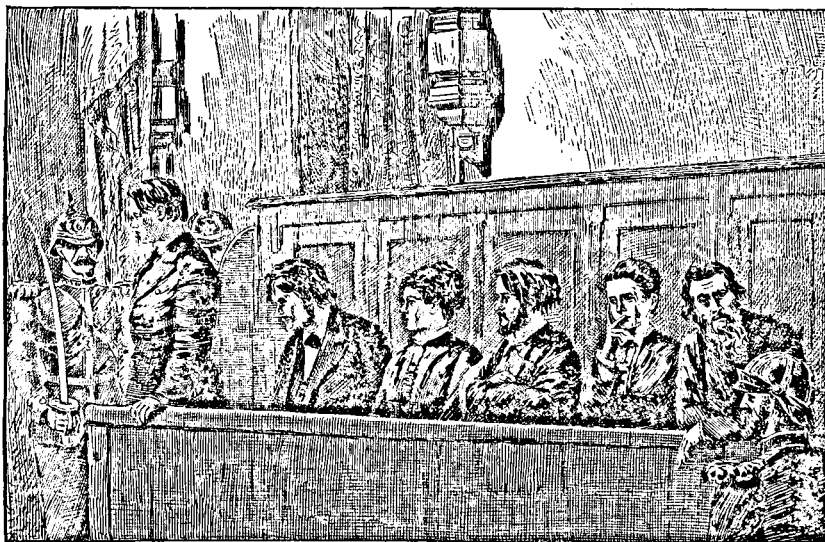
Nihilist arsenal of black jelly, fuses, maps of different districts of St. Petersburg, with the Czar's usual routes marked upon them, copies of papers from the secret press, etc., were found. While the police were still engaged in the search of the premises Timothy Mikhaeloff came in by accident. He was taken, and on him was found a copy of the new Czar's proclamation, and penciled on the back were the names of three shops with three different hours in the afternoon. The officers descended on these places and gathered in customers, shop-keepers and everybody else about the place, — a process which brought in Kibaltchik, the Nihilist chemist and bomb-maker.

The evidence was soon got in shape, and early in April the trial began. It was shown that Jelaboff was agent in the third degree of the Revolutionary Executive Committee; that he had issued the call for volunteers for the killing of the Czar, and that forty-seven persons had offered themselves, out of whom Risakoff, Mikhaeloff, Hesy Helfmann, Kibaltchik, Sophia Perowskaja and Elnikoff had been accepted. Elnikoff was dead, but the others, with Jelaboff, were put in the dock. They all confessed except Hesy Helfmann, and upon April 11th all were condemned to death, with the proviso needed under the Russian law that the sentence of Sophia Perowskaja should be approved by the Czar, as she was a member of the class of nobles, and a noble may not be put to death without the Emperor's concurrence. The Czar concurred, and on April 15th, at 9 a. m., all the prisoners save Hesy Helfmann were hung. This woman was reprieved because she was about to become a mother. The execution was a most brutal one. It took place on a plain two miles out of the city, in the presence of a hundred thousand people. The prisoners were taken out of the fortress on two-wheeled carts, surrounded by drummers and pipers, who played continuously and loudly, so that nothing the condemned might say could be heard by the crowd. At the scaffold the drummers were stationed in a hollow square around the gallows, and a deafening tattoo was kept up from the time the prisoners were brought in until their bodies were cut down. The hanging was very cruel. Each person was mounted on a small box, after kissing each other passionately all round. They said something, but it could not be heard for the drumming. The executioner was said to be evidently drunk. There was no drop. When the signal was given the condemned were pushed off their boxes and left to strangle. Mikhaeloff's rope broke twice, and the attendants held him up while the executioner tied a new cord around his neck and over the beam. The bodies were buried privately.

The present Czar has had several narrow escapes, none of them more nearly fatal than the conspiracy of the book-bomb in March last. On the 13th of March, 1888, the anniversary of his father's terrible death, the Czar made the usual visit to the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, where the body of Alexander II. is buried. For some time before the ceremony St. Peters-

burg was full of rumors that a catastrophe was impending, and, although the police took the most careful precautions, the Czar himself paid no attention to the warnings of the "Third Section," and would permit no alteration in the preparations for the requiem.

In Christmas week of 1887, the Russian agents at Geneva, in Switzerland, reported the presence in that city of two revolutionary agents who seemed to have the closest relations with the committee of the discontents in London and Paris. They were shadowed for a time, but lost. In February they reappeared in Berlin. They were known to be in communication with the St. Petersburg Nihilists. Before facts enough had accumulated to justify their arrest they disappeared once more and were believed to have



THE NIHILISTS IN THE DOCK.

1. Risakoff. 2. Mikhaeloff. 3. Hesty Helfmann. 4. Kibaltchik. 5. Sophia Peroffskaja. 6. Jelaboff.

gone to the Russian capital. The facts were reported to the Czar, but he laughed at Chief Gresser of the capital police.

In solemnizing the requiem of the late Czar a public progress was made to the Cathedral, amid a dense throng of citizens, among whom were all the detectives that Chief Gresser could get together. In a small café in one of the side streets of the Morokaya two of the detectives ran across a couple of uniformed university students — in Russia the students have a peculiar costume — who were acting suspiciously. They were conversing in a most excited manner with a man dressed as a peasant. The trio were watched. At the café door they separated, but all three made by different routes for the Newsky Prospect, the chief drive of the capital and the one along which the Czar was to return. The peasant was lost by the detectives, but



EXECUTION OF THE NIHILIST CONSPIRATORS.

the other two were kept in sight, and the suspicions of the police were made all the more keen by the fact that the young men passed each other in the crowd several times with an elaborate appearance of not knowing each other. One of them had a law-book in his hand; the other had a traveling-bag over his shoulder.

A few moments before the Czar was to pass on his return from the Cathedral the students came together and whispered, and the two were immediately and quietly arrested. Their names were given as Andreieffsky and Petroff, university students, and this was proven to be the truth.

A thrilling discovery was made, however, at once. The innocent-looking law-book was really a most dangerous infernal machine—sufficiently powerful not alone to kill everybody in the Czar's carriage, but many in the crowd,

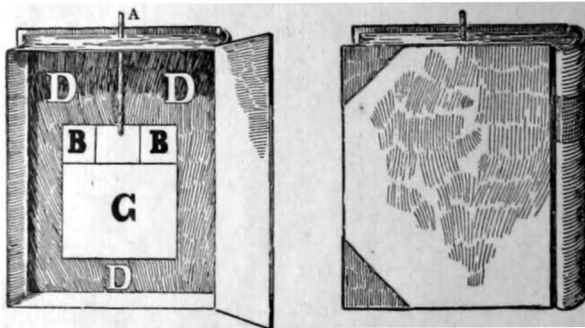


Fig. 1. Interior. Fig. 2. Exterior.
A. Glass Tube. B. Fulminate. C. Bullets. D. Dynamite.

and perhaps to have blown down some of the neighboring houses. The traveling-sack was full of dynamite bombs of the ordinary spherical pattern.

I reproduce here a diagram of the book-bomb from the excellent account of the attempted assassination

given by the *New York World* a few days after it occurred.

The outside was made of wood and pasteboard, so artistically that only the closest inspection would discover the fact that the machine was not really a book. In the center of the interior, in the place marked *C*, were a number of hollow bullets filled with strychnine, which poison was also plastered upon the outside of the missiles. Above this were small compartments filled with fulminate, with a glass tube of sulphuric acid. To the tube was tied a string, which would break it when thrown, spilling it into the fulminate and thus exploding the dynamite with which the whole of the hollow parts of the interior was densely packed. Fully a hundred people must have been killed had the bomb been exploded as intended. The expert who examined the bomb, after handling the bullets carelessly put his finger in his mouth, and was seriously, though not fatally, poisoned.

Hardly had the arrest been made when the Czar was notified at the Cathedral. He ordered that the news should be withheld from the Empress, although he was himself visibly affected. He sprang into his sleigh with the Czarowitz, and drove by an unused route to the railway station. The Czarina followed shortly after in a carriage, greatly agitated by a presenti-

ment of evil. Not until the train had started was she informed of the occurrence. She burst into tears, and was inconsolable for the rest of the journey. Once safe in his Gatschina Palace, the Czar is said to have given vent to his feelings in the strongest language, heaping anathemas upon the heads of the Nihilists, and threatening dire revenge.

Less than two hours after the arrest of Andreieffsky and Petroff their companion peasant fell into the hands of the police. His name was Generaloff, a native of Jaroslav, South Russia. He had been actively engaged in the Nihilist propaganda for some time past. He also carried bombs on his person.

These arrests were supplemented by numerous others. The lodgings of the prisoners in the suburbs of St. Petersburg known as the Peski (the Sands) were searched, and other explosives as well as documents incriminating other persons were found. As a result the procession of prisoners to the Peter and Paul's Fortress for a time was almost unremitting, and no one felt safe against police intrusion. All three of the prisoners were subsequently executed.

England shortly afterward became the mark for the next development of the dynamite war. It is the fact that shortly after the assassination of the Czar an attack on the British Government was begun.

Prior to this there had been two outrages in 1881—one an attempt to blow up the barracks at Salford with dynamite, the other a gunpowder explosion at the Mansion House, London.

The record of the year, as compiled by Col. Majendie, the Inspector of Explosives, then runs on:

1881: 16 *May*. Attempt to blow up the police barracks at Liverpool with gunpowder in iron piping. Damage to the building was inconsiderable, and no one hurt.

10 *June*. Attempt to blow up the Town Hall, Liverpool, by an infernal machine probably filled with dynamite. A great number of windows broken, and some iron railings destroyed, but no one injured. The two perpetrators captured.

14 *June*. A piece of iron piping filled with gunpowder exploded against the police station at Loanhead, near Edinburgh. Some windows broken, but no other damage effected.

30 *June*. An importation of six infernal machines at Liverpool from America in the "Malta," concealed in barrels of cement. They contained lignin dynamite, with a clock-work arrangement for firing it.

2 *July*. An importation of four similar machines at Liverpool in the "Bavaria."

September. An attempt to produce an explosion at the barracks, Castlebar. A canister containing gunpowder was thrown over the wall, close to the magazine. The lighted fuse which was attached fell out, and no harm was done.

1882: 26 *March*. An attempt to blow up Weston House, Galway, with dynamite in an iron pot enclosed in a sack. Five persons were afterwards convicted of the outrage.

27 *March*. A 6-inch shell charged with explosive thrown into a house in Letterkenney. The explosion caused considerable damage.

2 *April*. An attempt to destroy a police barrack in Limerick by firing some dynamite on the window sill.

12 *May*. A discovery of a parcel containing 12 lbs. to 20 lbs. of gunpowder, with lighted touch-paper or fuse attached, at the Mansion House, London.

1883: 21 *January*. An explosion of lignin dynamite at Possil Bridge, Glasgow. Two or three persons passing sustained slight injury.

21 *January*. An explosion of lignin dynamite at Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow, in a disused goods shed.

15 *March*. An explosion at the Local Government Board Office, Whitehall, causing considerable local damage.

15 *March*. An abortive explosion of lignin dynamite outside a window at the *Times* office.

April. Two infernal machines, containing 28 lbs. of lignin dynamite (probably home-made), discovered at Liverpool. Four persons were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

April. The discovery of a factory of nitro-glycerine at Birmingham, and of a large amount of nitro-glycerine brought thence to London. The occupier of the house and others were subsequently convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

30 *October*. An explosion in the Metropolitan Railway, between Charing Cross and Westminster, unattended with personal or serious structural injury.

30 *October*. An explosion on the Metropolitan Railway, near Praed Street. Three carriages sustained serious injury, and about sixty-two persons were cut by the broken glass and debris, and otherwise injured.

November. Two infernal machines discovered in a house in Westminster, occupied by a German named Woolf. Two men were tried, and in the result the jury disagreed and a *nolle prosequi* was entered on behalf of the Crown.

1884 *January*. The discovery of some slabs of Atlas Powder A (American make), in Primrose Hill tunnel.

February. An explosion in the cloak-room of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway at Victoria Station of Atlas Powder A (American make), left in a bag or portmanteau.

27 *February*. The discovery of a bag containing some Atlas Powder A, with clockwork and detonators, at Charing Cross Station.

28 *February*. A similar discovery at Paddington Station.

1 *March*. A similar discovery at Ludgate Hill Station.

April. A discovery of three metal bombs, containing dynamite (probably American make), at Birkenhead, in possession of a man named Daly, who was afterwards sentenced to penal servitude for life.

30 *May*. An explosion of dynamite at the Junior Carlton Club, St. James' Square. About fourteen persons were injured.

30 *May*. An explosion of dynamite at the residence of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, St. James' Square.

30 *May*. An explosion of dynamite in a urinal under a room occupied by some of the detective staff in Scotland Yard. It brought down a portion of the building, besides severely injuring a policeman and some persons who were at an adjacent public-house.

30 *May*. A discovery of Atlas Powder A, with fuse and detonators, in Trafalgar Square.

28 *November*. An attempted destruction of a house at Edenburn, near Tralee, occupied by Mr. Hussey. The injury, which was doubtless accomplished with dynamite, was less serious than was intended, and no one sustained bodily harm.

12 *December*. An explosion of a charge of dynamite or other nitro-compound under London Bridge, fortunately doing very little damage.

1885: 2 *January*. An explosion in the Gower Street tunnel of the Metropolitan Railway, caused by about two pounds of some nitro-compound fired apparently by a percussion fuse. Damage inconsiderable.

24 *January*. An explosion in the Tower of London, caused, beyond all reasonable doubt, by about five to eight pounds of Atlas Powder A (American make). Three or four persons were slightly injured, and considerable damage was done to the Armory.

24 *January*. An explosion of Atlas Powder A (American make), in Westminster Hall. Three persons were injured severely, and others slightly, and very considerable damage was done to the Hall and surroundings.

24 *January*. An explosion in the House of Commons (probably caused by a similar amount of the same explosive). No persons were injured, but very considerable damage was done to the Houses of Parliament.

February. A discovery of dynamite (of American make) in a house in Harrow Road, Paddington.

9 *March*. A discovery of Atlas Powder A in the roof of a saw-mill at Bootle.

As a result of these various conspiracies and political outrages, twenty-nine persons were convicted.

Some of the bombs used in the London explosions were very ingeniously made. Usually they had a clock-work arrangement which released a hammer and exploded the infernal machine at the time set. Others again had a time fuse depending upon the percolation of acid through parchment. In every case, however, the destruction wrought by the explosives was ridiculously disappointing to the conspirators, and in England as elsewhere the event proved that high explosives are a delusion and a snare from the revolutionist's point of view. They are greatly more dangerous to the persons who employ them than to the people or the property against which they may be aimed.

CHAPTER III.

The Exodus to Chicago—Waiting for an Opportunity—A Political Party Formed—A Question of \$600,000—The First Socialist Platform—Details of the Organization—Work at the Ballot-Box—Statistics of Socialist Progress—"The International Workingmen's Party" and The "Workingmen's Party of the United States"—The Eleven Commandments of Labor—How the Work was to be Done—A Curious Constitution—Beginnings of the Labor Press—The Union Congress—Criticising the Ballot-Box—The Executive Committee and its Powers—Annals of 1876—A Period of Preparation—The Great Railroad Strikes of 1877—The First Attack on Society—A Decisive Defeat—Trying Politics Again—The "Socialistic Party"—Its Leaders and its Aims—August Spies as an Editor—Buying the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—How the Money was Raised—Anarchist Campaign Songs—The Group Organization—Plan of the Propaganda—Dynamite First Taught—"The Bureau of Information"—An Attack on Arbitration—No Compromise with Capital—Unity of the Internationalists and the Socialists.

AFTER the enactment of the stringent Socialist law in Germany, and the determined opposition of Prince Bismarck to the creed of the Social Democrats, the exodus to America began, and Chicago, unfortunately for this city, was the Mecca to which the exiles came. At first but little attention was paid to the incoming people. It was thought that free air and free institutions would disarm them of their rancor against organized society, and but little attention was paid to the vaporings of the leaders. We had heard that sort of thing before,—especially in the years following 1848,—and it had come to nothing; and people generally, when they heard the mouthings of the apostles of disorder, told themselves that when these apostles had each bought a home, there would come naturally, and out of the logic of facts, a change in their convictions.

Hence, although there were some inflammatory speeches, and a pretense of Socialistic activity, it was not until the year 1873 that any serious attention was paid to the movement. Even then the interest it excited was that solely of a political novelty.

The period was one of general business depression, however, and additional impetus was given to the feelings of discontent by the labor troubles in New York, Boston, St. Louis and other large cities. In New York the labor demonstrations were particularly violent. The special object sought to be accomplished there was the introduction of the eight-hour system. Eastern Internationalists saw in this an opportunity to strengthen their foothold in America, and they were not slow in fomenting discord among the members of the different trades-unions which had inaugurated the movement. They even went so far as to proclaim that, if there was any interference with the eight-hour strike, the streets would run red with the blood of capitalists. The Communists of Chicago sympathized with their brethren in the East, but they lacked numbers and similar conditions of

violent discontent to urge force and bloodshed in the attainment of the same object, which, however, had been for some time under discussion by the Trades Assembly of Chicago. They consequently contented themselves with wild attacks upon the prevailing system of labor and urged a severance from existing political parties and the formation of a party exclusively devoted to the amelioration of the condition of workingmen.

Toward the end of the year 1873, the leaders seem to have concluded that they had a sufficient number of adherents to form a party, and a committee was appointed to prepare and submit a plan of organization. On the 1st of January following, this committee reported. They suggested organization into societies according to nationalities, and that all societies thus organized should be directed by a central committee, to be appointed from the several sections. At the same time it was publicly announced that "the new organization did not seek the overthrow of the national, State or city government by violence," but would work out its mission peaceably through the ballot-box.

While the formation of a party was under consideration, times were exceedingly dull in the city. Thousands were idle, and there was a general clamor among the unemployed for relief. This discontent was seized upon to influence the minds of the poor against capital, and the remedy was declared to lie only in Socialism. The Relief and Aid Society formed the first point of attack. The Socialist leaders loudly proclaimed that it had on hand over \$600,000,—the charitable contributions of the world sent to Chicago after the fire for the benefit of the poor,—which sum was held, they claimed, for the enrichment of the managers of that society and the benefit of "rich paupers." In the early part of December, 1873, a procession of the unemployed marched through the streets of the city and demanded assistance from the municipal authorities. They finally decided to appeal to the Relief Society, and, backed by hundreds in line, a committee attempted to wait upon the officials of that organization. They were, excluded, however, on the ground that all deserving cases would be aided without the intervention of a committee.

The condition of labor now formed the pretext for many a diatribe against capital in general and the alleged favoritism of the Relief and Aid Society in particular; and many allied themselves with the Socialistic organization—not comprehending its meaning, but because it happened at the moment to appeal to their passions.

It was this state of affairs which spurred on the Socialist leaders to the formation of a party. Having accepted the general plan of organization as recommended by the committee, another meeting was held in January, 1874. A declaration of principles was then formulated. There were nine articles, which may be summarized as follows:

Abolition of all class legislation and repeal of all existing laws favoring monopolies.

All means of transportation, such as railroads, canals, telegraph, etc., to be controlled, managed and operated by the State.

Abolition of the prevailing system of letting out public work by contract, the State or municipality to have all work of a public nature done under its own supervision and control.

An amendment to the laws in regard to the recovery of wages, all suits brought for the recovery of wages to be decided within eight days.

The payment of wages by the month to be abolished, and weekly payments substituted.

A discontinuance of the hiring-out of prison labor to companies or individuals, prisoners to be employed by and for the benefit of the State only.

Adoption by the State of compulsory education of all children between the ages of seven and fourteen years; the hiring-out of children under fourteen to be prohibited.

All banking, both commercial and savings, to be done by the State.

All kinds of salary grabs to be discontinued; all public officers to be paid a fixed salary instead of fees.

Specifically stated, the organization was made to consist of sections and divisions and a central committee. Each section was made to consist of twenty-five members, and was entitled to one delegate to the conventions of the order, with one delegate for every additional one hundred members or fraction thereof. The central committee was to be composed of nine members, to be chosen by the delegates. The duties of the committee were fixed under such rules as might be adopted by the organization. Their term was from one general convention to another. Each delegate was allowed as many votes as there were members of the section he represented. Delegates from each section were obliged to assemble every week to report all party affairs, and, if necessary, were expected to make similar reports to the central committee. Sections and divisions elected officers for six months. Two-thirds of the members of each section were required to be wage-workers. Each member had to pay only five cents initiation fee and five cents monthly dues. One-half of the income from fees was given to the central committee for printing and general expenses. All in arrears for three months, barring sickness or want of employment, were expelled. Each section was given the power to dismiss such members as acted by word, writing or deed to the detriment of the party and its principles. The right of appeal to the central committee was given to any member in case three of his section favored it. Monthly reports to sections and quarterly reports to the central committee as to the condition of the organization and the treasury were required of the secretary. In the event that any officer lost the confidence of his section, he could be expelled before the expiration of his term by a majority vote.

Such were the principles and plans of the organization at the outset. There does not appear anywhere anything to show that the ulterior object of the party was to use violence to enforce its demands. On the contrary, at a subsequent general gathering a preamble to the platform expressly stated that the party was organized "to advocate and advance the political

platform of the Workingmen's Party, to acquire power in legislative bodies and to uphold the principles of the platform." Subsequent mass-meetings, held in January, ratified the declaration of principles, and the various speakers urged that, inasmuch as the "other political parties were for the benefit of unprincipled scalawags," their party had come into existence "pure and undefiled, to secure to workingmen their rights." The prime movers in the party at this time were John McAuliff, L. Thorsmark, Carl Klings, Henry Stahl, August Arnold, J. Zimple, Leo Meilbeck, Prokup Hudek, O. A. Bishop, John Feltes, John Simmens, Jacob Winnen, J. Krueger, William Jeffers and Robert Mueller. The organization was styled "The Workingmen's Party of Illinois."

Active agitation at once commenced in various parts of the city. Meetings were held wherever possible in the poorer sections of the North and West Divisions. In all speeches the prevalent distress was dwelt upon and the people were urged to combine against capital. Some of the points made at these gatherings may be judged from the remarks of the agitators at a meeting of the various sections of the party at No. 68 West Lake Street on the 1st of March, 1874. While the sentiments were somewhat rabid, there was no encouragement to deeds of violence. One of the speakers, Mr. Zimple, spoke of the object of the meeting as being "to devise means for marching on the bulwarks of aristocracy, and gain for the working classes that social position to which they were by right entitled." Then followed an invective against capital and society. "All existing things must be torn down," he continued, "and a new system of society built up." Slaves even were allowed to live, but, as things were then, workingmen, who could work no longer, had to starve. If they stood together and elected good men to the Legislature next fall, this state of affairs would be changed. Legislators were too stupid to make a living by honest work, therefore they had to subsist by robbing the people. Mr. Thorsmark expressed confidence in the success of Socialism and said that if all workingmen would do their duty "the present state of society would be reformed, not only for their benefit, but for the benefit of mankind." Carl Klings could conceive of "nothing more inhuman, cruel and outrageous than the present state of society," and it was for this reason, he said, that they had banded together to "strike a blow which would effect a change for all time to come." The same tyrants, he argued, who had slaughtered their brethren in cold blood and oppressed them in France, could be found in Chicago. The workingmen of America had not accomplished anything as yet, because they were not yet fully prepared, but gradually they were becoming a great power, and soon would "no longer be compelled to drink the bitter poison from the cup of the aristocrats." Mr. McAuliff touched on the wrongs of the existing state of society as he saw it and held that "they all had to unite in one common body and seek success at the ballot-box."

To gain political power, the Socialists made their first attempt by placing a ticket in the field. A convention was held in Thielemann's Theater, in the North Division of the city, on the 29th of March, 1874. Although there were general city officers to be elected the following month, the Socialists confined their efforts to making nominations only for the town offices of North Chicago, in which section their theories seemed, at that time, to have found the most fertile soil. Their ticket was made up as follows: Assessor, George F. Duffy; Collector, Philip Koerber; Supervisor, August Arnold; Town Clerk, Frederick Oest; Constable, James Jones.

At this convention an impetus was given to the new organ of the party, the *Vorbote*, which had just issued its initial number, and, although this journal was given a considerable circulation to boom the new-fledged candidates, the ticket only polled 950 votes.

But the leaders were not disheartened. They continued their political agitation, and at the approach of the fall campaign they decided to branch out more extensively, and to measure swords with the other political parties for all the offices in sight. On the 25th of October, 1874, a convention was held in Bohemian Turner Hall, on Taylor Street, near Canal, and Congressional, county and city tickets were put into the field. For Congress they selected, for the West Side, W. S. Le Grand; for the North Side, F. A. Hoffman, Jr. It was left an open question whom they should support on the South Side. Their candidates for the Legislature were: Madden, Rice, Hudek, Krael, Thrane and Hymann; and for the Senate, Rowe, Bishop, Methua and Koellner. County Commissioners, Mueller, Bettetil, Bley and Maiewsky for the West Side, and German and Breitenstein for the North Side. Their candidate for Sheriff was E. Melchior, and for Coroner, Dr. Geiger. The aldermanic selections were: In the Second Ward, Wasika; in the Fourth, Tuer; in the Sixth, Grapsicky; in the Seventh, Maj. Warnecke and E. A. Haller; in the Eighth, Leonhard; in the Ninth, George Heck; in the Tenth, Sticker; in the Eleventh, Urenharst; in the Twelfth, Zirbes; in the Fourteenth, Sirks; in the Fifteenth, Schwenn and Anderson; in the Sixteenth, Seilheimer; in the Seventeenth, H. Jensen; in the Eighteenth, Frey; and in the Twentieth, Otto F. Schalz. In the wards not given no nominations were made.

The strength of the ticket may be gathered by the fact that at the election, on November 5th, Melchior received only 378 votes, while his opponent, Agnew, Democrat, scored 28,549, and Bradley, Republican, 21,080. The Socialist candidate who polled the largest number of votes was Breitenstein, for County Commissioner — 790.

The leaders now became convinced that a German morning daily was necessary to further the interests of their party. The *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* and the *Freie Presse* had almost neutralized their efforts on the stump, and they saw that they must have an organ to meet these papers and reach the

masses. They had seen the effects of workingmen's papers in Germany, where several representatives had been sent to the Reichstag, and as their party shibboleth then was "to secure power in legislative bodies" in Illinois, they determined to found a paper of their own. On the 13th of December, 1874, on Market Street, they held a secret meeting. The leading spirits in the proceedings were Mueller, Simmens and Klings. It was proposed that stock to the amount of \$20,000 should be issued for a daily, but as no one seemed to be thoroughly posted in the matter of publishing a paper, it was decided to select a committee. Messrs. Klings, Helmerdeg, Simmens, Methua, Kelting, Winner and Finkensieber were so selected, but whether they made any progress, or submitted a report as to their conclusions, is not known. It is certain that no daily appeared to supplement the efforts of their weekly organ at that time, and it was not until four or five years later that such a paper finally made its appearance.

In the winter of 1874 and the spring of 1875 the Socialist agitators were not openly aggressive, but they nevertheless kept quietly at work sowing the seed of discontent. Finally, in October, 1875, they resumed open and active agitation. The only meeting they held that fall was at No. 529 Milwaukee Avenue, and their wrath was directed especially against the Republican and Democratic candidates for County Treasurer. The speakers were J. WebeKing, John Feltis, Jacob Winnen, A. Zimmerman and John Simmens. The burden of their harangues was that "the workingmen should no longer believe the scoundrels" put up by the other parties. It was time, they urged, to "destroy the power of the robber band." Workingmen must "organize, place laborers on the throne, and drive capitalists from power."

In the election, held the following month, they took no active part, and this fact, together with the apparently quiescent condition of the organization, prompted the *Tribune* to remark:

No longer do they work openly (smarting under former failures), nor do they allow outsiders like Oelke, Gruenhut and others to get into their ranks. The Workingmen's Party of Illinois, as the Communists of this city style themselves, no longer acts as an independent organization, but has placed itself under the protectorate of the society of the Internationalists, which has branches in every city in the world. The executive committee of this society, which formerly resided in Paris and Leipsic, has now its headquarters in New York, and its mandates are implicitly complied with by all the local organizations. The central committee believe that during the winter large numbers will be without employment, and hence a proper time will come to strike a blow. For months they have been organizing military companies and maturing plans to burn Chicago and other large cities in the United States and the Old World.

At about this time a secret meeting was held at No. 140 West Lake Street. Only members of the local committee of the Internationale and the executive committee of the Workingmen's Party were present. It came to the surface that other than political measures were discussed. The Socialist leaders denied all intention of abandoning politics, but they did not hesitate

to avow a belief that some startling blow would facilitate the success of their movement. What seemed to give a strong color of truth to reports about their incendiary intentions was the action they took with reference to Carl Klings. He had been one of the most active spirits in their organization. He was a fiery, impetuous speaker and carried the crowds with him in all his harangues. For some unknown reason, not explainable upon any other hypothesis than that some violent demonstration was contemplated as a change from their past policy, the party had decided to take no hand in the election of November, and yet, in spite of this decision, Klings had entered into it most bitterly and violently to accomplish the defeat of a candidate against whom he cherished the greatest enmity. It would seem that this, viewed from a Socialistic standpoint, ought to have commended him to his brethren, especially as the candidate was beaten in the election, but, on the representation that he had violated an order of the party, Klings was summarily expelled from the organization on the 13th of December, 1875. The fact that he had never secretly advocated violent means undoubtedly accounts for his expulsion.

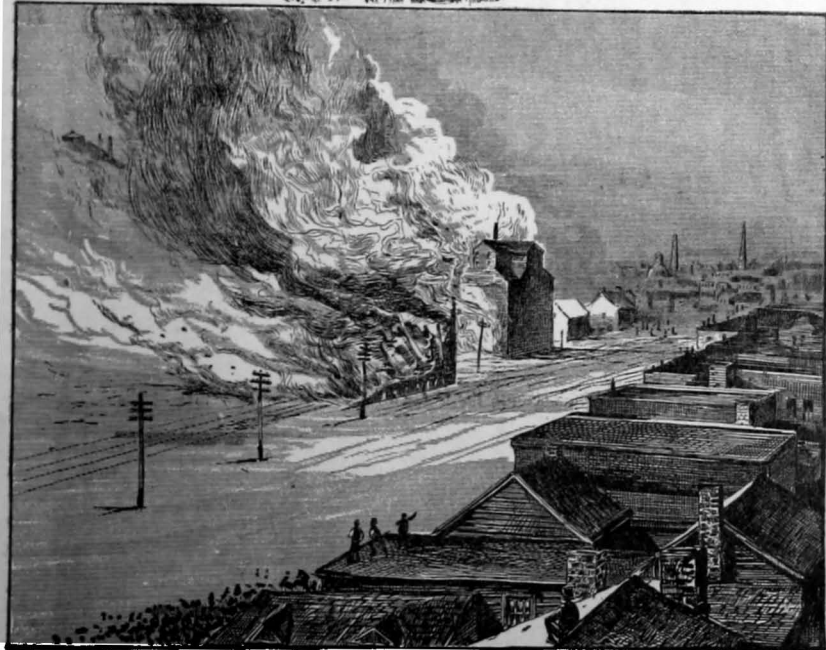
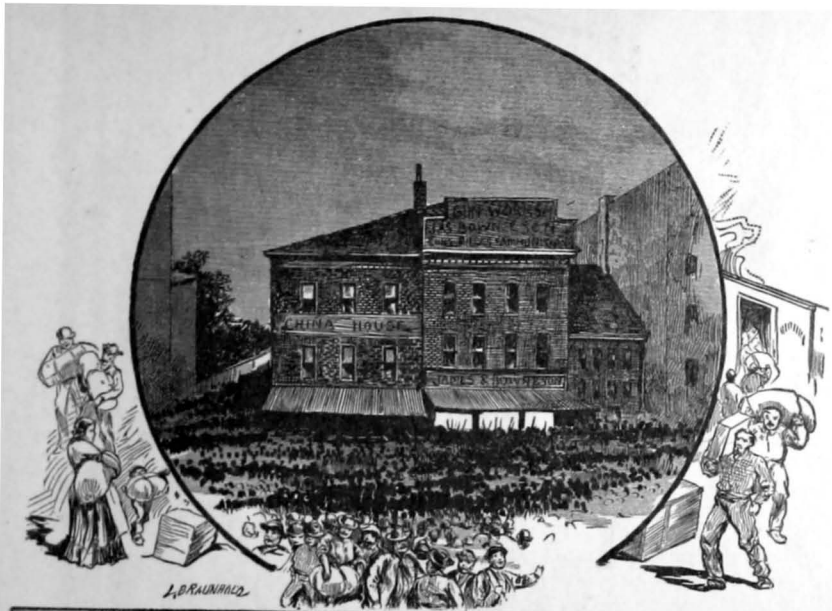
It is unquestionably true that at this time the Communists were beginning to think of more serious matters than politics, and gradually drifting away from their peaceful mission as avowed in their early party platform and public declarations, and it is not unwarranted to attribute their non-intervention in politics that fall to the efforts and influence of the Internationale. They proved in more ways than one that they had at heart revolutionary methods, and that they were only awaiting an opportune time to boldly proclaim their sentiments. Even if there could exist a doubt on this point, it was dissipated by the utterances of the Socialists at a mass-meeting held December 26, 1875, at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall, to protest against the treatment of Communist prisoners in New Caledonia by the French Government.

As already stated, the Socialists had established in 1874 an "International Workingmen's Party of the State of Illinois," and for some time they held meetings under that pretentious title, principally on Clybourn Avenue. The organization struggled along for awhile and finally was lost to sight. Subsequently a "Workingmen's Party of the United States" appeared in the Socialistic world, and some of the leaders of the old local organization began to identify themselves with its establishment and success. They held frequent meetings on North Avenue. The declaration of principles of the new party was as follows:

The emancipation of the working classes must be achieved by the working classes themselves, independently of all political parties of the propertied class.

The struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class rule.

The economical subjection of the man of labor to the monopolizers of the means of



SCENES FROM THE RIOTS AT PITTSBURG, 1877.

labor, the sources of life, lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation and political dependence.

The economical emancipation of the working classes is, therefore, the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means.

All efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labor in each country, and from the absence of concerted action between the workingmen of all countries.

The emancipation of labor is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution upon the practical and theoretical concurrence and coöperation of the most advanced countries.

For these reasons the Workingmen's Party of the United States has been founded. It enters into proper relations and connections with the workingmen of other countries.

Whereas, political liberty without economical freedom is but an empty phrase; therefore, we will, in the first place, direct our efforts to the economical question. We repudiate entirely connection with all political parties of the propertied class without regard to their name. We demand that all the means of labor, land, machinery, railroads, telegraphs, canals, etc., become the common property of the whole people, for the purpose of abolishing the wage-system, and substituting in its place coöperative production with a just distribution of its rewards.

The political action of the party will be confined generally to obtaining legislative acts in the interest of the working class proper. It will not enter into a political campaign before being strong enough to exercise a perceptible influence, and then in the first place locally in the towns or cities, when demands of purely local character may be presented, provided they are not in conflict with the platform and principles of the party. We work for organization of the trades-unions upon a national and international basis, to ameliorate the condition of the working people and seek to spread therein the above principles. The Workingmen's Party of the United States proposes to introduce the following measures as a means to improve the condition of the working classes:

1. Eight hours' work for the present as a normal working day, and legal punishment for all violators.
2. Sanitary inspection of all conditions of labor, means of subsistence and dwellings included.
3. Establishment of bureaus of labor statistics in all States as well as by the National Government, the officers of these bureaus to be taken from the ranks of the labor organizations and elected by them.
4. Prohibition of the use of prison labor by private employers.
5. Prohibitory laws against the employment of children under fourteen years of age in industrial establishments.
6. Gratuitous instruction in all educational institutions.
7. Strict laws making employers liable for all accidents to the injury of their employes.
8. Gratuitous administration of justice in courts of law.
9. Abolition of all conspiracy laws.
10. Railroads, telegraphs and all means of transportation to be taken hold of and operated by the Government.
11. All industrial enterprises to be placed under the control of the Government as fast as practicable and operated by free coöperative trades-unions for the good of the whole people.

The Constitution of the "Workingmen's Party of the United States" was as follows:

- The affairs of the party shall be conducted by three bodies: 1. The Congress. 2. The Executive Committee. 3. The Board of Supervision.

ARTICLE I. THE CONGRESS. 1. At least every two years a Congress shall be held, composed of the delegates from the different sections that have been connected with the party at least two months previously and complied with all their duties. Sections of less than one hundred members shall be entitled to one delegate; from one hundred to two hundred, to two delegates; and one more delegate for each additional hundred.

2. No suspended section shall be admitted to a seat before the Congress has examined and passed judgment on the case. It shall, however, be the duty of every Congress to put such cases on the order of business and dispose of them immediately after the election of its officers.

3. The Congress defines and establishes the political position of the party, decides finally on all differences within the party, appoints time and place of next Congress and designates the seat of the Executive Committee and of the Board of Supervisors.

4. The entire expenses of Congress, as well as mileage and salaries of the delegates, shall be paid by the party and provided for by a special tax to be levied six weeks before the Congress meets before the year 1880; however, no mileage will be paid beyond the 36th degree of northern latitude, nor beyond the 59th degree of western longitude.

5. All propositions and motions to be considered and acted upon by Congress shall be communicated to all sections at least six weeks previously.

ARTICLE II. THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of seven members and shall appoint from its own midst one corresponding secretary, one recording secretary, one financial secretary and one treasurer. The Executive Committee shall be elected by the sections of the place designated as its seat, and vacancies shall be filled in the same way.

2. The Executive Committee shall hold office from one Congress to the ensuing one.

3. The duties of the Executive Committee shall be to execute all resolutions of Congress, and to see that they are strictly observed by all sections and members, to organize and centralize the propaganda, to represent the organization at home and abroad, to entertain and open relations with the workingmen's parties of other countries, to make a quarterly report to the sections concerning the status of the organization and its financial position, to make all necessary preparations for the Congress as well as a detailed report on all party matters.

4. *Right and Power of the Executive Committee.* The Executive Committee, with the concurrence of the Board of Supervision, may refuse to admit to the organization individuals and sections as well as suspend members and sections till the next Congress for injuring the party interests. In case of urgency the Executive Committee may make suitable propositions, which propositions shall become binding, if approved of by a majority of the members within two months. The Executive Committee has the right to establish rules and regulations for the policy to be observed by the party papers, to watch their course, and in cases of vacancies to appoint editors *pro tempore*. The Executive Committee may send the corresponding secretary as delegate to Congress; the delegate will have no vote and shall be prohibited from accepting any other credentials.

5. The salary of the party officers shall be fixed by the Executive Committee with the concurrence of the Board of Supervision.

6. The corresponding secretary shall copy all documents and writings issuing from the Executive Committee, place on file all communications received, and keep a correct record thereof. He shall receive a proper salary.

7. The financial secretary shall keep and make out the lists of sections and members, receive and record all money and hand the same over to the treasurer, taking his voucher therefor.

8. The treasurer shall receive all moneys from the financial secretary, pay bills and honor all orders of the Executive Committee, after they are countersigned by the corresponding secretary and one more member of the Executive Committee, make a correct report on the

status of the treasury to the Executive Committee at every meeting and to the whole organization every three months, and give security in the amount fixed by the Executive Committee. The report of the treasurer must be examined at a regular session of the Executive Committee and indorsed by the same.

ARTICLE III. THE BOARD OF SUPERVISION. 1. The Board of Supervision shall consist of five members, to hold office and be elected in the same way as the Executive Committee.

2. The duties of the Board of Supervision shall be to watch over the action of the Executive Committee and that of the whole party; to superintend the administration and the editorial management of the organs of the party, and to interfere in case of need; to adjust all differences occurring in the party within four weeks after receiving the necessary evidence, subject to the final decision of the Congress; to make a detailed report of its actions to Congress.

3. In case of any urgency the Board of Supervision may suspend officers and editors until the meeting of the next Congress, such suspension to be submitted at once to a general vote, the result of which shall be made known within four weeks thereafter.

4. The Board of Supervision is entitled to send one delegate to the Congress under the same conditions as the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE IV. SECTIONS. Ten persons speaking the same language and being wage-workers shall be entitled to form a section, provided they acknowledge the principles, statutes and Congress resolutions and belong to no political party of the propertied classes. They shall demand admission from the Executive Committee by transmitting the dues for the current month, and their list of members, their letter to contain the names, residences and trade of members, and to show their conditions as wage-laborers. At least three-fourths of the members of a section must be wage-laborers. There shall be no more than one section of the same language in one place, which meet at different parts of the town or city for the purpose of an active propaganda. Business meetings shall be held once a month. Each section is responsible for the integrity of its members. Each section is required to make a monthly report to the Executive Committee concerning its activity, membership and financial situation, to entertain friendly relations with the trades-unions and to promote their formation, to hold regular meetings at least once every week, and to direct its efforts exclusively to the organization, enlightening and emancipating the working classes. No section shall take part in political movements without the consent of the Executive Committee. Five sections of different localities shall be entitled to call for the convention of an extraordinary Congress, such Congress to be convened if a majority of the sections decides in its favor.

ARTICLE V. DUES AND CONTRIBUTIONS. A monthly due of five cents for each member shall be transmitted to the Executive Committee to meet the expenses of the propaganda and administration. In case of need, and with the consent of the Board of Supervision, the Executive Committee is empowered to levy an extraordinary tax.

ARTICLE VI. GENERAL REGULATIONS. All officers, committees, boards, etc., shall be chosen by a majority vote. No member of the organization shall hold more than one office at the same time. All officers, authorities, committees, boards, etc., of the organization, may be dismissed or removed at any time by a general vote of their constituencies, and such general vote shall be taken within one month from the date of the motion to this effect; provided, however, that said motion be seconded by not less than one-third of the respective constituents. Expulsion from one section shall be valid for the whole organization if approved by the Executive Committee and the Board of Supervision.

All members of the organization, by the adoption of this constitution, take upon themselves the duty to assist each other morally and materially in case of need.

The Congress alone has the right of amending, altering or adding to this constitution, subject to a general vote of all sections, the result of which is to be communicated to the Executive Committee within four weeks.

ARTICLE VII. LOCAL STATUTES. Each section shall choose from its ranks one organizer, one corresponding and recording secretary, one financial secretary, one treasurer and two members of an auditing committee. All these officers shall be elected for six months, and the Executive Committee shall take timely measures to make the election of newly formed sections correspond with the general election of the whole party. The organizer conducts the local propaganda and is responsible to the section.

The organizers of the various sections of one locality shall be in constant communication with each other in order to secure concerted action. The secretary is charged with the minutes and the correspondence. The financial secretary shall keep and make out the list of members, sign the cards of membership, collect the dues, hand them over to the treasurer and correctly enter them. The treasurer shall receive all moneys from the financial secretary and hold them subject to the order of the section. The auditing committee shall superintend all books and the general management of the affairs, and audit bills. All officers shall make monthly reports to the section. A chairman is elected in every meeting for maintaining the usual parliamentary order.

The monthly dues of each member shall be no less than ten cents, five cents of which shall be paid to the Executive Committee. Members being in arrears for three consecutive months shall be suspended until fulfilling their duties, always excepted those who are sick or out of work. Persons not belonging to the wages-class can only be admitted in a regular business meeting by a two-thirds vote. The result of every election within the section must be at once communicated to the Executive Committee.

Regulations concerning the Press of the Workingmen's Party of the United States.—The *Labor Standard* of New York, the *Arbeiter-Stimme* of New York and the *Vorbote* of Chicago are recognized as the organs and property of the party. The organs of the party shall represent the interest of labor, awaken and arouse class feelings amongst the workingmen, promote their organization as well as the trades-union movement, and spread economical knowledge amongst them. The editorial management of each one of the papers of the party shall be intrusted to an editor appointed by Congress or by the Executive Committee and the Board of Supervision jointly, the editor to receive an appropriate salary. Whenever needed, assistant editors shall be appointed by the Executive Committee with the advice and consent of the chief editor. The chief editor is responsible for the contents of the paper and is to be guided in matters of principle by the declarations of principles of the party; in technical and formal matters by the regulations of the Executive Committee. Whenever refusing to insert a communication from a member of the organization, the editor is to make it known to the writer thereof, directly or by an editorial notice, when an appeal can be taken to the Executive Committee. The editor shall observe strict neutrality toward differences arising within the party till the Board of Supervision and the Congress have given their decision. For each one of the three party papers there shall be elected at their respective places of publication a council of administration of five members, who, jointly with the Executive Committee, shall appoint and remove the business manager and his assistants. The council of administration shall be chosen for one year in the first week of August of each year. The council of administration shall establish rules for the business management, superintend the same, investigate all complaints concerning the business management, redress all grievances, pay their weekly salaries to the editors and managers, and make a full report of the status of the paper every three months to all sections by a circular. The manager is bound to mail punctually and address correctly the papers; he shall receive all moneys, book them and hand them over to the treasurer of the council of administration, and he shall keep the office of the paper in good order; his salary shall be fixed by the Congress or by the Executive Committee. All sums over and above the amount of the security shall be deposited in a bank by the council of administration. The receipts of all moneys from without shall be published in the paper.

The treasurer of the council of administration and the manager shall give security to the council of administration in the amount fixed by the Executive Committee. The chief editor's salary shall be from \$15 to \$20 per week. All complaints against the editorial management shall in the first place be put before the Executive Committee, in the second place before the Board of Supervision. All complaints against the business management shall be first referred to the council of administration, in the second place to the Board of Supervision. The sections are responsible for the financial liabilities of the newspaper agents appointed by them. The Congress alone can alter, amend or add to these regulations.

The spring of 1876 found the local party in a quiescent state as regards active participation in politics, but they did not abandon their meetings. The First Regiment of the National Guard at this period had assumed goodly proportions, and it naturally came in for a good deal of attention at the hands of the speakers. They never failed to denounce it; but, to cover their own sinister designs and lull others to a sense of security, they invariably declared that the Communists intended no war. They continued their "vacant-lot" oratory and in every way sought to increase the number of their party adherents.

Toward the end of July, 1876, a Union Congress was held in Philadelphia, and these new declarations of principles were formulated:

The Union Congress of the Workingmen's Party of the United States declares: The emancipation of labor is a social problem concerning the whole human race and embracing all sexes. The emancipation of women will be accomplished with the emancipation of men, and the so-called woman's rights question will be solved with the labor question. All evils and wrongs of the present society can be abolished only when economical freedom is gained for men as well as for women. It is the duty, therefore, of the wives and daughters of the workingmen to organize themselves and take their places within the ranks of struggling labor. To aid and support them in this work is the duty of men. By uniting their efforts they will succeed in breaking the economical fetters, and a new and free race of men and women will arise, recognizing each other as peers. We acknowledge the perfect equality of rights of both sexes, and in the Workingmen's Party of the United States this equality of rights is a principle and is strictly observed.

The Ballot-box.—Considering that the economical emancipation of the working classes is the great end, to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means; considering that the Workingmen's Party of the United States in the first place directs its efforts to the economical struggle; considering that only in the economical arena the combatants for the Workingmen's Party can be trained and disciplined; considering that in this country the ballot-box has long ago ceased to record the popular will, and only serves to falsify the same in the hands of professional politicians; considering that the organization of the working people is not yet far enough developed to overthrow at once this state of corruption; considering that this middle class republic has produced an enormous amount of small reformers and quacks, the intruding of whom will only be facilitated by a political movement of the Workingmen's Party of the United States and considering that the corruption and misapplication of the ballot-box, as well as the silly reform movements, flourish most in years of Presidential elections, at such times greatly endangering the organization of workingmen: For these reasons the Union Congress, meeting at Philadelphia in July, 1876, resolves:

The sections of this party as well as all workingmen in general are earnestly invited to abstain from all political movements for the present and to turn their back on the ballot-box. The workingmen will thus save themselves bitter disappointments, and their time and efforts



THE GREAT STRIKE IN BALTIMORE. THE MILITIA FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STREETS.

will be directed far better towards their own organization, which is frequently destroyed and always injured by a hasty political movement.

Let us bide our time! It will come.

Party Government.—Chicago shall be the seat of the Executive Committee for the ensuing term; New Haven, the seat of the Board of Supervision.

The Next Congress.—The Executive Committee, in connection with the Board of Supervision, shall select a place for holding the next Congress in the following named cities: Chicago, Ill.; Newark, N. J.; Boston, Mass. The end of August shall be the time for the meeting of the next Congress, and the Executive Committee jointly with the Board of Supervision shall decide whether the next Congress shall be held in 1877 or 1878.

The Party Press.—As editor of the *Labor Standard*, J. P. McDonnell is appointed at a salary of \$15 per week; at least one member of Typographical Union No. 6 shall be employed as a compositor. As editor of the *Arbeiter-Stimme* Dr. A. Otto Walster is appointed at a salary of \$18 per week; the paper is to be enlarged in a proper way in October next. As editor of the *Vorbote* C. Conzett is appointed at a salary of \$18 per week. In consideration of the claim of C. Conzett upon the paper for past services it is resolved that after a thorough investigation of the books the Executive Committee shall give to C. Conzett a promissory note for an amount not exceeding the sum of \$1,430; for payment of this note two-thirds of the net gains made by party festivities in Chicago and the whole of the gain resulting from a general New Year's festivity in the year 1876 shall be appropriated. Stock and assets to pass into the hands of the party. A co-operative printing association like the one in New York shall be formed in Chicago, which shall publish the *Vorbote* at cost price, adding the usual percentage of wear and tear, and which shall buy the stock for not less than \$600. A diminution of the size of the *Vorbote* is proposed, and Conzett is empowered to act in this matter with due regard to the interests of the party. Dr. A. Douai is appointed assistant editor of all three papers. It is also resolved to employ the late editor of the English paper as assistant editor for numbers 18 and 19 of the *Labor Standard* and pay him his usual salary of \$12 per week for two weeks more. It is resolved to levy an extraordinary tax of ten cents per member, and to continue said extraordinary tax every three months until all liabilities of the party shall be paid. All sections are invited to hold festivities in honor of the Union, now accomplished, and to devote the proceeds of these festivities to aid the press of the party and to pay the extraordinary taxes.

It was further resolved that "no local paper shall be founded without the consent of the Executive Committee and the Board of Supervision." It was resolved to place the agencies of all foreign publications in the hands of the party. After having come to an understanding with the various publishers of labor papers in other countries, a central depot was to be established. The two councils of administration of the party organs in New York were charged with making the necessary preparations for opening the central depot on the first day of October in New York. It was also recommended to the party authorities to publish labor pamphlets adapted to the conditions of this country.

Decisions of the Executive Committee.—In order to insure the collection of the extra tax of ten cents per quarter, levied by the Congress, the moneys sent in for dues will be credited to the extra tax account for the preceding quarter year, should such delinquencies occur. Any section in arrears for three months will be notified, and if within one month thereafter the section has not restored its good standing, it will be declared defunct. Where sections cannot appoint their own newspaper agent from among the members, they may appoint any person as their agent, but such agent must be personally responsible. Where sections fail

to report gain or loss of members, they will be charged for dues and extra tax, according to the number of members enrolled at the last report. Every section shall be judge of its own members, but no expulsion from the whole party can be effected except as provided for by the constitution. No person can be a member of two sections at the same time.

Amendments to the Constitution.—Paragraph 3, division 4, under "Sections." First amendment, adopted December 16th by a general election: In addition to one section (composed of men of each language of any locality) there may also be organized one section of women under the same regulations as the others. Second amendment, adopted July 15: Article 1, paragraph 4, is amended to read: "For the Congress to be held in the year 1887, the expenses of each delegate will be borne by the section or sections represented by him."

During the winter of 1876 the excitement on the possible outcome of the national election prostrated business throughout the country. There were even rumors and threats of bloody conflict. Capital naturally hesitated, and investments were confined to projects in which there was no element of chance and for which the returns were measurably certain. The Socialists of Chicago sought in every possible way to make the most of the situation by inflaming the minds of the unemployed against capital, and labored to secure proselytes by urging that such a state of affairs could never exist under Socialism. Meetings were held wherever either a hall or a vacant lot could be secured. A. R. Parsons, Philip Van Patten, George A. Schilling, T. J. Morgan and Ben Sibley, who had hitherto figured only before small street crowds, now became prominent as speakers at large gatherings, and their harangues proved that they were apt students in the Socialistic school, and ready expounders of the proposed new social system.

The Legislature of Illinois was in session at the time under review, and in March, 1877, the Socialist leaders entered into a discussion of the necessity of forcing that body to pass the bills then pending before it with reference to the establishment of a bureau of statistics on wages and earnings, cost and manner of living, fatal accidents in each branch of labor and their causes, coöperation, hours of labor, etc., and for the collection of wages. They urged that the laboring classes should demand these measures and insisted that the "boss classes, the capitalistic classes, the aristocrats, who lived in riot and luxury on the fruit which labor had tilled and ought to enjoy," should not stand in the way of their passage. Time and again they rang the various changes on the "iniquity and inequalities of the present social system," and fairly howled themselves hoarse in declaring that "the Labor party was organized not only to destroy that system, but to secure a division of property, which Socialism demanded and was determined to have."

Early in July, 1877, the firemen and brakemen of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began a strike at Baltimore against a reduction of wages. This strike soon reached Martinsburg, W. Va., and caused an immense blockade of freight traffic. The strikers finally grew so riotous that the local authorities were powerless, and President Hayes, being appealed to by

the Governor of Maryland, issued a proclamation. United States troops were at the same time dispatched from Washington and Fort McHenry to the scene of disturbances, and order was finally brought out of chaos.

Following close upon the heels of this strike came one on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg, against an order doubling up trains and thus dispensing with a large number of employés. The railroad people, in explanation of their action, showed that during June preceding not only had there been a great depreciation of railroad stocks, but a shrinkage in the value of railroad property from 20 to 70 per cent., caused by a great falling-off in business. It is needless for the purpose of this chapter to recount the wild scenes of riot and bloodshed that ensued at Pittsburg, when troops numbering two thousand, sent from Philadelphia, engaged in deadly conflict with the unbridled mob and when millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the incendiary torch.

While this carnival of fire, death and bloodshed still startled the world, a strike broke out in Chicago among railroad men. While the strikers here sought to contend in an orderly manner against their employers, the same element which had inspired and carried out deeds of violence in the East—the Communists—were not slow to seize upon the opportunity in Chicago to widen the breach between capital and labor. Threats and riotous demonstrations were their weapons. They virtually took possession of all the large manufacturing establishments in the city, and by intimidation and force compelled men willing to work and satisfied with their wages to join their howling mobs. Not alone did they succeed in stopping freight traffic, but they clogged the wheels of industry in the principal factories and shops of the city. The leaders were active during the day directing the riotous movements of their followers, and at night they assembled to devise methods to increase the general turmoil. Their headquarters were at No. 131 Milwaukee Avenue, and here all-night sessions were sometimes held. Proclamations were frequently sent out to workingmen, urging them to stand firmly in defense of their rights.

The leading spirits at this time were Philip Van Patten, now of Cincinnati, J. H. White, J. Paulsen and Charles Erickson, who constituted the executive committee of the Workingmen's Party, and A. R. Parsons and George Schilling.

Some of the meetings referred to were quite stormy in character. Threats were made to "clean out" the police, and some speakers advised attacks on the guardians of the peace with stones, bricks and revolvers. The leaders were too cautious, however, to advise anything of the kind in their public declarations. Violence was reserved for the mobs on the inspiration of the moment, or at the instigation of trusted adherents at the proper time.

That such were their intentions is apparent from a statement of one of the members, who said:

"To-morrow Chicago will see a big day, and no one can predict what will be the end of this contest."

Sure enough, on the day following—the 25th of July—a conflict ensued between the police and strong mobs at the Halsted Street Viaduct and elsewhere, in which several of the rioters were injured. On the day following, the riots reached their culminating point, and between the police, infantry and cavalry the Communistic element were driven to their holes with many killed and wounded. That effectually terminated the reign of riot, and the city resumed its normal condition. The trouble in the East also subsided about the same time.

The Communists, after this severe lesson, remained dormant for some months. Evidently they saw that the time had not arrived for the commencement of that revolution which they had at heart. In the fall of 1877 they seem to have reached the conclusion that they would exchange the art of war for arts political. Accordingly, in October they were again to be found on the campaign stump—for the first time since 1874. There were then four parties in the field,—Democrats, Republicans, Industrials and Greenbackers,—and this situation may have suggested a chance for the success of their ticket or an opportunity to secure concessions from the dominant parties that would result to their advantage. C. J. Dixon was then chairman of the "Industrial Party." This party claimed to seek redress for the grievances of workmen without resorting to destruction of society or government, and if it had denied affiliation with the Socialists it might have become a factor in politics. It may be stated that for a time after the election Dixon held to his principles, but a few years later became a representative in the Legislature of the Communistic element.

The outcome of the political agitation of the Socialists that fall was the nomination of the following ticket: For County Treasurer, Frank A. Stauber; County Clerk, A. R. Parsons; Probate Clerk, Philip Van Patten; Clerk of the Criminal Court, Tim O'Meara; Superintendent of Schools, John McAuliff; County Commissioners, W. A. Barr, Samuel Goldwater, T. J. Morgan, Max Nisler and L. Thorsmark. For Judge, John A. Jameson, then on the bench, was indorsed, and Julius Rosenthal—not a Socialist—was nominated for Judge of the Probate Court. The election held on the 8th of November showed some gains for the party. Omitting the "election trades," the Socialists secured a vote of 6,592 in the contest for the County Treasurership, while McCrea, Republican, polled a vote of 22,423; Lynch, Democrat, 18,388, and Hammond, Greenbacker, 769.

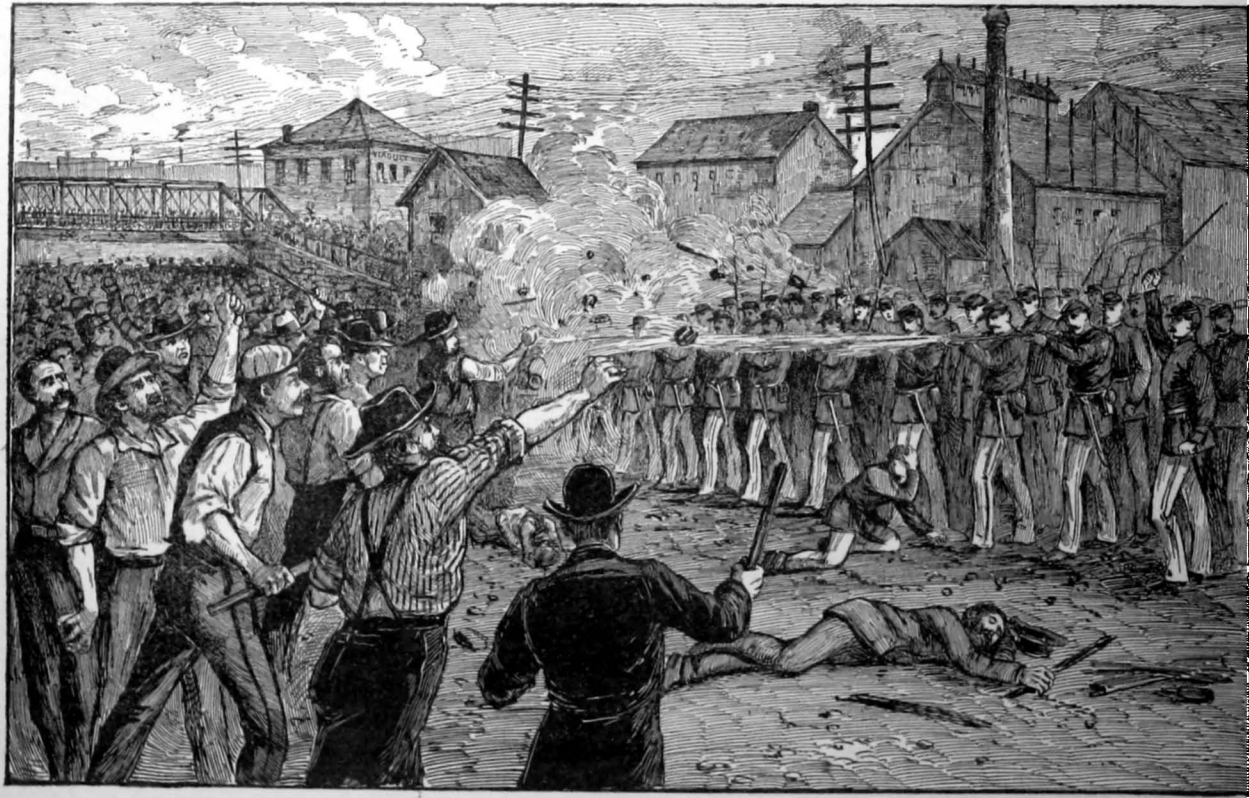
In 1878 a session of the Congress was again held, and then it was decided to change the name of the "Workingmen's Party of the United States" to the "Socialistic Labor Party," and it was also resolved to "use the ballot-box as a means for the elevation of working people" and for "electing men

from their own ranks to the halls of legislation and to the municipal government."

The different wards of Chicago were subsequently organized into ward clubs, each with a captain and secretary as permanent officers for a year. It was made the duty of the captain of a ward to find halls for public meetings and to report to the central committee. He was to open the meetings in his ward and see that a chairman was chosen from among those attending. The duty of the secretary was to issue cards of membership to new members, to collect monthly dues of ten cents from each member, and to receipt for the same on the back of the cards; he was also to keep minutes of the meetings and have them published in the party papers. The captain was authorized to appoint a precinct captain for every precinct in his ward, whose duty it was to control the distribution of tickets at elections. The precinct captain was also directed to appoint lieutenants in his precinct, one for each block if possible, to assist him in the work of agitation and the distribution of tickets.

Under the plans formulated by the Socialistic Congress a central committee was again organized in the city of Chicago. It was composed of a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer, who were elected by a joint meeting of the different sections every six months. In 1878 there were four sections in Chicago—one German, one English, one French and one Scandinavian. The German section had the largest number of members, between three and four hundred, and was steadily gaining. The English section numbered only about one hundred and fifty. The Scandinavian branch had about an equal number. The French only mustered fifty members. During a campaign the ward captains were made members of the central committee. They were charged with the duty of reporting the progress of the ward clubs, notifying the committee where halls had been rented and indicating what speakers were needed. It was the duty of the central committee to advertise all club meetings, pay for the halls rented when the clubs could not pay, and settle all bills and expenses incident to an election. The committee was the only body authorized to order the printing of tickets, and for all their acts they were held responsible to the "Socialistic Labor Party." The money needed to defray expenses was raised mostly through subscriptions and collections in the various clubs. The meetings of the committee were conducted openly. Representatives of the press were permitted to be present if at any prior meeting they had not purposely distorted the proceedings. During the years 1878 and 1879 the meetings of the committee were generally held in a hall on the second floor of No. 7 South Clark Street.

With an organization thus perfected under the plan of the Socialistic Congress, the Socialists felt themselves in condition to cope with the other parties. They saw in the vote of 1877 a chance for seating some of their



THE LABOR TROUBLES OF 1877. RIOTS AT THE HALSTED STREET VIADUCT, CHICAGO.

members in the City Council, and set out to talk politics at all their gatherings for the spring of 1878. On the 15th of March of that year they held a convention at No. 45 North Clark Street, and put up a ticket for Aldermen in all the wards except the Eleventh and Eighteenth, and for the various town offices in the three divisions of Chicago. Inasmuch as the "old timber" was worked over for these various offices, it is needless to repeat names. Their platform reiterated the demands made in the first declaration of principles, and, in addition, asked for the establishment of public baths in each division of the city; extension of the school system; annulment of the gas and street-car companies' charters, the same to be operated by the city after payment to the owners of principal and interest on moneys actually invested, out of the profits; prompt payment of taxes, and employment for all residents of the city that needed it.

During the campaign incident to the election, Paul Grottkau, then a recent arrival from Berlin, proved a conspicuous figure and made a number of stirring appeals. He expounded the principles of Socialism and invariably wound up by characterizing the members of the Democratic and Republican parties as "liars and horse-thieves." Through his active participation in the Socialistic movement in Chicago Grottkau became editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, but, fortunately for himself, was displaced in 1880 by August Spies.

The election of April, 1878, resulted in placing one member in the City Council — Stauber, from the Fourteenth Ward.

This was the first political victory the Socialists had achieved in the city, and, having noticed a small but steady increase in their voting force, they proceeded to organize and agitate more diligently than ever before in a political way. Meanwhile they saw the growing strength of the State militia, and as an offset to the organization of the various military companies in Chicago they determined to raise and equip companies from their own ranks. They had begun in a quiet way to start the nucleus of military companies some time after the First Regiment had been organized, but it was not until 1878 that it became generally known that they had men armed and drilled in military tactics, to be marshaled against society upon a favorable opportunity. In the early part of 1878 the very flower and strength of their military was the *Lehr und Wehr Verein*, composed of picked men and veterans who had been baptized with fire on European battlefields. Its strength was variously estimated at from four to six thousand, but it never exceeded four hundred members. The "*Jaeger Verein*," the "*Bohemian Sharpshooters*" and the "*Labor Guard of the Fifth Ward*," each with no more than fifty members, were auxiliary organizations and composed mainly of raw recruits. Their instruction in the manual of arms was mainly given by Major Presser, a trained and skilled European tactician.

Meantime the party had been greatly strengthened by the aid of newspapers printed in its interest. In 1874, *Die Volks-Zeitung* had been started by a stock company called the Social-Democratic Printing Association. This paper was published at No. 94 South Market Street, with Mr. Brucker as editor. Shortly thereafter, the *Vorbote*, a weekly paper, was started under the auspices of the Workingmen's Party at the same number. C. Conzett, formerly a resident of Berne, Switzerland, became its editor. He subsequently bought out the *Volks-Zeitung* and thereafter published a tri-weekly paper under the name of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which became a private enterprise in the interest of workingmen. His assistant editor was Gustav Leiser. They made the paper an advocate of revolutionary methods and urged the organization of trades-unions. They encouraged strikes and held that only through such means could workingmen secure their rights. They published without charge all grievances of laboring men on the score of non-payment of wages and abuses of manufacturing concerns, but each article had the full name of the writer. At first the editors did not favor a resort to the ballot-box to remedy grievances. It was not until after the great railroad strike of July, 1877, that they advocated an organized fight in elections independently of the old parties. The workingmen, they urged, must elect men of their own in order to secure favorable legislation.

In 1878 an English weekly called the *Socialist* was started under the auspices of the main section of the Socialistic Labor Party of Chicago. This main section was composed of the German, English, Scandinavian and French sections, and they employed Frank Hirth as editor at a salary of \$15 per week and A. R. Parsons as assistant at a salary of \$12 per week. This paper was made the organ in the English language of the Socialistic Labor Party, and, while it made some headway at the start, it succumbed within a year, owing to jealousies and differences of opinion between the German and English sections.

About the time the *Socialist* was established another paper was put in the field by the Scandinavian section. It was called *Den Nye Tid*, and was edited by Mr. Peterson.

In 1878 the proprietor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* signified a willingness to sell his paper to the Socialistic Labor Party, and, in order to consummate the transfer, the main section held a meeting in May of that year at Steinmueller's Hall, No. 45 North Clark Street. Plans were then and there matured for its purchase. It was decided to borrow the money and issue notes at 6 per cent. interest, payable as soon as the treasury had secured enough from collections and other sources to take them up. Collectors were appointed for each division of the city, and they were directed to collect money from workingmen and storekeepers. On the evening of June 29, 1878, a meeting was held at No. 7 South Clark Street, and the reports

showed that enough money had been raised to purchase the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Subsequently a general meeting was held and a society was organized called the "Socialistische Druckgesellschaft." A board of trustees was chosen, and they applied to the Secretary of State for a charter. That official declined to issue the charter because the name of the society was in German. Another meeting was held at No. 54 West Lake Street, and the name was changed to the "Socialistic Publishing Company," after which the charter was readily secured. The paper was then transferred by Herr Conzett to the new company, and subsequently the managers added a Sunday edition called *Die Fackel*. Paul Grottkau, formerly editor of the Berlin *Freie Presse*, was appointed editor under the new management at a salary of \$15 per week, and F. J. Pfeiffer, of Chicago, was made assistant editor. The society which now had charge of the paper was composed of *bona fide* members of the German section. Their meetings were conducted in the same manner as those of the Socialistic Labor Party. The price of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was reduced, and all money realized from its sale over and above expenses was applied for purposes of agitation. While the paper was reported in a prospering condition, it was decided to take steps to pay off its indebtedness as represented by the outstanding notes, and to this end a grand festival was to be held, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the press fund. Some trouble was experienced in getting a hall large enough for the purpose. The Exposition Building was finally decided upon, and it was secured without much delay, with results as noted further along in this chapter.

Soon after the *Socialist* had expired, the members of the Workingmen's Party felt the need of an English organ, and, having meanwhile come to a better understanding, they decided that they would make another effort to put one before the people. The result of several conferences was a monster picnic at Wright's Grove on the 16th of June, 1878. The procession formed to make the occasion imposing numbered about three thousand, and side by side with the American flag was borne the red banner of Anarchy. This emblem, although it finally crowded out the "stars and stripes," had hitherto been reserved in public demonstrations for a minor place. Some of the mottoes displayed on this occasion ran as follows: "No Rich, no Poor—All Alike." "No Monopolies—All for One and One for All." "Land belongs to Society," and "No Masters, no Slaves."

The result of the picnic was that the *Alarm* was established, and A. R. Parsons became its editor on a weekly allowance of \$5, subsequently raised to \$8.

In the fall campaign of 1878 we find the Socialists again in the field with a full ticket for Congressmen, the Legislature and local offices. Former party platforms were reaffirmed, and mass-meetings to fire the hearts of workingmen were frequently held. At these gatherings capitalists were

denounced as usual, and the police came in for some attention. The campaign song was also introduced, and the chorus of one, rendered by an untamed troubadour named W. B. Creech, and referring to the police, ran after this style, to the air of "Peeler and Goat":

Then raise your voices, workingmen,
Against such cowardly hirelings, O!
Go to the polls and slaughter them
With ballots, instead of bullets, O!



DR. CARL EDUARD NOBILING.

One Dr. McIntosh could always be depended on for grinding out any quantity of doggerel of this kind for any occasion. The Socialists claimed that they would poll on the day of election—Nov. 5th—from 9,000 to 13,000 votes. Their calculations, like their utterances, were wild and wide of the mark, however, as their candidate for Sheriff, Ryan, only secured 5,980 votes, while Hoffman, Republican, had 16,592; Kern, Democrat, 16,586, and Dixon, Greenbacker, 4,491. They

secured, however, a member of the State Senate, Sylvester Artley, and three members of the lower house of the Legislature—Leo Meilbeck, Charles Ehrhardt and Christian Meier. This gave them great confidence, and they pushed with greater vigor than ever their political work. Meetings were kept up throughout the winter, and, among other things, they discussed measures which they demanded from the Legislature in the interest of labor. These demands included reducing the hours of labor; the establishment of a bureau of labor statistics; abolishment of convict labor; sanitary inspection of food, dwellings, factories, work-shops and mines; abolition of child labor; liability of employers for all accidents to employes through the employers' neglect, and priority of demands for wages over all other claims. They found time also to give their attention to their brethren in Europe, and at a meeting held Sunday, January 19, 1879, they adopted resolutions denouncing Bismarck for persecutions of workingmen in



MAX HOEDEL.

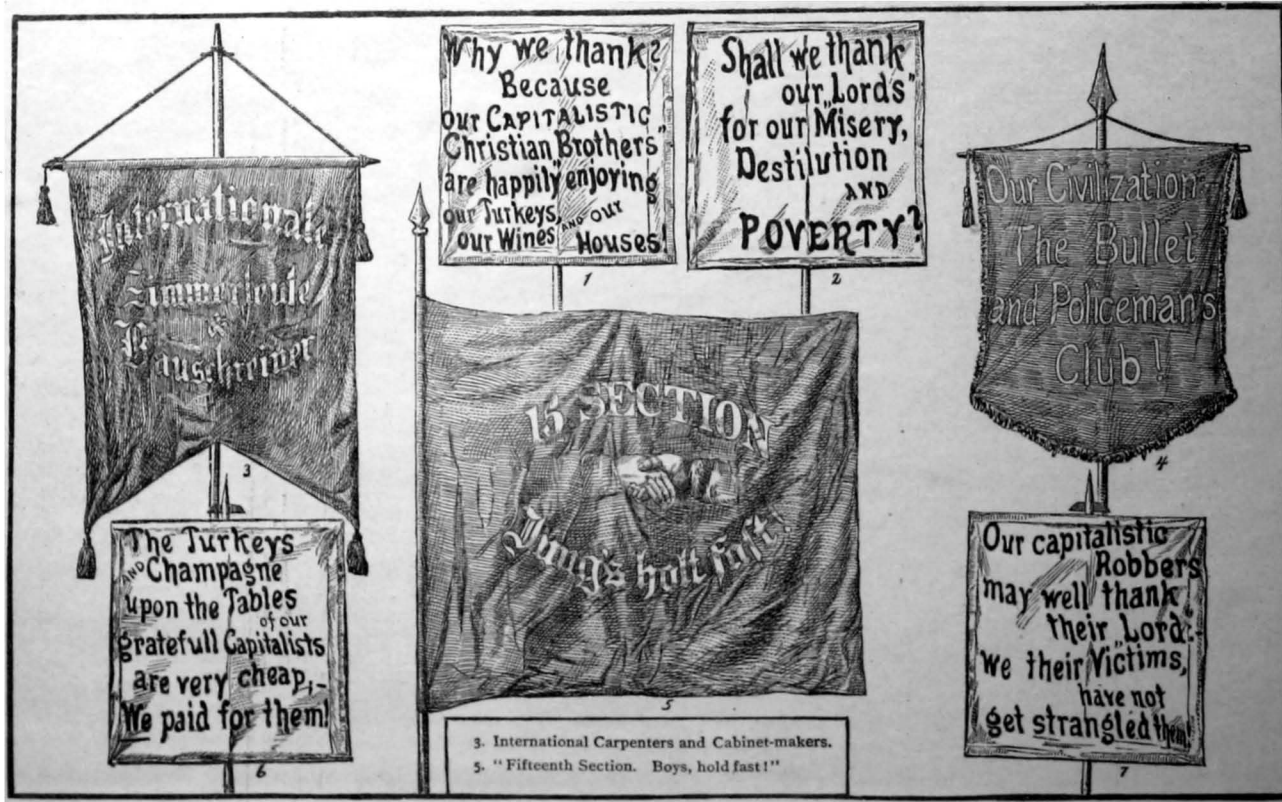
Germany. The pretext for these persecutions, they claimed, grew out of the attempts on the life of Emperor William by Hoedel and Dr. Nobiling. The would-be assassins, they confessed, had once been Socialists, but at the time of the attack had had nothing in common with the order. Hoedel, they said, had been expelled, and had subsequently joined the "Christian Socialistic Party," which they asserted had the favor of the Government, and at the head of which was a Government official. They claimed that Hoedel had been instigated to the deed by the German court, and they even doubted that he had been beheaded in expiation of his crime. Hoedel, they said, had been simply an instrument in the hands of Bismarck, who wanted a pretext to persecute the Socialists and secure the passage of a bill in the Reichstag for their suppression. Under the provisions of that bill, they asserted, men, women and children were thrown into dungeons without trial, and they insisted that the Congress of the United States should voice their protest against such persecutions.

At nearly every large meeting held during the winter in question, Creech was to the front with new songs, among one the chorus of which ran thus:

Raise aloft the crimson banner, emblem of the free;
Mighty tyrants now are trembling, here and o'er the sea.

On the evening of March 22, 1879, they held the celebration in the Exposition Building already referred to. This was ostensibly in commemoration of the establishment of the Paris Commune in 1848 and again in 1871. The real purpose, however, was to obtain funds to defray the expenses incident to the coming spring campaign and to aid in making a daily out of their tri-weekly organ, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. There were from 20,000 to 25,000 people in the building, and the amount reported realized reached \$4,500. There was speech-making by Dr. Ernst Schmidt, A. R. Parsons, Paul Grottkau, and lesser lights, and the various military companies of the organization strutted about in their uniforms, with belts, cartridge-boxes, bayonet scabbards and breech-loading Remingtons.

With part of the proceeds of this celebration, the Socialists fitted up campaign headquarters in a top-story room on the northeast corner of Madison and La Salle Streets, in the very heart of the business center. Their ticket covered all the offices from Mayor to Aldermen. The only new names that figured on this ticket were those of N. H. Jorgensen, J. J. Alpeter, Robert Buck, Henry Johnson, Max Selle, George Brown, R. Lorenz, James Lynn and R. Van Deventer. The election occurred on the 1st of April, 1879, and their candidate for Mayor, Dr. Schmidt, secured 11,829 votes, while Carter H. Harrison, Democrat, scored 25,685, and A. M. Wright, Republican, 20,496. They elected three Aldermen, however—Alpeter from the Sixth Ward, Lorenz from the Fourteenth, and Meier, then in the Legislature, from the Sixteenth, which made, with Stauber, four representatives in the City Council.



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—I. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

With the inauguration of Carter Harrison's administration, a good deal of attention was given to the Socialists by him as well as by his Democratic co-laborers. Some of their men were given employment in the departments of the city. Although they still continued their agitation, these appointments and other favors had the effect of undermining their political strength.

In the next Mayoralty election they made a show of keeping up their organization and nominated George Schilling for Mayor and Frank Stauber for City Treasurer. But in the election held April 5th, 1881, the former only polled 240 votes, and Stauber 1,999, thus demonstrating an almost complete collapse of the party.

This virtually took them out of politics. Thenceforward the Socialists seem to have decided to abandon the ballot-box, and to rely on force only for the attainment of their objects. Accordingly their harangues were directed to the dissemination of the doctrines of revolution. They endeavored still, it is true, to maintain a representation in the City Council, but in 1884 the Socialistic element was entirely eliminated from that body.



CARTER H. HARRISON.

At the session of the Congress of the International Workingmen's Association held at Pittsburg from the 14th to the 16th of October, 1883, there was a large delegation of Chicago Anarchists. A question arose as to the use of the ballot for remedying the wrongs of the laboring people. The delegates from Baltimore insisted that recourse should be had to the ballot-box, but those from Pittsburg were of another mind, and favored something stronger. This suggestion gave the Anarchist contingent from Chicago an opportunity to come to the front, and, while some of these did not hold to extreme measures, they all agreed that the ballot-box only served to keep capitalistic representatives in office. The radical Chicago element went still further, holding that the theory of Karl Marx, the use of force, was the correct one, and that that force should be dynamite. But here a split occurred in their own delegation, the milder ones holding to the theory of Lassalle, that they should first give the ballot a thorough trial and use force only in the event of failure. The sentiment of the convention predominated in favor of force, and the conservative Anarchists ceased to be members.

The controversy thus begun was carried back to Chicago, and the radicals set themselves strenuously to work to bring their disaffected associates to the advocacy of dynamite. The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein were particularly opposed to the use of the bomb. They had equipped themselves and drilled in the use of guns so as to be able to meet the police and militia after failure at the polls, and they contended that men carrying bombs would be apt, through lack of experience, to hurt themselves as much as their opponents. Men thoroughly drilled in the handling of a gun, they argued, could accomplish something, and to that end every one should be instructed in military tactics. The radicals of the various "groups" did not believe in guns, however, and held that, inasmuch as they had experimented with dynamite with some success, they should adopt it as a means of warfare. They finally brought all to their ideas, and from that time to the present they have given the subject of dynamite and explosives a great deal of study.

As indicating the sense of the Pittsburg Congress their plan of organization and resolutions are here given:

The name of the organization shall be "International Workingmen's Association."

1. The organization shall consist of federal groups which recognize the principles laid down in the manifesto and consider themselves bound by them.
2. Five persons shall have the right to form a group.
3. Each group shall have complete independence (autonomy) and shall further have the right to conduct the propaganda in accordance with its own judgment, but the same must not collide with the fundamental principles of the organization.
4. Each group may call itself by the name of its location. When there is more than one group, they shall be numbered.
5. In places where there is more than one group it is recommended that a general committee be formed to secure united action. Such committees shall, however, have no executive power.
6. A Bureau of Information shall be created at Chicago and shall consist of a secretary of each of the groups of different languages. It is the duty of such bureau to keep an exact list of all the groups belonging to the organization and to keep up correspondence with and between the domestic and foreign groups.
7. Groups intending to join the organization must, after they have recognized its principles, send their application and list of members to the groups located nearest to them, whose duty it is then to forward such application to the Bureau of Information. The groups shall send a report of the situation to the Bureau of Information at least every three months.
8. A Congress can be called at any time by a majority of the groups.
9. All the necessary expenses of the Bureau of Information shall be met by voluntary contributions of the groups.

Plan for the Propaganda.—The organization of North America shall be divided into nine districts of agitation, as follows; 1. Canada. 2. District of Columbia. 3. The Eastern States (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland). 4. The Middle States (Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois). 5. The Western States (Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota, Kansas, Indian Territory and New Mexico). 6. The Rocky Mountain States (Colorado, Montana, Idaho Territory, Utah and

Nevada). 7. The Pacific Coast States. 8. The Southern States (Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.) 9. Mexico.

It is recommended to the several districts to organize general district committees for the purpose of more effective and united action. It is the duty of these general committees to provide that whenever practicable agitators shall be sent forth. If there is a lack of proper agitators in a district the general committee shall inform the Bureau of Information. This shall be done also when there is a surplus of workers, so that the bureau shall be able to bring about an equal distribution of the working elements.

The expenses of the traveling agitators shall be paid by local groups, or, when these are without means, by the general organization.

Resolutions.—The following resolutions were offered by A. R. Parsons :

"In consideration that the protection capitalists are men who, by excluding the cheap products of labor of competing countries, intend to make enormous profits, while the free-trade capitalists intend to make just as large profits by the sale of the cheap products of labor of other countries ; and

"In consideration that the only difference between the two is this : That the one wants to import the products of cheap foreign labor, while the others consider it of greater advantage to import the cheap labor itself of other countries ; and

"In consideration that it is a great injustice to tax by a protective tariff a whole people for the benefit of a few privileged capitalists or of branches of industry : Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the International Workingmen's Association, consider the protective tariff and free trade questions capitalistic questions, which have not the least interest for wage-workers — questions which are intended to confuse and mislead the workingman. The fight on both sides is only one for the possession of the robbed products of labor. The question whether there should be a protective tariff or free trade are political questions, which for some time past have divided governments and nations into opposing factions, but which, as already said, do not contribute toward the solution of social questions. The adage, *Polvere negli occhi* (throwing dust in the eyes), expresses the intentions of both parties.

"In consideration that we see in trades-unions advocating progressive principles the abolishment of the wage system — the corner-stone of a better and more just system of society than the present ; and

"In consideration, further, that these trades-unions consist of an army of robbed and disinherited fellow-sufferers and brothers, called to overthrow the economic establishments of the present time for the purpose of general and free coöperation : Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the I. W. M. A., proffer the hand of fellowship to them, and give them our sympathy and help in their fight against the ever-growing despotism of private capital ; and

Resolved, That while we give such progressive trades-unions our fullest sympathy and assure them of every assistance in our power, we are, on the other hand, determined to fight and, if possible, to annihilate every organization given to reactionary principles, as these are the enemies of the emancipation of the workingmen, as well as of humanity and of progress.

"In consideration that the courts of arbitration for settlement of differences between the workingmen and their employers, without the fundamental condition of free and independent action on both sides, are simply contrary to reason ; and

"In consideration that a free settlement between the rich and the poor is impossible since the wage-worker has but the choice to obey or to starve ; and

"In consideration that arbitration is possible and just only in case both parties are so situated that they can accept or refuse an offer entirely of their own free will : Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That arbitration between capital and labor is to be condemned. Wage-workers ought never to resort to it."

After expressions of sympathy for the striking coal-miners in Dubois, Pa., who were advised to arm themselves for defense against the bandits of order, the resolutions proceed:

"In consideration that our brothers and fellow combatants in the Old World are engaged in a terrible struggle against our common foe, the crowned and uncrowned despots of the world, the church and priestcraft, and thousands of them are languishing in prison and in Siberia and are suffering in exile: Be it, therefore,

"Resolved, That we tender these heroic martyrs our sympathies, encouragement and aid.

"In consideration that there is no material difference existing between the aims of the I. W. M. A. and the Socialistic Labor Party: Be it, therefore,

"Resolved, That we invite the members of the S. L. P. to unite with us on the basis of the principles laid down in our manifesto for the purpose of a common and effective propaganda."

Issued by order of the Pittsburg Congress of the International Workingmen's Association. For further information apply to the undersigned "Bureau of Information."

Secretary of the English language, AUG. SPIES.

Secretary of the German language, PAUL GROTTKAU.

Secretary of the French language, WM. MEDOW.

Secretary of the Bohemian language, J. MIKOLANDA.

No. 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

In accordance with pre-arranged plans, therefore, when the street-car riots occurred on the West Division Railroad in the summer of 1885, the Anarchists and Socialists of Chicago took a prominent part and did everything in their power to create a bloody conflict between the police and the strikers. In 1886, when the laboring classes of Chicago had decided to strike on the 1st of May for eight hours as a day's work, they came forward and resolved to strike a blow which would terrorize the community and inaugurate the rule of the Commune. How they went to work in that direction and how they succeeded is fully shown in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

Socialism, Theoretic and Practical — Statements of the Leaders — Vengeance on the "Spitzels" — The Black Flag in the Streets — Resolutions in the *Alarm* — The Board of Trade Procession — Why it Failed — Experts on Anarchy — Parsons, Spies, Schwab and Fielden Outline their Belief — The International Platform — Why Communism Must Fail — A French Experiment and its Lesson — The Law of Averages — Extracts from the Anarchic Press — Preaching Murder — Dynamite or the Ballot-Box? — "The Reaction in America" — Plans for Street Fighting — Riot Drill and Tactics — Bakounine and the Social Revolution — Twenty-one Statements of an Anarchist's Duty — Herways' Formula — Predicting the Haymarket — The Lehr und Wehr Verein and the Supreme Court — The White Terror and the Red — Reinsdorf, the Father of Anarchy — His Association with Hoedel and Nobiling — Attempt to Assassinate the German Emperor — Reinsdorf at Berlin — His Desperate Plan — "Old Lehmann" and the Socialist's Dagger — The Germania Monument — An Attempt to Kill the Whole Court — A Culvert Full of Dynamite — A Wet Fuse and no Explosion — Reinsdorf Condemned to Death — His Last Letters — Chicago Students of his Teachings — De Tocqueville and Socialism.

THE Constitution of the United States guarantees the right of free speech, free discussion and free assemblage. These are the cardinal doctrines of our free institutions. But when liberty is trampled upon to the extent of advocacy of revolutionary methods, subversion of law and order and the displacement of existing society, Socialism places itself beyond the pale of moral forces and arrays itself on the side of the freebooter, the bandit, the cut-throat and the traitor. Public measures and public men are open to the widest criticism consistent with truth, decency and justice, but differences of opinion are no more to be brought into harmony through blood than the settlement of private disputes is to be effected by means of the bludgeon, the knife or the bullet. The freedom of speech which is valuable either to the individual or to humanity is that which builds up, not destroys, society.

Now, what does Socialism, or Anarchy, precisely teach, and at what does it aim? It is true, there are two schools of Socialism — one conservative and the other radical to a sanguinary degree; one seeking a change in existing society and government through enlightenment, and the other the attainment of the same principles through force. But the conservatives form so small a portion of the Socialistic body that they cut no figure in the general direction and management of the organization; and so far as relates to the visible manifestations of that body, Socialism in the United States may be regarded as synonymous with Anarchy.

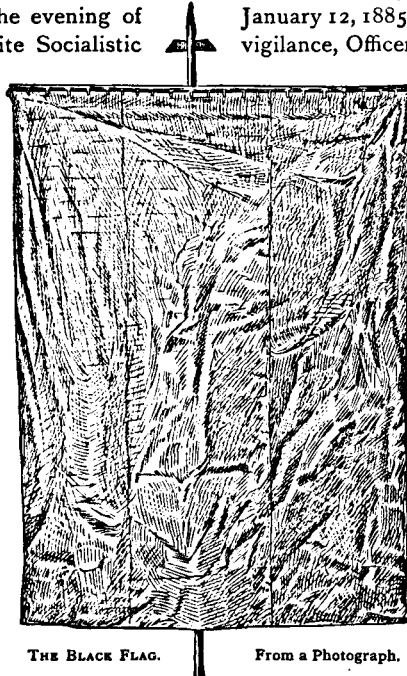
As I have shown, the ostensible object of the organization in Chicago, as elsewhere, at the outset, was peaceful, but the ulterior aim — the establishment of Socialism through force, when sufficiently powerful in numbers — has in later years clearly developed. The early Socialist orators only

hinted at force as a possible factor in the social revolution they advocated, and it was reserved for the active agitators of the past ten years to boldly and openly proclaim for the methods of the Paris Commune.

Before proceeding to particulars as to the utterances of Anarchist leaders, the sources of their inspiration and their definition of Socialism, it may be well to advert to some incidents in connection with their movements as a revolutionary party. One incident specially worthy of mention was a meeting held at Mueller's Hall, corner of Sedgwick Street and North Avenue, on the evening of January 12, 1885. It was a secret gathering, but, despite Socialistic vigilance, Officer Michael Hoffman managed to remain and quietly note the drift of the speeches. Parsons first took the floor, and said :

Gentlemen, before we call this meeting to order, I want you to be sure that we are all right and all one. I want you to see if there are any reporters or policemen present. See if you can discover any spies. If you find any one here, you can do with him as you please, but my advice to you is, take him and strangle him and then throw him out of the window; then let the people think that the fellow fell out. And if you should give one of them a chance for his life, tell him, if he has any more notions to come to our meetings, he should first go to St. Michael's Church, see the priest and prepare himself for death, say farewell to all his friends and family—and then let him enter. I want all these people to know that I am not afraid of them; I don't like them, and let them stay away from me.

After precautions had been taken to exclude objectionable persons, the proceedings began. Four speeches were delivered, two in English and two in German. Parsons confined his remarks to the capitalists. All present were poor, he said, and they only had themselves to blame. One-half of all the wealth in the country belonged to the poor people, but the capitalists had robbed them of it. The poor offered no resistance, and yet the capitalist was doing the same thing day after day. He was getting richer, and the poor poorer, because the working people lay down and permitted themselves to be robbed. He recounted some of Most's experiences, and insisted that capitalists must submit to workingmen. They must be shown that their lives are worth no more than the lives of the working people.



THE BLACK FLAG.

From a Photograph.

He next touched upon the merits of a new invention by which, he said, many hundreds of houses could be set on fire, and exhibited a small tin box or can with a capacity of four ounces. This can, he remarked, could be filled with some chemical stuff to serve as an explosive. A great many of these cans could be carried in a basket, and, traveling around as match peddlers or under some other guise, his hearers could secure entrance to the houses of capitalists. All they would then be obliged to do was to either place or drop one of "those darlings" in a secure place and go about their



THE OFFICE OF THE ARBEITER-ZEITUNG.
From a Photograph.

Fifth Avenue (107, the offices of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm*), where he and others could be found to help them. There was no other way now left, he continued, except for the laborers to use the sword, the bullet and dynamite, and, closing sententiously, he said:

I probably will be hung as soon as I get out on the street, but if they do hang me, boys, don't forget what I have been telling you about the little can and the dear stuff, dynamite, because this is the only way I and you can get our rights.

It goes without saying that Parsons was applauded to the echo. Another speaker emphasized his remarks about dynamite, but refrained from making

business. It would do its work, without any one's presence to attend to it, in less time than an hour. If they would get the boxes ready, he would tell them where to get the "stuff." This plan of operations would keep the fire and police departments quite busy. If they organized and went to work with a resolute spirit, they could have things all their own way throughout the city and obtain possession of what remained after their work of destruction. He also urged all his comrades to become familiar with dynamite and said that for the necessary instructions they could come to a building on

He next touched upon the merits of a new invention by which, he said, many hundreds of houses could be set on fire, and exhibited a small tin box or can with a capacity of four ounces. This can, he remarked, could be filled with some chemical stuff to serve as an explosive. A great many of these cans could be carried in a basket, and, traveling around as match peddlers or under some other guise, his hearers could secure entrance to the houses of capitalists. All they would then be obliged to do was to either place or drop one of "those darlings" in a secure place and go about their



THE OFFICE OF THE ARBEITER-ZEITUNG.
From a Photograph.

business. It would do its work, without any one's presence to attend to it, in less time than an hour. If they would get the boxes ready, he would tell them where to get the "stuff." This plan of operations would keep the fire and police departments quite busy. If they organized and went to work with a resolute spirit, they could have things all their own way throughout the city and obtain possession of what remained after their work of destruction. He also urged all his comrades to become familiar with dynamite and said that for the necessary instructions they could come to a building on Fifth Avenue (107, the offices of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm*), where he and others could be found to help them. There was no other way now left, he continued, except for the laborers to use the sword, the bullet and dynamite, and, closing sententiously, he said:

I probably will be hung as soon as I get out on the street, but if they do hang me, boys, don't forget what I have been telling you about the little can and the dear stuff, dynamite, because this is the only way I and you can get our rights.

It goes without saying that Parsons was applauded to the echo. Another speaker emphasized his remarks about dynamite, but refrained from making

a speech, because, as he said, Parsons had "covered the ground so well and thoroughly." One of the German speakers gave his attention to King William and the Pope, scoring them in the strongest language he could command. He held that the "police of Chicago were only kept to protect the property of capitalists and to club poor workingmen."

Another event memorable in the history of the party was the flaunting of the black flag on the streets of Chicago for the first time. On that occasion — November 25, 1884, Thanksgiving Day — they marched through the fashionable thoroughfares of the South and North Divisions, and, with two women as standard-bearers for the black and the red, they made it a point to halt before the residences of the wealthy, uttering groans and using threatening language. Their route included Dearborn Street to Maple on the North Side. There they massed in front of the residence of Hon. E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France. They pulled the door-bell and insulted the family by indulging in all sorts of noises, groans and cat-calls. They rested satisfied with this last exhibition, and retraced their steps, proceeding to Market Square, where they dispersed.

The preliminaries leading up to the procession just described were thus given in the *Alarm* on the following Saturday :

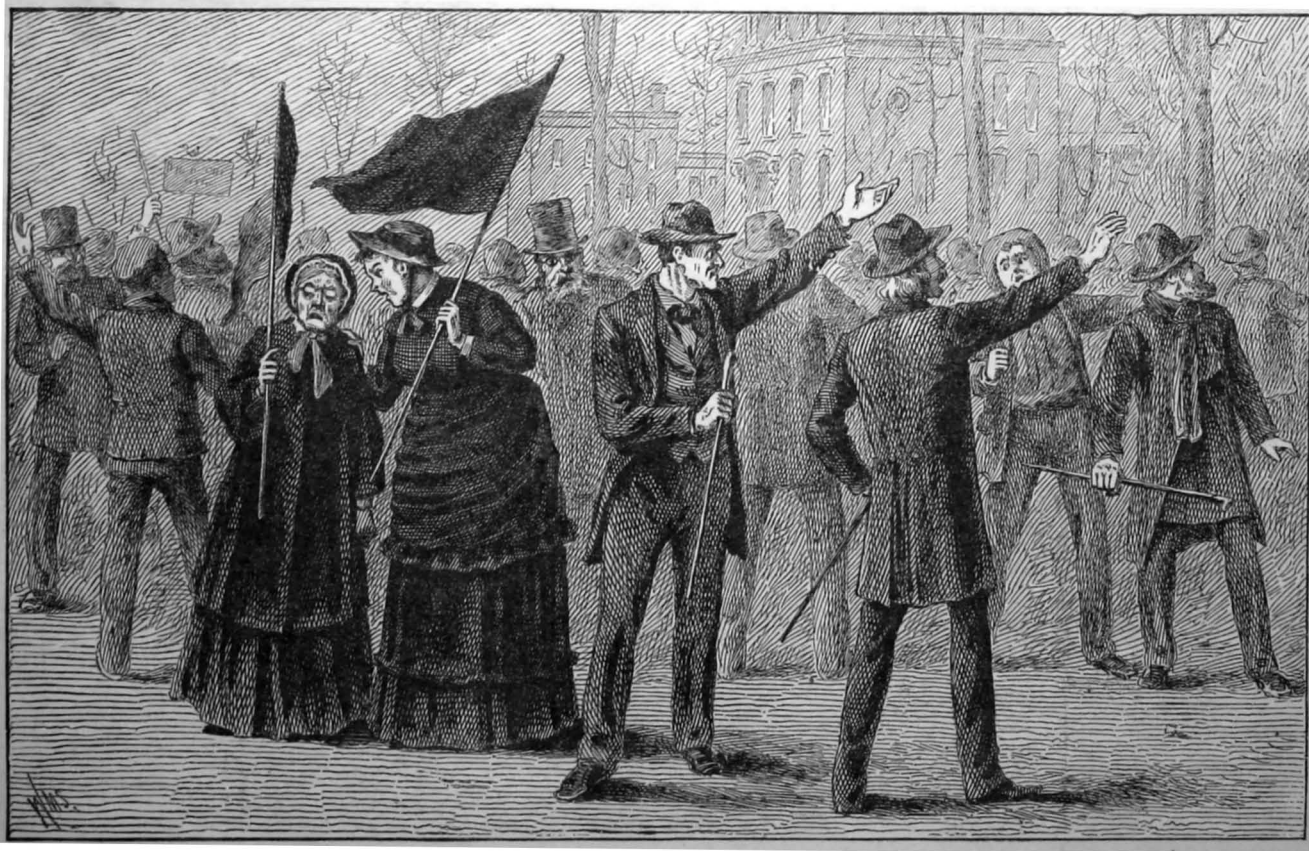
THE BLACK FLAG.

The Emblem of Hunger Unfolded by the Proletarians of Chicago. — The Red Flag Borne Aloft by Thousands of Workingmen on Thanksgiving Day. — The Poverty of the Poor is Created by the Robbery of the Rich. — Speeches, Resolutions and a Grand Demonstration of the Unemployed, the Tramps and Miserables of the City. — Significant Incidents.

Shortly before Thanksgiving Day some of the working people, after consultation, issued the following circular to wage-workers and tramps :

The Governor has ordained next Thursday for Thanksgiving. You are to give thanks because your masters refuse you employment ; because you are hungry and without home or shelter, and your masters have taken away what you have created, and arranged to shoot you by the police or militia if you refuse to die in your hovels, in due observation of Law and Order. You must give thanks that you face the blizzards without an overcoat ; without fit shoes and clothes, while abundant clothing made by you spoils in the storehouses ; that you suffer hunger while millions of bushels of grain rots in the elevators. For this purpose a thanksgiving meeting will be held on Market Square at 2:30 o'clock, to be followed by a demonstration to express our thanks to our "Christian brothers on Michigan Avenue." Every one that feels the mockery of this Thanksgiving order should be present. Signed, the Committee of the Grateful Workingpeople's International Association.

Thursday opened with sleet and rain, cold and miserable. At 2:30 over three thousand people assembled on Market Street, under the unpitying rain and sleet. A stranger said, "What you want is guns ; you don't want to be heard talking." He was stopped for the regular arrangements. The meeting being called to order, A. R. Parsons said : "We assemble as representatives of the disinherited, to speak in the name of forty thousand unemployed workingmen of Chicago — two millions in the United States and fifteen millions in the civilized world." He compared the Thanksgiving feast to that of Belshazzar, and said the champagne wrung from the blood of the poor ought to strangle the rich. He then read as follows : "St. James, chapter 5, says, 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which are to come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered ; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days.



AN ANARCHIST PROCESSION.



AN ANARCHIST PROCESSION.

Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which ye have kept back by fraud, crieth: Woe to them that bring about iniquity by law.' The prophet Habakkuk says: 'Woe to him that buildeth a town by blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity.' The prophet Amos says: 'Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor to fail from the land, that I may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes.' The prophet Isaiah says: 'Woe unto them that chain house to house, and lay field to field, till there is no place, that they may be alone in the midst of the earth.' Solomon says: 'There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed of their filthiness; a generation, O, how lifted are their eyes, and how their eyelids are lifted up: A generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men.'

And, concluding, he said: "We did not intend to wait for a future existence, but to do something for ourselves in this."

He introduced S. S. Griffin, who said this was an international assembly in the interests of humanity, having no quarrel with each other and objecting to being set at work by governmental scheme. "Don't believe that any government or system should be allowed to pit man against man, for any cause; and to get at the root of these evils, we must go to the foundation of property rights and the wage system. The old system could not meet the demands of our present civilization. The present cry is against over-production, because it operates against humanity. Over-production, glutting the market, causes a lock-out, depriving the wage class of the means of purchasing. Vacant houses stop the building industry, and result in throwing builders out of employment. Ragged because of a surplus of clothing; homeless because of too many houses; hungry because there is too much bread; freezing because too much coal is produced. The system must be changed. Man can wear but one suit of clothes at a time and can consume only about so much. The genius of our age is inventing and increasing the productive power. A system that in effect tells the working classes that, the more they produce, the less they will have to enjoy, is a check on human progress and cannot continue. Everything must be made free. No man should control what he has no personal use for."

Upon Mr. Parsons' call the resolutions were read, as follows:

WHEREAS, We have outlived wage and property system; and whereas, the right of property requires more effort to adjust it between man and man than to produce and distribute it:

Resolved, That property rights should no longer be maintained or respected, and that all useless workers should be deprived of useless employment and required to engage in productive industry; and as this is impossible under the payment system.

Resolved, That no man shall pay for anything, or receive pay for anything, or deprive himself of what he may desire, that he finds out of use or vacant.

Resolved, That whoever refuses to devote a reasonable amount of energy to the production or distribution of necessities is the enemy of mankind and ought to be so treated; and so of the willful waster.

As this system cannot be introduced as against existing ignorance and selfishness without force, *Resolved*, That, when introduced, the good of mankind and the saving of blood requires that forcible opposition shall be dealt with summarily; but that no one should be harmed for holding opposite opinions.

Resolved, That our policy is wise, humane and practical and ought to be enforced at the earliest possible moment.

As an expression of thankfulness, *Resolved*, That we are thankful we have learned the true cause of poverty and the remedies, and can only be more thankful when the remedy is applied.

The next speaker was Samuel Fielden. He denounced the hypocrisy of calling upon people to thank God for prosperity, while providing no changes for the better, when so many people were in actual want in the midst of abundance. When he was a boy, his mother had taught him to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," but so far as he knew, God remained there and would not come here until things were better arranged. "Our motto is, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, embracing all men. Our international movement is to unite all countries and to do away with the robber class."

August Spies spoke. Pointing to the black flag, he said it was the first time the emblem of hunger and starvation had been unfurled on American soil. He said we had got to strike down these robbers who were robbing the working people.

In answer to a call from the Germans, Mr. Schwab spoke in German a few minutes. A stranger said: "Get your guns out and go for them. That is all I have got to say." Three cheers were given for the social revolution. The audience then formed a procession three thousand strong.

Another notable procession was on the evening of the opening of the new Board of Trade building.



THE BOARD OF TRADE.

From a Photograph.

The Anarchists gathered in front of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and were addressed by Parsons and Fielden. The speeches were highly inflammatory. Parsons insisted that they ought to blow up the institution, and urged them to arm themselves "to meet their oppressors with weapons." The Board of Trade, he said, was a robbers' roost, and they were reveling on the proceeds of the workingmen. "How many," he asked, "of my hearers could give twenty dollars for a supper to-night? We will never gain anything by arguments and words. While those men are enjoying a sumptuous supper, workingmen are starving." He characterized the police as bloodhounds and servants of the robbing capitalists, and suggested that the mob loot Marshall Field's dry-goods store and other places and secure

such things as they needed. It was apparent that these sentiments appealed strongly to the inclinations of the assembled rabble, and when Parsons had concluded the mob was ready for an even more violent harangue.

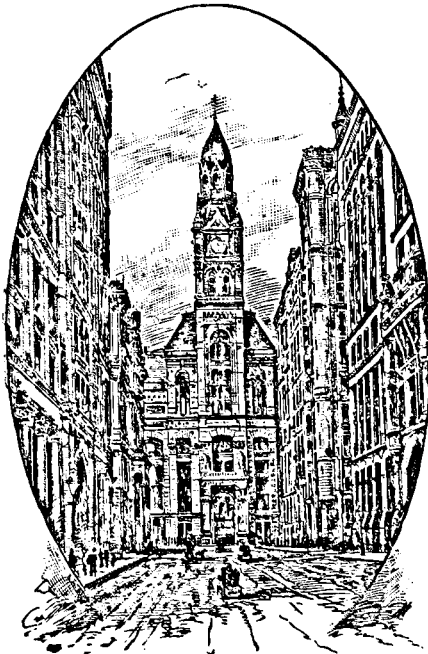
Fielden went as far as to urge the mob to follow him and rob those places, and, like Parsons, held that the Board of Trade building had been built out of money of which they had been robbed, and that all who transacted business in that place were "robbers, and thieves, and ought to be killed."

There were hundreds of tramps in the throng addressed, and naturally all allusions to capitalists as robbers, and all suggestions to plunder, were greeted with applause. A procession was formed, with Oscar W. Neebe,

August Spies spoke. Pointing to the black flag, he said it was the first time the emblem of hunger and starvation had been unfurled on American soil. He said we had got to strike down these robbers who were robbing the working people.

In answer to a call from the Germans, Mr. Schwab spoke in German a few minutes. A stranger said: "Get your guns out and go for them. That is all I have got to say." Three cheers were given for the social revolution. The audience then formed a procession three thousand strong.

Another notable procession was on the evening of the opening of the new Board of Trade building. The



THE BOARD OF TRADE.

From a Photograph.

Anarchists gathered in front of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and were addressed by Parsons and Fielden. The speeches were highly inflammatory. Parsons insisted that they ought to blow up the institution, and urged them to arm themselves "to meet their oppressors with weapons." The Board of Trade, he said, was a robbers' roost, and they were reveling on the proceeds of the workingmen. "How many," he asked, "of my hearers could give twenty dollars for a supper to-night? We will never gain anything by arguments and words. While those men are enjoying a sumptuous supper, workingmen are starving." He characterized the police as bloodhounds and servants of the robbing capitalists, and suggested that the mob loot Marshall Field's dry-goods store and other places and secure

such things as they needed. It was apparent that these sentiments appealed strongly to the inclinations of the assembled rabble, and when Parsons had concluded the mob was ready for an even more violent harangue.

Fielden went as far as to urge the mob to follow him and rob those places, and, like Parsons, held that the Board of Trade building had been built out of money of which they had been robbed, and that all who transacted business in that place were "robbers, and thieves, and ought to be killed."

There were hundreds of tramps in the throng addressed, and naturally all allusions to capitalists as robbers, and all suggestions to plunder, were greeted with applause. A procession was formed, with Oscar W. Neebe,

Parsons and Fielden at the head, and with two women following next carrying the red and black flags. They marched down to the Board of Trade, but, arriving at the street leading to the building, a company of police headed them off. Thus balked, they had to content themselves with marching through the streets back to their starting-point, where they separated without further exhibition of violence than subsequently hurling a stone through the window of a carriage occupied by a prominent West Side resident and his wife, whom they took to be a millionaire on his way to the Board of Trade reception. A tougher-looking lot of men than those who composed the procession it would be difficult to find, and, once started in the direction of violence at the building, there is no telling the extent of damage they might have inflicted. The toleration of such a parade by the municipal authorities was severely criticised by the community, for, had it not been for the action of the late Col. Welter, then Inspector of Police, in intercepting the procession, a serious riot would have occurred.

Parsons, when asked subsequently why they had not blown up the Board of Trade building, replied that they had not looked for police interference and were not prepared. "The next time," he said, "we will be prepared to meet them with bombs and dynamite." Fielden reiterated the same sentiments and expressed the opinion that in the course of a year they might be ready for the police.

Now WHAT is the Socialism or Anarchy they seek to establish? In his speech before Judge Gary in the Criminal Court, when asked why sentence of death should not be imposed upon him, Anarchist Parsons, among other things, thus described the condition of affairs when Socialism should obtain sway :

Anarchy is a free society where there is no concentrated or centralized power, no state, no king, no emperor, no ruler, no president, no magistrate, no potentate of any character whatever. Law is the enslaving power of men. Blackstone defines the law to be a rule of action, prescribing what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. Now, very true. Anarchists hold that it is wrong for one person to prescribe what is the right action for another person, and then compel that person to obey that rule. Therefore, right action consists in each person attending to his business, and allowing everybody else to do likewise. Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, a usurper and an enemy of liberty. This is precisely what every statute does. Anarchy is the natural law, instead of the man-made statute, and gives men leaders in the place of drivers and bosses. All political law, statute and common, gets its right to operate from the statute ; therefore, all political law is statute law. A statute law is a written scheme by which cunning takes advantage of the unsuspecting, and provides the inducement to do so, and protects the one who does it. In other words, a statute is the science of rascality or the law of usurpation. If a few sharks rob mankind of all the earth; — turn them all out of house and home, make them ragged slaves and beggars, and freeze and starve them to death, — still they are expected to obey the statute because it is sacred. This ridiculous nonsense, that human laws are sacred, and that if they are not respected and continued we cannot prosper, is the stupidest and most criminal nightmare of the age. Statutes are the last and greatest curse of men, and, when destroyed, the world will be free. . . . The statute law is the great science of rascality, by which alone the few

trample upon and enslave the many. There are natural laws provided for every work of man. Natural laws are self-operating. They punish all who violate them, and reward all who obey them. They cannot be repealed, amended, dodged or bribed, and it costs neither time, money nor attention to apply them. It is time to stop legislation against them. We want to obey laws, not men, nor the tricks of men. Statutes are human tricks. The law—the statute law—is the coward's weapon, the tool of the thief. . . . Free access to the means of production is the natural right of every man able and willing to work. It is the legal right of the capitalist to refuse such access to labor, and to take from the laborer all the wealth he creates over and above a bare subsistence for allowing him the privilege of working. A laborer has the natural right to life, and, as life is impossible without the means of production, the equal right to life involves an equal right to the means of production. . . . Laws—just laws—natural laws—are not made; they are discovered. Law-enacting is an insult to divine intelligence; and law-enforcing is the impeachment of God's integrity and His power.

August Spies on the same memorable occasion gave his views of Socialism in these words:

Socialism is a constructive and not a destructive science. While capitalism expropriates the masses for the benefit of the privileged class; while capitalism is that school of economics which teaches how one can live upon the labor (*i. e.*, property) of the other, Socialism teaches how all may possess property, and further teaches that every man must work honestly for his own living, and not be playing the respectable Board of Trade man, or any other highly too respectable business man or banker. Socialism, in short, seeks to establish a universal system of coöperation and to render accessible to each and every member of the human family the achievements and benefits of civilization, which, under capitalism, are being monopolized by a privileged class, and employed, not, as they should be, for the common good of all, but for the brutish gratification of an avaricious class. Under capitalism, the great inventions of the past, far from being a blessing for mankind, have been turned into a curse! Socialism teaches that machines, the means of transportation and communication, are the result of the combined efforts of society, past and present, and that they are therefore rightfully the indivisible property of society, just the same as the soil and the mines and all natural gifts should be. This declaration implies that those who have appropriated this wealth wrongfully, though lawfully, shall be expropriated by society. The expropriation of the masses by the monopolists has reached such a degree that the expropriation of the expropriateurs has become an imperative necessity, an act of social self-preservation. Society will reclaim its own even though you erect a gibbet on every street-corner. And Anarchism, this terrible "ism," deduces that under a coöperative organization of society, under economic equality and individual independence, the "state"—the political state—will pass into barbaric antiquity. And we will be where all are free, where there are no longer masters and servants. Where intellect stands for brute force, there will no longer be any use for the policeman and militia to preserve the so-called "peace and order." Anarchism, or Socialism, means the reorganization of society upon scientific principles and the abolition of causes which produce vice and crime.

Michael Schwab, in his utterances before the same tribunal, held as follows:

Socialism, as we understand it, means that land and machinery shall be held in common by the people. The production of goods shall be carried on by producing groups which shall supply the demands of the people. Under such a system every human being would have an opportunity to do useful work, and no doubt would work. Some hours' work every day would suffice to produce all that, according to statistics, is necessary for a comfortable living. Time would be left to cultivate the mind and to further science and art. That is

what Socialists propose. According to our vocabulary, Anarchy is a state of society in which the only government is reason. A state of society in which all human beings do right for the simple reason that it is right and hate wrong because it is wrong. In such a society no laws, no compulsion will be necessary.

Samuel Fielden, standing before the same court, also dwelt upon Socialism, saying :

And it will be a good time, a grand day for the world ; it will be a grand day for humanity ; it will never have taken a step so far onward toward perfection, if it can ever reach that goal, as it will when it accepts the principles of Socialism. They are the principles that injure no man. They are the principles that consider the interest of every one. They are the principles which will do away with wrong ; and injustice and suffering will be reduced at least to a minimum under such an organization of society. As compared to the present struggle for existence, which is degrading society and making men merely things and animals, Socialism will give them opportunities of developing the possibilities of their nature.

The platform of the International Association of Workingmen, indorsed by the local organization, formulates the principles of Socialism as follows :

1. Destruction of existing class domination, through inexorable revolution and international activity.
2. The building of a free society on communistic organizations or production.
3. Free exchange of equivalent products through the productive organization without jobbing and profit-making.
4. Organization of the educational system upon a non-religious and scientific and equal basis for both sexes.
5. Equal rights for all, without distinction of sex or race.
6. The regulation of public affairs through agreements between the independent communes and confederacies.

The above was published in the *Alarm* of November 1, 1884, with the following comment :

Proletarians of all countries, unite. Fellow workmen, all we need for the achievement of this great end is organization and unity.

There exists now no great obstacle to that unity. The work of peaceful education and revolutionary conspiracy will, can and ought to run in parallel lines.

The day has come for solidarity. Join our ranks ! Let the drum beat defiantly the roll of battle ; workingmen of all lands, unite ! You have nothing to lose but your chains ; you have a world to win. Tremble, oppressors of the world ! Not far beyond your purblind sight there dawn the scarlet and sable lights of the judgment day !

Such, in brief, are the aims of Socialism as expounded by its most extreme representatives. The state of society they seek to establish may be highly beneficial to a class which, under any conditions, lacks sobriety, frugality, thrift and self-reliance ; but just where the general mass of humanity is to be bettered or elevated, socially, morally or politically, is a point not satisfactorily explained. Their theory may look well on paper, and their glittering generalities may draw adherents from the ranks of the illiterate and the vicious, but a condition of society in which there are no masters and no authority can only lead to chaos. In a society "in which all human beings do right for the simple reason that it is right," there can be neither stability nor permanence, unless human nature is recast, recon-

structed and regenerated. Human nature must be treated as it is found in the general make-up of man; and therefore a society in which all special desires, all ambition and all self-elevation have been eliminated, precludes development and progress. It reduces everything to utter shiftlessness and stagnation. In such a society there can be no incentive to great achievements in art, literature, mechanics or invention. If all are to be placed on an equal footing, the ignorant with the educated, the dullard with the genius, the profligate with the provident, and the drunken wretch with the industrious, what encouragement for special effort? If you "render accessible to each and every member of the human family the achievements and benefits of civilization," holding "property in common," why should a man rack his brain or strain his muscles in producing something which he expects to prove remunerative to himself in some way, but which under the Socialistic state would go to the financial benefit of all? Take away all incentive to improvement, and you make life scarcely worth the living. Where the state, or the "independent commune," is to be entrusted with the care and equal distribution of wealth and the employment of men, the individual will give little concern for the morrow or for anything beyond his immediate wants. What need he accomplish more than his neighbor, since everything that is produced is shared jointly?

In the Socialistic society, every man might "work honestly for his own living," as Spies declares, but what would be the inevitable result of a system in which the state or commune undertakes to see that all have employment?

History does not leave us room for doubt. The various constitutions of France recognized the right of the people to employment. It was provided in 1792 that it was the duty of society to afford such employment, and in the following year it was added that the remuneration of the laborer should be sufficient to support him. This doctrine was recognized until 1819, when it fell into "innocuous desuetude," and it was not revived until 1848. In that year a placard appeared on the dead walls of Paris, to the following effect:

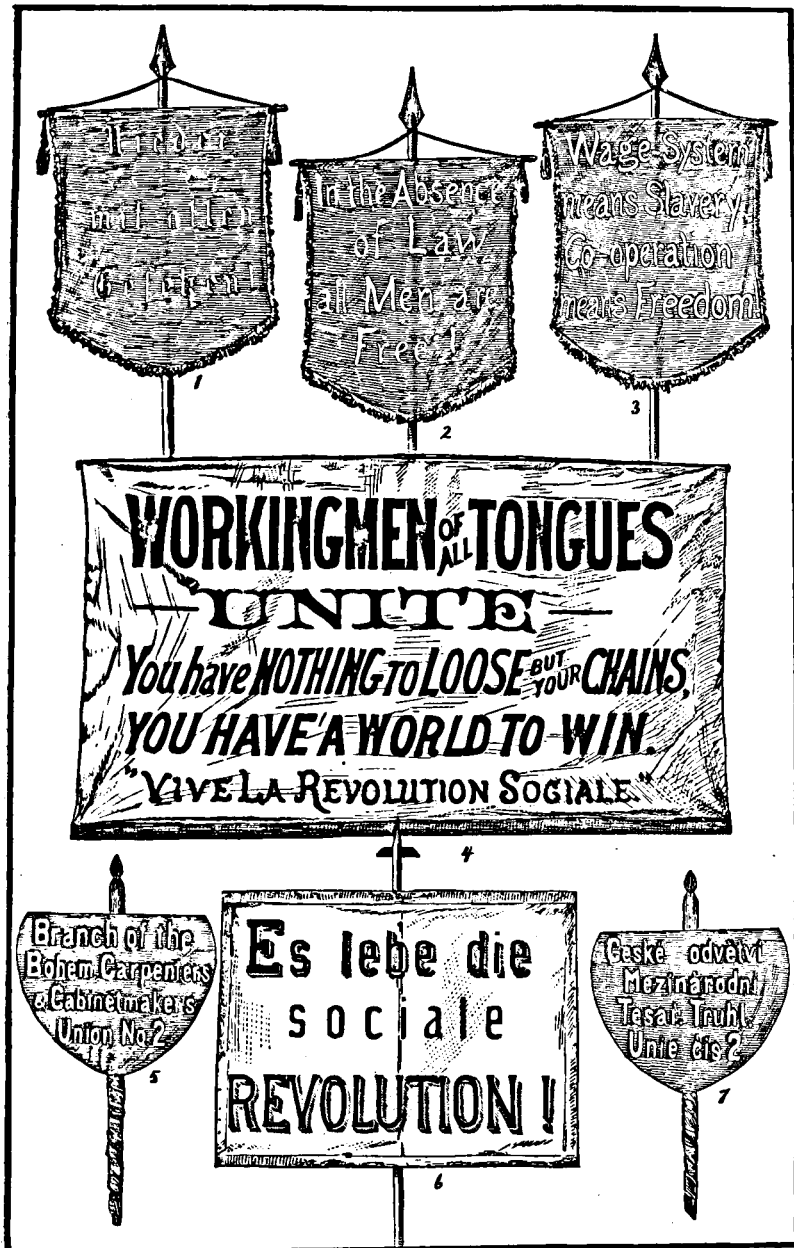
The Provisional Government of the French Republic guarantees existence to the laborer by labor. It guarantees labor to every citizen. It guarantees that laborers may associate to obtain the profits of their legitimate labor.

In consequence of this proclamation the Government was appealed to, and national work-shops were established under the auspices of the Government. The establishments were open to all, but, as no one was specially interested in their financial success, they soon proved too great a drain upon the resources of the nation. Failure was the result. In the assignment of work at the factories, skill and fitness never entered into consideration. One workman was as good as another, and the men, so long as they had the Government at their back, with living guaranteed, did not bother much



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—II. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. "Down with all Laws." 6. "Long live the Social Revolution!"



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—II. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. "Down with all Laws." 6. "Long live the Social Revolution!"

about the kind of article they produced. The result was that inferior goods were thrown upon the market, and purchasers were difficult to find. This speedily led to the closing of the work-shops, and since then the French Government has never maintained that society at large must operate work-shops for the benefit of all. Any commune that undertakes the same task again must similarly fail.

Now, suppose that, in the new economic conditions, it should be determined by the "independent communes" that wages should in a measure be fixed according to the skill, ability and energy of the workmen, what sort of allotment would fall to the great body of workers? Edward Atkinson, an accurate statistician of world-wide reputation, has furnished the public with a compilation showing what each would receive if the aggregate production in the United States were divided among its inhabitants. The annual production, he calculates, of all the industries of our country, does not exceed \$200 per head of population. This would give a total of \$12,000,000. If this were divided equally among families of five persons each, on a basis of a sixty-million population, each family would have \$1,000 per annum. But, as I have said, suppose some families secure more than others, on account of greater efficiency, and that one-third of these families secure \$2,000 each per annum. The remaining two-thirds would only secure an average of \$500. "Suppose," it has been said, "one-half of this third to be fortunate enough, or skillful enough, to increase their average to \$3,000. The remaining half continuing at \$2,000, the average share of the two-thirds would fall to \$250, or \$50 only per head, per annum."

As Prof. Barnard, dwelling upon the facts to be deduced from Atkinson's showing, says: "Inasmuch as the idea of an average implies that as many are below it as are above it, it is easy to see that the only way of removing the scourge of poverty from the entire human race is to increase the productiveness of labor so that want can only be a consequence of willful idleness, or improvidence, or vice."

In the "wonderful readjustment" of wealth and the products of labor Socialists propose to inaugurate, there would be everywhere more misery, more poverty and more crime than the people are now contending with in the purlieus of London and Paris. That there is room for improvement in the condition of our social state is true, but that changes for the better can be obtained by Socialism and by means of violence is false. These social as well as governmental improvements can only be brought about by peaceable means. Never by force, as the logic of events demonstrated in the Cook County Jail. There is no question that crack-brained theorists will continue to spring up and exist. They have existed in the past. The Babeufs, the Lassalles, the Fouriers and the Karl Marxes may continue to preach their one-sided ideas, but universal education in the United States and the general morality of the masses may be safely counted upon as a

guaranty that neither the gospel of violence nor isolated cases of bloodshed will ever succeed in establishing exploded and ruinous theories of politics.

AFTER the Socialists of Chicago had organized their military companies, it soon became evident that they intended to use their forces against organized society, and as they paraded them before the community on all public occasions as a menace to good order, the Illinois Legislature in 1879 settled their status effectually by adopting a law prohibiting armed forces in the State except those willing to swear to support the institutions of the State as well as of the nation, or to become members of the State militia. It was also made a punishable offense for any body of men to assemble with arms, drill or parade within the State without authority. The Socialists were not seeking State honors, and they took an appeal to the State Supreme Court on the ground that the legislative act was unconstitutional. They were beaten, and accordingly forced to abandon their ten companies.

From carrying arms, however, they soon turned their attention to the study of explosives. They began experiments at once, and some years later boldly urged their adherents to become adepts in the manufacture and use of the most approved explosive—dynamite.

In the *Alarm* of October 18, 1884, the following was published :

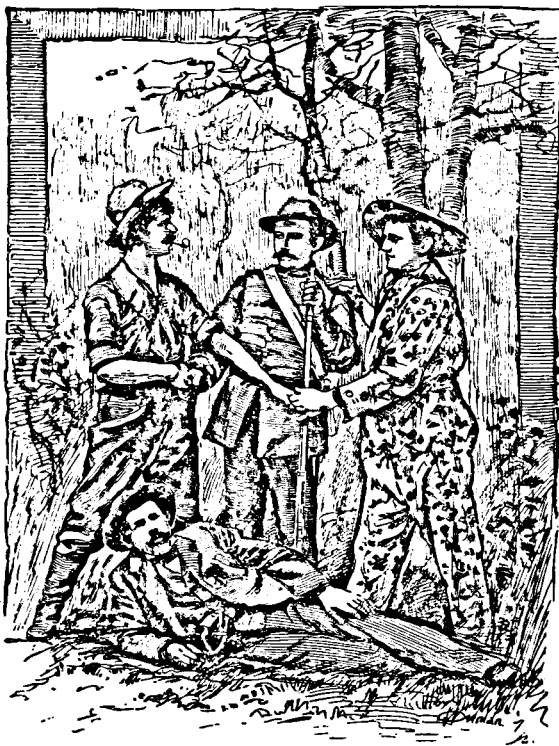


A GROUP OF ANARCHISTS.

From a Photograph.—The central figure is that of a man in the uniform of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. The reclining figure in foreground is Moritz Neff, proprietor of Neff's Hall.

guaranty that neither the gospel of violence nor isolated cases of bloodshed will ever succeed in establishing exploded and ruinous theories of politics.

AFTER the Socialists of Chicago had organized their military companies, it soon became evident that they intended to use their forces against organized society, and as they paraded them before the community on all public occasions as a menace to good order, the Illinois Legislature in 1879 settled their status effectually by adopting a law prohibiting armed forces in the State except those willing to swear to support the institutions of the State as well as of the nation, or to become members of the State militia. It was also made a punishable offense for any body of men to assemble with arms, drill or parade within the State without authority. The Socialists were not seeking State honors, and they took an appeal to the State Supreme Court on the ground that the legislative



A GROUP OF ANARCHISTS.

From a Photograph.—The central figure is that of a man in the uniform of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. The reclining figure in foreground is Moritz Neff, proprietor of Neff's Hall.

act was unconstitutional. They were beaten, and accordingly forced to abandon their ten companies.

From carrying arms, however, they soon turned their attention to the study of explosives. They began experiments at once, and some years later boldly urged their adherents to become adepts in the manufacture and use of the most approved explosive—dynamite.

In the *Alarm* of October 18, 1884, the following was published :

One man armed with a dynamite bomb is equal to one regiment of militia, when it is used at the right time and place. Anarchists are of the opinion that the bayonet and Gatling gun will cut but sorry part in the social revolution. The whole method of warfare has been revolutionized by latter-day discoveries of science, and the American people will avail themselves of its advantages in the conflict with upstarts and contemptible braggarts who expect to continue their rascality under the plea of preserving law and order.

The same paper, in its issue of November 1, 1884, contained this pronunciamento:

How can all this be done? Simply by making ourselves masters of the use of dynamite, then declaring we will make no further claim to ownership in anything, and deny every other person's right to be the owner of anything, and administer instant death, by any and all means, to any and every person who attempts to continue to claim personal ownership in anything. This method, and this alone, can relieve the world of this infernal monster called the "right of property."

Let us try and not strike too soon, when our numbers are too small, or before more of us understand the use and manufacture of the weapons.

To avoid unnecessary bloodshed, confusion and discouragement, we must be prepared, know why we strike and for just what we strike, and then strike in unison and with all our might.

Our war is not against men, but against systems; yet we must prepare to kill men who will try to defeat our cause, or we will strive in vain.

The rich are only worse than the poor because they have more power to wield this infernal "property right," and because they have more power to reform, and take less interest in doing so. Therefore, it is easy to see where the bloodiest blows must be dealt.

We can expect but few or no converts among the rich, and it will be better for our cause if they do not wait for us to strike first.

Again, on February 21, 1885, from the same paper:

The deep-rooted, malignant evil which compels the wealth-producers to become the independent hirelings of a few capitalistic czars, can not be reached by means of the ballot.

The ballot can be wielded by free men alone; but slaves can only revolt and rise in insurrection against their despoilers.

Let us bear in mind the fact that here in America, as elsewhere, the worker is held in economic bondage by the use of force, and the employment of force, therefore, becomes a necessity to his economic preservation. Poverty can't vote!

In the same issue also appeared the following:

Dynamite! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe science has done its best work. The dear stuff can be carried in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. It is something not very ornamental, but exceedingly useful. It can be used against persons and things. It is better to use it against the former than against bricks and masonry. It is a genuine boon for the disinherited, while it brings terror and fear to the robbers. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it! Our law-makers might as well try to sit down on the crater of a volcano or a bayonet as to endeavor to stop the manufacture and use of dynamite. It takes more justice and right than is contained in laws to quiet the spirit of unrest.

In the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of March 19, 1886, appeared the following, after many articles had been previously published of the same tenor as those in the *Alarm* :

The only aim of the workingman should be the liberation of mankind from the shackles of the existing damnable slavery. Here, in America, where the workingman possesses yet the freedom of meeting, of speech, and of the press, most should be done for the emancipation of suffering mankind. But the press gang and the teachers in the schools do all in their power to keep the people in the dark. Thus everything tends to degrade mankind more and more, from day to day, and this effects a "beastening," as is observable with Irishmen, and more apparent, even, with the Chinese.

If we do not soon bestir ourselves for a bloody revolution, we can not leave anything to our children but poverty and slavery. Therefore prepare yourselves, in all quietness, for the revolution.

The following extracts are from the first number of the *Anarchist*, Engel's paper, dated January 1, 1886, with the motto, "All government we hate" :

Workingmen and fellows: We recognize it our duty to contend against existing rule, but he who would war successfully must equip himself with all implements adapted to destroy his opponents and secure victory. In consideration thereof we have resolved to publish the *Anarchist* as a line in the fight for the disinherited. It is necessary to disseminate Anarchistic doctrine. As we strive for freedom from government we advocate the principle of autonomy, in this sense: We strive towards the overthrow of the existing order, that an end may be put to the "abhorrent work of destruction on the part of mankind, and fratricide done away." The equality of all, without distinction of race, color or nationality, is our fundamental principle, thus ending rule and servitude. We reject reformatory endeavors as useless play, adding to the derision and oppression of the workingmen. Against the never-to-be-satisfied ferocity of capital we recommend the radical means of the present age. All endeavors of the working classes not aiming at the overthrow of existing conditions of ownership and at complete self-government are to us reactionary. The idea of the absence of authority warrants that we will carry on a fight of principles only. . . .

No one can deny that man brings with him into the world the right to live. But this is denied by the property beast. He who has the whip of power will brandish it over the poor. What does the world offer to the poor who are compelled to carry on a mere struggle for existence? Patented machinery, combined with capital and other means of preservation, denies work to the workmen on account of the excessive offer of working powers. Workingmen should, therefore, enter the ranks of those who propose to set aside the present system of inequality and build up a system of equality and freedom. Let every one join the International Workingmen's Association, and arm himself with the best weapons of modern times. . . .

The authorities in America have hitherto refused to prosecute Anarchists as the European powers do, not because of hatred to despotism, but from fear that the American people might be driven into Anarchism. As Anarchists increase, however, it is intended to to away with them by slow degrees. To this end a bill was introduced in Congress refusing to and revoking citizenship of such. Yet the Anarchist declines citizenship because he regards himself as cosmopolitan. We hope for more foolish things to open the eyes of American workingmen. . . .

Reflections of an Anarchist at the Grave of Leiske.—After the workingman becomes a journeyman he feels free, casts a glance into the world—it is glorious, beautiful. He thinks there is happiness for him somewhere. He proposes to go abroad, but a terrible cry falls upon his ears—the outcry of a tormented people. He inquires, have the pariahs of to-day a right

to live? and answers yes. Why otherwise born, if suffered to die with hunger? And hunger and poverty are the results of the stealings of the rich. Having thus concluded, he swears to help in the work of liberation, "in the great struggle of mankind for a better condition;" to take vengeance upon those responsible for this misery. In his investigations he learns the utter vileness of the police power, and a policeman is killed. Whereupon the workman is arrested, charged with the murder of Rumpf, and killed after nearly a year of most devilish torture. With what contempt Leiske met his executioners, and with what heroism he went unto his death, is known to our fellows, and he shall be avenged.

The *Alarm*, January 13, 1885:

"Force the only defense against injustice and oppression." Because the Socialists advocate resistance, they are accused of brutality and want of wisdom. All men agree that themselves should not be trampled upon by others. If you can compel a man to agree to allow others to exercise control over him, you will find that the soldier will soon claim all you have acquired for yourselves. This only teaches that it is dangerous for the wicked to teach war; not so with justice. Justice can never create opposition to itself. Therefore "justice is always safe in accumulating force, while injustice can only accumulate force at its peril." We are told force is cruel, but this is only true when the opposition is less cruel. If the opposition is relentless power, starving, freezing, etc., and the application of force will require less suffering, then force is humane. Therefore we say that dynamite is both humane and economical. It will, at the expense of less suffering, prevent more. It is not humane to compel ten persons to starve to death, when the execution of five persons would prevent it. A system that is starving and freezing tens of thousands of little children, in the midst of a world of plenty, cannot be defended against dynamiters on the ground of humanity. If every child that starved to death in the United States were retaliated for by the execution of a rich man in his own parlor, the brutal system of wage property would not last six weeks. It is a wonder that a father, after his vain search for bread, can see his little ones starve or freeze, without striking that vengeful, just and bloody blow at the cause that would prevent other little ones suffering a similar fate. It is not probable that men will always endure this cruel, relentless process of monopoly and competition.

The privileged class use force to perpetuate their power, and the despoiled workers must use force to prevent it.

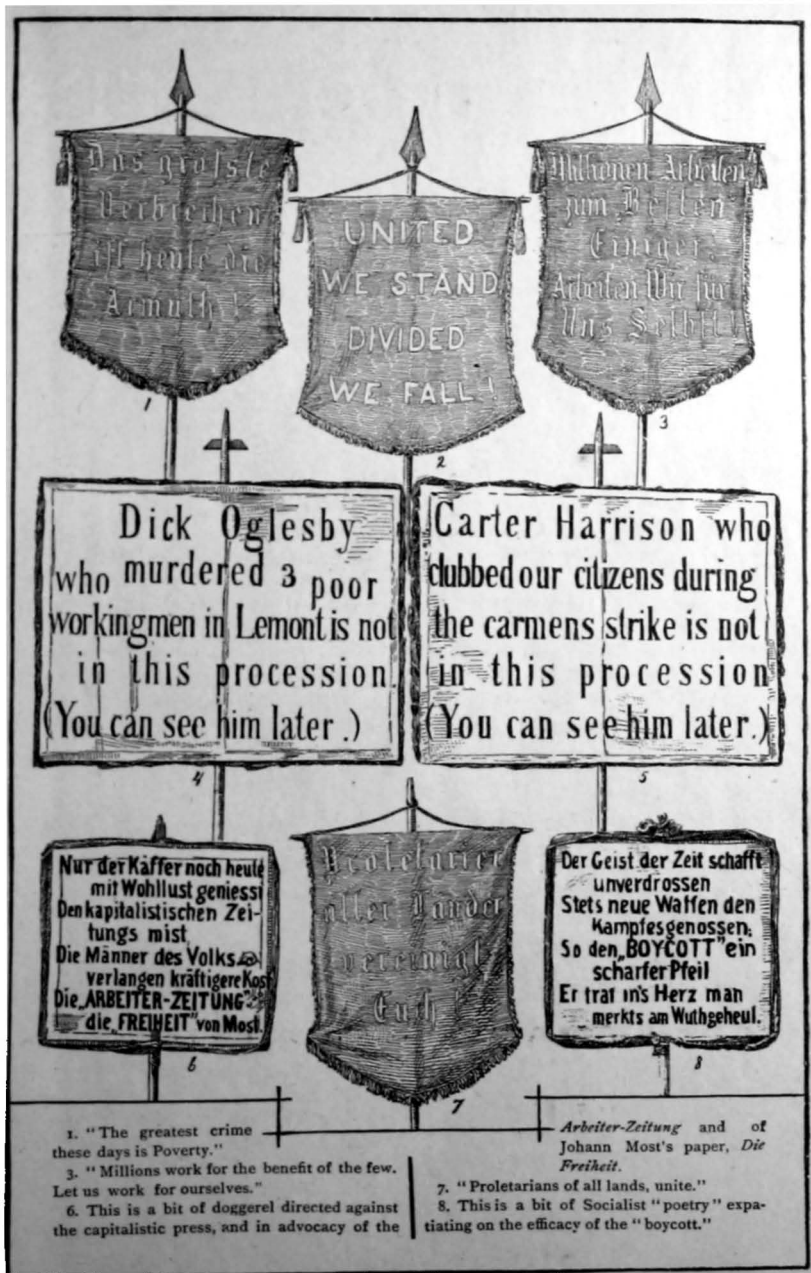
The *Alarm*, July 25, 1885:

STREET FIGHTING.

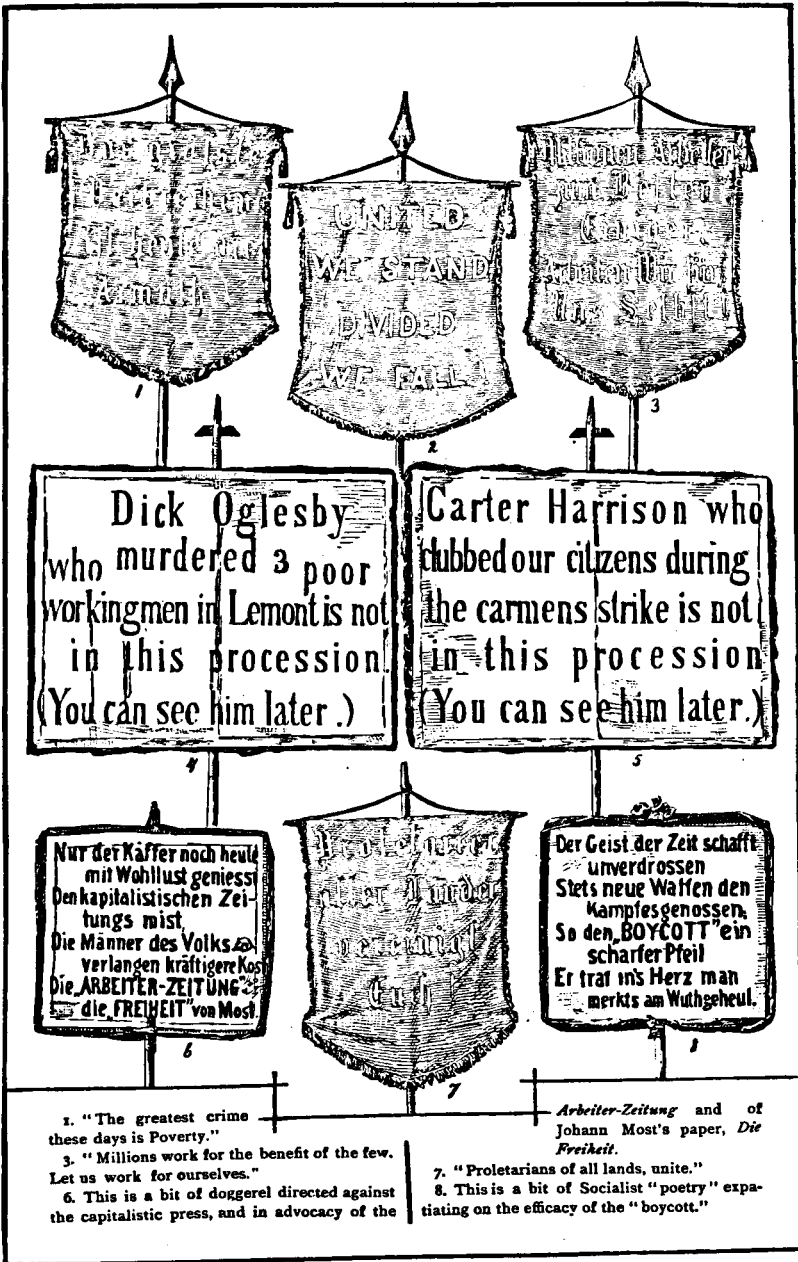
How to Meet the Enemy. — Some Valuable Hints for the Revolutionary Soldiers. — What an Officer of the United States Army has to Say.

The following letter, published in the San Francisco *Truth* some time ago, will be read with interest. The letter is quoted as follows, in substance: "I am an officer in the army of the United States, and know whereof I write. John Upton said to me, with great earnestness, that the day of armies is passing away. I believe this. This introduces my subject. I desire to place the details of the science of butchery before the people; to point out its weak points, so that in future uprisings the people may stand some chance of winning. They have for the past twenty years been overcome only because of their own ignorance. They have been slaughtered and subdued because of a lack of coolness, want of knowledge, and adherence to what is called 'humanity,' 'honorable warfare,' etc. I assume that my readers agree with me that against tyrants all means are legitimate, and that in war that course is best, though bloodiest, which soonest ends the contest. My purpose is to persuade the people to add a little common sense in future to their heroism, and thus insure success.

"United States and State regiments are organized on the unit of four, which permits the most rapid and effective change of front that can be devised. The art of war consists in making soldiers fight. The line of retreat must be kept open to avoid capture. In future



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—III. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—III. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

revolts the people shall assume the aggressive. Army officers have wasted years of study over the science of street fighting, unavailingly. The plan below shows a method adopted as best. The troops are formed on the street in two bodies in column of four, headed by a Gatling gun. On the sidewalk a line of skirmishers and sharpshooters, whose duty it is to fire into the houses, the whole advancing cautiously. When a cross street is reached, a company is left to hold it, in order to keep open the avenue of retreat. Military knowledge has become popularized since 1877, and now, in almost any contest, it would be easy to find some fair leaders of the people who would devise some means of meeting such an advance, as indicated by the following diagram. The diagram represents a street corner. The plan is, at the street crossing to have bodies of revolutionists with movable barracks placed obliquely on the cross street, and who from there will fire vigorously upon the advancing column. They have supporters also in the building, also at the corner, whose duty is to throw dynamite upon the troops. If the position is carried, the party defending escape through the cross streets. The rear of the column can also be attacked from the cross streets. If the men in the barricades are armed with the new international dynamite rifle (which I am told exists in the hands of the revolutionists), I give it as a careful technical opinion, that, pursuing these tactics under brave and able leaders, fifty men can hold at bay and finally destroy in any of your cities an attacking force of five thousand troops." Signed "R. S. S." Alcatraz Island, December 8.

The *Alarm*, December 26, 1885:

Bakounine's Groundwork for the Social Revolution. — A Revolutionist's Duty to Himself. (Free translation from the German.)

1. The revolutionist is self-offered; has no personal interest, but is absorbed by the one passion, the revolution.
2. He is at war with the existing order of society and lives to destroy it.
3. He despises society in its present form and leaves its reorganization to the future, himself knowing only the science of destruction. He studies mathematics, chemistry, etc., for this purpose. The quick and sure overthrow of the present unreasonable order is his object.
4. He despises public sentiment and acknowledges as moral whatever favors the revolution; as criminal whatever opposes it.
5. He is consecrated; he will not spare, nor does he expect mercy. Between him and society reigns the war of death or life.
6. Stringent with himself, he must be stringent with others. All sentiment must be suppressed by his passion for the revolutionary work. He must be ready to die and to kill.
7. He excludes romance and sentiment and also personal hatred and revenge; never obeying his personal inclinations, but his revolutionary duty.

Toward his Comrades.

8. His friendship is only for his comrade, and is measured by that comrade's usefulness in the practical work of the revolution.
9. As to important affairs, he must consult with his comrades, but in execution depend upon himself. Each must be self-operating, and must ask help only when imperatively necessary.
10. He shall use himself and his subordinates as capital to be used for the work of revolution, but no part of which can he dispose of without the consent of the persons involved.
11. If a comrade is in danger, he shall not consider his personal feelings, but the interest of the cause.

His Duty toward Society.

12. A new candidate can be taken into the company only after proof of his merit, and upon unanimous consent.

13. He lives in a so-called civilized world because he believes in its speedy destruction. He clings to nothing as it now is, and does not hesitate to destroy any institution. He is no revolutionist if arrested by personal ties.

14. He must obtain entrance everywhere, even in the detective agency and the emperor's palace.

15. The present society should be divided into categories, the first including those sentenced to immediate death, the others classifying the delinquents according to their rascality.

16. The lists are not to be influenced by personal considerations, but those are to be first destroyed whose death can terrify governments and deprive them of their most intelligent agents.

17. The second category embraces those who are permitted to live, but whose evil deeds will drive the people to open revolt.

18. The third category embraces the dissolute rich whose secrets must be discovered in order to control their resources.

19. The fourth category consists of ambitious officials and liberals whose purposes we must discover so as to prevent their withdrawing from our cause.

20. The fifth category consists of doctrinaire conspirators; they must be urged to action.

21. The sixth category is the women, who are divided into

three classes: First, the brainless and heartless; second, the passionate and qualified; and, third, the wholly consecrated, who are to be guarded as the most valuable part of the revolutionary treasures.

The *Alarm* of January 9, 1886, then edited, in the absence of its editor and his assistant, by August Spies, contained this suggestive editorial:

"*The Right to Bear Arms.*"—After the conspiracy of the workingmen, the working classes, in 1877, the breaking up of the meeting on the Haymarket Square, the brutal assault upon a gathering of furniture workers in Vorwaerts Turner Hall, the murder of Tessman, and the general clubbing and shooting down of peaceably inclined wage-workers, the proletarians organized the Lehr und Wehr Verein, which in about a year and a half had grown to a membership of one thousand. This was regarded by the capitalists as a menace, and they procured the passage of the militia law, under which it became an offense for any body of men, other than those authorized by the Governor, to assemble with arms, drill or parade the streets. The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, mostly Socialists, who believed in the ballot, made up a test case to determine the constitutionality of this act, rejecting the counsel of the extremists. Judge Barnum held the law to be unconstitutional—an appeal was taken—and



THE RED BANNER OF THE CARPENTERS' UNION.

From a Photograph.

13. He lives in a so-called civilized world because he believes in its speedy destruction. He clings to nothing as it now is, and does not hesitate to destroy any institution. He is no revolutionist if arrested by personal ties.

14. He must obtain entrance everywhere, even in the detective agency and the emperor's palace.

15. The present society should be divided into categories, the first including those sentenced to immediate death, the others classifying the delinquents according to their rascality.

16. The lists are not to be influenced by personal considerations, but those are to be first destroyed whose death can terrify governments and deprive them of their most intelligent agents.

17. The second category embraces those who are permitted to live, but whose evil deeds will drive the people to open revolt.

18. The third category embraces the dissolute rich whose secrets must be discovered in order to control their resources.

19. The fourth category consists of ambitious officials and liberals whose purposes we must discover so as to prevent their withdrawing from our cause.

20. The fifth category consists of doctrinaire conspirators; they must be urged to action.

21. The sixth category is the women, who are divided into

three classes: First, the brainless and heartless; second, the passionate and qualified; and, third, the wholly consecrated, who are to be guarded as the most valuable part of the revolutionary treasures.

The *Alarm* of January 9, 1886, then edited, in the absence of its editor and his assistant, by August Spies, contained this suggestive editorial:

"*The Right to Bear Arms.*"—After the conspiracy of the workingmen, the working classes, in 1877, the breaking up of the meeting on the Haymarket Square, the brutal assault upon a gathering of furniture workers in Vorwaerts Turner Hall, the murder of Tessman, and the general clubbing and shooting down of peaceably inclined wage-workers, the proletarians organized the Lehr und Wehr Verein, which in about a year and a half had grown to a membership of one thousand. This was regarded by the capitalists as a menace, and they procured the passage of the militia law, under which it became an offense for any body of men, other than those authorized by the Governor, to assemble with arms, drill or parade the streets. The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, mostly Socialists, who believed in the ballot, made up a test case to determine the constitutionality of this act, rejecting the counsel of the extremists. Judge Barnum held the law to be unconstitutional—an appeal was taken—and



THE RED BANNER OF THE CARPENTERS' UNION.

From a Photograph.

the Supreme Court upset this decision and held the law constitutional. Thereupon the Lehr und Wehr Verein applied to the Supreme Court of the United States, which within a few days affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court of the State. Do we need comment on this?

That militia law has had its uses. Where there was before a military body publicly organized, whose strength could be easily ascertained, now there exists an organization whose members cannot be estimated, and a network of destructive agencies of modern military character that will defy suppression.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, February 17, editorial:

In France, during strikes, etc., a new method is lately adopted. The workingmen barricade themselves in the factories with provisions, taking possession of the property, which the manufacturers desire to preserve, and will only resort to force for their ejection in the most extreme case. The conflict between capitalism and workingmen is growing constantly sharper, and the indication is that force will bring about decisive results in the battle for liberty.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of April 30:

We are advised that the police are ordered to be ready for a conflict upon Saturday of next week. The capitalists are thirsting for the blood of workingmen. The workingmen refuse longer to be tortured and treated like dogs, and for this opposition the capitalists cry for blood. Perhaps they may have it, and lose some of their own. To the workingmen we again say: Arm yourselves, but conceal your arms lest they be stolen from you.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, May 3:

Courage, courage, is our cry. Don't forget the words of Herways: "The host of the oppressors grow pale when thou, weary of thy burden, in the corner puttest the plow; when thou sayest, 'It is enough.'"

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, May 4:

Blood has flown. It happened as it had to. The militia have not been drilling in vain. It is historical that private property had its origin in violence. The war of classes has come. Yesterday, in front of McCormick's factory, workmen were shot down whose blood cries for vengeance. In the past, countless victims have been offered on the altars of the golden calf amid the shouts of the capitalistic robbers. One has only to think of East St. Louis, Chicago and other places, to recognize the tactics of the extortioners. The white terror will be answered with the red, for the workmen are not asleep. They modestly asked for eight hours. The answer was to drill the police force and militia, and browbeat those advocating the change. And yesterday blood flowed—the reply of these devils to this modest petition of their slaves. Death rather than a life of wretchedness. The capitalistic tiger lies ready for the jump, his eyes sparkling, eager for murder, and his clutches drawn tight. Self-defense cries, "To arms, to arms!" If you do not defend yourselves, you will be ground by the animal's teeth.

The powers hostile to the workingmen have made common cause, and our differences must be subordinated to the common purpose. The statement of the capitalistic press, that the workmen yesterday fired first, is a bold, barefaced lie.

In the poor shanty miserably clad women and children are weeping for husband and father. In the palace they clink glasses filled with costly wine and drink to the happiness of the bloody bandits of law and order. Dry your tears, ye poor and wretched; take heart, ye slaves; arise in your might and overthrow the system of robbery.

These are a few of the many articles emanating from the Socialistic propaganda, calling the rabble to murder and destruction. Other declara-

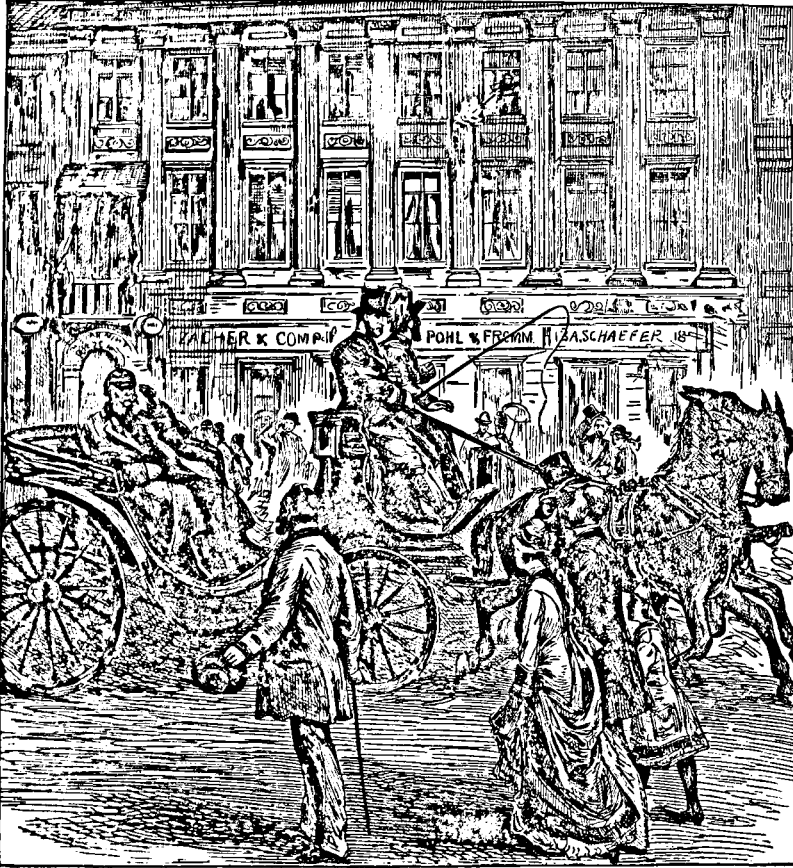
tions printed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and pronounced upon the stump are in the same virulent spirit, couched in varying language as suggested by the events of the moment, but all breathing defiance and death to the so-called "capitalistic class." There are also minute and specific directions for the preparation as well as the use of dynamite, Herr Most's work on that subject



ATTEMPT OF DR. NOBILING TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

having been largely drawn upon for the enlightenment of those who believed that dynamite is the weapon through the use of which the social revolution can be accomplished. Paragraphs, sections and chapters of Bakounine's "Groundwork for the Social Revolution" were likewise read to the Socialists and published in their organs.

tions printed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and pronounced upon the stump are in the same virulent spirit, couched in varying language as suggested by the events of the moment, but all breathing defiance and death to the so-called "capitalistic class." There are also minute and specific directions for the preparation as well as the use of dynamite, Herr Most's work on that subject



ATTEMPT OF DR. NOBILING TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

having been largely drawn upon for the enlightenment of those who believed that dynamite is the weapon through the use of which the social revolution can be accomplished. Paragraphs, sections and chapters of Bakounine's "Groundwork for the Social Revolution" were likewise read to the Socialists and published in their organs.

Another source from which to draw inspiration was Reinsdorf, the apostle of Anarchy in Germany. The Chicago Anarchists regarded him as a splendid representative of their class, and praised his attempt on the life of the Emperor of Germany. His death on the scaffold was regarded as martyrdom, and his deeds were frequently extolled. His confederates in conspiracy, Hoedel and Nobiling, were referred to in terms of praise by George A. Schilling at a meeting in West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Louis Lingg had been personally acquainted with Reinsdorf, and gloried in the man's work and courage. The extreme section of the Chicago



AUGUST REINSDORF.

archistic agitation. But the law pursued him, and he wandered from state to state. In the year 1876 we find him in Switzerland, where he had many followers. One of his pupils and admirers was Max Hoedel, who with Reinsdorf conceived a plot to murder King William of Prussia. The attack upon his life was made by Hoedel on the 11th day of May; 1878. He fired several shots at the aged warrior, but failed, as none of them took effect. They missed their mark. Not satisfied with this, another man, Dr. Nobiling, also a pupil of Reinsdorf, made another attempt three weeks later, by firing a shot-gun filled with buck-shot at the old King; but again without effect. Nobiling's deed was the consequence of Hoedel's attempt, and Reinsdorf was the agitator. Failing in this, they concluded to wait some time until their party should get stronger and could secure better material. Among others Louis Lingg joined the Anarchists in Zurich. Louis was then very young, but he became as radical as their chief leader. The Socialists were

Socialists always sought to inculcate his ideas, and that the reader may gain some notion of Reinsdorf's character, I reproduce the following translation from a German Socialistic paper, showing his career:

He was the principal leader of all the Anarchists in Germany. The people looked upon him as the savior of their great cause. He was admired not only by men, but also by women. Wherever he went he was given great receptions, and he had many pupils.

Reinsdorf was born in Prussia. When he became of age, he joined the party, and, by his good and rapid work, became in a short time the father of the An-

Another source from which to draw inspiration was Reinsdorf, the apostle of Anarchy in Germany. The Chicago Anarchists regarded him as a splendid representative of their class, and praised his attempt on the life of the Emperor of Germany. His death on the scaffold was regarded as martyrdom, and his deeds were frequently extolled. His confederates in conspiracy, Hoedel and Nobiling, were referred to in terms of praise by George A. Schilling at a meeting in West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Louis Lingg had been personally acquainted with Reinsdorf, and gloried in the man's work and courage. The extreme section of the Chicago



AUGUST REINSDORF.

Socialists always sought to inculcate his ideas, and that the reader may gain some notion of Reinsdorf's character, I reproduce the following translation from a German Socialistic paper, showing his career:

He was the principal leader of all the Anarchists in Germany. The people looked upon him as the savior of their great cause. He was admired not only by men, but also by women. Wherever he went he was given great receptions, and he had many pupils.

Reinsdorf was born in Prussia. When he became of age, he joined the party, and, by his good and rapid work, became in a short time the father of the An-

archistic agitation. But the law pursued him, and he wandered from state to state. In the year 1876 we find him in Switzerland, where he had many followers. One of his pupils and admirers was Max Hoedel, who with Reinsdorf conceived a plot to murder King William of Prussia. The attack upon his life was made by Hoedel on the 11th day of May; 1878. He fired several shots at the aged warrior, but failed, as none of them took effect. They missed their mark. Not satisfied with this, another man, Dr. Nobiling, also a pupil of Reinsdorf, made another attempt three weeks later, by firing a shot-gun filled with buck-shot at the old King; but again without effect. Nobiling's deed was the consequence of Hoedel's attempt, and Reinsdorf was the agitator. Failing in this, they concluded to wait some time until their party should get stronger and could secure better material. Among others Louis Lingg joined the Anarchists in Zurich. Louis was then very young, but he became as radical as their chief leader. The Socialists were

to have held a Congress there in May, 1880, but the gathering did not take place, as the police had notice, and Reinsdorf and his followers were compelled to leave Zurich and go to Freiburg (Baden), where they held secret meetings and where Reinsdorf declared that he himself would go to Berlin and kill the miserable mahdi by stabbing him to the heart. He went to Berlin to carry out this plan, but was arrested by the police. They could not make out a case of conspiracy against him, but he was sent to prison for several months on the charge of carrying a dagger. After his discharge Reinsdorf traveled to and from Switzerland to Germany, France and Belgium, speaking in all places where he stopped, and gaining many followers. His only desire was to put old Emperor William (commonly called "old Lehmann") out of the way — to do something great so that all the people would look up to him. His only targets were royal palaces and the palaces of diplomates. He and others then formed a plan to murder the King, and Bismarck, and all the princes and others who were to participate in the dedication of the Germania monument at Ruedesheim on the 28th day of September, 1883. But Reinsdorf met with an accident while crossing a railroad track, and was severely injured. This was a very painful situation for Reinsdorf. The day for action drew near, but he was confined to his bed. Should this beautiful plan be given up on that account? Never! Could not other people accomplish what he had thought out? Certainly. But was it sure that they would have the necessary courage at the critical moment? Could he trust them? Tormented by such thoughts, Reinsdorf finally submitted to the inevitable and confided his mission to two of his comrades. He called these people to his bedside and told them what he wanted done. He presented his plan in detail. Rupsch and Kuechler — these are their names — pledged themselves to do what he desired. They started on the journey with the necessary material, reached Ruedesheim safely, and on the night of the 27th they proceeded to a spot not far from the monument, where the railroad runs near the edge of the forest. They filled a culvert with a large quantity of dynamite, put a fulminating cap into it and drew the fuse into the forest. It was raining at the time, and they covered the fuse with moist ground and tied the end of it to a tree, which they marked by cutting into it. They then returned to Ruedesheim. The next morning they returned to the place. The royal train came. Kuechler gave the signal; Rupsch held his burning cigar to the fuse. One moment of breathless expectation! The train passed, and the explosion — failed. Kuechler asked Rupsch about the failure. The latter showed that the end of the fuse had been lighted, but did not burn because it was damp. They did not give up hope, as the train had to return the same way after the ceremonies were over. A new fuse was attached. Again the royal party passed over the critical ground, where death had been prepared for them. Rupsch lit the fuse again, but it did not burn. An investigation afterwards showed that the fuse only burned a short length and then went out. They had followed all Reinsdorf's instructions but one — instead of water-proof fuse they had supplied themselves with the common kind. With mutual recriminations, Kuechler and Rupsch took the dynamite from under the culvert and went back to Ruedesheim, where they got gloriously drunk. After they had sobered up, they returned to Elberfeld and reported to Reinsdorf, who already knew that his beautiful plan had miscarried. With great wrath he listened to them and said: "No such thing could have happened to me." He thought there would be another chance. Then he would not be in the hospital, but could carry it out himself. His hopes were in vain. After his discharge from the hospital in Elberfeld, he proceeded to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he was arrested. The police found out that he was an accomplice in the conspiracy, but, putting him through the sieve, they failed to get anything out of him, as he would not answer a single question. He said: "You may ask me as much as you wish, I shall not answer." Bachman, one of his companions and an accomplice, escaped to Luxemburg, where he thought he would be safe from the law, but he also was arrested and extradited and sent to Elberfeld to keep Reinsdorf company, together with Rupsch and Kuechler.

Reinsdorf and his accomplices were tried before the courts of Leipsic, and the trial lasted seven days. Bachman and two others were sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Rupsch got a life sentence, while Reinsdorf was sentenced to be beheaded. At his trial Reinsdorf was as stubborn as ever. He denied everything. When he was asked who he was he answered:

"I am an Anarchist."

"What is Anarchy?" he was asked.

"A company in which every sensible man can develop his ability. To permit this no one should be burdened with excessive labor; want and misery should be banished; every force should cease; every stupidity, every superstition should be banished from the world."

The presiding judge asked him if he was guilty or not, and to answer with "yes" or "no."

Reinsdorf answered with a steady voice: "I look upon this whole thing as a question of power. If we German Anarchists had a couple of army corps at our disposition, then I would not have to talk to this court. I for my part have nothing to say. Do with me as you please."

After the court had finished, Reinsdorf resumed his remarks and said: "The attempt at Niederwald failed because 'the hand of Providence appeared,' as the prosecution terms it. I tell you the awkward hand of Rupsch did it. I am sorry to say I had no one else at my disposal. I have nothing to repent, only that the attempt failed. At the factories the people are going to ruin merely for the benefit of the stockholders. These honest Christians swindle the working people of half of their living. My lawyer wanted to save my head, but for such a hounded proletarian as I am the quickest death is the best. If I had ten heads I would offer them with joy and lay them on the block for the good cause."

Before going to the scaffold, Reinsdorf ate a hearty meal, smoked a cigar, and sang a song. He walked steadily into the court-yard, where the scaffold was standing, guarded by a squad of soldiers, besides about a hundred other persons.

"Are you August Reinsdorf?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes, that I am."

The death warrant was then read and the royal signature shown to him. The executioner then bore him to the scaffold. Reinsdorf's last words were: "Down with barbarism; hurrah for Anarchy!" The axe fell and the head was severed from his body.

The atonement for the decapitation of Reinsdorf followed quickly. The sentence had hardly been carried into execution when, on the 13th of January, 1885, "the miserable Rumpff," as they called him, was stabbed and killed by the hand of an Anarchist at Frankfort-on-the-Main. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

With such an example of courage before them, and the revenge his execution invited, it is almost needless to remark that the bloodthirsty Anarchists of Chicago read with eager avidity anything pertaining to their hero. Accordingly, in the *Vorbote* of December 16, 1885, the following is to be found:

REINSDORF'S INHERITANCE.

In the pamphlet about Reinsdorf there is a letter published which our great martyr wrote the day previous to his decapitation. We are able now to publish two other letters which Reinsdorf wrote at the same time, to his parents and to his second brother.

One letter reads as follows:

HALLE, February 6, 1885.

My Dear Brother: To-day is my last day, and I could not let it pass without writing to you to show you that I always remembered you with brotherly love. When you have read

this letter I shall be one of the fortunates who are past and one of whom they can speak nothing but good. Now, my deeds, specially alleged against me before the courts, lie open before the world, and, although I am sentenced to death, I have the feeling that I did my duty; and this feeling it is which makes my last walk easy, to receive joyfully the everlasting sleep as something well earned.

Dear August, you have often had trouble and sorrow, although you are in the blossom of life. People usually heed the words of one deceased more than the speeches of philosophers. I want to tell you a few words. Bear with strength, endurance and friendly submission the burden which you have laden upon yourself, and try to have satisfaction in it, so you can raise your children that they may be useful to you and an adornment to you. What would you gain by it, if you should participate in the good-for-nothing diversions of the people? Think, I could have done it, but I preferred the wandering existence of an Anarchist.

When you, therefore, in years to come, look back upon the days of honest, peaceable labor done, and of hard duty fulfilled, then you will be filled with a joyful certainty and a quiet happiness that will repay you for all your sufferings. We still live, unfortunately, in a world of egotism and incompleteness, and only a few are in position to swim against the stream—even at the risk of their lives. You never did it. Good. So do your duty as the father of your family. Good-by. Accept a greeting from my heart for your wife and family, from

Your brother,

AUGUST.

The second letter is directed to his parents:

HALLE, February 6, 1885.

My Dear Parents: Take in silence what cannot be helped! Who would sacrifice their children, if not you, who have so many? Or should the wealthy do it, when it is the cause of the poor for which we fight? Or should we lay our hands in our laps and wait until others have sacrificed themselves for us? And is it such a great sacrifice I bring? Sick as I am, and with a prospect of long suffering, it should be looked upon as a blessing when such an existence is put to a quick death. And what an end is it? Whoever they are, progressive or reactionary, liberal or conservative, they all hate the Anarchist Reinsdorf. As they have condemned his doings, they cheer his death, the crown of a faithful, self-sacrificing man. But his steadfastness, in defiance of thousands of obstacles, no one can deny. And this shall be your consolation.

How many have had to die for smaller causes? How many have lost their lives in dynamite conquests? Take all this in consideration and don't let your hearts be made heavy through the babble of paltry and narrow-minded people. My last thoughts are of you and of brothers and sisters, and of the great cause for which I die. Deep-felt wishes fill my heart for the prosperity of every one of you. Greetings to my brothers and sisters, especially Carl, Emilie, Emma and Anna, to whom I could not write personally. Shake once more their hands for me. You and I embrace with all the love of childhood, and I greet you a thousand times. Good-by, all.

Yours,

AUGUST.

What Herr Johann Most, the present American leader of the irreconcilables, thought of Reinsdorf, may be judged by the following extracts from Most's biography:

From the 15th to the 22nd of December, 1884, eight workingmen, who had been captured in the war of the poor against the rich, were sitting in the dock, not to have justice passed upon them, but to await the sentence of might which the judges, acting as mouth-pieces for the ruling powers, had in preparation for them. The most prominent figure among these victims of a barbaric order of society was August Reinsdorf. To this man my little book is to be a tribute of esteem.

I am well aware of the difficulty of my otherwise quite modest undertaking, to write a biography of the father of the Anarchistic movement within the territory of the German

language, yet I hope to do the brothers near and far a service, for the time being at least, by sketching for them a likeness of a true hero of the Social Revolution. . . .

Indeed Reinsdorf was not an agitator of the common sort. Speeches delivered occasionally or written articles were to him only means to a higher purpose—incentives to *action*.

Since he had recognized his ideal in Anarchism; . . . since the necessity of the "*tactics of terror*" had dawned upon him in contradistinction to the tactics of petitioning, voting, "parliamenting," bargaining, and of the peaceable and legitimate hide-and-seek practice—all his thinking and planning was directed to but *one thing*, he knew of but *one*

endeavor, he gave his entire being to but one motive power of the Social Revolution—that was the propaganda of action.

In this regard he may be put beside the most noble conspirators of ancient and modern times. . . .

To be a revolutionist indeed, one must possess the faculty of thinking with the most acute clearness. But religious "fog" is the opposite of clearness of intellect. Yea, where religious nonsense has once taken a deep root, there every mental development is actually excluded, and a kind of idiocy formally takes its place. . . .

Quite different does the matter stand in the case of a "proletarian." If he once recognize the old Lord God with his thunderbolt as an invented scarecrow which a shrewd gang of rascals have placed before paradise,—that man should not eat of the tree of knowledge, but that he should rather wait in patience for the roasted birds which, after his death, come flying into his mouth from a heavenly kitchen,—if the poor devil has learned to see that his



JOHANN MOST.

namesake, too, wherewith they had tried to scare him previously, is also an invention of malicious swindlers,—then he soon applies the rule of the critic to the "high" and "highest" idols of earth. He loses respect for the so-called "Governments" and more and more learns to see in them a horde of brutal tormentors. These custodians of existing treasures attract his eye also to the possessors of the riches of the earth, and soon the question dawns upon him, Who has created all these things? The answer comes of itself. He and his like have done that. *To them*, therefore, belongs the whole world. They only need to take.

Thus the man, having cut loose from God, becomes the revolutionist *par excellence*.

After Reinsdorf had succeeded in finding people who he thought were fit to take part in revolutionary actions and even risk their lives, he was also fortunate enough to discover a source from which dynamite, that *glorious stuff* which will literally make a road for liberty, could be procured.

And how did he die? Shortly before the moment of death, and while in the hands of the hangman, he cried out: "Down with barbarism! Let Anarchy live!"

language, yet I hope to do the brothers near and far a service, for the time being at least, by sketching for them a likeness of a true hero of the Social Revolution. . . .

Indeed Reinsdorf was not an agitator of the common sort. Speeches delivered occasionally or written articles were to him only means to a higher purpose—incentives to *action*.

Since he had recognized his ideal in Anarchism; . . . since the necessity of the "*tactics of terror*" had dawned upon him in contradistinction to the tactics of petitioning, voting, "parliamenting," bargaining, and of the peaceable and legitimate hide-and-seek practice—all his thinking and planning was directed to but *one thing*, he knew of but *one*

endeavor, he gave his entire being to but one motive power of the Social Revolution—that was the propaganda of action.

In this regard he may be put beside the most noble conspirators of ancient and modern times. . . .

To be a revolutionist indeed, one must possess the faculty of thinking with the most acute clearness. But religious "*fog*" is the opposite of clearness of intellect. Yea, where religious nonsense has once taken a deep root, there every mental development is actually excluded, and a kind of idiocy formally takes its place. . . .

Quite different does the matter stand in the case of a "proletarian." If he once recognize the old Lord God with his thunderbolt as an invented scarecrow which a shrewd gang of rascals have placed before paradise,—that man should not eat of the tree of knowledge, but that he should rather wait in patience for the roasted birds which, after his death, come flying into his mouth from a heavenly kitchen,—if the poor devil has learned to see that his



JOHANN MOST.

namesake, too, wherewith they had tried to scare him previously, is also an invention of malicious swindlers,—then he soon applies the rule of the critic to the "high" and "highest" idols of earth. He loses respect for the so-called "Governments" and more and more learns to see in them a horde of brutal tormentors. These custodians of existing treasures attract his eye also to the possessors of the riches of the earth, and soon the question dawns upon him, Who has created all these things? The answer comes of itself. He and his like have done that. *To them*, therefore, belongs the whole world. They only need to take.

Thus the man, having cut loose from God, becomes the revolutionist *par excellence*.

After Reinsdorf had succeeded in finding people who he thought were fit to take part in revolutionary actions and even risk their lives, he was also fortunate enough to discover a source from which dynamite, that *glorious stuff* which will literally make a road for liberty, could be procured.

And how did he die? Shortly before the moment of death, and while in the hands of the hangman, he cried out: "Down with barbarism! Let Anarchy live!"

These are admonishing words, which no one should leave unheeded who marches under the flag of the Revolution.

Well, then! Let us act accordingly! Away with all sentimental hesitation when it comes to strike a blow against State, Church and Society and their representatives, as well as against all that exists.

Let us never forget that the revolutionists of modern times can enter into the society of free and equal men only over ruins and ashes, over blood and dead bodies.

Let us rise to the height of an August Reinsdorf! Let us complete the work which he so boldly began! Only thus can we avenge ourselves; only thus can we show ourselves worthy of him; only thus can we conquer.

Workingmen! Look down into the freshly dug pit. There lies your best friend and adviser, an advance champion of your cause, a martyred witness to the greatness of the Anarchistic idea. Live, strive and act as he! Anarchists, in your name I lay the well-earned laurel-wreath upon his grave. . . .

The retribution for the annihilation of Reinsdorf came rapidly. Scarcely had the sentence been spoken, and before it had been executed, the dagger of a Nemesis had already taken revenge. On January 13, 1885, the head of the German detective forces, the miserable Rumpff, was stabbed to death by the hand of an Anarchist.

"*Sic semper tyrannis*—So be it to all tyrants!" was heard everywhere. With great satisfaction every honorable man, especially every man of work, experienced that Rumpff had to die because he was the cause of Reinsdorf's death. . . .

The combustibles are heaped up. Proletarians, throw the igniting spark amongst them.

Up with force! Let the Social Revolution live!

The revolutionists of Chicago appear more careful about exposing themselves to danger than their foreign co-conspirators, and, while counseling bloodshed, suggest ways of bringing about destruction with a minimum of danger. In the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of March 16, 1885, there appeared the following editorial, suggesting the most effective way of using dynamite:

In all revolutionary action three different epochs of time are to be distinguished: First the portion of preparation for an action, then the moment of the action itself, and finally that portion of time which follows the deed. All these portions of time are to be considered one after another.

In the first place, a revolutionary action should succeed. Then as little as possible ought to be sacrificed,—that is, in other words, the danger of discovery ought to be weakened as much as possible, and, if it can be, should be reduced to naught. This calls for one of the most important tactical principles, which briefly might be formulated in the words: Saving of the combatants. All this constrains us to further explain the measures of organization and tactics which must be taken into consideration in such an action.

Mention was made of the danger of discovery. That is, in fact, present in all three of the periods of conflict. This danger is imminent in the preparation of the action itself, and finally, after the completion thereof. The question is now, How can it be met?

If we view the different phases of the development of a deed, we have, first, the time of preparation.

It is easily comprehensible for everybody that the danger of discovery is the greater the more numerous the mass of people or the group is which contemplates a deed, and *vice versa*. On the other hand, the threatening danger approaches the closer the better the acting persons are known to the authorities of the place of action, and *vice versa*. Holding fast to this, the following results:

In the commission of a deed, a comrade who does not live at the place of action—that

is, a comrade of some other place—ought, if possibility admits, to participate in the action; or, formulated differently, a revolutionary deed ought to be enacted where one is not known.

A further conclusion which may be drawn from what was mentioned is this:

Whoever is willing to execute a deed has, in the first place, to put the question to himself, whether he is able, or not, to carry out the action by himself. If the former is the case, let him absolutely initiate no one into the matter and let him act alone; but if that is not the case, then let him look, with the greatest care, for just so many fellows as he must have, absolutely—not one more nor less; with these let him unite himself into a fighting group.

The founding of special groups of action or of war is an absolute necessity. If it were attempted to make use of an existing group to effect an action, discovery of the deed would follow upon its heels, if it came to a revolutionary action at all, which would be very doubtful. It is especially true in America, where reaction has velvet paws, and where gamin confidence is, from a certain direction, directly without bounds. In the preparation, even, endless debates would develop; the thing would be hung upon the big bell; it would be at first a public secret, and then, after the thing was known to everybody, it would also reach the long ears of the holy Hermandad (the sacred precinct of the watchman over the public safety), which, as is known to every man, woman and child, hear the grass grow and the fleas cough.

In the formation of a group of action, the greatest care must be exercised. Men must be selected who have head and heart in the right spot.

Has the formation of a fighting group been effected, has the intention been developed, does each one see perfectly clear the manner of the execution, then action must follow with the greatest possible swiftness, without delay, for now they move within the scope of the greatest danger, simply from the very adjacent reason, because the select allies might yet commit treason without exposing themselves in so doing.

In the action itself, one must be personally at the place, to select personally that point of the place of action, and that part of the action, which are the most important and are coupled with the greatest danger, upon which depend chiefly the success or failure of the whole affair.

Has the deed been completed, then the group of action dissolves at once, without further parley, according to an understanding which must be had beforehand, leaves the place of action, and scatters in all directions.

If this theory is acted upon, then the danger of discovery is extremely small—yea, reduced to almost nothing, and from this point of view the author ventures to say, thus, and not otherwise, must be acted, if the advance is to be proper.

It would be an easy matter to furnish the proof, by the different revolutionary acts in which the history of the immediate past is so rich, that the executors sinned against the one or the other of the aforementioned principles, and that in this fact lies the cause of the discovery, and the loss to us of very important fellow-champions connected therewith; but we will be brief, and leave that to the individual reflection of the reader. But one fact is established—that is this: That all the rules mentioned can be observed without great difficulty; further, that the blood of our best comrades can be spared thereby; finally, as a consequence of the last-mentioned, that light actions can be increased materially, for the complete success of an action is the best impulse to a new deed, and the things must always succeed when the rules of wisdom are followed.

A further question which might probably be raised would be this: In case a special or conditional group must be formed for the purpose of action, what is the duty, in that case, of the public groups, or the entire public organization, in view of the aforesaid action? The answer is very near at hand. In the first place, they have to serve as a covering—as a

shield behind which one of the most effective weapons of revolution is bared; then these permanent groups are to be the source from which the necessary pecuniary means are drawn and fellow-combatants are recruited; finally, the accomplished deeds are to furnish to permanent groups the material for critical illustration. These discussions are to wake the spirit of rebellion,—that important lever of the advancing course of the development of our race,—without which we would be forever nailed down to the state of development of a gorilla or an orang-outang. This right spirit is to be inflamed, the revolutionary instinct is to be roused which still sleeps in the breast of man, although these monsters, which, by an oversight of nature, were covered with human skin, are earnestly endeavoring to cripple the truly noble and elevated form of man by the pressure of a thousand and again a thousand years—to morally castrate the human race. Finally, the means and form of conquest are to be found by untiring search and comparison, which enhance the strength of each proletarian a thousandfold, and make him the giant Briareus, alone able to crush the ogres of Capital.

I have thus shown the manner and methods by which Socialism seeks to gain a foothold in America. In their declarations of principles and encouragements to violence, these agitators have proved themselves traitors to their country or the country of their adoption, and ingrates to society. They have sought, and are seeking, to establish “Anarchy in the midst of the state, war in times of peace, and conspiracy in open day.” They are the “Huns and Vandals of modern civilization.”

As De Tocqueville says: “Democracy and Socialism are the antipodes of each other. While Democracy extends the sphere of individual independence, Socialism contracts it. Democracy develops a man's whole manhood; Socialism makes him an agent, an instrument, a cipher. Democracy and Socialism harmonize on one point only—the equality which they introduce. But mark the difference: Democracy seeks equality in liberty, while Socialism seeks it in servitude and constraint.”

CHAPTER V.

The Socialistic Programme — Fighting a Compromise — Opposition to the Eight-hour Movement — The Memorial to Congress — Eight Hours' Work Enough — The Anarchist Position — An *Alarm* Editorial — "Capitalists and Wage Slaves" — Parsons' Ideas — The Anarchists and the Knights of Labor — Powderly's Warning — Working up a Riot — The Effect of Labor-saving Machinery — Views of Edison and Wells — The Socialistic Demonstration — The Procession of April 25, 1886 — How the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Helped on the Crisis — The Secret Circular of 1886.

WHILE the Socialists are bent on a revolution in the economic condition of the working class, or, as they choose to term it, the proletariat, they have conclusively shown that they do not desire to further that movement by pacific means. Imbued with the doctrines of violence and intent on the complete destruction of government, they do not seek their end by orderly, legitimate methods. This fact has been most thoroughly established by the extracts from their public declarations which I have already given.

But if any doubts still exist with reference thereto, they are completely dissipated by an examination into the attitude assumed by the Socialists toward the labor problem as it exists at the present day. It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed review of the whole field. I will simply call attention to one fact, and in that fact one sweeps the labor horizon, viewed from the Socialistic standpoint, as the astronomer sweeps the heavens with his telescope, striking the most prominent objects within the range of observation. This one fact is the position of the Socialists toward the eight-hour movement.

It is generally known that many economists and agitators, with neither affiliations nor sympathy for Socialism, have been contending for years that with the rapid increase in labor-saving machinery and the consequent displacement of labor, reduction in the hours of service has become an absolute necessity. The points made in support of this position are numerous, and as the most salient ones appear in a memorial on the part of a National Labor Convention to the Committee on Depression in Labor and Business of the Forty-sixth Congress, drafted November 10, 1879, I may briefly quote a few. The memorial asked a reduction:

1. In the name of political economy. "All political economists are agreed," they said, "that the standard of wages is determined by the cost of subsistence rather than by the number of hours employed. Wages are recognized as resulting from the necessary cost of living in any given community. The cost of subsistence for an average family determines the rate, and it is for this reason that single men can save more if they will."

2. In the interest of civilization. "The battle for a reduction of the

hours of labor is a struggle for a wider civilization." With less hours, more leisure is afforded for mental and social improvement. In proof the memorialists appealed to the past and to the fact that one day of rest in seven has raised the social condition of the people. Besides, they urged, the "history of the short-hour movement in England proved conclusively that every reduction of time in the United Kingdom had invariably been followed by an increase of wages," and the consequent improvement of workmen.

3. The changed relations between production and consumption demand remedial legislation. A reduction of hours would give more men employment. Under existing conditions, capital and production have increased while the number of persons employed has fallen off.

These are doctrines one would think the Socialist, pretending to have the interests of labor at heart, would unquestionably and heartily indorse. Far from it. True to his nature as a social disturber, disorganizer and malcontent, he sees in it a possible solution of many labor troubles and the approach to a rearrangement of existing conditions on a basis different from his own theories. When this question arose in Chicago in the winter of 1885-86, the *Alarm* entered its most emphatic protest. In its issue of December 12, 1885, it had this to say, under the heading, "No Compromise":

We of the Internationale are frequently asked why we do not give our active support to the proposed eight-hour movement. Let us take what we can get, say our eight-hour friends, else by asking too much we may get nothing.

We answer: Because we will not compromise. Either our position that capitalists have no right to the exclusive ownership of the means of life is a true one, or it is not. If we are correct, then to concede the point that capitalists have the right to eight hours of our labor, is more than a compromise; it is a virtual concession that the wage system is right. If capitalists have the right to own labor or to control the results of labor, then clearly we have no business dictating the terms upon which we may be employed. We cannot say to our employers, "Yes, we acknowledge your right to employ us; we are satisfied that the wage system is all right, but we, your slaves, propose to dictate the terms upon which we will work." How inconsistent! And yet that is exactly the position of our eight-hour friends. They presume to dictate to capital, while they maintain the justness of the capitalistic system; they would regulate wages while defending the claims of the capitalists to the absolute control of industry.

These sentiments were frequently reiterated by A. R. Parsons, who was the editor of the *Alarm*; and in August Spies he found an energetic ally. Among other things Spies said concerning the movement:

We do not antagonize the eight-hour movement. Viewing it from the standpoint that it is a social struggle, we simply predict that it is a lost battle, and we will prove that, even though the eight-hour system should be established at this late day, the wage-workers would gain nothing. They would still remain the slaves of their masters.

Suppose the hours of labor should be shortened to eight, our productive capacity would thereby not be diminished. The shortening of the hours of labor in England was immediately followed by a general increase of labor-saving machines, with a subsequent discharge of a proportionate number of employés. The reverse of what had been sought took place. The exploitation of those at work was intensified. They now performed more labor, and produced more than before.

The movement, however, took a firm hold of the laboring classes. They saw in it a chance to secure more leisure, and, inspired by their anti-Socialistic leaders, did all in their power to further it. There were then in Chicago a great many unemployed, and under the plea that a reduction in the hours of toil would not only give more time for self-improvement, but necessitate the employment of many of the idle throng, the leaders advocated its speedy introduction. At this time the general sentiment prevailed that it was simply a movement for a reduction in working-time, the question of wages not being involved. Some few irresponsible talkers of the Socialistic stamp, it is true, held out that it was to be a contention for wages as well, but the most influential and conservative representatives of labor insisted that they only wanted eight hours' work for eight-hours' pay. Grand Master Workman Powderly held to the latter view and repeatedly urged the members of the Knights of Labor not to go beyond that demand. He even intimated a doubt if it were the part of wisdom and policy to undertake at the time a strike of the kind, in view of the complications then growing out of the Missouri Pacific Railway—known as the Gould system—"tie-up." Traffic and industry had been seriously affected throughout the West by Martin Irons' stubbornness, and it is evident that Powderly had his misgivings about the outcome of an eight-hour strike. However, the leaders continued their agitation, and it was decided that the resolution adopted in 1884 by a number of trades organizations in national session for an eight-hour strike on May 1, 1886, should be carried out in Chicago, as in other large manufacturing and trade centers. Had this simple proposition not been "loaded," the result of the movement might have been different, but, as the time drew near, it became quite apparent that, despite Powderly's warnings, the question of wages was to cut a leading figure. It was developed that the demand for a reduction of hours was to be accompanied with a demand for the same wages as under the old ten-hour system. This was the rock upon which they subsequently foundered. Had they been content to accept decreased wages and relied upon increased efficiency and skill and the logic of events to secure increased pay in the future, they might have scored many victories, if not a complete success.

But they were alike unmindful of Powderly's advice and the teachings of history. They seemingly forgot that the employers would naturally resist any such sweeping concession, and that, as in other instances, the unemployed would at once be installed, whenever possible, in their places, and that in industries where there did not exist an overproduction, the capacity of machines would be more heavily taxed and new machines would be introduced to do work hitherto done by hand. A London publication has shown how, in recent years, in the extremity of bitter strikes, manufacturing have increased their labor-saving machinery to offset the absence of their workmen and how invention in the line of new machines has been

greatly stimulated by a stubborn conflict between employer and employé. Hon. David A. Wells has also pointed out a similar result in this country. Identically the same thing happened in several establishments in Chicago. The unemployed and new machines were called into requisition whenever possible.

But labor-saving machinery need not necessarily be regarded as an enemy of labor. That doctrine, which had its origin at the time when a riot in Spain followed the introduction of a machine to make woolens, and which continued until the invention of the sewing-machine, has in this day come to be regarded by all enlightened economists as a nightmare of the musty past. The fact is labor has been aided and benefited by machinery.

Prof. Edison, the great inventor, is authority for the statement that the increase in machinery and inventions during the last fifty years has doubled the wages of workmen and reduced the cost of the necessaries of life 50 per cent. "For the first time in the world's history," he says, "a skilled mechanic can buy a barrel of flour with a single day's work." Hon. David A. Wells, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, 1887, treating of the depression of prices since 1873, also demonstrates the fact that the reductions, which he states to be 30 per cent., during the time under his review, are due to inventions. Edison goes still further in his statement with reference to the enhancement of wages. He predicts, rather too glowingly perhaps, that in another generation even "the unskilled laborer, if sober and industrious, will have a house of his own, a library, a piano and a horse and carriage," with all the comforts that these imply.

Anarchist Spies evidently took no stock in such a condition as the result of new and improved mechanical appliances, for in his early opposition to the inauguration of the eight-hour movement he declared that "for a man who desires to remain a wage slave, the introduction of every new improvement and machine is a threatening competitor."

I have thus pointed to some facts bearing on strikes and wages because it has since transpired that the Anarchists or Socialists, intent on precipitating the "social revolution," were the principal instigators of the demand for ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, thereby hoping to irritate the employers to determined resistance and the workmen of non-Socialistic ideas to the point of violence. Past experience was cast aside under their clandestine guidance. While the movement was in its infancy the Socialists, as such, held aloof, but, the moment they saw that it was gaining strength and was likely to involve all the wage-workers in the city, and that eight hours on a basis of reduced pay might be secured, they perceived their opportunity to complicate matters by the introduction of a demand for the old wages with reduced time. This at once threw down the gauntlet. While before they had opposed the movement, they now became active agitators in its behalf and appeared more solicitous about its certain inaug-

uration than they were about its successful ending. Their organs bristled with incendiary language. Their speakers could hardly find words strong enough to fire their auditors in the demand for eight hours. They even got up a procession under the auspices of the Central Labor Union, and, on Sunday, April 25, 1886, paraded the streets with red flags and red badges.

Among some of the mottoes displayed were: "The Social Revolution," "Workingmen, Arm Yourselves," "Down with Throne, Altar and Money-bags," and "Might makes Right, and You are the Strongest."

The procession massed on the Lake Front. There the leading speakers were loud in encouraging the strike for eight hours. Parsons maintained that "if the demands of workingmen were met by a universal lock-out, the signal would be taken as one of 'war, and war to the knife.'" Spies declared that "the eight-hour day had been argued for twenty years. We at last can hope to realize it." Schwab and Fielden were alike emphatic.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* likewise heartily indorsed the movement. In its issue of April 26, 1886, appeared an editorial of which the following is the concluding paragraph:

What a modest demand, the introduction of the eight-hour day! And yet a corps of madmen could not demean themselves worse than the capitalistic extortioners. They continually threaten with their disciplined police and their strong militia,—and these are not empty threats. This is proved by the history of the last few years. It is a nice thing, this patience, and the laborer, alas! has too much of this article; but one must not indulge in a too frivolous play with it. If you go further, his patience will cease; then it will be no longer a question of the eight-hour day, but a question of emancipation from wage slavery.

In the same paper two days later the editor said:

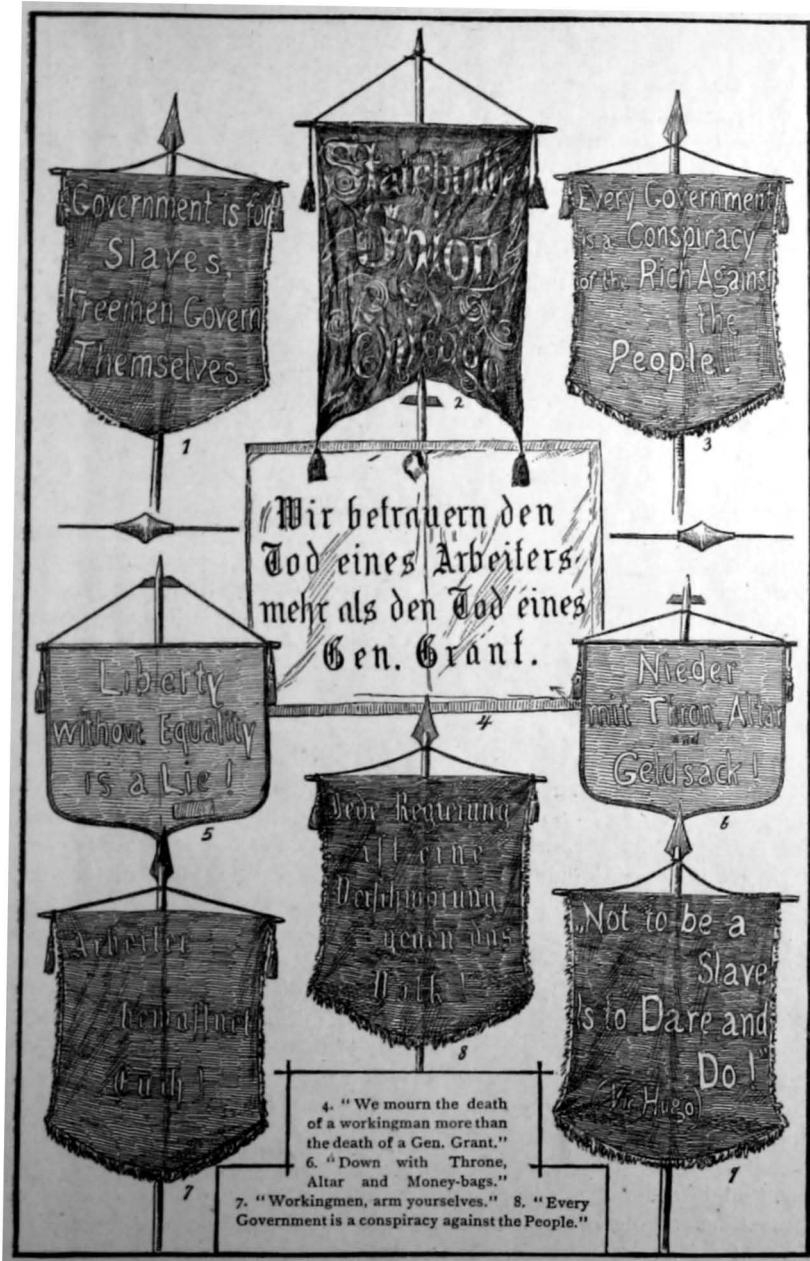
What will the first of May bring? The workingmen bold and determined. The decisive day has arrived. The workingman, inspired by the justice of his cause, demands an alleviation of his lot, a lessening of his burden. The answer, as always, is: "Insolent rabble! Do you mean to dictate to us? That you will do to your sorrow. Hunger will soon rid you of your desire for any notions of liberty. Police, executioners and militia will give their aid."

Men of labor, so long as you acknowledge the gracious kicks of your oppressors with words of gratitude, so long you are faithful dogs. Have your skulls been penetrated by a ray of light, or does hunger drive you to shake off your servile nature, that you offend your extortioners? They are enraged, and will attempt, through hired murderers, to do away with you like mad dogs.

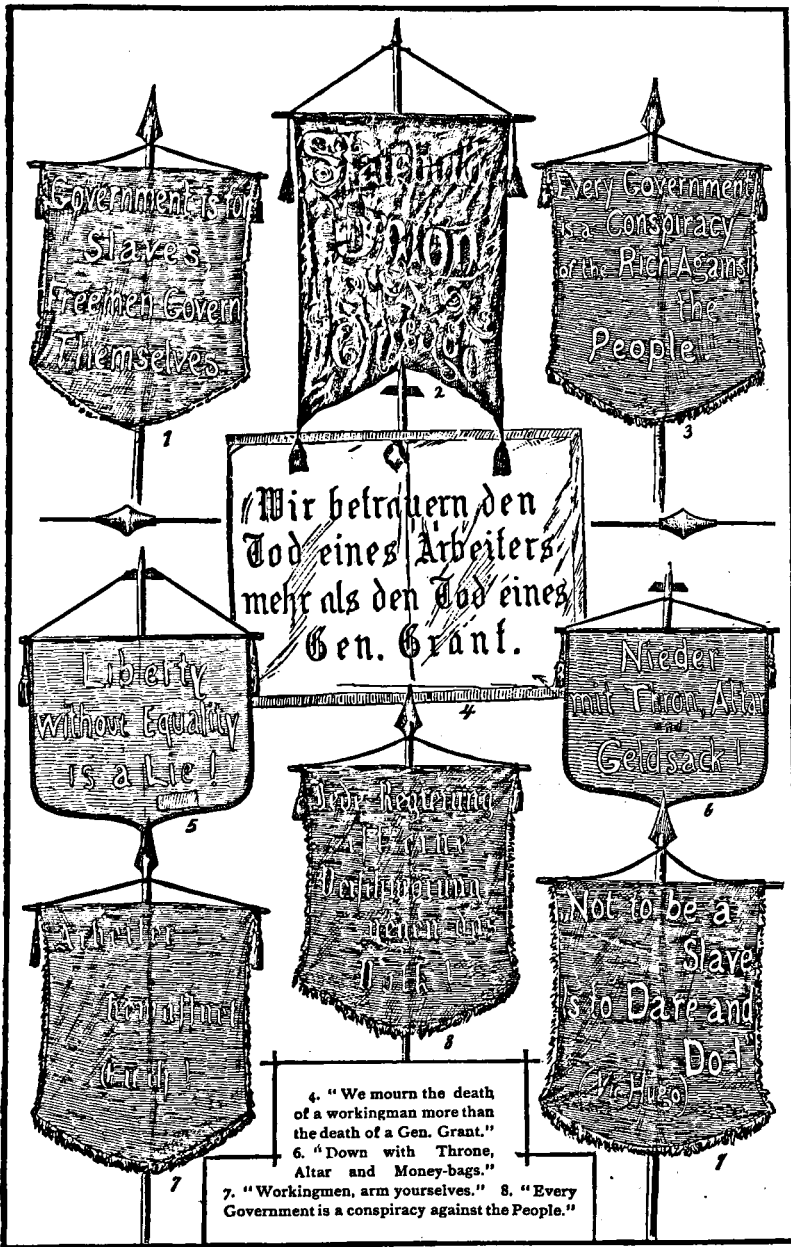
When the eventful day—May 1—arrived, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* became more menacing than ever, and the following appeared:

Bravely forward! The conflict has begun. An army of wage-laborers are idle. Capitalism conceals its tiger claws behind the ramparts of order. Workmen, let your watchword be: No compromise! Cowards to the rear! Men to the front!

The die is cast. The first of May has come. For twenty years the working people have been begging extortioners to introduce the eight-hour system, but have been put off with promises. Two years ago they resolved that the eight-hour system should be introduced in the United States on the first day of May, 1886. The reasonableness of this demand was conceded on all hands. Everybody, apparently, was in favor of shortening the hours; but, as the time approached, a change became apparent. That which was in theory modest and



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—IV. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—IV. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

reasonable, became insolent and unreasonable. It became apparent at last that the eight-hour hymn had only been struck up to keep the labor dunces from Socialism.

That the laborers might energetically insist upon the eight-hour movement, never occurred to the employer. And it is proposed again to put them off with promises. We are not afraid of the masses of laborers, but of their pretended leaders. Workmen, insist upon the eight-hour movement. "To all appearances it will not pass off smoothly." The extortioners are determined to bring their laborers back to servitude by starvation. It is a question whether the workmen will submit, or will impart to their would-be murderers an appreciation of modern views. We hope the latter.

In the same issue of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* also appeared the following, in a conspicuous place:

It is said that on the person of one of the arrested comrades in New York a list of membership has been found, and that all the comrades compromised have been arrested. *Therefore, away with all rolls of membership, and minute-books, where such are kept. Clean your guns, complete your ammunition. The hired murderers of the capitalists, the police and militia, are ready to murder. No workingman should leave his house in these days with empty pockets.*

The consummate inconsistency of the Socialists is thus no better illustrated in what has already been shown than in their record in Chicago. They have always been eager to jump on top of the band wagon, to paraphrase a famous expression of Emery A. Storrs, when they thought that it gave them a chance to join in the lead of the procession; and, the moment they had a voice in directing the music, they led it beyond the mere sentiments of a Marseillaise. Take each formidable strike in the city, and invariably they have instigated the rabble to deeds of disorder and violence. What care they for labor reforms accomplished through peaceable agitation? It is only when a pretext is presented for widening the breach between capital and labor, and hastening the time for revolution, that the Socialists join in any movement looking to the real benefit of labor. It is true, they have figured in labor reforms, such as the agitation for national and State bureaus of labor statistics, the abolition of convict labor in competition with outside industries, the prevention of child labor in factories and work-shops, the sanitary inspection of tenement-houses and factories; but all these have been merely side issues to their one and controlling purpose—Revolution. For appearance' sake they have boasted of their achievements in the lines indicated, but it is a fact of history that, without the efforts of non-Socialistic labor, none of the reforms so far accomplished would ever have been secured. The fact is that Socialists and Anarchists are radically opposed to the whole wage system and only join in the demands of law-observing and peace-loving labor as a means to one end—opportunity for disturbance. For this purpose alone they have become members of the Knights of Labor, and, once in, they have proved an element of disorder and contention. So pronounced had they become in fomenting trouble during the eight-hour agitation that Mr. Powderly finally found it necessary to issue a secret circular to the order in the spring of 1886. In that circular, among other things, he said:

Men who own capital are not our enemies. If that theory held good, the workman of to-day would be the enemy of his fellow-toiler on the morrow, for, after all, it is how to acquire capital and how to use it properly that we are endeavoring to learn. No! The man of capital is not necessarily the enemy of the laborer; on the contrary, they must be brought closer together. I am well aware that some extremists will say I am advocating a weak plan and



INTERIOR VIEW OF NEFF'S HALL.—From a Photograph.

will say that bloodshed and destruction of property alone will solve the problem. If a man speaks such sentiments in an assembly read for him the charge which the Master Workman repeats to the newly initiated who join our "army of peace." If he repeats such nonsense put him out.

Wise words and well spoken.

Men who own capital are not our enemies. If that theory held good, the workman of to-day would be the enemy of his fellow-toiler on the morrow, for, after all, it is how to acquire capital and how to use it properly that we are endeavoring to learn. No! The man of capital is not necessarily the enemy of the laborer; on the contrary, they must be brought closer together. I am well aware that some extremists will say I am advocating a weak plan and



INTERIOR VIEW OF NEFF'S HALL.—From a Photograph.

will say that bloodshed and destruction of property alone will solve the problem. If a man speaks such sentiments in an assembly read for him the charge which the Master Workman repeats to the newly initiated who join our "army of peace." If he repeats such nonsense put him out.

Wise words and well spoken.

CHAPTER VI.

The Eight-hour Movement — Anarchist Activity — The Lock-out at McCormick's — Distorting the Facts — A Socialist Lie — The True Facts about McCormick's — Who Shall Run the Shops? — Abusing the "Scabs" — High Wages for Cheap Work — The Union Loses \$3,000 a Day — Preparing for Trouble — Arming the Anarchists — Ammunition Depots — Pistols and Dynamite — Threatening the Police — The Conspirators Show the White Feather — Capt. O'Donnell's Magnificent Police Work — The Revolution Blocked — A Foreign Reservation — An Attempt to Mob the Police — The History of the First Secret Meeting — Lingg's First Appearance in the Conspiracy — The Captured Documents — Bloodshed at McCormick's — "The Battle Was Lost" — Officer Casey's Narrow Escape.

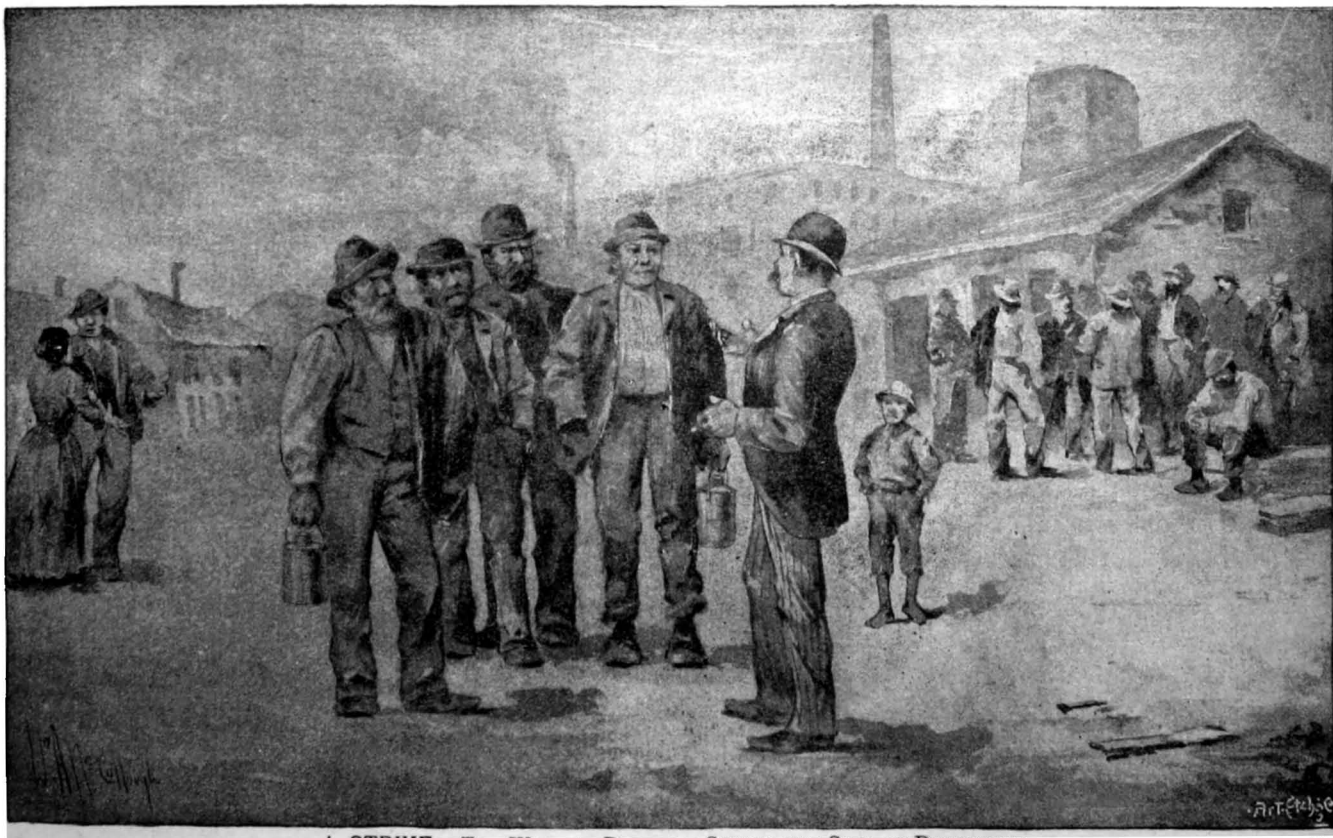
THE events immediately preceding the inauguration of the eight-hour strike were remarkable in the opportunities they afforded Anarchists for arousing workmen against capital and stirring up their worst passions. The leaders had already intensified the clamor for reduced working-time, and only the occasion was needed to fully arouse the true ruffianism behind the Socialistic rabble. This occasion was presented in the troubles that grew out of the "lock-out" at McCormick's Harvester Works, and, as the facts in connection therewith are necessary to a clear and comprehensive understanding of the situation, I shall briefly review them. Before doing so, however, it may be well to premise by saying that the real state of affairs in that trouble was greatly exaggerated, and that, instead of dividing responsibility, the Socialistic orators sought to throw the sole burden upon the owners and managers of that establishment, charging them, in the heat and excitement of the times, with gross violation of pledged faith to the men employed, and instigating even violent resistance to the installation of new men, or "scabs," as they were opprobriously termed, into the vacated places.

This so-called "lock-out" occurred on February 16, 1886, and through it some twelve hundred men became idle. The Anarchists proceeded at once to distort every fact in connection with it. The view they presented of the affair may be best shown by the following extract from a history of the Chicago Anarchists published by the Socialistic Publishing Society:

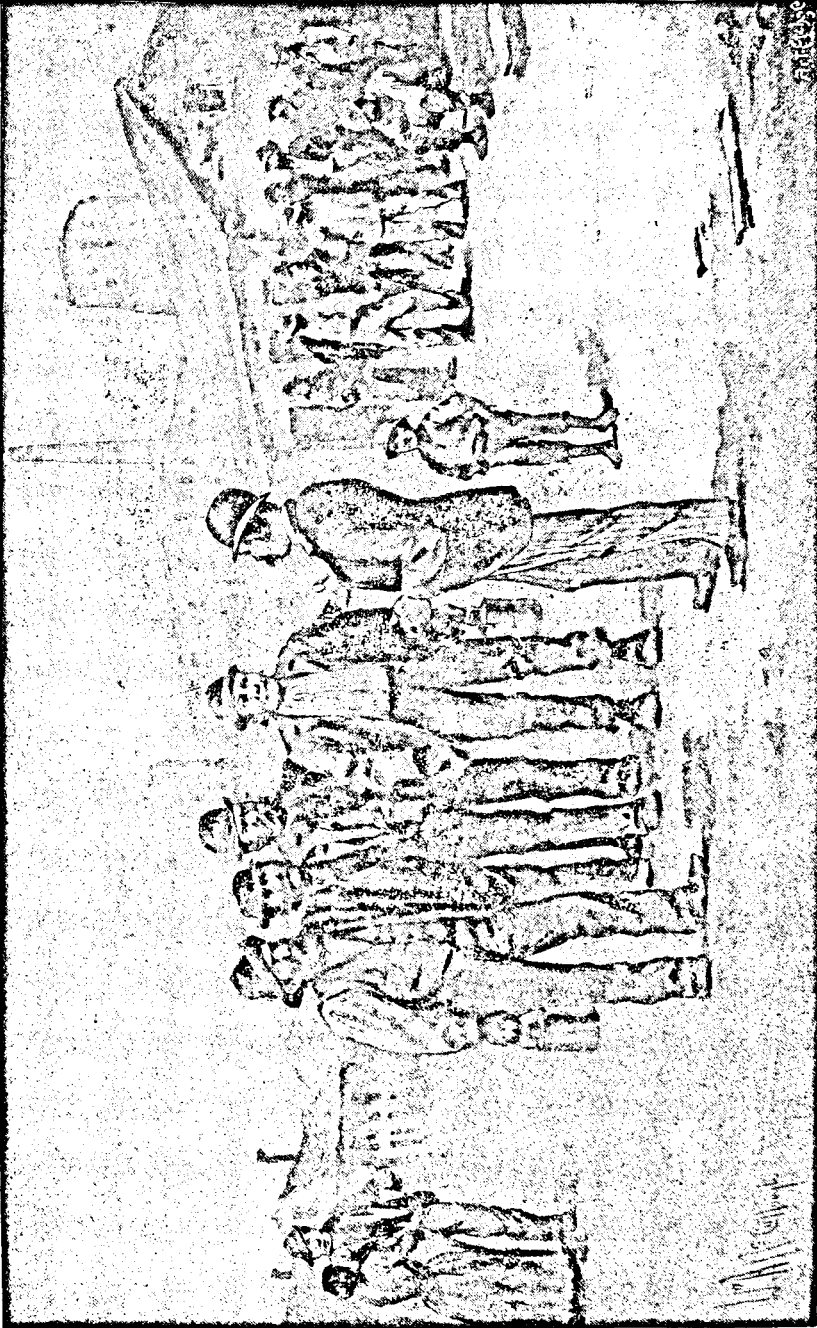
The employes of that establishment had been for some time perfecting their organization, and at last had presented a petition for the redress of certain grievances and a general advance of wages. The dispute arose over an additional demand that a guarantee be given that no man in the factory should be discharged for having acted as a representative of his comrades. This was absolutely refused. A strike in the factory in the preceding April had been adjusted on the basis that none of the men who served on committees, etc., and made themselves conspicuous in behalf of their fellow workmen, would be discharged for so doing. This agreement has been wantonly violated, and every man who had incurred the displeasure of Mr. McCormick was not only discharged, but black-listed, in many cases being unable to obtain employment in other shops.

It thus appears that the Socialist leaders not only hoped to utilize the strike to precipitate their revolution, but, by purposely misstating the grievances of McCormick's men, to engender a bitter and violent feeling against that establishment. Now, what were the true facts in the case? Along in February the employés in the works asked for a uniformity of wages, the re-employment, as occasion demanded, of all old hands, who had been out of work since the strike in April preceding, and the discharge of five non-union men employed in the foundry. Mr. Cyrus McCormick generously conceded the first two demands, but firmly declined to discharge the non-union men, as he regarded this as an interference with the company's right of employing whom they pleased. Thereupon the employés held a meeting and formulated an *ultimatum*, in which they insisted upon the discharge as requested, "not because," as they said, "they wanted to abridge the privilege of hiring and discharging, but because Foreman Ward threatened to pursue old hands with such vindictiveness that he would drive them over the 'Black Road,' or else they would have to walk in their nakedness," and in justice to the old employés the non-union workmen ought to be "thrown out." Mr. McCormick took the position that this was an attempt to dictate that only union men should be employed in the works, and he finally declared that the company had always decided and always would decide who were best suited to do its work, and whom or how many men it would employ or discharge. If the concessions already made were not satisfactory, he would close the works.

During the strike of the preceding spring, McCormick had done just what other manufacturers had done in similar cases—introduced new machinery to perform work hitherto done by hand. He had put in new molding apparatus and had found that the new machines in the hands of ordinary laborers, as soon as they learned to handle them, turned out daily far more molds and more reliable ones than the old hand process. On the outbreak of the trouble in February there were fifteen men employed in the foundry, —ten old hands and five non-union men. The services of all of them might thus have been dispensed with, since skilled labor was not necessary, and, with the addition of more machines and a few raw hands, just as much and just as good work, he claimed, might have been produced. But the owners desired to favor the employés, and, having granted a uniformity of wages even to the extent of advancing the pay of ordinary labor to \$1.50 per day, a sum greater than that paid by similar industries elsewhere, and having promised to give preference to old employés when additional hands were needed, they resolved not to be dictated to by outside malcontents nor to discharge men who had done efficient work for the company. The grant of such a request would, they held, be virtually placing the management of the concern in the hands of outsiders. When, therefore, the employés, instigated by the Anarchists, resolved to strike for their demand, McCormick

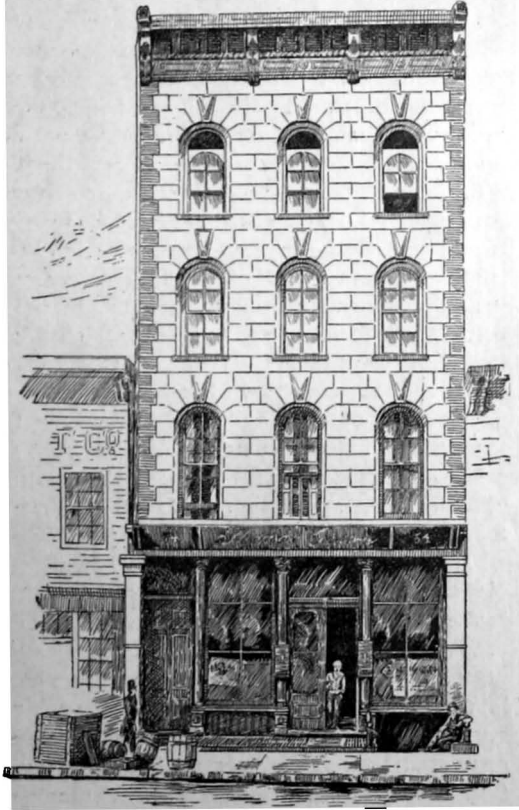


A STRIKE. THE WALKING DELEGATE SOWING THE SEED OF DISCONTENT.



A STRIKE. THE WALKING DELEGATE SOWING THE SEED OF DISCONTENT.

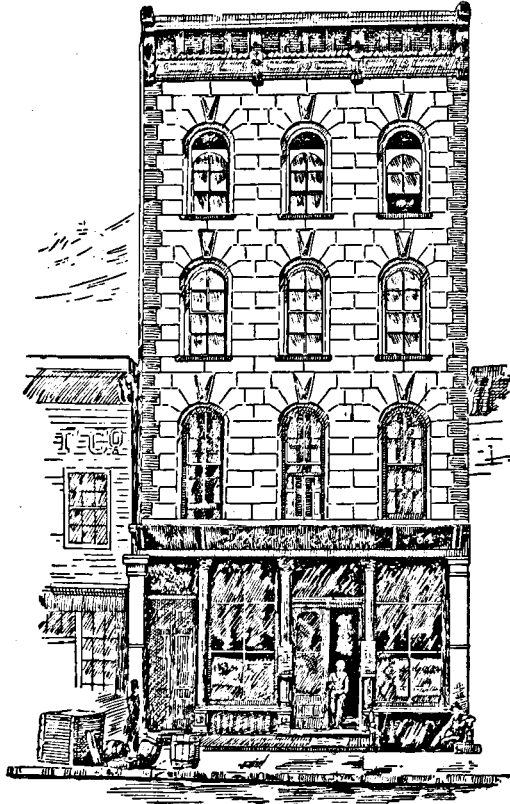
took time by the forelock and ordered the works closed on and after nine o'clock on the morning of February 16, to remain closed until the strikers decided to return. By this "lock-out" the employes were deprived of \$3,000 a day in the shape of wages, that amount representing the daily payroll of the concern. Meanwhile, pending the lock-out, the company canvassed the possibility of an early resumption of business and quietly perfected arrangements for that step, which they concluded to take on March 1. Of course, this contemplated move enraged all the groups in the city. The strikers in the vicinity of the factory were especially excited. Ever since the establishment had closed its doors the neighborhood had been infested with idlers and vicious-looking men. They had all felt confident that the firm would be finally forced to submit, but when it gradually dawned upon their minds that arrangements had actually been made for a resumption of work without reference to the wishes of the "outs," they determined to prevent it by force. They were the first to decide on violent measures, and they



GREIF'S HALL.

presented their purpose to the members of Carpenters' Union No. 1. The result was that two secret meetings of the armed men of both unions were held between February 27 and March 3 at Greif's Hall. The first meeting called out nearly all the "armed men" of the Metal-workers' Union and about one hundred and forty men belonging to International Carpenters' Union No. 1, some with rifles, revolvers and dynamite bombs. They then and there formulated a plan to prevent the "scabs" from going to work. The plan was that the metal-workers should gather

took time by the forelock and ordered the works closed on and after nine o'clock on the morning of February 16, to remain closed until the strikers decided to return. By this "lock-out" the employés were deprived of \$3,000 a day in the shape of wages, that amount representing the daily payroll of the concern. Meanwhile, pending the lock-out, the company canvassed the possibility of an early resumption of business and quietly perfected arrangements for that step, which they concluded to take on March 1. Of course, this contemplated move enraged all the groups in the city. The strikers in the vicinity of the factory were especially excited. Ever since the establishment had closed its doors the neighborhood had been infested with idlers and vicious-looking men. They had all felt confident that the firm would be finally forced to submit, but when it gradually dawned upon their minds that arrangements had actually been made for a resumption of work without reference to the wishes of the "outs," they determined to prevent it by force. They were the first to decide on violent measures, and they



GREIF'S HALL.

presented their purpose to the members of Carpenters' Union No. 1. The result was that two secret meetings of the armed men of both unions were held between February 27 and March 3 at Greif's Hall. The first meeting called out nearly all the "armed men" of the Metalworkers' Union and about one hundred and forty men belonging to International Carpenters' Union No. 1, some with rifles, revolvers and dynamite bombs. They then and there formulated a plan to prevent the "scabs" from going to work. The plan was that the metal-workers should gather

in the vicinity of the factory at about five o'clock on the morning the works were to be reopened, well equipped with bombs, rifles and revolvers. Those who did not possess rifles were to secure revolvers and bombs, which could be obtained, they were told, on Blue Island Avenue, between Twenty-second Street and McCormick's. At that place, on giving the pass-word and number of the place, every member would be supplied. In the event of their running short of ammunition, they were to repair to that place, and they would find some one there always to wait on them. It was given out that the place was run by the metal-workers, who would see to it that all necessary bombs were on hand. Members having friends living in the vicinity of the factory were to stay with them over night so as to be up bright and early in the morning, and those living at a distance were to make it a point to get up early enough to be on hand at the time indicated. A point of *rendezvous* was designated, and, when all had arrived, they were to surround the factory and permit no one to enter except on peril of being shot. This situation of affairs, they said, would necessarily bring out the police, but the moment these should arrive the "armed men" were to open fire. The first volley was to be over the heads of the "blue-coats," and if that did not put them to flight, they were to be shot down without mercy. When they began to throw bombs the "reds" were all to be in line, so that none of their own number would be hurt by the explosions, and wherever the police formed a company a solid front was to be presented and a rattling fire maintained. They would also form different lines along the "Black Road," and when patrol wagons came to the rescue of the officers, they were to hurl bombs at them.

It was to be a fight to the death. Every one agreed, as I was told, "to die game, give no quarter, and see to it that the green grass around McCormick's factory was nourished with human blood." In accordance with the plan, the members of the Carpenters' Union were to assemble with rifles and ammunition at Greif's Hall at an hour not later than six o'clock in the morning, and to remain there until orders for their services were sent. The carpenters carried out their part of the programme, and at the appointed hour there were no less than two hundred of them at the hall, fully armed and apparently ready for any emergency. They scattered throughout the hall building so as not to attract attention, and impatiently awaited orders or information indicating the progress of affairs at the factory. But no orders were received. They heard nothing for some time, but when they did they were a happier lot of men. The clamor and excitement of the hour had stimulated them with a false courage, but each had nevertheless entertained a secret hope that there would be no call for a display of their valor. And there was none.

It appears that, on the morning they were to have created such dire destruction, the brave metal-workers overslept themselves! "There was

snow on the ground," and probably they did not care to defile it with the blood of their enemies. None of them appeared at the *rendezvous* on time, and when they straggled around at a later hour they were full of excuses, the one on which they principally relied being that their faithful spouses had neglected to wake them in time. No one for a moment charged the others with cowardice, and yet that was the whole secret of their failure. Each had expected others to be at the appointed place ready for the fray, but the unanimity with which all had prolonged their slumbers prevented what all had expected to see—a brilliant victory with themselves beyond all danger.

But about the time these braves should have been around according to programme, another party occupied the field. It was the brave and fearless Capt. Simon O'Donnell, of the Second Precinct, with two lieutenants and three companies of well disciplined officers. They took charge of the "Black Road" and the vicinity of McCormick's factory as early as six o'clock, and the so-called "scabs" passed into the works, "with none to molest them or make them afraid." When those who had overslept sneaked around, one after another, they were perfectly amazed. Where they had hoped to see the ground strewn with the dead bodies of policemen, they found order and serenity.

In the expectation of seeing some disturbance, the vicinity became crowded during the forenoon with idlers and curious people drawn from all parts of the city. Seeing this throng and relying on the presence of many Anarchists, the daring metal-workers revived their spirits and hoped yet to precipitate a conflict by egging it on at a safe distance in the rear. They accordingly began to utter loud threats and urge the excited rabble to an attack on the "blanked bloodhounds," the police.

There were in the crowd a lot of half-drunken Polanders and Bohemians who, living in the neighborhood, claimed that the presence of the police was a menace to their personal rights and privileges. The police were on what these misguided people considered their own reservation, and, with a view to driving them away, some began throwing stones and clubs at the officers in the patrol wagons. Others picked out officers apart from their companions and made them the targets for their missiles. Captain O'Donnell learned, while this disconcerted attack was going on, that many of the crowd had revolvers and dynamite in their pockets. He speedily resolved on a plan for arresting and disarming such men and gave orders to his lieutenants to surround the crowd and search all suspected persons. The result was that the following were found to have arms, and they were placed under arrest: Stephen Reiski, Adolph Heuman, Charles Kosh, Henry Clasen, John Hermann, George Hermann, Ernest Haker, Otto Sievert, Emil Kernser, Frank Trokinski and Stanifon Geiner. Detectives

from the Central Station assisted in the search, and the offenders were taken to the Police Court, where they were fined \$10 each.

It was thought that this procedure would quiet the mob, but later in the day the Anarchists again gathered around McCormick's. The crowd was again surrounded, and the following were arrested for carrying concealed weapons: Louis Hartman, William Brecker, Julius Vimert, Peter Pech, William Holden, Louis Lingg, Carl Jagush, Samuel Barn, William Meyer, Rudolph Miller, John Hoben and John Otto. These were also fined.

During this trouble at the factory a gang of Anarchists had gathered at the Workingmen's Hall on West Twelfth Street, and they had just formed a procession to march out in a body to McCormick's, when they were surrounded and searched. In this "round-up" the great "Little August" Krueger was arrested with a full uniform of the Lehr und Wehr



A "ROUND-UP."

Verein under an overcoat, and a number of his comrades were taken in charge at the same time. Many of them had dynamite bombs, and some one shouted that "all brothers who had 'stuff' should get away and the others should assist them."

But the police were not to be trifled with, and

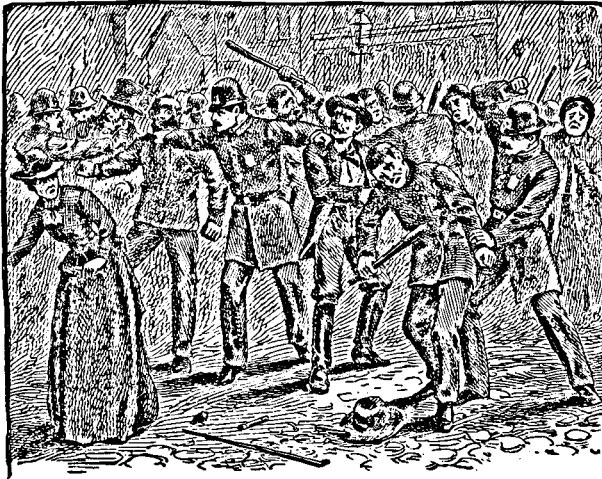
some of the most daring officers rushed into the thickest of the crowd, and succeeded in gathering in several bombs. There were a number of women in the mob, and some of these hid bombs under their petticoats. The officers were of course too gallant to molest them. But the search and arrests served to break up the procession and prevent further outbreaks at the factory that day.

Such were the results of the plots of the first secret meeting. The second secret gathering, a few days later, was held, as the former had been, at Greif's Hall. It was called by the metal-workers and carpenters jointly. They were more demonstrative than ever. Gustav Belz was accorded the distinction of presiding over the turbulent members of the Carpenters' Union. All of the carpenters belonging to the Lehr und Wehr Verein, numbering one hundred and eighty men, were present with their rifles, and

from the Central Station assisted in the search, and the offenders were taken to the Police Court, where they were fined \$10 each.

It was thought that this procedure would quiet the mob, but later in the day the Anarchists again gathered around McCormick's. The crowd was again surrounded, and the following were arrested for carrying concealed weapons: Louis Hartman, William Brecker, Julius Vimert, Peter Pech, William Holden, Louis Lingg, Carl Jagush, Samuel Barn, William Meyer, Rudolph Miller, John Hoben and John Otto. These were also fined.

During this trouble at the factory a gang of Anarchists had gathered at the Workingmen's Hall on West Twelfth Street, and they had just formed a procession to march out in a body to McCormick's, when they were surrounded and searched. In this "round-up" the great "Little August" Krueger was arrested with a full uniform of the Lehr und Wehr



A "ROUND-UP."

some of the most daring officers rushed into the thickest of the crowd, and succeeded in gathering in several bombs. There were a number of women in the mob, and some of these hid bombs under their petticoats. The officers were of course too gallant to molest them. But the search and arrests served to break up the procession and prevent further outbreaks at the factory that day.

Such were the results of the plots of the first secret meeting. The second secret gathering, a few days later, was held, as the former had been, at Greif's Hall. It was called by the metal-workers and carpenters jointly. They were more demonstrative than ever. Gustav Belz was accorded the distinction of presiding over the turbulent members of the Carpenters' Union. All of the carpenters belonging to the Lehr und Wehr Verein, numbering one hundred and eighty men, were present with their rifles, and

Verein under an overcoat, and a number of his comrades were taken in charge at the same time. Many of them had dynamite bombs, and some one shouted that "all brothers who had 'stuff' should get away and the others should assist them."

But the police were not to be trifled with, and

they were loud for war. At the same time the metal-workers had a gathering by themselves, and when a delegation from them called on the carpenters and announced that they were prepared to engage in battle that day, the carpenters' assemblage became delirious with excitement. They shouted and jumped about in such a lively manner that some of the more conservative members were obliged to warn them to quiet down or they would attract the attention of the police. The hot-heads, enraged at this caution, retorted by accusing the conservatives of cowardice. They refused to be quieted, and, like Comanche Indians about to take to the war-path, they examined their revolvers and brandished their guns. They even inspected the fuse on their bombs, and insisted that they would be ready the moment the command was given. In anticipation of blood, they screwed up their courage by frequent libations; and the more they drank the happier they grew over the prospect of speedy acquisition of wealth when once their revolution was started.

It was an uncomfortable place meanwhile for the conservative members, and these had frequent occasion during the stormy proceedings to regret that they had uttered a word of remonstrance. But there was one who did not allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment. It was Balthasar Rau. He took the floor and said that, however much he desired to fight and sweep McCormick and all other capitalists from the face of the earth, yet he could plainly see that the time had not yet arrived for commencing the revolution. It would be folly, he insisted, to go out on the streets with rifles in hand while all the surroundings were against them and while they were not generally prepared to cope with the police and militia. To commence a general upheaval now would be to destroy their prospects in the immediate future.

"Before you make war," said Rau, "you must have something to fall back on; but now we have nothing. We ought to have a treasury well filled. If we inaugurate a fight we must expect that some of us will be killed, others wounded, and others again arrested. Where is the money to help those in distress? What will your families do if you are killed? You must take all these things into consideration. It is very easy for us to go out, shoot and kill somebody, but what can we expect to gain by all that? We must be ready and prepared and protected."

This speech had a soothing effect upon some, but Belz wanted blood, and that immediately. He despised the capitalists, and the sooner their blood was spilled the better it would suit him. The majority of the meeting expressed a concurrence in Rau's ideas, and one member emphasized Rau's remarks by saying that it would be like a man going out on the streets, pounding another and then running away — nothing was gained.

Belz, seeing the drift of sentiment, grew very angry, and he suggested that some one move an adjournment to some other day, when they might

hope to get together a braver lot of men. Such a motion was made, and the gathering separated, those that were not too drunk posting off at once for home.

Belz grew quite demonstrative over the lack of results at this meeting, and avowed that he would have nothing more to do with such a crowd of



HYNEK DJENEK.

ANTON SEVESKI.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS—I. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

cowards. A few days thereafter, however, another meeting was held; but, in view of the many arrests Captain O'Donnell had made among their members, they were unable to decide upon any business. Some of the hot-heads threw all the blame on Rau and some of his friends for having prevented decisive action when they might have hoped to come out victorious. But all this sort of talk was simply braggadocio, and had any of these loud-mouthed fellows been actually tried, they would have been found skulking in the rear of an attacking party. Prior and subsequent events proved them all trembling cowards when their own personal safety was at stake.

Perhaps the most dangerous, because the most secret, figure in the cabal at this time was Louis Lingg. He seems to have been chosen especially to direct the revolutionary design in the southwest part of the city, and his counsels permeated every Socialistic circle in that section. In his trunk, after his arrest, the following letter was found in his own handwriting, evidently a copy or the original of one sent:

Dear Brother Union: On the occasion of the last general meeting in Zepf's Hall the International Carpenters' Union passed a resolution asking the Furniture Makers' Union if they were satisfied with the doings of their delegates, especially with Mr. Hausch and Mr. Mende, who had agreed to take the leadership of the revolution. . . . It is natural that the governing class would take these—their means—as soon as the workingmen would try

hope to get together a braver lot of men. Such a motion was made, and the gathering separated, those that were not too drunk posting off at once for home.

Belz grew quite demonstrative over the lack of results at this meeting, and avowed that he would have nothing more to do with such a crowd of



HYNEK DJENEK.

ANTON SEVESKI.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS—I. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

cowards. A few days thereafter, however, another meeting was held; but, in view of the many arrests Captain O'Donnell had made among their members, they were unable to decide upon any business. Some of the hot-heads threw all the blame on Rau and some of his friends for having prevented decisive action when they might have hoped to come out victorious. But all this sort of talk was simply braggadocio, and had any of these loud-mouthed fellows been actually tried, they would have been found skulking in the rear of an attacking party. Prior and subsequent events proved them all trembling cowards when their own personal safety was at stake.

Perhaps the most dangerous, because the most secret, figure in the cabal at this time was Louis Lingg. He seems to have been chosen especially to direct the revolutionary design in the southwest part of the city, and his counsels permeated every Socialistic circle in that section. In his trunk, after his arrest, the following letter was found in his own handwriting, evidently a copy or the original of one sent:

Dear Brother Union: On the occasion of the last general meeting in Zepf's Hall the International Carpenters' Union passed a resolution asking the Furniture Makers' Union if they were satisfied with the doings of their delegates, especially with Mr. Hausch and Mr. Mende, who had agreed to take the leadership of the revolution. . . . It is natural that the governing class would take these—their means—as soon as the workingmen would try

to take their rights. In consequence of these facts we feel it our duty to call the attention of indifferent workmen to these facts and suggest the adoption of force, power against power, and urge all to arm yourselves. Therefore, stand with all your energy against the system of profit without regard to the way they prepare themselves. We request our brother union to acquaint us with their point of view, so we can form our plans accordingly.

With greeting and the shaking of the hand.

INTERNATIONAL CARPENTERS' UNION No. 1.

Lingg likewise issued a personal address, a copy of which was also found in the trunk, urging the laborers of the Southwest Side to practice in the handling of arms. Among other things found written over his signature, is the following :

Our authorized demands are replied to with clubs, powder and lead. In consequence of these experiences it is no more than right that we adopt force and arm ourselves. The opportunity to arm yourselves cheaply can be ascertained from all well-known comrades, as well as armed organization, where you can find good places to drill. Don't let this opportunity pass. The medicine dynamite, in leaden bomb, is more powerful than the rifle. Don't forget the opportunity.

Lingg also sent another circular to his comrades in that section, of which the following is a copy :

Brothers: As you have noticed for a long time past that the police are more than ready to break your heads with their murderous clubs and do not care whether they make you cripples for the balance of your miserable days, and do not care whether your wives and children have to go begging for you after you become useless ; neither do they care for the loving young son that supports his old parents, whether they kill him or not : therefore, tak-



JOHN POTOTSKI.



FRANK NOVAL.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS.—II. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

ing all these things into consideration,—that these policemen are ready, under the instruction of the capitalists, to commit murder on the working people,—I say we must resist these monsters,—and the way we must do this is to get ready and be all like one man. We must fight them with as good weapons, even better than they possess, and, therefore, I call you all to arms ! As we are no capitalists, we can make arrangements in a gun-factory outside

to take their rights. In consequence of these facts we feel it our duty to call the attention of indifferent workmen to these facts and suggest the adoption of force, power against power, and urge all to arm yourselves. Therefore, stand with all your energy against the system of profit without regard to the way they prepare themselves. We request our brother union to acquaint us with their point of view, so we can form our plans accordingly.

With greeting and the shaking of the hand.

INTERNATIONAL CARPENTERS' UNION No. 1.

Lingg likewise issued a personal address, a copy of which was also found in the trunk, urging the laborers of the Southwest Side to practice in the handling of arms. Among other things found written over his signature, is the following :

Our authorized demands are replied to with clubs, powder and lead. In consequence of these experiences it is no more than right that we adopt force and arm ourselves. The opportunity to arm yourselves cheaply can be ascertained from all well-known comrades, as well as armed organization, where you can find good places to drill. Don't let this opportunity pass. The medicine dynamite, in leaden bomb, is more powerful than the rifle. Don't forget the opportunity.

Lingg also sent another circular to his comrades in that section, of which the following is a copy :

Brothers: As you have noticed for a long time past that the police are more than ready to break your heads with their murderous clubs and do not care whether they make you cripples for the balance of your miserable days, and do not care whether your wives and children have to go begging for you after you become useless ; neither do they care for the loving young son that supports his old parents, whether they kill him or not : therefore, tak-



JOHN FOTOTSKI.



FRANK NOVAL.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS.—II. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

ing all these things into consideration,—that these policemen are ready, under the instruction of the capitalists, to commit murder on the working people,—I say we must resist these monsters,—and the way we must do this is to get ready and be all like one man. We must fight them with as good weapons, even better than they possess, and, therefore, I call you all to arms ! As we are no capitalists, we can make arrangements in a gun-factory outside

of this State. Have this matter treated very confidentially. Have only a committee of three members to buy arms as cheaply as possible, and see if there can be anything secured on half credit, so that you can also give time to the buyer. In this way you can get all new and good arms and better than the police have. Then I call your attention again and impress on your minds that it is not alone enough that you have the arms; you must also understand



VACLAV DJENEK.



ANTON STIMAK.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS—III. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

how to use them so that you can be equally well drilled with them as your opponents. Then you can give them successful resistance. And now, to make this matter very easy and a success for all, the workmen of this city, with the third company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and some members of the International Carpenters' Union, held a meeting yesterday, and they all agreed to give lessons in drill to any one that wanted to learn how to use arms. All the people so desiring should call every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Turner Hall "Vorwaerts," on West Twelfth Street, and there they will receive instructions free of charge.

I want you Southwest Side people to be as useful with arms as the people on the North and Northwest sides. We have everything about as complete as we wish it to be. On the North Side we have Neff's or Thuringia Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, and you can come and visit us there and see the boys drill. We have a man named Hermann, and he is a soldier from the old home and a first-class drillmaster, and always pleased to see new recruits. Now, workmen of the Southwest Side, I beg of you to make use of this opportunity. Do not let this go by like a dream. Remember, we are all one. It does not matter whether you are on the South, North or West Side; we must all fight for a purpose. Do not stay at home and let your brothers be killed when you can help them and make your cause a victory. Come in large masses, come often, come promptly. If you do this, everything will be an easy matter for us to undertake. Our labor will be rewarded. . . . The first of May is coming near. We will have to kill the monster. We must be ready to meet him. This is our only chance now. Probably we will not have this opportunity to meet the monster so that we can fight him with our weapons. You must kill the pirates. You must kill the blood-suckers; and for the first time in ages the poor workingmen will be made happy. Our work is short; we do not want a thirty years' war. Be determined. Do not let your near relation, if he is an enemy, stand in your way. Doing all this, then, the victory is ours.

LOUIS LINGG.

of this State. Have this matter treated very confidentially. Have only a committee of three members to buy arms as cheaply as possible, and see if there can be anything secured on half credit, so that you can also give time to the buyer. In this way you can get all new and good arms and better than the police have. Then I call your attention again and impress on your minds that it is not alone enough that you have the arms; you must also understand



VACLAV DJENEK.



ANTON STIMAK.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS—III. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

how to use them so that you can be equally well drilled with them as your opponents. Then you can give them successful resistance. And now, to make this matter very easy and a success for all, the workmen of this city, with the third company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and some members of the International Carpenters' Union, held a meeting yesterday, and they all agreed to give lessons in drill to any one that wanted to learn how to use arms. All the people so desiring should call every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Turner Hall "Vorwaerts," on West Twelfth Street, and there they will receive instructions free of charge.

I want you Southwest Side people to be as useful with arms as the people on the North and Northwest sides. We have everything about as complete as we wish it to be. On the North Side we have Neff's or Thuringia Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, and you can come and visit us there and see the boys drill. We have a man named Hermann, and he is a soldier from the old home and a first-class drillmaster, and always pleased to see new recruits. Now, workmen of the Southwest Side, I beg of you to make use of this opportunity. Do not let this go by like a dream. Remember, we are all one. It does not matter whether you are on the South, North or West Side; we must all fight for a purpose. Do not stay at home and let your brothers be killed when you can help them and make your cause a victory. Come in large masses, come often, come promptly. If you do this, everything will be an easy matter for us to undertake. Our labor will be rewarded. . . . The first of May is coming near. We will have to kill the monster. We must be ready to meet him. This is our only chance now. Probably we will not have this opportunity to meet the monster so that we can fight him with our weapons. You must kill the pirates. You must kill the blood-suckers; and for the first time in ages the poor workingmen will be made happy. Our work is short; we do not want a thirty years' war. Be determined. Do not let your near relation, if he is an enemy, stand in your way. Doing all this, then, the victory is ours.

LOUIS LINGG.

In the work of stirring up bad blood, Lingg seems to have neglected no point likely to count with the dissatisfied laborers. He knew that among the strikers were a great many German Knights of Labor, and, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he took occasion particularly to point out an article published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of April 22, 1886, giving Governor Oglesby's views on boycotting. This paper was afterwards found in his trunk, somewhat soiled from frequent usage, and the article in question, for convenience of reference, had been heavily marked with a lead-pencil. Lingg no doubt figured that those who believed in the boycott would thereafter array themselves solidly on the side of those who favored force. A translation of the Governor's remarks, as given in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, is as follows :

The system of boycotting is the most damnable proposal which was ever fabricated. It repudiates the Constitution, the law and everything. It is the devil's invention. Yes (speaking to John V. Farwell), when it has so far progressed that the militia is obliged to interfere, you will find that these d—d boycotters will come to them (the merchants and business men) and say, "You must prohibit your employés joining the militia, and those who persist in belonging must be discharged from employment, or you will be boycotted." This is a fine arrangement. It is true that, meeting with opposition all over, it will die out, but I tell you it is the most damnable transgression which was ever concocted.

Parsons and Schwab also took a hand in the McCormick "lock-out," but they used the platform to arouse the people to force. On the 2d of



IGNATZ URBAN



JOSEPH SUGAR.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS—IV. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

March a mass-meeting of Anarchists and hot-headed strikers was held at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Parsons and Schwab were the chief speakers. They were particularly abusive of the owners and the superintendent of the works, and advised the use of violence against the police.

In the work of stirring up bad blood, Lingg seems to have neglected no point likely to count with the dissatisfied laborers. He knew that among the strikers were a great many German Knights of Labor, and, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he took occasion particularly to point out an article published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of April 22, 1886, giving Governor Oglesby's views on boycotting. This paper was afterwards found in his trunk, somewhat soiled from frequent usage, and the article in question, for convenience of reference, had been heavily marked with a lead-pencil. Lingg no doubt figured that those who believed in the boycott would thereafter array themselves solidly on the side of those who favored force. A translation of the Governor's remarks, as given in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, is as follows :

The system of boycotting is the most damnable proposal which was ever fabricated. It repudiates the Constitution, the law and everything. It is the devil's invention. Yes (speaking to John V. Farwell), when it has so far progressed that the militia is obliged to interfere, you will find that these d—d boycotters will come to them (the merchants and business men) and say, "You must prohibit your employés joining the militia, and those who persist in belonging must be discharged from employment, or you will be boycotted." This is a fine arrangement. It is true that, meeting with opposition all over, it will die out, but I tell you it is the most damnable transgression which was ever concocted.

Parsons and Schwab also took a hand in the McCormick "lock-out," but they used the platform to arouse the people to force. On the 2d of



IGNATZ URBAN



JOSEPH SUGAR

SPECIMEN RIOTERS—IV. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

March a mass-meeting of Anarchists and hot-headed strikers was held at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Parsons and Schwab were the chief speakers. They were particularly abusive of the owners and the superintendent of the works, and advised the use of violence against the police.

So incendiary were the speeches that E. E. Sanderson, a member of the strikers' standing committee, took occasion to denounce the proceedings.

"Such speakers," he declared, "cause every spark of sympathy to disappear and bring us into disrepute." If he had had the power, he said, he would have stopped the gathering. He belonged to the true laboring class, and to properly voice its sentiments he hired another hall for the next day.

The continued presence of the police at the works finally restored order in the vicinity, and it seemed as if the Anarchists had abandoned any further intention of violence. But they were secretly at work, biding their time and watching their opportunity. It came on the afternoon of May 3. At this time between 40,000 and 50,000 men in Chicago were out of employment by reason of the eight-hour strike. Excitement ran high throughout the city. The reaper works were now almost in full operation, and, led by the Anarchists, some of the hot-headed strikers, grown impatient over the apparent failure of their plan, made an assault upon the "scabs" at work in the shops. The instigators of this attack and the principal assailants were Anarchists, who exerted themselves to the utmost to bring on a deadly conflict between the police and the unemployed.

For the day in question a meeting of the Lumber-shovers' Union had been called in the vicinity to receive the report of a committee who had waited on their employers with reference to the eight-hour question. The Socialists, learning of this, determined to make use of the opportunity. The union was composed of over six thousand lumber workmen, three thousand Bohemians and over three thousand Germans, and had no connection with the McCormick strike, but it occurred to the Central Labor Union that, inasmuch as many of them were adherents of Socialism, it would be no difficult matter to incite them to riotous demonstrations. On the day preceding, Spies had been delegated by his union to address the gathering. The president of the Lumber Union, Frank Haraster, had become cognizant of the Anarchists' intentions, and had taken occasion to warn the men against either listening to Socialistic orators or participating in a riot. But there were mutterings of discontent, and the crowd was in a revengeful mood. There were no less than 8,000 people at the gathering—some estimated the number as high as 15,000. Some were intent on revolution, and others had been drawn to the scene through idle curiosity.

It only needed a spark to create a tremendous conflagration. Anarchists were busy among the various groups that had collected. For several days they had labored early and late in the locality to stimulate revolutionary action. Their plans had been carefully concocted, and their network of conspiracy extended in every direction. They had opened channels of subterranean communication, and so arranged their mines of Socialistic powder that at the appointed time they hoped to produce an explosion that would reverberate throughout the globe. That appointed time, they figured,

had arrived with the inauguration of the eight-hour movement, and in the lock-out at McCormick's the first opportunity was presented for a general upheaval. This was their hope and the burden of their care.

When, therefore, a coterie of trained Anarchists appeared on the scene of trouble,—evidently by a preconcerted arrangement,—with the Nation's flag reversed and trailing in mud and muck, the wildest excitement was aroused, and only a leader was necessary to connect the electric currents of suppressed hostility to start an outburst of violent deeds.

The occasion brought forth that leader in the person of the impulsive and impetuous Spies. He, with some trusted lieutenants, mounted a box-car in the vicinity of the meeting of the lumber-shovers and the McCormick works. He gathered about him an immense crowd, and, speaking in German, called the attention of his auditors to the "brutalities of capital, its selfishness and its grinding oppression" of wage-workers, rendering their condition worse than that of slaves. With fiery invective he wrought up the feelings of the mob to a pitch of reckless frenzy. In the climaxes of his envenomed utterances, he held the multitude with a charmed spell, and he evoked their highest plaudits when he counseled violence as a means to redress their grievances.

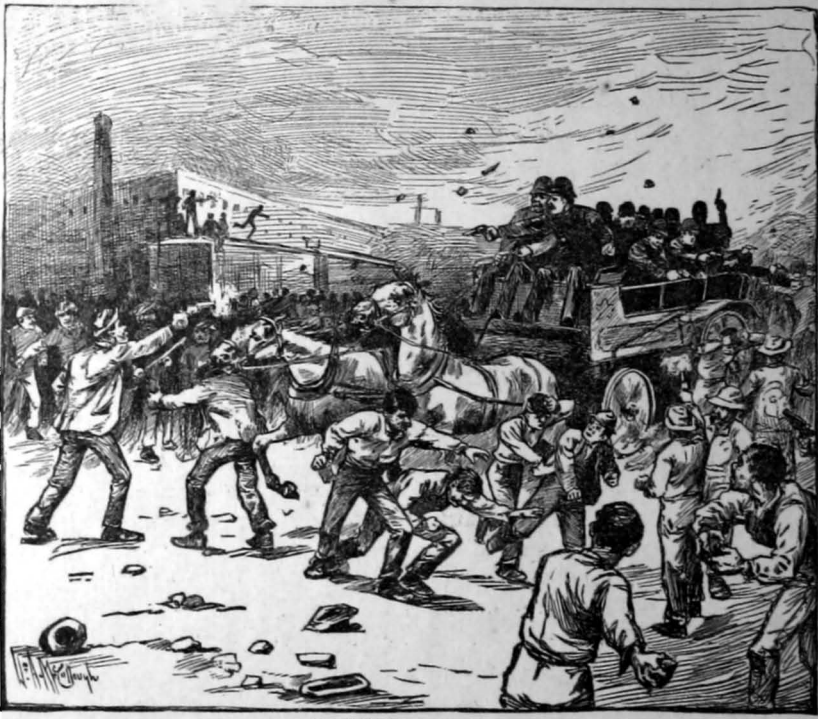
Before the termination of this lurid speech, many hitherto apparently apathetic had caught the infection, and when some of the non-union men emerged from the gate at the McCormick foundry, on the conclusion of their day's labor,—the hour being three o'clock,—many of the mob rushed to the establishment, bent on wreaking vengeance. They had hardly begun to move when some one on the box-car shouted: "Go up and kill the d——d scabs!" The identity of this person has never been disclosed, but it is no rash conclusion to suppose that it was a confidant of Spies, as well as of Lingg, who had secret charge of fomenting disturbances in that district. Lingg was present at this gathering, and, as he subsequently claimed that he had been clubbed by the police in the riot that followed, he may possibly have raised the cry himself.

The mob reached the works in short order, hurling stones and firing shots into the windows of the guard-house, which they finally demolished. The non-union men, seeing the approaching mob, took to flight, some seeking shelter in the works and others scampering across the prairie beyond reach. There were at this time only two policemen on duty. One of them, J. A. West, endeavored to pacify the crowd, but received in response bricks and mud. The other for awhile, as well as he could, held the mob at bay at the gate. West finally worked his way through the crowd to a patrol box, and turned in an alarm for reinforcements. Meanwhile the mob disported itself in throwing stones and firing revolvers, and finally forced an entrance through the gate to the yards.

Presently a patrol wagon loaded with officers plowed through the tur-

bulent mass, and, securing the ground between the mob and the buildings, began driving out and dispersing the rioters. This only served to infuriate the Anarchists, who fired in the direction of the police and hurled a shower of stones. The officers remonstrated in vain, warning the mob to keep back, and finally made a rush upon the rioters with revolvers drawn, shooting right and left.

The crowd swayed to and fro, retreated slightly, then rallied again, and, diverging to either side in a jumbled but compact body, seemed bent on



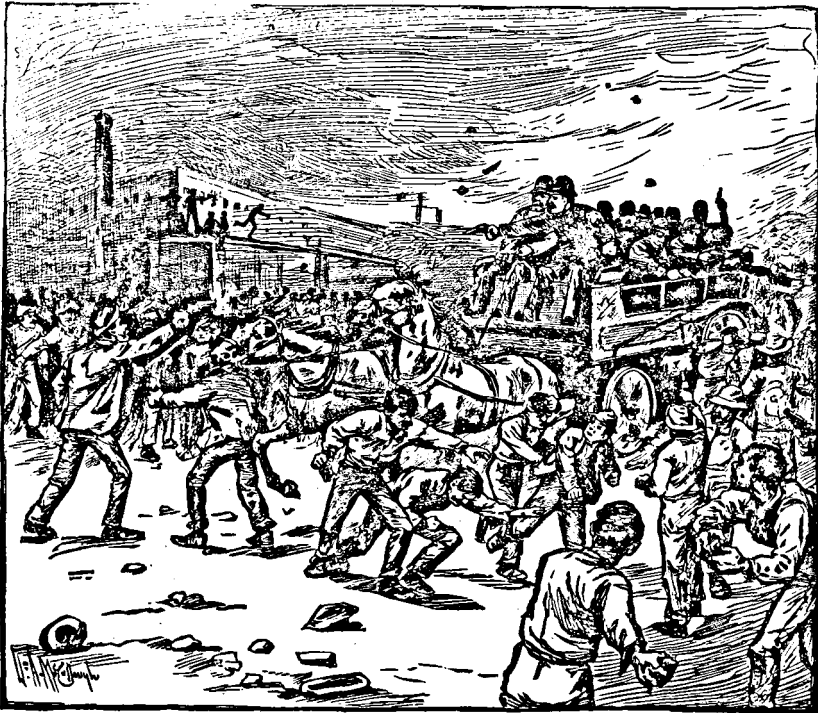
CHARGING THE MOB.

holding their ground and fighting for every inch of it. But the dashing and aggressive movements of the police, backed by courage and discipline, soon demonstrated to the howling rabble the hopelessness of the struggle. The very air seemed charged with bullets, clubs and missiles. Revolvers clicked furiously, the exigencies of the moment necessitating their use on the part of the police, and several revolutionists bit the dust, maimed and wounded. What seems strange is that none were killed in this furious onslaught.

The mob, which numbered fully 8,000, was soon put to precipitate flight. Some of the most vicious leaders, however, kept up a rattling fire of guns,

bulent mass, and, securing the ground between the mob and the buildings, began driving out and dispersing the rioters. This only served to infuriate the Anarchists, who fired in the direction of the police and hurled a shower of stones. The officers remonstrated in vain, warning the mob to keep back, and finally made a rush upon the rioters with revolvers drawn, shooting right and left.

The crowd swayed to and fro, retreated slightly, then rallied again, and, diverging to either side in a jumbled but compact body, seemed bent on



CHARGING THE MOB.

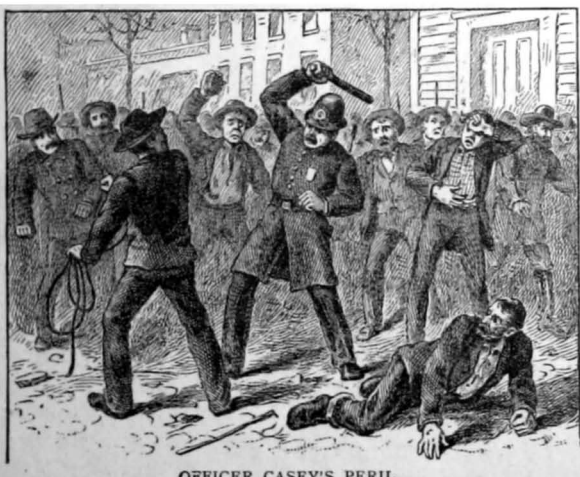
holding their ground and fighting for every inch of it. But the dashing and aggressive movements of the police, backed by courage and discipline, soon demonstrated to the howling rabble the hopelessness of the struggle. The very air seemed charged with bullets, clubs and missiles. Revolvers clicked furiously, the exigencies of the moment necessitating their use on the part of the police, and several revolutionists bit the dust, maimed and wounded. What seems strange is that none were killed in this furious onslaught.

The mob, which numbered fully 8,000, was soon put to precipitate flight. Some of the most vicious leaders, however, kept up a rattling fire of guns,

revolvers, brickbats and sticks so long as their retreat was measurably covered by the fleeing mob surrounding them. Several of these leaders, with their weapons still smoking, were subsequently overtaken, disarmed and locked up.

During all this short affray, Spies was nowhere to be seen, but, the moment all danger seemed past, he emerged from his seclusion, breathing courage and vengeance. He bounded into the field like one ready to sacrifice himself for his cause, but cautiously kept himself where no stray bullets might reach him. Another singular feature in connection with the part he played in the affair was his attempt to parade his own heroic virtues, by implication, in the denunciations and upbraidings he heaped upon his comrades in the account published of the riot on the very afternoon after its occurrence. This is what he said in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*:

The writer of this hastened to the factory as soon as the first shots were fired, and a comrade urged the assembly to hasten to the rescue of their brothers, who were being murdered, but none stirred. . . . The writer ran back. He implored the people to come along,—those who had revolvers in their pockets,—but it was in vain. With an exasperating indifference they put their hands in their



OFFICER CASEY'S PERIL.

pockets and marched home, babbling as if the whole affair did not concern them in the least. The revolvers were still cracking, and fresh detachments of police, here and there bombarded with stones, were hastening to the battle-ground. The battle was lost!

A riot on a smaller scale occurred shortly after this in another locality, instigated by the Anarchists who had been so severely repulsed in the afternoon. After the McCormick outbreak one of the wounded strikers was taken in a patrol wagon to the Twelfth Street Station, and thence to his home on Seventeenth Street. Officer Casey was one of the men in charge of the wagon, and remained behind at the house to take a report of the man's name, his residence and the nature of his injuries. When the officer came out of the wounded man's home, he was set upon by a mob, shouting:

"Hang him! Hang the blue-coat!"

A Bohemian, named Vaclav Djenek, cried out:

revolvers, brickbats and sticks so long as their retreat was measurably covered by the fleeing mob surrounding them. Several of these leaders, with their weapons still smoking, were subsequently overtaken, disarmed and locked up.

During all this short affray, Spies was nowhere to be seen, but, the moment all danger seemed past, he emerged from his seclusion, breathing courage and vengeance. He bounded into the field like one ready to sacrifice himself for his cause, but cautiously kept himself where no stray bullets might reach him. Another singular feature in connection with the part he played in the affair was his attempt to parade his own heroic virtues, by implication, in the denunciations and upbraidings he heaped upon his comrades in the account published of the riot on the very afternoon after its occurrence. This is what he said in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*:

The writer of this hastened to the factory as soon as the first shots were fired, and a comrade urged the assembly to hasten to the rescue of their brothers, who were being murdered, but none stirred. . . . The writer ran back. He implored the people to come along,—those who had revolvers in their pockets,—but it was in vain. With an exasperating indifference they put their hands in their



OFFICER CASEY'S PERIL.

pockets and marched home, babbling as if the whole affair did not concern them in the least. The revolvers were still cracking, and fresh detachments of police, here and there bombarded with stones, were hastening to the battle-ground. The battle was lost!

A riot on a smaller scale occurred shortly after this in another locality, instigated by the Anarchists who had been so severely repulsed in the afternoon. After the McCormick outbreak one of the wounded strikers was taken in a patrol wagon to the Twelfth Street Station, and thence to his home on Seventeenth Street. Officer Casey was one of the men in charge of the wagon, and remained behind at the house to take a report of the man's name, his residence and the nature of his injuries. When the officer came out of the wounded man's home, he was set upon by a mob, shouting:

"Hang him! Hang the blue-coat!"

A Bohemian, named Vaclav Djenek, cried out:

"Help me ; help me to hang the *canaille!*"

Two or three came to his side and endeavored to execute the threat. Casey by a great effort managed to get away, and started on a run. Pistol shots were fired after him by the mob, but fortunately he escaped without injury.

A patrol wagon from the West Chicago Avenue Station had meanwhile been telephoned for by some peace-loving citizens, and it rapidly dashed up to the scene of disturbance. The officers saw the whole situation, dispersed the mob, and set about arresting the parties who had so nearly succeeded in hanging the officer. They found that it had been a very close call for Casey, that the rope was ready, and that, had it not been for his own Herculean efforts, he would have dangled from a lamp-post in a very few seconds.



FRANZ MIKOLANDA, A POLISH CONSPIRATOR.

From a Photograph.

other things, they noticed a photograph of Franz Mikolanda, and they at once exclaimed :

"This is the other man who helped Djenek to hang Casey!"

Mikolanda appeared at the trial for the purpose of swearing to an alibi for Djenek, and was promptly recognized. He had no sooner left the witness-stand than he was arrested on a warrant and subsequently prosecuted. He was found guilty and sentenced to six months in the Bridewell.

Djenek, who was afterwards recognized as the principal actor in this episode, was run down and placed under arrest. He was tried and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. During the trial two officers of the West Chicago Avenue Station happened to be in the State's Attorney's office when a lot of Bohemian literature and Anarchist utensils were being exhibited. Among

“Help me ; help me to hang the *canaille!*”

Two or three came to his side and endeavored to execute the threat. Casey by a great effort managed to get away, and started on a run. Pistol shots were fired after him by the mob, but fortunately he escaped without injury.

A patrol wagon from the West Chicago Avenue Station had meanwhile been telephoned for by some peace-loving citizens, and it rapidly dashed up to the scene of disturbance. The officers saw the whole situation, dispersed the mob, and set about arresting the parties who had so nearly succeeded in hanging the officer. They found that it had been a very close call for Casey, that the rope was ready, and that, had it not been for his own Herculean efforts, he would have dangled from a lamp-post in a very few seconds.



FRANZ MIKOLANDA, A POLISH CONSPIRATOR.

From a Photograph.

Djenek, who was afterwards recognized as the principal actor in this episode, was run down and placed under arrest. He was tried and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. During the trial two officers of the West Chicago Avenue Station happened to be in the State's Attorney's office when a lot of Bohemian literature and Anarchist utensils were being exhibited. Among other things, they noticed a photograph of Franz Mikolanda, and they at once exclaimed :

“This is the other man who helped Djenek to hang Casey!”

Mikolanda appeared at the trial for the purpose of swearing to an alibi for Djenek, and was promptly recognized. He had no sooner left the witness-stand than he was arrested on a warrant and subsequently prosecuted. He was found guilty and sentenced to six months in the Bridewell.

CHAPTER VII.

The *Coup d'État* a Miscarriage — Effect of the Anarchist Failure at McCormick's — "Revenge" — Text of the Famous Circular — The German Version — An Incitement to Murder — Bringing on a Conflict — Engel's Diabolical Plan — The Role of the Lehr und Wehr Verein — The Gathering of the Armed Groups — Fischer's Sanguinary Talk — The Signal for Murder — "Ruhe" and its Meaning — Keeping Clear of the Mouse-Trap — The Haymarket Selected — Its Advantages for Revolutionary War — The Call for the Murder Meeting — "Workingmen, Arm Yourselves" — Preparing the Dynamite — The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Arsenal — The Assassins' Roost at 58 Clybourn Avenue — The Projected Attack on the Police Stations — Bombs for All who Wished Them — Waiting for the Word of Command — Why it was not Given — The Leaders' Courage Fails.

NEVER was that old saying, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," better illustrated than in the actions of the Anarchist leaders after their desperate exploits at McCormick's Works. That riot was to have been the pivotal point in their social revolution. It turned out a humiliating fiasco. They had hoped to make a *coup d'état* for the scarlet banner and had counted upon such a victory as would terrorize Capital, appal the people and paralyze the arm of constituted authority. When they discovered that the police had escaped with only slight bruises, that some of their own comrades had been seriously wounded and that even the so-called "scabs" had passed through the onslaught with nothing worse than fright, their rage knew no bounds. They saw that "the battle had been lost," and prompt, energetic action seemed necessary to retrieve the situation.

Spies, their recognized leader, while the perspiration still dripped from his face, and his blood still fired by his speech to the strikers and his "heroic efforts" to rally the routed and fleeing Socialists, seized a pen, and, dipping it into the gall of his indignation, wrote what subsequently became famous as the "Revenge Circular." It was printed in German and English, and an exact *fac-simile* is presented herewith. The German version is somewhat different from the English, being addressed to the adherents of Anarchy and Socialism, the English version seeming to have been intended for Americans in general. Several thousand copies were scattered throughout the city.

The wording of the English portion of the circular may be seen in the illustration. The German portion, translated, reads as follows :

Revenge! Revenge! Workmen to arms!

Men of labor, this afternoon the bloodhounds of your oppressors murdered six of your brothers at McCormick's. Why did they murder them? Because they dared to be dissatisfied with the lot which your oppressors have assigned to them. They demanded bread, and they gave them lead for an answer, mindful of the fact that thus people are most effectually silenced. You have for many years endured every humiliation without protest, have drudged

from early in the morning until late at night, have suffered all sorts of privation, have even sacrificed your children. You have done everything to fill the coffers of your masters—

REVENGE!

Workingmen, to Arms!!!

Your masters sent out their bloodhounds—the police—; they killed six of your brothers at McCormicks this afternoon. They killed the poor wretches, because they, like you, had the courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses. They killed them, because they dared ask for the shortening of the hours of toil. They killed them to show you, 'Free American Citizens', that you must be satisfied and contented with whatever your bosses condescend to allow you, or you will get killed!

You have for years endured the most abject humiliations; you have for years suffered unmeasurable iniquities; you have worked yourself to death; you have endured the pangs of want and hunger; your children you have sacrificed to the factory-lords—in short: You have been miserable and obedient slave all these years: Why? To satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy thieving master? When you ask them now to lessen your burden, he sends his bloodhounds out to shoot you, kill you!

If you are men, if you are the sons of your grand sires, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms we call you, to arms!

Your Brothers.

Rache! Rache!

Arbeiter, zu den Waffen!

Wohlhabendes Volk, heute Nachmittag wurden die Blutsauger eure Herren & eure Brüder trocken bei McCormicks. Warum werden sie getötet? Weil sie den Mut hatten, mit dem Kopf anzufahren zu sein, welche eure Herren zum höchsten haben. Sie forderten Lohn, man antwortete ihnen mit Blei, eingebet bei Kettisch, daß man damit das Volk am weitesten zum Schwärzen bringen kann! Wie, viele Jahre habt ihr alle Dienstleistungen ohne Überzahlung ertragen, habt euch zum frühen Morgen bis zum späten Abend geschunden, habt Fußstapfen jeder Art ertragen, habt eure Kinder selbst gezeugt—Mutter, um die Schwelgmutter, eure Herren, zu füttern, Wägen für die Welt und jetzt, um ihr vor die Hintertür, um sie zu töten. Eure Väter, etwas zu erleichtern, bestrafen sie zum Dank für eure Opfer ihre Blutsauger, die Welken, auf Euch, um Euch mit Blutspitzen von der Unselbstigkeit zu tunen. Warum, mir fragen und bestrafen Euch bei Wären, was Euch bringt und werth ist, nicht diesen irdischen Lohn, den man heute an eure Herren bezug, und nicht die morgen schon an Euch bezogen wird. Arbeitendes Volk, ihr Brüder, das ist ein Schwelzen erlangt. Wollt aufstehen Du dich! Hat Sklaverei und Hunger, aber die Freiheit und Wohlthätigkeit Du dich für das Richter, kann keine fromme Negation; denn, Volk, in den Waffen! Verteidigung des unerschütterlichen Rechts, die die Dünne herrschen können! Selbstthätige Verteidigung ihnen—das muß eure Lösung sein! Tausend der Dörfer, deren Blut den Weg zum Selbstthätigen, zur Freiheit und zur Verantwortlichkeit gebildet—und Arbeit, ihre wichtig ist werden!

Eure Brüder.

THE FAMOUS "REVENGE" CIRCULAR.

Engraved from the Original by direct Photographic Process.

Not content with this, Spies also wrote and published, in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of May 4, the following:

BLOOD!—Lead and Powder as a Cure for Dissatisfied Workingmen.—About Six Laborers Mortally, and Four Times that Number Slightly, Wounded.—Thus are the Eight-hour Men Intimidated!—This is Law and Order.—Brave Girls Parading the City!—The Law and Order Beasts Frighten Hungry Children away with Clubs.

Six months ago, when the eight-hour movement began, representatives of the I. A. A. called upon workmen to arm if they would enforce their demand. Would the occurrence of

everything for them! And now, when you approach them and implore them to make your burden a little lighter, as a reward for your sacrifices, they send their bloodhounds, the police, at you, in order to cure you with bullets of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder that has been committed upon your brothers today and which will likely be committed upon you to-morrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the cross-way. Which way will you decide? For slavery and hunger or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then do not delay a moment; then, people, to arms! Annihilation to the beasts in human form who call themselves rulers! Uncompromising annihilation to them! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and strive to become worthy of them!

YOUR BROTHERS.

yesterday have been possible had that advice been followed? Yesterday, at McCormick's factory, so far as can now be ascertained, four workmen were killed and twenty-five more or less seriously wounded. If members who defended themselves with stones (a few of them had little snappers in the shape of revolvers) had been provided with good weapons and one single dynamite bomb, not one of the murderers would have escaped his well-merited fate. This massacre was to fill the workmen of this city with fear. Will it succeed?

A meeting of the lumber employes was held yesterday at the Black Road to appoint a committee to wait on the committee of the owners and present the demands agreed upon. It was an immense meeting. Several speeches were made in English, German and Polish. Finally Mr. Spies was introduced, when a Pole cried, "That is a Socialist," and great disapprobation was expressed, but the speaker continued, telling them that they must realize their strength, and must not recede from their demands; that the issue lay in their hands, and needed only resolution on their part.

At this point some one cried, "On to McCormick's! Let us drive off the scabs," and about two hundred ran toward McCormick's. The speaker, not knowing what occurred, continued his speech, and was appointed afterwards a member of the committee to notify the bosses of the action.

Then a Pole spoke, when a patrol wagon rushed up to McCormick's, and the crowd began to break up. Shortly shots were heard near McCormick's factory, and about seventy-five well-fed, large and strong murderers, under command of a fat police lieutenant, marched by, followed by three more patrol wagons full of law and order beasts. Two hundred police were there in less than ten minutes, firing on fleeing workingmen and women. The writer hastened to the factory, while a comrade urged the assembly to rescue their brothers, unavailingly. A young Irishman said to the writer: "What miserable (——) are those who will not turn a hand while their brothers are being shot down in cold blood! We have dragged away two. I think they are dead. If you have any influence with the people, for Heaven's sake, run back and urge them to follow you." The writer did so in vain. The revolvers were still cracking; fresh policemen arriving; and the battle was lost. It was about half-past three that the little crowd from the meeting reached McCormick's factory. Policeman West tried to hold them back with his revolver, but was put to flight with a shower of stones and roughly handled. The crowd bombarded the factory windows with stones and demolished the guard-house. The scabs were in mortal terror, when the Hinman Street patrol wagon arrived. They were about to attack the crowd with their clubs, when a shower of stones was thrown, followed the next minute by the firing by the police upon the strikers. It was pretended subsequently that they fired over their heads. The strikers had a few revolvers and returned the fire. Meantime, more police arrived, and then the whole band opened fire on the people. The people fought with stones, and are said to have disabled four policemen. The gang, as always, fired upon the fleeing, while women and men carried away the severely wounded. How many were injured cannot be told. A dying boy, Joseph Doebick, was brought home on an express wagon by two policemen. The crowd threatened to lynch the officer, but were prevented by a patrol wagon. Various strikers were arrested. McCormick said that "August Spies made a speech to a few thousand Anarchists and then put himself at the head of a crowd and attacked our works. Our workmen fled, and meantime the police came and sent a lot of Anarchists away with bleeding heads."

Mark well the language,—seeking to inflame the minds of the Socialists by maliciously stating that four men had been killed, when in fact not one was fatally injured,—its bitter invective, its cunning phraseology, its rude eloquence and its passionate appeal. All were well calculated to stir up revengeful feelings at a time when public sentiment ran high throughout the

city. The events following close upon the heels of the eight-hour strike were critical in the extreme, and none knew the exact situation better than the Anarchist leaders. Their course had been shaped with special reference to it. Their secret plottings were directed by the events of the hour. The time had come, they felt, when the Commune should be proclaimed. It

Attention Workingmen!

MASS-MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

HAYMARKET, Randolph St., Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

Workingmen Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force!
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Achtung Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

**Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem
Seumarkt, Randolph-Straße, zwischen
Desplaines- u. Halsted-Str.**

Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schurkenstreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern-Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschöß, geißeln.

Arbeiter, bewaffnet Euch und erscheint massenhaft!
Das Executiv-Comité.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—I.

Photographic Engraving, direct from the Original.

would not do, they urged, to let the opportunity pass. The failure of the McCormick riot at once suggested retaliation in a manner best known to themselves, and the circular was fulminated with a clear knowledge that its import would be readily understood by all in the dark secret of their conspiracy.

But that there might be no misdirected effort, and that all might be properly instructed for the emergency, it was deemed best to hold a secret conference. The hour seemed to have arrived when their armed sections, the various groups of the order trained in the use of guns and explosives, should be brought into requisition, and the police in particular and the public in general be made to feel their power. How best to accomplish this purpose had been uppermost in their

minds from the moment of their disaster at the reaper works. A conflict between the police and the strikers had been counted upon as a certainty under their inspiration, and plans looking to the best means of taking advantage of this strike as well as the eight-hour strike had been discussed even before the McCormick riot.

Only so short a time as the day before that event, the members of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and of the Northwest Side groups had met in joint session at Bohemian Hall, on Emma Street, and

considered the probabilities in view of the eight-hour movement. They clearly foresaw a conflict, and, among other things, discussed a plan to meet that contingency. This plan, proposed by Engel and indorsed by Fischer, and subsequently confessed by one of the conspirators present at that meeting, was that whenever it came to a conflict between the police and the Northwest groups, bombs should be thrown into the police stations. The riflemen of the Lehr und Wehr Verein should post themselves in line at a certain distance, and whoever came out of the stations should be shot down. They would then come into the heart of the city, where the fight would commence in earnest. The members of the Northwest Side groups were counseled to mutually assist each other in making the attack upon the police, and "if any one had anything with him, he should use it." "As the police would endeavor to subdue the workmen by sending all their available force to the place of attack, the Anarchists could easily blow up the stations, and such officers as might effect an escape from the buildings could be killed by their riflemen. Then they would cut the telegraph wires so as to prevent communication with other stations, after which they would proceed to the nearest station and destroy that. On their way they would throw fire bombs at some of the buildings, and this would call out the Fire Department and prevent the firemen from being called upon to quell the riot. While proceeding thus they would secure reinforcements, and, in the intense excitement following, the police as well as militia would become confused and divided in counsel as to the points where they could do the most effective service. The attacks should be almost simultaneous in different parts of the city at a given signal. When they all finally reached the center of the city, they would set fire to the most prominent buildings and attack the jail, open the doors and set free the inmates to join them in future movements."

This plan, it is almost needless to remark, was unanimously adopted. But concerted action was necessary among all the groups, and in view of the "skull-cracking," to use their own phrase, on the afternoon of May 3, a secret conference of all groups was determined upon as a supplement to Spies' pronunciamento and as an incitement to future revolutionary movements. A notice understood by all in the armed sections—"Y, come Monday evening"—was inserted in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The commander of the Lehr und Wehr Verein rented a beer basement at No. 54 West Lake Street, known to the followers of Socialism as Greif's Hall, and along towards eight o'clock representatives of all the armed sections of the Internationale gathered there. In order that the utmost privacy might be maintained, guards were posted both at the front and rear entrances with instructions to permit no one to stand on the outside and to admit only trusted adherents.

When the session opened there were between seventy and eighty members of the various sections present. Their deliberations were presided over by Gottfried Waller, who subsequently became an important witness for the State.

Spies' "Revenge circular," written late that afternoon, was distributed in the meeting, and its sentiments were heartily seconded by all present. Engel finally submitted the plan already given, and some discussion followed, participated in by various members. Fischer considered the plan admirable, and, lest there might be evidence of weakness, he stated that if any man acted the part of a coward, his own dagger or a bullet from his rifle should pierce that man's heart. Inquiries being made with reference to a supply of bombs, he suggested that the members manufacture them on their own account. The best thing, he said, was to procure a tin coffee-bottle, fill it with benzine, attach a cap and fuse, and they would have a most effective bomb.

Engel's plan went through with a rush. Having now agreed upon a definite course, it was necessary to adopt a signal to warn the sections of danger and summon them to action. Fischer was equal to the occasion. He proposed the German word "Ruhe,"—signifying "rest" or "peace,"—and added that whenever it should appear in the "Letterbox" column of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, all would know that the moment for decisive action had been reached, and that all were expected to repair promptly to their appointed meeting-places, fully armed and ready for duty. The suggestion was adopted.

But what are plans without being fortified by enthusiasm on the part of the mob expected to carry them out? The Socialistic heart must be fired to a proper pitch of frenzy. Every soul must be made to feel that the cause of Socialism is his own. A mass-meeting was just the thing, and a mass-meeting it was decided by this august band of conspirators to call. The time was the only point in controversy. The chairman insisted on holding it the following morning on Market Square, which is a widening of Market Street between Madison and Randolph Streets, but Fischer protested, because, as he said, it was a "mouse trap," and insisted that the meeting be held in the evening, when they could bring out a crowd of no less than 25,000 people, and that the Haymarket be the place. There, he said, they would have greater security in case of disturbance, and more and better means of escape. His counsel finally prevailed, and after a call had been suitably drafted, Fischer was intrusted with its printing.

Remembering that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," the meeting decided to appoint a committee, consisting of one or two members from each group. This committee was to keep a close watch on all movements that might be made at Haymarket Square and in different parts of the city, and, in the event of a conflict, to promptly report it to the

members of the various armed sections by the insertion in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of the word "Ruhe" if there was trouble during the day, or illuminating the sky with a red light at night. If either signal could not be conveniently used, then they were to notify the members individually.

Before the conclusion of this secret conclave, every one present was directed to notify absent members of what had been done, and Rudolph Schnaubelt, who has since been proven the thrower of the bomb which scattered death and devastation on the following evening, wished to go even further and have Socialists in other cities notified so that the proposed revolution might become general. The instigators of the meeting just described were Spies, Parsons, Fielden and Neebe, but for some reason they failed to put in an appearance.

In accordance with arrangements, the call for the mass-meeting was printed the next morning. There were two versions of this call. *Fac-similes* of both are given.

In the afternoon of May 4 the signal word "Ruhe" appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and all the armed men proceeded to place themselves in readiness for the conflict. They also devoted themselves energetically to cultivating revengeful sentiments. While making their preparations for the projected riot, they communicated the plan decided upon to every member of the order, and all were urged to come fully armed with such weapons as they might possess.

But their greatest reliance was placed in the use of dynamite. This highly explosive material was regarded as the chief arm of their cause. For many weeks, the leaders had experimented with it. Some six weeks

Attention Workingmen!

MASS MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

HAYMARKET, Randolph St., Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Achtung Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem

Seumarkt, Randolph-Strasse, zwischen Desplaines u. Halsted-Str.

☛ Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schurkenstreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoss, geißeln.

Das Exekutiv-Comite.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—II.

Photographic Engraving, direct from the Original.

before the disastrous Haymarket riot, Louis Lingg had brought a bomb to the house of William Seliger, No. 442 Sedgwick Street, where he boarded, and announced his intention of making other bombs like it. Before this he had provided himself with dynamite, the money for its purchase having been realized at a ball given some time previously and turned over to him to use in experiments. Being out of employment at the time, he devoted himself energetically to experiments with that material, and produced large gas-pipe bombs. One of these he took out to a grove north of the

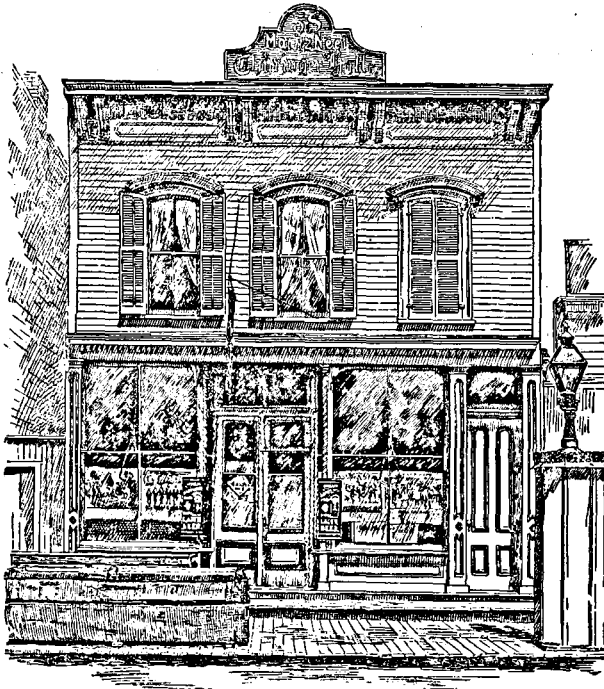


NEFF'S HALL.

city, and, placing it in the crotch of a tree, exploded it, splitting the tree to pieces. The result of the test appears to have been satisfactory, and he next gave his attention to the manufacture of globular shells. In the casting of these he used the kitchen stove to melt his metal, and often received the assistance of Seliger, Thielen and Hermann. All day Tuesday, May 4, he worked most persistently and seemed in a great hurry to make as

many bombs as possible. He was helped on that day by the parties named and two others, Hueber and Munzenberger. Before the close of the day they had finished over a hundred bombs. While they were at work Lehman visited them and carried home a satchel of dynamite, which he subsequently, after the Haymarket riot, buried out on the prairie, and which was afterwards disinterred by the police. Not alone did he and his friends experiment with dynamite, but it appears that Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Fielden and Schwab also tried their hands at it and handled the deadly stuff at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. They had several bombs there and made no secret of the purpose for which they intended them. The office was afterwards discovered to be an arsenal of revolvers and dynamite.

before the disastrous Haymarket riot, Louis Lingg had brought a bomb to the house of William Seliger, No. 442 Sedgwick Street, where he boarded, and announced his intention of making other bombs like it. Before this he had provided himself with dynamite, the money for its purchase having been realized at a ball given some time previously and turned over to him to use in experiments. Being out of employment at the time, he devoted himself energetically to experiments with that material, and produced large gas-pipe bombs. One of these he took out to a grove north of the



NEFF'S HALL.

city, and, placing it in the crotch of a tree, exploded it, splitting the tree to pieces. The result of the test appears to have been satisfactory, and he next gave his attention to the manufacture of globular shells. In the casting of these he used the kitchen stove to melt his metal, and often received the assistance of Seliger, Thielen and Hermann. All day Tuesday, May 4, he worked most persistently and seemed in a great hurry to make as

many bombs as possible. He was helped on that day by the parties named and two others, Hueber and Munzenberger. Before the close of the day they had finished over a hundred bombs. While they were at work Lehman visited them and carried home a satchel of dynamite, which he subsequently, after the Haymarket riot, buried out on the prairie, and which was afterwards disinterred by the police. Not alone did he and his friends experiment with dynamite, but it appears that Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Fielden and Schwab also tried their hands at it and handled the deadly stuff at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. They had several bombs there and made no secret of the purpose for which they intended them. The office was afterwards discovered to be an arsenal of revolvers and dynamite.

After the bombs had been completed by Lingg and his assistants, Lingg and Seliger put them in a trunk or satchel and carried them over towards Neff's Hall, at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. On the way they were met by Munzenberger, who took the trunk, and, placing it on his shoulder, carried it the rest of the distance. At this time — it being evening — there was a meeting of painters in a hall at the rear of Neff's saloon, and the package was placed at the entrance for a moment's exhibition. Lingg asked the proprietor if any one had called and inquired for him, and, on being answered in the negative, proceeded with Seliger and Munzenberger into the hallway connecting the saloon and the assembly-room. Placing the trunk on the floor, he opened it for inspection. Several parties examined the bombs and took some of them away. Seliger helped himself to two and kept them until after the Haymarket explosion, when he hid them under a sidewalk on Sigel Street. Lingg, Seliger and Munzenberger then left the premises. The direction the last-named took is a matter in doubt. Neff had never seen him before, Lehman did not know him, and Seliger had not even learned his name.

It is clear that all this work was part of the conspiracy concocted at Greif's Hall the previous evening. It is also well settled that Munzenberger was the chosen agent to secure the bombs and see that they were placed in the hands of trusted Anarchists for use at the proper moment. The secrecy surrounding the latter's identity was in complete accord with the method of procedure outlined in the instructions given to Socialists:

In the commission of a deed, a comrade who does not live at the place of action, that is, a comrade of some other place, ought, if possibility admits, to participate in the action, or, formulated difficulty, a revolutionary deed ought to be enacted where one is not known.

Still further steps were taken to precipitate the revolution. In conformity with the Monday night plan, armed men were to be stationed, on the evening of Tuesday, in the vicinity of the police stations. We find that Lingg, Seliger, Lehman, Smidke, Thielen and two large unknown men were in the vicinity of the North Avenue Station. They skulked about the corners of the streets leading to that station, between eight and ten o'clock, fully armed with bombs and ready for desperate deeds. Others, who had secured bombs at Neff's Hall, went further northward and hovered around the police station near the corner of Webster and Lincoln Avenues. Seliger and Lingg also paid that vicinity a visit. There were also armed men at Deering, where a meeting of striking workmen was held, and which was addressed by Schwab after he had left the Haymarket. Anarchists also posted themselves in the vicinity of the Chicago Avenue Station. Men were also near the North Avenue Station, and some twenty-five posted themselves at the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets, two blocks from the Desplains Street Station. Spies and Schwab entered this group

and held some secret consultation with the leaders. Fischer and Waller were also close to that station.

It furthermore appears that several men called on Tuesday evening at Waller's residence while he was eating his supper and desired him to accompany them to Wicker Park, saying that they "wanted to be at their post." Two of these men were Krueger and Kraemer, belonging to the "armed sections." Some men also called at Engel's store, and one of them exhibited a revolver. Another, a stranger, explained to a comrade that he was waiting for some "pills." He waited only five minutes, when a young girl about ten or twelve years of age came in, carrying a mysterious package. This she handed to the stranger, who stepped behind a screen and then hastened out.

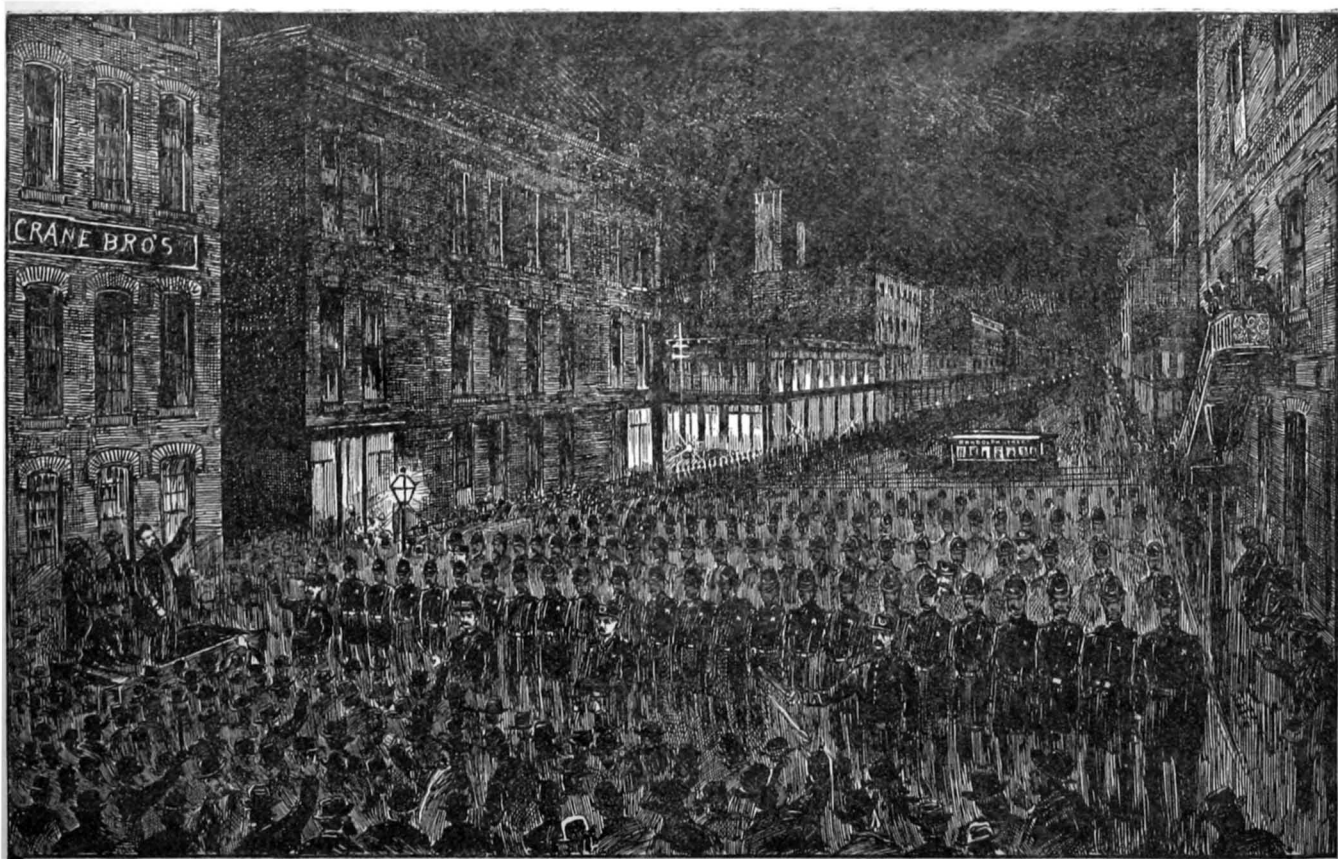
It is thus manifest that the various parties were bent on a carnival of riot and destruction and only awaited the proper signal from the committee. The men intrusted with the secrets of pillage, murder and general destruction belonged to what was known in the order as the "Revolutionary Group." The plan was not communicated to any one else. The utmost secrecy had to be maintained for its successful accomplishment, and the conspiracy was only communicated to such as had proved themselves in the past, by word and deed, in full accord with revolutionary methods. The "revolutionary party" consisted of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, commanded by Breitenfeld; the Northwest Side group, under command of Engel, Fischer and Grumm; the North Side group, commanded by Neebe, Lingg and Hermann; the American group, commanded by Spies, Parsons and Fielden; the Karl Marx group, directed by Schilling; the Freiheit group and the armed sections of the International Carpenters' Union and Metal-workers' Union. These various sections, or groups, were under the management of a general committee which included among its leading spirits Spies, Schwab, Parsons, Neebe, Rau, Hirschberger, Deusch and Belz. This committee met at stated periods at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and formulated orders for the guidance of the groups. Its expenses were met by monthly contributions from all the Socialistic societies. It was under the inspiration of this committee that the Monday night meeting was held. Why the signal for a concerted raid on the police stations, the burning of buildings and the slaughter of capitalists was not given on the fateful night of the Haymarket riot,—or, if given, as seems to be believed in many quarters, in Fielden's declaration, "We are peaceable," why it was not carried out completely,—is not explicable upon any other hypothesis than that the courage of the trusted leaders failed them at the critical moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

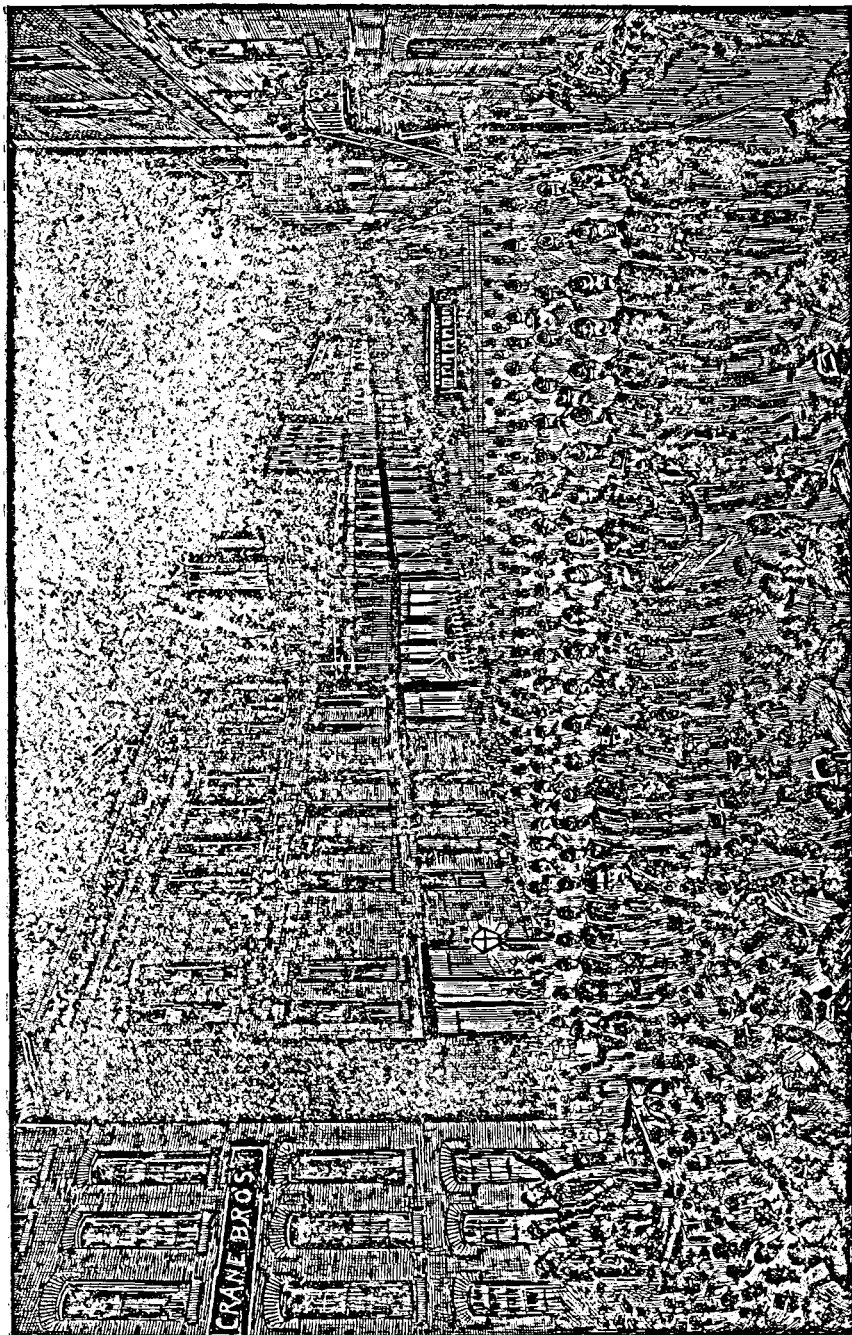
The Air Full of Rumors — A Riot Feared — Police Preparations — Bonfield in Command — The Haymarket — Strategic Value of the Anarchists' Position — Crane's Alley — The Theory of Street Warfare — Inflaming the Mob — Schnaubelt and his Bomb — "Throttle the Law" — The Limit of Patience Reached — "In the Name of the People, Disperse" — The Signal Given — The Crash of Dynamite First Heard on an American Street — Murder in the Air — A Rally and a Charge — The Anarchists Swept Away — A Battle Worthy of Veterans.

WITH such active work among the conspirators as I have shown, it was only a question of time when some terrible catastrophe would ensue through the instrumentality of the powerful bombs they had manufactured. The public mind was in a state of fear and suspense, not knowing the direction whence threatened devastation and destruction might appear. The incendiary speeches were enough to excite trepidation, and the appearance of the "Revenge circular" fanned the excitement into general alarm and indignation. The McCormick attack proved conclusively that the Anarchists meant to practice what they preached. After their rout and defeat, they were heard to express regret that they had not taken forcible possession of the works before the arrival of the police and then received the officers with a volley of fire-arms, as had once been contemplated in a star-chamber session of one of their "revolutionary groups." The air was full of rumors, and the general public was convinced that some great disaster would occur unless the police promptly forbade the holding of further revolutionary meetings. The Mayor's attention had been called to the possible results if such meetings were permitted to continue, and he, in turn, directed the Police Department to keep close watch of the gathering called for the Haymarket Square and disperse it in case the speakers used inflammatory language. During the day many of the Spies circulars had been distributed in the vicinity of the McCormick establishment, and it was expected that many of the enraged strikers from that locality would attend the meeting. It was clear that, in view of the temper of the Socialists, only slight encouragement would be required to produce a disturbance, and it was of the utmost importance that prompt action should be taken at the first sign of trouble. It subsequently transpired that the leaders had intended to make the speeches threatening in order to invite a charge upon the crowd by the police, and then, during the confusion, to carry out the Monday night programme.

The city authorities fully comprehended the situation, but concluded not to interfere with the meeting unless the discussion should be attended with violent threats. In order to be prepared for any emergency, however, it was deemed best to concentrate a large force in the vicinity of the meet-



THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—“IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE. I COMMAND YOU TO DISPERSE.”

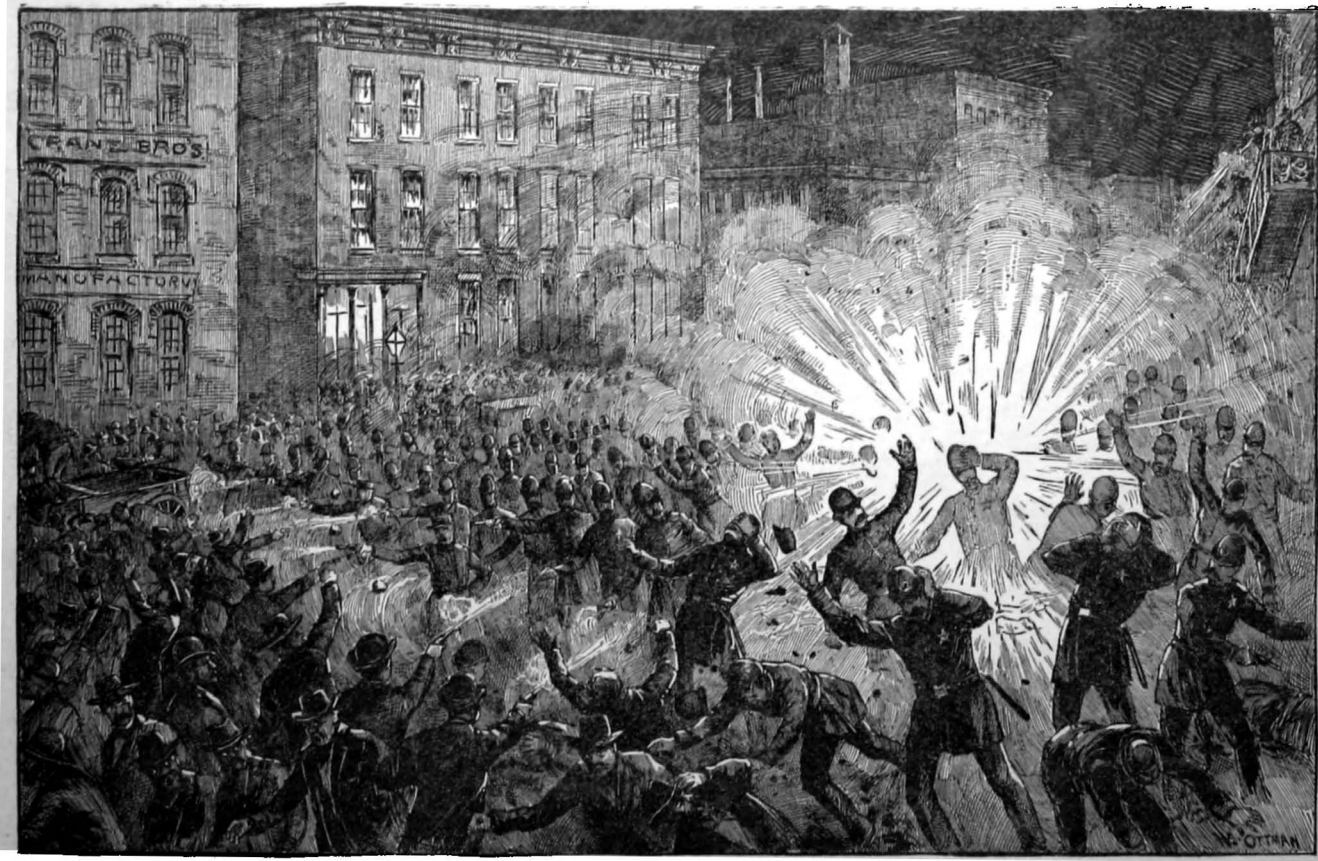


THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—"IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE, I COMMAND YOU TO DISPERSE."

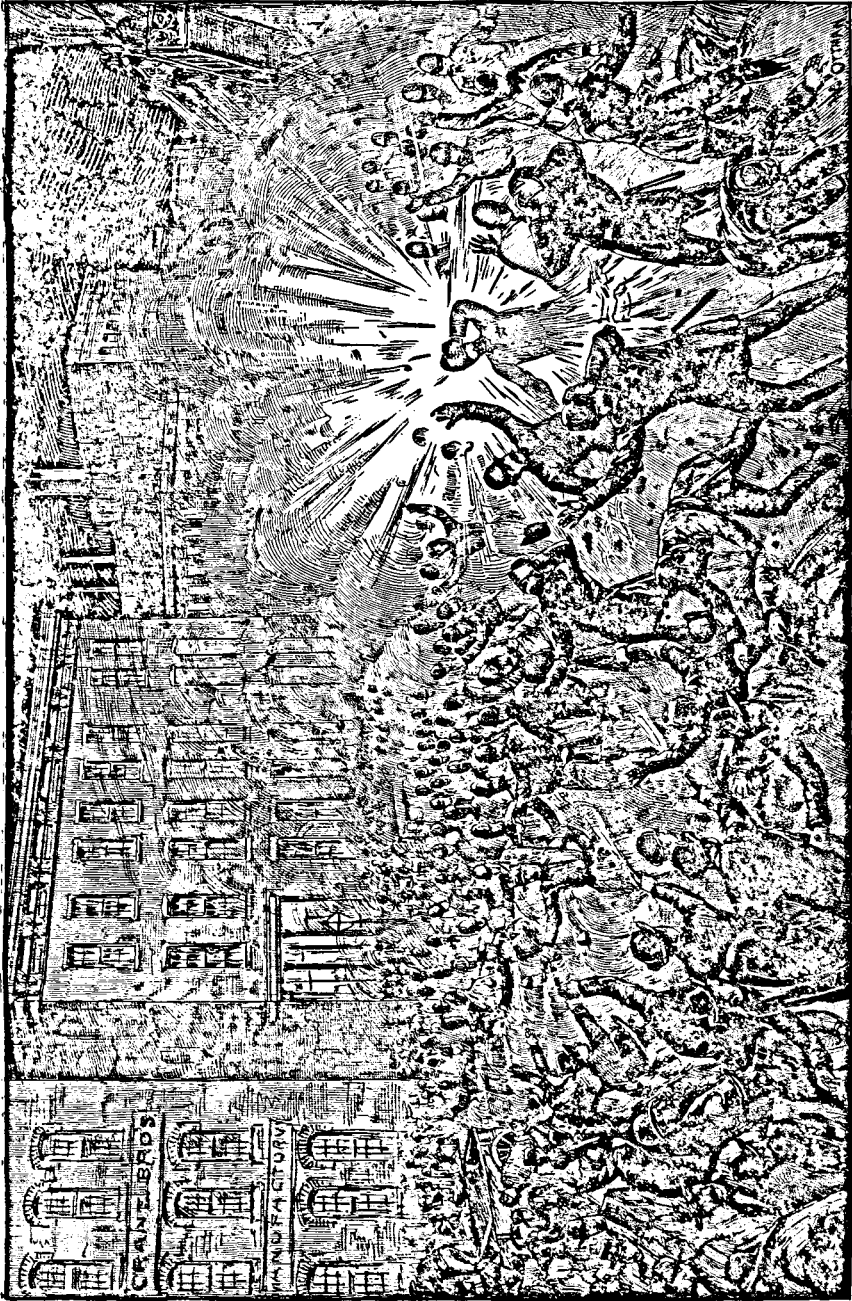
ing—at the Desplains Street Station. One hundred men from Capt. Ward's district, the Third Precinct, under command of Lieuts. Bowler, Stanton, Penzen and Beard, twenty-six men from the Central Detail under command of Lieut. Hubbard and Sergt. Fitzpatrick, and fifty men from the Fourth Precinct, under Lieuts. Steele and Quinn, were accordingly assigned for special service that evening. Inspector John Bonfield was ordered to assume command of the whole force, and his instructions were to direct the detectives to mingle with the crowd, and, if anything of an incendiary nature was advised by the speakers, to direct the officers to disperse the gathering.

The meeting had been called for 7:30 o'clock, and at that hour quite a number had assembled in the vicinity of Haymarket Square. This square is simply a widening of Randolph Street between Desplains and Halsted Streets, and in years past was used by farmers for the sale of hay and produce. It was for this place that the call had been issued, but for certain reasons the meeting was held ninety feet north of Randolph, on Desplains Street, near the intersection of an alley which has since passed into public fame as "Crane's alley." In sight almost of this alley was Zepf's Hall, on the northeast corner of Lake and Desplains Streets, and about two blocks further east on Lake Street were Florus' Hall and Greif's Hall—all notorious resorts and headquarters for Anarchists. On the evening in question these places and surrounding streets leading to the meeting-place were crowded with strikers and Socialist sympathizers, some within the saloons regaling themselves with beer and some jostling each other on the thoroughfares, either going for liquors or returning to the meeting after having for the moment satisfied the "inner man." Here was a condition of things that would permit an easy mingling in, and ready escape through, the crowd, in the event of inauguration of the revolutionary plan adopted the evening previous. The throngs would serve as a cover for apparently safe operations. Another advantage gained by holding the meeting at the point indicated was that the street was dimly lighted, and, as the building in front of which the speaking took place was a manufacturing establishment,—that of Crane Bros.,—not used or lighted at night, and as the alley contiguous to the speaker's stand formed an L with another alley leading to Randolph Street, there were points of seeming safety for a conflict with the police. Besides, the point was about 350 feet north of the Desplains Street Police Station, and it was evidently calculated that when the police should attack the crowd, that part of the Monday night programme about blowing up the stations could easily be carried into effect.

These were the undoubted reasons for effecting the change. The reader will remember that one of the objections urged by Fischer against holding the meeting on Market Square was that it was a "mouse trap," and one of his potential arguments for the Haymarket was that it was a safer place



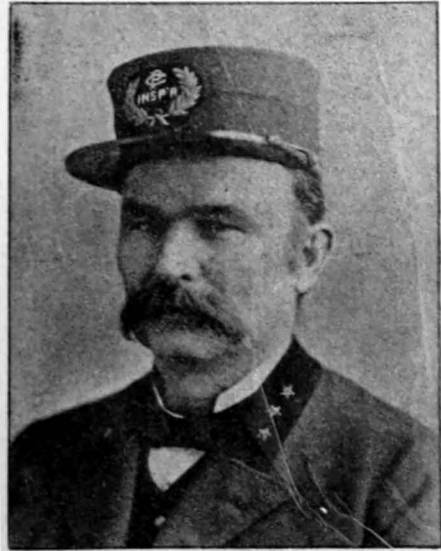
THE HAYMARKET RIOT. THE EXPLOSION AND THE CONFLICT.



THE HAYMARKET RIOT. THE EXPLOSION AND THE CONFLICT.

for the execution of their plot. There was thus a "method in their madness." All the contingencies had evidently been very carefully considered.

But, as I have already stated, the hour had arrived for calling the meeting to order, and as there appeared no one to assume prompt charge, the crowd exhibited some manifestations of impatience. About eight o'clock there were perhaps 3,000 people in the vicinity of the chosen place, and some fifteen or twenty minutes later Spies put in an appearance. He mounted the truck wagon improvised as a speaker's stand and inquired for Parsons. Receiving no response, he got down, and, meeting Schwab, the two entered the alley, where there was quite a crowd, and where they were overheard using the words "pistols" and "police," and Schwab was heard to ask, "Is one enough or had we better go and get more?" Both then disappeared up the street, and it is a fair presumption—borne out by the fact that they had entered a group of Anarchists on the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets, as noted in the preceding chapter, and other circumstances—that they went to secure bombs. Spies shortly returned, and, meeting Schnaubelt, held a short conversation with him, at the same time handing him something, which Schnaubelt put carefully in a side-pocket. Spies again mounted the wagon (the hour being about



INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD.

8:40—Schnaubelt standing near him), and began a speech in English. It is needless, at this point, to reproduce the speech, as its substance appears later on, both as given by the reporters and as written out subsequently by Spies. But both reports fail to give a proper conception of its insidious effect on the audience. It bore mainly on the grievances of labor, the treatment of the strikers by McCormick, and an explanation of his (Spies') connection with the disturbances of the day previous. The lesson he drew from the occurrence at McCormick's was "that workingmen must arm themselves for defense, so that they may be able to cope with the Government hirelings of their masters."

Parsons had meanwhile been sent for, and on the conclusion of Spies' harangue was introduced. He reviewed the labor discontent in the coun-

for the execution of their plot. There was thus a "method in their madness." All the contingencies had evidently been very carefully considered.

But, as I have already stated, the hour had arrived for calling the meeting to order, and as there appeared no one to assume prompt charge, the crowd exhibited some manifestations of impatience. About eight o'clock there were perhaps 3,000 people in the vicinity of the chosen place, and some fifteen or twenty minutes later Spies put in an appearance. He mounted the truck wagon improvised as a speaker's stand and inquired for Parsons. Receiving no response, he got down, and, meeting Schwab, the two entered the alley, where there was quite a crowd, and where they were

overheard using the words "pistols" and "police," and Schwab was heard to ask, "Is one enough or had we better go and get more?" Both then disappeared up the street, and it is a fair presumption—borne out by the fact that they had entered a group of Anarchists on the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets, as noted in the preceding chapter, and other circumstances—that they went to secure bombs. Spies shortly returned, and, meeting Schnaubelt, held a short conversation with him, at the same time handing him something, which Schnaubelt put carefully in a side-pocket. Spies again mounted



INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD.

the wagon (the hour being about 8:40—Schnaubelt standing near him), and began a speech in English. It is needless, at this point, to reproduce the speech, as its substance appears later on, both as given by the reporters and as written out subsequently by Spies. But both reports fail to give a proper conception of its insidious effect on the audience. It bore mainly on the grievances of labor, the treatment of the strikers by McCormick, and an explanation of his (Spies') connection with the disturbances of the day previous. The lesson he drew from the occurrence at McCormick's was "that workingmen must arm themselves for defense, so that they may be able to cope with the Government hirelings of their masters."

Parsons had meanwhile been sent for, and on the conclusion of Spies' harangue was introduced. He reviewed the labor discontent in the coun-

try, the troubles growing out of it, touched on monopoly, criticised the so-called "capitalistic press," scored the banks, explained Socialism, excoriated the system of elections, and terminated his remarks by appealing to his hearers to defend themselves and asserting that, if the demands of the working classes were refused, it meant war. His speech, like that of Spies, was mild as compared with what would be expected on such an occasion. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that during their harangues Mayor Harrison mingled in the throng and paid close attention to the sentiments of the speakers. He afterwards characterized Parsons' effort as "a good political speech," and, being apparently satisfied that there would be no trouble, left for the Desplaines Street Police Station, giving his impressions of the gathering to the Captain in charge and telling Bonfield that there seemed to be no further use for holding the force in reserve.

No sooner had Harrison left for the station and thence for his own house, than the next speaker, Fielden, grew bolder in his remarks and sent the words rolling hot and fast over an oily, voluble and vindictive tongue. He opened with a reference to the insecurity of the working classes under the present social system, drifted to the McCormick strike, in which men, he said, were "shot down by the law in cold blood, in the city of Chicago, in the protection of property," and held that the strikers had "nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it, and throttle it until it makes its last kick. Throttle it! Kill it! Stab it! Can we do anything," he asked, "except by the strong arm of resistance? The skirmish

lines have met. The people have been shot. Men, women and children have not been spared by the capitalists and the minions of private capital. It had no mercy—neither ought you. You are called upon to defend yourselves, your lives, your future. I have some resistance in me. I know that you have, too."

At this juncture the police made their appearance. During the remarks of Spies and Parsons, detectives had frequently reported to the station that only moderate, temperate sentiments were being uttered, but after Fielden had got fairly worked up to his subject, this was changed. The crowd was being wrought up to a high point of excitement, and there



CAPT. WILLIAM WARD.

try, the troubles growing out of it, touched on monopoly, criticised the so-called "capitalistic press," scored the banks, explained Socialism, excoriated the system of elections, and terminated his remarks by appealing to his hearers to defend themselves and asserting that, if the demands of the working classes were refused, it meant war. His speech, like that of Spies, was mild as compared with what would be expected on such an occasion. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that during their harangues Mayor Harrison mingled in the throng and paid close attention to the sentiments of the speakers. He afterwards characterized Parsons' effort as "a good political speech," and, being apparently satisfied that there would be no trouble, left for the Desplaines Street Police Station, giving his impressions of the gathering to the Captain in charge and telling Bonfield that there seemed to be no further use for holding the force in reserve.

No sooner had Harrison left for the station and thence for his own house, than the next speaker, Fielden, grew bolder in his remarks and sent the words rolling hot and fast over an oily, voluble and vindictive tongue. He opened with a reference to the insecurity of the working classes under the present social system, drifted to the McCormick strike, in which men, he said, were "shot down by the law in cold blood, in the city of Chicago, in the protection of property," and held that the strikers had "nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it, and throttle it until it makes its last kick. Throttle it! Kill it! Stab it! Can we do anything," he asked, "except by the strong arm of resistance? The skirmish

lines have met. The people have been shot. Men, women and children have not been spared by the capitalists and the minions of private capital. It had no mercy—neither ought you. You are called upon to defend yourselves, your lives, your future. I have some resistance in me. I know that you have, too."

At this juncture the police made their appearance. During the remarks of Spies and Parsons, detectives had frequently reported to the station that only moderate, temperate sentiments were being uttered, but after Fielden had got fairly worked up to his subject, this was changed. The crowd was being wrought up to a high point of excitement, and there



CAPT. WILLIAM WARD.

were frequent interjections of approval and shouts of indignation. Fielden's was just such a speech as they had expected to hear. Very little was required to incite them to the perpetration of desperate deeds. Like a sculptor with his plastic model, Fielden had molded his audience to suit the purpose of the occasion. With his rough and ready eloquence he stirred up their innermost passions. His biting allusions to capitalists caught the hearts of the uncouth mob as with grappling-hooks, and his appeals for the destruction of existing laws shook them as a whirlwind.

It would be as well, he said, for workmen to die fighting as to starve to death. "Exterminate the capitalists, and do it to-night!" The officers detailed to watch the proceedings saw that the speech portended no good, and they communicated the facts to Inspector Bonfield. Even then the Inspector hesitated. To use his own language, in the report he sent to Superintendent Ebersold: "Wanting to be clearly within the law, and



LIEUT. (NOW CHIEF) G. W. HUBBARD.

wishing to leave no room for doubt as to the propriety of our actions, I did not act on the first reports, but sent the officers back to make further observations. A few minutes after ten o'clock, the officers returned and reported that the crowd were getting excited and the speaker growing more incendiary in his language. I then felt that to hesitate any longer would be criminal, and gave the order to fall in and move our force forward on Waldo Place,"—a short street south of the Desplaines Street Station.

The force formed into four divisions. The companies of Lieuts. Steele and Quinn formed the first; those of Lieuts. Stanton and Bowler, the second; those of Lieut. Hubbard and Sergt. Fitzpatrick, the third; and two companies commanded by Lieuts. Beard and Penzen constituted the fourth, forming the rear guard, which had orders to form right and left on Randolph Street, to guard the rear from any attack from the Haymarket. These various divisions thus covered the street from curb to curb. Inspector Bonfield and Capt. Ward led the forces, in front of the first division. On seeing them advancing in the distance, Fielden exclaimed:

"Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty, and I'll do mine!"

were frequent interjections of approval and shouts of indignation. Fielden's was just such a speech as they had expected to hear. Very little was required to incite them to the perpetration of desperate deeds. Like a sculptor with his plastic model, Fielden had molded his audience to suit the purpose of the occasion. With his rough and ready eloquence he stirred up their innermost passions. His biting allusions to capitalists caught the hearts of the uncouth mob as with grappling-hooks, and his appeals for the destruction of existing laws shook them as a whirlwind.

It would be as well, he said, for workmen to die fighting as to starve to death. "Exterminate the capitalists, and do it to-night!" The officers detailed to watch the proceedings saw that the speech portended no good, and they communicated the facts to Inspector Bonfield. Even then the Inspector hesitated. To use his own language, in the report he sent to Superintendent Ebersold: "Wanting to be clearly within the law, and



LIEUT. (NOW CHIEF) G. W. HUBBARD.

wishing to leave no room for doubt as to the propriety of our actions, I did not act on the first reports, but sent the officers back to make further observations. A few minutes after ten o'clock, the officers returned and reported that the crowd were getting excited and the speaker growing more incendiary in his language. I then felt that to hesitate any longer would be criminal, and gave the order to fall in and move our force forward on Waldo Place,"—a short street south of the Desplaines Street Station.

The force formed into four divisions. The companies of Lieuts. Steele and Quinn formed the first; those of Lieuts. Stanton and Bowler, the second; those of Lieut. Hubbard and Sergt. Fitzpatrick, the third; and two companies commanded by Lieuts. Beard and Penzen constituted the fourth, forming the rear guard, which had orders to form right and left on Randolph Street, to guard the rear from any attack from the Haymarket. These various divisions thus covered the street from curb to curb. Inspector Bonfield and Capt. Ward led the forces, in front of the first division. On seeing them advancing in the distance, Fielden exclaimed:

"Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty, and I'll do mine!"

Arriving on the ground, they found the agitator right in the midst of his incendiary exhortations, that point where he was telling his Anarchist zealots that he had some resistance in him, and assuring them that he knew they had too. At that moment the police were ordered to halt within a few feet of the truck wagon, and Capt. Ward, advancing to within three feet of the speaker, said :

"I command you, in the name of the people of the State, to immediately and peaceably disperse."

Turning to the crowd, he continued: "I command you and you to assist."

Fielden had meanwhile jumped off the wagon, and, as he reached the sidewalk, declared in a clear, loud tone of voice :

"We are peaceable."

This must have been the secret signal,—it has about it suggestions of the word "Ruhe,"—and no sooner had it been uttered than a spark flashed through the air. It looked like the lighted remnant of a cigar, but hissed like a miniature skyrocket. It fell in the ranks of the second division and near the dividing-line between the companies of Lieuts. Stanton and Bowler, just south of where the speaking had taken place.

A terrific explosion followed—the detonation was heard for blocks around. The direction in which the bomb—for such it was—had been thrown was by way of the east sidewalk from the alley. It had been hurled by a person in the shadow of that narrow yet crowded passageway on the same side of, and only a few feet from, the speaker's stand.

The explosion created frightful havoc and terrible dismay. It was instantly followed by a volley of small fire-arms from the mob on the sidewalk and in the street in front of the police force, all directed against the officers. They were for the moment stunned and terror-stricken. In the immediate vicinity of the explosion, the entire column under Stanton and Bowler and many of the first and third divisions were hurled to the ground, some killed, and many in the agonies of death.



SERGT. (NOW CAPT.) J. E. FITZPATRICK.

As soon as the first flash of the tragic shock had passed, and even on the instant the mob began firing, Inspector Bonfield rallied the policemen who remained unscathed, and ordered a running fire of revolvers on the desperate Anarchists. Lieuts. Steele and Quinn charged the crowd on the street from

Arriving on the ground, they found the agitator right in the midst of his incendiary exhortations, that point where he was telling his Anarchist zealots that he had some resistance in him, and assuring them that he knew they had too. At that moment the police were ordered to halt within a few feet of the truck wagon, and Capt. Ward, advancing to within three feet of the speaker, said :

“I command you, in the name of the people of the State, to immediately and peaceably disperse.”

Turning to the crowd, he continued: “I command you and you to assist.”

Fielden had meanwhile jumped off the wagon, and, as he reached the sidewalk, declared in a clear, loud tone of voice :

“We are peaceable.”

This must have been the secret signal,—it has about it suggestions of the word “Ruhe,”—and no sooner had it been uttered than a spark flashed through the air. It looked like the lighted remnant of a cigar, but hissed like a miniature skyrocket. It fell in the ranks of the second division and near the dividing-line between the companies of Lieuts. Stanton and Bowler, just south of where the speaking had taken place.

A terrific explosion followed—the detonation was heard for blocks around. The direction in which the bomb—for such it was—had been thrown was by way of the east sidewalk from the alley. It had been hurled by a person in the shadow of that narrow yet crowded passageway on the same side of, and only a few feet from, the speaker's stand.

The explosion created frightful havoc and terrible dismay. It was instantly followed by a volley of small fire-arms from the mob on the side-



SERGT. (NOW CAPT.) J. E. FITZPATRICK.

walk and in the street in front of the police force, all directed against the officers. They were for the moment stunned and terror-stricken. In the immediate vicinity of the explosion, the entire column under Stanton and Bowler and many of the first and third divisions were hurled to the ground, some killed, and many in the agonies of death.

As soon as the first flash of the tragic shock had passed, and even on the instant the mob began firing, Inspector Bonfield rallied the policemen who remained unscathed, and ordered a running fire of revolvers on the desperate Anarchists. Lieuts. Steele and Quinn charged the crowd on the street from

curb to curb, and Lieuts. Hubbard and Fitzpatrick, with such men as were left them of the Special Detail, swept both sidewalks with a brisk and rattling fire.

The rush of the officers was like that of a mighty torrent in a narrow channel—they carried everything before them and swept down all hapless enough to fall under their fire or batons. The masterly courage and brilliant dash of the men soon sent the Anarchists flying in every direction, and a more desperate scramble for life and safety was never witnessed. Even the most defiant conspirators lost their wits and hunted nooks and recesses of buildings to seclude themselves till they could effect an escape without imminent danger of bullets or of being crushed by the precipitate mob.

Fielden, so brave and fearless on the appearance of the police, pulled a revolver while crouching beneath the protection of the truck wheels, fired at the officers, and then took to his heels and disappeared. Spies had friendly assistance in getting off the truck, and hastened pell-mell through the crowd in a frantic endeavor to get under cover. He finally reached safety, while his brother, who was with him on the wagon, got away with a slight wound. Parsons seems to have taken time by the forelock and nervously



LIEUT. JAMES P. STANTON.



LIEUT. BOWLER.

awaited developments in the bar-room of Zepf's Hall. Fischer had been among the crowd while Spies and Parsons spoke, but he was in the company of Parsons at Zepf's when the explosion occurred. Schnaubelt, who had sat on the wagon with his hands in his pockets until Fielden began his speech, hurried through the mob, after sending the missile on its deadly mission, and got away without a scratch. Other lesser yet influential lights in the Anarchist combination found friendly refuge, and, as subsequently developed, lost no time in reaching home as soon as possible. How any of these leaders who were in the midst of the awful carnage managed to escape, while other of their comrades suffered, is

curb to curb, and Lieuts. Hubbard and Fitzpatrick, with such men as were left them of the Special Detail, swept both sidewalks with a brisk and rattling fire.

The rush of the officers was like that of a mighty torrent in a narrow channel — they carried everything before them and swept down all hapless enough to fall under their fire or batons. The masterly courage and brilliant dash of the men soon sent the Anarchists flying in every direction, and a more desperate scramble for life and safety was never witnessed. Even the most defiant conspirators lost their wits and hunted nooks and recesses of buildings to seclude themselves till they could effect an escape without imminent danger of bullets or of being crushed by the precipitate mob.

Fielden, so brave and fearless on the appearance of the police, pulled a revolver while crouching beneath the protection of the truck wheels, fired at the officers, and then took to his heels and disappeared. Spies had friendly assistance in getting off the truck, and hastened pell-mell through the crowd in a frantic endeavor to get under cover. He finally reached safety, while his brother, who was with him on the wagon, got away with a slight wound. Parsons seems to have taken time by the forelock and nervously



LIEUT. JAMES P. STANTON.



LIEUT. BOWLER.

awaited developments in the bar-room of Zepf's Hall. Fischer had been among the crowd while Spies and Parsons spoke, but he was in the company of Parsons at Zepf's when the explosion occurred. Schnaubelt, who had sat on the wagon with his hands in his pockets until Fielden began his speech, hurried through the mob, after sending the missile on its deadly mission, and got away without a scratch. Other lesser yet influential lights in the Anarchist combination found friendly refuge, and, as subsequently developed, lost no time in reaching home as soon as possible. How any of these leaders who were in the midst of the awful carnage managed to escape, while other of their comrades suffered, is

not clear, unless they dodged from one secluded spot to another, while the storm raged at its height—and there are many circumstances showing that this was the case. At any rate the point is immaterial: the fact remains that they were all found lacking in courage at the critical moment, and each seemed more concerned about his own safety than that of his fellow revolutionists.

Owing to the masterly charge of the police, the conflict was of short duration, but, while it lasted, it produced a scene of confusion, death and bloodshed not equaled in the annals of American riots in its extent and far-reaching results. The hissing of bullets, the groans of the dying, the cries of the wounded and the imprecations of the fleeing made a combination of horrors which those present will never forget.

No sooner had the field been cleared of the mob than Inspector Bonfield set to work caring for the dead and wounded. They were found scattered in every direction. Many of the officers lay prostrate where they had fallen, and to the north, where the mob had disputed the ground with the police, lay many an Anarchist. On door-steps and in the recesses of buildings were found wounded and maimed. The police looked after all and rendered assistance alike to friend and foe. The dead, dying and wounded were conveyed to the Desplaines Street Station, where numerous physicians were called into service.

In subsequently speaking of the bravery of his men on this occasion, in his report to the Chief of Police, Inspector Bonfield very truly said :

It has been asserted that regular troops have become panic-stricken from less cause. I see no way to account for it except this. The soldier acts as part of a machine. Rarely, if ever, when on duty, is he allowed to act as an individual or to use his personal judgment. A police officer's training teaches him to be self-reliant. Day after day and night after night he goes on duty alone, and, when in conflict with the thief and burglar, he has to depend upon his own individual exertions. The soldier being a part of a machine, it follows that, when a part of it gives out, the rest is useless until the injury is repaired. The policeman, being a machine in himself, rarely, if ever, gives up until he is laid on the ground and unable to rise again. In conclusion, I beg leave to report that the conduct of the men and officers, with few exceptions, was admirable—as a military man said to me the next day, "worthy the heroes of a hundred battles."

CHAPTER IX.

The Dead and the Wounded — Moans of Anguish in the Police Station — Caring for Friend and Foe — Counting the Cost — A City's Sympathy — The Death List — Sketches of the Men — The Doctors' Work — Dynamite Havoc — Veterans of the Haymarket — A Roll of Honor — The Anarchist Loss — Guesses at their Dead — Concealing Wounded Rioters — The Explosion a Failure — Disappointment of the Terrorists.

THE scene at the Desplaines Street Station was one which would appal the stoutest heart. Every available place in the building was utilized, and one could scarcely move about the various rooms without fear of accidentally touching a wound or jarring a fractured limb. In many instances mangled Anarchists were placed side by side with injured officers. The floors literally ran with blood dripping and flowing from the lacerated bodies of the victims of the riot. The air was filled with moans from the dying and groans of anguish from the wounded. As the news had spread throughout the city of the terrible slaughter, wives, daughters, relatives and friends of officers as well as of Anarchists, who had failed to report at home or to send tidings of their whereabouts, hastened to the station and sought admission. Being refused, these set up wailing and lamentations about the doors of the station, and the doleful sounds made the situation all the more sorrowful within.

Everything in the power of man was done to alleviate the suffering and to make the patients as comfortable as possible. Drs. Murphy, Lee and Herotin, department physicians, were energetically at work, and, with every appliance possible, administered comparative relief and ease from the excruciating pains of the suffering. The more seriously wounded, when possible, were taken to the Cook County Hospital. Throughout the night following the riot, the early morning and the day succeeding, the utmost care was given the patients, and throughout the city for days and weeks the one inquiry, the one great sympathy, was with reference to the wounded officers and their condition. The whole heart of the city was centered in their recovery. Everywhere the living as well as the dead heroes were accorded the highest praise. The culprits who had sought to subvert law and order in murder and pillage were execrated on all hands. For days and weeks, the city never for a moment relaxed its interest. From the time the men had been brought into the station, it was long a question as to how many would succumb to their wounds. Care and attention without ceasing served to rescue many from an untimely grave; but even those who were finally restored to their families and friends, crippled and maimed as they were, hovered between life and death on a very slender thread through many a restless night and weary day and through long weeks and

agonizing months. The devotion of friends and the skill of physicians nerved the men to strength and patience. That only eight should have died out of so great a number as were mangled, lacerated and shattered by the powerful bomb and pierced by bullets, attests the merits of the treatment.

The only one who was almost instantly killed was Officer Mathias J. Degan. The following list will serve to show the names of the officers killed and wounded, the stations they belonged to, their residences, the nature of their wounds, their condition and other circumstances:

MATHIAS J. DEGAN—Third Precinct, West Lake Street Station; residence, No. 626 South Canal Street. Almost instantly killed. He was born October 29, 1851, and joined the police force December 15, 1884. He was a widower, having lost his wife just before joining the force, and left a young son. He was a brave officer, efficient in all his duties, and highly esteemed.

MICHAEL SHEEHAN—Third Precinct; residence, No. 163 Barber Street. Wounded in the back just below the ninth rib. The bullet lay in the abdomen, and, after its removal by the surgeon, he collapsed and died on the 9th of May. He was twenty-nine years of age, born in Ireland, and came to America in 1879. He joined the force December 15, 1884, and had only one relative in America, a brother, his parents still living in the old country. He was a very bright, prompt and efficient officer, and had excellent prospects before him. He was unmarried.

GEORGE MULLER—Third Precinct; residence, No. 836 West Madison Street; was shot in the left side, the bullet passing down through the body and lodging on the right side above the hip bone. He suffered more than any of the others and was in terrible agony. He would not consent to an operation, and finally his right lung collapsed, making his breathing very difficult. He expired on the 6th of May. He was twenty-eight years of age. Born in Oswego, N. Y., where his parents lived, and to which place his remains were sent. Muller, on coming to Chicago, began as a teamster, and became connected with the Police Department December 15, 1884, being assigned for duty at the Desplaines Street Station. He was a finely built, muscular young man, and became quite a favorite with his associates because of his quiet habits and genial manners. At the time of his death he was engaged to Miss Mary McAvoy.

JOHN J. BARRETT—Third Precinct; residence, No. 99 East Erie Street; was shot in the liver, from which a piece of shell was removed, and he had a bad fracture of the elbow. The heel bone of one leg was carried away. With so many serious wounds, he lay in the hospital almost unconscious until the day of his death, May 6. He was born in Waukegan, Ill., in 1860, and came to Chicago with his parents when only four years of age. Here he attended the public schools, and then learned the molder's trade, which he abandoned on January 15, 1885, to join the police force, being assigned to duty at the Desplaines Street Station. He was a brave and efficient officer and always ready to do his part in any emergency. He had been married only a few months preceding his death, and left a wife, a widowed mother, three sisters and a younger brother.

THOMAS REDDEN—Third Precinct; residence, No. 109 Walnut Street; received a bad fracture of the left leg three inches below the knee, from which a large portion of the bone was entirely carried away. He also had bullet wounds in the left cheek and right elbow, and some wounds in the back. Pieces of shell were found in the leg and elbow. He died May 16. He was fifty years of age, and had been connected with the police force for twelve years, joining it on April 1, 1874. He was attached to the West Lake Street Station, and was looked upon as an exemplary and trusted officer. He left a wife and two young children.

TIMOTHY FLAVIN — Fourth Precinct; residence, No. 504 North Ashland Avenue; was struck with a piece of shell four inches above the ankle joint, tearing away a portion of the large bone and fracturing the small bone. He also had two wounds just below the shoulder joint in the right arm, caused by a shell, and there were two shell wounds in the back, one passing into the abdomen and the other into the lung. His leg was amputated above the knee, the second day after the explosion, and he had besides a large piece torn out of his right hip. He died on May 8. He was born in Listowel, Ireland, and came to America in 1880 with a young wife, whom he had married on the day of his departure. He had worked as a teamster, and joined the police force on December 15, 1884, being assigned to duty at the Rawson Street Station. He left a wife and three small children.

NELS HANSEN — Fourth Precinct; residence, No. 28 Fowler Street; received shell wounds in body, arms and legs, and one of his limbs had to be amputated. He lost considerable



THE DESPLAINES STREET STATION.

From a Photograph.

blood, but lingered along in intense agony until May 14, when he died. He was a native of Sweden, having come to Chicago a great number of years ago, joining the force December 15, 1884, and was about fifty years of age. He left a wife and two children.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, of the Third Precinct, was the last to die from the effects of the Haymarket riot; this brave officer lingered until June 13, 1888. He resided at No. 123 Hickory Street, and was a widower, four children mourning his loss. The illness from which he died was the direct result of a bullet wound just above the left knee.

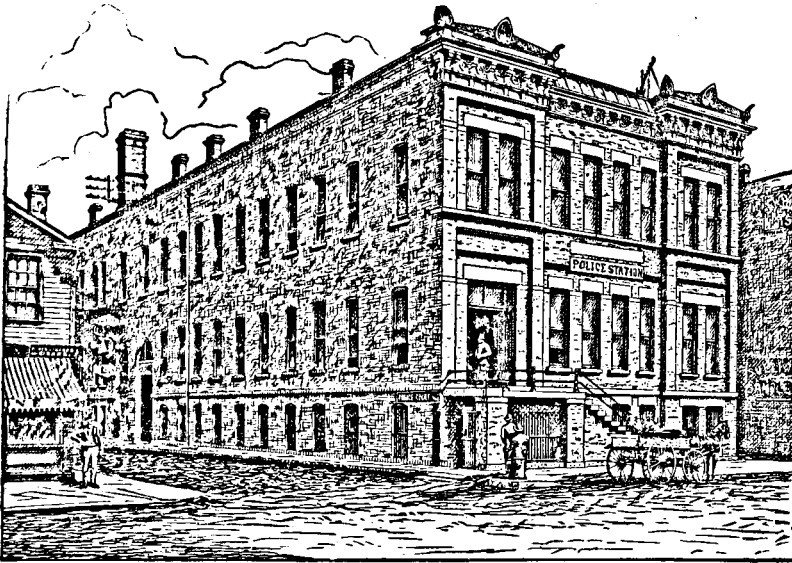
The following is a list of the wounded officers belonging to the Third Precinct:

August C. Keller; residence, No. 36 Greenwich Street; shell wound in right side and ball wound in left side; wife and five children.

Thomas McHenry; residence, 376 W. Polk Street; shell wound in left knee and three shell wounds in left hip; single; had a sister and blind mother to support.

TIMOTHY FLAVIN — Fourth Precinct; residence, No. 504 North Ashland Avenue; was struck with a piece of shell four inches above the ankle joint, tearing away a portion of the large bone and fracturing the small bone. He also had two wounds just below the shoulder joint in the right arm, caused by a shell, and there were two shell wounds in the back, one passing into the abdomen and the other into the lung. His leg was amputated above the knee, the second day after the explosion, and he had besides a large piece torn out of his right hip. He died on May 8. He was born in Listowel, Ireland, and came to America in 1880 with a young wife, whom he had married on the day of his departure. He had worked as a teamster, and joined the police force on December 15, 1884, being assigned to duty at the Rawson Street Station. He left a wife and three small children.

NELS HANSEN — Fourth Precinct; residence, No. 28 Fowler Street; received shell wounds in body, arms and legs, and one of his limbs had to be amputated. He lost considerable



THE DESPLAINES STREET STATION.

From a Photograph.

blood, but lingered along in intense agony until May 14, when he died. He was a native of Sweden, having come to Chicago a great number of years ago, joining the force December 15, 1884, and was about fifty years of age. He left a wife and two children.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, of the Third Precinct, was the last to die from the effects of the Haymarket riot; this brave officer lingered until June 13, 1888. He resided at No. 123 Hickory Street, and was a widower, four children mourning his loss. The illness from which he died was the direct result of a bullet wound just above the left knee.

The following is a list of the wounded officers belonging to the Third Precinct:

August C. Keller; residence, No. 36 Greenwich Street; shell wound in right side and ball wound in left side; wife and five children.

Thomas McHenry; residence, 376 W. Polk Street; shell wound in left knee and three shell wounds in left hip; single; had a sister and blind mother to support.

John E. Doyle, 142½ W. Jackson Street; bullet wounds in back and calf of each leg; serious; wife and one child.

John A. King, 1411 Wabash Avenue; jawbone fractured by shell and two bullet wounds in right leg below the knee; serious; single.

Nicholas Shannon, Jr., No. 24 Miller Street; thirteen shell wounds on right side and five shell wounds on left side; serious; wife and three children.

James Conway, No. 185 Morgan Street; bullet wound in right leg; single.

Patrick Hartford, No. 228 Noble Street; shell wound in right ankle, two toes on left foot amputated, bullet wound in left side; wife and four children.

Patrick Nash, Desplaines Street Station; bruises on left shoulder, inflicted by a stick; single.

Arthur Connolly, No. 318 West Huron Street; two shell wounds in left leg; bone slightly fractured; wife.

Louis Johnson, No. 40 West Erie Street; shell wound in left leg; wife and four children.

M. M. Cardin, No. 18 North Peoria Street; bullet wound in calf of each leg; wife and two children.

Adam Barber, No. 321 West Jackson Street; shell wound left leg, bullet wound in right breast; bullet not extracted; wife and one child.

Henry F. Smith, bullet wound in right shoulder; quite serious, wife and two children in California.

Frank Tyrell, No. 228 Lincoln Street; bullet in right hip near spine; wife and two children; wife sick in County Hospital at the time of the riot.

James A. Brady, No. 146 West Van Buren Street; shell wound in left leg, slight injury to toes of left foot and shell wound in left thigh; single.

John Reed, No. 237 South Halsted Street; shell wound in left leg and bullet wound in right knee; bullet not removed; single.

Patrick McLaughlin, No. 965 Thirty-seventh Court; bruised on right side, leg and hip, injuries slight; wife and two children.

Frank Murphy, No. 980 Walnut Street; trampled on, three ribs broken; wife and three children.

Lawrence Murphy, No. 317½ Fulton Street; shell wounds on left side of neck and left knee, part of left foot amputated; wife.

Michael Madden, No. 119 South Green Street; shot in left lung on May 5th, after which he shot and killed his Anarchist assailant; wife and seven children.

The following belonged to the West Lake Street Station of the Third Precinct:

Lieut. James P. Stanton, residence No. 584 Carroll Avenue; shell wound in right side, bullet wound in right hip, bullet wound in calf of leg; wife and three children.

Thomas Brophy, No. 25 Nixon Street; slight injury to left leg; reported for duty; wife.

Bernard Murphy, No. 325 East Twenty-second Street; bullet wound in left thigh, shell wound on right side of head and chin; not dangerous; wife.

Charles H. Fink, No. 154 South Sangamon Street; three shell wounds in left leg and two wounds in right leg; not dangerous; wife.

Joseph Norman, No. 612 Walnut Street; bullet passed through right foot and slight injury to finger on left hand; wife and two children.

Peter Butterly, No. 436 West Twelfth Street; bullet wound in right arm and small wound on each leg near knee; wife and one child.

Alexander Jamison, No. 129 Gurley Street; bullet wound in left leg; serious; wife and seven children.

Michael Horan, bullet wound in left thigh, not removed; slight shell wound on left arm; single.

Thomas Hennessy, No. 287 Fulton Street ; shell wound on left thigh, slight ; has mother, who is crippled, and two sisters to support.

William Burns, No. 602 West Van Buren Street ; slight shell wound on left ankle ; single.

James Plunkett, No. 15½ Depuyster Street ; struck with club and trampled upon ; wife.

Charles W. Whitney, No. 453 South Robey Street ; shell wound in left breast ; shell not removed ; single.

Jacob Hansen, No. 137 North Morgan Street ; right leg amputated over the knee, three shell wounds in left leg ; wife and one child.

Martin Cullen, No. 236 Washtenaw Avenue ; right collar bone fractured and slight injury to left knee ; wife and five children.

Simon Klidzis, No. 158 Carroll Street ; shot in calf of left leg ; serious ; wife and three children.

Julius L. Simonson, No. 241 West Huron Street ; shot in arm near shoulder ; very serious ; wife and two children.

John K. McMahon, No. 118 North Green Street ; shell wound in calf of left leg, shell not found ; ball wound left leg near knee, very serious ; wife and two children.

Simon McMahan, No. 913 North Ashland Avenue ; shot in right arm and two wounds in right leg ; wife and five children.

Edward W. Ruel, No. 136 North Peoria Street ; shot in right ankle, bullet not removed ; serious ; single.

Alexander Halvorson, No. 850 North Oakley Avenue ; shot in both legs, ball not extracted ; single.

Carl E. Johnson, No. 339 West Erie Street ; shot in left elbow ; wife and two children.

Peter McCormick, No. 473 West Erie Street ; slight shot wound in left arm ; wife.

Christopher Gaynor, No. 45 Fay Street ; slight bruise on left arm ; wife.

The following belonged to the Fourth Precinct :

S. J. Werneke, No. 73 West Division Street ; shot in left side of head, ball not found ; serious ; wife and two children.

Patrick McNulty, No. 691 North Leavitt Street ; shot in right leg and both hips ; dangerous ; wife and three children.

Samuel Hilgo, No. 452 Milwaukee Avenue ; shot in right leg ; not serious ; single

Herman Krueger, No. 184 Ramsey Street ; shot in right knee ; not serious ; wife and two children.

Joseph A. Gilso, No. 8 Emma Street ; slightly injured in back and leg ; not serious ; wife and six children.

Edward Barrell, No. 297 West Ohio Street ; shot in right leg ; quite serious ; wife and six children.

Freeman Steele, No. 30 Rice Street ; slightly wounded in back ; not serious ; single.

James P. Johnson, No. 740 Dixon Street ; right knee sprained ; not serious ; wife and three children.

Benjamin F. Snell, No. 138 Mozart Street ; shot in right leg ; not serious ; single.

The following belonged to the Central Detail :

James H. Wilson, No. 810 Austin Avenue ; seriously injured in abdomen by shell ; wife and five children.

Daniel Hogan, No. 526 Austin Avenue ; shot in calf of right leg and hand ; very serious ; wife and daughter.

M. O'Brien, No. 495 Fifth Avenue ; shell wound in left thigh ; very serious ; wife and two children.

Fred A. Andrew, No. 1018 North Halsted Street ; wounded in leg, not serious ; wife.

Jacob Ebinger, No. 235 Thirty-seventh Street; shell wound in back of left hand; not serious; wife and three children.

John J. Kelley, No. 194 Sheffield Avenue; shell wound on left hand; not serious; wife and three children.

Patrick Lavin, No. 42 Sholto Street; finger hurt by shell; married.



THE HAYMARKET MARTYRS.

1. John J. Barrett. 2. Michael Sheehan. 3. Timothy Flavin. 4. Timothy Sullivan.
5. Thomas Redden. 6. Mathias J. Degan. 7. Nels Hansen. 8. George Muller.

Officer Terrehll had a shell wound in the right thigh.

Patrick Hartford had an opening in the ankle joint. The shell was removed. A portion of his left foot, with the toes, was carried away.

Arthur Conelly had a compound fracture of the tibia. The shell struck him about two inches below the knee, tore away a piece of bone of the fibula, perforated the tibia and

Jacob Ebinger, No. 235 Thirty-seventh Street; shell wound in back of left hand; not serious; wife and three children.

John J. Kelley, No. 194 Sheffield Avenue; shell wound on left hand; not serious; wife and three children.

Patrick Lavin, No. 42 Sholto Street; finger hurt by shell; married.



THE HAYMARKET MARTYRS.

1. John J. Barrett. 2. Michael Sheehan. 3. Timothy Flavin. 4. Timothy Sullivan.
5. Thomas Redden. 6. Mathias J. Degan. 7. Neils Hansen. 8. George Muller.

Officer Terrehll had a shell wound in the right thigh.

Patrick Hartford had an opening in the ankle joint. The shell was removed. A portion of his left foot, with the toes, was carried away.

Arthur Conelly had a compound fracture of the tibia. The shell struck him about two inches below the knee, tore away a piece of bone of the fibula, perforated the tibia and

lodged about the middle of the large bone of the leg, a short distance below the knee. A piece of shell was removed.

Lawrence Murphy had fifteen shell wounds, one in the neck, three or four in the arms, and one in his left foot; the last, weighing almost an ounce and a half, lodged at the base of the great toe and left his foot hanging by a piece of skin. The foot had to be amputated about two inches farther back. He had a piece two inches square taken out of the anterior surface of his leg. He had two perforating wounds in the left thigh and a number in the right.

Edward Barrett had two shell wounds in the neighborhood of the knee joint, turning out large pieces of flesh and leaving ragged wounds on the surface.

J. H. King was struck in the chin by a piece of shell which went through his upper lip; another piece carried away about an inch of his lower jaw-bone.

J. H. Grady had severe flesh wounds, both in the thigh and legs. Some pieces of shell were taken out of them.

John Doyle had several wounds about the legs, in the neighborhood of the knee joint.

The list shows the character of the wounds and the condition of the officers just after the eventful night. Some of those who died lingered along for some time after, but the name of Timothy Sullivan was the last to add to the death-list. Some of the sixty-eight wounded men have since returned to active duty, but many are maimed for life and incapacitated for work.

It is impossible to say how many of the Anarchists were killed or wounded. As soon as they were in a condition to be moved, those in the Desplaines Street Station were turned over to their relatives and friends. The Anarchists have never attempted to give a correct list, or even an approximate estimate, of the men wounded or killed on their side. The number, however, was largely in excess of that on the side of the police. After the moment's bewilderment, the officers dashed on the enemy and fired round after round. Being good marksmen, they fired to kill, and many revolutionists must have gone home, either assisted by comrades or unassisted, with wounds that resulted fatally or maimed them for life. Some of those in the station had dangerous wounds, and they were for the most part men who had become separated, in the confusion, from their companions, or trampled upon so that they could not get up and limp to a safe place. It is known that many secret funerals were held from Anarchist localities in the dead hour of night. For many months previous to the Haymarket explosion the Anarchists had descanted loudly on the destructive potency of dynamite. One bomb, they maintained, was equivalent to a regiment of militia. A little dynamite, properly put up, could be carried in a vest pocket and used to destroy a large body of police. They probably reasoned that if it was known that many more of their number had fallen than on the side of the police, it would not only tend to diminish the faith of their adherents in the real virtues of dynamite, but would prove that the police were more than able to cope with the Social Revolution, even though the revolutionists depended on that powerful agency. The public is not, therefore, likely ever to know how many of their number suffered.

CHAPTER X.

The Core of the Conspiracy — Search of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office — The Captured Manuscript — Jealousies in the Police Department — The Case Threatened with Failure — Stupidity at the Central Office — Fischer Brought In — Rotten Detective Work — The Arrest of Spies — His Egregious Vanity — An Anarchist "Ladies' Man" — Wine Suppers with the Actresses — Nina Van Zandt's Antecedents — Her Romantic Connection with the Case — Fashionable Toilets — Did Spies Really Love Her? — His Curious Conduct — The Proxy Marriage — The End of the Romance — The Other Conspirators — Mrs. Parsons' Origin — The Bomb-Thrower in Custody — The Assassin Kicked Out of the Chief's Office — Schnaubelt and the Detectives — Suspicious Conduct at Headquarters — Schnaubelt Ordered to Keep Away From the City Hall — An Amazing Incident — A Friendly Tip to a Murderer — My Impressions of the Schnaubelt Episode — Balthasar Rau and Mr. Furthmann — Phantom Shackles in a Pullman — Experiments with Dynamite — An Explosive Dangerous to Friend and Foe — Testing the Bombs — Fielden and the Chief.

IT was not difficult to locate the moral responsibility for the bold and bloody attack on law and authority. The seditious utterances of such men as Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Schwab and other leaders at public gatherings for weeks and months preceding the eight-hour strike, and the defiant declarations of such papers as the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and the *Alarm*, clearly pointed to the sources from which came the inspiration for the crowning crime of Anarchy. It was likewise a strongly settled conviction that the thrower of the bomb was not simply a Guiteau-like crank, but that there must have been a deliberate, organized conspiracy, of which he was a duly constituted agent. In the work, therefore, of getting at the inside facts, the points sought were: What was the exact nature of that conspiracy, and who constituted the chief conspirators? The possession of every detail in connection with these two points was absolutely necessary in order to fix the criminal responsibility, and to the solution of this problem the officers bent all their energies.

The detectives were well aware that the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been the headquarters for the central, controlling body of the Anarchist organizations in Chicago, and on the morning following the explosion Inspector Bonfield determined to raid the establishment and bring in such of the leaders as might be found there. Several detectives were assigned to this duty, and they soon returned, having under arrest August Spies, his brother Chris, Michael Schwab and Adolph Fischer. These were locked up at the Central Station. Shortly thereafter fifteen or sixteen compositors of the paper were arrested and brought to the same place. They were a meek-looking set, and were visibly moved with fear.

Immediately after 12 o'clock, State's Attorney Grinnell, Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, Lieut. Joseph Kipley, Lieut. John D. Shea, Detect-

ives James Bonfield, Slayton, Baer, Palmer, Thehorn and several other officers repaired to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building and made a most thorough search of every room in the premises. A lot of manuscript was found on hooks attached to the printers' cases, and this was carefully wrapped up and taken away. The files of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* were also piled into a wagon and carted to the Central Station.

Subsequent investigation by Mr. Furthmann of all the scraps of paper brought over by the police revealed Spies' manuscript with the signal word "Ruhe," the manuscript of the "Revenge Circular," issued on the afternoon of May 4, the manuscript for the "Y, come Monday night" notice, Spies' copy of the article headed "Blood," published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of May 4, and a number of other documents damaging in their character. This discovery was regarded as highly important, and in the trial it proved extremely serviceable to the State. It likewise served, as will be shown, in furnishing a point by which, when I came to take up the case, I was enabled to finally lay bare the whole conspiracy from its inception to its conclusion.

With the clues obtained from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, the officers were enabled to put some pointed questions to the prisoners, but they failed to properly utilize even the meager information they had managed to extract. At this time the Police Department, from the Chief to the detective branch, was rent with rivalries, dissensions and jealousies, and it did not require much frowning or many innuendoes from the one to destroy in the other any special interest in pursuing a clue to its legitimate results. At the start all the officers were on a keen scent, and while outwardly all seemed working like Trojans in order to meet public expectations, which was keyed up to its highest pitch, not alone in Chicago but throughout the country, still the fear that one might get the credit for the work done by another operated to destroy discipline and deaden personal enthusiasm. Outside events alone prevented a complete failure in the prosecution.

The arrested Anarchists, however, knew nothing of these dissensions.



ADOLPH FISCHER.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

ives James Bonfield, Slayton, Baer, Palmer, Thehorn and several other officers repaired to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building and made a most thorough search of every room in the premises. A lot of manuscript was found on hooks attached to the printers' cases, and this was carefully wrapped up and taken away. The files of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* were also piled into a wagon and carted to the Central Station.

Subsequent investigation by Mr. Furthmann of all the scraps of paper brought over by the police revealed Spies' manuscript with the signal word "Ruhe," the manuscript of the "Revenge Circular," issued on the afternoon of May 4, the manuscript for the "Y, come Monday night" notice, Spies' copy of the article headed "Blood," published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of May 4, and a number of other documents damaging in their character. This discovery was regarded as highly important, and in the trial it proved extremely serviceable to the State. It likewise served, as will be shown, in furnishing a point by which, when I came to take up the case, I was enabled to finally lay bare the whole conspiracy from its inception to its conclusion.

With the clues obtained from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, the officers were enabled to put some pointed questions to the prisoners, but they failed to properly utilize even the meager information they had managed to extract. At this time the Police Department, from the Chief to the detective branch, was rent with rivalries, dissensions and jealousies, and it did not require much frowning or many innuendoes from the one to destroy in the other any special interest in pursuing a clue to its legitimate results. At the start all the officers were on a keen scent, and while outwardly all seemed working like Trojans in order to meet public expectations, which was keyed up to its highest pitch, not alone in Chicago but throughout the country, still the fear that one might get the credit for the work done by another operated to destroy discipline and deaden personal enthusiasm. Outside events alone prevented a complete failure in the prosecution.

The arrested Anarchists, however, knew nothing of these dissensions.



ADOLPH FISCHER.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

All they knew was that public indignation was strong against them, and they realized that they were in a very embarrassing situation.

FISCHER seemed to feel his position at the station more keenly than the others. On his arrest he was found to have in his possession a 44-caliber revolver, a file sharpened so as to make it serviceable as a dagger, and a detonation cap, and, as he was the foreman of the compositors in the office, his trepidation may have been caused by a suspicion that possibly the officers took him to be the leader of an armed gang among them. Before the raid



THE FISCHER FAMILY. From a Photograph.

on the office it appears that he had endeavored to hide these weapons, but he had been unable to unload himself, as the others in the office would not consent to concealment in their vicinity, lest discovery in the event of an investigation might criminate them in the conspiracy. Fischer was on his way down stairs to find a hiding-place for his weapons at the very moment when he was overtaken by the police and relieved of all further trouble. The dagger was a peculiar instrument, and it was the general opinion of those who examined it that it had been dipped in some deadly poison from

All they knew was that public indignation was strong against them, and they realized that they were in a very embarrassing situation.

FISCHER seemed to feel his position at the station more keenly than the others. On his arrest he was found to have in his possession a 44-caliber revolver, a file sharpened so as to make it serviceable as a dagger, and a detonation cap, and, as he was the foreman of the compositors in the office, his trepidation may have been caused by a suspicion that possibly the officers took him to be the leader of an armed gang among them. Before the raid



THE FISCHER FAMILY. From a Photograph.

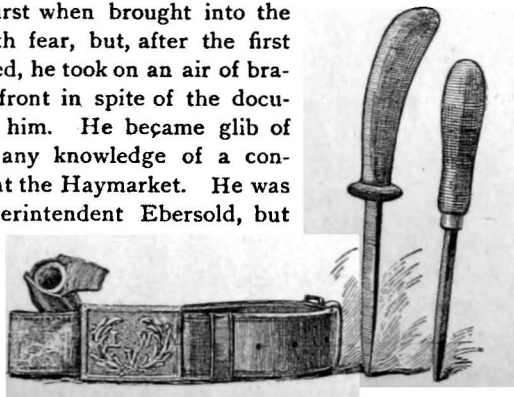
on the office it appears that he had endeavored to hide these weapons, but he had been unable to unload himself, as the others in the office would not consent to concealment in their vicinity, lest discovery in the event of an investigation might criminate them in the conspiracy. Fischer was on his way down stairs to find a hiding-place for his weapons at the very moment when he was overtaken by the police and relieved of all further trouble. The dagger was a peculiar instrument, and it was the general opinion of those who examined it that it had been dipped in some deadly poison from

which, through a slight scratch or through a deep plunge of the weapon, death would be speedy.

Fischer always seemed thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means to be used to bring about the death of capitalists, and he never tired of uttering dire threats against the foes of Socialism. He was a tall, lithe and muscular-looking man, and, with a resolute purpose, he impressed his comrades as one who would not easily be balked. It is difficult to determine just how Fischer came to imbibe his bloodthirsty principles, as little is known of his antecedents. At the time of his arrest he was twenty-seven years old and married. He had been in the United States thirteen or fourteen years. He had learned the printer's trade in Nashville, Tenn., working for a brother who conducted there a German paper. Subsequently he acquired an interest in a German publication at Little Rock, Ark., and in 1881 he moved to St. Louis, where he worked at the case and where he became known for his extreme ideas on Socialism. He soon found his way to Chicago, where he felt satisfied he would find more congenial spirits in the work upon which he had set his heart. Here he became associated with Engel and Fehling in the publication of a German paper, the *Anarchist*, but as this did not live long, he became a compositor on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Wherever he was, he always talked Anarchy and showed a most implacable hatred of existing society.

When brought to the station, Fischer weakened perceptibly, but afterwards braced up and yielded no information except as to his whereabouts for several days prior to the Haymarket meeting. He had no love for the police, and he did everything in his power to trip us up in our subsequent investigations. From the moment of his arrest to the day of his execution he adopted a most secretive policy.

SPRES also weakened at first when brought into the station, almost trembling with fear, but, after the first flush of excitement had passed, he took on an air of bravado, and exhibited a bold front in spite of the documentary disclosures against him. He became glib of tongue, but stoutly denied any knowledge of a conspiracy to precipitate a riot at the Haymarket. He was savagely denounced by Superintendent Ebersold, but he stood his ground and resolved to act the part of the innocent victim. His active participation in all large demonstrations, notably those at the McCormick factory and the Haymarket, made him a splendid mark



FISCHER'S BELT AND POISONED DAGGERS.

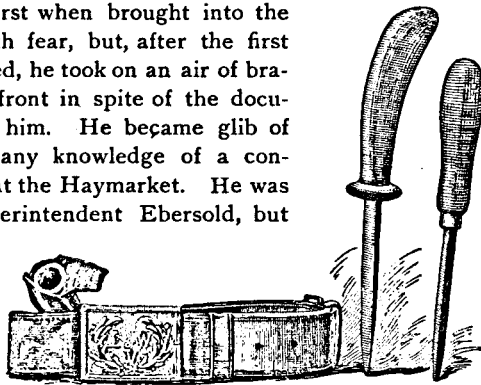
From a Photograph.

which, through a slight scratch or through a deep plunge of the weapon, death would be speedy.

Fischer always seemed thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means to be used to bring about the death of capitalists, and he never tired of uttering dire threats against the foes of Socialism. He was a tall, lithe and muscular-looking man, and, with a resolute purpose, he impressed his comrades as one who would not easily be balked. It is difficult to determine just how Fischer came to imbibe his bloodthirsty principles, as little is known of his antecedents. At the time of his arrest he was twenty-seven years old and married. He had been in the United States thirteen or fourteen years. He had learned the printer's trade in Nashville, Tenn., working for a brother who conducted there a German paper. Subsequently he acquired an interest in a German publication at Little Rock, Ark., and in 1881 he moved to St. Louis, where he worked at the case and where he became known for his extreme ideas on Socialism. He soon found his way to Chicago, where he felt satisfied he would find more congenial spirits in the work upon which he had set his heart. Here he became associated with Engel and Fehling in the publication of a German paper, the *Anarchist*, but as this did not live long, he became a compositor on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Wherever he was, he always talked Anarchy and showed a most implacable hatred of existing society.

When brought to the station, Fischer weakened perceptibly, but afterwards braced up and yielded no information except as to his whereabouts for several days prior to the Haymarket meeting. He had no love for the police, and he did everything in his power to trip us up in our subsequent investigations. From the moment of his arrest to the day of his execution he adopted a most secretive policy.

SPRES also weakened at first when brought into the station, almost trembling with fear, but, after the first flush of excitement had passed, he took on an air of bravado, and exhibited a bold front in spite of the documentary disclosures against him. He became glib of tongue, but stoutly denied any knowledge of a conspiracy to precipitate a riot at the Haymarket. He was savagely denounced by Superintendent Ebersold, but he stood his ground and resolved to act the part of the innocent victim. His active participation in all large demonstrations, notably those at the McCormick factory and the Haymarket, made him a splendid mark

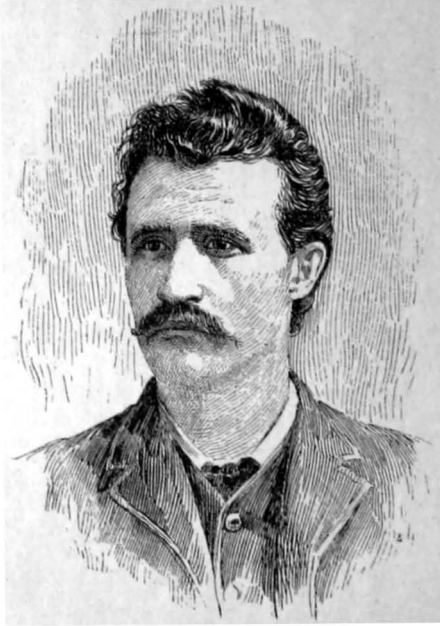


FISCHER'S BELT AND POISONED DAGGERS.

From a Photograph.

for critical examination, but every effort to extract definite information proved futile.

Spies was a young man of considerable ability, having enjoyed more than a common school education in Germany, and in all his talks he demonstrated that he had been a diligent reader of history and an enthusiastic student of Socialism and Anarchy. With all his reading, however, it was apparent that he had not carefully digested his information. He always acted as if self-conscious of great knowledge. He was a strong



AUGUST SPIES.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

and effective speaker, but in all his harangues there seemed to be lacking the element of sincerity. For a long time some of his associates doubted if he really meant what he said, and there are Anarchists to-day who do not believe that he was at any time really in earnest in his public utterances. They think that he exerted himself simply for the purpose of being looked upon as a popular leader and hero, and that he worked for the cause only as a means of obtaining an easy living. He was exceedingly vain and pompous, and courted public notoriety.

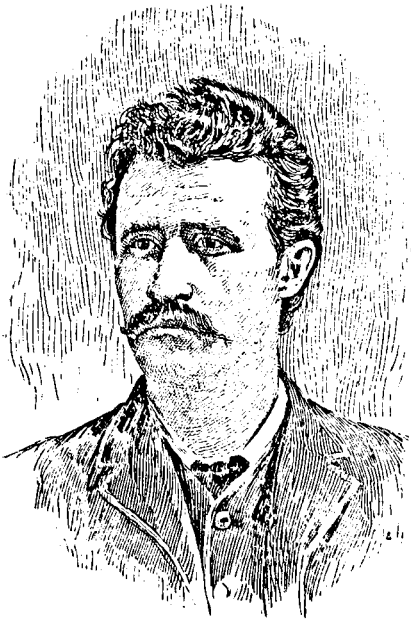
Spies had received a very good salary as editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and enjoyed nothing better than to write a fiery editorial or deliver an incendiary speech. It all served to rivet attention on himself. The more attention, the more

it pleased his vanity. His constant desire was to place himself on dress parade, so to speak, and he generally sought out, when he lunched down town at noon, some fashionable or crowded restaurant. He would strut to a table which could only be reached by passing other crowded tables, and enjoy the *sotto voce* remarks as he passed or as he sat at the table he had selected—"There is Spies, the noted Anarchist." No common Anarchist, lager-beer-and-pretzel lunch-houses suited him.

It was at a large restaurant, on the 3d of May, at noon, that he met a well-known attorney, to whom he was introduced and with whom he had some conversation of a joking, bantering nature. The attorney testified before the grand jury subsequently as to this conversation, and the sub-

for critical examination, but every effort to extract definite information proved futile.

Spies was a young man of considerable ability, having enjoyed more than a common school education in Germany, and in all his talks he demonstrated that he had been a diligent reader of history and an enthusiastic student of Socialism and Anarchy. With all his reading, however, it was apparent that he had not carefully digested his information. He always acted as if self-conscious of great knowledge. He was a strong



AUGUST SPIES.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

and effective speaker, but in all his harangues there seemed to be lacking the element of sincerity. For a long time some of his associates doubted if he really meant what he said, and there are Anarchists to-day who do not believe that he was at any time really in earnest in his public utterances. They think that he exerted himself simply for the purpose of being looked upon as a popular leader and hero, and that he worked for the cause only as a means of obtaining an easy living. He was exceedingly vain and pompous, and courted public notoriety.

Spies had received a very good salary as editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and enjoyed nothing better than to write a fiery editorial or deliver an incendiary speech. It all served to rivet attention on himself. The more attention, the more

it pleased his vanity. His constant desire was to place himself on dress parade, so to speak, and he generally sought out, when he lunched down town at noon, some fashionable or crowded restaurant. He would strut to a table which could only be reached by passing other crowded tables, and enjoy the *sotto voce* remarks as he passed or as he sat at the table he had selected—"There is Spies, the noted Anarchist." No common Anarchist, lager-beer-and-pretzel lunch-houses suited him.

It was at a large restaurant, on the 3d of May, at noon, that he met a well-known attorney, to whom he was introduced and with whom he had some conversation of a joking, bantering nature. The attorney testified before the grand jury subsequently as to this conversation, and the sub-

stance of it will be found in the chapter devoted to a review of its proceedings. But it transpires that there was some further conversation that does not appear in the report of the grand jury investigation, but which has since been brought out through the recollection of another party, and, which, while it was given in an off-hand way, fully showed that Spies desired to make a great impression on the mind of his casual acquaintance as well as to intimate the existence of some secret understanding for bringing on bloodshed. On that occasion Spies, after being assured that the attorney was not an Anarchist, remarked :

"You had better be one, for in less than twenty-four hours a Socialist, well armed, with a market on his shoulder, will appear out of every door, and whoever has not got the sign or pass-word will be shot down in his tracks. I am about going out now to McCormick's factory, west of here, for the purpose of addressing a multitude of workingmen, and I will raise h—I before I get through."

Besides his fancy for popular restaurants, there was another peculiarity about Spies. He frequently attended the German theaters, ostensibly for the recreation he might find in the plays, but the principal motive was the cultivation of the actresses' acquaintance. Introductions, which he sought eagerly, were followed by invitations to wine suppers. He was good company, and his lady acquaintances were not averse to accepting his invitations even though he was an Anarchist. Possibly they doubted the sincerity of his convictions—although they entertained no question about the reality of his cash. None of them, however, seem to have visited him during his incarceration, save one, a tall woman who now lives on Wells Street near Chicago Avenue.

During his troubles Spies made the acquaintance of a woman in another station of life. It was during his trial that Miss Nina Van Zandt became interested in him and espoused his cause. She had read of his case, and there seemed to be a charm about his conduct as described in the newspapers that prompted her to seek his acquaintance. She was a young girl of rare beauty and considerable mental endowment, and she had moved in the best society, but, notwithstanding her social position and culture, she sought an introduction and soon fell desperately in love with the Anarchist. She was an only child and the petted daughter of parents of high social connections, and her immediate relatives were wealthy people in Pittsburg. Her parents threw no obstacles in the way of her attachment, and she espoused Spies' cause with her whole impetuous nature, and cast her lot with the conspirator and his rabble of low-browed followers. It may have been love, but it was love which could only have been the product of a disordered mind.

During the later stages of Spies' trial she was a constant visitor at the County Jail, frequently accompanied by her mother and sometimes by her

father, and on each occasion she would bring him some delicacy or token of her esteem. Rare flowers and bouquets she either brought or sent daily, and the affection she evinced seemed a growth of months instead of days. She had great confidence in the jury and implicitly believed that acquittal would result at their hands. Her presence invariably graced the court-room, whenever possible, and the defendants themselves could not have been more eager listeners to the proceedings. When her love for Spies became publicly known, she attracted great attention, but her demeanor would have led one to believe that she was entirely unconscious of the notoriety she had



MISS NINA VAN ZANDT.
From a Photograph.

achieved. This was not the case. It rather pleased her, and, to still further intensify public attention and curiosity, she made it a point to display a most varied wardrobe during the progress of the trial. At the forenoon session she would appear in court with one fashionable outfit, and this she would change for an equally stunning attire in the afternoon. She had a striking figure, was stately in appearance, dignified in manner, and with a fine, handsome face, it was no wonder that she became an object of marked attention, in the Court-house as well as upon the streets.

But withal she never lost sight of her lover nor of the court proceedings. Spies was in her mind constantly, and every movement in the trial excited her closest attention. It was indeed a strange infatuation she displayed for the Anarchist, and it was the more strange since Spies seemed indifferent to her attentions. The public gradually began to learn of this state of affairs through rumors and newspaper reports, but the general opinion was that, if such was the case, Spies had accepted her attentions simply as a matter either of expediency or from an innate desire for notoriety on his part. The public was right. Spies was playing for points, as billiardists would say. To be sure, he received her kindly and very courteously, and indulged in the expressions which lovers are wont to exchange, but those who watched him closely and long could never discover that his love came from the heart. He simply saw in her devotion and in her standing in society a possible chance for favor-

father, and on each occasion she would bring him some delicacy or token of her esteem. Rare flowers and bouquets she either brought or sent daily, and the affection she evinced seemed a growth of months instead of days. She had great confidence in the jury and implicitly believed that acquittal would result at their hands. Her presence invariably graced the court-room, whenever possible, and the defendants themselves could not have been more eager listeners to the proceedings. When her love for Spies became publicly known, she attracted great attention, but her demeanor would have led one to believe that she was entirely unconscious of the notoriety she had



MISS NINA VAN ZANDT.
From a Photograph.

achieved. This was not the case. It rather pleased her, and, to still further intensify public attention and curiosity, she made it a point to display a most varied wardrobe during the progress of the trial. At the forenoon session she would appear in court with one fashionable outfit, and this she would change for an equally stunning attire in the afternoon. She had a striking figure, was stately in appearance, dignified in manner, and with a fine, handsome face, it was no wonder that she became an object of marked attention, in the Court-house as well as upon the streets.

But withal she never lost sight of her lover nor of the court

proceedings. Spies was in her mind constantly, and every movement in the trial excited her closest attention. It was indeed a strange infatuation she displayed for the Anarchist, and it was the more strange since Spies seemed indifferent to her attentions. The public gradually began to learn of this state of affairs through rumors and newspaper reports, but the general opinion was that, if such was the case, Spies had accepted her attentions simply as a matter either of expediency or from an innate desire for notoriety on his part. The public was right. Spies was playing for points, as billiardists would say. To be sure, he received her kindly and very courteously, and indulged in the expressions which lovers are wont to exchange, but those who watched him closely and long could never discover that his love came from the heart. He simply saw in her devotion and in her standing in society a possible chance for favor-

ably influencing the minds of the jury, and thus, through her, he hoped to secure a release from the troubles surrounding him. When this failed and death stared him in the face, he still figured that she could prove serviceable to him in influencing her wealthy relatives to aid him financially in further conducting his case, or help him in some manner in effecting a change in public sentiment. Such were undoubtedly his motives — at least close observers of his actions hold that theory. When, later on, things did not move exactly in the line he had hoped for, he willingly assented to a marriage, and entered into the arrangements for its celebration with apparent eagerness.

This course, Spies no doubt supposed, would demonstrate to the unfeeling world that there existed a devout mutual attachment, and his claims for interested consideration at the hands of her relatives would become greatly strengthened. But it only proved his desperate situation. His love had been questioned by the public, and marriage was calculated to settle the doubt. The public did not take kindly to the proposed ceremony. The moment the newspapers had announced such a contemplated step, the utmost indignation was aroused, and protest upon protest poured in upon Sheriff Matson. Mr. Matson promptly declared that no marriage should take place between the two while Spies was in his custody, and thereafter Miss Van Zandt was placed under the strictest surveillance whenever she visited her affianced.



CHRIS SPIES.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

But all this unexpected interference in what he regarded as his own business only tended to make Spies desperate, and, spurred on by his outside Anarchist friends, who had likewise become indignant over a public intermeddling in a love affair, he dropped his diplomacy and resolved that the wishes of his ardent lady love should not be baffled either by officials or by the public. Miss Nina in her unreasoning infatuation readily acquiesced in the suggestion of a proxy marriage, and Justice Engelhardt was consulted. This gentleman claimed that under the statutes such a marriage would be valid, and he consented to a performance of the ceremony. Accordingly, on the 29th of January, 1887, a proxy marriage was performed between Miss Nina and Chris Spies, a brother of the doomed man. The attorneys of Chicago regarded the ceremony as illegal, but the Anarchists considered it as binding as if directly contracted.

Miss Nina continued her visits to the jail after this mock proceeding, but lynx-eyed officials saw to it that there was no one present during her

ably influencing the minds of the jury, and thus, through her, he hoped to secure a release from the troubles surrounding him. When this failed and death stared him in the face, he still figured that she could prove serviceable to him in influencing her wealthy relatives to aid him financially in further conducting his case, or help him in some manner in effecting a change in public sentiment. Such were undoubtedly his motives — at least close observers of his actions hold that theory. When, later on, things did not move exactly in the line he had hoped for, he willingly assented to a marriage, and entered into the arrangements for its celebration with apparent eagerness.

This course, Spies no doubt supposed, would demonstrate to the unfeeling world that there existed a devout mutual attachment, and his claims for interested consideration at the hands of her relatives would become greatly strengthened. But it only proved his desperate situation. His love had been questioned by the public, and marriage was calculated to settle the doubt. The public did not take kindly to the proposed ceremony. The moment the newspapers had announced such a contemplated step, the utmost indignation was aroused, and protest upon protest poured in upon Sheriff Matson. Mr. Matson promptly declared that no marriage should take place between the two while Spies was in his custody, and thereafter Miss Van Zandt was placed under the strictest surveillance whenever she visited her affianced.

But all this unexpected interference in what he regarded as his own business only tended to make Spies desperate, and, spurred on by his outside Anarchist friends, who had likewise become indignant over a public intermeddling in a love affair, he dropped his diplomacy and resolved that the wishes of his ardent lady love should not be baffled either by officials or by the public. Miss Nina in her unreasoning infatuation readily acquiesced in the suggestion of a proxy marriage, and Justice Engelhardt was consulted. This gentleman claimed that under the statutes such a marriage would be valid, and he consented to a performance of the ceremony. Accordingly, on the 29th of January, 1887, a proxy marriage was performed between Miss Nina and Chris Spies, a brother of the doomed man. The attorneys of Chicago regarded the ceremony as illegal, but the Anarchists considered it as binding as if directly contracted.

Miss Nina continued her visits to the jail after this mock proceeding, but lynx-eyed officials saw to it that there was no one present during her



CHRIS SPIES.

From a Photograph taken by the Police

interviews with Spies to secretly and legally splice them together. She was devoted to him at all times and all the time, and whenever she was not well enough to visit him for some days or was kept away by other circumstances, she would write him tender missives of love and encouragement. She clung to him to the last, and in their final interview, two days preceding his execution, she wept most bitterly.

Her love was remarkable, but throughout it all Spies proved himself wholly unworthy. He was a reprobate cunningly playing upon her feelings, caring very little for her, and he must have known that her station in life at



MISS GRETCHEN SPIES.
From a Photograph.

that time made her an unsuitable companion. For him, however, she renounced friends and all. After his death she went into deep mourning, hung a cabinet photograph of him in the parlor window of her father's fashionable residence on Huron Street, and locked herself in against the outer world for a number of days. She still cherishes Spies' memory and keeps in her parlor a marble bust of the executed Anarchist. Recently she has been extending her acquaintanceship among Anarchists outside of Chicago, and she has lately visited some of the most rabid and demonstrative Socialists at Ottawa, Illinois.

Spies was born in Friedewald, in the province of Hesse, Germany, in 1855. He came to America in 1872, and one year later

arrived in Chicago, where he engaged in various occupations until he relieved Paul Grottkau as editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in 1876. His identification with Socialism began in Chicago in 1875. He was unmarried and supported his mother and a sister, Miss Gretchen Spies. He has two brothers in Chicago, Chris and Henry.

MICHAEL SCHWAB, when confronted by the officers, looked like an exclamation point, and had his long, bushy hairs been porcupine quills, each would have stood straight on end. He was bewildered, dumbfounded, and there was a distant, far-off expression in his eye. He realized that he was in trouble, and to the many questions put to him by the officers he stammered apologetic but non-committal answers. It was clearly to be seen that he

interviews with Spies to secretly and legally splice them together. She was devoted to him at all times and all the time, and whenever she was not well enough to visit him for some days or was kept away by other circumstances, she would write him tender missives of love and encouragement. She clung to him to the last, and in their final interview, two days preceding his execution, she wept most bitterly.

Her love was remarkable, but throughout it all Spies proved himself wholly unworthy. He was a reprobate cunningly playing upon her feelings, caring very little for her, and he must have known that her station in life at



MISS GRETCHEN SPIES.
From a Photograph.

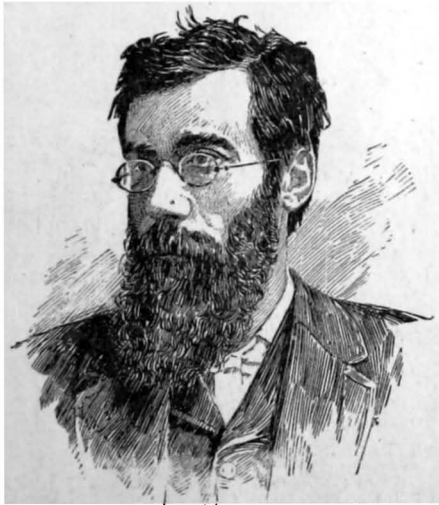
that time made her an unsuitable companion. For him, however, she renounced friends and all. After his death she went into deep mourning, hung a cabinet photograph of him in the parlor window of her father's fashionable residence on Huron Street, and locked herself in against the outer world for a number of days. She still cherishes Spies' memory and keeps in her parlor a marble bust of the executed Anarchist. Recently she has been extending her acquaintanceship among Anarchists outside of Chicago, and she has lately visited some of the most rabid and demonstrative Socialists at Ottawa, Illinois.

Spies was born in Friedewald, in the province of Hesse, Germany, in 1855. He came to America in 1872, and one year later

arrived in Chicago, where he engaged in various occupations until he relieved Paul Grottkau as editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in 1876. His identification with Socialism began in Chicago in 1875. He was unmarried and supported his mother and a sister, Miss Gretchen Spies. He has two brothers in Chicago, Chris and Henry.

MICHAEL SCHWAB, when confronted by the officers, looked like an exclamation point, and had his long, bushy hairs been porcupine quills, each would have stood straight on end. He was bewildered, dumbfounded, and there was a distant, far-off expression in his eye. He realized that he was in trouble, and to the many questions put to him by the officers he stammered apologetic but non-committal answers. It was clearly to be seen that he

had been like clay in the potter's hand, a mere dupe of his associates. He was far less talented and less active than the other leaders, but still in his own way he had played quite a conspicuous part in the Anarchist drama. He had seen something of the world as a peripatetic book-binder. Through his varied experience, his nature had grown irritable and crusty, and Anarchy seemed the only thing suited to right the wrongs of mankind. He fell in with the ideas of the cranks in Chicago, and soon wormed himself into an assistant editorial position of \$18 a week on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. In appearance Schwab was ungainly and ferocious, but when put to the test he was calm and mild as a lamb. The only thing really vicious about him was in his incendiary writings and speeches. He aimed with his limited capacity to be a great leader, but the moment he got into the clutches of the law and found himself in peril of his life he retracted everything which he had so persistently and stubbornly advocated. His new troubles brought out the fact that he had written and spoken simply for the money that was in the business, and not because he sincerely believed in the theories he preached. He was at all times a supple tool in the hands of Spies and Parsons, and during the remainder of his days in the penitentiary he will have ample opportunities to repent of his past misdeeds.



MICHAEL SCHWAB.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

Schwab was born in the village of Kibringen-on-the-Main, near Mannheim, in Bavaria, in 1853, and emigrated to the United States in 1879, reaching Chicago in the year following. He afterwards traveled from point to point in the West, roughed it a little, and three or four years later drifted back to Chicago. He is a brother of the notorious Anarchist of New York, Justus Schwab, and has a wife and two children, who are now being supported by friends.

ALBERT R. PARSONS was another leader wanted by the police, and the search for him was immediately instituted. Officers went to his house only to discover that he had escaped, and for some time it was believed that he was in hiding among his friends in the city. Every effort, however, to find him failed, and there were all sorts of speculations as to his where-

had been like clay in the potter's hand, a mere dupe of his associates. He was far less talented and less active than the other leaders, but still in his own way he had played quite a conspicuous part in the Anarchist drama. He had seen something of the world as a peripatetic book-binder. Through his varied experience, his nature had grown irritable and crusty, and Anarchy seemed the only thing suited to right the wrongs of mankind. He fell in with the ideas of the cranks in Chicago, and soon wormed himself into an assistant editorial position of \$18 a week on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. In appearance Schwab was ungainly and ferocious, but when put to the test he was calm and mild as a lamb. The only thing really vicious about him was in his incendiary writings and speeches. He aimed with his limited capacity to be a great leader, but the moment he got into the clutches of the law and found himself in peril of his life he retracted everything which he had so persistently and stubbornly advocated. His new troubles brought out the fact that he had written and spoken simply for the money that was in the business, and not because he sincerely believed in the theories he preached. He was at all times a supple tool in the hands of Spies and Parsons, and during the remainder of his days in the penitentiary he will have ample opportunities to repent of his past misdeeds.



MICHAEL SCHWAB.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

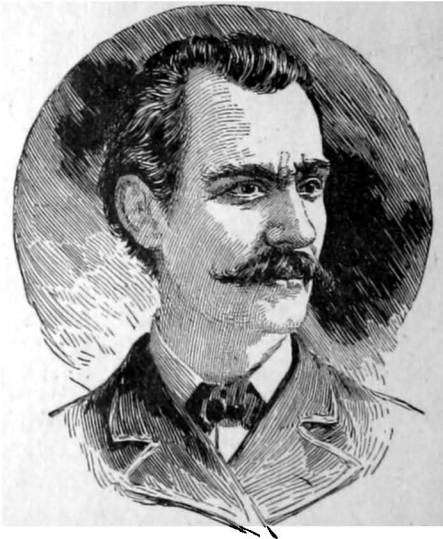
Schwab was born in the village of Kibringen-on-the-Main, near Mannheim, in Bavaria, in 1853, and emigrated to the United States in 1879, reaching Chicago in the year following. He afterwards traveled from point to point in the West, roughed it a little, and three or four years later drifted back to Chicago. He is a brother of the notorious Anarchist of New York, Justus Schwab, and has a wife and two children, who are now being supported by friends.

ALBERT R. PARSONS was another leader wanted by the police, and the search for him was immediately instituted. Officers went to his house only to discover that he had escaped, and for some time it was believed that he was in hiding among his friends in the city. Every effort, however, to find him failed, and there were all sorts of speculations as to his where-

abouts. It was found out afterwards that he had become alarmed over the aspect of affairs resulting from the Haymarket meeting, and, thinking "discretion the better part of valor," he had gathered a few dollars together, boarded an outgoing train, and landed at Geneva, Ill., thoroughly disguised. He sought out the home of a friend named Holmes, who cherished Anarchist sentiments, and remained with him three or four days in concealment. With a dilapidated outfit, he concluded to shift his abiding-place, and accordingly he went to Elgin, Ill., where he was taken care of. From this point, in the course of a few days, he went to Waukesha, Wis., and there hunted around for work as a tramp carpenter. Waukesha is a great

resort for Chicago people, but no one recognized him in his changed appearance. He succeeded in finding employment, and for some time worked as a carpenter, unknown and undetected. The labor proving too arduous for his undeveloped muscles and contrary to his principles as an Anarchist, he began to look out for easier work, and this he managed to secure as a painter. For seven weeks he remained at Waukesha, communicating with his wife under an assumed name and through a third party living out of Chicago.

When the trial opened, the counsel for the Anarchists were confident that the State had not sufficient evidence to convict, and upon assurances from Capt. Black



ALBERT R. PARSONS.
From a Photograph.

that an acquittal was certain, Parsons decided to surrender himself to the authorities. He boarded a train, reached the city, and, securing a hack, drove to his home, on Milwaukee Avenue, where he met his wife. After remaining there for three or four hours, he got into a hack, in company with Mrs. Parsons, and drove down to the Criminal Court building. It was on the 21st of June, after Judge Gary had overruled a motion for separate trials, that Parsons reached the building. He alighted, tripped up the stairs, and entered the court-room. If a bomb had exploded on the outside, it would scarcely have created a greater surprise than the appearance of Parsons as he stalked in and took his seat with the prisoners.

Parsons was born in Montgomery, Ala., June 20, 1848, and after he had reached the age of five, his brother, Gen. W. H. Parsons, of the Confeder-

abouts. It was found out afterwards that he had become alarmed over the aspect of affairs resulting from the Haymarket meeting, and, thinking "discretion the better part of valor," he had gathered a few dollars together, boarded an outgoing train, and landed at Geneva, Ill., thoroughly disguised. He sought out the home of a friend named Holmes, who cherished Anarchist sentiments, and remained with him three or four days in concealment. With a dilapidated outfit, he concluded to shift his abiding-place, and accordingly he went to Elgin, Ill., where he was taken care of. From this point, in the course of a few days, he went to Waukesha, Wis., and there hunted around for work as a tramp carpenter. Waukesha is a great

resort for Chicago people, but no one recognized him in his changed appearance. He succeeded in finding employment, and for some time worked as a carpenter, unknown and undetected. The labor proving too arduous for his undeveloped muscles and contrary to his principles as an Anarchist, he began to look out for easier work, and this he managed to secure as a painter. For seven weeks he remained at Waukesha, communicating with his wife under an assumed name and through a third party living out of Chicago.

When the trial opened, the counsel for the Anarchists were confident that the State had not sufficient evidence to convict, and upon assurances from Capt. Black



ALBERT R. PARSONS.
From a Photograph.

that an acquittal was certain, Parsons decided to surrender himself to the authorities. He boarded a train, reached the city, and, securing a hack, drove to his home, on Milwaukee Avenue, where he met his wife. After remaining there for three or four hours, he got into a hack, in company with Mrs. Parsons, and drove down to the Criminal Court building. It was on the 21st of June, after Judge Gary had overruled a motion for separate trials, that Parsons reached the building. He alighted, tripped up the stairs, and entered the court-room. If a bomb had exploded on the outside, it would scarcely have created a greater surprise than the appearance of Parsons as he stalked in and took his seat with the prisoners.

Parsons was born in Montgomery, Ala., June 20, 1848, and after he had reached the age of five, his brother, Gen. W. H. Parsons, of the Confeder-

ate army, took his education in charge at the latter's home in Tyler, Texas. When young Parsons was eleven years of age, he learned the printer's trade, and finally drifted into the service of the Confederate army. After the "unpleasantness," he branched out as editor of a paper at Waco, Texas, and then connected himself with the *Houston Telegraph*. He identified himself about this time with the Republican party, and, taking an active part in politics, he became Secretary of the State Senate under the Federal Government. In 1872 he married a mulatto at Houston, and, being discarded by his brother and friends, he emigrated with her to Chicago in 1873. No sooner had he reached Chicago than he joined the Socialists. He worked for a time as a newspaper compositor, but his radical ideas and obtrusive arguments prevented him from holding any position permanently. He eventually became editor of the *Alarm* and depended on his Anarchist friends for a livelihood. He was always active at their meetings, both secret and public, and paraded himself as a labor agitator. He managed to become a member of the Knights of Labor, but that body as a whole, after seeing how extremely radical were his theories, repudiated him.



MRS. LUCY PARSONS.

From a Photograph.

When his troubles overtook him in connection with the trial, Parsons' brother came to his defense and took a keen interest in his case, working for him until the very last. Mrs. Parsons had early identified herself with her husband's views, and was one among several others to organize a women's branch of the Anarchists. She can make an effective address, and she always took a leading part in extending the membership of her union. On the question of her birth, she maintains that she is of Mexican extraction, with no negro blood in her veins, but her swarthy complexion and distinctively negro features do not bear out her assertions. Since her husband's execution she has appeared on the stump in various parts of the United States, and she is now even more violent than ever.

ate army, took his education in charge at the latter's home in Tyler, Texas. When young Parsons was eleven years of age, he learned the printer's trade, and finally drifted into the service of the Confederate army. After the "unpleasantness," he branched out as editor of a paper at Waco, Texas, and then connected himself with the *Houston Telegraph*. He identified himself about this time with the Republican party, and, taking an active part in politics, he became Secretary of the State Senate under the Federal Government. In 1872 he married a mulatto at Houston, and, being discarded by his brother and friends, he emigrated with her to Chicago in 1873. No sooner had he reached Chicago than he joined the Socialists. He worked for a time as a newspaper compositor, but his radical ideas and obtrusive arguments prevented him from holding any position permanently. He eventually became editor of the *Alarm* and depended on his Anarchist friends for a livelihood. He was always active at their meetings, both secret and public, and paraded himself as a labor agitator. He managed to become a member of the Knights of Labor, but that body as a whole, after seeing how extremely radical were his theories, repudiated him.



MRS. LUCY PARSONS.

From a Photograph.

When his troubles overtook him in connection with the trial, Parsons' brother came to his defense and took a keen interest in his case, working for him until the very last. Mrs. Parsons had early identified herself with her husband's views, and was one among several others to organize a women's branch of the Anarchists. She can make an effective address, and she always took a leading part in extending the membership of her union. On the question of her birth, she maintains that she is of Mexican extraction, with no negro blood in her veins, but her swarthy complexion and distinctively negro features do not bear out her assertions. Since her husband's execution she has appeared on the stump in various parts of the United States, and she is now even more violent than ever.

OSCAR W. NEEBE was fortunate in the failure of the prosecution to show his direct complicity in the Haymarket murder. There was no doubt as to his active participation in all the plots of the Anarchist leaders, and, had it not been for the loss of some important papers, he would now be serving a life sentence instead of a fifteen years' term in the penitentiary. He took an active part in stirring up the members of the Brewers' Union after the McCormick riot, and he contributed no little towards sending many of those members to the Haymarket meeting, ready for violence and desperate deeds. Immediately following the Haymarket slaughter, he was



OSCAR W. NEEBE.
From a Photograph.

placed under arrest and taken to the Central Station at the City Hall. He was there questioned in a general way, but the near-sighted officials then in charge of that important department were unable to see any reason for his detention and permitted him to depart with his friend Schnaubelt, who had been gathered in about the same time. This led him to believe that he had friends at the Central Headquarters. His belief in his "influence" was somewhat shaken, however, when I ordered a search of his house on the 8th of May. The officers on that occasion found one Springfield rifle, one Colt's 38-caliber revolver, one sword and belt of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, a red flag, a transparency, a lot of circulars calling different meetings, including the one calling for "revenge," and several cards of Anarchist groups, and

with all these and other evidence of his connection with the great conspiracy, I went before the grand jury and had him indicted for conspiracy to murder. On the 27th of May, about 6 o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Alexander Reed called at the Chicago Avenue Station and asked me for assistance to arrest Neebe under the indictment. I detailed Officer Whalen for this duty, and the two called at the man's house, No. 307 Sedgwick Street. The deputy sheriff informed Neebe that he was under arrest, and the officer explained the nature of the charge against him. They told him that they would be obliged to take him to the County Jail.

Neebe smiled when notified of the charge, and remarked in a most careless manner:

"Is that all? That's nothing. I will get out on bail right away."

OSCAR W. NEEBE was fortunate in the failure of the prosecution to show his direct complicity in the Haymarket murder. There was no doubt as to his active participation in all the plots of the Anarchist leaders, and, had it not been for the loss of some important papers, he would now be serving a life sentence instead of a fifteen years' term in the penitentiary. He took an active part in stirring up the members of the Brewers' Union after the McCormick riot, and he contributed no little towards sending many of those members to the Haymarket meeting, ready for violence and desperate deeds. Immediately following the Haymarket slaughter, he was



OSCAR W. NEEBE.
From a Photograph.

placed under arrest and taken to the Central Station at the City Hall. He was there questioned in a general way, but the near-sighted officials then in charge of that important department were unable to see any reason for his detention and permitted him to depart with his friend Schnaubelt, who had been gathered in about the same time. This led him to believe that he had friends at the Central Headquarters. His belief in his "influence" was somewhat shaken, however, when I ordered a search of his house on the 8th of May. The officers on that occasion found one Springfield rifle, one Colt's 38-caliber revolver, one sword and belt of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, a red flag, a transparency, a lot of circulars calling different meetings, including the one calling for "revenge," and several cards of Anarchist groups, and

with all these and other evidence of his connection with the great conspiracy, I went before the grand jury and had him indicted for conspiracy to murder. On the 27th of May, about 6 o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Alexander Reed called at the Chicago Avenue Station and asked me for assistance to arrest Neebe under the indictment. I detailed Officer Whalen for this duty, and the two called at the man's house, No. 307 Sedgwick Street. The deputy sheriff informed Neebe that he was under arrest, and the officer explained the nature of the charge against him. They told him that they would be obliged to take him to the County Jail.

Neebe smiled when notified of the charge, and remarked in a most careless manner:

"Is that all? That's nothing. I will get out on bail right away."

But he did not ; he had to linger for a long time.

Neebe was born in the State of New York, in 1850, of German parents, and since his location in Chicago he had succeeded in establishing a prosperous business in the sale of yeast to grocers and traders. He was ambitious to distinguish himself in other directions, however, and he chose Anarchy as a basis for building up a reputation as a leader among men. He achieved considerable notoriety, as he was active, energetic and pushing, and at the time of the Board of Trade demonstration he acted as chief marshal of the procession.

Neebe was in the habit of taking members of the North Side group to Sheffield, Ind., for the purpose of practicing and experimenting with dynamite bombs. It was on one of these experimenting excursions that he lost the joints of all the fingers of his right hand by a premature explosion. When questioned about it, he told all his friends and even his own family that he had lost his fingers in assisting a friend to lift a sharp building-stone on the South Side. His family physician was asked with reference to the matter, and, after some hesitation, finally stated that Neebe had admitted that he had lost his fingers through the explosion of a bomb. In the explanation Neebe gave to his friends he overlooked the fact that if a sharp building-stone had taken off his fingers it would not have taken his thumb, because that member of the hand is never in a position to be crushed when one lifts a heavy stone.

After his trial and conviction, Neebe's wife and little children often visited him at the jail, and Mrs. Neebe sought as well as she could to raise his drooping spirits. But she subsequently took sick, and after a short illness died. A most demonstrative funeral was arranged by the Anarchists. The hall in which the ceremonies were conducted was profusely decorated with flowers and emblems of mourning. Under most binding pledges on the part of the Anarchists, Sheriff Matson permitted Neebe, under proper official escort, to take a last look at the remains of his wife at the residence, and the scene was a most impressive one. Mrs. Neebe had been a firm believer in the doctrines advocated by her husband, but his friends claimed that the unexpected troubles of the family had precipitated sickness and brought on death. At one time it was thought that some serious disturbance might grow out of the demonstration, and that, with Neebe back at his home, an attempt at his rescue from the hands of the county officials might be made. But the police were present to see that order was maintained. The only thing bordering on disorder was the fiery speeches of the orators at the hall to which the remains were first taken, and from which an immense procession started to the place of burial.

The death of his wife was a severe blow to Neebe. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard. He was subsequently removed to the penitentiary, and possibly by the time his sentence expires he may be able to see life in a different light than through Anarchist spectacles.

RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT is indeed a fortunate man, and, wherever he is at present, he must be felicitating himself on his escape from a felon's death. On the morning of May 5, after all the help in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been arrested, Schnaubelt was gathered in and taken to the Central Station. He was suspected of complicity in the conspiracy, but there seemed to be so "little against the young man," that he was promptly released without the slightest pains being taken to inquire into his antecedents. Under the free



RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT, THE BOMB-THROWER.

From a Photograph.

and easy system then prevailing in the department, there seemed to be no idea that officers were employed for other purposes than simply drawing salaries. I looked carefully into the release of Schnaubelt, and the more I saw of it, the more I was convinced that the examination of this most important prisoner was the same kind of investigation as those one could have seen at some of the primaries three or four years ago, when, if a man happened to be of a certain political faith, he would be passed along with the remark, "He's all right," and permitted to vote. Schnaubelt was simply asked two or three questions and then allowed to go. The stupid detectives knew he was a close friend of Spies and Fielden, who were already locked up, and to prove that friendship now that they were in trouble, Schnaubelt frequently dropped in at the City Hall to inquire after them. He continued to hang around under the tolerance of the officials, and I have always believed that the only thing that saved him from being locked up was the fortunate circumstance that no one put a sign on his back reading that he was the bomb-thrower.

Officers Palmer and Cosgrove had managed to get a slight clue against this man, and they arrested him again on the 6th of May. They stated their

RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT is indeed a fortunate man, and, wherever he is at present, he must be felicitating himself on his escape from a felon's death. On the morning of May 5, after all the help in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been arrested, Schnaubelt was gathered in and taken to the Central Station. He was suspected of complicity in the conspiracy, but there seemed to be so "little against the young man," that he was promptly released without the slightest pains being taken to inquire into his antecedents. Under the free



RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT, THE BOMB-THROWER.

From a Photograph.

and easy system then prevailing in the department, there seemed to be no idea that officers were employed for other purposes than simply drawing salaries. I looked carefully into the release of Schnaubelt, and the more I saw of it, the more I was convinced that the examination of this most important prisoner was the same kind of investigation as those one could have seen at some of the primaries three or four years ago, when, if a man happened to be of a certain political faith, he would be passed along with the remark, "He's all right," and permitted to vote. Schnaubelt was simply asked two or three ques-

tions and then allowed to go. The stupid detectives knew he was a close friend of Spies and Fielden, who were already locked up, and to prove that friendship now that they were in trouble, Schnaubelt frequently dropped in at the City Hall to inquire after them. He continued to hang around under the tolerance of the officials, and I have always believed that the only thing that saved him from being locked up was the fortunate circumstance that no one put a sign on his back reading that he was the bomb-thrower.

Officers Palmer and Cosgrove had managed to get a slight clue against this man, and they arrested him again on the 6th of May. They stated their

case to a Lieutenant, and by him the arrest was reported to his superior officer. What was the result? The Lieutenant did not care to be bothered with the case. The head of the department likewise did not care to be troubled. They accordingly saved themselves all further annoyance by telling Schnaubelt to go away. The prisoner, with singular stolidity, did not seem to care particularly, and had to be told again that he was at liberty to go where he pleased. It is a wonder that the officials did not offer him a cigar in acknowledgment of their kindly feelings. When Schnaubelt was released, Officer Palmer remonstrated with the Lieutenant, but he was told to let the man alone and not bring him there any more. That ended the matter with the officer. Several other detectives had meanwhile learned of Schnaubelt's close friendship with Spies and other Anarchists, but when they learned of the instructions Officers Palmer and Cosgrove had received they likewise dropped all investigations when they reached Schnaubelt. The man naturally felt pleased at such friendly favor and remained in the city until about the 13th of May.

It was on the 14th of May that I first received information about the part Schnaubelt had played in all the Anarchist meetings and that I learned something of his special intimacy with Fischer and Balthasar Rau.

"You get him," said my informant, "and I will tell you something interesting that will surprise everybody."

At this time the man was called Schnabel, and the information was that he was working in a store on the South Side. I at once sent Officers Whalen and Stift to hunt him up. While engaged in the search they met Officers Palmer and Cosgrove. Whalen explained their mission, and then Palmer asked :

"Are you not afraid to arrest him?"

Whalen wanted to know why there should be any fear in the case, and Palmer remarked :

"Well, you are running a chance of getting yourselves in trouble. We wanted to arrest Schnaubelt in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and we were not allowed to do so. We found him, Neebe, Fischer, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Schwab and Mrs. Holmes in the editor's room. We were told not to arrest him, that he was a 'big stiff,' and then and there Schnaubelt was told to get away from there or he would be kicked out. All the others were arrested, but he was let go. I was detailed to remain around the building. Schnaubelt came around there again afterwards, and I arrested him and took him to the Central Station. There the man was told to go and get out. On the next day he came around there again. I had in the meantime obtained a little information about him, and I arrested him and took him to the Central Station. I was again asked if I had not been told to let him alone and was curtly informed that I was altogether too officious. Schnaubelt was again released. I explained that he was a partner of Fischer, that he had the big revolver and dagger ; but it was no use—he was permitted to leave."

Officer Whalen replied: "We work for a different man, and I would like to see Schnaubelt if he is in the city."

Officer Gosgrove remarked that he knew where the man was working, and the two officers proffered their services to pilot Whalen and Stift to the place. They went to No. 224 Washington Street, third floor, but on reaching there they learned that "the bird had flown." He had not even drawn the wages due him, having sent his sister after the money. It subsequently transpired that Schnaubelt was the very man who had thrown the bomb at the Haymarket, but he had "taken time by the forelock" and skipped for parts unknown. Possibly he had got tired of being kicked out of the office of the Chief of Police and left Chicago in disgust, or possibly his friends at the Central Station may have given him a "tip" to save himself from serious trouble.

Some two weeks thereafter I received information as to where Schnaubelt could be found.

I told Mr. Grinnell what I had learned, and he asked me to send a few men at once and get him. I informed Mr. Grinnell that I could not detail officers outside of the city limits without the consent of the Chief. Mr. Grinnell thought I had better do so anyway. I insisted that I must see the Chief first, and Mr. Grinnell remarked:

"If you do, that will be the end of that matter."

I went, however, to the Chief's office, and stated my business. I was there told that they would get the man. The Chief said that he would go out to California and thus head him off. I reported back to Mr. Grinnell the result of my interview, and he remarked:

"Well, that is just what I expected — jealousy, and that is all."

Schnaubelt thus had a good friend at the City Hall, and he cannot thank the officers there too much for having saved him the painful necessity of going down to death on the 11th of November, 1887, with the other conspirators.

BALTHASAR RAU was another man who did not tarry in Chicago. He had been a faithful lieutenant of Spies and had earned a living as solicitor for the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He took a keen interest in all of Spies' plans, and on Saturday afternoon preceding the day of the riot visited the vicinity of McCormick's factory to secure points about the strike for his friend's information. He reported that ten thousand striking lumber-shovers had met on that day and had appointed a committee to wait upon the lumber bosses to induce them to inaugurate the eight-hour system in the various yards. Rau had seen the gathering, and, as the committee appointed by it were to report to another meeting the following Monday, he knew that it would bring together just such a throng, if not a larger one than the previous assemblage. He so posted Spies, and in turn was advised by his friend to insert in the *Fackel* of Sunday, May 2, the notice "Y, come Monday night,"

which was the signal for the armed groups to meet that night at No. 54 West Lake Street. The bandits did meet, and matured the conspiracy which was carried out the following night at the Haymarket. On Monday Rau went with Spies to McCormick's factory, aided in inciting the people to a riot, and then accompanied his friend to the strikers' headquarters on Lake Street, where they informed the people that ten or twelve of their brother workmen had been brutally shot down by the "bloodhounds"—the police—that afternoon.

In consequence of his intimacy with Spies, Rau was at once—and the only one at first—suspected of being the thrower of the fatal bomb. He seemed to realize that he was under suspicion, for he speedily left the city after the explosion. Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann learned that he had fled to Omaha and promptly repaired to that city. By instructions, James Bonfield was to secure the necessary requisition papers for Rau's extradition from the State of Nebraska and was to follow Furthmann to Omaha. The Assistant State's Attorney found Rau willing to talk, and asked him to write as he had been dictated, to the text of the signal, "Y, come Monday night." Rau promptly discovered that Furthmann knew some of the inside facts in the conspiracy, and tremblingly asked what he could do to save his neck from the rope.



BALTHASAR RAU.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

He was informed that nothing short of "unconditional surrender" would help him out of his scrape, and that he must not keep back any information. He then unbosomed himself and told everything he knew.

While these things were taking place the leaders of the Anarchist group in Omaha were collecting money to take Rau away from Mr. Furthmann by *habeas corpus* proceedings. Rau had meanwhile been locked up in a cell where he could not easily be reached by his friends, and, as he did not like his surroundings, he was anxious to return to Chicago even without extradition papers. It was on a Monday before daylight that he agreed to go, and Mr. Furthmann promptly took him across the river to Council Bluffs, in the State of Iowa, to avoid litigation, as he had learned that the Omaha

which was the signal for the armed groups to meet that night at No. 54 West Lake Street. The bandits did meet, and matured the conspiracy which was carried out the following night at the Haymarket. On Monday Rau went with Spies to McCormick's factory, aided in inciting the people to a riot, and then accompanied his friend to the strikers' headquarters on Lake Street, where they informed the people that ten or twelve of their brother workmen had been brutally shot down by the "bloodhounds"—the police—that afternoon.

In consequence of his intimacy with Spies, Rau was at once—and the only one at first—suspected of being the thrower of the fatal bomb. He seemed to realize that he was under suspicion, for he speedily left the city after the explosion. Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann learned that he had fled to Omaha and promptly repaired to that city. By instructions, James Bonfield was to secure the necessary requisition papers for Rau's extradition from the State of Nebraska and was to follow Furthmann to Omaha. The Assistant State's Attorney found Rau willing to talk, and asked him to write as he had been dictated, to the text of the signal, "Y, come Monday night." Rau promptly discovered that Furthmann knew some of the inside facts in the conspiracy, and tremblingly asked what he could do to save his neck from the rope.



BALTHASAR RAU.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

He was informed that nothing short of "unconditional surrender" would help him out of his scrape, and that he must not keep back any information. He then unbosomed himself and told everything he knew.

While these things were taking place the leaders of the Anarchist group in Omaha were collecting money to take Rau away from Mr. Furthmann by *habeas corpus* proceedings. Rau had meanwhile been locked up in a cell where he could not easily be reached by his friends, and, as he did not like his surroundings, he was anxious to return to Chicago even without extradition papers. It was on a Monday before daylight that he agreed to go, and Mr. Furthmann promptly took him across the river to Council Bluffs, in the State of Iowa, to avoid litigation, as he had learned that the Omaha

judge was ready and willing to assist the Anarchists of that section in effecting Rau's release. At this time the extradition papers had not arrived. On taking up the trip to Chicago Rau became more communicative than ever and entered into details quite interestingly.

Some one in the parlor car which conveyed them to Chicago recognized Mr. Furthmann, and it was whispered around:

"There's Furthmann with the bomb-thrower!"

A flutter of excitement speedily developed, and soon a demand was made on Furthmann that unless he handcuffed Rau the passengers would object to his sitting in the parlor car, and they certainly would not allow Rau to sleep in the same car unless shackles were placed about his limbs. A great deal of parleying ensued. Finally Mr. Furthmann consented to appease the now thoroughly frightened passengers. Only one condition was imposed by Mr. Furthmann, and that was that the handcuffs and shackles should be furnished, as he had none in his possession. The implements were immediately telegraphed for, and were on hand when Cedar Rapids was reached. But the idea of handcuffing and shackling a man who was willingly returning without extradition papers was repulsive to Mr. Furthmann.

A novel thought flashed through the Assistant State's Attorney's mind. He informed Rau of everything that had transpired, and told him that he did not desire to shackle him in any way. But for the purpose of quieting the passengers he would rattle the iron bracelets around in good shape if Rau would give up his coat, vest, pantaloons, shirt, drawers, stockings and shoes and hat during the night. This was done, and the passengers, hearing the rattling of the chains at intervals during the night, rested in the sweet confidence that a violent outburst on the part of a wild Anarchist had been averted.

The prisoner was safely landed in Chicago, and not a handcuff or shackle had been placed about him. He was taken to the Chicago Avenue Station, and there put through an examination by State's Attorney Grinnell.

In the statement he made to Mr. Grinnell and myself Rau gave his age as thirty, his occupation as that of a printer, and his residence as No. 418 Larrabee Street.

"We had," he said, "an excursion to Sheffield, Indiana, and there were present August Spies, Schwab, Neebe, Engel and Schnaubelt. Those are the only ones I can now remember. Engel and Schnaubelt were the ones to set dynamite bombs for experiments."

"Why do you good people use dynamite bombs, and what do you intend to do with them?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

Rau hesitated, but finally replied: "The time we shot off the dynamite bombs at Sheffield, at the time of the explosion there were only a few of us

present. They were the parties whose names I have given and a man who came with Engel. We exploded only two bombs, and they were made of iron and were found."

"What is the meaning and for what purpose does that letter 'Y' appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*?" asked Mr. Furthmann.

"The last time I saw it was on Sunday, May 2, 1886. The Sunday issue of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* is called the *Fackel*. Lorenz Hermann was requested to have the letter 'Y' inserted in the paper, and it was printed in the issue mentioned. He brought the notice to the office. We did not charge anything for notices brought in by the members of the armed section. And that letter 'Y' was intended to signify that there would be a meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, May 3, for the armed men. I was at Zepf's Hall at a meeting held Monday, May 3. I had with me a lot of 'Revenge' circulars, calling people to arms. I gave the circulars to the boys who were present at the meeting. It was after nine o'clock. One meeting had been called by the carpenters for that night. August Belz is the man who told me the meaning of the word. He asked me at Greif's Hall if I knew the meaning of the word 'Ruhe,' and if I knew what effect its publication would have. He then told me that they had agreed that the word 'Ruhe' should apply to a meeting at the Haymarket. If it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, he said, then there would be trouble. The trouble would be fighting the police, storming buildings and throwing dynamite bombs. When I saw that word in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, I was working in the office of that paper. I remarked to August Spies that that would make trouble in the city, and his answer was that Fischer did it, meaning that Fischer was responsible for it. Spies, after I had told him what trouble it would make, got excited and called Schnaubelt. Spies asked him, 'How is this?' referring to the word 'Ruhe.' Schnaubelt replied, 'Well, they want to throw dynamite bombs.' He also said that if the police interfered, then there would be trouble at the Haymarket. He further said that the people stationed on the outskirts of the city, east, west, south and north, should be informed as to when the riot commenced and when their time had arrived for storming the city. When Fischer was asked about this word 'Ruhe' he was close-mouthed. He would not say anything to us. I heard Spies say in his office, 'If that word "Ruhe" is in the paper, there will be trouble, and I don't want that. That will break up our organization.' Spies said: 'I will print hand-bills to stop the meeting at the Haymarket May 4.' He said he would attend to that himself. I said that we had better put up signs on the corners to notify the people that there would be no meeting at the Haymarket that night. Spies said that if there was a meeting, then there would be trouble. Schnaubelt was to go to the North Side that afternoon, May 4, and tell the people that there would be no meeting at the Haymarket that night. On May 4, in the evening, some one called at the office and

wanted Spies to speak at the meeting at Deering Station ; but he could not be found, and consequently we sent Schwab. Afterwards I went over to the West Side meeting at the Haymarket. I saw Spies standing on a wagon, making a speech to the people present. When he saw me he called me and asked me to go and find Parsons. Spies said, 'I want help here, and he must help me out.' I went to look for Parsons, and I found him. Parsons and Fielden were together. I told them what Spies had said and I asked them to go and help him. They did go—I went along. We got there speedily. I asked Fischer for an explanation as to the publication in our paper of the notice calling the people to arms, but he would give me no satisfaction."

"Why did you not give me this statement first when I asked you for this information?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

"Because I was afraid it would hurt myself, or it might convict me. That is the reason why I did not tell you at first. I saw dynamite in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building. I saw dynamite lying on a shelf in the back room from the office. I know George Engel and Fehling. They printed the *Anarchist*. It was a small paper. They only published six numbers."

EDMUND DEUSS was also sought for with some interest. He had been city editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* under Spies. The first week after the bomb had been thrown the authorities at police headquarters were informed that Paul Grottkau and Deuss, both ex-employés of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, were then living in Milwaukee. Mr. Furthmann thought some points might be gathered from them, and accordingly went to that city. He found them both. Grottkau, who has since tasted the bitterness of prison life for his preachments of violence in the "Cream City," expressed himself as pleased that Spies had been placed under arrest and charged with responsibility for the murder at the Haymarket.

"I knew long ago," said Grottkau, "that August Spies would thus end his crazy and ambitious career."

Grottkau and Spies had not been on very friendly terms since the latter had succeeded in displacing the former from the editorship of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. But, however strong his enmity, Grottkau would not give us any information regarding Spies, or dynamite practices, or anything else that would tend to put a rope around Spies' neck or hurt any of his companions. He referred Mr. Furthmann to Deuss, who was then depending upon Grottkau for a livelihood and who received a dollar now and then for writing a firebrand article for a paper Grottkau was editing in Milwaukee.

Deuss was found in a neighboring saloon without a cent in his pocket. He stood wistfully eyeing the saloon patrons, hoping to fall in with some one willing to buy him a glass of beer or a cigar. Mr. Furthmann at once opened a conversation about the Chicago Anarchists. Deuss promised to tell everything he knew in regard to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the dynamite brought

there, the men in the building of that paper and the nefarious things practiced by them, on condition that Mr. Furthmann would first buy him a good cigar, several sandwiches and the necessary beer. The conditions were complied with, and Deuss rattled away a long story. He proved to be the first man to inform Mr. Furthmann as to when the dynamite that was afterwards found in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been brought there, and where it had been placed. A grease-spot caused by dynamite was afterwards found exactly where Deuss said the explosive material had been placed, which was right next to the desk used by Malkoff, a reporter for the paper and an exiled Russian Anarchist. Rau at that time, it appears, did not know the properties of dynamite, for on one occasion a stray match was thrown upon the dynamite sack in the office and he was nearly frightened out of his wits.

"Don't you know what you are doing?" he exclaimed.

"You greenhorn," was the answer, "Malkoff has handled this stuff for years and knows by this time, as you ought to know, that dynamite cannot be exploded by contact with fire in such a form."

This information, though unimportant on its face, assisted Mr. Furthmann greatly in making Deuss talk, and served also as a straw showing that the man had given up all the information he possessed.

SO FAR Mr. Furthmann had managed to secure many valuable clues, and we studied at once the best method of following them up. In running down the pointers, one day Mr. Furthmann sought Dr. Newman, one of the surgeons who had rendered heroic service in attending the wounded on the night after the explosion. The doctor was asked with reference to the metal and pieces of lead which he had taken from the bodies of some of the men wounded at the Haymarket. He informed Mr. Furthmann that a young man named Hahn, a shoemaker on the West Side, had come to the hospital wounded by the explosion, and that upon examination a wound had been found in the fleshy part of his thigh, from which a piece of iron had been removed. This piece was nothing less than the nut which had been used to assist in holding together the two halves of the composition bomb which had been exploded at the Haymarket. This discovery was a most important one. It proved at the trial the best piece of evidence used by the prosecution, as it demonstrated that the bomb exploded at the Haymarket was one of the bombs manufactured by Louis Lingg, since fifty bolts and nuts of the same size and description were subsequently found in Lingg's possession.



LINGG'S CANDLESTICK.
From a Photograph.

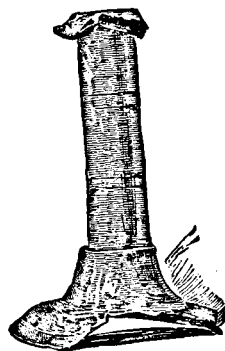
there, the men in the building of that paper and the nefarious things practiced by them, on condition that Mr. Furthmann would first buy him a good cigar, several sandwiches and the necessary beer. The conditions were complied with, and Deuss rattled away a long story. He proved to be the first man to inform Mr. Furthmann as to when the dynamite that was afterwards found in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been brought there, and where it had been placed. A grease-spot caused by dynamite was afterwards found exactly where Deuss said the explosive material had been placed, which was right next to the desk used by Malkoff, a reporter for the paper and an exiled Russian Anarchist. Rau at that time, it appears, did not know the properties of dynamite, for on one occasion a stray match was thrown upon the dynamite sack in the office and he was nearly frightened out of his wits.

"Don't you know what you are doing?" he exclaimed.

"You greenhorn," was the answer, "Malkoff has handled this stuff for years and knows by this time, as you ought to know, that dynamite cannot be exploded by contact with fire in such a form."

This information, though unimportant on its face, assisted Mr. Furthmann greatly in making Deuss talk, and served also as a straw showing that the man had given up all the information he possessed.

SO FAR Mr. Furthmann had managed to secure many valuable clues, and we studied at once the best method of following them up. In running down the pointers, one day Mr. Furthmann sought Dr. Newman, one of the surgeons who had rendered heroic service in attending the wounded on the night after the explosion. The doctor was asked with reference to the metal and pieces of lead which he had taken from the bodies of some of the men wounded at the Haymarket. He informed Mr. Furthmann that a young man named Hahn, a shoemaker on the West Side, had come to the hospital wounded by the explosion, and that upon examination a wound had been found in the fleshy part of his thigh, from which a piece of iron had been removed. This piece was nothing less than the nut which had been used to assist in holding together the two halves of the composition bomb which had been exploded at the Haymarket. This discovery was a most important one. It proved at the trial the best piece of evidence used by the prosecution, as it demonstrated that the bomb exploded at the Haymarket was one of the bombs manufactured by Louis Lingg, since fifty bolts and nuts of the same size and description were subsequently found in Lingg's possession.



LINGG'S CANDLESTICK.
From a Photograph.

The metal removed from the person of the wounded officers was placed in the hands of Professors Haines and Delafontaine, expert chemists, for analysis, and they found that it contained the same quantity of lead, zinc, tin and other ingredients, and the same proportion of impurities as the bombs found in Lingg's possession. Even a trace of the copper discovered in the bomb exploded at the Haymarket was shown to have come from the candlestick used by Lingg. A small fragment was missing from the candlestick, and it was clearly shown that it had found its way into that deadly bomb.

During this period I also learned that Lingg had not been the first and only one to experiment with dynamite in Chicago. I learned that as far back as 1881 there had been some desperate men among the Socialists, but by keeping their secrets to themselves they had managed to keep the general body of the party and the public at large in ignorance of their clandestine operations. They had even experimented with dynamite, hoping to perfect it so that it could be handled with safety; but somehow they had failed to discover means for making its use practicable. They had adopted various expedients to test its strength when confined in a small implement, and in their labors several had received serious injuries. Four or five men are living to-day who were crippled by the rash and ineffectual experiments. One Communist was particularly active in studying the properties of the explosive and devising a plan to make it serviceable in a combat with the police. This man had fled from France after the downfall of the Paris Commune, and thought himself quite capable of getting dynamite down to such a fine point that when his new-found brethren in Anarchy started their revolution they would be more successful than his French associates had been. He finally succeeded in making an explosive similar to dynamite, but which was found very unsafe to handle. After some of the Anarchists had tried it and got hurt, they refrained from further meddling, and dropped both the Frenchman and his explosive. For a long time thereafter dynamite was not heard of.

A man living on West Lake Street, however, still entertained hopes, and finally supplied some of the Anarchists with a dynamite prescription by which they could use it with great effect. In imparting his knowledge he told them to keep the "stuff" hermetically sealed, for if the air reached it an explosion would surely follow. Some found this true, to their sorrow.

Then a man residing on West Twelfth Street stepped to the front and supplied what he claimed could be successfully used. One Sunday some half dozen Anarchists went out to Riverside to test the new compound by putting some of it under a lot of stone near the Desplaines River, but, to their surprise and mortification, they found that it was so weak that it scarcely made a noise.

Subsequently the Southwest Side group took up the dynamite problem and experimented with the "stuff." The members of this group, known at

the time familiarly as "the Bridgeport group," were the craziest lot of Anarchists in the city, and, judging from their talk, were always ready to participate in a riot or a revolution. They were great readers of books on Socialism, Communism, Anarchy and Nihilism, and they had drilled themselves thoroughly in arms for the coming uprising. But they wanted something more potent and effective than simple guns and revolvers, and, as they possessed a work on "The Wonders of Chemistry," they saw no reason why they could not carry out its instructions with reference to dynamite and find some means for putting them to practical use. They accordingly experimented. They had a friend in a drug-store on State Street, near Van Buren, and from him they obtained their supplies by paying a good round price. This store finally became known to all the Socialists in the city, but, as the owner became frightened at the publicity obtained, he declined to furnish any more material for experiments. The Anarchists, however, had met with some small success, and they were not discouraged. They found another friend on West Twelfth Street, and this party sold them dynamite cartridges such as are used by miners.

There were in the city at the time the Bridgeport group, the Town of Lake group, the South Side group, the Southwest Side group, the Freiheit group, the Northwest Side group, the North Side group, the Karl Marx group, the English group, the Lake View group (near Clybourn Avenue), and another group which existed only a short time, all together having a membership list of about 1,500 men, who hailed with great delight the report that with some further experiments the dynamite cartridges could be made serviceable not only for blowing up buildings, but also for use in a hand-to-hand conflict in a crowd.

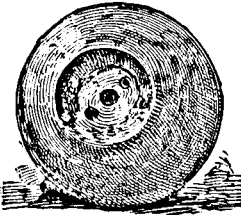
The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein were not then interested in this branch of Socialism. They drilled with arms and believed in meeting the enemy with guns. It was about this time—October, 1883—that the national convention of Socialists was held at Pittsburg to formulate plans and principles, and there was a division of sentiment on the use of dynamite. The radical delegates from Chicago, as stated in a preceding chapter, were numerous, and insisted on employing the most effective weapon they could find to exterminate capitalists. The result of the conflict was that on their return home they made it a point to bring over the members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, some of whom had opposed them at Pittsburg, to their ideas, and some time thereafter they succeeded in having the superiority of dynamite over guns almost generally conceded. Not only that, but some of the members became enthusiastic in the experiments being made. One member had even reached a point beyond his competitors in making round cast-iron bombs, and succeeded in turning out fifty pieces. A few were tried, with what success is not known, but one night two friends of the man went to him, told him that they had heard of his having bombs and that his

arrest would be made the next day. In fact, they assured him that he had been spotted for some time by detectives. This frightened the man, and he begged his friends to assist him in carrying the bombs away and thus help him out of his troubles. The three then went to work, removed the bombs, and, to effectually destroy all evidence, threw them into the lake.

This procedure gave the great man of the Lehr und Wehr Verein a chance to breathe a little easier, the air seemed to be more bracing, and he could look into the eye of a policeman, when he passed one, with more assurance and confidence. But one of those bombs got astray while being removed, just before the others were submerged, and it afterwards came into the possession of the police. It has had its picture taken and looks quite innocent on paper.

An engraving of it is herewith presented. This sort of iron bomb was afterwards adopted as a model, and became quite popular with the brave dynamite experimenters until some one manufactured a smaller one that could be carried handily in a coat pocket.

They next adopted the long iron gas-pipe bomb, six inches in length, which could be carried in the inside vest pocket. Every one fell in love with the new invention, especially Fischer, and he kept a large soap-box full of the bombs at his home, carefully concealed under his bed.



But the Anarchists were bent on still greater improvements. They continued their experiments, and the next new invention was the round lead bomb, called by them the "Czar bomb." This was the kind brought to August Spies' office by "the man from Cleveland," or rather by Louis Lingg. One of these bombs is shown in a full-page engraving presented elsewhere. They had been designated as the "Czar bomb" until bombs began to fill my office, and then they were referred to as "the round lead bombs." The police knew them as Lingg's bombs.

Some of Fischer's bombs were scattered among trusted Anarchists in the Board of Trade procession, and their effectiveness would have been tried on that occasion had it not been for police interference. The character and explosiveness of the "Lingg bomb" are described in the testimony of the officers and expert chemists during the trial.

SAMUEL FIELDEN was found at his home during the day of May 5th, and placed under arrest. He accepted the situation calmly, and, without a remonstrance, accompanied the officers to the Central Station. Officer Slayton, who had him in care, introduced him to the Lieutenant in charge of the detective department, and, in view of the conspicuous part the prisoner had played at the Haymarket, one would suppose that he would have been subjected to a very rigorous examination as to his movements for several

days preceding the evening of May 4. But nothing of the kind occurred. The Lieutenant proceeded to denounce him in English more vigorous than elegant, and delivered himself of an opinion about the man and the work of the Anarchists at the Haymarket. Fielden stood it all without a murmur, and probably would have said nothing had not the Lieutenant called him a Dutchman. That allusion was the "last straw." Fielden remonstrated and emphatically declared that he was an Englishman. He was subsequently turned over to Superintendent Ebersold, and, while exhibiting his wound, caused by a shot during the Haymarket riot, he was informed by that officer that it ought to have gone through his head. The observation was a pertinent one at the moment, and possibly the felicity of its expression may have satisfied the official that with it his duty had ended in the case. At any rate, Fielden was not catechized to any material extent by the Chief, and that official, as well as the head of the detective department, was no wiser than before the man's arrest.

The prisoner, who had been shown to have declared at the Haymarket, "Here come the bloodhounds, the police; you do your duty and I'll do mine," and to have fired a shot in the direction of the police after dismounting from the speakers' wagon, was then passed into a cell. His house was searched, but nothing of a criminating character was discovered. He undoubtedly possessed a great deal of information respecting the revolutionary plot. Had it not been for work done outside of the Central Station, Fielden would have been speedily released, and possibly some apology might have been offered him for the inconvenience occasioned by his arrest and the unintentional reflection cast upon the English and German nationalities.

Fielden was kept locked up, indicted, and finally convicted on discoveries made independently of the Chief's office or the detective department. The education, demeanor and independence of the man were well calculated to deceive the most expert readers of human nature, and his emphatic assertions regarding the want of any knowledge of a conspiracy would have



SAMUEL FIELDEN.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

days preceding the evening of May 4. But nothing of the kind occurred. The Lieutenant proceeded to denounce him in English more vigorous than elegant, and delivered himself of an opinion about the man and the work of the Anarchists at the Haymarket. Fielden stood it all without a murmur, and probably would have said nothing had not the Lieutenant called him a Dutchman. That allusion was the "last straw." Fielden remonstrated and emphatically declared that he was an Englishman. He was subsequently turned over to Superintendent Ebersold, and, while exhibiting his wound, caused by a shot during the Haymarket riot, he was informed by that officer that it ought to have gone through his head. The observation was a pertinent one at the moment, and possibly the felicity of its expression may have satisfied the official that with it his duty had ended in the case. At any rate, Fielden was not catechized to any material extent by the Chief, and that official, as well as the head of the detective department, was no wiser than before the man's arrest.

The prisoner, who had been shown to have declared at the Haymarket, "Here come the bloodhounds, the police; you do your duty and I'll do mine," and to have fired a shot in the direction of the police after dismounting from the speakers' wagon, was then passed into a cell. His house was searched, but nothing of a criminating character was discovered. He undoubtedly possessed a great deal of information respecting the revolutionary plot. Had it not been for work done outside of the Central Station, Fielden would have been speedily released, and possibly some apology might have been offered him for the inconvenience occasioned by his arrest and the unintentional reflection cast upon the English and German nationalities.

Fielden was kept locked up, indicted, and finally convicted on discoveries made independently of the Chief's office or the detective department. The education, demeanor and independence of the man were well calculated to deceive the most expert readers of human nature, and his emphatic assertions regarding the want of any knowledge of a conspiracy would have



SAMUEL FIELDEN.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

made him a free man to-day had his case rested on the efforts of the Central Station. Fielden was a sort of diamond in the rough. He possessed much native ability, a ruggedness of character which commanded admiration, and a force and volubility of speech which swayed the unlettered masses. Had he passed through either an academic or collegiate training, there is no telling what eminence he might have achieved in the higher walks of life. His rough, uncouth appearance greatly heightened the effect of his utterances, as few looked for eloquence from such a man. He was born in Dodmorden, Lancashire, England, in 1847, and spent a number of his earlier years in a cotton mill. While thus engaged he became a Sunday-school teacher at the age of eighteen, and some time later branched out as an itinerant Methodist exhorter. Some time after (1868) he came to America, settling in New York, and the next year he found his way to Chicago. He went to work at Summit, a hamlet a few miles southwest of town, on the farm of ex-Mayor John Wentworth, but he did not remain there long before he migrated to Arkansas and Louisiana to engage in railroad construction work. In 1871 he returned to Chicago and engaged in manual labor, principally as teamster in handling stone. In 1880 he became a member of the Liberal League, and under the training and guidance of George Schilling he soon became a rabid Socialist. From that the step was only a short one to unbridled Anarchy, and the pupil finally became a teacher to Schilling in advanced theories on the state of society they all sought to inaugurate. Fielden finally became a boon companion of Spies and Parsons, and all the rugged eloquence he could command was given to the cause. He was a more forcible speaker than either of the two just named, and whenever he preached force, as he always did after becoming an Anarchist, his language commanded wider attention and made a deeper impression. Had it not been for his own sincere penitence for his past misdeeds and the intervention of influential friends because of that penitence, he would have died on the gallows. But he recanted at the last moment of hope for clemency, and the Governor commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. He is a married man with two small children, and the misery he wrought upon them has been beyond expression. Such is the fruit of Anarchy.

CHAPTER XI.

My Connection with the Anarchist Cases — A Scene at the Central Office — Mr. Hanssen's Discovery — Politics and Detective Work — Jealousy against Inspector Bonfield — Dynamiters on Exhibition — Courtesies to the Prize-fighters — A Friendly Tip — My First Light on the Case — A Promise of Confidence — One Night's Work — The Chief Agrees to my Taking up the Case — Laying Our Plans — "We Have Found the Bomb Factory!" — Is it a Trap? — A Patrol-wagon Full of Dynamite — No Help Hoped for from Headquarters — Conference with State's Attorney Grinnell — Furthmann's Work — Opening up the Plot — Trouble with the Newspaper Men — Unexpected Advantage of Hostile Criticism — Information from Unexpected Quarters — Queer Episodes of the Hunt — Clues Good, Bad and Indifferent — A Mysterious Lady with a Veil — A Conference in my Back Yard — The Anarchists Alarmed — A Breezy Conference with Ebersold — Threatening Letters — Menaces Sent to the Wives of the Men Working on the Case — How the Ladies Behaved — The Judge and Mrs. Gary — Detectives on Each Other's Trail — The Humors of the Case — Amusing Incidents.

I HAVE often been asked how it was that I came to have charge of the detective work which was done in bringing the Anarchists to justice, and I think that the time has now come for the whole story to be told. I think it would be a false delicacy for me, in this book, which I mean to make, as nearly as I can, a fair and truthful record of the Anarchist case, to pass over the notorious incompetency which prevailed at Police Headquarters at that time. It cannot be denied that, had the case been left in the hands of the men of the Central Office, the prosecution would have come to naught, and these red-handed murderers would have gone unwhipped of justice. This was something which every good citizen would have been bound to prevent, and more than others a police officer, for into our hands is intrusted the care of the lives and property of the community and the preservation of law and order. I knew as well as my questioners that the case belonged to the Central Office. There was the Chief; there were the two heads of the detective department; there was the detective corps, supposed to contain the keenest and the best officers on the force.

From the first I was satisfied that the men at headquarters neither appreciated the gravity of the occasion, nor were they able to cope with the conspirators — a set of wily, secret and able men, who had made a special study of the art and mystery of baffling the law and avoiding the police. There was neither order, discipline nor brains at headquarters. Every officer did as he liked, and the department was rent and paralyzed with the feuds and jealousies between the chiefs and the subordinates. This, too, was at a time when the people of Chicago were in a condition of mind almost bordering upon panic. They were looking to us for protection. The red flag was flaunted in the streets, demagogues were shouting dynamite in a dozen parts of the city, riotous mobs had already met the police — and the

police were in charge of a man who — it is a charity to say no more — had neither a proper conception of his duties nor the ability to perform them.

For instance, on the evening of May 3 all the captains of the city were ordered to meet at the Chief's office, and, together with Inspector Bonfield, they responded promptly. While the situation was being discussed, there was a rap at the door. I was nearest the entrance, and I opened it. Mr. Hanssen, one of the editors of the *Freie Presse*, was there. He handed in a paper, saying that it was of most serious import — so serious that, as soon as he had seen it, he had felt it his duty to bring it to police headquarters. It was the "Revenge" circular, of which so much is said elsewhere in this book, and which afterwards became so notorious. I handed it to Chief Ebersold, who glanced at it and said it was all nonsense. "Why," said he, "we are prepared for them." Bonfield looked it over, and thought it serious.



DETECTIVE JAMES BONFIELD.
From a Photograph.

I was sure that it meant mischief and murder, but the rest treated it as a farce. Now, what was to be expected from men who had no clearer idea of the gravity of the crisis that was upon us than the story of this incident conveys.

On the next evening the crash of dynamite was for the first time heard on the streets of an American city. The Red Terror was upon us.

What was done?

Every citizen of Chicago demanded justice for the brave men who had fallen — justice on the miscreants who had done them to death. Knowing what I did of the manner in which the detective work was apt to be done, it will not be wondered that I at once made up my mind to do

what lay in my power to hunt these murderers down. Even had I not so concluded, the events of that day, the 5th of May, would have fastened the determination in my mind. At ten o'clock in the morning I was ordered by telephone to report at the Central Station at once with two companies — trouble was momentarily expected on the Black Road. When I had disposed my men at the City Hall, and arranged for the patrol wagons we were to occupy if a call should come, there was nothing to do but wait in the Chief's office till we were summoned. No one ever had a better opportunity of seeing how the police business of the city was transacted.

It was a time of acute excitement, the day after the Haymarket. The Chief was in a state of alarm that would have been ridiculous if it had not been pitiable. Whenever the telephone rang, he would start nervously and demand, "Is that on the prairie, or the Black Road?" and when assured that there was no trouble, his relief was absurdly manifest. Among the

police were in charge of a man who — it is a charity to say no more — had neither a proper conception of his duties nor the ability to perform them.

For instance, on the evening of May 3 all the captains of the city were ordered to meet at the Chief's office, and, together with Inspector Bonfield, they responded promptly. While the situation was being discussed, there was a rap at the door. I was nearest the entrance, and I opened it. Mr. Hanssen, one of the editors of the *Freie Presse*, was there. He handed in a paper, saying that it was of most serious import — so serious that, as soon as he had seen it, he had felt it his duty to bring it to police headquarters. It was the "Revenge" circular, of which so much is said elsewhere in this book, and which afterwards became so notorious. I handed it to Chief Ebersold, who glanced at it and said it was all nonsense. "Why," said he, "we are prepared for them." Bonfield looked it over, and thought it serious.

I was sure that it meant mischief and murder, but the rest treated it as a farce. Now, what was to be expected from men who had no clearer idea of the gravity of the crisis that was upon us than the story of this incident conveys.

On the next evening the crash of dynamite was for the first time heard on the streets of an American city. The Red Terror was upon us.

What was done?

Every citizen of Chicago demanded justice for the brave men who had fallen — justice on the miscreants who had done them to death. Knowing what I did of the manner in which the detective work was apt to be done, it will not be wondered that I at once made up my mind to do



DETECTIVE JAMES BONFIELD.

From a Photograph.

what lay in my power to hunt these murderers down. Even had I not so concluded, the events of that day, the 5th of May, would have fastened the determination in my mind. At ten o'clock in the morning I was ordered by telephone to report at the Central Station at once with two companies — trouble was momentarily expected on the Black Road. When I had disposed my men at the City Hall, and arranged for the patrol wagons we were to occupy if a call should come, there was nothing to do but wait in the Chief's office till we were summoned. No one ever had a better opportunity of seeing how the police business of the city was transacted.

It was a time of acute excitement, the day after the Haymarket. The Chief was in a state of alarm that would have been ridiculous if it had not been pitiable. Whenever the telephone rang, he would start nervously and demand, "Is that on the prairie, or the Black Road?" and when assured that there was no trouble, his relief was absurdly manifest. Among the

detectives the topic was whether they would be called on to work in the Anarchist case and how many they would be expected to arrest.

Another question that bothered them was: What would the old man (Mayor Harrison) say if they went to work arresting Anarchists, and how would he like it?

The officers who did their duty after such a stupendous crime as the slaughter of the police officers would never have lost anything in the end, even if they should have lost their positions. The question, "How would Harrison like it?" as asked by one of the detectives, should, therefore, have cut no figure, and possibly it did not. Probably the officer fell back upon it as an excuse for his own laziness and incompetence. But one thing is certain, and that is that the department did nothing to speak of in the case.

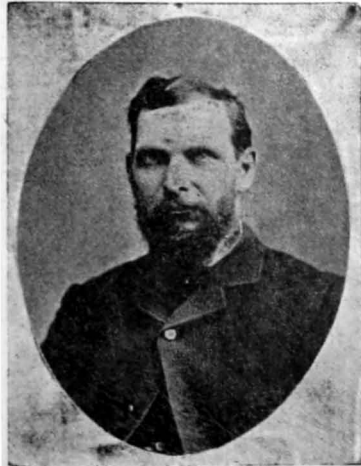
I saw some of those red-handed murderers come out of that office smiling and laughing instead of being made to feel that they were about to have a rope around their necks.

In fact, the Central Office was run so that no one could tell who was officer, waiter or janitor. Everybody had a full sweep in and out of the office, and if a prisoner happened to be brought in by some well-meaning officer, everybody was allowed to hear the investigation. It was a sort of town meeting, and it was free to all.

At that time Inspector Bonfield had been receiving a great deal of favorable mention in the newspapers, in connection with the labor troubles, and this aroused the jealousy of Chief Ebersold. The Chief accordingly concluded to attend to all the business himself, assisted by his pet gang of ignorant detectives, and they made a fine mess of it. But forces were at work, in spite of the internal difficulties, which rescued the case from utter failure.

On the morning of May 5, at an early hour, Inspector Bonfield had a short interview with State's Attorney Grinnell; but exactly what transpired no one but themselves knew. Before noon of that day, however, the result could be plainly seen. Officers James Bonfield, Palmer, Slayton and a few others had by that time succeeded in arresting August Spies, Chris Spies, Schwab, Fischer and Fielden. Of course, this step only served to create more jealousy in the Central Station.

After the prisoners had been brought in, some of the newspaper report-



OFFICER HENRY PALMER.
From a Photograph.

detectives the topic was whether they would be called on to work in the Anarchist case and how many they would be expected to arrest.

Another question that bothered them was: What would the old man (Mayor Harrison) say if they went to work arresting Anarchists, and how would he like it?

The officers who did their duty after such a stupendous crime as the slaughter of the police officers would never have lost anything in the end, even if they should have lost their positions. The question, "How would Harrison like it?" as asked by one of the detectives, should, therefore, have cut no figure, and possibly it did not. Probably the officer fell back upon it as an excuse for his own laziness and incompetence. But one thing is certain, and that is that the department did nothing to speak of in the case.

I saw some of those red-handed murderers come out of that office smiling and laughing instead of being made to feel that they were about to have a rope around their necks.

In fact, the Central Office was run so that no one could tell who was officer, waiter or janitor. Everybody had a full sweep in and out of the office, and if a prisoner happened to be brought in by some well-meaning officer, everybody was allowed to hear the investigation. It was a sort of town meeting, and it was free to all.

At that time Inspector Bonfield had been receiving a great deal of favorable mention in the newspapers, in connection with the labor troubles, and this aroused the jealousy of Chief Ebersold. The Chief accordingly concluded to attend to all the business himself, assisted by his pet gang of ignorant detectives, and they made a fine mess of it. But forces were at work, in spite of the internal difficulties, which rescued the case from utter failure.

On the morning of May 5, at an early hour, Inspector Bonfield had a short interview with State's Attorney Grinnell; but exactly what transpired no one but themselves knew. Before noon of that day, however, the result could be plainly seen. Officers James Bonfield, Palmer, Slayton and a few others had by that time succeeded in arresting August Spies, Chris Spies, Schwab, Fischer and Fielden. Of course, this step only served to create more jealousy in the Central Station.

After the prisoners had been brought in, some of the newspaper report-



OFFICER HENRY PALMER.
From a Photograph.

ers endeavored to obtain interviews with them, but they were not permitted to get anywhere near the Anarchists.

In the meantime, and while the working officers were out hunting for more of the chief conspirators, the lieutenants in command of the detective department concluded that they would enjoy a little breathing-spell. Accordingly they took a stroll among the fashionable saloons on Clark Street. There they met their friends, and while sampling the various decoctions compounded by the cocktail dispensers, they fell in with a party of professional prize-fighters, heavy-weight and light-weight, and match-makers for man and beast. They found there was more sport in that party than in taking risks by going out into the suburbs through tough streets and dirty alley-ways looking for Anarchists.

At any rate, after a lot of wine had been consumed and good cigars tested, round after round, one of the pug-faced sluggers made the remark to one of the lieutenants that he would like to see the Anarchists who had been arrested, and the officer addressed responded: "Of course you can see them—all you gentlemen can see them. Come right along with us."



OFFICER (NOW LIEUT.) BAER.

They all fell into line, went over to the Central Station, were taken down stairs to the lock-up, and there told to go around and look for themselves. This was some time after nine o'clock in the evening, and after the party had satisfied their curiosity, they returned to the saloon which they had left. The vigilant reporters had noticed this proceeding,

and, holding a short conference, they resolved to insist on seeing the prisoners also. They told the officials that the public had as much right to know about the parties arrested as a gang of prize-fighters, whether Sullivans or lesser lights in the prize-ring firmament, and the lieutenants at once recognized the force of the argument. Between eleven and twelve that night one reporter from each paper in the city was allowed to see the Anarchists, and interviews were secured for publication the next morning.

When I understood how the whole affair was being managed during that day, I came to the conclusion that the case would never be worked up by that department, and I was more resolved than ever that if the opportunity came I would not rest until the criminals were brought to justice.

Inspector Bonfield had likewise become disgusted with the nervous actions of the Chief and the heads of the detective department, and he decided to confine his operations to the West Side. He went over there that day,— May 5,— and as a result he cleaned out all Lake Street from

ers endeavored to obtain interviews with them, but they were not permitted to get anywhere near the Anarchists.

In the meantime, and while the working officers were out hunting for more of the chief conspirators, the lieutenants in command of the detective department concluded that they would enjoy a little breathing-spell. Accordingly they took a stroll among the fashionable saloons on Clark Street. There they met their friends, and while sampling the various decoctions compounded by the cocktail dispensers, they fell in with a party of professional prize-fighters, heavy-weight and light-weight, and match-makers for man and beast. They found there was more sport in that party than in taking risks by going out into the suburbs through tough streets and dirty alley-ways looking for Anarchists.

At any rate, after a lot of wine had been consumed and good cigars tested, round after round, one of the pug-faced sluggers made the remark to one of the lieutenants that he would like to see the Anarchists who had been arrested, and the officer addressed responded: "Of course you can see them—all you gentlemen can see them. Come right along with us."



OFFICER (NOW LIEUT.) BAER.

They all fell into line, went over to the Central Station, were taken down stairs to the lock-up, and there told to go around and look for themselves. This was some time after nine o'clock in the evening, and after the party had satisfied their curiosity, they returned to the saloon which they had left. The vigilant reporters had noticed this proceeding,

and, holding a short conference, they resolved to insist on seeing the prisoners also. They told the officials that the public had as much right to know about the parties arrested as a gang of prize-fighters, whether Sullivans or lesser lights in the prize-ring firmament, and the lieutenants at once recognized the force of the argument. Between eleven and twelve that night one reporter from each paper in the city was allowed to see the Anarchists, and interviews were secured for publication the next morning.

When I understood how the whole affair was being managed during that day, I came to the conclusion that the case would never be worked up by that department, and I was more resolved than ever that if the opportunity came I would not rest until the criminals were brought to justice.

Inspector Bonfield had likewise become disgusted with the nervous actions of the Chief and the heads of the detective department, and he decided to confine his operations to the West Side. He went over there that day,— May 5,— and as a result he cleaned out all Lake Street from

the river to Halsted Street. He broke up all the Anarchist *rendezvous*, captured their guns, confiscated their flags, and created general dismay among the reds. Some sought safety by fleeing to the roofs, others escaped through back alleys, and still others got into the dark recesses of basements. When they learned that "Black" Bonfield, as they called him, was on their track, consternation took possession of them all. The Inspector had no easy task. He looked up all their halls and meeting-places, hunted for "Revenge" circulars at every place he visited, and in every instance he found plenty of them as evidence of the extensive circulation given that document among Anarchists. He gathered them all together, and in the trial they proved of great service to the State as showing that all had notice to come to the Haymarket meeting with arms and be prepared for a deadly conflict. After that day Inspector Bonfield turned all his attention to the sick and wounded officers and their families, and, as a consequence, the Central Station was left without a competent head. But the Central considered itself capable of handling the case, and Bonfield never asked any questions. Ebersold and the dual-headed monstrosities in charge of the detective department struggled along, and, with a great deal of bluster, endeavored to show to the outside world that they were moving along finely. But they accomplished absolutely nothing. Insults in various ways were heaped upon Bonfield, so that every one about the City Hall noticed them. Even on the 5th of May, the slights cast upon the Inspector were commented upon by some of the officers in the Central. Some of the officers friendly to the incompetents would declare that Bonfield did not know his business and that he was to blame for the killing of the officers, but there were others who took a different view and regretted that he was not kept continually at work on the case. In fact, the only ones about the building, after the incompetent heads took charge, who showed a willingness to work and who tried to do their duty, were Officers James Bonfield, Palmer and Slayton. All the rest looked scared, absent-minded and indifferent.

On the next morning—May 6—I was again at the Central Headquarters. I learned then how deep and wide-spread was the spirit that pervaded the department. Nothing was done, and nothing was proposed to be done. I also learned of the treatment accorded Officer Palmer by the lieutenants in charge of the department.

The whole trouble appeared to be that no one cared about doing anything, and that if any one had the temerity to bring information in, he would be kicked out. While such was the stupidity or the lethargy of the head officials, I was powerless to act. I could not take the case away from my superior officer on information rejected and spurned by those in authority about police headquarters, and I almost despaired of ever seeing the culprits brought to punishment.

An incident occurred, however, which changed the whole course of

events. On my way home to supper that evening, about six o'clock — May 6 — I met a man near my house. He acted as though greatly frightened, but he had some information he wished to impart to me. He was afraid to speak, as he said it was life or death to him.

“If I speak,” he said, “and these people [the Anarchists] find it out, they will kill me sure. On the other hand, when I think of how many were killed, it drives me nearly crazy. I can probably help to bring the murderers to justice, and I cannot forgive myself unless I try to assist.”

I told the man that as a good citizen it was his duty to tell everything he knew about the affair, and that I should consider everything he said strictly confidential. My personal pledge being given to him that I would not get him into trouble by exposing him to the reds, he began his statement. The man did not tell very much, but after I had gathered together all the little threads carefully, the whole proved of considerable service. After supper I went to a great many places and remained out till four o'clock the next morning. The following day I instructed some of my people how to get information respecting the throwing of the Haymarket bomb, and I told them where they might leave their information if they obtained any. I got back to the station at 9 A.M., and found in my closed letter-box a slip of paper containing about five lines of important news. I scanned the paper closely, and those who stood around told me afterwards that they noticed that my face brightened up considerably.

I knew then that I had a very light starter in the case, but a good one. I could readily see also that everything had to be handled with the greatest care, and by preserving the utmost confidence with the informers. I knew, too, that nothing must be told even in the Chief's office or in the detective department.

I had previously discovered that there was not a man among the three heads of the Central that knew how to listen to information, how to put questions or remember conversation, or, in fact, to have anything in shape, or to keep secrets, and I therefore decided to keep my own counsel.

On the morning of the 7th of May, at nine o'clock, I arrived at the Chief's office and asked him if he had any good news. He replied that it was hard to get at the bottom of the affair. I then asked him if he would give me the privilege of working up the case. He looked at me a moment and then said, “Yes.”

“Yes, Captain,” he added, after a brief pause, “I will — sure. If you can do anything, do it. I hope you will do it. I shall be pleased if you can only do it.”

I then said: “With your permission I will work this case and all there is in the case. You will hear from me soon, but if you should not hear from me in three months, do not ask for me. I am going to work night and day until this case is cleared up. Good day.”

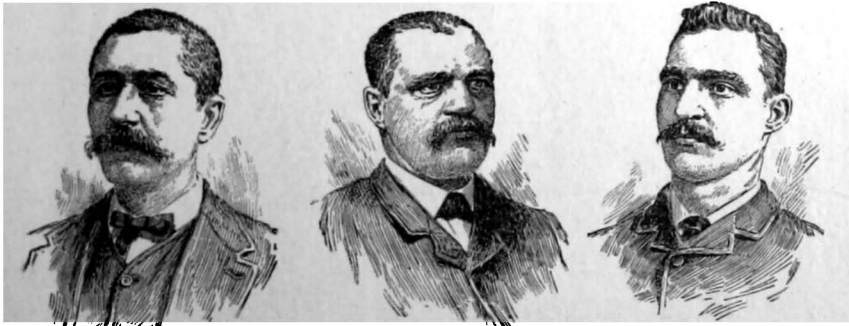
Then I started for the North Side. Arriving at the station, Lieut. Larsen handed me a little note which had been left for me. It was small, but full of information, and was the first fruit of one night's work. I immediately turned over the command of the station and all the details to Lieut. Larsen, and at once called in my old reliable officers, those whom I knew to be honest and true, strong and vigilant, intelligent and brave. They began earnestly and were with me through all the investigations up to November 11, 1887. They were Michael Whalen, John Stift, Michael Hoffmann,



HERMANN SCHUETTLER.

MICHAEL HOFFMANN.

MICHAEL WHALEN.



CHAS. REHM.

JOHN STIFT.

JACOB LOEWENSTEIN.

Hermann Schuettler, Jacob Loewenstein and Charles Rehm, and they reported to me promptly at the office, where they received their first instructions. I told them that this must be like all the other cases we had worked, secret and only known among ourselves. All information and reports must come to me as soon as possible, and all details must be attended to strictly. I further told them that they must expect a forty-eight hours' stretch of work frequently before we got to the end; that they must keep in mind that their lives would often be in danger, but they should only kill in dire necessity. Insults or abuses they must not take from any one. I knew that

Then I started for the North Side. Arriving at the station, Lieut. Larsen handed me a little note which had been left for me. It was small, but full of information, and was the first fruit of one night's work. I immediately turned over the command of the station and all the details to Lieut. Larsen, and at once called in my old reliable officers, those whom I knew to be honest and true, strong and vigilant, intelligent and brave. They began earnestly and were with me through all the investigations up to November 11, 1887. They were Michael Whalen, John Stift, Michael Hoffmann,



HERMANN SCHUETTLER.



MICHAEL HOFFMANN.



MICHAEL WHALEN.



CHAS. REHM.



JOHN STIFT.



JACOB LOEWENSTEIN.

Hermann Schuettler, Jacob Loewenstein and Charles Rehm, and they reported to me promptly at the office, where they received their first instructions. I told them that this must be like all the other cases we had worked, secret and only known among ourselves. All information and reports must come to me as soon as possible, and all details must be attended to strictly. I further told them that they must expect a forty-eight hours' stretch of work frequently before we got to the end; that they must keep in mind that their lives would often be in danger, but they should only kill in dire necessity. Insults or abuses they must not take from any one. I knew that

they would get into many of those h—l-holes, where the women were a great deal worse than the men, and I proposed that the officers should show that they were not to be trifled with in the discharge of their duties.

The field chosen for work was the vicinity of Clybourn Avenue, Sedgwick Street and North Avenue. The officers were provided with chisels, jimmies and keys and one or two dark lanterns, and after these preliminary arrangements they mounted a patrol wagon and started for the scene of their operations. This detail was in charge of Officer Whalen, and the first objective point was Sedgwick Street, near the residence of Seliger. They began searching all the houses, barns and wood-sheds belonging to Anarchists, and created quite a consternation in the locality.

While they were thus engaged, I was temporarily called away from my office, and on my return I was soon called up by a telephone message from the Larrabee Street Station. Answering the call, I recognized the voice of Officer Whalen, and some important news was at once communicated.

"We have found the bomb factory," said Officer Whalen. "It is in the rear of No. 442 Sedgwick Street. The house is full of bombs and all kinds of material. My men are all there, and I am almost afraid to touch any of the stuff. There are some very queer-looking things, besides round lead bombs and very long iron bombs, about the house, and probably some trap may have been set to blow us all up the moment the articles are disturbed."

I questioned him as to whether there was any one about the house, and, being answered in the negative, I instructed the officer to handle everything himself and exercise great caution. Everything that looked suspicious was to be packed in a box and sent to the Chicago Avenue Station. I further instructed the officer to hunt up the parties who lived there, place them under arrest and send them also to the same station.

Whalen then returned to the house, packed up all the "stuff" and hunted for the occupants, who were nowhere to be found. He ascertained their names, however, and learned from the neighbors that the head of the house worked in Meyer's Mill, a sash and door factory on the North Pier. This information was telephoned to me, and I instructed Lieut. Larsen just what I desired in the way of securing the man's arrest. The Lieutenant called up the Larrabee Street Station patrol wagon, and, with a number of officers, he repaired to the mill. He there found his man, William Seliger, and brought him to the Chicago Avenue Station.

Meanwhile Officer Whalen and his men were busy getting their load of deadly missiles, and, still unsatisfied, they got some shovels and picks and went to mining in the back yard of the bomb factory. They found a lot of lead and gas pipes buried in the ground, and after they had collected about all the suspicious-looking articles they could find, they brought it all to the station. This was the first of a series of searches kept up night and day for two weeks, and no house or place where an Anarchist or Socialist

resided escaped police attention. The houses were examined from top to bottom, and when the officers had finished their labors in this direction the Chicago Avenue Station was filled with all kinds of arms, some old and some new, nearly every nation on the globe being represented in the collection.

On the evening of May 7, about eight o'clock, a gentleman called at my house, and in a most confidential manner desired to post me about an arrest that ought to be made.

"You had a fellow taken from Meyer's Mill," said he, "but you left a man worse than the one you arrested." He gave the name of the party and then silently took his departure.

On the next day Officer Whalen was detailed to bring the man to the station, but when the officers arrived at the mill the bird had flown. This man's name was Mueller, No. 2. He has never returned to the factory, although his tool chest is still there, and \$27 still stands due to him on the books of the concern to this date.

With the information so far secured I became confident that I had an opening to the case, but, knowing that no aid could be had from the Central Headquarters, I refrained, I think wisely, from asking for assistance. In Mr. Grinnell and his staff, however, I had every confidence, and I went to his office.

I told him what discoveries had been made, giving him all the details, and said to him that in working up the case I should frequently need his advice. He promptly said: "Schaack, you can command my services and those of every man in my office at any time." I thanked him, and felt greatly strengthened in the task I had before me.

Mr. Furthmann was directed to go with me and assist in the same way that he had assisted in working up the evidence in the Mulkowsky murder case.

I then felt highly gratified, and stronger and more resolute than ever, because of my new partner in the case. When we were about to go, Mr. Grinnell said, "I will be up to-night and see you." He called, as



EDMUND FURTHMANN.

resided escaped police attention. The houses were examined from top to bottom, and when the officers had finished their labors in this direction the Chicago Avenue Station was filled with all kinds of arms, some old and some new, nearly every nation on the globe being represented in the collection.

On the evening of May 7, about eight o'clock, a gentleman called at my house, and in a most confidential manner desired to post me about an arrest that ought to be made.

"You had a fellow taken from Meyer's Mill," said he, "but you left a man worse than the one you arrested." He gave the name of the party and then silently took his departure.

On the next day Officer Whalen was detailed to bring the man to the station, but when the officers arrived at the mill the bird had flown. This man's name was Mueller, No. 2. He has never returned to the factory, although his tool chest is still there, and \$27 still stands due to him on the books of the concern to this date.

With the information so far secured I became confident that I had an opening to the case, but, knowing that no aid could be had from the Central Headquarters, I refrained, I think wisely, from asking for assistance. In Mr. Grinnell and his staff, however, I had every confidence, and I went to his office.

I told him what discoveries had been made, giving him all the details, and said to him that in working up the case I should frequently need his advice. He promptly said: "Schaack, you can command my services and those of every man in my office at any time." I thanked him, and felt greatly strengthened in the task I had before me.

Mr. Furthmann was directed to go with me and assist in the same way that he had assisted in working up the evidence in the Mulkowsky murder case.

I then felt highly gratified, and stronger and more resolute than ever, because of my new partner in the case. When we were about to go, Mr. Grinnell said, "I will be up to-night and see you." He called, as



EDMUND FURTHMANN.

promised. We then told him what progress we had made during the day, and he expressed himself as greatly pleased. He urged us to keep everything as secret as possible and not to take any more people into our confidence than was absolutely necessary. Having given us this advice, he left us, but we continued our work until three o'clock the next morning. We met again—Furthmann and myself—the next day at nine o'clock, and that day we worked with great success. The boys brought us in good news every hour. Good citizens would leave letters at my house, and these would be immediately sent to me by my wife. Before eight o'clock that night we had gained an entrance to the conspiracy plot. Mr. Grinnell was sent for, and he called on us at once. He was informed of all the facts and said:

“You boys have done well. You have found the missing link, and you have it right.”

Mr. Grinnell became enthusiastic over the work accomplished and recognized the fact that the right parties were under arrest, and that what had been morally certain before as to a conspiracy had now been made a legal certainty susceptible of the strongest proof. In reaching this point, a great deal of work had been done, and in its performance talent, tact and ingenuity of a very high order seemed essential. Mr. Grinnell inspired us with confidence, however, and was kind enough to say, just before going home that night:

“Schaack, I want to say that you are one of the greatest detectives in America.”

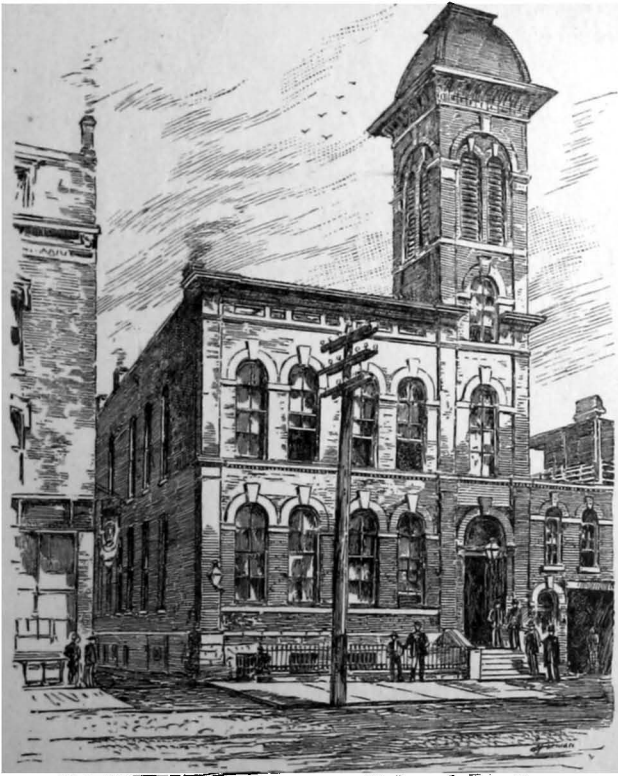
When the case had been worked up to the discovery of the leading facts at this time, the reporters for the various papers in Chicago began to gather at the Chicago Avenue Station, and they plied me with all sorts of questions. They desired all the information I possessed, but their laudable ambition was not gratified. Nothing respecting the merits of the case was furnished them. This provoked quite a number of the newspaper craft, and they sought to even up things by scoring me and my assistants in the columns of their papers. They continued their attacks, evidently expecting that I would weaken and tell all I knew, but in this they were mistaken, as their shafts fell harmless at my feet.

The more the papers blamed us, the better we liked it. It made our work much easier, because we received a great deal of good information from persons who would not have told us anything without positive assurance of secrecy.

This was in fact a potent factor in our success, and the newspaper-reading public really lost nothing by it. The latest news respecting the Anarchist conspiracy was always presented by the dailies, and, while there may have been wanting many of the essential and interesting facts, the public demand was measurably satisfied. At any rate, the interests of justice could not be permitted to be overshadowed by those of the news-

papers, and I held unflinchingly to the course mapped out until the day of the trial. The result proved the wisdom of the plan, and the encomiums bestowed on me by the press on the evidence I finally accumulated more than offset the former bitter attacks.

Had it not been for the caution and secrecy which we made our rule all through the investigation, the plot would not have been successfully unraveled. Recognizing this trait in my management of the case, men close to the Anarchists gave points they otherwise would not have dared to give, and there was scarcely an hour during the investigation that I did not find some trails leading up to the arch-conspirators. I even received private letters on my way home to meals. Persons would meet me on the street, hand me letters and pass right on. Some of these letters were purposely misleading, while others contained good points; but by putting one thing with another, and working up everything, something tangible was generally produced. In many of the notes a few words would signify a great deal, and the clues would be run down to the last point. Of course, sometimes the detectives made long and weary walks with no results. But whenever the boys met with disappointments in not getting just what they expected, and even when they were kept up all night, they never grumbled or expressed dissatisfaction.



THE EAST CHICAGO AVENUE STATION.

From a Photograph.

papers, and I held unflinchingly to the course mapped out until the day of the trial. The result proved the wisdom of the plan, and the encomiums bestowed on me by the press on the evidence I finally accumulated more than offset the former bitter attacks.

Had it not been for the caution and secrecy which we made our rule all through the investigation, the plot would not have been successfully unraveled. Recognizing this trait in my management of the case, men close to the Anarchists gave points they otherwise would not have dared to give, and there was scarcely an hour during the investigation that I did not find some trails leading up to the arch-conspirators. I even received private letters on my way home to meals. Persons would meet me on the street, hand me letters and pass right on. Some of these letters were purposely misleading, while others contained good points; but by putting one thing with another, and working up everything, something tangible was generally produced. In many of the notes a few words would signify a great deal, and the clues would be run down to the last point. Of course, sometimes the detectives made long and weary walks with no results. But whenever the boys met with disappointments in not getting just what they expected, and even when they were kept up all night, they never grumbled or expressed dissatisfaction.



THE EAST CHICAGO AVENUE STATION.

From a Photograph.

On the morning of May 8, at eight o'clock, we all met for general consultation behind locked doors in an inner room, and, while thus occupied with the case, I was notified that a lady desired to see me on important business. I immediately responded, and as I entered the main office I was confronted by a woman very heavily veiled. She briefly stated her mission and said that she desired an interview in private. I took her into another office, and, after the door had been locked, she said :

"You must excuse me. I will not uncover my face. Don't ask me anything about myself, and I will tell you something."

She was a German lady, well educated, and she spoke in an earnest, truthful manner. Being assured that no questions would be asked to establish her identity, she then told me where to send and what would be found at the indicated place. Before making her exit she remarked :

"You will have to attend to this matter this very day and before four o'clock."

Her information proved highly interesting and valuable, and I thanked her for it. In less than half an hour one of the detectives was set to work on her "pointers," and before two o'clock he returned to the station with "a good fat bird" and a lot of new evidence. Who the lady was is a mystery. She left the station as mysteriously as she had entered.

In the evening of the same day we met again and put together the results of each one's investigations. The work accomplished was surprising to all. Mr. Grinnell called, and, seeing what had been done, was more than pleased. At this time we had some of the Anarchists already behind the bars. That night we worked until two o'clock the next morning, and it was half an hour later when I directed my steps homeward. As I neared my house, I saw the indistinct outlines of a man standing close to a large bill-board about ten feet north of my residence. The figure proved to be a tall man, and, as I came to a halt, the stranger spoke up in German :

"Is this Mr. Schaack?"

"I am," I replied, "and what are you doing standing there?"

The stranger asked me to wait for a moment, and I complied, hardly knowing what to make out of the man's intentions toward me at such an unseemly hour in the morning; but at the same time I kept my eye steadily upon him for any hostile demonstrations. The strange individual hurriedly placed a cloth of some sort over his face, and I began to think some Anarchist had been commissioned to murder me. Still, the coolness and self-possession of the man and the seeming absence of the usual bluster incident to the commission of a foul crime reassured me. Noticing all this, by way of making the man understand that I was prepared for him if he had any murderous intentions, I said: "If you make any attack upon me I will kill you dead!"

"*Mein Gott, nein.* I only want to tell you something," was the reply.

I told him that that was all right and asked him into the back yard, when he said he would talk to me. I made the stranger go ahead of me, and when we reached the yard the man gave me a long story.

"I dare not," said he, "write to you. I dare not come near you during the day-time. I don't want you to know me, but I think you are the right man to talk to. I would not talk to any one else."

During the whole conversation the man kept his improvised mask on, and made it clear that his motive in so doing was to prevent the possibility of his being made to appear in court to verify the statements he desired to communicate. He gave information mainly bearing on the conspiracy meeting which had been held on the evening of May 3, at No. 54 West Lake Street, and the interview lasted until about three o'clock.

When we parted I was no wiser as to his identity than I had been before, and to this day I don't know with whom I talked there in my back yard that early morning.

In the forenoon of the 9th of May my trusted assistants again met in the office to compare notes. At this meeting I told Mr. Furthmann what a ghost I had seen that night, and in our deliberations that ghost aided us a great deal.

As a result the detectives started out with new instructions, and they were ordered to be back at the office at one o'clock in the afternoon. All reported promptly except a few who had struck a good trail and who kept out until six o'clock. The reports of those present showed good results. They started out again at two o'clock with new instructions and were ordered to report as soon as they had completed their work. Between three and five o'clock that afternoon things became exceedingly lively. The Anarchists began to move about like hornets disturbed in their nest, and some jumped around as if charged with electricity. Towards six o'clock the



A BACK-YARD INTERVIEW.

I told him that that was all right and asked him into the back yard, when he said he would talk to me. I made the stranger go ahead of me, and when we reached the yard the man gave me a long story.

"I dare not," said he, "write to you. I dare not come near you during the day-time. I don't want you to know me, but I think you are the right man to talk to. I would not talk to any one else."

During the whole conversation the man kept his improvised mask on, and made it clear that his motive in so doing was to prevent the possibility of his being made to appear in court to verify the statements he desired to communicate. He gave information mainly bearing on the conspiracy meeting which had been held on the evening of May 3, at No. 54 West Lake Street, and the interview lasted until about three o'clock.

When we parted I was no wiser as to his identity than I had been before, and to this day I don't know with whom I talked there in my back yard that early morning.

In the forenoon of the 9th of May my trusted assistants again met in the office to compare notes. At this meeting I told Mr. Furthmann what a ghost I had seen that night, and in our deliberations that ghost aided us a great deal.

As a result the detectives started out with new instructions, and they were ordered to be back at the office at one o'clock in the afternoon. All reported promptly except a few who had struck a good trail and who kept out until six o'clock. The reports of those present showed good results. They started out again at two o'clock with new instructions and were ordered to report as soon as they had completed their work. Between three and five o'clock that afternoon things became exceedingly lively. The Anarchists began to move about like hornets disturbed in their nest, and some jumped around as if charged with electricity. Towards six o'clock the



A BACK-YARD INTERVIEW.

detectives reported back to the office, and an exchange of notes showed that it had been a day more fruitful of results than the day preceding. I found that a strong chain had been wrought connecting all the leading Anarchists in Chicago with the Haymarket murder, and I knew that no mistakes had been made in the arrest of those who had already been locked up.

During the same evening Mr. Grinnell and Mr. George Ingham gave me a call, and anxiously inquired about the progress made in the case. Mr. Grinnell assured Mr. Furthmann and myself that Mr. Ingham was all right, being with them, and with this statement all the facts were laid before them.

When the whole situation had been explained, Mr. Ingham said:

"Mr. Grinnell, now you have a case."

"George," replied Mr. Grinnell, "up to the time when Capt. Schaack began his work I had no case whatsoever. I would have been laughed out of court, but now I say we have a good, strong case, and it will be in excellent shape. The boys are making it stronger every day. They have got things down fine, and they are going to bring out everything there is in it."

We worked that night until one o'clock, and met again the next morning at eight, vigorous and keen for further developments. At this time we had our hands full, with an abundance of material on which to work. During the night several letters were dropped in my letter-box, and they all contained good news. Some of the letters were somewhat obscure, their import having to be guessed at from suggestive circumstances, but they nevertheless helped. With fresh instructions the detectives started out for the day and reported back at one o'clock as per orders. Everything was discovered to have worked well. About two o'clock a man was noticed standing across the street from the station. His actions were somewhat strange, and one of the officers remarked that the fellow appeared to be watching the building very closely. I told the officer to keep watch of him, and in the event of his walking away to follow him. The man did not move, and as he remained there for nearly half an hour I ordered the officer to go across the street and ascertain what the stranger was watching. The man declined to speak at first, but, after the officer had threatened to lock him up, he stated that he desired to see me, but did not want to go into the building. He then requested the officer to tell me that he would meet me at the corner of La Salle and Chicago Avenues, and I was so notified.

I started at once to see the man, but as soon as he saw me he started off. When he got to the corner he turned north on La Salle Avenue, and I followed. When I got within twenty feet of him he looked around, and then dropped a letter, pointing his fingers to it as he passed on, without stopping. I picked up the letter and went back to the station. This letter

contained very important matter and kept us busy for two days. This man was a stranger to me. I had never seen him before to my knowledge, and I have never seen him since.

After this day the office had all it could do and all the information it needed. After six days and nights of hard and exacting labor, the real troubles of all engaged in the case began. The newspapers now appreciated the work accomplished, and they were not slow to bestow great praise upon all connected with the case. This did not please Mr. Ebersold, the Chief, and on the 11th of May he sent for me to report at once.

The moment I entered the office at the Central Station I saw that there was "fire in the eye" of the Superintendent, and the atmosphere was somewhat above the boiling-point.

"Are you Chief of Police or am I?" broke in Mr. Ebersold, in a gruff, blustering manner, the moment I had set my foot inside of the private office.

"You are," said I, "or at least you are supposed to be. I certainly don't desire to be."

This shot did not contribute anything to the comfort of the Chief, and he grew hotter than ever, and desired me to under-

stand that he was the Chief, and no one else. Mr. Ebersold then proceeded to unburden his mind. He said that his friends had told him that they had thought he was Chief, but since they had not seen his name published in connection with the case, they had reached a different conclusion. He further stated that ministers even, and professors, too, and other people, had come to him and said that "Capt. Schaack was getting too much notoriety." He declared that he wanted me to stop the newspapers writing anything more about me and to let the credit be given to the head of the department.

"I want this thing stopped!" declared the Chief, as he struck the desk vigorously with his fist and glowered savagely at me.

I told him that I had not asked any newspaper to write me up and I would not tell any of them to stop, simply because it was not my business.

I had progressed too far to think of allowing all the work already done



A FRIENDLY COMMUNICATION.

to be set at naught by the incompetents then at the head of what was facetiously called the defective department. I therefore took occasion to say, just before leaving the Chief's presence, that, now that I had opened up the case, I proposed to finish it, even if I did not remain on the force one day after my work had been fully accomplished. A day or two after this interview I met Mr. Grinnell and related the circumstances. The State's Attorney said:

"Captain, you are doing well; you keep on and work just as you have been doing."

During the afternoon of May 10, the detectives of the Chicago Avenue Station discovered a lot of bombs, guns and revolvers, which they brought to the station. They also arrested a few Anarchists, who pretended to be as harmless and spotless as little lambs, but who, before they went to sleep that night in our hotel, discovered that they had a great many black spots on them. The force continued at work till three o'clock the next morning. The following day they met again at eight o'clock in the morning, and several arrests were made that day.

At about this time the mail was burdened with a great many letters, some very encouraging in the cheering and complimentary sentiments they conveyed, and others very threatening in their character. The latter class were full of most dire menaces, suggesting all sorts of torture in the event that I did not stop prosecuting the Anarchists, and the whole formed a very interesting collection. It was evident that many of them had been written by cranks, and that some bore marks of having been inspired by religious enthusiasts. One wrote that enough men had already been killed without hunting for innocent men as a sacrifice for the Haymarket murder, and another wrote urging that the whole lot of the Anarchist brood be hung as fast as they could be arrested. Several drew on their imaginations and volunteered "pointers" which bore on their face evidences of falsehood. Others would say that their prayers were constantly with the police in their efforts, and expressed a hope that out of it all might come the extirpation of Anarchy from American soil. These communications poured in upon me in such numbers that I had no time to read them through, and even the most savage and bloodthirsty hardly gave me a moment's thought. As a matter of fact I was never for a moment alarmed about my own personal safety. All of the letters I received I filed away, and some day, when I do not know what else to do to amuse myself, I purpose to run them over again and enjoy another hearty laugh. Meanwhile Anarchist after Anarchist was overhauled, and after one clue had been worked out another was undertaken with the utmost secrecy. The detectives continued persistently at work, and for two months they carefully kept their own counsel, never permitting themselves to be drawn into conversation by outsiders respecting the case.

Their experience was highly exciting at all times, and the various haunts of the Anarchists were kept in a lively commotion. The social miscreants never knew when the investigations would end, and they were in constant dread. Finding that threats upon the lives of State's Attorney Grinnell, Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, myself, and the officers engaged in the case, had failed to have the desired effect, they turned their attention to writing letters to our wives. These letters were written in a most vindictive and fiendish spirit. They threatened not only bodily harm to these ladies, but promised to inflict death by horrible tortures upon their husbands and children, if the prosecution was not dropped; and they vowed vengeance also upon property by the use of explosives that would leave to each house only a vestige of its former location. Some of these letters were general in their character, and others particularized the kind of death in store for all engaged in the case. One said that on some unexpected day we would be blown to atoms by a bomb; another pictured how a husband would be brought home in a mangled, unrecognizable mass. Still another would suggest that, if a husband proved missing, his remains might be looked for fifty feet under the water, firmly tied to a rock or a piece of iron. Another, again, stated that on the first opportunity the husband would be gagged, bound hand and foot, and placed across some railroad track to horribly contemplate death under the wheels of a fast approaching train. Still another would say: "When your husband is brought home be sure and pull the poisoned dagger out of his body." One writer penned a tender epistle and closed by urging the mother to be sure to "kiss your children good-by when you leave them out on the street." One letter was written with red ink and stated that "this blood is out of the veins of a determined man that would die for Anarchy." One man expressed sorrow for the woman and then concluded: "But we cannot help this. If you have any property you had better have a will made by your liege lord to yourself, because he is going to die so quick that he will not know that he ever was alive." Another said: "Take a good description of your husband's clothes. He will be missing before long, and probably after some years you will hear that in some wild forest a lot of clothes have been found tied to some tree, and these clothes will be stuffed with bones."

Epistolary threats of this kind were sent almost daily to the wives of the officers and officials, and, if published, the collection would form a volume in itself. The threats I have given are only a tithe of the whole, but I have given enough to illustrate the general trend of the letters. We paid no attention to them, but the women, of more delicate and sensitive disposition, took them more to heart. The constant receipt of such letters naturally made a deep impression on their minds, and some of the ladies had dark forebodings. But the officers always took a cheerful view, and urged that it was only cowards who resorted to threats. They still con-

tinued their work, undaunted by these denunciations and menaces, and frequently remained out all night in their work in some of the most desperate districts of the city, sometimes keeping up forty-eight hours at a stretch.

Mrs. Schaack, a generally strong and courageous woman and deeply interested in all my work, did not bear up as well as some of the others under the pressure. She had been sick for over eight months, and, when these letters began to reach her, she had just reached a convalescent state. Having thus passed through a long siege of illness, her system was in a highly nervous condition, and it was, therefore, quite natural that sometimes she should become greatly solicitous for my personal safety whenever a very savage and gory letter accidentally reached her eye. When the trial finally began, I begged her to take the three children and visit for two months a place six hundred miles away from Chicago, where she could not only enjoy a comparative serenity of mind, but build up her shattered constitution, under more favorable circumstances and climatic conditions. She acted on my advice. While away, she was in constant receipt of such letters as were calculated to make her reassured as to my comfort, and she rapidly gained in health and strength.

Mrs. Grinnell bore up remarkably well under the severe strain. She had come in for a goodly share of these murder-threatening letters, but, being blessed with good health and strong nerves, she never displayed signs of weakness.

She was a brave lady. Whenever I saw her with Mr. Grinnell, she would always say: "Captain, I want you and Mr. Grinnell and all the boys to keep on with your noble work." She at all times appeared very pleasant and not the least disturbed.

Mrs. Furthmann was not overlooked by the letter-writers, but her husband arranged matters so that their epistles did not fall into her hands. He would gather them in, and, with what the mail brought him every day for his own individual benefit, he had plenty of hair-raising literature. But he paid no attention to the threats and never for a moment relaxed his efforts on account of them. These letters became so numerous and frequent that after a time the officers would jestingly allude to them as their "love letters."

But the Anarchists did not stop with writing letters. One night they held a small meeting in the rear room of a saloon on North Avenue, and there was a great deal of talk and bluster about what they ought to do to "bring the officials to their senses." One suggested that they should blow up the house of Officer Michael Hoffman, but that officer appears to have had a friend there. That friend opposed the plan and said:

"Cowards, if you want to do anything, why don't you meet the man himself and attack him? Why do you seek to hurt his wife and innocent children?"

This appealed to their sense of humanity, and they at once decided to abandon the scheme. Finally one cut-throat arose, and, in a braggadocio style, broke out, in a loud, coarse and beer-laden voice :

"Well, we will drop that plan, but you all know where he lives and we all have bombs yet. Any one that does not care for a screeching woman or squealing young ones, let him go and see the shingles fly off the roof."

On a subsequent night about two o'clock in the morning a carriage drove up to the officer's house, and one of the occupants shouted out, "Mike!" The officer drew to the window, and his wife opened it. At first, mistaking her for the officer, they halloaed, "We only want to see you for a moment." When the woman asked what was wanted they said, "We don't want to see you. Where is Mike?" Being informed that he was not at home, one of the burly fellows said, just as the carriage started away, "A d——d good thing for him that he is not at home."

This band of intimidators and cowards did not overlook me. On two occasions they sought to burn my house, but each time they were foiled in their attempt. They sneaked, true to their nature, into the back yard, and started a fire by means of a kerosene-saturated torch or by the use of an explosive. The fires, however, failed to do any damage.

When the trial of the arch-conspirators began, these same unpunished red-handed cranks began to give their attention to Judge Gary and his wife. They fairly overwhelmed them with letters of a most threatening character, and whenever there was any ruling of the court which they regarded as inimical to their friends' interests, they were particularly vituperative. But throughout the whole trial neither the Judge nor his wife was at all intimidated. They paid no attention to them, and nearly every day Mrs. Gary sat by the side of her husband on the bench, giving the strictest attention to the proceedings. She was there in the forenoon and in the afternoon. When the two went out to lunch together, a detective would always follow them, without their request or knowledge, and the same course would be pursued when they went home at night or came down in the morning. I had this done as a precautionary measure, as there was no telling at that time but what some demented Anarchist might seek vengeance upon the Judge for some fancied wrong to the defendants. Sometimes, after lunch, Mrs. Gary would return in the company of some lady friends, but she would invariably, after an exchange of pleasantries with them, rejoin her husband on the bench, where she would remain until the adjournment of court. Once in a while the Judge would find a moment's interval to talk to her, and the devoted appearance of the venerable couple formed a most pleasing and picturesque background to the crowded and excited court scene throughout the trial. She was there during all the arguments, and listened most intently to the reading of the

verdict which finally sent the defendants to the gallows. From the beginning of the trial to its end she never displayed a sign of weakness or fear.

While the investigations were in progress, and even during the trial, a lot of cranks and desperate men flocked into the city from outside points, and there was no telling what villainous deeds they might perpetrate and then escape undetected. For this reason I thought it prudent to place a watchman at the house of every one actively engaged in the case, and both night and day the lives as well as property of all were closely watched to prevent the execution of any of the numerous threats made against the officials by the red-handed fiends. The attempt on my own house was made before these guards were placed, but after that there was no trouble. The Anarchists, seeing the precautions that had been taken, gave the houses no further attention, and thereafter vented their spleen in denunciatory letters.

From the very start of the investigations, I engaged the services of private men to work under my instructions, and they invariably submitted their reports to me at my house. They never called at the house without first notifying me, and this notification would be by means of a sign at a place near my residence. I would always look at the spot before entering the house, and if I found the sign, I would also find my man in the vicinity.

I would then go upstairs, fix the rooms so that no one could see who might enter, and leave a sign at the window. In a few minutes my friend would appear at the door. Not one of my officers ever knew any of these men so employed, but they knew the officers.

Many funny incidents naturally grew out of this situation. It was very amusing to listen to the officers. One would tell me: "I saw such and such a fellow, a rank Anarchist, on the street to-day in company with a stranger," or: "I saw a couple of them in such and such a saloon together, and one of them had a stranger with him, who looked like a wild Anarchist." Then the officers would describe the fellow, and one of them would say:

"I know he is an Anarchist. He and the stranger walked around the jail building, and the next time I meet that stranger I will bring him in. It will do no harm to give him a few days' entertainment in the station. I want to introduce him to you. I bet you will keep him, and you can, no doubt, learn something from him. I think he is a stranger in the city, and he is here for no good purpose."

The officer was bound to bring him in, and this placed me in a rather awkward position. All I could do, however, was to say, "Don't be too hasty; wait till you find him connected with others."

This worked well for a while, but after a time some of these men who were in my secret service were brought in. One morning I arrived at the

station and found that they had been locked up in a cell. As they had received at the start rigid instructions not to reveal their identity under any circumstances, they did not send for me the moment they were arrested, and so they had to remain until the next day, when I promptly released them.

At one time, one of these privates reported to me that he had seen a fellow around with some of the worst Anarchists in the city, that every one regarded him as sound in the Anarchist faith, and that he and the others were in Chicago to liberate the Anarchists from the jail. The private further stated that the stranger had never been seen except in the company of old-time revolutionists.

That was enough for the detective to warrant arrest. I told him to make the fellow's acquaintance and draw him out, but be in no haste. A few days later, the detective reported that he had spoken to the stranger and that he would become well acquainted with him shortly.

At this time every Anarchist resort was watched very closely. I told the private to ascertain where the stranger lived, but he must not push himself too rapidly forward; he must make an engagement to meet the man in the evening

and stay with him as late as possible. Just as soon as they parted, he was to double back on the stranger and follow him. A few nights later the private reported again and said that they had been together one evening for three hours, when they parted on the corner of Madison and Canal Streets. He told the stranger that he would go back to the South Side, and then, by following him after parting, he found that the stranger started north. The man turned on Lake Street west and entered No. 71 West Lake Street, one of the worst Anarchist resorts in the city. This place was kept by a man named Florus, a rank "red." The private



THE NOTORIOUS FLORUS' HALL.

From a Photograph.

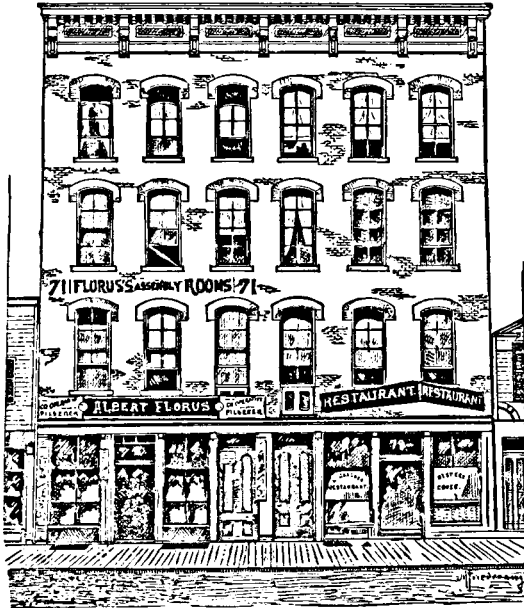
station and found that they had been locked up in a cell. As they had received at the start rigid instructions not to reveal their identity under any circumstances, they did not send for me the moment they were arrested, and so they had to remain until the next day, when I promptly released them.

At one time, one of these privates reported to me that he had seen a fellow around with some of the worst Anarchists in the city, that every one regarded him as sound in the Anarchist faith, and that he and the others were in Chicago to liberate the Anarchists from the jail. The private further stated that the stranger had never been seen except in the company of old-time revolutionists.

That was enough for the detective to warrant arrest. I told him to make the fellow's acquaintance and draw him out, but be in no haste. A few days later, the detective reported that he had spoken to the stranger and that he would become well acquainted with him shortly.

At this time every Anarchist resort was watched very closely. I told the private to ascertain where the stranger lived, but he must not push himself too rapidly forward; he must make an engagement to meet the man in the evening

and stay with him as late as possible. Just as soon as they parted, he was to double back on the stranger and follow him. A few nights later the private reported again and said that they had been together one evening for three hours, when they parted on the corner of Madison and Canal Streets. He told the stranger that he would go back to the South Side, and then, by following him after parting, he found that the stranger started north. The man turned on Lake Street west and entered No. 71 West Lake Street, one of the worst Anarchist resorts in the city. This place was kept by a man named Florus, a rank "red." The private



THE NOTORIOUS FLORUS' HALL.

From a Photograph.

waited for his friend to come out, remaining in the vicinity until Florus closed his saloon; but no one came. The next day the private reported the facts to me, and said that the stranger evidently had a room at Florus' house. I told the private to try and get the stranger on the North Side so that I could have a look at him. He started out to hunt up his friend.

On the evening of that same day, detective No. 2 reported. He said that he had a fellow spotted whom he described as one of a gang that had come from St. Paul. He remarked that the fellow was very sharp, but not sharp enough for him. He also stated that the stranger appeared to like him, but that he did not trust him very much.

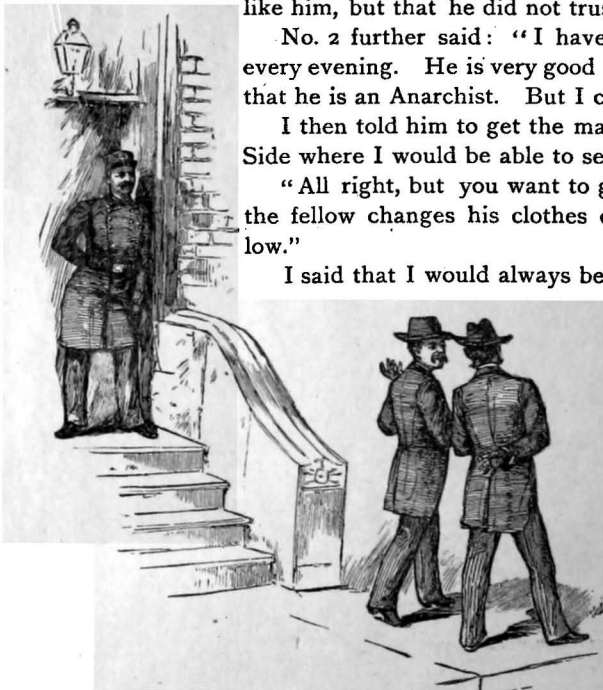
No. 2 further said: "I have been around with him every evening. He is very good company, and I am sure that he is an Anarchist. But I can't get at his motives."

I then told him to get the man up here on the North Side where I would be able to see him.

"All right, but you want to get a good look at him; the fellow changes his clothes often. He is a foxy fellow."

I said that I would always be at the station from one to three o'clock, so as to take a look at the man when they passed.

On the next day I was on the look-out, but no one came. The second day I again watched, and, to my great surprise, at two o'clock I saw two fellows, both in my employ, coming east on Chicago Avenue from Wells Street, and on the same side where



THE "SHADOWED" DETECTIVES.

the station is located. They were engaged in conversation, and neither looked aside as they passed. I got up on the steps of the front entrance and remained there as they came by. They had no sooner got past, when the fellow on the inside lifted his hand to the right hip, and after a few steps further the other fellow put his left hand behind his back and worked his fingers—thus each man giving the tip on the other. They proceeded towards the Water-works.

When all this was over, I almost fell in a fit laughing at the joke. It was extremely ludicrous, but I had to keep it all to myself. The privates

waited for his friend to come out, remaining in the vicinity until Florus closed his saloon; but no one came. The next day the private reported the facts to me, and said that the stranger evidently had a room at Florus' house. I told the private to try and get the stranger on the North Side so that I could have a look at him. He started out to hunt up his friend.

On the evening of that same day, detective No. 2 reported. He said that he had a fellow spotted whom he described as one of a gang that had come from St. Paul. He remarked that the fellow was very sharp, but not sharp enough for him. He also stated that the stranger appeared to like him, but that he did not trust him very much.

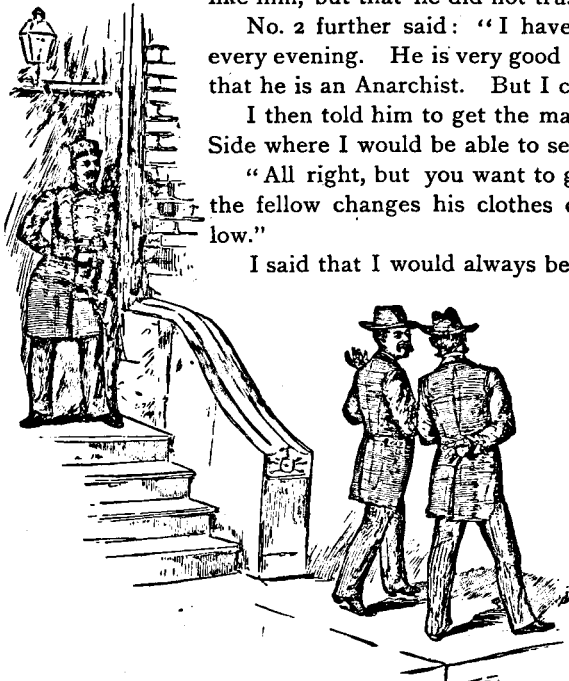
No. 2 further said: "I have been around with him every evening. He is very good company, and I am sure that he is an Anarchist. But I can't get at his motives."

I then told him to get the man up here on the North Side where I would be able to see him.

"All right, but you want to get a good look at him; the fellow changes his clothes often. He is a foxy fellow."

I said that I would always be at the station from one to three o'clock, so as to take a look at the man when they passed.

On the next day I was on the look-out, but no one came. The second day I again watched, and, to my great surprise, at two o'clock I saw two fellows, both in my employ, coming east on Chicago Avenue from Wells Street, and on the same side where



THE "SHADOWED" DETECTIVES.

the station is located. They were engaged in conversation, and neither looked aside as they passed. I got up on the steps of the front entrance and remained there as they came by. They had no sooner got past, when the fellow on the inside lifted his hand to the right hip, and after a few steps further the other fellow put his left hand behind his back and worked his fingers—thus each man giving the tip on the other. They proceeded towards the Water-works.

When all this was over, I almost fell in a fit laughing at the joke. It was extremely ludicrous, but I had to keep it all to myself. The privates

kept at work, but I did not tell either the occupation of the other. I had promised every man in my employ that I would not give him away, and I kept my word. One of these detectives had been assigned for duty north of Kinzie Street on the West Side, and the other had been set to work particularly along Lake Street. By invitation of some Anarchists on Milwaukee Avenue, the detective in the district north had left his field and gone with them to the halls of the "reds" on Lake Street, and in this way the two detectives had made each other's acquaintance and got mixed up.

I was now in a predicament to straighten matters out and prevent the men from wasting time on each other. I finally told each separately that the other was working for Billy Pinkerton, and that he should pay no more attention to him. This worked satisfactorily. Now and then I received a report stating that my detective had seen that Pinkerton man at such or such a place. This will be the first time, however, that either one knows the other's exact identity, and they can now laugh over their mixed-up condition and see what a fix I was in at that time.

CHAPTER XII.

Tracking the Conspirators — Female Anarchists — A Bevy of Beauties — Petticoated Ugliness — The Breathless Messenger — A Detective's Danger — Turning the Tables — "That Man is a Detective!" — A Close Call — Gaining Revolutionists' Confidence — Vouched for by the Conspirators — Speech-making Extraordinary — The Hiding-place in the Anarchists' Hall — Betrayed by a Woman — The Assassination of Detective Brown at Cedar Lake — Saloon-keepers and the Revolution — "Anarchists for Revenue Only" — Another Murder Plot — The Peep-hole Found — Hunting for Detectives — Some Amusing Ruses of the Revolutionists — A Collector of "Red" Literature and his Dangerous Bonfire — Ebersold's Vacation — Threatening the Jury — Measures Taken for their Protection — Grinnell's Danger — A "Bad Man" in Court — The Find at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office — Schnaubelt's Impudent Letter — Captured Correspondence — The Anarchist's Complete Letter-writer.

IN the light of all the facts that have developed, I do not believe that it is too large a statement, nor too egotistical, to say that, but for the work done at the Chicago Avenue Station, the Anarchist leaders would soon have been given their liberty, and Anarchy would have been as rampant as ever in Chicago — worse indeed than before; for the conspirators would then have despised as well as hated the law. What the work was, the reader will better understand after he has gone through this and the succeeding chapters.

I did not depend wholly upon police effort, but at once employed a number of outside men, choosing especially those who were familiar with the Anarchists and their haunts. The funds for this purpose were supplied to me by public-spirited citizens who wished the law vindicated and order preserved in Chicago. I received reports from the men thus employed from the beginning of the case up to November 20, 1887. There are 253 of the reports in all, and a most interesting history of Chicago Anarchy do they make even in themselves.

They always conveyed important information and gave valuable clues. They confined their efforts wholly to Anarchists, and their principal duty was to ascertain if the reds intended to organize again for another riot or an incendiary attempt upon the city. They were also to learn if steps were contemplated to effect the rescue of the Anarchists who were locked up in the County Jail, and whether they were getting up any further murder plots. At each Anarchist meeting I had at least one man present to note the proceedings and learn what plots they were maturing. Generally before midnight I would know all that had transpired at meetings of any importance. From many meetings I learned that the Anarchists were discussing plans to revenge themselves on the police, but in each case, as soon as they were about to take some definite action, some one would move an adjournment or suggest the appointment of a committee to work out the plan in

some better shape. When the next meeting was held the fellows who had done the loudest shouting would be absent, and then those who happened to be on hand would vent their wrath upon the absentees by calling them cowards. In many of the smaller meetings held on Milwaukee Avenue or in that vicinity, a lot of crazy women were usually present, and whenever a proposition arose to kill some one or to blow up the city with dynamite, these "squaws" proved the most bloodthirsty. In fact, if any man laid out a plan to perpetrate mischief, they would show themselves much more eager to carry it out than the men, and it always seemed a pleasure to



THE "RED" SISTERHOOD.

the Anarchists to have them present. They were always invited to the "war dances." Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Bonfield and myself were usually remembered at these gatherings, and they fairly went wild whenever bloodthirsty sentiments were uttered against us. The reporters and the so-called capitalistic press also shared in the general denunciations. At one meeting, held on North Halsted Street, there were thirteen of these creatures in petticoats present, the most hideous-looking females that could possibly be found. If a reward of money had been offered for an uglier set, no one could have profited upon the collection. Some of them were pock-marked, others freckle-faced and red-haired, and others again held their snuff-boxes in their hands while the congress was in session. One female

some better shape. When the next meeting was held the fellows who had done the loudest shouting would be absent, and then those who happened to be on hand would vent their wrath upon the absentees by calling them cowards. In many of the smaller meetings held on Milwaukee Avenue or in that vicinity, a lot of crazy women were usually present, and whenever a proposition arose to kill some one or to blow up the city with dynamite, these "squaws" proved the most bloodthirsty. In fact, if any man laid out a plan to perpetrate mischief, they would show themselves much more eager to carry it out than the men, and it always seemed a pleasure to



THE "RED" SISTERHOOD.

the Anarchists to have them present. They were always invited to the "war dances." Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Bonfield and myself were usually remembered at these gatherings, and they fairly went wild whenever bloodthirsty sentiments were uttered against us. The reporters and the so-called capitalistic press also shared in the general denunciations. At one meeting, held on North Halsted Street, there were thirteen of these creatures in petticoats present, the most hideous-looking females that could possibly be found. If a reward of money had been offered for an uglier set, no one could have profited upon the collection. Some of them were pock-marked, others freckle-faced and red-haired, and others again held their snuff-boxes in their hands while the congress was in session. One female

appeared at one of these meetings with her husband's boots on, and there was another one about six feet tall. She was a beauty! She was raw-boned, had a turn-up nose, and looked as though she might have carried the red flag in Paris during the reign of the Commune.

This meeting continued all right for about two hours. Then a rap came on the locked door. The guard reported that one of their cause desired admittance, giving his name at the same time, — and the new arrival was permitted to enter. He was a large man with a black beard and large eyes, and very shabbily dressed. He looked as though he had been driving a coal cart for a year without washing or combing. He also had the appearance of being on the verge of hydrophobia. As soon as he reached the interior of the hall he blurted out hastily, in a loud voice :

“Ladies and brothers of our cause! Please stop all proceedings—I am out of breath—I will sit down for a few minutes.”

All present looked at the man with a great deal of curiosity and patiently waited for him to recover his breath. The interval was about five minutes. Then the stranger jumped up and said :

“I am from Jefferson. I ran all the way [a distance of five miles]. I was informed that you were holding a meeting here this evening, and that there is a spy in your midst.”

At this bit of information every one became highly excited, and the stranger immediately proceeded to inquire if there was any one they suspected. They all looked at each other, and, becoming satisfied that they were all friends of Anarchy, waited for the man to give them more precise information. The stranger then continued :

“The man is described to me, and that is all I know.”

He looked around for a moment and finally said, pointing to the man addressed :

“If I am not damnably mistaken, you are the man!” At the same time he ordered the guard to lock the door and pull out the key.

“Now,” he resumed, addressing the man to whom he had pointed, who was none other than a detective in my service, “you will have to give a good account of yourself.”

This placed my man in a rather embarrassing position, but he was equal to the emergency.

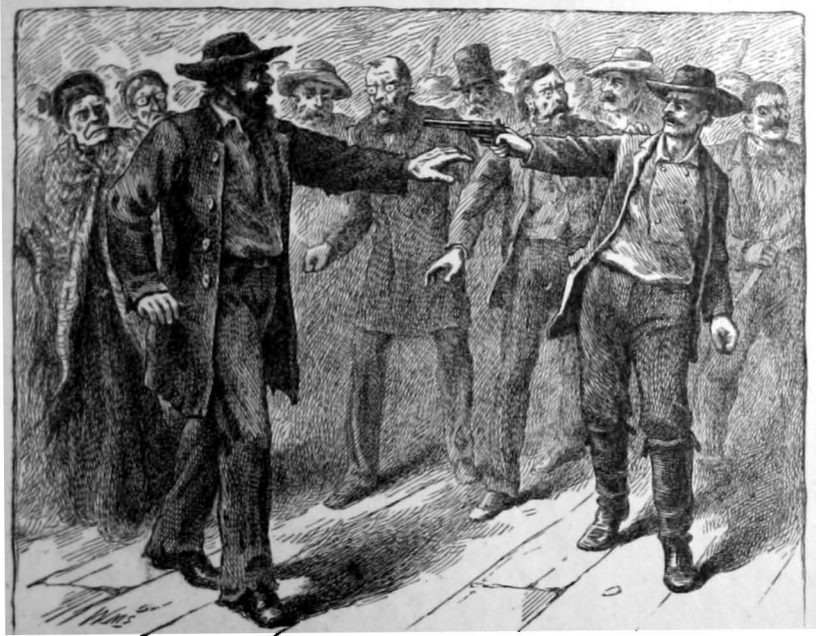
“I am an Anarchist,” he spoke up promptly, in a loud, clear and firm tone of voice, “and I have been one for years, and you are simply one of those Pinkerton bummers. What business have you here in our meetings, I would like to know. The other day I passed Pinkerton's office. I was sitting in a car, and I saw you coming down stairs. I suppose you met some fool that gave you a little information so as to get in here. All you want to know evidently is how many are present here, and, if possible, learn what

we are doing. You get out of here in five seconds, or I will shoot you down like a rat."

The officer then pulled out of his pocket a large revolver, and, brandishing it in the air, asked:

"Shall I kill that bloodhound?"

The women cried out in a chorus: "Yes, yes; kill him!" The men, however, did not like the proposition. One of them said: "Don't kill him



TURNING THE TABLES.

here; take him out somewhere else and shoot him." This seemed to meet with general approval.

The turn of affairs completely surprised the stranger, and he became so frightened that he could not speak. No one in the meeting knew him, and he was powerless to speak in his own defense. The officer held his revolver directed at the man's face and kept toying with it in the vicinity of his nose. Finally the fellow stammered out:

"I am all right, and you will find me out so."

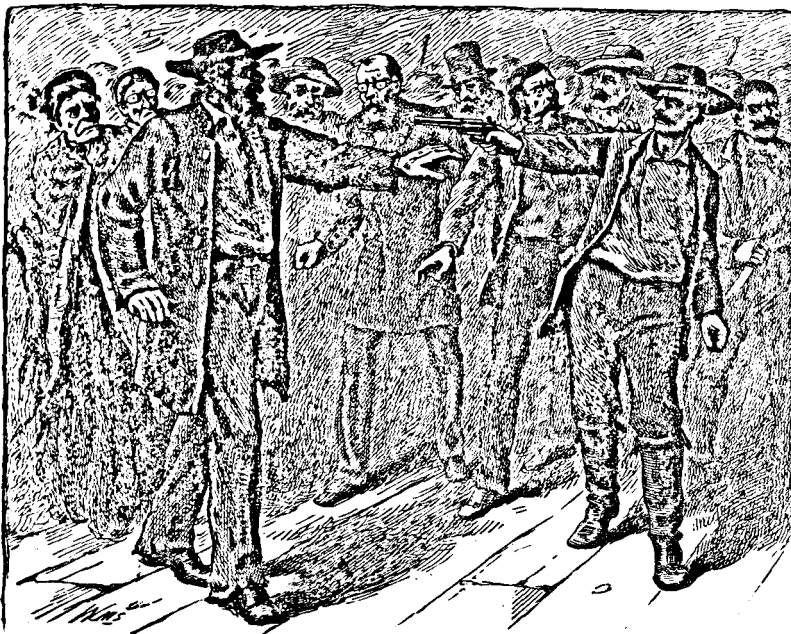
At last the women again broke in, with a demand that the intruder be immediately ejected, and the men responded promptly by kicking him out of the door. He had no sooner reached the outside than he started on a keen run, in momentary dread of his life, and he kept up his rapid gait until he thought he was at a safe distance.

we are doing. You get out of here in five seconds, or I will shoot you down like a rat."

The officer then pulled out of his pocket a large revolver, and, brandishing it in the air, asked:

"Shall I kill that bloodhound?"

The women cried out in a chorus: "Yes, yes; kill him!" The men, however, did not like the proposition. One of them said: "Don't kill him



TURNING THE TABLES.

here; take him out somewhere else and shoot him." This seemed to meet with general approval.

The turn of affairs completely surprised the stranger, and he became so frightened that he could not speak. No one in the meeting knew him, and he was powerless to speak in his own defense. The officer held his revolver directed at the man's face and kept toying with it in the vicinity of his nose. Finally the fellow stammered out:

"I am all right, and you will find me out so."

At last the women again broke in, with a demand that the intruder be immediately ejected, and the men responded promptly by kicking him out of the door. He had no sooner reached the outside than he started on a keen run, in momentary dread of his life, and he kept up his rapid gait until he thought he was at a safe distance.

The officer was then the hero of the moment, but he recognized the fact that he himself was not absolutely safe after this episode. It occurred to him that possibly the stranger might hunt up some one on Milwaukee Avenue who could identify him and assure the meeting that he was a true and reliable Anarchist, and thus turn the tables against the officer. The moment, therefore, he had regained his seat, he decided to resort to strategy, and said:

"We will have to adjourn at once. This fellow will run to the station-house and bring the patrol wagon with a lot of officers, and we will all be arrested."

In less than three minutes the meeting adjourned, and then the officer advised them all to go home immediately and not to remain a second if they did not desire to be arrested. The Anarchists did as he suggested, and scattered for home in a hurry.

This detective did not attend any more of the meetings, but was content in congratulating himself on having come out of that assembly without a bruise or a scratch.

About January, 1887, one of my privates informed me that there was a place on Clybourn Avenue where the Anarchists were accustomed to hold private meetings. He said that he could not get in as yet, and I told him to pick up some one whom he could work handily. He must first form the man's acquaintance, and then hang around the saloons in the neighborhood and read the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I gave him one of John Most's books and made him wear a red necktie. I advised him also to get about half drunk, sing the Marseillaise and curse the police. By so doing, I told him, it would not be long before he would find a partner. Several times subsequently the detective visited the Anarchist resorts, accompanied by a little boy who belonged to one of his friends, and in less than two weeks he had wormed himself into the confidence of the gang who frequented Clybourn Avenue. If any one asked him his name he would say:

"I don't give my name to people I don't know. I am against law and order, and that is sufficient. I don't believe in having good men hung to satisfy the rich. They will not hang if I can help any."

For the first couple of weeks, the newly formed friends of this detective would not take him to any of their meetings. I advised him not to make inquiries. As soon as they thought him all right, they would speak themselves. Within three weeks some one took him to a meeting and vouched for him as being true to their cause. At the first meeting he attended he saw that he was as intelligent as any one of them, and so he delivered a short speech. That captured them, and they pronounced him a good man. They asked him to call again at their next meeting, and he promised that he would be on hand. He then reported to me. I told him to find a weak spot around the building, where I could put some one to

protect him in case of discovery and danger. A few days after he reported again that there was a vacant basement under the house, and that it was very low. There was only a common door with an ordinary lock. I then promised him that I would put a strong man in there at every meeting, and in case he should be attacked by the gang, he should shout, "Police." Then, the moment the door was broken in, he was to cry out, "Brother!" so that the man coming to his assistance would know him at once. I also told him that at the next meeting he should ascertain the size of the room and notice whatever furniture might be there and where it was standing. This he did. He made a small diagram. I then detailed a man to take a position in the basement at several meetings, but, running short of men shortly



UNDERGROUND AUDITORS.

afterwards, I was obliged to take this man away. But this did not cripple us. On another occasion the private reported again, handed me a plat of the room and gave me some desired information. I sent for Officer Schuetler. He responded promptly, and I told him what I wanted done. He said that he was ready to carry out my instructions. I told him to go and buy a one-inch auger, and next procure a funnel with the large end the circumference of a saucer,

and a pipe about four inches long. After an hour's absence he returned with the desired articles. I handed him several keys with which to open the door, showed him the plat, and told him where to bore a hole. I also told him to secure a cork and plug up the hole after he was through. I then instructed him to get into the place about half an hour before the meeting opened and have his apparatus in working order. I gave Officer Schuetler the dates on which meetings were to be held, and then he started out with good hope in his new undertaking. A few days subsequently the officer reported back, and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"You must have had success," I said.

"Yes, everything worked like a charm."

He handed me a good report and remarked that it contained the most important part of the business done by the meeting. He suggested that

protect him in case of discovery and danger. A few days after he reported again that there was a vacant basement under the house, and that it was very low. There was only a common door with an ordinary lock. I then promised him that I would put a strong man in there at every meeting, and in case he should be attacked by the gang, he should shout, "Police." Then, the moment the door was broken in, he was to cry out, "Brother!" so that the man coming to his assistance would know him at once. I also told him that at the next meeting he should ascertain the size of the room and notice whatever furniture might be there and where it was standing. This he did. He made a small diagram. I then detailed a man to take a position in the basement at several meetings, but, running short of men shortly



UNDERGROUND AUDITORS.

afterwards, I was obliged to take this man away. But this did not cripple us. On another occasion the private reported again, handed me a plat of the room and gave me some desired information. I sent for Officer Schuetler. He responded promptly, and I told him what I wanted done. He said that he was ready to carry out my instructions. I told him to go and buy a one-inch auger, and next procure a funnel with the large end the circumference of a saucer,

and a pipe about four inches long. After an hour's absence he returned with the desired articles. I handed him several keys with which to open the door, showed him the plat, and told him where to bore a hole. I also told him to secure a cork and plug up the hole after he was through. I then instructed him to get into the place about half an hour before the meeting opened and have his apparatus in working order. I gave Officer Schuetler the dates on which meetings were to be held, and then he started out with good hope in his new undertaking. A few days subsequently the officer reported back, and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"You must have had success," I said.

"Yes, everything worked like a charm."

He handed me a good report and remarked that it contained the most important part of the business done by the meeting. He suggested that

he ought to have some one with him so that he could secure all the details. For the next meeting I sent another officer with him, and this man had a dark lantern. Schuettler would listen, and as he whispered the words and sentiments of the speakers, the other officer, with the aid of the light from his lantern, would commit them to paper. The next morning I received a full report of all the transactions.

This sort of work was kept up for several months, and during all this time I was kept pretty well informed of the secret movements of the old North Side groups. At the beginning of all their meetings the speakers would declare their wish to see Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, all the officers working on the case and myself hung. They generally closed with a promise to kill all capitalists and blow up all the newspaper buildings.

One private detective, whom I had at work for me for a long time, proved very valuable. He belonged to a union and showed very fine judgment. He would watch only the most radical leaders and ascertain their intentions. He was a rabid Anarchist himself, but he did not believe in killing people or precipitating riots so long as it would not help their cause. He often used to say to me:

"Captain, I will be true to you. I will help you all I can to prevent some of these fools from committing any more murders."

He said that some of his people had not sense enough to know what they were doing, and that, whenever he met a man of family who talked about killing somebody, he would remonstrate with him. For this good and sensible advice some of the reds called him a coward and a spy. At one time, on Lake Street, a big, burly brute called him a coward and a creeping thing. My man stepped up to the fellow and said:

"I will make you eat your own words, or you will have to kill me."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the big ruffian.

"Fight a duel," retorted the detective. "I will give you twenty minutes' time in which to secure a revolver and get ready. I will pay your car-fare, and we will go out to Garfield Park. No one shall go with us, and if you don't accept my challenge, I will kill you anyhow."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the other.

"Never more so in my life," was the reply.

The boasting coward then begged for more time, which was not granted, and, seeing the challenger determined, he winced.

"I believe you are a good man. I am sorry that I have insulted you, and I beg your pardon. Let up on this. If you don't feel like doing so, for God's sake do it for my wife and family."

The young fellow then struck the braggart in the face and walked away. The whimpering coward never raised his hand nor uttered another word.

This man whom I had employed did not like Spies. He termed Spies a rattle-head, and disapproved of his arguments in the *Fackel* that the 1st

of May was the time for the Anarchists to rise. In this view all the more sensible conspirators agreed. They knew that they could not accomplish anything, and therefore they kept away. My man was one of this latter class. He said everything was working nicely in their favor, but Spies killed everything. He told me that one night he was in company with Spies, and that Spies said:

"I do not care how little I can accomplish. I want revenge on the police. They killed my brother—a d——d policeman killed him at a picnic. He shot him dead, and I will never stop until I have more than double revenge."

This statement of Spies' about the killing was true. The brother killed was a young tough, and had been shot by Officer Tamillo.

My man said that from the moment of this interview he had no more use for Spies. This detective ceased work for a few months, but he thereafter resumed his secret service, as he found that, in view of the strikes and laying-off, he could hardly make a living otherwise. I put him to work again, and he did well, continuing for two months. One day he came to me and wanted \$30. I gave it to him, and he started away. He would report to me daily through the mail, and whenever he had anything of special importance to communicate he always knew just where to find me. I missed his reports for five days, and I failed to learn anything of him during that time. On the 2nd of August I was severely injured by being thrown out of my buggy, and I was obliged to keep to the house for two weeks. On the 5th of August I received a communication from the Coroner of Lake County, Indiana, asking me if I had a man named Charles Brown working for me as a detective. The letter was as follows:

HAMMOND, LAKE COUNTY, Indiana, August 3, 1887.

Captain Schaack—Sir: I enclose a copy of a statement of a witness who identified the bodies of two parties drowned in Cedar Lake; also the badge pin found on the man. A Mr. Heise stated to me before he saw the body that the man was a detective and wore his police badge on his breast. The body had been found by a hard case by the name of Green and some pals of his, on the southeast corner of Cedar Lake. When the body was landed, all the garments on it were undershirt, drawers and pants. All the rest had disappeared. His coat was found later, but nothing in the pockets. The rest was not found. Mr. Heise said that he had some money, a watch and chain and a revolver when he left Chicago. Other parties say that the man Green changed a \$20 note for him some time before he was drowned. There are some very mysterious circumstances with regard to his condition as found and reported by Green and Scotty, when they found the body, with regard to vest, watch, money and revolver. I think a little detective work might show up the matter.

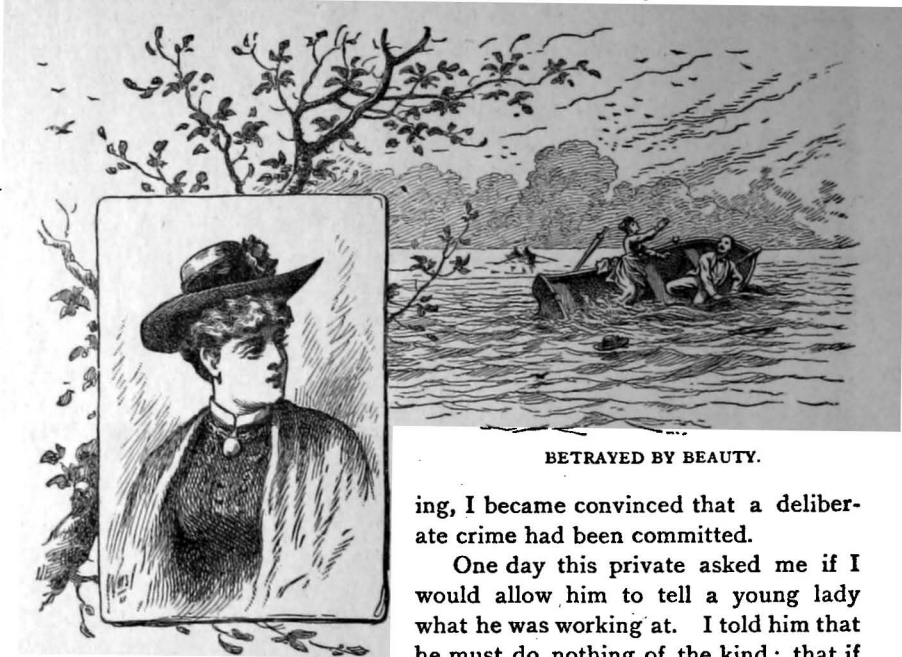
Respectfully yours,

G. VAN DE WALKER,
Coroner, Lake Co., Indiana.

Three days after, I learned that this was the same man I had employed, and I placed Officer Schuettler on the case to unravel, if possible, the mystery surrounding his death. The officer in a few days reported that it was exceedingly difficult to obtain a clue, as no one seemed disposed to give

any information as to foul play; but enough was learned in a general way to warrant the conclusion that underhanded methods had been used to accomplish the man's death.

I recalled certain incidents in connection with the man's work as a detective, and, placing them by the side of the seemingly accidental drown-



BETRAYED BY BEAUTY.

ing, I became convinced that a deliberate crime had been committed.

One day this private asked me if I would allow him to tell a young lady what he was working at. I told him that he must do nothing of the kind; that if

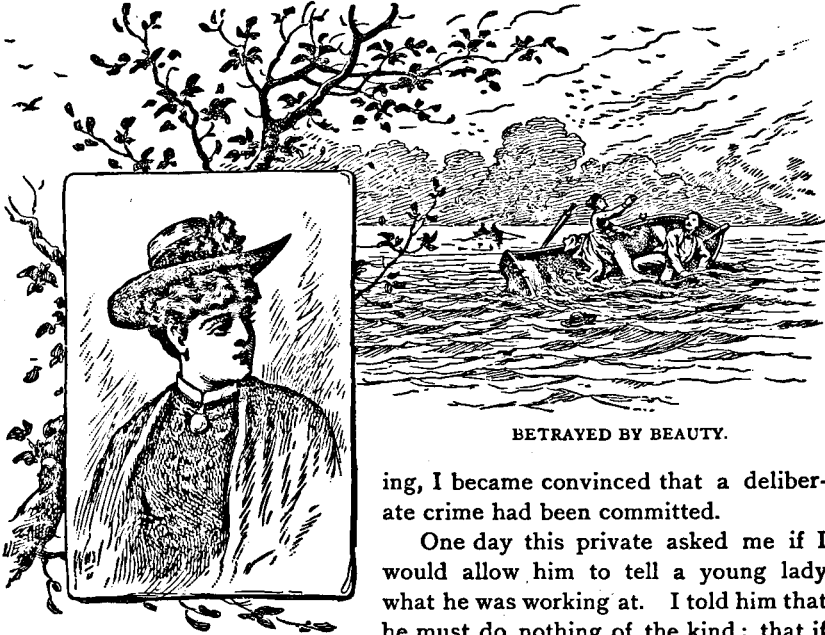
he did so I would have no further use for him. He then begged me to permit him to use my name as his friend, and I told him I had no objection to that. But I found out later that he had said more to the young lady than I had consented to, and I believe his indiscretion in that respect is what cost him his life.

From the moment that the girl ascertained his secret occupation he was a doomed man. She let other Anarchists into the secret, and they at once set about devising means for ending his life.

The information I received later was that it had been decided upon that the young woman should inveigle him to Cedar Lake, and then, when he was in her power, to do away with him. The two left the city together, and were followed by the others in the conspiracy to the place where his body was found. Before taking the trip on the water, she was seen talking with some mysterious-looking individuals, and they then and there decided upon the details of the plan. She was to get him to row out into deep water, and, when they had got fairly started, her friends were to follow in another row-

any information as to foul play; but enough was learned in a general way to warrant the conclusion that underhanded methods had been used to accomplish the man's death.

I recalled certain incidents in connection with the man's work as a detective, and, placing them by the side of the seemingly accidental drown-



BETRAYED BY BEAUTY.

ing, I became convinced that a deliberate crime had been committed.

One day this private asked me if I would allow him to tell a young lady what he was working at. I told him that he must do nothing of the kind; that if

he did so I would have no further use for him. He then begged me to permit him to use my name as his friend, and I told him I had no objection to that. But I found out later that he had said more to the young lady than I had consented to, and I believe his indiscretion in that respect is what cost him his life.

From the moment that the girl ascertained his secret occupation he was a doomed man. She let other Anarchists into the secret, and they at once set about devising means for ending his life.

The information I received later was that it had been decided upon that the young woman should inveigle him to Cedar Lake, and then, when he was in her power, to do away with him. The two left the city together, and were followed by the others in the conspiracy to the place where his body was found. Before taking the trip on the water, she was seen talking with some mysterious-looking individuals, and they then and there decided upon the details of the plan. She was to get him to row out into deep water, and, when they had got fairly started, her friends were to follow in another row-

boat at a convenient distance. When they reached the middle of the lake she was to keep a close watch on the other boat, and as they neared her boat she was to suddenly throw herself on one side and tip the boat over so that both occupants would be thrown into the water. Her friends were then to be close at hand, pick her up and save her from drowning. The programme was carried out so far as related to the capsizing of the boat, but the men did not get near enough in time to save her. She went down with her companion and was drowned with him.

There is no doubt as to the truth of this plot. It was in entire keeping with Anarchistic methods; and parties who were at the lake at the time state that they saw the young lady get up in the boat, and that while thus standing she swung it over, precipitating herself and her lover into the water. I had men engaged on the case for some time, but the investigation always ended in the same way — an undoubted conclusion that the detective's life was taken by reason of a plot, but no evidence to establish the guilt of the conspirators. From the information I received, I am satisfied that the whole matter was carefully planned and carried out by the woman.

From May 7, 1886, to November 20, 1887, I had a great deal of work, there were so many things to look after, but after matters had become systematized and the force had been brought down to good working order, the burdens of the office became much easier than most people would suppose.

In the first place, I had one hundred and sixty rank Anarchists to look after; but as soon as these became known to my men, it was an easy matter for the officers to report where they had seen them and with whom they associated. Then I had ten small halls to watch where the Anarchists met night and day. There were also seventeen saloons where these people were accustomed to congregate. Three of these latter had small halls connected with them. Twelve of the other saloons had rear rooms where the reds would sit at times and hold small meetings. After we had all their haunts located, and knowing the kind of men who frequented them, the work of keeping track of them was not so hard. Some of these Anarchists would enter boldly into these places, while others would almost crawl on their stomachs to get into the resorts without being seen. Others again would disguise themselves so that their identity could not become known to detectives.

The officers made no attempt to close these places, and possibly the reader may ask why such notorious and dangerous resorts were permitted to continue unmolested.

My reason for not closing them was that the Anarchists were bound to meet in some place. We knew their resorts thoroughly, and I had plenty of my men among them, who worked ostensibly for the cause of Anarchy, but who continually furnished me pointers. Again, we knew just where

they would meet and could always have our men present. If I had shut them out from these places, they would have been driven into private houses, broken up into smaller factions, and our work would have been made much broader and harder in keeping track of them and their doings. So long as I had the machine, so to speak, in my own hands, and knew all that had been done and said, we let them alone. And the results justified our course.

Among the saloon-keepers there was one who seemed to have a special liking for me. This man, who had a place on Lake Street, on taking his first drink in the morning would invariably drink to my health, saying: "I hope that that d——d Luxemburger, Schaack, will be killed before I go to bed to-night;" and when he was about to close his doggery for the day, he would take two drinks and say: "I hope I will find Schaack hanging to a lamp-post in the morning when I get up."

When the saloon-keepers were particularly loaded with beer, they shouted louder than any one else for Anarchy, and the louder and more vehemently they shouted the more "solid" did they become with their Anarchist customers. At every meeting held at these places, collections were taken up, and the saloon-keepers could always be counted upon to contribute liberally.

The worst of these ignorant fools never did realize why the saloon-keepers shouted so lustily for Anarchy until they came home to find their wives and little ones crying for bread. Then, perhaps, it faintly dawned upon their minds that the saloon-keepers were after their nickels. These liquor-sellers were Anarchists for revenue only, and they sought in every way to keep on the right side of the rank and file of the party. They always looked to it, the first thing in the morning, that plenty of Anarchist literature and a dozen or so copies of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* were duly on the tables of their places, and in some saloons beer-bloated bums, who could manage to read fairly, were engaged to read aloud such articles as were particularly calculated to stir up the passions of the benighted patrons. Robber and hypocrite are terms too weak to apply to these saloon-keepers. Some of them had "walking delegates" by their side, and if an Anarchist seemed to them to be "going wrong" by seeking work, the delegate and assistant robber would tell him to go back to his headquarters and wait, assuring him that they would have all things right in a few days.

And this is the way these poor fools and their families were kept in continual misery. Many of the dupes have had their eyes opened and have quit frequenting these places and the underground caves. What is the result? Their families are better looked after, and the difference in their comfort is very apparent. They used to call the Chicago Avenue Station "Schaack's Bastile," but let me say that those saloon-keepers with

their low and contemptible resorts were the real bastille-keepers. Hundreds and hundreds of men, heads and fathers of families, have been kept in squalid want by spending their very last cent in these holes, and their dependents have been left without food, proper clothing or fuel. I believe in unions for proper objects, but even these should not be continued for the benefit of such saloon-keepers.

All these men were great heroes so long as they could hope to enrich themselves, but when the chief conspirators were locked up in jail, and liberal contributions were demanded for the defense, their enthusiasm in the holy cause of Anarchy was considerably cooled.

While Chicago is regarded as the head center of Anarchy in America, people of other cities and States should not imagine that the vicious reds are all in this city. There are plenty of them scattered throughout the country, and this fact was made quite manifest at the time the Anarchists were being arrested. Friends of the imprisoned men came to Chicago from all over the United States, and financial assistance poured in on all sides. Those who came here were open in their declarations of sympathy and never attempted to conceal their actions.

When these same men were at their homes they did not dare to openly say a word in favor of Anarchy, because they were few in numbers; but should there be enough to make a formidable showing, they will throw off their mask and assume a defiant, menacing attitude.

These arrivals, just as soon as they became known, were kept under espionage, and every movement they made was looked after, lest they might commit some desperate deed. Of course there were a great many whom the police did not discover, and it is a wonder that, during the excitement incident to the arrest of so many Anarchists and the searches made of Anarchistic houses, some diabolical act was not perpetrated. Possibly they discovered that the omnipresent police were so thoroughly on the inside of their conspiracy that detection was inevitable. It is certain that they knew that I had become thoroughly posted as to the inside workings of Anarchy, and the sound fear which I was able to inspire by a bold and aggressive policy no doubt acted as a restraint upon any violent outburst of passion and revenge.

It was constant vigilance alone that averted trouble, and no Anarchist of a specially vicious disposition was permitted to feel that his movements were overlooked or unwatched. For this purpose I had Anarchists among Anarchists to inform on Anarchists, and all the meetings were thus kept under strict surveillance. Even private houses were watched. On one occasion I desired to secure certain information. One of the private detectives was accordingly detailed to watch the rear of a certain building from an alley. He was there for two days without being observed by any one, but on the third day he was noticed by a police officer. The officer asked him what he was doing in that locality, and the private responded :

"I am waiting for a friend of mine who is working in this barn, and I expect him around soon."

The officer placed no reliance on the statement, and so he hustled him out of the alley. The detective walked on a short distance, and, as soon as the officer was out of sight, retraced his steps and returned to the place, this time finding a different point for his observations. He had scarcely thought himself secure from further interruptions, when the back gate of the next yard opened, and in walked the same officer. Both were alike



THALIA HALL.
From a Photograph.

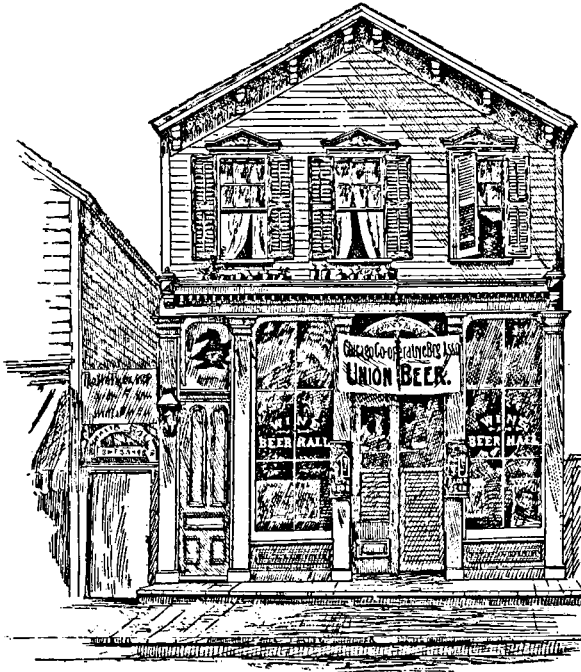
surprised. But this time there were no questions asked and no explanations demanded. The officer promptly seized the detective by the collar and marched him to the Chicago Avenue Station. The detective kept his identity to himself, and of course found himself speedily assigned to a cell over night. On the next morning, as I sauntered through the lock-up, I discovered my friend in durance vile, and, promptly looking up the record, found that he had been booked for disorderly conduct.

I then returned and told him that, when brought into court, he should not say anything to the judge, but play the part of a fool and simpleton. His case came up; he was fined \$5 and sent back to the lock-up. I went to him later, handed him the money, and in half an hour he paid his fine and left. The detective went back to his post, but the officer was not put on that beat again. My man worked for about two weeks and finished his job.

Of course, the detectives in the case had varied experiences. On another occasion it was desirable to know what was being done at some secret meetings held at Thalia Hall, No. 703 Milwaukee Avenue. This was after

"I am waiting for a friend of mine who is working in this barn, and I expect him around soon."

The officer placed no reliance on the statement, and so he hustled him out of the alley. The detective walked on a short distance, and, as soon as the officer was out of sight, retraced his steps and returned to the place, this time finding a different point for his observations. He had scarcely thought himself secure from further interruptions, when the back gate of the next yard opened, and in walked the same officer. Both were alike



THALIA HALL.
From a Photograph.

surprised. But this time there were no questions asked and no explanations demanded. The officer promptly seized the detective by the collar and marched him to the Chicago Avenue Station. The detective kept his identity to himself, and of course found himself speedily assigned to a cell over night. On the next morning, as I sauntered through the lock-up, I discovered my friend in durance vile, and, promptly looking up the record, found that he had been booked for disorderly conduct.

I then returned and told him that, when brought into court, he should not say anything to the judge, but play the part of a fool and simpleton. His case came up; he was fined \$5 and sent back to the lock-up. I went to him later, handed him the money, and in half an hour he paid his fine and left. The detective went back to his post, but the officer was not put on that beat again. My man worked for about two weeks and finished his job.

Of course, the detectives in the case had varied experiences. On another occasion it was desirable to know what was being done at some secret meetings held at Thalia Hall, No. 703 Milwaukee Avenue. This was after

the trial of the Anarchists had begun. I assigned a few detectives in that direction, and shortly afterwards the proceedings might as well have been open so far as the police were concerned.

My boys had a great deal of fun. They managed to discover a way by which they secured an entrance under the stage, and at the first meeting they attended they amused themselves by cutting a hole through that portion of the stage facing the audience. When they had done this, they could see all present and hear everything that was said. Many a night they held to that port-hole and enjoyed the circus on the outside. They heard many a speech of a threatening character against Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Bonfield and myself, and sometimes they had to listen to some rampant speaker who would depict the pleasure all Anarchists would enjoy at seeing the funerals of these officials passing through the streets. Of course, those who were the most bitter had the least courage, and so long as the auditors only listened to speeches, my boys were perfectly satisfied that no immediate danger was to be apprehended.

I finally learned that some of the Anarchists had become suspicious, and therefore ordered Officer Schuettler and the others to remain away, as they would otherwise be discovered. And they would have been. One day the Anarchists made a careful search of the building, and they found the hole through which the boys had peeped. They then decided on a plan. It was that during the next meeting, which they felt certain some of my boys would attend, a great commotion should be made in the hall. This would surely bring one of the detectives with his eye very near the hole. Then one of the Anarchists should stealthily creep up on the side, suddenly plunge a sharp iron through the hole, and kill the man within.

One officer, who proved of great assistance to me, was Charles Nordrum. He became engaged in the case shortly after the Haymarket riot, and after a time became a regular attaché of the detective department. He was born in Norway on the 9th of November, 1858, and had lived in Chicago since 1868. He joined the police force in November, 1884, and, possessing a great deal of tact and shrewdness, his services were soon enlisted in the work of hunting up the red conspirators. He worked at times with Officer Schuettler, but reported to Ebersold. Both were known to my officers, but they did not know of my private workers. Nordrum was especially detailed to look after some meetings at Thalia Hall, at the Emma Street Hall, in the rear room of Zepf's saloon, in the rear room of Greif's saloon, at No. 600 Blue Island Avenue, and at the Northwestern Hall, and he did not overlook meetings held in the cellars of some of the more prominent Anarchists on the Northwest Side and of others who were in sympathy with the Anarchists. He wormed himself into the good graces of quite a number of the reds, and was always kindly received by them. After a time the police stopped the holding of meetings in some of the halls, and then the Anar-

chist sympathizers harbored the reds in their cellars, furnishing candles for illumination and nail-kegs for seats. On the 5th of July, 1887, Nordrum was exposed at No. 599 Milwaukee Avenue, and he was at once surrounded by an infuriated mob. The Anarchists with whom he had associated attempted to kill him, but the officer, after a desperate fight, succeeded in reaching the door before any serious violence had been done him. This, of course, destroyed his further usefulness among them, but out of his knowledge of the men and their affairs two arrests were effected. He and Officer Schuettler brought in Emil Wende and Frederick Kost, members of the

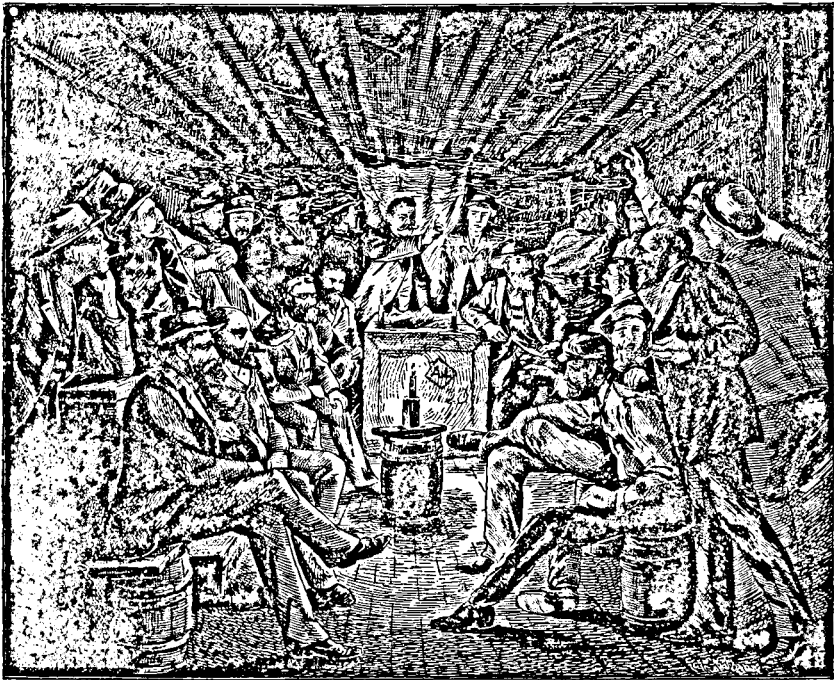


UNDERGROUND CONSPIRATORS.

Terra Cotta Union. These men had been selected to buy each member of their group a 42-caliber revolver and one box of cartridges, and the weapons so secured were to have been used on the police on the day of the execution. The weapons had been purchased, and as soon as the principals had been placed under arrest, a descent was made upon the supply. All the revolvers were captured and brought to the Central Station.

Noticing how successfully they had been circumvented in all their movements, the Anarchists naturally came to the conclusion that detectives were working in their ranks either in the interest of myself or of Billy Pinkerton, and they resolved to discover, if possible, the men so engaged. One

chist sympathizers harbored the reds in their cellars, furnishing candles for illumination and nail-kegs for seats. On the 5th of July, 1887, Nordrum was exposed at No. 599 Milwaukee Avenue, and he was at once surrounded by an infuriated mob. The Anarchists with whom he had associated attempted to kill him, but the officer, after a desperate fight, succeeded in reaching the door before any serious violence had been done him. This, of course, destroyed his further usefulness among them, but out of his knowledge of the men and their affairs two arrests were effected. He and Officer Schuettler brought in Emil Wende and Frederick Kost, members of the



UNDERGROUND CONSPIRATORS.

Terra Cotta Union. These men had been selected to buy each member of their group a 42-caliber revolver and one box of cartridges, and the weapons so secured were to have been used on the police on the day of the execution. The weapons had been purchased, and as soon as the principals had been placed under arrest, a descent was made upon the supply. All the revolvers were captured and brought to the Central Station.

Noticing how successfully they had been circumvented in all their movements, the Anarchists naturally came to the conclusion that detectives were working in their ranks either in the interest of myself or of Billy Pinkerton, and they resolved to discover, if possible, the men so engaged. One

day a very intelligent fellow called at my office and wanted to know if I desired any more men to work for me among the Anarchists. He stated that he was well acquainted with all the reds, and, if I would pay him well, he would render good service.

I called him into my private office, and I closely questioned him. I learned that he knew a great many of them, and I told him that I wanted one good man. He then considered himself engaged, and said to me:

"Now you had better tell me all the men that are working for you and show them all to me so we can work together."

I told him that if he could find out any one of my men I would pay him \$20 a week, and then he might consider himself engaged. He went away, but he never came back to claim the \$20.

This ruse having failed, the Anarchists devised another. One day early in August, 1886, they sent one of my countrymen, a Luxemburger, to me. This fellow began to play his cards very nicely, and sought to carve a very pretty little path into my confidence, but he had not proceeded very far before my suspicions were aroused, and he got nothing to satisfy either himself or those who sent him. While our conversation was going on one of the officers came in, and, noticing the fellow, called me into another room. The officer then stated that he had seen the man hanging around West Lake Street, had seen him drunk frequently, and had once found him in tears, saying that he had come from Paris, had seen the downfall of the Commune there, and that now that Anarchy was suppressed in Chicago all hope for liberty was gone, and he would be ready to die at his own hands after he should have first killed somebody. I returned to the office.



OFFICER NORDRUM.

"See here, old fellow," said I, "I have spies amongst the Anarchists, but I do not want spies among my own command."

The man was then asked if he could do any work, and when he said that he had not done any work in a long time, I remarked that I had a job for him. He became interested and wanted to know what kind of a job it was.

"It is under Superintendent Felton at the House of Correction, and he will assign you to work that will keep the dogs from biting you for six months. You are a vagrant, and I will bring you into court to-morrow morning and have you fined \$100. That will be six months."

The man begged piteously to be spared that punishment, and I plied him with questions. He stated that, inasmuch as he was of the same

day a very intelligent fellow called at my office and wanted to know if I desired any more men to work for me among the Anarchists. He stated that he was well acquainted with all the reds, and, if I would pay him well, he would render good service.

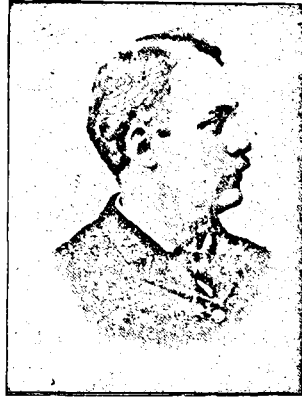
I called him into my private office, and I closely questioned him. I learned that he knew a great many of them, and I told him that I wanted one good man. He then considered himself engaged, and said to me:

"Now you had better tell me all the men that are working for you and show them all to me so we can work together."

I told him that if he could find out any one of my men I would pay him \$20 a week, and then he might consider himself engaged. He went away, but he never came back to claim the \$20.

This ruse having failed, the Anarchists devised another. One day early in August, 1886, they sent one of my countrymen, a Luxemburger, to me.

This fellow began to play his cards very nicely, and sought to carve a very pretty little path into my confidence, but he had not proceeded very far before my suspicions were aroused, and he got nothing to satisfy either himself or those who sent him. While our conversation was going on one of the officers came in, and, noticing the fellow, called me into another room. The officer then stated that he had seen the man hanging around West Lake Street, had seen him drunk frequently, and had once found him in tears, saying that he had come from Paris, had seen the downfall of the Commune there, and that now that Anarchy was suppressed in Chicago all hope for liberty was gone, and he would be ready to die at his own hands after he should have first killed somebody. I returned to the office.



OFFICER NORDRUM.

"See here, old fellow," said I, "I have spies amongst the Anarchists, but I do not want spies among my own command."

"See here, old fellow," said I, "I have spies amongst the Anarchists, but I do not want spies among my own command."

The man was then asked if he could do any work, and when he said that he had not done any work in a long time, I remarked that I had a job for him. He became interested and wanted to know what kind of a job it was.

"It is under Superintendent Felton at the House of Correction, and he will assign you to work that will keep the dogs from biting you for six months. You are a vagrant, and I will bring you into court to-morrow morning and have you fined \$100. That will be six months."

The man begged piteously to be spared that punishment, and I plied him with questions. He stated that, inasmuch as he was of the same

nationality as myself, the Anarchists thought he could readily get into my secrets, and they had forced him to come. I told him that my officers knew him and had him spotted, and that unless he left the city by the next day I would have him arrested and sent to the work-house. He left the station, and I have never seen him since. Since then I have received a letter from Michigan, saying that if the writer had me there I would never see Chicago again, as he would find work for me for awhile, and I am confident that it came from my old friend.

During the progress of the investigations some curious characters were encountered. Some sought me, as I have already noted, but in most instances I had to hunt them. One eccentric genius was especially noticeable. He had started out with the intention of reading himself into the Anarchist faith, and for this purpose he became a constant reader of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and its Sunday edition, the *Fackel*. For some time he wavered in his opinion, but the more he read the more he became convinced that there was something in Anarchy. At last he became so deeply imbued that he almost regarded it a sacrilege to destroy the copies he had purchased for his enlightenment. He carefully stowed the papers away in the closet in his room, and when he returned from work he would open the door and examine his collection much as a miser inspects his hoard.

May 4 finally came, and with it the event he had looked forward to so longingly. But the outcome did not suit him. He noticed that the police were getting uncomfortably close to his locality, but he did not feel any special concern until one evening a patrol wagon pulled up in front of No. 105 Wells Street, near his own domicile. He saw the officers approaching in the direction of the entrance, and, jumping from his chair near the window, shouted to his landlady:

“For heaven’s sake!—the police are coming to search the house—what will I do? If they come into my room and find my papers, I will be arrested and locked up as an Anarchist. Let me burn my papers in your stove.”

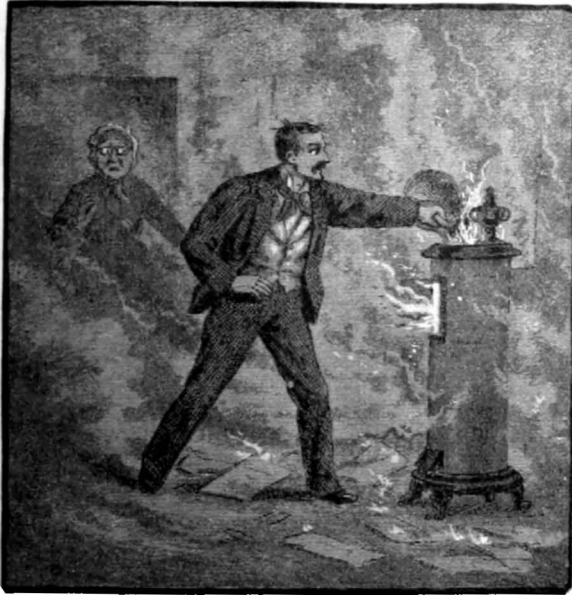
The landlady would not permit it, as she feared arrest as an accomplice. The young man almost fell on his knees in pleading with her for permission. Finding his appeals useless, he hastened to his room, lit a fire in a sheet-iron stove there, and began to burn his whole collection. His haste was so great that he crammed too many papers in at once, and the stove became overheated. The wall paper began to burn, and the Anarchist had to give his attention to moving the bed and furniture away from the walls. He did not dare to give an alarm of fire, and yet he saw that the whole room would be in flames in a few moments. He seized a pitcher of water, emptied its contents on the wall, opened the door and called for the landlady to come to his assistance. She responded, and when she saw the situation, she cried out, “Fire, fire!” He endeavored to make her desist from her cries

and urged her to bring him water. Water was brought and soused all over the stove and the walls.

By this time the house was full of smoke, and they opened the window. An officer in the wagon noticed the smoke, and shouted to some of his companions that there was a fire next door up-stairs. The young man overheard this and hastened to tell the officer that it was only smoke and that no assistance was required.

The landlady now ran away to escape possible arrest, and the young man was left alone. He again assured the officer below that the smoke had all cleared away, and he slammed down the window.

After thus escaping police investigation, the youthful Anarchist felt happy, and he had reasons to be, as he would certainly have been arrested, in view of his actions, had the officers ever entered his room. Others had been arrested under less suspicious circumstances, and it took some of them a long time to satisfactorily explain their position. The young man has since become connected with a newspaper.



THE SCARED AMATEUR ANARCHIST.

He may deny this in his paper, but I will never "give him away."

While pursuing the investigations, and never losing hope of finding Parsons, I was one day informed by Officer Henry Fechter that a man who knew the foxy Anarchist had seen the fugitive at Geneva, Wis., and his arrest might be easily effected. The officer was a detail at the time at the Northwestern Railroad depot, and his informant was a reliable gentleman. I instructed the officer to report his information to Chief Ebersold, as I was helpless in the matter, having no authority to send an officer outside of the city limits. That was the last I ever heard of it. The information was evidently pigeonholed, and Parsons continued to bask in rural sunshine

and urged her to bring him water. Water was brought and soused all over the stove and the walls.

By this time the house was full of smoke, and they opened the window. An officer in the wagon noticed the smoke, and shouted to some of his companions that there was a fire next door up-stairs. The young man overheard this and hastened to tell the officer that it was only smoke and that no assistance was required.

The landlady now ran away to escape possible arrest, and the young man was left alone. He again assured the officer below that the smoke had all cleared away, and he slammed down the window.

After thus escaping police investigation, the youthful Anarchist felt happy, and he had reasons to be, as he would certainly have been arrested, in view of his actions, had the officers ever entered his room. Others had been arrested under less suspicious circumstances, and it took some of them a long time to satisfactorily explain their position. The young man has since become connected with a newspaper.



THE SCARED AMATEUR ANARCHIST.

He may deny this in his paper, but I will never "give him away."

While pursuing the investigations, and never losing hope of finding Parsons, I was one day informed by Officer Henry Fechter that a man who knew the foxy Anarchist had seen the fugitive at Geneva, Wis., and his arrest might be easily effected. The officer was a detail at the time at the Northwestern Railroad depot, and his informant was a reliable gentleman. I instructed the officer to report his information to Chief Ebersold, as I was helpless in the matter, having no authority to send an officer outside of the city limits. That was the last I ever heard of it. The information was evidently pigeonholed, and Parsons continued to bask in rural sunshine

and enjoy himself until the day he came into court of his own free will. This was not the only instance of supine neglect in the Chief's office and the detective department. I have already spoken of the case of Schnaubelt, the bomb-thrower, but there is still another striking illustration. It was shortly after the selection of a jury to try the Anarchists. The Bonfield brothers and myself were obliged to be in court nearly all the time, and the Anarchists on the outside, observing this, began to concoct plots for taking revenge on the city. In this emergency the Chief decided to go to California, and, in order that he might have cheerful company, he invited Lieut. Joseph Kipley, of the so-called detective department, and Capt. William Buckley, of the First Precinct.

When Mr. Grinnell heard of this contemplated trip, at a time when, for the sake of public appearance at least, the Chief ought to have remained at home, he firmly remonstrated and reminded the official of his duty. But Ebersold shook his head.

"I have got my tickets," said he; "what will I do with them?"

"Throw them into the lake," replied Mr. Grinnell.

But the Chief was obstinate, and he and his party left for the Pacific Coast. The force was then left in command of Inspector John Bonfield, who thus had double duty imposed upon him.

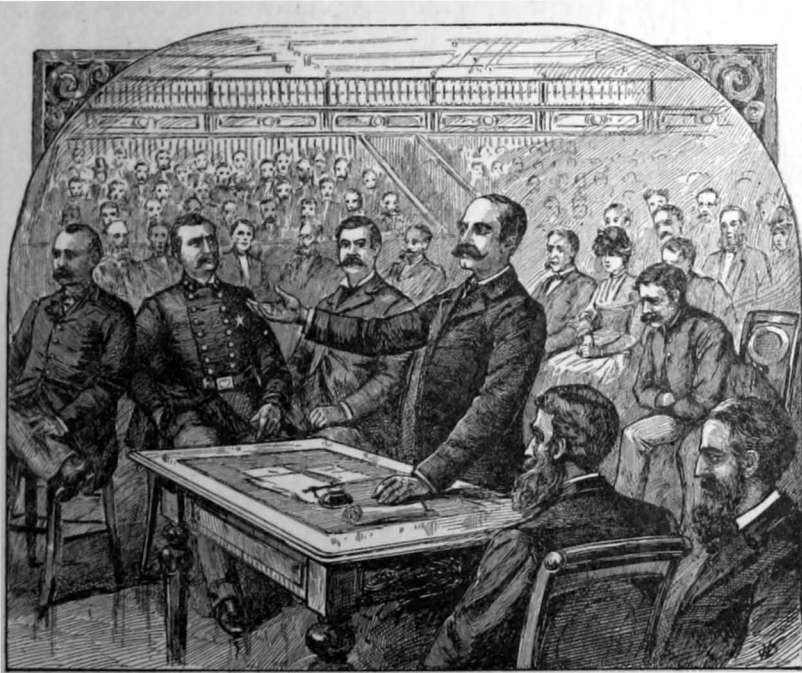
The moment the work of impaneling the jury had begun, the outside Anarchists began to exert themselves to put some of their own men into the jury-box. When they found that the State was too vigilant, however, they next set about to secure such witnesses as could be counted upon to swear their friends out of jail. Take the evidence of the strongest witnesses put on the stand by the defense, and the critical, unbiased examiner will readily discover that many of them were simply perjurers.

But the labors of the reds were in vain, and when they began to realize that the jury did not seem impressed with the character of their evidence, the outside barbarians grew desperate and resolved on a new line of tactics.

One day I received a note from one of my men warning me to protect the jury. The Anarchists, he said, were working out a scheme to injure some of the jurors, and if they could succeed in that, they were confident the case would have to be begun anew. If the case ever came up again, no man would care to risk his life in a trial of the conspirators, and their brothers would go free. If, however, the State should secure a full set of jurors, they would give them a dose of dynamite, and that would certainly end the case. Then they could keep on with Anarchy and make the capitalists cower before them. This plan, I was informed, had met the entire approval of the gang.

I conferred with Mr. Grinnell, and as a result we doubled the watch to protect the jury. We made it a point also to know when the jurors went out for a walk or a drive, and, without their knowledge, trustworthy men

were always with them or near them until their return. The hotel in which they were quartered was only about two hundred feet from the Criminal Court building, but whenever they came to the court in the morning, or went to their meals during recess, or left the court building after each day's adjournment, twelve detectives along the line kept vigilant watch of all suspicious characters. Besides the detectives there were fifteen officers in uniform, and during the last three days of the trial we even redoubled our vigilance. There were twenty-five officers on the street, twenty-five more in the court-room, and twenty-five men about the building. All these men

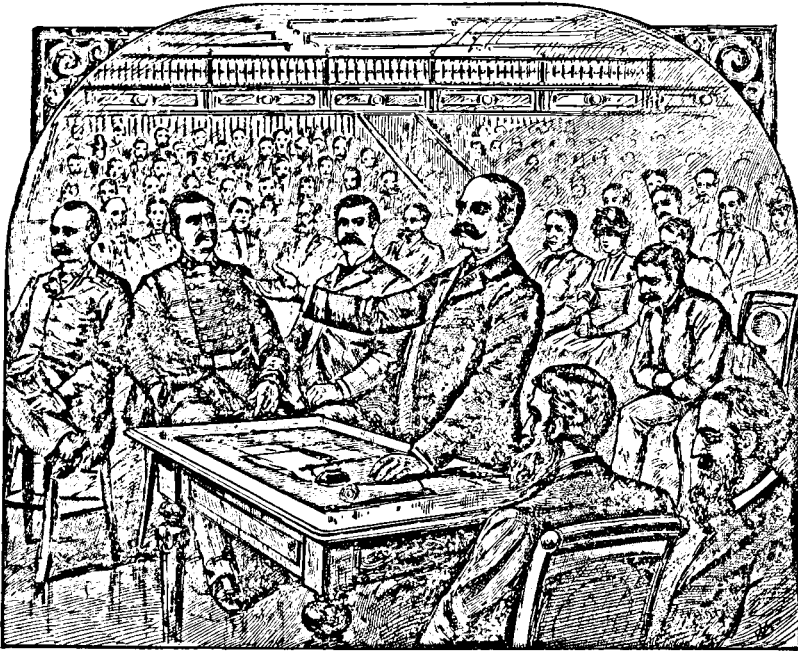


WATCHING A SUSPECT.

were in uniform, so that the "cranks" could see them, and it proved to be a very good precaution. During the night, detectives and regular patrolmen were watching inside and outside at the jurors' hotel.

On the last day of the arguments, when Mr. Grinnell was closing for the State, something very suspicious was noticed in the court-room. A man with a very mysterious air had been seen around the building for eight days preceding, and it was recalled that he came at varying hours of the day. On each occasion he held a few moments' private talk with some of those Anarchists who had displayed interest in the proceedings, after which

were always with them or near them until their return. The hotel in which they were quartered was only about two hundred feet from the Criminal Court building, but whenever they came to the court in the morning, or went to their meals during recess, or left the court building after each day's adjournment, twelve detectives along the line kept vigilant watch of all suspicious characters. Besides the detectives there were fifteen officers in uniform, and during the last three days of the trial we even redoubled our vigilance. There were twenty-five officers on the street, twenty-five more in the court-room, and twenty-five men about the building. All these men



WATCHING A SUSPECT.

were in uniform, so that the "cranks" could see them, and it proved to be a very good precaution. During the night, detectives and regular patrolmen were watching inside and outside at the jurors' hotel.

On the last day of the arguments, when Mr. Grinnell was closing for the State, something very suspicious was noticed in the court-room. A man with a very mysterious air had been seen around the building for eight days preceding, and it was recalled that he came at varying hours of the day. On each occasion he held a few moments' private talk with some of those Anarchists who had displayed interest in the proceedings, after which

he always disappeared. The parties he generally talked with were Belz, who assisted in conducting the defense, Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes. He was about five feet ten inches tall, about forty years of age, weighed about 180 pounds, had a round face, short, stubby, sandy beard and mustache, a nose built on the feminine plan, large, gray, piercing eyes, and withal he was not a very prepossessing man.

During the last hour, when Mr. Grinnell was making his plea to the jury, this man entered the court-room and took a seat in the front, right in the midst of the Anarchists' families. This brought him within seven or eight feet behind the State's Attorney. He crossed his arms over his stomach, and leaned pretty well forward, keeping his hands concealed under his coat. I was surprised at the fellow's impudence, because the court-room at the time was so still that a whisper could have been distinctly heard all over the room. I sat at a table, with Mr. Walker to the left and Mr. Ingham to the right, and I called the attention of these two gentlemen to the mysterious man and his queer attitude. They watched his nervous actions, and became alarmed lest he might be there for some vicious object. The man had indeed a desperate look, but it was thought best not to interrupt the proceedings just then. Under the strict orders of Judge Gary, everybody was obliged to be seated in the court-room, and when the seats were full no more were admitted. This was another good precaution at such a trial. The police officials had thus a clear view of the whole room.

At times, whenever there happened to be some severe allusions to the defendants by Mr. Grinnell, the stranger would twist himself around uneasily, all the time, however, maintaining his peculiar attitude. Mr. Ingham remarked that he was afraid the stranger might suddenly jump on Mr. Grinnell and stab him in the back. Mr. Walker expressed a similar opinion. I said that he should get no chance to do that, as I would kill him before he could take one step toward Mr. Grinnell, and at the same time I got my trusty 38-caliber Colt's revolver in position where I could produce it the instant it was needed. We all agreed that this would be the right course to take. At one time the man looked sharply at me, and I gave him a savage look right into his eyes. From that time I kept him busy looking at me.

As soon as Mr. Grinnell had concluded the man jumped up, drew near to Belz and spoke to him. Then he turned to a woman and handed her a paper. Meanwhile I had already called a detective to watch him, and as soon as the stranger reached the corridor he was searched. Nothing dangerous was found about his person, but it was impossible to learn where he lived or what was his name. He would give no account of himself, and he was taken down stairs and kept there until all the detectives had taken a good look at him. He was then told to go and never show himself around the building again.

On the next morning a revolver was found in the building, and the opinion among those posted on the affair was that it must have belonged to the mysterious visitor. He had evidently come with a desperate determination to shoot some one, even at the sacrifice of his own life, but, seeing how slim were his chances for getting near his victim after the close watch kept upon him, he abandoned his intention and dropped his revolver to destroy any evidence against himself.

Possibly he may have been simply engaged in playing a "bluff" on his Anarchist friends, his intention being to make them believe that he had nerve enough to go right into a court-room and shoot down an official, and afterwards to excuse his failure by referring to his friends for proof that he was so closely watched that he had no opportunity to get near his victim.

Mr. Grinnell was shortly afterwards informed of the incident, and he remarked that possibly a "crank" might have been found by the Anarchists to make an assault that they themselves had not the courage to undertake.

As I have already indicated, a great many documents and letters, public and private, fell into the hands of the police during the searches made, and from the collection I give a few for the purpose of showing what kind of a dynamite office was being run by Parsons and Spies.

The following was found by Detective James Bonfield on Parsons' desk in the *Alarm* office, May 5, 1886:

Dealers in Marble and Granite Cemetery Work.—No. 193 Woodland Avenue, CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 29, 1886.

Comrade Parsons:—Providing we send you the following dispatch: "Another bouncing boy, weight 11 pounds, all are well—signal Fred Smith,"—can you send us No. 1 for the amount we sent you by telegram. Please give us your lowest estimate. Also state by what express company you will send it to us.

Parsons had nothing to do with either handling or selling dynamite, if his own statements are to be accepted. Still he and Spies and their crowd seem to have had a great many inquiries for the "good stuff" Parsons used to refer to in his speeches, and which he urged his followers to carry in their vest pockets during the day and keep under their pillows at night. Another evidence of their guilt was found on the same day by Detective Bonfield in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, on Spies' desk:

THE ÆTNA POWDER COMPANY, <i>Manufacturers and Dealers.</i>	Works: Miller, Ind., Lake County. Office: No. 98 Lake Street, Chicago.
High Explosives and Blasting Supplies.	
ORDER No. —, <i>Sold to Cash.</i>	CHICAGO, October 24, 1885.
10 lbs. No. 1, 1¼, \$3.50; 100 T T caps, \$1.00; 100 feet double T fuse, 75 cts.—\$5.25.	
Paid—Ætna Powder Company, I. F.	

In justice to the company it should be explained that they had no knowledge of the purposes for which the material was to be used.

I have already referred to the great courtesy shown Schnaubelt at the Central Station—how, when he was brought by Officer Palmer for the third

time before Lieut. Shea and the Chief, he was promptly ordered released, and how he finally and hastily concluded to leave the city in order to save the detective department any further trouble on his account. It subsequently transpired that the direction he took was for the great and boundless West; but in all his wanderings he always seems to have kindly remembered his friends in Chicago for permitting him to take so extended a journey. He even wrote back to some of them, and one letter, which was put in the possession of Officer Palmer, is especially worthy of publicity. It reads as follows:

PORTLAND, OREGON.

To the Chief of Police, Chicago—My Dear Old Jackass: Thanks to your pig-headed lieutenant, I am here sound and safe. Before this reaches you I have left here, and the only thing I regret is that we did not kill more of your blue-coated hounds. SCHNAUBELT.

The following, received by Parsons and Spies, are self-explanatory:

EUFULA, April 13, 1886

Dear Comrade Parsons:—I have received your papers and am very much obliged for them. Glad that you like my article. I am writing now for *To-Day*, of London, and for the *Alarm*, and am going to write for *La Tribune du Peuple de Paris*. Situated as I am now, I can be of no good but by writing, and I intend to avail myself of it. You may be astonished if I tell you that I never use the word "Anarchy." I stick to the old word "Socialism." It can be understood and does not require any knowledge of Greek to make out its meaning. If I was to seek in the Greek language for a word to express where I stand, I would call myself an Anticrat, opposed to any kind of crazy notions, democracy as well as aristocracy. I am for individual responsibility and social action. I am for liberty, but within society, not above it, and, first of all, I am for equality of conditions. I want organization first, revolution second, social economy re-organization third, and abolition of governmental action last of all. If you could confiscate the government to-morrow, I would have no objection to use it for a while.

Anarchism has a very dangerous drift toward individualism, as you may perceive by reading *Liberty*, of Boston, and individualism is bound to generate some kind of a crazy notion and end in despotism. Beware of individualistic Anarchism and stick to the socialistic.

We are in a state of warfare with all the crazes and must use all the weapons of warfare within our reach. Our present weapons—strikes and boycotting—are dangerous, and expulsive if we were to use the ballot. The workers are the many; the masters the few. Before upsetting the government, let us try to use it. Mayors, councilmen, aldermen, governors, and so forth, have a good deal to say about how the police and militia shall be used, and judges have a good deal to say when workingmen are prosecuted for claiming their rights. Could not the workers organize to conquer these offices? What do you think of that? What do you think of that? Salute and Fraternity. FREDERIC TAFFERD.

WHAT CHEER, KEOKUK COUNTY, IOWA, April 18, 1886.

A. R. Parsons, Esq.—Dear Sir: We organized a group of the Lehr und Wehr Verein in this town on the above date. The organizer was your comrade John McGinn, of Rock Spring, Wyoming. Inclosed you will find the amount for the cards—names as follows:

John H. Nicholson, miner; age, 41	Benjamin E. Williams, miner; age, 37
Arthur Cowrey, " " 42	William Jackson, " " 39
William Morgan, " " 34	John McGinn, " " 29
Isaac Little, " " 39	William H. Osborne, " " 36
John R. Thomas, miner; age, 33	

I suppose you will need to know who is chief and secretary of the group. John McGinn is chief and John H. Nicholson is the secretary. I remain yours, in the care of John H. Nicholson, What Cheer, Keokuk County, Iowa, Box 697.

ST. LOUIS, March 27, 1886.

Mrs. and Mr. Parsons:— We were quite sorry to learn of your sickness, which prevented you to be with us at the Commune Festival, while we were just as glad to see that Mrs. Parsons did accept our invitation. My hope and wish that you are well again for the present. The Commune Festival was well attended by a large crowd, and it was a great disappointment for the J. W. P. A. being forced to announce the absence of the English speaker. I am quite aware that it would have been a great lift for our principles if Mrs. Parsons could have been present. However, St. Louis is not Chicago, and the movement is not as well progressing as in Chicago. No wonder. I have been taught lately a lesson myself, and therefore withdraw as a member of the group. We herewith send you a little collection of picture cards, which Mary had saved up for your children. We intended to send them along with Mrs. Parsons. Mary has already two large scrap-books full of such collections. Hail for the revolution.

Yours respectfully,
J. M. MENTZER.

P. S.—If you have any old *Alarms* to spare, I would make good use of them at present during this railroad strike. I shall soon send some money again. I also send you the *Chronicle* so you can see what declaration the Knights of Labor have issued in answer to Monster Robber Gould.

Personal.

PORT JARVIS, N. Y., October 31, 1885.

My Dear Comrade:— Well, I will stay here, as I wrote you. I started out on a "tramp" to look for a job. I stayed nearly a week at New Haven and spoke there, though why Liberty should head his letter from there "Unfortunate for Herr Most," is more than I can see. I came here and looked up an old friend, John G. Mills. He proposed starting a small job book-bindery. He puts in capital and I the skill. That seems fair; while I will be sure of a mere living for the winter, there is no guarantee that capital will gain by it. So the timidity of capital must be overcome. Well, the bargain is this: When I pay back the advance capital (and until I do so I am not to draw in amount over \$5.00 a week), paid it all, then I am to own half and we will start equal partners, and he furnishes more capital if necessary on half paid back. I have agreed, as I believe it is the best I can do, and it opens a good prospect. It is probable that I will not be very active in "the cause" here, as every moment will be occupied, but I am willing to go anywhere within reasonable distance this winter and give a lecture to any group for mere expenses—car-fare and board—and believe I could stir up the boys. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York, all three join together here, and any of the three States would be convenient. I should give a lecture rather than a speech, but it would be *extempore*. Can't you drop a line to Philadelphia, or some point near? Buffalo is nearly as near.

When I feel like giving you an article I shall mail it, but, of course, you will use it or lay it over as you feel about it. I think I can put a point strongly, but do not want to crowd out anything else.

If you can use me on your paper, draw on me for all the copy you like. I like the *Alarm* and think it has improved since last spring. Any points I can get from French papers, I will give you the benefit of. I never got that card. Is it contrary to custom?

Yours truly,

LUM.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Difficulties of Detection — Moving on the Enemy — A Hebrew Anarchist — Oppenheimer's Story — Dancing over Dynamite — Twenty-Five Dollars' Worth of Practical Socialism — A Woman's Work — How Mrs. Seliger Saved the North Side — A Well-merited Tribute — Seliger Saved by his Wife — The Shadow of the Hangman's Rope — A Hunt for a Witness — Shadowing a Hack — The Commune Celebration — Fixing Lingg's Guilt — Preparing the Infernal Machines — A Boy Conspirator — Lingg's Youthful Friend — Anarchy in the Blood — How John Thielen was Taken into Camp — His Curious Confession — Other Arrests.

THE preceding pages will have given to the reader facts enough to show the difficulty of the task assumed, as well as the manner in which we went about the work. One of the greatest of the obstacles to be overcome arose from the character and habits of thought of the Anarchists themselves. They heartily hated all law, and despised its constituted representatives. The conspiracy was well disciplined in itself, and it had been specially organized with a view to guarding its secrets from the outside world and protecting its members from the consequences of their crimes. Thus I soon found that it would require peculiar address, patience, secretiveness and diligent work to lay bare the great plot to the world.

I can find no better place than this to testify to the help given me throughout the case by Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, whose work was a most important feature of the result finally brought before the Criminal Court.

The protection of society is an interest so momentous that it would be a false modesty in me to refuse, for fear that I should be charged with egotism, to analyze the processes by which the conviction of the confederates in the Haymarket murder conspiracy was bought about, and accordingly I will now say, once for all, that I believe that careful, systematic detective inquiry, conducted with some brains and a good deal of grit, can unravel any plot which the enemies of law and order and our American institutions are apt to hatch. It will require tact. It will require intelligence. It may require the hardest and most persistent work that men may do — but about the result there can be no doubt. Our government and our methods are strong enough for the protection of the people and the maintenance of law and order, no matter how dangerous may seem the forces arrayed against it.

The various steps taken may be gathered best from the memoranda made upon the arrest of each Anarchist who had been conspicuous in his order and who was supposed to know the secret workings of the "armed sections;" and, in reading the particulars, the general conclusion will become irresistible that the men who posed as the bloodthirsty bandits of Chicago became arrant, cringing cowards when they found themselves

within the clutches of the law. In the galaxy of trembling "cranks" there were a few exceptions, notably George Engel and Louis Lingg, but the demeanor of the common herd under arrest proved that their vaunted bravery had been simply so much talk "full of sound and fury."

One of the first arrests which I made was that of Julius Oppenheimer, *alias* Julius Frey. This man was a peculiar genius and was possessed by an unbounded admiration for Anarchists and all their methods. He had come to America five years before and had been brought up an Anarchist. He was a Hebrew of a very pronounced type, twenty-five years of age, a butcher by occupation, but an Anarchist in and out of season. Whenever he succeeded in securing employment he was sure speedily to lose it by his persistent teaching of Anarchy, and in some places people even went so far as to drive him out of town. If fortunate enough to get work in an adjoining town, he would tell his fellow workmen of his prior experience and curse what he termed his persecution for conscience' sake. Whenever his Anarchist beliefs had been expounded, he was promptly dismissed, and in one town he was politely informed that unless he got out in short order he was liable



JULIUS OPPENHEIMER'S "DOUBLE."

From a Photograph.

to find himself hanging to a tree. This sort of thing embittered him still more against society, and finally he abandoned all attempts to find work. He resolved himself into a tramp, and, in traveling from place to place, he sought to convert every other tramp he met to his revolutionary ideas.

He soon learned that Chicago was regarded all over the country as the home of Socialism, its stronghold and citadel, and he made haste to reach it so that he too could become an agitator, with nothing to do and plenty to eat and drink. He had been in the city only a few days when he learned of the Socialistic haunt at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, and there he soon

within the clutches of the law. In the galaxy of trembling "cranks" there were a few exceptions, notably George Engel and Louis Lingg, but the demeanor of the common herd under arrest proved that their vaunted bravery had been simply so much talk "full of sound and fury."

One of the first arrests which I made was that of Julius Oppenheimer, *alias* Julius Frey. This man was a peculiar genius and was possessed by an unbounded admiration for Anarchists and all their methods. He had come to America five years before and had been brought up an Anarchist. He was a Hebrew of a very pronounced type, twenty-five years of age, a butcher by occupation, but an Anarchist in and out of season. Whenever he succeeded in securing employment he was sure speedily to lose it by his persistent teaching of Anarchy, and in some places people even went so far as to drive him out of town. If fortunate enough to get work in an adjoining town, he would tell his fellow workmen of his prior experience and curse what he termed his persecution for conscience' sake. Whenever his Anarchist beliefs had been expounded, he was promptly dismissed, and in one town he was politely informed that unless he got out in short order he was liable



JULIUS OPPENHEIMER'S "DOUBLE."

From a Photograph.

to find himself hanging to a tree. This sort of thing embittered him still more against society, and finally he abandoned all attempts to find work. He resolved himself into a tramp, and, in traveling from place to place, he sought to convert every other tramp he met to his revolutionary ideas.

He soon learned that Chicago was regarded all over the country as the home of Socialism, its stronghold and citadel, and he made haste to reach it so that he too could become an agitator, with nothing to do and plenty to eat and drink. He had been in the city only a few days when he learned of the Socialistic haunt at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, and there he soon

made the acquaintance of Lingg and other, lesser lights, whose principal aim seemed to be to loaf around the saloons, guzzle beer and talk dynamite. This pleased Oppenheimer. He had traveled many weary days, but at last he had found what he had so long sought. He was received cautiously at first, but finally with open arms. One night he attended a meeting at the number given above and heard Engel speak about killing all the police in Chicago. Oppenheimer was delighted, and on the adjournment of the meeting he grew very enthusiastic, threatening to visit dire punishment on both the police and the rich. He stepped out on the sidewalk, and, just then encountering a policeman, he ejaculated:

"You old loafer, you won't live much longer!"

The words had hardly been uttered when Oppenheimer found himself prostrate in the gutter. The policeman passed on, and not one of Oppenheimer's comrades dared to come to the Anarchist's assistance or proffer sympathy. This was a treatment he had not expected, but he smothered his wrath and continued to attend all the meetings of the "revolutionary groups." He grew stronger every day in the good graces of his comrades, and at one of their meetings he was asked, along with others, to secure some of the "good stuff" and bombs. He responded and secured a substantial outfit. When the 4th of May came he happened for some reason to be some eighteen miles out of the city, but the moment he heard of the explosion he hastened back at once and hunted up his old friends to help them destroy the town.

On the evening of May 7 he was encountered by Officer Loewenstein at 58 Clybourn Avenue, in Neff's Hall, and taken to the Larrabee Street Station. He was put into a cell and kept locked up for about a week. Gradually it began to dawn upon his mind that he was in trouble, that possibly the police had secured evidence against him, and so at last he sent for me.

"I see," he said, "that it is foolish to fight against law and order, but you must excuse me for my actions. I read so much of that Most trash and other books that I was really crazy. I lost my reason and did not know what I was doing. Now I will tell all I know, but I will not testify against any of these people."

He was given no special assurances, but he unbosomed himself fully and became extremely useful in giving needed information. One day he said that if I would take him out in a carriage he would show where he had a lot of dynamite bombs planted, and added:

"Before going after the stuff, I will show you some of the worst Anarchists in the city, but in doing so I will tell you candidly my life is in danger. If these men see me they will shoot me on the spot."

He was assured that he would be fixed in such a disguise that no one would recognize him, and, consenting to go under such conditions,

Oppenheimer was rigged out like a veritable darkey. Officers Schuettler and Loewenstein were detailed to accompany him, and together they visited Sullivan, Connor, Hoyne, Mohawk and Hurlbut Streets, where many Anarchists then lived, and where Oppenheimer pointed out the houses of many notable conspirators.

Unfortunately, in one of the localities visited, colored people were very scarce, and it did not take the boys long to discover the sham, when they at once began shouting, "Here is a lost, crazy nigger," and they followed him, throwing bricks and stones. At other times the officers were obliged to hustle away with their "Hebrew negro," as they called him, as soon as possible. They got back to the station about eleven o'clock that evening, and, entering my office, Oppenheimer was permitted to view his ebony countenance in a mirror. He was startled by his make-up and declared that it was most artistically done.

"Mein Gott, if I was asleep," he exclaimed, "and wake up, and looked in the glass, I'd think I was a real nigger."

On the next day he was taken by the officers, in a carriage, to Lake View, about three miles from the city limits, to locate the bombs. It was a rainy day, and it was no easy matter for Oppenheimer to determine the right spot, although he kept a sharp look-out. He had planted them during the night, and that added to the difficulty. Finally he directed the driver to a grove used as picnic grounds, and they soon reached the spot. It now rained hard, and lightning and thunder filled the air with light and noise. Oppenheimer hesitated about alighting from the carriage.

"It is dangerous," he said, "to go near the place. The bombs I have planted here are all loaded with dynamite, and charged with poisoned iron, and this heavy thunder may explode them and kill us all."

Officer Schuettler said that he himself was familiar with the properties of dynamite, and assured him that there would not be the slightest danger. Oppenheimer then became somewhat braver. He jumped out and beckoned to his companions to follow. They proceeded to the dancing-platform, in the middle of the grove, and Oppenheimer, having removed some short boards, making an opening large enough for the admission of a man's body, asked Loewenstein to take hold of his legs, and, when he shouted, to pull him out, adding that when he had been there before he had had a hard time getting out. Oppenheimer then went in. On giving the signal, he was pulled out, with one bomb in each hand. He was thus lowered and pulled out until he had produced thirteen bombs. They were of the heavy gas-pipe make, loaded with dynamite and rusty nails, with cap attachments, and ready for use in four seconds. To show that he had exercised great care to preserve the "stuff" properly, he asked to be lowered again, and this time he brought to the surface an oil-cloth table-cover, which, he explained, he had used for wrapping up the bombs so that "they would not

spoil on him." He also fished out of the place two large navy revolvers fully loaded. Having finished, Oppenheimer gave a sigh of relief and remarked:

"Now I feel relieved. As long as I had these things I always felt that I must do some damage with them. I had them once in the city (May 5), and my mind was made up to throw some in the North Side Post-office. I also had determined to go to the *Freie Presse* office and blow up that d——d Michaelis, the editor of the paper. And then I was going to kill myself."

At about this time Oppenheimer possessed two large 44-caliber navy revolvers and seemed withal a desperate fellow. When the parties returned to the station he asked me to keep him there until all trouble was over, and for three months he became quite a character about the establishment. The defense in the Anarchist trial made several attempts to secure his release, but Oppenheimer declined to go. He was taken out frequently for regular exercise by one of the officers, but he always went in disguise.

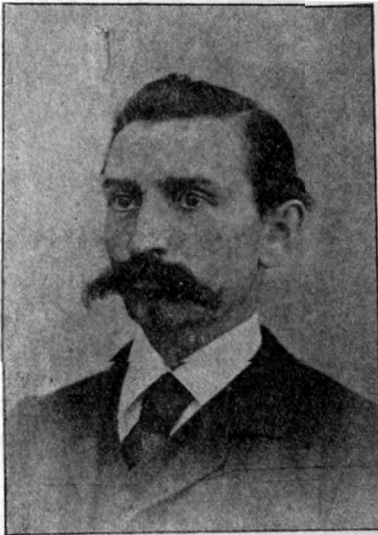
He proved such a valuable aid to the State that State's Attorney Grinnell ordered his release, but as he was nervous lest some one should shoot him on regaining his full liberty, he begged me to send him to New York City. He was accordingly furnished with money and clothing and sent away. While he was at the station he gained twenty-seven pounds and declared he had never been so well taken care of in all his life. He bade all the officers who were working up the Anarchist cases good-by and was given safe escort to the depot by Officer Stift. Some time after his arrival in New York he was discovered by an Anarchist, who telegraphed to Capt. Black that he was there if wanted, but the Captain did not seem to specially care for him.

The information he furnished the State was substantially as follows:

"I came to Chicago May 5, 1886, in the morning. I went to Seliger's house, 442 Sedgwick Street. I know Seliger and his wife and Louis Lingg. I am an Anarchist. I think the workingmen are not treated right in this country. I have always attended Socialistic meetings here. I have attended several meetings where the speakers would call us to arms and to all kinds of weapons, so that when the time came we could secure our rights. It was urged that we should be prepared to fight any one who would obstruct us or oppose our ideas. A meeting was held at Neff's Hall on or about last February. A man who lives on the West Side, on Milwaukee Avenue, and who keeps a toy store—I do not know his name—was there. He was accompanied by a young lady. Now that you show me this picture [Engel's] I will say he is the man, and he made a speech at that meeting. He told us to prepare ourselves, and if we were too poor and could not afford to buy arms, he could tell us about a weapon that was cheaper and better in its effect than arms. He then spoke of dynamite, but in his speech he always called it 'stuff.' He explained how to make dynamite bombs. He said: 'Take a gas-pipe, cut it in the length of six inches, put a woden plug in one end, fill it with dynamite, then plug the other end,

and drill a small hole through one of the plugs. In this hole put a cap and fuse.' Then the bomb was complete. He also told us of a place on the West Side, near a bridge, where we could go and steal all the pipe we wanted. We could then buy the 'stuff' and make the bombs ourselves. I bought seven or eight bombs some time ago from a man named Nusser or Nuffer, at 54 West Lake Street. The man used to work for Greif. I paid him twenty-five cents apiece for them. They were dynamite bombs, and I purchased them at night. I had a little book that told all about making and using dynamite bombs. I know something about the armed group. They are not known by their names. They are known by numbers, so that the police cannot find them out in case they have done anything wrong. There never would be any more than three in a job — that is, if there were any persons to be killed. Number one would find the second man, and this second man would find the third. No questions would be asked. The first man and the third man are not supposed to know each other. The first and third would know the middle man, but in case of trouble, and should there be a 'squeal,' only two parties could be given away, leaving one to get away and save himself. I have tried some of the dynamite bombs I had, and they worked splendidly. I also have a big navy revolver. Everything attempted hereafter will be done according to the instructions given in a book printed by Herr Most, of New York. Those long gas-pipe shells I see before me are like one that was shown me at Neff's Hall last winter. A man named Rau had it there and showed it to the boys. I am five years in America, and have always been a Socialist. On Wednesday morning, May 5, when I heard that there had been a bad blunder committed by our boys at the Haymarket, and read an article in the *Freie Presse* condemning us, I got very mad. I took my five dynamite bombs and started out to get revenge. My first intention was to blow up the North Side Post-office. The next place I decided to go to was the *Freie Presse* office to blow them up. If I found I was in danger of being captured, I made up my mind to kill myself right there and then. Lingg wanted me to cut a hole in the wall in his room to put away a lot of dynamite bombs and dynamite, but Mrs. Seliger would not let me do so. A man named Bodendick, a good Anarchist, was well known by August Spies, and considered a rank conspirator. This is the man that went to Justice White's house and demanded \$25, threatening that if he did not get it he would blow up his house. White had him arrested and locked up in jail, and for this reason Spies did not want the man known as an Anarchist, but simply as a crazy man. The Socialists or Anarchists do not care much for Spies or Schwab, but we have kept them and looked upon them as a necessary evil. I know a man named Pollinger, a saloon-keeper. He was an agent here at one time to sell arms, but he did not run things right. He was crooked. The understanding we had was that, in case of a riot or revolution, every man should use his own judgment and do as he pleased, that is to say, commit murder, shoot people, burn buildings or do that for which he was best fitted, so long as it was in the interest of the Anarchistic society. The main idea inculcated in the little paper called the *Freiheit*, which I have read, is that no rights could be secured until capitalists were killed and houses were laid in ashes. If we would not take a chance on our lives, we would be slaves always. I know positively of fifty men, radical Anarchists, who stand ready to commit murder and to destroy the city by fire whenever they are called on. I know Lingg well. He is a Socialist and an Anar-

chist and a very radical revolutionist. I heard him speak at 58 Clybourn Avenue, and formed my opinion of him. He told me that Seliger was a coward. He called me a coward the morning I helped Mrs. Seliger to get the guns out of the house. That morning I was in Lingg's room when Mrs. Seliger brought in a lot of lead and said to Lingg: 'Here is your lead.' Lingg then got mad at her and said: 'You are crazy.' He became very much excited, wrapped up his gun, got ready to move, and wanted me to conceal his dynamite bombs in the hall. Mrs. Seliger would not let him do so. Then Lingg was going to carry his bombs out of the house. He finally got into quite a quarrel with her and started out to get a wagon to carry away all his things. I told him to hurry up and get all his dynamite stuff away, also the printed literature he had, as there was danger that the police would be around to search the house. He looked at me and called



WILLIAM SELIGER
From a Photograph.



MRS. WILLIAM SELIGER.
From a Photograph.

me 'a d—d fool and coward.' Then Lingg asked me to go to the West Side with him, as there was to be a meeting at 71 West Lake Street. Lingg saw my dynamite bombs. I had told him of them. I saw two round lead bombs in his room. I had them in my hands. Lingg told me to be careful and not let them drop, as they were loaded and might go off. They were dangerous, he said. I also saw four gas-pipe bombs in his room. Some of them were not finished. I remember now that Seliger, the Hermanns and Hubner were at the meeting in Neff's Hall last winter when Engel urged all men who had revolutionary ideas to pay attention and he would explain how to make dynamite bombs. I am glad I am arrested. I now can realize how near I was to ruin through those d—d fellows making revolutionary speeches and exciting the people to commit murder. The books given out by Herr Most are doing more harm among those men than

chist and a very radical revolutionist. I heard him speak at 58 Clybourn Avenue, and formed my opinion of him. He told me that Seliger was a coward. He called me a coward the morning I helped Mrs. Seliger to get the guns out of the house. That morning I was in Lingg's room when Mrs. Seliger brought in a lot of lead and said to Lingg: 'Here is your lead.' Lingg then got mad at her and said: 'You are crazy.' He became very much excited, wrapped up his gun, got ready to move, and wanted me to conceal his dynamite bombs in the hall. Mrs. Seliger would not let him do so. Then Lingg was going to carry his bombs out of the house. He finally got into quite a quarrel with her and started out to get a wagon to carry away all his things. I told him to hurry up and get all his dynamite stuff away, also the printed literature he had, as there was danger that the police would be around to search the house. He looked at me and called



WILLIAM SELIGER
From a Photograph.



MRS. WILLIAM SELIGER.
From a Photograph.

me 'a d—d fool and coward.' Then Lingg asked me to go to the West Side with him, as there was to be a meeting at 71 West Lake Street. Lingg saw my dynamite bombs. I had told him of them. I saw two round lead bombs in his room. I had them in my hands. Lingg told me to be careful and not let them drop, as they were loaded and might go off. They were dangerous, he said. I also saw four gas-pipe bombs in his room. Some of them were not finished. I remember now that Seliger, the Hermanns and Hubner were at the meeting in Neff's Hall last winter when Engel urged all men who had revolutionary ideas to pay attention and he would explain how to make dynamite bombs. I am glad I am arrested. I now can realize how near I was to ruin through those d—d fellows making revolutionary speeches and exciting the people to commit murder. The books given out by Herr Most are doing more harm among those men than

any one can imagine. I have given you facts, and they are true, every one of them. I will swear to them."

THE next arrest was that of William Seliger. When the police had learned that Seliger's residence had been used as a bomb factory, they wanted him. He was a man about forty-five years of age, a carpenter by occupation, a good mechanic, very quiet and sober, but one of the most rabid of Anarchists. He had filled various positions in the "groups," and always manifested a deep interest in their meetings. He was popular with his comrades and trusted with all their secrets. He lived at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, in a rear building up-stairs. This was a two-story frame dwelling, and a great resort for Socialists and Anarchists. Officer Whalen had searched the house, finding it a regular dynamite magazine, and, locating his man, telephoned to me that Seliger was working at Meyer's mill on the North Pier. Officer Stift and Lieut. Larsen were at once detailed, in charge of a patrol wagon, to effect the arrest, and soon the man was produced at the station—May 7. When I confronted him he stubbornly refused, according to the instructions in Most's book, to answer questions, but when he discovered the evidence I had against him, he broke down and said:

"Captain, I will tell you all, but for Heaven's sake do not arrest my poor wife. I am to blame for all you found in my house, because I kept that man Lingg in my house against her will—the poor woman! Hang me, but do not trouble her, for she is innocent, and God is her witness."

Seliger then unbosomed himself, telling of all his connection with the Anarchists since his location in Chicago, and giving valuable information on all the "groups," their leaders, their places of meeting, their purposes, their mode of operations, the character of the speeches made at meetings, and the manufacture of bombs at his house, giving the names of all calling or taking part in their manufacture. He gave the most important points the State had to work on, and every detail he furnished was fully corroborated by other parties subsequently arrested. He was in the confidence of Lingg, and was also a *particeps criminis* in the manufacture of the bombs, and gave, therefore, no hearsay statements. What was found in his house and the character of his information are fully shown in his testimony, given in a later chapter, as well as that of the officers during the memorable trial.

After telling what he knew, Seliger was released, on the 28th of May, with instructions to report every day at the Chicago Avenue Station.

Mrs. Seliger was also arrested. She was a small woman about 38 years of age. She was found at No. 32 Sigel Street on the morning of May 10. She readily consented to accompany Officer Schuettler to the station. Mrs. Seliger showed plainly that she had not been in sympathy with her husband in his revolutionary ideas, and proved a prompt and willing witness, demon-

strating before she got through that she had done incalculable service to the people of the city.

It was in her house that Lingg made his bombs, and when I questioned her she gave me a great deal of information concerning the man and his methods. All the statements she made and her testimony in court did not vary in the slightest details, even under the most rigid cross-examination. She was found to be a very industrious woman, a neat housekeeper, and she was highly esteemed by all her neighbors. She related how she had lived in misery ever since her husband began to take an active part in the Anarchist meetings, and she stated that after Lingg came to live in the house she had not seen a pleasant hour. She had often remonstrated with her husband and pleaded with him not to attend the meetings, or read any of the Anarchist papers, but to remain at home with her.

Seliger was so completely carried away by the doctrines of Johann Most, Spies and the others that he refused to listen to his wife. The moment he got into trouble, however, he became very penitent and readily accepted her advice in everything.

Mrs. Seliger's experience on the 4th day of May, when she witnessed the preparation of the bombs, she described as terrible. There she was forced to remain all day, she said, seeing eight men working on the murderous weapons, some making one kind of bombs, some another, others fitting them and loading them with dynamite, and others again putting on the caps and fuse. Throughout the whole operation she was obliged to listen to their bloodthirsty conversation, how they would blow up the police stations, patrol wagons and fire-engine houses, kill all the militia, hurl bombs into private residences, and murder every one who opposed them.

Mrs. Seliger viewed affairs differently and told the conspirators that there were more chains than mad dogs. Another thing they overlooked, she said, was their own families, and should they carry all their threats into execution their families would be made to suffer to the end of their days in misery and want. Remonstrances, however, were useless.

They worked until dark, and then they separated to meet in the evening at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. Her husband and Lingg ate supper, and then the two put a lot of the bombs into a satchel and started for the designated place. Lingg carried the satchel down stairs and was followed by Seliger.

This was a trying moment, but Mrs. Seliger proved equal to the emergency. Just as Seliger reached the third step, she grasped his arm, threw her arms about his neck, and, like a loving, devoted wife, asked him for God's sake not to become a murderer.

"If you ever loved me and ever listened to me when I spoke," she whispered fervently into his ear, "I want you to listen to me now. I don't ask you to stay at home, but I want you to go with that villain and see that he does not hurt any one. Restrain him from carrying out his murderous



A NOBLE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. A KISS THAT PREVENTED BLOODSHED.



A NOBLE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. A KISS THAT PREVENTED BLOODSHED.

ideas. If you do this, I will creep on my knees after you and will be your slave all my life."

These tender words touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of Seliger, and he promised to do as she had requested, while she sealed the promise with a loving kiss. As subsequent events and his testimony in court proved, he faithfully carried out that promise, and by that injunction of his wife and that fervid kiss of a true woman, hundreds of lives and millions of property were saved.

From the time they left the house until their return, Seliger never left for a moment the side of Lingg. During the evening Lingg was continually prompted by his own treacherous heart to throw bombs, now at a passing patrol wagon, then at some residence or into a police station, and invariably Seliger had some handy reason to proffer why such an attempt would be inopportune at the moment. Lingg finally became suspicious and upbraided Seliger for being a coward. The night passed, and the only harm Lingg did was indirectly in the explosion of one of his bombs at the Haymarket, to the prospective happening of which he frequently alluded during the evening.

It is my deliberate opinion that, had it not been for this intervention of Mrs. Seliger, hundreds of people would have been killed, and probably one-half of the North Side destroyed, that eventful night.

After giving considerable information to the police Mrs. Seliger was released, but kept under strict surveillance.

Seliger faithfully carried out his instructions to report at the station daily for two weeks, and then he suddenly disappeared. Officer Schuettler was detailed to visit his home to ascertain the cause, and was there informed that Seliger had mysteriously left.

"Why," inquired Mrs. Seliger, "don't you know where he is; did you not arrest him again?"

On being answered in the negative, she stated that it had been her intention to call on me that afternoon with a view to finding out something about her husband.

It looked like a case of concealment, and Mrs. Seliger was therefore taken to the Larrabee Street Station. She immediately desired to see me, and, when I called, she informed me that three days before her husband had said: "I am going away. Don't ask me any questions. You will hear from me later," and then bade her good-by.

She was under the impression that since leaving her he had been at the Chicago Avenue Station. I thought it a ruse and subjected her to a severe examination. I asked her who had been to see them and whether they had not received money from certain lawyers or others. But Mrs. Seliger could tell no different story from that she had already given, and she finally volunteered the guess that possibly her husband had been frightened away.

"If you will only allow me to go," she earnestly pleaded, "I will neither eat, drink, or sleep until I find him."

I was now satisfied that she was in earnest, and, having confidence in her, ordered her release. But from that moment she was watched night and day more closely than ever. It was found that she visited many houses in various parts of the city, and when these places were immediately afterwards called upon by the detectives it was ascertained that she had invariably inquired for her husband and urged those who knew him to tell him to come home if they should happen to meet him; that she was weary of life, and if he remained away much longer she would not be responsible for any act of hers on her own life.

After several days' ineffective search, Mrs. Seliger received a letter from her husband asking her to call and see him. She hastened at once, with a throbbing heart and a light tread, to my office. I asked her if she would work under my instructions, and she promptly consented to do everything in her power to help the police. I had come to the conclusion that it would be no easy matter to find the slippery Seliger, but that, if he was not discovered that day, we might at least get on his track.

Mrs. Seliger was accordingly told to wait in the office a few minutes. Two men were sent for, men whom the woman would not know. I instructed them to slip through a side door and get a good view of her while unobserved. A carriage was then ordered, and the driver directed to take the woman to whatever place she might desire, and remain with her even all day and all night, if required. Mrs. Seliger stepped into the carriage, and the horses were soon in a sharp trot. But the conveyance was not alone. No sooner had it started than the two men I have spoken of jumped into a buggy and followed the carriage south, keeping it in good view all the time.

The first stop made was at a place on West Thirteenth Street. There Mrs. Seliger had to identify herself first, and thence she was directed to a place some four blocks away. Arriving there, she was sent on to Sixteenth Street, and again sent to Twelfth Street, near the limits. She was here subjected to a great many questions, and after she had fully proven her identity she was taken to the next house and led into a dark bed-room, where she found her husband. She remained there about three hours, and then, under direction of her husband's friends, was told to drive to several other places in order to throw any detectives that might be watching off the scent. She did so, but the two men had kept a close watch and were not to be baffled.

When the carriage had started for home, one of the officers returned to the place where she had tarried so long. He represented to the occupants that he was working for Salomon & Zeisler, attorneys for the imprisoned conspirators, to whom Seliger had written a letter, and that in accordance with the request they had decided to protect him and his friends.

"Seliger," said the officer, "is here, and I want to talk with him."

The occupants admitted that he had been there and had had a talk with his wife, but that he was at the time on his way home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Seliger called at the station the next afternoon (June 8). Both entered smiling, but it was quite apparent that Seliger was very nervous.

"Captain," said Mrs. Seliger, "we are both here."

"Yes, madam," I replied; "I am glad you are both here — on your own account."

"Captain," again spoke Mrs. Seliger, "I want my husband to testify in court against that villain Lingg. He ruined my home. He is the cause of the slaughter of all these people. He is the cause of the sufferings of the women and children whose husbands and fathers attended the Anarchist meetings. Now, Captain, you see I have been faithful to my promises. I have done as I agreed. You have my husband; he is in your power. You can do with him as you please, but for God's sake spare his life."

Mrs. Seliger had scarcely finished her appeal when she swooned away. She had for days been wrought up with intense excitement and haunted with terrible forebodings. The climax was reached when she had executed her commission, and, trying as had been the situation for nights and days, she had courageously borne up in order that she might atone the wrongs her husband had committed despite her most earnest entreaties, and to help in some way to extricate him, who had so cruelly wronged her, from the meshes into which he had madly and ignorantly rushed. Her keen judgment and innate sense of right had swept aside every consideration of the apparent security his concealment might have given him, and her whole soul was centered in his delivery to the authorities that he might not eventually be found and sent to an ignominious death on the gallows. That was her hope, and, much as she longed for his safety, she had bent her whole energies to seeing him brought out of concealment and placed where there might at least be a chance for his life. The struggle had been intense, and it culminated when she so pathetically asked that her husband's life might be spared. Her emotions then were at their highest tension, and as she recognized the fact that he was now at the complete mercy of the law, from which he had sought to escape, she could bear up no longer.

A physician was immediately sent for, and after applying restoratives it was found she was quite a sick woman. A carriage was summoned, and she was sent home.

Seliger was detained at the station until after the trial of the conspirators. Mrs. Seliger was a frequent caller after that trying day, and remained with him much of the time, cheering him and seeking in every way to lighten his burden, like a true, devoted and loving wife. In a subsequent conversation the circumstances in connection with her visit to her husband

at his place of concealment were learned. It appears that at first he emphatically declined to accompany her, and then gave his reasons. One day, while on his way to report at the station, he was met, he said, by a stranger, and threatened that if he ever went near the station again, or sent word verbally or by note or letter to me, both he and his wife would be murdered in cold blood. The threat made a marked impression on his mind. He returned home, but made no mention of it to Mrs. Seliger. He knew, he said, that the threat was meant, and, thinking to save his wife, he concluded to act on the warning and place himself in concealment without her knowledge. He left, as already stated, and decided to keep under cover to await results.

He called first at the house of a widow named Bertha Neubarth, No. 1109 Nelson Street, Lake View. This was a small cottage, with a basement used as a tailor-shop, and, thinking it a secure place, he remained there a few days. Then he went to the house of a friend, named Gustav Belz, who lived near McCormick's factory, and remained there several days. His next move was to a house on West Twelfth Street, near the city limits, and there he remained until discovered by his wife. The letter he had sent to her was mailed by a trusted friend named Malinwitz, and the purpose he had in sending it was to ascertain if matters had changed any and if I was angry over his sudden departure. On meeting his wife, the first question he asked was as to whether the police had been watching their house, and, on being answered in the affirmative, and informed that she had even been locked up again, he asked for particulars and the cause for her release.

"Capt. Schaack," she said, "let me out in order to bring you back."

"I often felt sorry," answered the husband, "for going away, but I will never go back."

His wife insisted that he must go back, and said:

"I told the Captain that I would come and see you. The Captain said that he would give you six hours to return, and that if you did not report to his office within that time, he would surely find you and prosecute you for murder. Your chances for hanging, he said, were very good, and you need look for no mercy at his hands. He also said that he had your picture ready, to send out for your arrest on sight, and that it would be useless for you to hide or run away. I saw the picture myself, and the Captain intends to publish a large reward for your arrest."

"I believe all you say," said Seliger, struggling with his feelings, "but what would you prefer, seeing me shot or killed by assassins, or hung by law?"

"All these cowards making threats," replied the wife, "will be arrested. The station-houses on the North Side are now full of the murderers. I know the Captain will take care of us, and, if you are arrested, you will

have no one to help you or do anything for you; then you are sure to hang. You had better come with me to Captain Schaack."

He consented, and she sent word that they would be at the station the next day. Seliger gave himself up, and Mrs. Seliger redeemed her promise. The sacrifice, in view of the uncertainties of the time, seemed great, but had it not been for the honesty and persistency of that true woman, Seliger to-day would lie in an unhonored grave. Both proved strong witnesses at the trial, and shortly after his release they left the city. Reports from them show that he has been cured of Johann Most's crazy notions. He now denounces Anarchy both in America and Germany, in which latter country he and his wife were born. He has applied himself to legitimate pursuits as a law-abiding citizen, and is prospering.

Seliger, during his interview with me, recounted his connection with the Anarchists as follows:

"About three years ago I noticed an article in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* that the North Side group would give lessons to all who desired, in the English language. I went to Neff's Hall and I was there told that the school was only for members, and that, if I wanted to join, I could do so. I did, and a year afterwards I was elected financial secretary. In looking over the books, I found that the group had 206 members, the most of them being in arrears, but no one ceased to be a member on account of it. I found also that there was a great deal of wrangling and trouble among the members. One faction claimed to be revolutionary, as they were at war with capital. This contention drew the lines pretty sharply, and the Socialistic movement commenced to take a sharp character. Stellmacher, I believe, was executed in Vienna. It was on Monday, if I am not mistaken, in the month of August, 1884. My group decided to commemorate the event and glorify the man. They had posters printed, and about twenty men went to work to post them, especially in the vicinity of the churches. From that day they began talking force and dynamite. At every meeting, Stellmacher's name was mentioned and his deeds glorified. Some held that Stellmacher was simply a burglar and murderer, having burglarized the premises of Banker Eifert at Vienna and killed one of his children. Rau and Lange were always quarreling over this question. Lange maintained that it was a shame that any Socialist, Communist or Anarchist should burglarize and murder under a pretext of getting money for the cause. Every member, he said, could get enough money in an honest way to swell the fund for agitation and the destruction of capital. Lange said that he was not opposed to the killing of capitalists in the right way, but he did not want to see children killed. Rau would uphold a contrary view. He held that it was all the same, capitalist or child, and said that the children of the rich would grow up only to learn how to enrich themselves at the expense of the working people. Schnaubelt favored murder and thought that it would be best for the Anarchists to form into groups of four or five with a view to killing any one who would work against the laboring people's agitation. One or two suddenly removed would not arouse suspicion.

"A cigar-maker named Hoffman became a member of the North Side group, and he was never satisfied with the rules, as he regarded them too lenient. He wanted the whole International Working People's Association

made an armed body, but Schwab and Hermann opposed it, as they said that the *Lehr und Wehr Verein* filled that part of the bill. Hoffman subsequently withdrew from the group and the military organization. He as well as Polling and Hermann wanted the Anarchists to give a commemorative entertainment on the anniversary of the Paris Commune, in March, 1885, and of the clubbing of the working people of Philadelphia by the police. His idea was that rifles should be discharged, and then a woman personating the goddess of liberty should throw a chain away from her body. In this way the three men believed that the agitation for securing arms could be greatly helped. The committee for the celebration of the Commune opposed this plan, especially Neebe and Rau. Neebe held that the celebration of the Commune as generally planned by the committee was for the express purpose of making money to help agitation, and the other features were not necessary. Hoffman endeavored to carry through his plan, but he was knocked out. After some further wrangling he left the group and permanently kept away. At another meeting Rau said that he desired to bring dynamite into the meetings and show how it was manufactured, but no definite action was taken.

"At the beginning of last year [1885], a man named Deters declared that he was an Anarchist and was very loud in his declarations, but he was afterwards expelled for stealing tickets from the Central Labor Union. Poch always claimed to be a Communist, and he became unpopular on account of a dereliction. Haker was also a Communist, but he was expelled on account of being in arrears \$3 as a member of the Southwest group. Then Lingg became a member, and from that time served as president of that group. He was always in hot words with a man named Hartwig. During the beginning of April we got quite a number of new members, and they all became strong agitators in the cause. I knew as members of the armed sections Schlomeker, a carpenter; Stahlbaum, a carpenter, lieutenant of the first company; Petschke, secretary of the same company; Kitgus; the Riemer brothers, one a carpenter and the other a painter; Ted, a carpenter; Rau, Bak, Hirschberger, the Hermann brothers, all members of the *Lehr und Wehr Verein*; the Hageman brothers; the Lehman brothers; Messenbrink, a carpenter; Stak, a tinsmith; Lauke, Feltes and Kraemer, all carpenters, and Siebach and Niendorf, carpenters, living in Lake View. With these two exceptions and those of Lenhard and Krueger, who belonged to the Northwest group, all I have mentioned lived on the North Side. There were also Classner and Sisterer, who belonged to the Southwest group. I know a great many others who belonged to the armed forces, but I don't recall their names. They all carried revolvers. All I knew about bombs at that time was what I heard Lingg say, that the Northwest group and the Southwest groups and the Bohemians were well supplied with them. Among the Bohemian Socialists I only know Mikolanda and Hrusha and three more whose names I can't remember.

"At a meeting last winter [1885] of the North Side group, Neebe stated that it was time that every comrade should supply himself with arms and should lay bombs under his pillow at night and sleep over them. Every one should practice so as to know how to handle them when necessary. Every workingman, he said, who is down on capitalists, should kill every one of them, and they should not neglect the police and the militia, because they were hired and supported by the capitalists. He said that he himself would kill one of these loafers and would not turn an eye on him. One in

the audience, a barber, whose name I don't know, said that there were some among the militia and the police who would join them in case of an uprising and cited as an instance that during the riots of 1877 he had spoken to some of them and they had told him that they would not shoot at the strikers. Neebe declared that it was all the same. 'A man employed by the capitalists,' he said, 'is my enemy, even though he is my brother.' In case of an uprising, he said, every revolutionist should use force on every corner and on the sidewalks, and should throw dynamite wherever these loafers stood or walked.

"The casting of one bomb Lingg had was made of sheet-iron, and the man who manufactured it was shown to me at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Then Lingg had another casting made out of iron, which he had made at some iron foundry. I saw him have dynamite twice in a cigar-box. Before this he said to me that he had seen Spies at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and that Spies had told him that he would give him dynamite. This was about two months before the 4th of May. Friday preceding that day Lingg received a box, 1 x 2½ feet in dimensions, from the West Side, at the hands of a man whom I took to be a Bohemian. Lingg always liked the Bohemians. With a view to learning this man's address I walked over to the West Side, and I found that he had moved to No. 661 Blue Island Avenue. One evening two others came to see Haker, and Haker told them, as I entered, that I was Seliger. One of them I knew, his name being Kaiser, a carpenter, and the other was a strongly built man of medium height and bow-legged. They were a little embarrassed and said that they did not know what to say under the circumstances. I asked them if they had bombs, and Haker spoke up and said that he would not say anything about it, even to his brother, as he expected a search would be made of his house. But he said they would find nothing, and the other two confirmed his story. It was stated that every one should buy a book, which could be had at cost price, giving directions about the manufacture of dynamite, which could also be purchased very cheap. The North Side group bought one of these books. I was so informed by Thielen, who had seen it.

"A short time after this I was elected a member of the central committee, with four other delegates from the North Side group, who were Neebe, Rau, Hermann and Hubner, and as long as I was a member Neebe and Rau were continued as delegates to that committee. Spies was at the head of it. I attended seven of its meetings, and at one of our sessions, during the West Side street-car drivers' strike, Spies said that we should take part in that strike. In case the strikers should resort to force against the company and the policemen who protected it, Spies said that he had a few bombs on hand, and he would distribute some of them to people whom he knew. At the same meeting it was proposed that a meeting should be held on the lake front the following Sunday, but there was some opposition to it. Spies, however, declared that the meeting should be held and that every one should be present, well armed. Then, in case the police should interfere to disperse the gathering, they should send them home with bloody heads. The meeting was held, but there was no interference. Spies also proposed that meetings of the committee should be held every evening at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office during the strike, to hear grievances, and that, whenever necessary, special meetings should be held of the various groups. The leaders in the committee were Spies, Rau, Neebe, Hermann, a man named Walter, of the American group, and a small man from the Northwest

group with an illuminated nose, who was a very intimate friend of Spies. This man was the founder of the Freiheit group.

"Just preceding this car strike, Haker, who belonged to Carpenters' Union No. 1, was a strong advocate of the use of dynamite. At one meeting he told some of the members to wait till after adjournment, as he explained that he desired to show them something very interesting. They remained, and he produced a ball of clay, having two parts joined together and a cavity in the center. He told them that he manufactured them, and if any one desired any they could get them from him at a dollar each. I then left.

"Subsequently I called upon Secretary Lotz and asked for the book of membership of the North Side group. I found that Charles Bock was its financial secretary; Hubner, librarian; and Rau, delegate to the central committee, which position he held almost continuously. Abraham Hermann was also a delegate and agent for the sale of arms to the whole organization. The principal speakers at our meetings were Schwab, Feltes or Veltes, Neebe, Grottkau and (while living in the city) Kraemer. During 1885 an Austrian, whose name I don't remember, spoke very often, but he is now at the Jefferson Insane Asylum. Fischer is one of the founders of the North Side group and always spoke most strongly in favor of Anarchy. Rau, an employé of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, Lingg, Schnaubelt and Emil Hoffman, the cigar-maker, also spoke frequently. Hoffman claimed that he was a great friend of Most and one of the founders of *Freiheit* of London. He had lived in London several years and was an active member until he left our organization, as I have already stated. Hermann would sometimes take the places of speakers who might happen to be absent from some of the meetings. Hirschberger, of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and Menz, a carpenter, born in America, generally participated in some of the discussions.

"A man named Kiesling was a member, and after my liberation from the station I was informed by Haker, Kaiser and another man that he had helped a member to escape arrest. Commes, or Commens, had shot and wounded two Jews, and Kiesling was delegated to take him in an express wagon to Lake View, where he turned him over to some members of the Southwest Side group, who then assisted him in effecting his escape."

Seliger then gave a number of names of members who belonged to the groups he was most familiar with, as follows:

"*North Side Group*.— Asher, a mason; Turban, carpenter; Huber, carpenter; Heuman, railroad laborer; Stak, cornice-maker; Reuter; Habitzreiter, of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*; Kasbe, shoemaker; Menge, carrier of *Arbeiter-Zeitung*; Hoelscher, carrier of same paper; Jebolinski, carpenter; Behrens, shoemaker. Members no longer with group: Wichman, a saloon-keeper, expelled from Berlin, Germany; Ammer, bookbinder; the Thiesen brothers, one a shoemaker and the other a carpenter, and Polling.

"*Northwest Side Group*.— Blume, carpenter; Elias, carpenter; Fischer, Engel, Lehnhard, Breitenfeld. Blume and Elias left because they were quarreling all the time with Fischer, and they founded the Karl Marx group.

"*Southwest Side Group*.— Scholz; Fehling, cigarmaker; Kaiser, carpenter; Haker, carpenter; Schoening."

THE next arrest was that of JOHN THIELEN. Thielen was a man about 37 year of age, born near the city of Coblenz, Germany, a carpenter by occupation, and a rabid "red," living in Chicago at No. 509 North Halsted Street. He had been an Anarchist in the old country, and there had divided his time between talking up the social revolution and running a small grocery store, until business had got so dull that he was obliged to sell out. He then fell back upon his trade for a living. Much as it went against his grain to labor, he had no alternative except to starve. It occurred to him that the stronger a Socialist he became the less hard work he would have to do, and he accordingly availed himself of every opportunity to talk on his pet hobby. At last the officials of Emperor William got after him, and, packing up a few things, he emigrated to America, reaching Chicago about five years before his arrest. He had been here only a short time when he learned that there were a number of men in the city who talked to working-



JOHN THIELEN.
From a Photograph.

men about the shortest way to get rich without work, how to have a good time playing cards, drinking beer, attending picnics and balls, wearing good clothes, and smoking good cigars. This struck Thielen's fancy, and he concluded that at last he had found the place he had longed for during many years. He decided to identify himself with these men, and accordingly made haste to attend all their meetings. It was not long before he proved himself as good an Anarchist as the rest of the leaders. His wife also had become imbued with his doctrines, and had grown indeed more positive than her husband.

They had a son, 15 years of age, a tall, slim fellow. Nothing would satisfy the mother except his induction into the order. After the stripling had become a member, she was still unsatisfied; he must join the Sharpshooters. This the boy did, and thus he fell in with the most rabid of the Anarchists—into the very crowd that gathered in secret session at 63 Emma Street on Sunday, May 2, at ten o'clock in the morning, to hear Engel unfold his murderous plan.

The youth was a close listener and an ardent admirer of the leaders. He also attended the Haymarket meeting, and went there for a purpose. It appears that the order had established, in furtherance of this conspiracy, a line of runners, composed of all the young men who were swift and light of foot, the object being to furnish means of rapid communication between a "commander" and his men. For instance, in the execution of Engel's plan, a number of Anarchists had gone to Wicker Park, some to Humboldt Park, and others to Garfield Park, on the evening of May 4. Their instruc-

THE next arrest was that of JOHN THIELEN. Thielen was a man about 37 year of age, born near the city of Coblenz, Germany, a carpenter by occupation, and a rabid "red," living in Chicago at No. 509 North Halsted Street. He had been an Anarchist in the old country, and there had divided his time between talking up the social revolution and running a small grocery store, until business had got so dull that he was obliged to sell out. He then fell back upon his trade for a living. Much as it went against his grain to labor, he had no alternative except to starve. It occurred to him that the stronger a Socialist he became the less hard work he would have to do, and he accordingly availed himself of every opportunity to talk on his pet hobby. At last the officials of Emperor William got after him, and, packing up a few things, he emigrated to America, reaching Chicago about five years before his arrest. He had been here only a short time when he learned that there were a number of men in the city who talked to working-



JOHN THIELEN.
From a Photograph.

men about the shortest way to get rich without work, how to have a good time playing cards, drinking beer, attending picnics and balls, wearing good clothes, and smoking good cigars. This struck Thielen's fancy, and he concluded that at last he had found the place he had longed for during many years. He decided to identify himself with these men, and accordingly made haste to attend all their meetings. It was not long before he proved himself as good an Anarchist as the rest of the leaders. His wife also had become imbued with his doctrines, and had grown indeed more positive than her husband.

They had a son, 15 years of age, a tall, slim fellow. Nothing would satisfy the mother except his induction into the order. After the stripling had become a member, she was still unsatisfied; he must join the Sharpshooters. This the boy did, and thus he fell in with the most rabid of the Anarchists—into the very crowd that gathered in secret session at 63 Emma Street on Sunday, May 2, at ten o'clock in the morning, to hear Engel unfold his murderous plan.

The youth was a close listener and an ardent admirer of the leaders. He also attended the Haymarket meeting, and went there for a purpose. It appears that the order had established, in furtherance of this conspiracy, a line of runners, composed of all the young men who were swift and light of foot, the object being to furnish means of rapid communication between a "commander" and his men. For instance, in the execution of Engel's plan, a number of Anarchists had gone to Wicker Park, some to Humboldt Park, and others to Garfield Park, on the evening of May 4. Their instruc-

tions were to stand ready to obey orders, and, on receipt of a signal, to advance into the city and shoot down all who opposed them. The "commander" attended the Haymarket meeting, accompanied by young Thielen, and it was his intention, the moment the proper signal was given, to despatch the boy on his mission. The boy was then to start on a keen run to a certain place, where he was to meet another runner; the second was to take the message to a third, and so on until the men posted at the parks were reached.

Fortunately, however, young Thielen missed his "commander" when the bomb fell and the shooting commenced at the Haymarket. The boy then lost his courage, like his superior, and applied his speed to getting home as fast as possible.

Young Thielen had been selected because of his supposed coolness. He had been a great favorite of Lingg's, and had been in that worthy's room on that very afternoon up to 7:30 in the evening. He had even helped to load dynamite bombs there. When the work had been completed, Lingg had distributed a lot of the dynamite left over to his friends present. Three boxes had been given to Thielen and the boy, and the "stuff" was subsequently found buried under their house, together with fire-arms and ammunition.

When trouble finally surrounded the Thielen household, the wife and mother showed true grit. On being shown the evidence of their complicity in a conspiracy, she neither flinched nor quivered.

"Our whole family are Anarchists," she defiantly remarked, "and what of it? Try your best, you can't scare me!"

The son was ordered by the officers to come with them to the station, and as they left the house Mrs. Thielen said to him:

"I want you to brace up and be firm, as you have been taught by your comrades. This is for a good cause. Bear it all like a man."

The boy was taken to the Larrabee Street Station and put under cross-fire. He was decidedly firm at first, but after he had become involved in a number of false statements and shown that the police knew a good deal about him, he looked at every officer in the station and asked:

"If I tell all I know and tell the truth, what will you do with me?"

He was informed that such a course would be the best for him and that it might afford him a chance to get out of his troubles. This satisfied the youth, and he gave a long and strong statement, which others subsequently corroborated. He then explained that he had been misled into reading all sorts of nonsense on Anarchy. He had eagerly studied all books on the question, and, being encouraged by his parents, had taken a deep interest in all the meetings. He worked whenever he could find employment, but at all times his mind was centered in the success of the cause.

He was detained at the station only a few days, and then released on a

were in halves and placed in Louis Lingg's trunk. If that trouble had not occurred at McCormick's factory that Monday, they would not have been finished yet, but after that trouble with the officers he completed them. That is, he loaded them with dynamite, ready to be used. I never knew of any one or heard of anybody who could make these bombs except Lingg. I had two of these gas-pipe bombs, loaded with dynamite. I got them from Lingg, and I threw them away as soon as I got them. There were only a few left of these long ones. There were seventeen pieces loaded at Seliger's house. Bonfield had better look out for himself, as these bombs are for the most part made for him, and he will get one yet. He was shooting the people during the West Side car strike and at McCormick's. I promised to give you the round bombs that I had, but, as I said, I threw them away and out of danger. I will tell you, before all these men, that these two iron shells now lying before me at this table I got from Lingg at his house, No. 442 Sedgwick Street, on May 4, 1886. He gave them to me, and I took them along home. They were loaded, and there was a fuse in each of them. This was Tuesday night, May 4, 8 o'clock. The very same night he also gave me those two cigar-boxes here now before me, filled with dynamite. He wanted me to take them and throw them in the alley. He said they were empty, but I saw that they were filled. They were too heavy to be empty. I took them home myself, together with my boy. We buried them under our house. The last time I saw any bombs was at Florus' place, where a search was made by the police. I would have given up those bombs to you to-night if you had not found them. In these boxes is finished dynamite ready to be used. I know Seliger had charge of selling arms. We paid \$7.00 for a revolver and \$10.00 for a gun. I saw Lingg and Seliger at Seliger's house, Tuesday, May 4, at about 8 p.m., and 9:30 p.m. I saw them together at Larrabee Street. There were twenty-two lead bombs that I saw in Lingg's room. They were made on a Sunday afternoon. Lingg, Seliger and myself made them. They had been cast about two weeks before Tuesday, May 4. I saw in a satchel in Lingg's room about fifteen pieces of these long iron shells, on Tuesday, May 4. There were also some round lead bombs, and they were all loaded. The time I was in Lingg's room, May 4, I saw one man take along with him, when he left, three round lead bombs loaded with dynamite, and Lingg gave those bombs to the man himself. I know the man, and I, John Thielen, will get them from that man and give them to you this evening. After what happened at the Haymarket on that Tuesday evening, May 4, you could not hear of any one having bombs in their possession. I should judge that two men more received from Lingg six round bombs loaded with dynamite. In Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, on the evening of May 3, at the meeting there, Lingg said to the people present that he would furnish the dynamite bombs if any one would throw them. I told him to throw the bombs himself. Then I said to Lingg that it would cost a man his life to throw them. Lingg replied that no man could see any one throw one of them. He said if necessary he would throw some. He also stated that if any one would come to him he would show him how to make bombs with dynamite. I saw Lingg and Seliger together at Thüringer Hall — Neff's place — 58 Clybourn Avenue, on the evening of May 4. Lingg had a satchel. The satchel was placed near a little passage-way leading to the 'gents' closet.' It was a gray canvas-covered satchel about two feet long, one foot wide and one and a half feet high. Seliger, Lingg

and myself went away together to Clybourn Avenue. We then went up on Larrabee Street, at 9:30 P.M. I left Lingg and Seliger at the corner of Clybourn Avenue and Larrabee Street. The satchel was brought by Lingg to Neff's Hall that night, and any one there could help himself to bombs. Lingg said to some people: 'There are bombs in that satchel, and now help yourselves.' These words were spoken in the saloon of Neff's place to a crowd of armed men."

The above confession was given on the 14th of May. On the next day Thielen was brought face to face with Lingg—with what results the next chapter will show. On the 16th of May Thielen supplemented his first statement with additional particulars. He said:

"On Tuesday, May 4, 1886, about 9:30 P.M., myself and old man Lehman were together on the corner of North Avenue and Larrabee Street, near the police station, and afterwards we went back to Neff's Hall. Three men came into the saloon and said that there had been a terrible explosion on the West Side at the Haymarket meeting and that a great many were killed and wounded; that Fielden had made a speech, and a radical one. The police came, and a shot was fired. Some one in the crowd said: 'Now, do not spare powder or lead.' A friend of mine got shot through the cheek. The man works for Mr. Christal, corner of Lake and State Streets, in a basement—a carpenter-shop. That man stated that he was there at the meeting, standing near the speaker, and about fifteen feet away from where the bomb was thrown. The understanding with us when we left Neff's Hall on that Tuesday night, May 4, was to make a racket that would call out the police. It was a failure because the West Side police did not come out any sooner to interfere with the meeting or the mob. The grudge we had was the score of the police shooting our men at McCormick's factory. We wanted revenge. The order came from the International armed men or the group. I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, May 3. I there saw a circular calling for revenge. I was at the meeting Monday night at Zepf's Hall, and there an order was given for the armed men to go to 54 West Lake Street, in the basement. The password to get into that meeting was 'Y komme.' I went there to the meeting. I found George Engel there, and he made a speech. The whole plan was then unfolded by Engel. He said that there would be a meeting held on Tuesday night, May 4, at the Haymarket, and that the North Siders should stay on the North Side, and there they should wait until it had started—meaning the riot on the West Side. Engel said that some of those who had arms should come to the meeting, and those who had no arms should stay away from the meeting at the Haymarket. At the meeting in the basement a man by the name of Waller was chairman. George Engel did the speaking. There were about fifty men present belonging to the armed sections. Engel explained that the plan would have to be worked in this way: As soon as they had commenced on the West Side, then they should commence on the South Side and the North Side. Engel stated that the signal would be a fire which would be set, and seen at Wicker Park, and by the noise of the shooting. That would be the signal for commencing, and they should all attack the police stations; should throw dynamite bombs into the stations, to either kill or keep the officers in the stations, and should shoot the horses on the patrol wagons to prevent the police from helping one another. Engel is the man who pro-

posed this plan. Engel is the only man that gave us any orders. And under the orders Engel gave us that night, May 3, in that basement, 54 West Lake Street, we started out May 4 on the North Side to do harm — that is, to shoot and kill anything that opposed us. The word 'Ruhe' in the 'Briefkasten' was adopted at our meeting May 3. It was to be used as a signal word. If it should appear the next day in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, then every man was to be ready with his arms or guns; that then the riot would commence, and they should watch for the signal. 'Right and fest' were passwords for the armed men should there be any fighting at McCormick's. With the signal they should all come out with their bombs and arms, no matter whether it happened in the day or in the night. They should attack the armed officers of the law and the State militia. All of us armed men thought at one time that the police would not fight us, because they were all married men, and if they should fight us they would not do it so very hard. The plan was to call out a meeting first and have no speakers there. The police would then come and drive us away. They then should fire on the police. There were a lot of armed people at the meeting, I know. But the police did not interfere, so they got speakers at the meeting. Finally the police came out, and the mob did what they had agreed to do. Afterwards fault was found, and they said the North Siders were cowards. When Spies and others were arrested, the armed men all said that, should anything happen to those men, there would be a riot. In reference to the report about the shooting of six of our men at McCormick's factory, I will say that what I saw and read in that circular calling for revenge made me mad at the officers. At that meeting Engel called on us to take revenge on the police officers, because they had killed six of our men. There were about seventy-five of us, so far as I know, on the North Side, to do the work on Tuesday night, May 4, and Lingg was mad because there were no more men coming after bombs. At Neff's Hall Tuesday night, May 4, we all looked to Lingg as a leader of the North Siders. I know of no one else who could make bombs. Some one found fault with Lingg at Neff's Hall on Tuesday night because he came so late with his bombs. Then Lingg asked why they had not come after the bombs. They all knew, he said, where he lived. Lingg was very angry. Schablinsky lives near me, and he got bombs from him. There were about nineteen men in the vicinity of the Chicago Avenue Station on the night of May 4, to attack the station when the police should come out on the wagons to answer a call from the West Side Haymarket. The men, seeing all this, lost their courage because the police, they said, passed them so quick, and then they said to one another, 'Why should we attack and lose our own lives for the sake of others?' When the wagon was gone, they saw lots of officers coming on foot to the station. Then the men went away. The North Siders, the armed men, were to meet in Neff's Hall May 4, in the afternoon. I was at Thalia Hall, Northwest Side, where the Lehr und Wehr Verein met, on Wednesday, May 5, in the forenoon. I saw Fischer, and he said Spies and others had been arrested. I always knew that Fischer was one of the leaders in this affair — the riot. Fischer said the riot was a failure. It was botched, and nothing could be done any more. On Tuesday afternoon there was a tall young fellow at Lingg's room about six o'clock. He had a smooth face and was about six feet tall. The tall man and Lingg were working at the bombs and dynamite. The tall man, I think, worked at Brunswick & Balke's factory."

The foregoing was read to Thielen and its correctness acknowledged before Mr. Furthmann, the officers and myself, and his signature is affixed to the margin of each sheet of the paper on which it is written. Thielen's stepson, William Schubert, confirmed the statement of his father with reference to the dynamite bombs and the cigar-boxes filled with dynamite, and added:

"I went under the house and dug a hole in the ground, and father and myself put those things in the hole and then covered them up."

ABOUT the time of Thielen's arrest Officers Hoffman and Schuettler ran across FRANZ LORENZ on North Avenue near Sedgwick Street, in the very stronghold of Anarchy, and as the man seemed to be suffering from an overdose of Anarchy and liquor, they took him to the station. This was on the 10th of May. He was a German, 48 years of age, and lived with a man named Jaeger, at No. 31 Burling Street. He did not seem to be known much in Socialist circles, and no one seemed specially interested in him. He was locked up at the Larrabee Street Station, and for four days he was as stupid as an owl. He would eat and drink very little, but managed to sleep every day. On the sixth day he was taken to the Chicago Avenue Station and remained there two days longer before he recovered his normal condition. When brought into the office, he told me that he had been drinking very hard, and, being asked for the reason, he said that he had attended many Anarchist meetings, had heard all the speeches and had learned that soon they would all have plenty of money. Whenever such assurances were given, it always, he said, made him feel so good that he would go and get one more drink. Between speeches and drinks, he said, he had come near dying. He assured me that if he was released he would go right to work and give Anarchy and all meetings a wide berth. On being questioned as to his acquaintances, he said he knew "all the boys"—the leading Anarchists—and had admired them warmly.

"I heard Lingg speak," said he, "and he is a good one. I tell you he is a radical."

"I suppose," said I, "you took two drinks on his speech?"

"Yes, I took more than that," replied Lorenz. "The last time I heard Lingg speak in Zepf's Hall, I went and got drunk. On May 4, I heard all the boys speak on the wagon at the Haymarket, but I did not stay there until it was over. I went into a saloon a block away from there and got drunk in no time, and when I woke up the next morning I was in bed in one of the cheap lodging-houses."

Not knowing anything definite, he was released by the State's Attorney, and he has not since been heard from. He has probably retired to some other city to renew his drunks at Anarchist headquarters on the free beer usually provided.

CHAPTER XIV.

Completing the Case — Looking for Lingg — The Bomb-maker's Birth —

Was he of Royal Blood? — A Romantic Family History — Lingg and his Mother — Captured Correspondence — A Desperate and Dangerous Character — Lingg Disappears — A Faint Trail Found — Looking for Express Wagon 1999 — The Number that Cost the Fugitive his Life — A Desperado at Bay — Schuettler's Death Grapple — Lingg in the Shackles — His Statement at the Station — The Transfer to the Jail — Lingg's Love for Children — The Identity of his Sweetheart — An Interview with Hubner — His Confession — The Meeting at Neff's Place

WITH the information already obtained we had managed to secure a pretty clear insight into the diabolical plots of the "revolutionary groups." It was apparent that Chicago had been regarded by Anarchists everywhere as the head center of Socialism in America, and that it had been decided that here should be the first test of strength in the establishment of the new social order. Any reasoning, sentient being ought to have seen the utter folly of such an undertaking in the very midst of millions of liberty-loving, law-abiding citizens, but these Anarchists, hypnotized as they were by the plausible sophisms and the inflammatory writings of unscrupulous men bent on notoriety, could view it in no other light than as a grand stride towards their goal. As boys are led astray by yellow-covered literature, these poor fools were crazed by Anarchistic vaporings. Day or night, sleeping or waking, the beauties of the new social order to be inaugurated by the revolution were continually before their minds.

It was clear that such people were capable of desperate deeds, and that it was not only necessary to bring to justice the instigators of the massacre, but to show their deluded followers the inevitable result of carrying out ideas repugnant to our free institutions and inconsistent with common sense and right.

With so many facts before us, we redoubled our efforts to capture every dangerous Anarchist leader in the city, and the next one to fall into the toils was no less a personage than the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg.

This notorious Anarchist came to Chicago when about twenty-one years of age. He had learned the carpenter's trade in Germany, and when not engaged in spreading Anarchy's doctrines, he pursued that calling to liquidate his board bills and personal expenses. He was a tall, lithe, well-built, handsome fellow, and, while not of a nervous disposition, his nature was so active and aggressive that he never appeared at rest. Sleeping or waking, Anarchy and the most effective methods of establishing it were uppermost in his thoughts. By reason of his very restlessness it was not difficult to trace him in Socialistic circles when on his tours of agitation, and it was noticeable, too, that he never remained at any one point for any regular

length of time. His make-up was a queer combination of nerve, energy and push. His mind seemed always weighted with some great burden. Perhaps there was a reason for this not alone in his radical beliefs, but in his blood and birth.

Louis Lingg was born in Schwetzingen, Germany, on the 9th day of September, 1864, and, while his childhood was spent pleasantly enough, a cloud gradually gathered which overshadowed his life and embittered him against society. His mother, at the age of eighteen or twenty, had worked as a servant, and, possessing a very handsome face, a shapely figure and attractive manners, had caught the eye of a Hessian soldier in the dragoons. This man was young, dashing and handsome, and mutual admiration soon ripened into undue intimacy.

One day the soldier left town on short notice — whether because of military orders or through his own inclination is not known. It is certain, however, that she never heard of him from that day, and that a son was born to her out of wedlock. That son was Louis Lingg. The name of that dragoon has never been made public, but it is believed with reason that Lingg was born of royal blood.

Several years after her escapade the mother wedded a lumber-worker named Link. Louis was then four years old. When young Lingg had arrived at the age of twelve, his foster-father, while engaged in his occupation of floating logs down the river Main, contracted heart disease, through over-exposure, and died. The widow was left in poor circumstances, and she was obliged to do washing and ironing in order to support herself and family, a daughter named Elise having been born since her marriage.

Louis, in the course of years, grew strong, robust and muscular. He had received a fair education, and, desiring to relieve his mother's burdens as much as possible, he learned the carpenter's trade under the tutelage of a man named Louis Wuermell in Mannheim. He remained there until May 13, 1879, and then, quitting his apprenticeship, proceeded to Kehl, on



LOUIS LINGG, THE BOMB-MAKER.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

length of time. His make-up was a queer combination of nerve, energy and push. His mind seemed always weighted with some great burden. Perhaps there was a reason for this not alone in his radical beliefs, but in his blood and birth.

Louis Lingg was born in Schwetzingen, Germany, on the 9th day of September, 1864, and, while his childhood was spent pleasantly enough, a cloud gradually gathered which overshadowed his life and embittered him against society. His mother, at the age of eighteen or twenty, had worked as a servant, and, possessing a very handsome face, a shapely figure and attractive manners, had caught the eye of a Hessian soldier in the dragoons. This man was young, dashing and handsome, and mutual admiration soon ripened into undue intimacy.

One day the soldier left town on short notice—whether because of military orders or through his own inclination is not known. It is certain, however, that she never heard of him from that day, and that a son was born to her out of wedlock. That son was Louis Lingg. The name of that dragoon has never been made public, but it is believed with reason that Lingg was born of royal blood.

Several years after her escapade the mother wedded a lumber-worker named Link. Louis was then four years old. When young Lingg had arrived at the age of twelve, his foster-father, while engaged in his occupation of floating logs down the river Main, contracted heart disease, through over-exposure, and died. The widow was left in poor circumstances, and she was obliged to do washing and ironing in order to support herself and family, a daughter named Elise having been born since her marriage.

Louis, in the course of years, grew strong, robust and muscular. He had received a fair education, and, desiring to relieve his mother's burdens as much as possible, he learned the carpenter's trade under the tutelage of a man named Louis Wuermell in Mannheim. He remained there until May 13, 1879, and then, quitting his apprenticeship, proceeded to Kehl, on

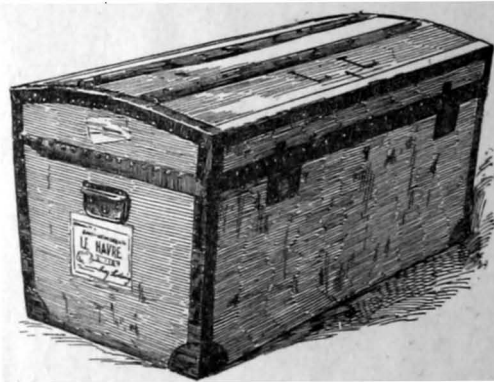


LOUIS LINGG, THE BOMB-MAKER.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

the Rhine. There he found employment with a man named Schmidt until the fall of 1882. He next went to Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where he worked for several contractors. At this place he began to change his employment frequently, and his mother, learning of it, wrote several letters, in which she advised him against such a course and admonished him to become a good man, to save his money and keep out of bad company, so that he might become useful to himself and to society and make her proud of him. But the son did not heed this motherly advice. He fell in with free-thinkers who were set against religion in particular and against society in general, and soon began reading and absorbing Socialistic literature. It was not long before he became an avowed Socialist, attending Socialistic meetings and eagerly listening to all the speeches.

Finally young Lingg grew weary of Baden and wandered to the republic



LINGG'S TRUNK.

From a Photograph.

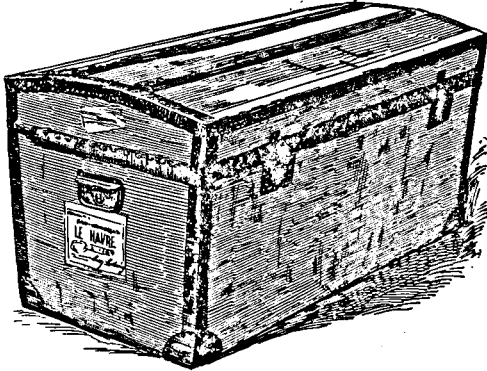
of Switzerland. Here he spent the fall of 1883 at Luzerne, working at his trade with a man named Rickley, but his roving nature soon brought him to Zurich.

It was there that he met the famous Anarchist Reinsdorf, and for this man he speedily formed a warm attachment. While in Zurich Lingg also affiliated with a German Socialistic society called "Eintracht," and threw his whole soul into the

cause. After a time he turned up at Aarau, but here he was unable to find employment and had to write home for assistance. The mother loved her son dearly, despite his wanderings, and he did not appeal to her in vain. She wrote him enclosing a small sum of money to help him bridge over his idleness, and at the same time informed him that she had again married (August 6, 1884), her second husband's name being Christian Gaddum. This man had been a neighbor of the family at Mannheim for years. In writing to her son, Mrs. Link indicated that the marriage was not prompted by love or admiration, but came about on account of her feeble health and her desire to secure support for herself and her daughter. Louis' mother had frequently expressed a wish that he visit home, but, as the boy had now reached the age for military service under the German Government, he concluded to remain away, and in casting about for a permanent location he decided to emigrate to America. He presented the matter to his mother. At first she opposed it, but finally

the Rhine. There he found employment with a man named Schmidt until the fall of 1882. He next went to Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where he worked for several contractors. At this place he began to change his employment frequently, and his mother, learning of it, wrote several letters, in which she advised him against such a course and admonished him to become a good man, to save his money and keep out of bad company, so that he might become useful to himself and to society and make her proud of him. But the son did not heed this motherly advice. He fell in with free-thinkers who were set against religion in particular and against society in general, and soon began reading and absorbing Socialistic literature. It was not long before he became an avowed Socialist, attending Socialistic meetings and eagerly listening to all the speeches.

Finally young Lingg grew weary of Baden and wandered to the republic of Switzerland. Here he spent the fall of 1883 at Luzerne, working at his trade with a man named Rickley, but his roving nature soon brought him to Zurich.



LINGG'S TRUNK.

From a Photograph.

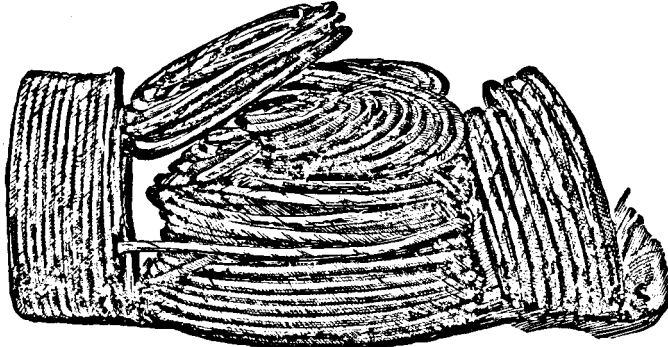
It was there that he met the famous Anarchist Reinsdorf, and for this man he speedily formed a warm attachment. While in Zurich Lingg also affiliated with a German Socialistic society called "Eintracht," and threw his whole soul into the

cause. After a time he turned up at Aarau, but here he was unable to find employment and had to write home for assistance. The mother loved her son dearly, despite his wanderings, and he did not appeal to her in vain. She wrote him enclosing a small sum of money to help him bridge over his idleness, and at the same time informed him that she had again married (August 6, 1884), her second husband's name being Christian Gaddum. This man had been a neighbor of the family at Mannheim for years. In writing to her son, Mrs. Link indicated that the marriage was not prompted by love or admiration, but came about on account of her feeble health and her desire to secure support for herself and her daughter. Louis' mother had frequently expressed a wish that he visit home, but, as the boy had now reached the age for military service under the German Government, he concluded to remain away, and in casting about for a permanent location he decided to emigrate to America. He presented the matter to his mother. At first she opposed it, but finally

gave her consent. With what money he secured from his mother and from his friends, he proceeded to Havre, France, in June, 1885, and boarded a steamer for the United States.

After the wayward boy had left home, he and his mother corresponded regularly. She always expressed deep solicitude for his welfare, and when he was in financial distress she would write him: "Dear Louis, I will share with you as long as I have a bite in the house." All her letters breathed encouragement; she sent money frequently, although at times in need herself, and concluded invariably by giving good counsel and urging Louis to write her soon and often. When Lingg had arrived in the United States the fond mother wrote him that she would soon be able to send him money enough to come home on a visit.

That Lingg had great love and affection for his mother is evidenced by



COILS OF FUSE.

Found in the secret bottom of Lingg's Trunk.
From a Photograph.

the fact that he had carefully preserved all her letters from the time of his leaving home until he died a suicide's death. From these letters it appears also that Lingg had several lady admirers at home.

There were many expressions, such as "kindest regards" or "heartiest respects," conveyed to him by his mother on behalf of this or that lady friend. Another fact made apparent by the letters was that there was some great burden on his mind. It would seem that he had plied his mother with many questions respecting his birth. That seemed a dark spot in his life. He wanted a solution as well as satisfaction. This worried the mother, but she always managed to give him some consolation, saying she "would guard against everything" and have "all things set right." In one of her letters occurs the following:

As regards your birth, it grieves me that you mention it. While you did not know it before, I will now say that you were born in Schwetzingen on the 9th day of September, 1864, at your grandfather's house, and baptized. Where your father is I don't know. My

father did not want me to marry him because he did not desire me to follow him into Hussia, and as he had no real estate he could not marry me in Schwetzingen according to our laws. He left and went, I do not know where. If you want a certificate of birth you can get it at Schwetzingen any time. If you make a proper presentation everything will be all right, but don't hold on six months.

The original of the above, which is in German and which was found in Lingg's trunk, had no signature. Another letter regarding his paternity reads as follows, showing that Lingg's mind had been sorely distressed over the matter:

MANNHEIM, June 29, 1884.

Dear Louis:—You must have waited a long time for an answer. John said to Elise that I had not yet replied to your last letter. The officials of the court you cannot push. For my part I would have been better pleased if they had hurried up, because it would have saved you a great deal of time. But now I am glad that it has finally been accomplished. After a great deal of toil, I put myself out to go to Schwetzingen and see about the certificate of your birth. I know you will be glad and satisfied to learn that you carry the name of Lingg. This is better than to have children with two different names. He had you entered as a legitimate child before we got married. I think this was the best course, so that you will not worry and reproach me. Such a certificate of birth is no disgrace, and you can show it. I felt offended that you took no notice of the "confirmation." Elise had everything nice. Her only wish was to receive some small token from Louis, which would have pleased her more than anything else. When she came from church, the first thing she asked for was as to a letter or card from you, but we had to be contented with the thought that perhaps you did not think of us. Now it is all past. . . . I was very much troubled that it has taken so long [to procure certificate], but I could not help it. I have kept my promise, and you cannot reproach me. Everything is all right, and we are all well and working. I hope to hear the same from you. It would not be so bad if you wrote oftener. I have had to do a great many things for you the last eighteen years, but with a mother you can do as you please—neglect her and never answer her letters.

The certificate sent him reads as follows:

No. 9,681.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH.

Ludwig Link, legitimate son of Philipp Friedrich Link and of Regina Von Hoefler, was born at Schwetzingen, on the ninth (9th) day of September, 1864. This is certified according to the records of the Evangelical Congregation of Schwetzingen.

SCHWETZINGEN, May 24, 1884.

[SEAL.]

County Court: CLURICHT.

To the letter of Mrs. Link, given above, no signature appears, but that is not strange. What seems more singular is that whenever her letters were signed, they closed with simply "Your Mother." Another thing appears from the above, and that is that at home Louis' name was Link. Other documents, some of them legal, also found in his trunk, show that his name was formerly written Link. His name must have been changed shortly before leaving Europe or just after reaching the United States.

It would seem that, with such a certificate, Lingg would have been measurably happy, but the fact of his illegitimacy, despite court records, rankled in his blood. The thought of it haunted him continually, and no doubt it helped to make him in religion a free-thinker, in theory a free-lover, and in practice an implacable enemy of existing society. His moth-

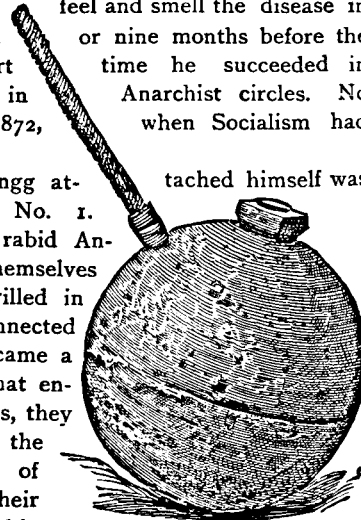
er's letters showed that she wished him to be a good man, and it was no fault of her early training that he subsequently became an Anarchist. She still lives at the old place, and when Lieut. Baus, of the Chicago police force, was on a visit to Mannheim, some time ago, he called on her and found her very pleasant and affable in her manner, with a strong, robust constitution, and still a good-looking woman.

No sooner had Lingg reached Chicago than he looked up the haunts of Socialists and Anarchists. He made their acquaintance, learned the strength of the order in the city as well as in the United States, and was highly gratified. At that time the organization was not only strong in numbers, but it fairly "smelt to heaven" in its rankness of doctrine.

Lingg was not required to look around very hard for the haunts of Anarchy, for a blind man could plainly see, feel and smell the disease in the air. Lingg arrived here only eight or nine months before the eventful 4th of May, but in that short time he succeeded in making himself the most popular man in Anarchist circles. No one had created such a *furor* since 1872, when Socialism had its inception in the city.

The first organization to which Lingg attached himself was the International Carpenters' Union No. 1. Every member of this society was a rabid Anarchist. All of them had supplied themselves with arms, and a majority of them drilled in military tactics. Lingg had not been connected with the organization long before he became a recognized leader and made speeches that enthused them all. While young in years, they recognized in him a worthy leader, and the fact that he had sat at the very feet of Reinsdorf as a pupil elevated him in their estimation. This distinction, added to his personal magnetism, made him the subject for praise and comment, which pleased his vanity and spurred his ambition.

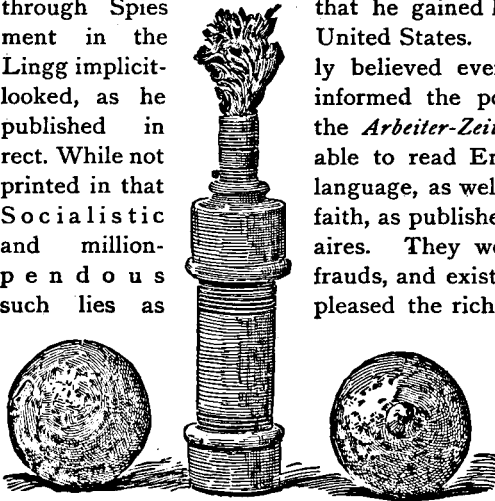
Men longer in the service and more familiar with the local and general phases of Anarchy at times reluctantly yielded to him where points of policy were at stake. No committee was regarded as complete without him, and this brought him in contact with August Spies and Albert Parsons. He was often at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which was the headquarters of the governing body, with reports and suggestions, and by his admirable tact soon won their esteem and good graces. He there also made the acquaintance of Fielden, Fischer, Schnaubelt, Rau, Neebe, Schwab, and of some of the more noted women in the Anarchist movement.



COMPOSITION BOMB.
Found in Lingg's room, ready for use.

He was frequently complimented for his work and became quite a favorite with the ladies.

When Lingg first became actively identified with the party of assassination and annihilation here, he was cautious and secretive. He knew that secrecy in the old country was not only essential to success, but absolutely requisite for self-preservation. He supposed that the same sort of tactics prevailed here, but when he saw how bold, aggressive and open were the utterances of the Anarchists in Chicago and elsewhere, he came to believe that the government and the municipal administration existed simply through their sufferance. At first, whenever Lingg was doubtful on any point, he would seek knowledge and inspiration from Spies, and it was through Spies that he gained his information of the movement in the United States. They became firm friends, and Lingg implicitly believed everything Spies told him, and informed the police officers, upon every line the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* as absolutely true and credible to read English, he regarded all papers published in that language, as well as in the German, not of the Socialistic and million-pendous such lies as



CAST-IRON AND LARGE GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

From Photographs.

The long bomb in center weighs five lbs., and was thrown at a patrol wagon on Blue Island Avenue, but failed to explode. The round bombs were lined on the inside with a coating of cement saturated with a deadly poison.

He was a man of sincere convictions and earnest zeal, Lingg won the confidence of his confrères and always knew just what was going to be done and how it was to be accomplished. He was a faithful ally and was invariably counted upon to take a leading part in all the movements of the reds. How he was regarded by his fellows in this respect is shown in the fact that to him was intrusted the task of organizing the people of the Southwest Side and directing their plans against the McCormick factory.

His communications, which I have given in a prior chapter, to the Bohemians and others in that locality, show that he was bent on riot and destruction, and in that mad and frenzied movement he had the hearty coöperation of the colleagues who had with him concocted it at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. They alone knew of it, and worked out the details at a meeting held near the factory on the 3d of May. Lingg, being braver

and more daring than the other leaders, was the chosen instrument to inspire the men to an attack upon the works, and he subsequently claimed that he had been clubbed by the police during the affray.

During the turbulent and momentous days preceding May 4, Lingg's comrades saddled upon him a great responsibility, but he never flinched. On the contrary, he proved the mettle of his make-up, not only volunteering to carry out certain ends he himself outlined, but cheerfully assuming every task imposed upon him and always willing to take all responsibility for the consequences. He was found on the North Side actively engaged in calling Anarchists to arms, on the Southwest Side endeavoring to form a compact body of fighters in view of the near approach of May 1; he was busy at Seliger's house constructing bombs, and at meetings giving instructions how to make infernal machines. His work was never finished, and never neglected. At one time he taught his followers how to handle the bombs so that they would not explode in their hands, and showed the time and distance for throwing the missiles with deadly effect; at another he drilled those who were to do the throwing, instructing them how to surround themselves with friends so that detection by an enemy would be impossible.

All these things kept him busy, but his whole soul was in the work. He was not alone a bomb-maker; he also constituted himself an agent to sell arms. He sold a great many large revolvers and rifles. This is shown by a note found in his trunk, addressed to Abraham Hermann. It reads as follows:

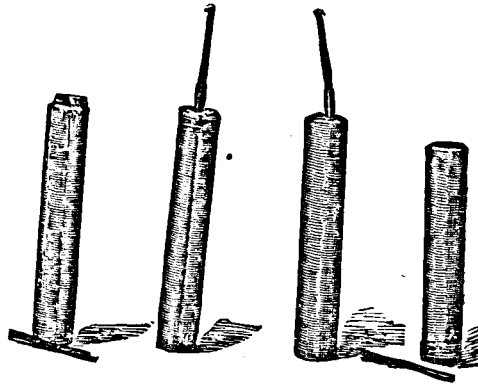
Friend: — I sold three revolvers during the last two days, and I will sell three more to-day (Wednesday). I sell them from \$6.00 to \$7.80 apiece.

Respectfully and best regards,

L. LINGG.

At this time Hermann was the general agent in this city for buying and selling arms to the Anarchists. Engel had been an agent at one time, but the men claimed that he had fleeced them, and he was dropped.

Lingg thus proved himself a very useful man to the order. He could make an effective speech; he was a good organizer; he could make bombs with dynamite whose power had been enhanced manifold through his skill;



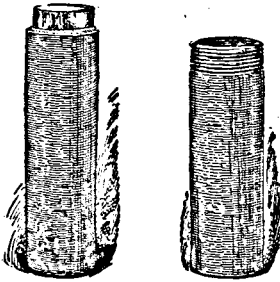
GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

Found in Lingg's Room. From a Photograph.

he would carry handbills, and he would do anything to help along the cause. In truth, he was the shiftiest as well as the most dangerous Anarchist in all Chicago.

Having been a pupil of Reinsdorf, Lingg was an opponent of all peaceable agitation. He believed in organizing armed forces and conquering everything by main force. He had no love at all for those who talked peaceable agitation; he called them fools and cranks. Of this class were the old-time Socialists, and he looked upon them with haughty disdain. He found better material to work on for helping him in the revolution he proposed, and, although he molded many an Anarchist out of the softer clay of humanity, still he was not satisfied, but complained continually that they did not move fast enough, did not take hold with celerity and failed to develop such heroic qualities as he wished to see. The restless spirit within him, his implacable hatred of society, tinged with the bitterness of his doubtful birth, and his strong impulses manifested themselves in all his

acts and utterances. An illustration of these traits is the impatience he exhibited over the failure of trusted men to come early to the house of Seliger to secure bombs on the evening of May 4, and his departure with the bombs to Neff's Hall to have them speedily distributed. Another example is found in the bitter reproaches he heaped on those who had failed to carry out their part after the inauguration of the Haymarket riot. His hopes, his ambitions, had been set on the successful consummation of that plot.



GAS-PIPE BOMBS, WITHOUT FUSE.
Found in Lingg's Room.

It was to have overthrown all government and all law, which he declared were good enough for

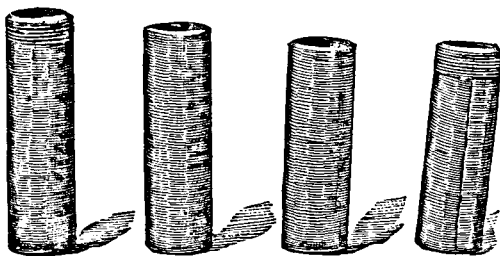
old women to prevent them from quarreling, but needless for men of intelligence and independence.

For four weeks prior to the 4th of May he was out of work, but he was by no means idle. He worked early and late attending meetings and making bombs, so that, the moment the signal for the general revolution was given, every member of the armed sections might be supplied with the destructive agent. He wanted the whole city blown up, every capitalist wiped off the face of the earth; and he and his trusted comrades, Sunday after Sunday, in anticipation of the uprising, practiced in the suburbs with rifles and 44-caliber revolvers. Lingg became the most expert of them all and was looked upon by his associates as a crack shot.

Lingg's money and time were freely given to the purchase of arms and to the manufacture of dynamite bombs. His room at Seliger's became a veritable arsenal, and, the more deadly "stuff" he brought into the house, the more pleased he became, and the more bitter grew the enmity of Mrs.

Seliger toward him. How careful and elaborate were his preparations for the coming day is not only shown by the deadly implements found in his room, but is evidenced in the statements of his trusted lieutenants. These statements—made to me by men anxious to save themselves, prostrate suppliants for mercy, whose every material revelation was corroborative of the others, although given independently and under different circumstances and without knowledge of what others had said—unmistakably pointed to a most gigantic conspiracy. Read any of these statements, and no doubt can exist that, had it not been for the hand of Providence on the night of May 4, thousands of people would have been killed and vast districts of the city laid waste. Lingg expected it as certainly as he believed in his own existence at the time, and his intimate comrades bent all their energy in the direction of carrying out the villainous plot.

But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and the Haymarket riot proved a most bitter disappointment. Lingg was fairly beside himself with chagrin and mortification. The one consuming desire of his life had utterly and signally failed of realization. He clearly foresaw dire trouble in consequence of the attempt, and his mind was bewildered with perplexities as to his future movements. On the night of May



UNFINISHED GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

Found in Lingg's Dinner-Box. From a Photograph.

4, about 11:30 o'clock, when the full truth of the failure of the riot had flashed upon him, he stood in front of No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, not knowing exactly whither to turn for refuge from possible arrest, and, while in this dilemma, he broached the subject to Seliger, finally asking to be permitted to remain at the house over night until next morning, when he promised he would move away. He was without a cent in his pocket, having squandered all his money in the manufacture of bombs, confident of plenty when he and his fellows had secured control of the city. Seliger, knowing his condition, finally consented.

The next morning came, but Lingg manifested no disposition to carry out his promise

"I would move from here now," said he, very adroitly, "but if I do so it would create suspicion."

Seliger saw the force of the argument, and, being implicated also in the manufacture of bombs, shrewdly concluded to let him remain until matters quieted down. Lingg accordingly remained until the 7th of May. On this date officers began to appear in the vicinity, looking into the haunts and

resorts of Anarchists. This startled Lingg, and, lest they might pounce down upon his room, he decided to speedily vacate the premises. He did move, but with such haste that he left his implements of destruction and nearly all his personal effects behind him. When the house was finally searched the "bird had flown."

I sent out eight good detectives, and kept them working night and day looking for the bomb-maker, but no one could furnish a clue. It was learned that Lingg had a sweetheart, and her movements were closely watched. The houses of his known friends were also watched, and all his acquaintances shadowed. Anarchists who had hopes of saving their own necks if he could be found were pressed into the service, and decoy letters were sent out. Money was even held out as an inducement to divulge his hiding-place, but all to no purpose.

These expedients were kept up until the 13th of May, when I sent for Mrs. Seliger to ascertain where Lingg had last been employed and secure the addresses of all his friends. Nearly all the places she mentioned had been visited, but she spoke of one place that seemed to me to hold out some promise of a successful result. Mrs. Seliger stated that there was a place near the river, where there was a bridge that she had heard spoken of, and that Lingg had said to her husband that he would call on a friend of his near that place, on Canal Street. This place I at once recognized as being only a few blocks from the shop where Lingg had worked. Mrs. Seliger further stated that her husband had told her that this shop was only a few blocks from a Catholic church. All this I regarded as a good clue, and Officers Loewenstein and Schuettler were promptly detailed to follow it up—first going, however, to a planing-mill on Twelfth and South Clark Streets to ascertain if Lingg had ever worked there.

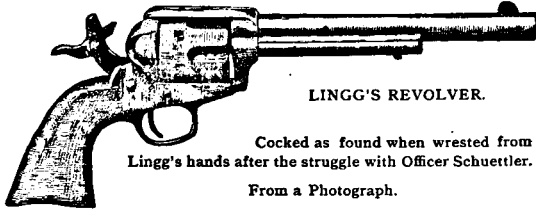
The officers carried out these instructions, and a few hours later they returned to the office, their faces wreathed in smiles. They informed me that they had secured a clue, that only a few days before Lingg had sent there for his tool chest, and that they had learned of a man who had noticed the number of the express wagon that had carted it away. But this man, they said, they would be unable to see until the next day.

Bright and early the next morning the officers started out with new instructions and visited the house of the person who had so singularly taken note of the express number. They found him, and he gave them all the information he possessed. About eleven o'clock the officers found the residence of the expressman, whose name was Charles Keperson and whose wagon was numbered 1,999. He lived at No. 1095 Robey Street. The officers rapped on the door, and a little girl about ten years of age answered. On being asked after her father she informed them that he was not at home. They inquired if her father had not brought in a trunk. She replied that her father had brought no trunk into their house, but he had hauled a tool

chest from down town, which he had taken to a house on an adjoining street. She pointed out a little cottage at No. 80 Ambrose Street, and on being asked if she had seen her father take it there she answered:

"Oh, yes, it was a gray-colored box, and I heard my father say it belonged to Louis Lingg."

The officers went over to the cottage and learned that a family named Klein lived there. Schuettler knocked on the door, and Mrs. Klein responded. He asked if Louis was at home. She replied that he was not and that he had gone out with some gentlemen about nine o'clock. She inquired what he desired to see Louis for, and Schuettler told her that he owed Louis \$3 and had come to pay him. He further informed her that they were good friends, both carpenters, and belonged to the same union. She inquired after his name, and Schuettler responded that it was "Franz Lorenz." Lorenz was a well known Anarchist, and it was thought the name would prove effective in winning the woman's confidence. She said that her father lived only a short distance from the house, and she would step over and ask him if he knew where Louis had gone. This conversation had taken place in a rear room of the house. The woman excused herself, and ostensibly started for the house of her father. She passed into the front room and slammed the outer door.



LINGG'S REVOLVER.

Cocked as found when wrested from Lingg's hands after the struggle with Officer Schuettler.

From a Photograph.

Loewenstein stepped out of the back room to see if she had really gone, but he saw no Mrs. Klein. At the same time he noticed Lingg's chest standing on the rear porch, covered with a piece of carpet. Loewenstein returned, and he had hardly joined Schuettler when Mrs. Klein stepped in. She said she had seen her father, but that he did not know where Louis had gone. The officers were suspicious, of course, but they said nothing, simply withdrawing with the assurance that they would call again and see Lingg some other time.

After leaving, the officers walked for two blocks and talked over the mysterious actions of Mrs. Klein. They concluded to go back and search the house. They secured entrance from the rear, and, while Loewenstein guarded the front door, Schuettler entered the rear room. There he found a man smoothly shaven. Lingg had been described as having chin whiskers. Schuettler stepped up to the man, however, and asked his name. In an instant Lingg—for it was none other—whipped out a 44-caliber revolver, which he had had concealed in front inside his trousers, and, with the glare of a tiger held at bay, he turned on the officer. Schuettler saw the movement, and, quick as a flash, sprang on Lingg and seized the weapon.

They clinched, and while the one was struggling to save himself and secure his prisoner, the other was bent upon killing the officer and effecting his own escape. Both were strong, muscular and active, and the cottage shook from foundation to rafters as the bodies of the contestants swayed in the equal contest. Lingg quivered with rage and aroused himself to his utmost to vanquish the foe. He realized that the result meant life or death. At one moment his revolver was pressed close to the officer's breast, and with a superhuman effort the Anarchist tried to send a bullet on its fatal mission. But Schuettler had a firm grasp of the cylinder and wrenched the weapon aside. In another second, while the mastery was still undecided, Lingg, by a quick movement of his hand, brought the revolver square into the officer's face. At that moment, however, Schuettler managed to get Lingg's thumb between his teeth. The Anarchist made a sudden dash to release his thumb and succeeded in breaking loose.

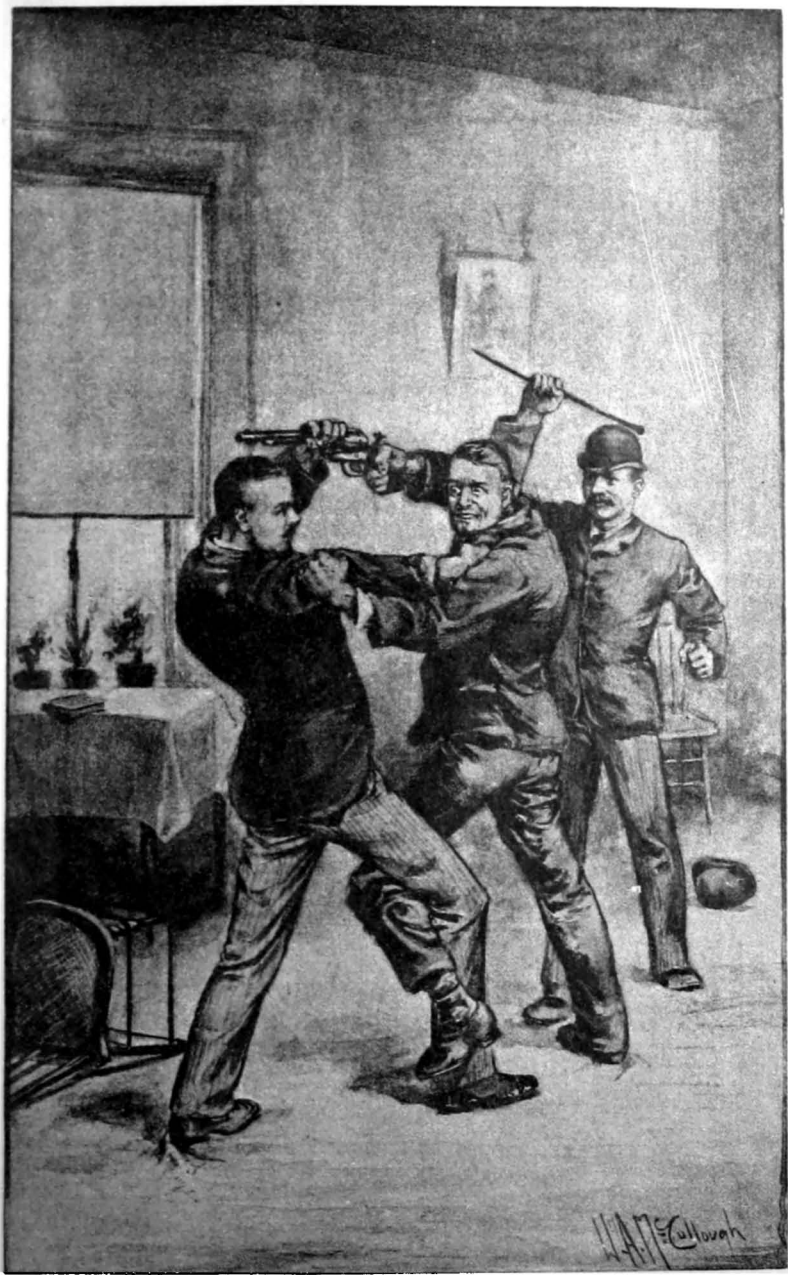
All this took place in less time than it takes to tell it. The moment Lingg was foot-loose, Schuettler found time to shout for his companion, who had stood on the outside in front of the house, all unconscious of the short but desperate struggle within. Loewenstein did not stop a moment to determine what was wanted, but sprang into the room. He entered just at the moment when Schuettler had bounded after Lingg on his release and found him holding Lingg tightly by the throat with one hand and the revolver with the other. Loewenstein saw the situation at a glance, and, raising his loaded cane, brought it down on the Anarchist's head. This stunned Lingg, and he was overpowered. The revolver was wrenched from his hand and placed on a table, and the officers adjusted the handcuffs. These had no sooner been placed in position than Lingg made a sudden dash for his revolver. But the detectives were too quick for him.

Lingg's teeth gnashed with rage, and his eyes fairly bulged from their sockets with savage scorn. The arch-Anarchist looked the picture of desperation. He had been vanquished, however, and he saw that further resistance was useless.

Mrs. Klein had meanwhile been an excited spectator, but before she could collect her thoughts and decide what course to take under the circumstances, Lingg was in the power of the law. Seeing this, she hurried out. It was not long before the whole neighborhood heard of what had happened, and, as the officers started to take their prisoner to the Hinman Street Station, a true-hearted Irish-American came up, accosted them and said:

"My dear boys, your lives are in danger here. Nearly every one who lives about here is an Anarchist. Wait for a minute, and I will give you protection."

He disappeared, but meanwhile the street had become crowded with an excited populace. He soon returned with a double-barreled shot-gun, ready for action in case of emergency. No sooner had he placed himself at the



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE. LOUIS LINGG'S ARREST.



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE. LOUIS LINGG'S ARREST.

disposal of the officers than a loyal Bohemian-American came running across the street, and said :

"Officers, I will also protect you against this mob."

He had in his hand a large navy revolver, and he showed that he was ready to assist the officers, even at the cost of his own life.

Schuetzler and Loewenstein, under this volunteer escort, marched Lingg to the Hinman Street Station, reaching there about twelve o'clock. Sergeant Enwright was in charge of the station that day, and, lest any attempt at rescue might be made, he called in all his officers and gave them instructions as to what should be done to protect the station. He also ordered out the patrol wagon, and detailed five officers to accompany Schuetzler and Loewenstein to the Klein residence to investigate the premises. They made a thorough search, but could discover nothing except a lot of cartridges. They also investigated the houses at Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 on the same street, all occupied by Anarchists, but they found nothing. The presence of the police, however, speedily cleared the street, and all the low-browed, shaggy-haired followers of the red flag hunted their holes. Schuetzler and Loewenstein then sent for the Chicago Avenue patrol wagon and transferred Lingg to new quarters at that station. On the way Lingg continually ground his teeth, and, looking savagely at Schuetzler and turning slightly towards Loewenstein, hissed out :

"If I had only got half a chance at that fellow, he would be a dead man now."

The officers of the Hinman Street Station did not relax their vigilance over Ambrose Street, and one day some molds made of clay were found in the alley in the rear of the Klein residence, proving that Lingg had not abandoned hope, but was getting ready to prepare a new supply of bombs for a future attack.

When Lingg had been ushered into the office of the East Chicago Avenue Station, the shackles were removed from his wrists, and he was given a chair. He became quiet in his new surroundings, and grudgingly answered a few simple questions. His thumb giving him considerable pain, some liniment was procured from a neighboring drug store, and the wound dressed. He was then assigned to an apartment below, and left to his own thoughts.

In the afternoon he was brought up to the office.

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Lingg," curtly replied the prisoner.

"Ah, yes ; but how do you spell it?"

"L-i-n-g-g," came the spelling.

"Yes ; but give us your full name."

"It is Louis or Ludwig Lingg. I am twenty-one years and eight months old."

He was asked a great many questions. Some he refused to answer, and

others he answered promptly and with pleasure, especially when they touched on killing capitalists and capitalistic editors, as he called them. He had no use, he said, for these people, and thought that if they could be taken away suddenly the world would be satisfied and happy. He remarked that he did not blame the police very much, because they were workingmen themselves, but there was one officer, he said, that he perfectly despised. It was John Bonfield. If he could have blown him to atoms, he thought, he might become reconciled to a great many things as they then existed. He finally gave to me and to Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, in the presence of Officers Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman, a brief account of himself and his movements, but he said that he would rather die than give information against any one. He did not deny what others had stated about him, but further he would not go. He was informed by Mr. Furthmann how strict the law was against conspiracies, but the only answer he vouchsafed was that the laws would not remain in force much longer; that the working people would make laws to suit themselves, and they would not allow any higher power to dictate to them. For



IRON BOLT FOUND IN LINGG'S TRUNK. From a Photograph.

Designed, according to Lingg's own statement, to connect the halves of a composition bomb weighing twelve pounds. "The Haymarket bomb," said he, "killed six. The one which I was going to make with that bolt would kill six dozen." Four such bolts were found.

his own part, he could work and was willing to work, he said, but he wanted his share of the profits. He thought the police had made fools of themselves in the movement the Anarchists had inaugurated. If they had only known enough, he said, to have held back, the capitalists would have been forced to submit; but now the police had spoiled their own chances for gain for years to come. They would be sorry for it, he added. If the Anarchists had won in Chicago, he further stated, all the other large cities would have fallen into line, and wretchedness and poverty would have been banished forever.

After Lingg had been taken away from the Ambrose Street house, Gustav and Kate Klein became anxious about their friend. They traced him to the Chicago Avenue Station and called there later in the day, after his arrest. When they reached the office I questioned them, although they were not under arrest, and they answered without hesitancy. They stated that Lingg had come to their house on the 7th of May, and had remained indoors nearly all the time up to his arrest that day—May 14. He had only been out twice to secure books from some neighbors, and he had felt measurably safe in the locality. This section, it was found, as already

stated, was a hotbed of Anarchy, and as the neighbors knew the man, they were anxious to protect him. It had even been whispered in the locality that he was the one who had thrown the bomb at the Haymarket, but, knowing that he was a man not to be trifled with, and out of sympathy for the cause, none would betray him. He could not have selected a better place for concealment. Mr. Klein had known him for some time and had noticed a great change in him since the Haymarket bloodshed.

"He was always cheerful," he said, "up to that time, but since then he acted very strangely. He would not converse with any one, but always sought to be alone. Whenever any one came near the house he was uneasy."

"I noticed that too," interposed Mrs. Klein. "He always used to fool and play with me before the Haymarket event, and was good company, but since then he was a changed man altogether."

Mrs. Klein described the scene of Lingg's arrest, and told how at first she had regarded it simply as fun between two friends, and how frightened she had become when she discovered that it was a serious affair. She also described the terrible look which came over Lingg's face when he found himself powerless to fire the revolver.

I subsequently thought it best to bring Lingg face to face with one of his former comrades, who had furnished information about him, and this was accordingly done. The moment he was brought into the presence of the informer his face assumed a terrible scowl, but he remained obstinately silent.

One day Lingg was again brought into the office, and I questioned him as to the real strength of the Anarchists in the city and country.

He smiled and said:

"Don't you know that yet? This I cannot answer, but I will tell you that you only know the noisy fellows. The real Anarchists in this city or country you do not know yet, because they are not ready to take hold, but you will be taken by surprise unless you die soon. I only hope that I will live long enough to see this hidden power show its strength."

During the time Lingg remained at the station his hand was regularly attended to, he was treated very kindly, had plenty to eat, and was made as comfortable as possible. All these attentions somewhat mollified his bitterness against us.

Some time after the other interviews, I visited him and asked him if he entertained any hostility towards the police. He replied that during the McCormick factory riot he had been clubbed by an officer, but he did not care so much for that. He could forget it all, but he did not like Bonfield. If it had not been for Bonfield, he said, the street-car men, in their strike in the summer of 1885, would have had things all their own way, and that would have changed everything all over the city in a business way.

"If I could only kill Bonfield," he vehemently declared, "I would be ready to die within five minutes afterwards."

Lingg was a singular Anarchist. In every act and word he showed no care for himself, but he always expressed sympathy for men who had families and who were in trouble. He showed that he was a man with a will, and that if he set his mind to the accomplishment of an end he would bend all his energies to attain it.

There was another peculiarity about Lingg which distinguished him from the rest of his associates. Although he drank beer, he never drank to excess, and he frowned upon the use of bad or indecent language. He was an admirer of the fair sex, and they reciprocated his admiration, his manly form, handsome face and pleasing manners captivating all.

On the 27th of May, Lingg and Engel were taken in a patrol wagon to the Harrison Street Station, where the "art gallery" of the Police Department was kept, to have their photographs taken. On the way, Loewenstein remarked to Lingg:

"Louis, you want to look your prettiest, so that you will make a good picture."

"What difference does it make whether a dead man's picture looks good or bad," was the reply, uttered in a most serious manner and in a strong tone of voice.

From the gallery the Anarchists were driven to the County Jail, and that was the last time they ever saw the streets of Chicago or breathed the air outside of prison walls.

From the day Lingg entered the jail he became surly and ugly to all the officers, but he implicitly obeyed all prison rules. He held himself aloof from everybody except his fellow Anarchists, and would have nothing to say to any one except his friends or his sweetheart.

Lingg was very fond of children, and when those of Neebe, Schwab or others called at the jail he would play with them and seemed to extract much amusement from their little pranks and antics.

Mrs. Klein often visited him and always brought a baby, in which Lingg seemed to take a special interest. Lingg and Mrs. Klein conversed freely together, and he seemed to enjoy her visits greatly. Whenever she called she brought him fruit of the season and choice edibles with which to vary his prison fare.

Lingg and his associates proved quite a drawing card, and Anarchists from all parts of the country called at the jail. But while his fellows appeared pleased to hold receptions, so to speak, Lingg did not desire the company of strangers. He gave his time only to the few ladies who called on him and to his nearest friends. He disliked being gaped at by curiosity-seekers, and when he had no good friend to keep him company he traveled the corridors of the jail beyond the reach of public gaze. He also whiled

time away by cutting pretty little carvings out of cigar-boxes with his jack-knife, and in this he displayed considerable ingenuity. Tiring of this diversion, he would pick up a book or a paper; but, however monotonous prison life at times became, he never thrust himself before the visitors' cage to pose before the idle throng. Many callers came to sympathize with Lingg as well as to admire his handsome physique, and, as he would not allow his hair to be cut after his incarceration, his flowing, curly locks added to his picturesque appearance.

But there was one visitor he always welcomed. It was his sweetheart, whose acquaintance he had made before his arrest, and who became a regular caller. She invariably wore a pleasant smile, breathed soft, loving



LINGG'S SWEETHEART.

From a Photograph.

words into his ears through the wire screen that separated the visitors' cage from the jail corridor, and contributed much toward keeping him cheerful. This girl had lived at one time with a family on West Lake Street, in the heart of an Anarchist camp, but, for some reason, while her lover was at the Chicago Avenue Station she never paid him a visit. The second day after he had been locked up at the County Jail she promptly made her appearance, however, and became a regular visitor. She simply passed with the jail officials at first as "Lingg's girl," but one day some one called her Ida Miller, and thereafter she was recognized under that name. She was generally accompanied by young Miss Engel, the

daughter of Anarchist Engel, and during the last four months of her lover's incarceration she could be seen every afternoon entering the jail. She was always readily admitted until the day the bombs were found in Lingg's cell. After that neither she nor Mr. and Mrs. Klein were admitted. While it has never been satisfactorily proven who it was that introduced the bombs into the jail, it is likely that they were smuggled into Lingg's hands by his sweetheart. She enjoyed Lingg's fullest confidence, and regarded his every wish.

It is not known whether Miller is the real name of the girl, but it is supposed to be Elise Friedel. She is a German, and was twenty-two years of age at the time, her birthplace being Mannheim, which was also Lingg's native town. She was robust in appearance, with fair complexion, and dark hair. She had quite a penchant for beer, and could sit in a crowd of her Anarchist friends and drink "schnitts" with the proficiency of a vet-

time away by cutting pretty little carvings out of cigar-boxes with his jack-knife, and in this he displayed considerable ingenuity. Tiring of this diversion, he would pick up a book or a paper; but, however monotonous prison life at times became, he never thrust himself before the visitors' cage to pose before the idle throng. Many callers came to sympathize with Lingg as well as to admire his handsome physique, and, as he would not allow his hair to be cut after his incarceration, his flowing, curly locks added to his picturesque appearance.

But there was one visitor he always welcomed. It was his sweetheart, whose acquaintance he had made before his arrest, and who became a regular caller. She invariably wore a pleasant smile, breathed soft, loving



LINGG'S SWEETHEART.

From a Photograph.

words into his ears through the wire screen that separated the visitors' cage from the jail corridor, and contributed much toward keeping him cheerful. This girl had lived at one time with a family on West Lake Street, in the heart of an Anarchist camp, but, for some reason, while her lover was at the Chicago Avenue Station she never paid him a visit. The second day after he had been locked up at the County Jail she promptly made her appearance, however, and became a regular visitor. She simply passed with the jail officials at first as "Lingg's girl," but one day some one called her Ida Miller, and thereafter she was recognized under that name. She was generally accompanied by young Miss Engel, the

daughter of Anarchist Engel, and during the last four months of her lover's incarceration she could be seen every afternoon entering the jail. She was always readily admitted until the day the bombs were found in Lingg's cell. After that neither she nor Mr. and Mrs. Klein were admitted. While it has never been satisfactorily proven who it was that introduced the bombs into the jail, it is likely that they were smuggled into Lingg's hands by his sweetheart. She enjoyed Lingg's fullest confidence, and regarded his every wish.

It is not known whether Miller is the real name of the girl, but it is supposed to be Elise Friedel. She is a German, and was twenty-two years of age at the time, her birthplace being Mannheim, which was also Lingg's native town. She was robust in appearance, with fair complexion, and dark hair. She had quite a penchant for beer, and could sit in a crowd of her Anarchist friends and drink "schnitts" with the proficiency of a vet-

eran. She always entertained hope of executive clemency, but when Lingg died at his own hands she somewhat surprisingly failed to evince great sorrow. Perhaps the consciousness of having aided him in escaping the gallows had prepared her for the worst.

Lingg's terrible death did not perceptibly change her demeanor. She was seen at several dances shortly afterwards, and seemed to enjoy herself as much as anybody. She even danced with detectives, unconscious of their calling, and, in jesting with them, her laugh was as hearty and ringing as though she were bent on capturing a new beau.

During all the long, weary days Lingg remained in jail his demeanor was the same as during the trial—cool, collected and unconcerned. No special trouble apparently burdened his mind. His constant companions—whenever they were permitted to be together—were Engel and Fischer. They appeared to believe that their fellow prisoners and co-conspirators would turn on them to save their own lives.

The statement Lingg made, on the 14th of May, omitting the part pertaining to his occupation, age and residence, was as follows:

"Whenever I did any work at home [Seliger's house] I did it as carefully as possible, so that no one could see me. I did make dynamite bombs out of gas-pipe, and I generally found the gas-pipe on the street. Finding them two or three feet long, I would cut them into pieces. After cutting them about six inches long I would fill them with dynamite and attach a fuse to each. I then would call them bombs."

"Who showed or taught you how to make those bombs?"

"No one. I learned it from books."

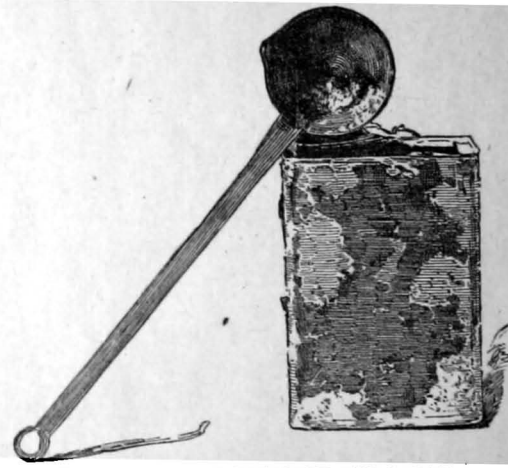
"What books?"

"I read it in a book published by Herr Most of New York. It explains how to make dynamite and other articles used in war. I once had four bombs in my dinner-box—two were loaded and two empty. I bought two pounds of the stuff on Lake Street, near Dearborn. I also bought one coil of fuse and one box of caps at the same place, and that is all I bought. I paid 65 cents for the box of caps, 60 cents for two pounds of dynamite, and 50 cents for the coil of fuse."

"Did you work all the material into the bombs?"

"No, there is some of it left in my trunk. I do not deny making bombs. I made them for the purpose of being used in a war or a revolution during these workmen's troubles. The bombs found in my room I intended to use myself. I have been at August Spies' office several times, and I have known him for some time. I always received the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and I like to read it. I made some of those round lead bombs. I made the molds myself and cast the bombs. The iron bolts I used to connect and hold them together I bought in a hardware store. I bought five small ones and two big ones. I could only use the molds to cast bombs with a few times; then they would be useless. At the time I bought the dynamite I was alone. On Tuesday night, May 4, Seliger and I were on Larrabee Street, between Clybourn Avenue and the city limits, and we remained there until about ten o'clock. We then went home and had several glasses of beer. We did not meet any one we knew. We were on Larrabee

Street all the time. When we came home Mrs. Seliger was abed. I was at the meeting held in the hall at No. 71 West Lake Street, Monday night, May 3. I saw there the circular which called the workingmen to arms and to seek revenge on the police because they had killed six of our brothers at McCormick's factory on that day. I also attended a meeting the same night, at No. 54 West Lake Street, which was held by the armed sections. I was out to Lake View and tried one of my dynamite bombs to find out what strength it had. I put the bomb in a tree between two limbs. I lit the fuse; the bomb exploded and split the tree, damaging it considerably. I had my hair cut, and mustache and whiskers shaven off, about May 8th or 9th. I want to say right here to you men that I did make dynamite bombs and intended to use them. I am down on capital and capitalists. I knew that if we sought our rights—I mean the workingmen—they would turn out the police and militia against us with their Gatling guns and cannon. We knew that we could not defend ourselves with our revolvers, and therefore



CAN OF ENGLISH DYNAMITE AND LADLE.
Used by Lingg in Casting Bombs. From a Photograph.

turned to the adoption of dynamite. For one, I was not going to get hurt. I made bombs of lead and bombs of metal, and I made them with the two materials mixed. I tried both the lead and gas-pipe bombs, and I found that they could do good service. If you cut the fuse ten inches long and light it you can run away forty steps before the explosion takes place. The armed men of the so-called International Group of the North Side always met at Greif's Hall, No. 54 West Lake Street. We used to go to the Shooting Park in Lake View and shoot at targets on Sundays.

I have been there about ten times. I admit that the two Lehmans came to see me at my room at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, and I will confess that on Tuesday, May 4, six men came to my room to see me."

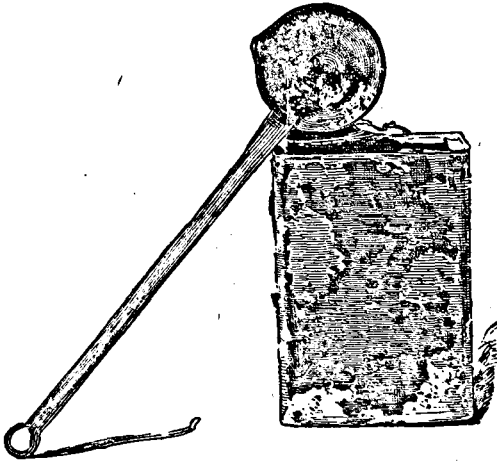
At this interview there were present, besides myself, Furthmann, Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman. On the 17th of May, Lingg again remarked to Officer Schuettler that he regretted that he had not had a chance to kill him.

On the 24th of May Lingg and Hubner were brought together, and Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann asked the latter if he knew the bomb-maker.

"Oh, yes, I was at his room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, helping him to make dynamite bombs, and what I stated in my affidavit is true."

Lingg scowled furiously, and emphatically denied the statement. All

Street all the time. When we came home Mrs. Seliger was abed. I was at the meeting held in the hall at No. 71 West Lake Street, Monday night, May 3. I saw there the circular which called the workmen to arms and to seek revenge on the police because they had killed six of our brothers at McCormick's factory on that day. I also attended a meeting the same night, at No. 54 West Lake Street, which was held by the armed sections. I was out to Lake View and tried one of my dynamite bombs to find out what strength it had. I put the bomb in a tree between two limbs. I lit the fuse; the bomb exploded and split the tree, damaging it considerably. I had my hair cut, and mustache and whiskers shaven off, about May 8th or 9th. I want to say right here to you men that I did make dynamite bombs and intended to use them. I am down on capital and capitalists. I knew that if we sought our rights—I mean the workmen—they would turn out the police and militia against us with their Gatling guns and cannon. We knew that we could not defend ourselves with our revolvers, and therefore



CAN OF ENGLISH DYNAMITE AND LADLE.
Used by Lingg in Casting Bombs. From a Photograph.

turned to the adoption of dynamite. For one, I was not going to get hurt. I made bombs of lead and bombs of metal, and I made them with the two materials mixed. I tried both the lead and gas-pipe bombs, and I found that they could do good service. If you cut the fuse ten inches long and light it you can run away forty steps before the explosion takes place. The armed men of the so-called International Group of the North Side always met at Greif's Hall, No. 54 West Lake Street. We used to go to the Shooting Park in Lake View and shoot at targets on Sundays.

I have been there about ten times. I admit that the two Lehmans came to see me at my room at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, and I will confess that on Tuesday, May 4, six men came to my room to see me."

At this interview there were present, besides myself, Furthmann, Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman. On the 17th of May, Lingg again remarked to Officer Schuettler that he regretted that he had not had a chance to kill him.

On the 24th of May Lingg and Hubner were brought together, and Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann asked the latter if he knew the bomb-maker.

"Oh, yes, I was at his room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, helping him to make dynamite bombs, and what I stated in my affidavit is true."

Lingg scowled furiously, and emphatically denied the statement. All

he could be made to say in explanation of the affair, however, was that he "had been a Socialist all his life and ever since he could think."

ERNST HUBNER was arrested by Officers Schuettler and Whalen on the morning of May 18, at six o'clock, while he was on his way to his work. He is a German by birth and a carpenter by trade, and worked for a man by the name of Schombel, on the corner of Clybourn Avenue and Larrabee Street. He was about forty years of age, married, wore very shabby clothes, and lived, at the time of his arrest, at No. 11 Mohawk Street, in three small and dirty rooms. His house was searched, and the officers found one breech-loading rifle, one large 44-caliber Remington revolver and half a pailful of ammunition for both guns. While they were searching the house, Mrs. Hubner, a sickly, delicate woman, said to Officer Schuettler:

"My dear man, if my husband had gone more to his shop and to work instead of running to meetings, you would not find my house in this shape. I am all broken up. I am sick, and now he is arrested. I suppose this is the last of our family."

The search still going on, Mrs. Hubner crossed the room to a closet, saying to Schuettler:

"Here, officers, take this devil's print out of my house. This is what my husband prayed with night and day, and what got him into trouble. If you don't want to take it, I will throw it into the stove. I don't want any more families made miserable by it."

The officer opened the bundle, and the first thing he saw was a picture of the burly face of John Most. This led to the exchange of a few pleasantries between the officers.

"I have got him," shouted Schuettler.

When Officer Whalen got a glimpse of the portrait, which was printed on the cover of a pamphlet, and not knowing what the title on the cover had reference to, as it was printed in German, or whom the picture represented, he facetiously remarked:

"I see the face of a Scotch terrier."

"You fool," replied Schuettler, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is Johann Most."

"Well," retorted Whalen, "if that is the great Anarchist, he ought to have two more legs. He'd make a fine ratter."

In the bundle were found a number of Communistic, Socialistic and Anarchistic documents, and a complete collection of hand-bills of all the meetings that had been held for years past. Hubner had been an active worker at all times. He would post bills, carry hand-bills and do any kind of work for the "good of the cause." No meetings were ever held too far from his home. He was well known in all the "groups" and to all the leaders. He attended all the picnics and parades. Nothing

delighted him more than to carry the big banner belonging to the International Carpenters' Union No. 1. How he strutted and flaunted that banner as he passed churches, police stations and the residences of the wealthy. Next to Most's book, that banner was his principal source of inspiration. He would even neglect his meals for the sake of bearing aloft that crimson standard. Whether this was the cause of his emaciated look at the time of his arrest is problematical, but certain it is his appearance, when brought before me, indicated want and starvation, and his voice was weak and husky.

"From what I can hear about you," I said, "it appears that you are one of the 'boys.'"

"Oh, well," drawled Hubner, "you may hear a great deal."

"Yes," I replied, "I hear so much it keeps me busy thinking."

"Have you been thinking any of me?" queried Hubner.

"I have, and I think you are the worst I have heard of yet."

"Ah, but you have got others far more dangerous than I am."

"If you want to give credit to any one else, name the parties."

Hubner finally stated that only on the evening previous, at a meeting of the Carpenters' Union, a member had said that their attorneys, Messrs. Salomon & Zeisler, held that there was no law to convict any one, and that they would secure the release of the "boys" as fast as the police locked them up. They advised all to "keep their mouths shut," and that, in the event of an arrest, the police could not hold them longer than two days.

"Do you want to try that and see how it works?" I asked.

"That's what I want," responded Hubner, bent on an experiment.

"Well, I guarantee you," said I smilingly, "that you will remain here with us as long as we like your company. When we get tired of you we will send you to the big jail. Officer, take this man and tell the lockup-keeper that he will probably stay with us a week."

Hubner was escorted down stairs, given a good cell and allowed to metaphorically wrap "that banner" around him as he lay down to dream of Anarchy. Things got monotonous, however. The very next day he sent word that he desired to see me. He was brought up and made a long statement. He assured me that every word was true, that he would face any of those mentioned and defy them to contradict his assertions. He told the day and date of almost every transaction. He said he would swear to everything he had stated.

"I don't believe in a God," he added, "but when I swear, I understand that if I should tell a lie or an untruth I can be punished for it. I am disgusted with the way things are now. There are no more brave men."

After a few days he was released by order of the State's Attorney. Before leaving, he promised that he would testify in court in accordance with his statement, and afterwards, for a time, he was on hand whenever sent for.

The parties arrested were required to report regularly. At the commencement of the trial, they were all kept in a large room in the station, where ten officers guarded them night and day. They were taken out for exercise every evening, but were not allowed to talk to any one. Their wives had the privilege of seeing them, but an officer was always present to hear what was said.

Hubner after a time showed signs of weakening. He had been seen by the attorneys for the defense and changed his mind. He also began talking to others, urging them not to testify. He finally said he would not take the stand, and, as he was not wanted to testify, he was again released. After the trial he went back to his comrades, attended some of their meetings and talked for the cause. When the time approached for the execution, he suddenly left the city, and subsequently sent for his family. He has returned to Chicago, however, and is working on Division and Clark Streets, in a little carpenter-shop.

The following is his statement, to the correctness of which he would have testified had he not been a poltroon and a simpleton. It fully bears out the truth of the witnesses who appeared for the State during the trial as to the conspiracy and the parties thereto:

"I know Gottfried Waller. I belong to the armed men. I know George Engel. At one time he published a paper called the *Anarchist*. I know Louis Lingg. I was a Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, Monday afternoon about five o'clock. I left there at nine o'clock and got home at eleven the same night. I read and saw a circular that called for revenge and to arm ourselves. I saw August Spies in the hall, and he told us that the police had been shooting our workingmen at McCormick's, and we should be ready with our arms. Then Rau came into the meeting, very much excited and said that a number of our people had been shot at McCormick's by the police. He called us to arms. Then Rau and Spies left the hall together. Both were much excited. The speech and talking of Spies in the hall happened in this way. Spies would catch a man alone and talk about the shooting, or when he saw a crowd of four or five standing together he would talk to them to excite them and urge them on. The effect of his talking to us brought our temper to such heat that I and others were ready to take revenge on the police officers and the law. And we would have done almost anything to get revenge. If Spies and Rau had there and then started out and we had had our arms with us, we would have followed them to do harm at once."

Such was the confession the brave Hubner first made to the police. On the 18th of May he made a second statement, as follows, adding a few further details as to the conspiracy:

"On Tuesday, May 4, about 4 P.M., I went to the house of William Seliger, at 442 Sedgwick Street, and there I found William Seliger and Louis Lingg. I had been in Seliger's house the day before, and I took along with me when I left three bombs—that is, three empty shells. Lingg also gave me the dynamite with which to fill them. Not knowing how, I

was afraid to fill them, and I brought them back to Lingg to fill them for me. When I got there, Seliger and Lingg were working, filling bombs or shells with dynamite. I went to work and helped them and got the bombs ready for use. They had some of them filled when I got there, but in all they filled and finished twenty round lead or metal bombs and about fifteen or eighteen long ones — that is, I mean to say, made of gas-pipe, about six inches or more long. I saw there a lot more of dynamite and fuse. As I went away from there — Seliger's house — that evening, I took along with me four long bombs, but before I left we had all the bombs finished, ready for use. I saw about six men at 5 P.M. in Seliger's house, and when any one came Lingg always went to the door and waited upon them. That evening, May 4, at eight o'clock, I went to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, and when I had been there only a few minutes I saw Lingg, Seliger and a little stout man, who carried a heavy satchel with a gray cloth cover. They came in together in Neff's Hall and placed the satchel in a little hallway leading to a 'gents' closet.' I was sent to Neff's Hall to see and report if there were many of our armed men in the hall who were waiting for bombs. As I had not been there long enough to find out and report back, Lingg and Seliger got tired of waiting at 442 Sedgwick Street and brought the satchel filled with bombs to Neff's Hall themselves. When Lingg saw me he came up to me and found fault with me for not reporting back sooner. He said there might have been lots of people there who failed to get bombs or shells. After that I went to supper, since Lingg was in the hall to look after things himself. The men I saw there were Hageman and Hermann. On Monday night, May 3, I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, up to ten o'clock, and afterwards I also went into the saloon. There were about forty men sitting and standing around the bar-room. Some one called out that the so-called armed sections should go down into the basement, as there would be a meeting for them. Then forty of us went down, and we decided to hold a meeting there. This was about nine o'clock in the evening. Gottfried Waller was chosen president. George Engel was one of the speakers and originator of the plan then and there given to us to shoot and kill people and destroy property. He told us what to do and began in this way. He asked us if we knew about his plan. The majority said 'no.' Then he began to tell us that his plan was to call a meeting for the next evening at the Haymarket, and there draw out as many police as possible, so that the outside parts of the city would not be strongly protected by the police. The signal for action would be given, and they should set fire to buildings in several places and in all parts of the city. One building at Wicker Park was mentioned, and as soon as they saw it on fire, then they should attack the police stations, throw dynamite bombs into the stations, kill the police officers and destroy the stations. In case a patrol wagon came, they should throw a bomb among the policemen, and if that did not stop them, then they should kill the horses attached to the wagons with their revolvers or guns. After that they should destroy all the property they could. The circular that called for revenge and to arms I saw at the Monday night meeting in the basement, 54 West Lake Street, where Engel spoke and gave us the plan of revolution. The lying of Engel about the killing of six of our brothers at McCormick's factory started me so that I was ready to do anything desperate. The speech of Engel in the basement that evening worked on me so that I went to Seliger's house on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, and helped to finish the bombs,

as I stated before. George Engel told those that had no arms to stay at home away from the Haymarket meeting, and that men who had arms but no courage should also stay at home. In that meeting there were present Adolph Fischer, Gottfried Waller, George Engel, Breitenfeld, Schnaubelt, John Thielen, Abraham Hermann, Herman Hageman, the two Lehmans and Hubner. Waller told us to go ahead and do our work, that he would be with us. The meeting lasted from nine o'clock to eleven. Fischer and others agreed to have the circular printed calling the meeting at the Haymarket for Tuesday night, May 4. After all the plans had been explained to us Fischer said 'That is the one'—meaning the murderous plan—'that we



MUNTZENBERG PEDDLING BOMBS AND BOOKS.

adopted in our group meeting.' Every division group were to make their own arrangements. The North Side armed men should meet Tuesday evening, May 4, at the foot of Webster Avenue and Lincoln Park, at the Schiller monument. I went there. I could not find enough of our people there, as the night was dark and those present were scattered. I got tired of waiting for others. The four bombs I had with me that night I took to the North Avenue Pier and threw them into the lake. Then I went home and went to bed. This was about ten o'clock. I did not hear anything of the shooting or the explosion of the bomb or the killing of the policemen at the Haymarket until the next morning when I got up. I went home so early on that evening because I had a headache from the smell of the dyna-

as I stated before. George Engel told those that had no arms to stay at home away from the Haymarket meeting, and that men who had arms but no courage should also stay at home. In that meeting there were present Adolph Fischer, Gottfried Waller, George Engel, Breitenfeld, Schnaubelt, John Thielen, Abraham Hermann, Herman Hageman, the two Lehmans and Hubner. Waller told us to go ahead and do our work, that he would be with us. The meeting lasted from nine o'clock to eleven. Fischer and others agreed to have the circular printed calling the meeting at the Haymarket for Tuesday night, May 4. After all the plans had been explained to us Fischer said 'That is the one'—meaning the murderous plan—'that we



MUNTZENBERG PEDDLING BOMBS AND BOOKS.

adopted in our group meeting.' Every division group were to make their own arrangements. The North Side armed men should meet Tuesday evening, May 4, at the foot of Webster Avenue and Lincoln Park, at the Schiller monument. I went there. I could not find enough of our people there, as the night was dark and those present were scattered. I got tired of waiting for others. The four bombs I had with me that night I took to the North Avenue Pier and threw them into the lake. Then I went home and went to bed. This was about ten o'clock. I did not hear anything of the shooting or the explosion of the bomb or the killing of the policemen at the Haymarket until the next morning when I got up. I went home so early on that evening because I had a headache from the smell of the dyna-

mite used in filling the bombs. We filled thirty-five in all. The word 'Ruhe' was intended as the signal word. If it should appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* May 4, in the 'Briefkasten,' then that would be a notification to be ready for the revolution. We were to watch also for the fire and shooting signals as well as the appearance of that word in the paper. We were then all to get ready. I only know of Lingg as a manufacturer of bombs. The plan was presented to the men to go and blow up the Chicago Avenue Station. Also many others were to blow up the Larrabee Street Station and the Webster Avenue Station. The work I did on the bombs was drilling holes in them. This statement I make of my own free will and accord in the presence of the officers named, and it is true and correct. And I furthermore will say that I will not take any bribe to change my statement or make denials; neither will I leave the city or the State as long as this case is pending in court, unless I have the consent of Capt. Schaack; that I always will be ready to give testimony for the people, whenever I am called on in this case, and that I will never make a second statement, that is to say, to a notary public or a justice of the peace, in writing or verbally; that I will only make a statement under oath for the grand jury of the Criminal Court, or Capt. M. J. Schaack."

Here follow the signature, etc., and the notarial acknowledgment.

On the 24th of May, Hubner, among other things, stated that he knew Herman Muntzenberg.

"I met him," he said, "as I was carrying around hand-bills for the meeting called May 4 at the Haymarket. Muntzenberg went with me to Seliger's house that afternoon. We saw Lingg and Seliger making the dynamite bombs, and we helped them to make them. Muntzenberg and I spent about three hours in Seliger's house that afternoon. Muntzenberg was there when it was stated that the dynamite bombs should be carried down to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, that night. Muntzenberg and I, by order of Lingg, went down to Neff's Hall to see how things looked there and report back to him. That is why Muntzenberg went to meet Lingg and Seliger to help them to carry the bombs to Neff's place."

Since the trial I have learned that Hubner knew a great deal more than he divulged in his confession, and that he was one of the parties chosen to aid in blowing up the Webster Avenue Station.

CHAPTER XV.

Engel in the Toils — His Character and Rough Eloquence — Facing his Accusers — Waller's Confession — The Work of the Lehr und Wehr Verein — A Dangerous Organization — The Romance of Conspiracy — Organization of the Armed Sections — Plans and Purposes — Rifles Bought in St. Louis — The Picnics at Sheffield — A Dynamite Drill — The Attack on McCormick's — A Frightened Anarchist — Lehman in the Calaboose — Information from many Quarters — The Cost of Revolvers — Lorenz Hermann's Story — Some Expert Lying.

ENOUGH was at this time known to make George Engel a mark for speedy police attention. It had been established beyond a doubt that he was one of the central figures in the conspiracy, and it was not long before a warrant was secured charging him with murder. I detailed Officers Stift and Whalen to serve the document, and they found him at his home, No. 286 Milwaukee Avenue. He was a man about fifty years old, stoutly built, round-shouldered, weighing about 170 pounds, and about five feet eight inches in height. He was married and had a daughter about sixteen years of age. He was by trade a painter, but he and his wife conducted a toy-store at the place where they lived. In addition to toys, they sold cigars and tobacco. The building he lived in was a two-story frame, and his support came principally from his business. He always claimed to be a very good friend of policemen, many of whom he said he knew, and they all, he claimed, liked him. He was very radical in his ideas, however, and at all times took an active interest in Anarchist meetings. In fact, he was one of the most rabid of them all. He was a successful organizer and a hard, persistent worker for the cause. He was one of the most positive, determined speakers in the German language in Chicago. He could hold a house all night, and his auditors were always charmed with his ingenious argument, his powerful invective and his captivating sophistry. He was well read on all topics bearing upon Anarchy, had a wonderful memory, and he could always promptly give a plausible "reason for the faith that was in him." His speeches were always plain, and, although he talked rapidly, he spoke with a directness and force that took complete possession of the illiterate and unthinking rabble. He could work up his auditors to the point of desperation, and with a word he could have sent them out to pillage and murder. It was his brain alone that evolved the gigantic plan of murdering hundreds of people and laying waste thousands of dollars' worth of property in Chicago, and the fact that he found so many willing to execute his purpose fully proved his power and influence over his Anarchist followers. Like all rabid Anarchists, he had no use for clergymen or the church, Sisters of Charity or anything else that had a tinge of religion in it. He called them all hypocrites and frauds. He was a great admirer of Louise Michel, the

French Anarchist, because of her fearlessness and courage, and he never failed to bestow words of praise on Most, whose work he fairly worshiped. The organs of the Anarchists in Chicago he did not think radical enough, and so he ventured to publish a paper of his own called the *Anarchist*, which, however, did not survive long. He was known as an honest man in all his dealings with his fellow-men, earnest in his convictions, but withal a most dangerous leader and most unrelenting in his hatred of existing society, and thoroughly unscrupulous in the methods to be used to bring about a change.

Engel was always cool and collected, rarely exhibiting signs of excitement.



GEORGE ENGEL.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

This fact was brought out most strikingly when the officers found him at his home, on the 18th of May, at five o'clock, and informed him that they had a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murder. He was painting in his house at the time, and, turning to the officers with a smile on his face, he nonchalantly remarked:

"Well, this is very strange."

The officers then told him that I desired to see him immediately, and he responded that if that was the case he supposed he must go with them.

When he arrived at the station he was informed again of the nature of the charge against him, and the floor, so to speak, was accorded him for any explanations he might desire to make.

"I am the most innocent man in the world," he began, in a slow, deliberate voice.

"I could not hurt a child or see any one hurt."

Engel was then subjected to some close questioning, and all he could be made to say was this:

"On Monday, May 3, I was working for a friend of mine named Koch. I was doing some painting for him that evening between the hours of eight and nine o'clock. I then went to a meeting at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street. The meeting was held in the basement. I don't know Mr. Waller. I do not belong to the Northwest Side group. I don't belong to any armed men. I don't know of any plan or conspiracy. I did not give any plan at that meeting. I was there at the meeting only a little while. I did not speak there, nor had I anything to say to any one. I did not, and was not authorized by any one to give a plan."

French Anarchist, because of her fearlessness and courage, and he never failed to bestow words of praise on Most, whose work he fairly worshiped. The organs of the Anarchists in Chicago he did not think radical enough, and so he ventured to publish a paper of his own called the *Anarchist*, which, however, did not survive long. He was known as an honest man in all his dealings with his fellow-men, earnest in his convictions, but withal a most dangerous leader and most unrelenting in his hatred of existing society, and thoroughly unscrupulous in the methods to be used to bring about a change.

Engel was always cool and collected, rarely exhibiting signs of excitement.



GEORGE ENGEL.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

This fact was brought out most strikingly when the officers found him at his home, on the 18th of May, at five o'clock, and informed him that they had a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murder. He was painting in his house at the time, and, turning to the officers with a smile on his face, he nonchalantly remarked :

"Well, this is very strange."

The officers then told him that I desired to see him immediately, and he responded that if that was the case he supposed he must go with them.

When he arrived at the station he was informed again of the nature of the charge against him, and the floor, so to speak, was accorded him for any explanations he might desire to make.

"I am the most innocent man in the world," he began, in a slow, deliber-

ate voice. "I could not hurt a child or see any one hurt."

Engel was then subjected to some close questioning, and all he could be made to say was this :

"On Monday, May 3, I was working for a friend of mine named Koch. I was doing some painting for him that evening between the hours of eight and nine o'clock. I then went to a meeting at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street. The meeting was held in the basement. I don't know Mr. Waller. I do not belong to the Northwest Side group. I don't belong to any armed men. I don't know of any plan or conspiracy. I did not give any plan at that meeting. I was there at the meeting only a little while. I did not speak there, nor had I anything to say to any one. I did not, and was not authorized by any one to give a plan."

He thus flatly contradicted every charge and seemed determined to put a bold front upon the situation. Confronted by the facts, he never winced, but kept up a bold exterior. He was then locked up at the station. Subsequently his wife called and met him in my office.

"Papa, see what trouble you have got yourself into," she sadly remarked.

"Mamma," he responded, "I cannot help it. What is in me must come out."

"Why," I interposed, "don't you stop that nonsense?"

"I know," replied Engel, "I have promised my wife so many times that I would stop it. But I cannot do it. I cannot help it that I am possessed of some eloquence and enthusiasm. It is a curse to some people to be possessed of this knowledge. I cannot help it that I am gifted in that way. I am not the first man that has been locked up for this cause, but I will bear it like a man. Louise Michel is a great woman. She has been locked up and suffered for principle. I am willing to do the same."

When Engel was asked where he had been on Tuesday evening, May 4, he responded: "At home all night, lying on a lounge."

Two days after Engel's arrest I secured a statement—in addition to that of Hubner—from Gottfried Waller, implicating the nervy Anarchist in the conspiracy in connection with "the plan."

I therefore thought it best to have Engel face his accuser, Waller, and, on the evening of May 24, at 9:30 o'clock, the two men were brought together in my office. Mr. Furthmann, who was present, with the officers, asked Engel, the moment he was brought in, if he knew the party before him. Engel, without the slightest hesitancy or tremor, answered in the negative. He was next asked if he had not attended the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, and Engel stated that he had come in late during the proceedings.

Waller then reiterated his charge, that Engel was not only a speaker on that occasion, but the man who had submitted a plan for murder and destruction.



MISS MARY ENGEL.
From a Photograph.

He thus flatly contradicted every charge and seemed determined to put a bold front upon the situation. Confronted by the facts, he never winced, but kept up a bold exterior. He was then locked up at the station. Subsequently his wife called and met him in my office.

"Papa, see what trouble you have got yourself into," she sadly remarked.

"Mamma," he responded, "I cannot help it. What is in me must come out."

"Why," I interposed, "don't you stop that nonsense?"

"I know," replied Engel, "I have promised my wife so many times that I would stop it. But I cannot do it. I cannot help it that I am possessed of some eloquence and enthusiasm. It is a curse to some people to be possessed of this knowledge. I cannot help it that I am gifted in that way. I am not the first man that has been locked up for this cause, but I will bear it like a man. Louise Michel is a great woman. She has been locked up and suffered for principle. I am willing to do the same."

When Engel was asked where he had been on Tuesday evening, May 4, he responded: "At home all night, lying on a lounge."

Two days after Engel's arrest I secured a statement—in addition to that of Hubner—from Gottfried Waller, implicating the nervy Anarchist in the conspiracy in connection with "the plan."

I therefore thought it best to have Engel face his accuser, Waller, and, on the evening of May 24, at 9:30 o'clock, the two men were brought together in my office. Mr. Furthmann, who was present, with the officers, asked Engel, the moment he was brought in, if he knew the party before him. Engel, without the slightest hesitancy or tremor, answered in the negative. He was next asked if he had not attended the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, and Engel stated that he had come in late during the proceedings.

Waller then reiterated his charge, that Engel was not only a speaker on that occasion, but the man who had submitted a plan for murder and destruction.



MISS MARY ENGEL.
From a Photograph.

"In fact," said Waller, "you were the only man who urged a revolution and spoke about your plan."

When questioned as to what he had to say to this, Engel retorted that "it was not true," as he had not been authorized by any one to propose a plan. Inasmuch as the accusation of Waller failed to make any perceptible impression on Engel's mind, I decided to see how the presence of another accuser would affect his deportment and answers. Accordingly Ernst Hubner was asked if he would face Engel, and, an answer being given firmly in the affirmative, Engel was again brought back into the office. There were present at this, as well as at the former interview, Furthmann, Whalen, Stift, Schuettler, Hoffman, Loewenstein and Rehm. The moment Engel was brought up by an officer, Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann asked Hubner if he was acquainted with Engel. Hubner replied, "Yes, I know him."

Addressing Engel, I said :

"This is Ernst Hubner. He says that he knows you, and he also has made a statement against you."

Engel replied that he did not know the man, whereupon Hubner reiterated his acquaintanceship, and added :

"Your name is Engel, and you keep a toy-store on Milwaukee Avenue. You made speeches at 58 Clybourn Avenue. I saw and heard you several times. I saw you in a meeting May 3, 9 P.M., at 54 West Lake Street."

"Engel," I interrupted, "listen, and I will read you what Hubner said about you."

Engel assented, and the statement of Hubner, as already given, was read.

"It is false," replied Engel; "but if that good man says I did say so, then you can believe him. I do not care."

"Where did you see Engel last?" inquired Furthmann of Hubner.

"I saw him at the meeting held at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, where I heard him speak about the revenge circular and his plan, which he said had been adopted by the Northwest Side group. He spoke of the plan as I have heretofore explained in my affidavit to the officers."

"You still say that that affidavit is true in every respect?"

"I do," emphatically replied Hubner.

"It is not so, and it is not true," stoutly replied Engel.

"Well," said I, "there are other people, and we will have more, who will prove that you did make a revolutionary speech and submitted a plan calling on your people to get ready with their arms and do violence. If other witnesses are produced, will you still have the same answer to give?"

"It would not be true; it is not so," reiterated Engel.

"But," I added, "suppose I produce twenty more men who will accuse

you the same as Waller and Hubner have accused you, what then would you have to say?"

"My answer," responded Engel, "would be that I have never spoken as charged against me. It is not true."

Engel had evidently made up his mind to deny everything, and, knowing his character for stubbornness, I made no further efforts to secure a statement from him. A man who could originate such a cold-blooded scheme as he had proposed—and part of it was actually carried out in bloodshed—was evidently not the kind to yield, and I allowed him to ruminate over his predicament in a cell below until the 27th of May, when he was sent to the County Jail. As will subsequently appear, he never showed signs of weakness during his incarceration from the time he was taken from his house that night until he dropped from the gallows, dying the hardest of them all. A half dozen such men at a critical time could upset a whole city, and it was fortunate for Chicago that there were not more like him during the troublous days of 1886.

SOME two days before Engel was brought in, GOTTFRIED WALLER was arrested by Officer Whalen. It appeared that he had been selling revolvers to workingmen, and after being taken to the station, on the 14th of May, he was released on bail. His importance then as a conspicuous figure in the Monday night meeting, when the murderous "plan" was adopted, was not clearly apparent, but he was kept under surveillance and his antecedents carefully inquired



GOTTFRIED WALLER.

From a Photograph.

into. Thielen, in his confession on the very day Waller was arrested, referred to him as having presided at that meeting, and, in describing a man who called at Lingg's room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, said he "believed he worked at Brunswick & Balke's factory." Hubner, in his affidavit on the 18th of May, stated that Waller had presided on the occasion referred to, and had even urged them to go ahead and do their work, and he would be with them—meaning their work of destruction. On these and other facts a warrant was secured for his arrest for murder, and on the 20th of May he was again taken into custody by Officers Whalen and Stift. He was a Swiss by birth, a cabinet-maker by occupation, and worked at the Brunswick, Balke & Collender billiard factory. His age at the time of his

you the same as Waller and Hubner have accused you, what then would you have to say?"

"My answer," responded Engel, "would be that I have never spoken as charged against me. It is not true."

Engel had evidently made up his mind to deny everything, and, knowing his character for stubbornness, I made no further efforts to secure a statement from him. A man who could originate such a cold-blooded scheme as he had proposed—and part of it was actually carried out in bloodshed—was evidently not the kind to yield, and I allowed him to ruminate over his predicament in a cell below until the 27th of May, when he was sent to the County Jail. As will subsequently appear, he never showed signs of weakness during his incarceration from the time he was taken from his house that night until he dropped from the gallows, dying the hardest of them all. A half dozen such men at a critical time could upset a whole city, and it was fortunate for Chicago that there were not more like him during the troublous days of 1886.

SOME two days before Engel was brought in, GOTTFRIED WALLER was arrested by Officer Whalen. It appeared that he had been selling revolvers to workingmen, and after being taken to the station, on the 14th of May, he was released on bail. His importance then as a conspicuous figure in the Monday night meeting, when the murderous "plan" was adopted, was not clearly apparent, but he was kept under surveillance and his antecedents carefully inquired



GOTTFRIED WALLER.

From a Photograph.

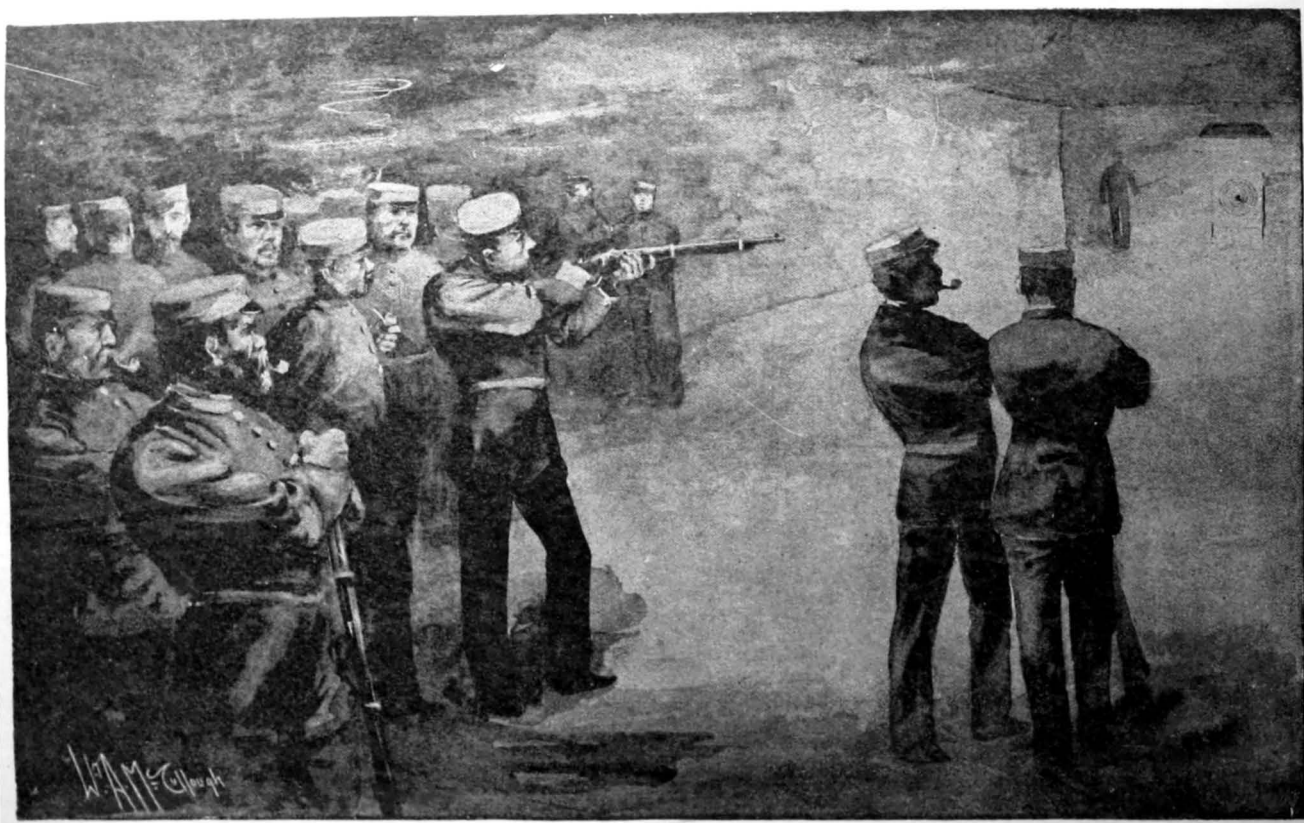
into. Thielen, in his confession on the very day Waller was arrested, referred to him as having presided at that meeting, and, in describing a man who called at Lingg's room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, said he "believed he worked at Brunswick & Balke's factory." Hubner, in his affidavit on the 18th of May, stated that Waller had presided on the occasion referred to, and had even urged them to go ahead and do their work, and he would be with them—meaning their work of destruction. On these and other facts a warrant was secured for his arrest for murder, and on the 20th of May he was again taken into custody by Officers Whalen and Stiff. He was a Swiss by birth, a cabinet-maker by occupation, and worked at the Brunswick, Balke & Collender billiard factory. His age at the time of his

arrest was thirty-six years, and he was a married man with one child. At the time of his first arrest he was living at No. 590 Milwaukee Avenue, and at his second arrest he was found at No. 105 North Wells Street. He had been only three years in America, and had scarcely settled in Chicago before he began attending the Anarchist meetings. He always frequented the gatherings where Swiss people assembled, and on a search being made of their meeting-place, 105 North Wells Street, on the 7th of May, the police found twelve guns. It had been the headquarters for the most dangerous element in the order, and on Waller's visiting the place after the trial of the Anarchists a serious attempt was made on his life. He was called a spy, and was pursued until he found safety under the shadow of the Chicago Avenue Station. Several parties were afterwards arrested for this assault. They subsequently threw a piece of iron through the window of the house where Waller was stopping, but this was the last futile exhibition of their rage.

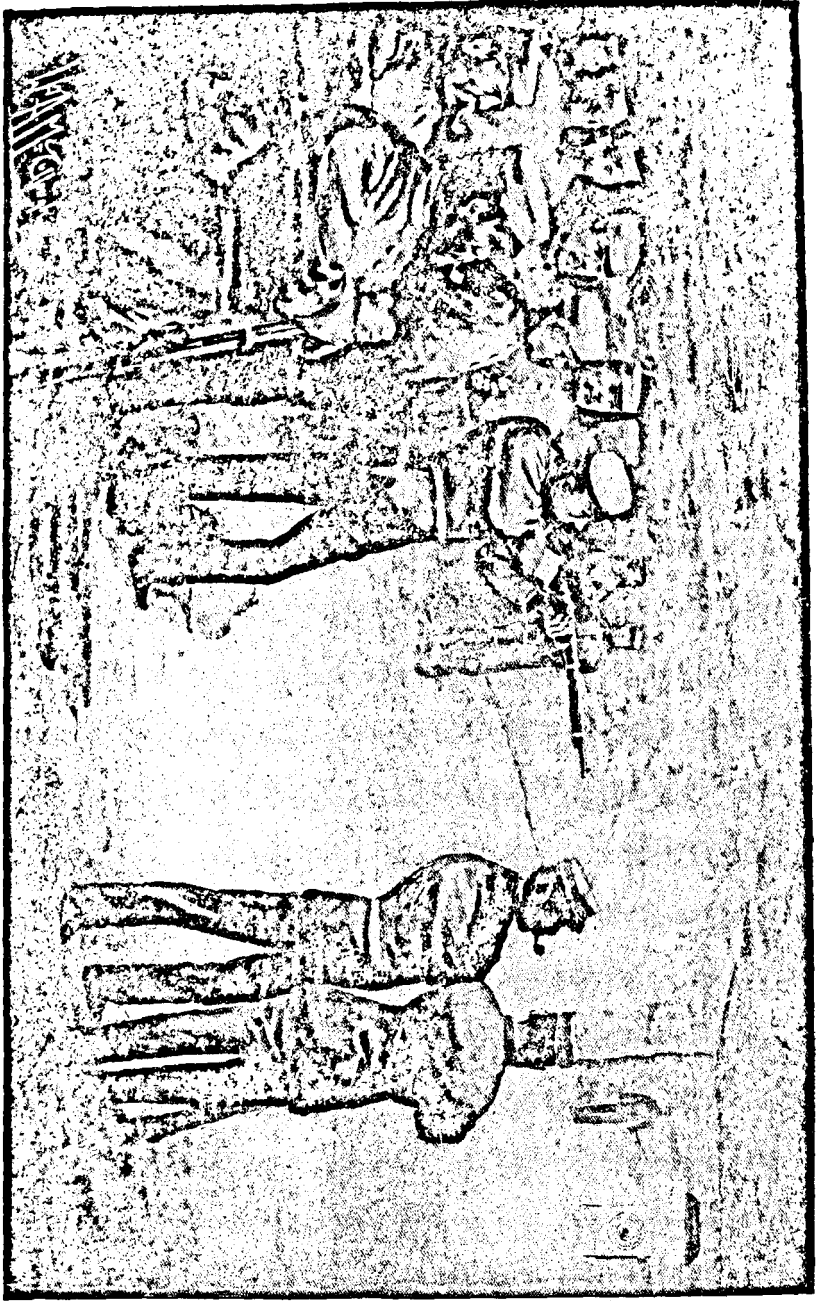
In view of his testimony, which appears further on in the review of the trial, Waller was given an unconditional release, and he has since conducted himself as a peaceable citizen.

After his confession bearing directly on the principal parties in the conspiracy, Waller wrote out his experience with the Lehr und Wehr Verein in particular and his connection with Anarchy in general. His story is as follows :

“On the 25th of January, 1884, I arrived in Chicago from Easton, Pa. I lived sixteen months on Grove Avenue, Humboldt. I was never a Socialist or Anarchist. I understood very little of the former and nothing at all of the latter. After residing for a while at the place mentioned, I moved to Milwaukee Avenue, near No. 636, Thalia Hall, on that street. Here I noticed people uniformed and armed about twice a week. They would enter this hall, and, by making inquiries, I was informed that these people belonged to the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and that they were a sort of ‘Schuetzen Verein,’ which practiced twice a week in the North Chicago Schuetzen Park (Sharpshooters' Park). Their principles were kept secret. As I was an expert sharpshooter and had a passion for military exercises, I accepted an invitation from their commander to participate in their practices. We met on the following Sunday at Thalia Hall, at five o'clock in the morning, and continued for some time. We dispersed by each going in different directions toward the park, so as not to arouse any suspicion. On account of cold weather only fourteen of us came together. It was no fun to walk knee-deep in the snow ; still we were feeling good since we were going to practice shooting. After several rounds of drinks, which were called for in payment of the stand we used on such occasions, we erected two targets and commenced practicing. I soon noticed that the company consisted of good marksmen, and that day I was pronounced the best marksman among them. After that I wanted to become a member of the Verein, as I had been asked several times by some of them to join. I called at Thalia Hall one Monday evening and was taken to the cellar, which I entered through a secret door by means of a



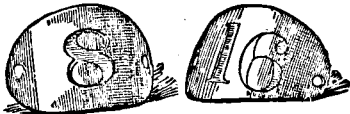
UNDERGROUND RIFLE PRACTICE. A MEETING OF THE LEHR UND WEHR VEREIN.



UNDERGROUND RIFLE PRACTICE. A MEETING OF THE LEHR UND WEHR VEREIN.

ladder. Here I saw thirty to thirty-five men practicing shooting at a target. The cellar was not well lighted except at the north end, where the targets stood. The people and all the surroundings looked quite adventurous to me. One of the members then approached me and asked if I was a Socialist. I answered, 'Yes,' in an off-hand way. The first sergeant of the company, August Krueger, told me beforehand to do this. I paid my initiation fee, got a red card numbered 19, by which number I was afterwards known, and I was then a member. All the members were very cautious before me on account of my not being well known to them. We practiced every Monday and Wednesday, drilling and shooting. I paid a great deal of attention to these exercises. I never missed a meeting, and consequently I soon gained the confidence of all the members.

"At the first general meeting, which was held every last Tuesday of each month, at No. 54 West Lake Street, I was enlightened, and how I was enlightened will appear as I proceed with my statement. I now desire first to speak of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. This society consists of four companies from various parts of the city, and forms a revolutionary military organization. The first company belongs to the North Side; second company, the Northwest Side; third company, the Southwest Side, and the fourth company was formed by the commander at Pullman. The first company was the strongest and consisted of about one hundred and twenty members.



NUMBERED PLATES
From Lehr und Wehr Verein Rifles.
From a Photograph.

The second consisted of thirty-five members; the third about eighty; and the fourth, forty members. Consequently the battalion consisted of two hundred and seventy-five members. You could rely upon one hundred and eighty men; the others were more or less indifferent and passive. All the members were armed with Springfield rifles, 48-caliber, and

with Remington revolvers, 44-caliber. Every member was well supplied with ammunition at his house, which was always purchased by the quartermaster of the company. The uniform consisted of a blouse, with white buttons, and with shoulder-straps for the officers, black leather belts with brass buckles inscribed L. W. V., dark pantaloons and black slouch hats. Every company had a captain, lieutenant and first sergeant. Besides these the company had the following officers: A corresponding secretary, financial secretary, treasurer, quartermaster, and a Lehr und Wehr auditor. The commander received a monthly salary of \$15.00, and the financial secretary \$4.00. The commander was Gustav Breitenfeld. Captain of the first company, Abraham Hermann; second company, Bernhard Schrader; third company, H. Betzel, and fourth company, Paul Pull. Under command of these people, the companies were drilled and instructed. The corresponding secretary attended to all the correspondence, domestic and foreign, which was not a very easy job, because we corresponded with the Internationale of the whole country. The financial secretary collected the dues, and turned them all over to myself as treasurer. The quartermaster, A. Hermann, had to supply arms and ammunition. The Lehr und Wehr auditor had to investigate all complaints and to impose all fines and collect the same. The meeting-place of the first company was at Mueller's Hall, on North Avenue and Sedgwick Street, in basement; of the second company, at Thalia Hall, on Milwaukee Avenue; of the third company, at

Vorwaerts Turn Hall, on West Twelfth Street, and of the fourth company, at Rosenheim, in Pullman. Another curiously mixed company also belonged to the Verein. It was commanded by Captain Betzel, of the third company, and it had nothing to do with us in a business way.

"The whole battalion assembled once every month on pleasant days on the prairie behind the ice-houses of Schofield & Co., on the West Side, and practiced skirmish drills. The commands were given in English, and no one knew the members by name—only by numbers.

"This brings me to the first general meeting of the Verein at No. 54 West Lake Street that I attended. Before the opening of the meeting, every one who entered the hall was examined so that none but members might get in. The meetings would be called to order by the secretary, and then a chairman and a doorkeeper would be chosen. August Krause, of the second company, was generally called upon to officiate as chairman. First of all the correspondence would be read, and at one meeting a letter was read from Most, of New York, which pertained to arms. In the first meeting Commander Breitenfeld was ordered to proceed to Pullman every Sunday to work for the cause, and for his services he received a remuneration of \$3 for each trip. The new company in that town finally reported a large increase of fine material with strong Anarchistic doctrines. The quartermaster, who then was Lehnert, was ordered to purchase forty rifles and four boxes of ammunition, each containing 4,000 rounds. The treasurer delivered to him \$250, and afterwards we duly received the rifles from a firm in St. Louis. After all business had been transacted one of the eager members delivered a speech touching the best means of bringing on the social revolution. He proved very violent in his sentiments, and all present agreed with him that this revolution could only be accomplished with fire, powder, lead and dynamite. For a public attack on the streets of Chicago the speaker considered us too weak. As to the 'property beasts,' as he called the small owners of buildings, he regarded them as our biggest enemies, as they would attack us from their windows and defeat us, and consequently our only hope for a victory lay in the torch and dynamite. When Chicago would be surrounded by fire and destroyed, these 'beasts,' he said, would be obliged to take refuge on the prairies, and there it would be very easy for us to master them by our unmerciful proceedings. If this was done, other cities, like New York, St. Louis, Pittsburg, etc., would follow our example. Then all eyes would be centered on the Anarchists of Chicago, and therefore we would proclaim the Commune.

"All these utterances were accepted with great applause, and every one wanted to commence immediately. I thought differently. I remembered the revolution of 1848 in Germany and that of 1871 in Paris and its consequences.

"Krause, after this speech, took the floor and spoke in favor of the revolution. He stated that they ought to invite the Anarchists of other cities to join them here, and then we could commence the work of destruction. Then other members gave their views, and the meeting adjourned with an injunction that every one should be silent with reference to our proceedings.

"This brings me to the revolutionary party. This organization consists of the following sections and groups: The Lehr und Wehr Verein, commander Breitenfeld; Northwest Side group, commanders Engel, Fischer and Grumm; North Side group, commanders Neebe, Lingg and Hermann; American group, commanders Spies, Parsons and Fielden; Karl Marx

Group, commander Schilling; the Freiheit group; the armed sections of the International Carpenters' Union and the Metal-workers' Union. The whole party is under the leadership of a general committee. This committee is composed of Spies, Schwab, Parsons, Neebe, Rau, Hirschberger, Deusch and Belz. The committee held their meetings in one of the rooms of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and received weekly reports from the delegates of the various groups. A part of the monthly dues was delivered to the general committee, and all expenses for traveling at the instance of the agitation committee (Parsons and Schwab) and for arms were paid by the quartermaster.

"On one occasion I attended a general meeting of the revolutionary party at No. 54 West Lake Street, at which the whole party of armed sections were represented. After all precautions had been taken as to safety, August Spies took the chair and Neebe acted as secretary. We had to produce our cards of membership on entering, and every group was called by name, and each representative had to rise in his seat for close inspection. The first business was a complaint from the Northwest group and the Lehr und Wehr Verein that the funds had been mismanaged and thrown away. Both organizations declared that they would withdraw their delegates and, after that, act independently. Spies became as furious as a snake when trodden upon, and he got up and told them that they might leave immediately. This started a war of words. Some retorted that the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was not radical enough, and it must be made different from that moment. The members of the general committee were called impostors and loafers. The Lehr und Wehr Verein had paid some \$75 for the purchase of arms, but they had neither seen the arms nor the money. Engel and the Northwest Side group were brought into the wrangle, and he was called a traitor. They said that Engel would bring the whole party to ruin, likewise the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, but they (Engel and the paper) did not care so long as it enriched themselves. Finally the Northwest group withdrew, and some of the members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein shortly afterwards followed suit. From this time on there were constant disputes.

"Engel and Grunewald collected money for a new paper and started the *Anarchist*, a paper like Most's *Freiheit* in New York. Shortly after these societies had left the hall, the fight was taken up again by some of the females who were present,— Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Bolling, Mrs. Schwab and Mrs. Holmes,— and it was continued until Spies was declared out of order. Hirschberger then reported the result of the sale of revolutionary literature, such as the works of Louise Michel, Most's 'Revolutionary Warfare,' etc., and he stated that it had exceeded his expectations. After this they discussed picnics, and a number desired them to be held outside of the city. Sheffield was suggested, because by going there they would bring in more money, and when there they could speak more freely their Anarchist sentiments. It was finally decided to hold a meeting of the workingmen on Market Square on Thanksgiving day, and Parsons was ordered to make the necessary arrangements. Spies called attention to the importance of every one attending that meeting, and urged that they should not come without a bomb or a revolver. The bombs, he said, they could purchase at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, four for \$1. The time was near, he said, when the long-looked-for revolution would take place, and so they should avail themselves of every opportunity. He wanted all Anarchists to work against the eight-hour movement, because if it should prove successful our movement

would receive a set-back for several years. Our cause would not be hastened by it. He complained about our small gain in numbers and attributed it to the poor agitation of some of the members. After this I left the hall.

"On the day before Thanksgiving we drilled in Thalia Hall. At the end of the exercise we were all requested to attend the meeting the following day, and Lehnert distributed some bombs in the shape of gas-pipe. He stated that he could only get four, but that on the next day at one o'clock every member could have one by calling at the hall. The next day most of the members put in an appearance. Members of the Northwest Side group also called. Adolph Fischer was there with a basketful of bombs like the one I saw the day before, which was the first time I had ever seen a bomb, and he told us distinctly to use them in case the Market Square meeting was dispersed. He cut a piece of fuse about the length of one on a bomb, put it on the table and lighted it with a cigar. He showed the way it worked and posted us as to the time it would have to burn before a bomb to which it might be attached should be thrown. He also showed us the way we should throw a bomb, and after this exhibition we all proceeded to the meeting.

"On arriving at Market Square, I noticed a stage made out of barrels, with a red flag attached to it, and this was our meeting-place. Parsons mounted the platform and addressed the assemblage, which consisted of about a thousand people. It was a fortunate thing that the crowd was no larger, else the bloody bath of May 4 would have taken place that day, in view of all the preparations and the hostile feeling among us. The Northwest Side group was fully armed, and the preparations were alike complete among all the other sections. Schwab, Fielden and Neebe were present, but none of them spoke. After they had waved the red flag the meeting adjourned. Bad, cold weather contributed to the small attendance.

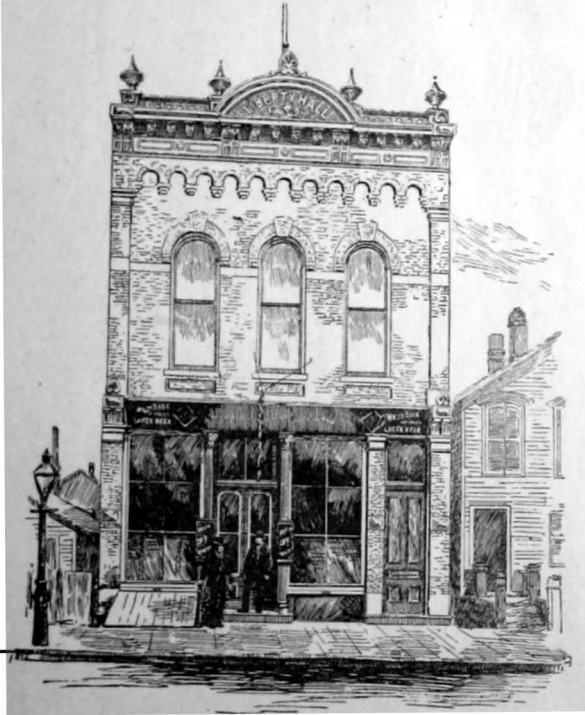
"After reading in the newspapers that on a certain Monday some of McCormick's strikers would resume work, the armed groups were called to a meeting at Goercke's Hall, on Twentieth Street and Blue Island Avenue. Reinhold Krueger and Tannenberg represented the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and I joined them on the way to the place of meeting. Arriving there, I found most of the different sections represented, and the meeting opened. Gustav Belz, of the Metal-workers' Union, and employed at McCormick's, was chairman, and after some discussion we concluded to stop the reopening of the factory by force. On account of the short time for a proper notification to our members, we decided to have our well-known signal, 'Y, come Monday' (which would mean that all was ripe for action, and our men should come to our regular meeting place, 54 West Lake Street), in the 'Briefkasten' of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and it was accordingly done. We also at the meeting conferred with respect to having some of our men mix up with the 'scabs' by going to work with them in the factory, and then, when the moment for action arrived, they should set the factory on fire in several places. Those who were to do this were not to act, however, until they learned the result of the meeting that was to be held under the call of our signal, 'Y.' During the same day, after the meeting, Belz and Tannenberg carried several bombs out to the Black Road. What happened the following Monday at the factory everybody knows. Strikers and others assembled by thousands. The great bell at the factory rang, and the 'scabs' went to work. During the day disturbances followed and many arrests were made of people who were found to have concealed weapons, and who were afterwards fined \$10 in the Police Court.

"But a change took place the following Tuesday. In accordance with the signal published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, about 180 of our people gathered at No. 54 West Lake Street. Most of them carried their arms and some carried bombs. I saw Suess, and some others unknown to me, have bombs of the round pattern. These men even had their rifles with them, and every one knew what was up. The several sections formed in platoons. Belz was elected chairman, and they consulted as to what should be done. First they regretted that the strikers had not reached McCormick's that Monday morning, before the arrival of the police, in time to secure possession of the place, and then Betzel of the third company spoke and insisted that they should go around there during the night, secure good positions and then attack the patrol wagons as they passed on the following morning. He said he would give strict instructions to his company to obey his command, and then, when the police came to take their positions, they should be met with a good reception from well-aimed rifles. About fifty members wanted this plan carried out, but I noticed that most of them carried their hearts in their pants, and had very little courage. Excuses after excuses were made. Suess gave his bomb to a comrade and told him that when he thought of his wife and home he had doubts about going into an uncertain adventure. Balthasar Rau also protested against the plan. Some one suggested that they should stay there, in the hall, all night. Belz declared that he was of the same opinion about remaining; but, he said, he had a better plan to reach Mr. McCormick. It was very easy, he said, to attack this money baron in his own house. He described the house and rooms, and the location of the windows, and said that they should throw one of these 'play balls' in through the window of the room where McCormick would be sitting, and send him flying to heaven. This course should be taken by some one of those present, of his own accord, so that no second or third party would know the perpetrator. There seemed to be no response to this, and, noticing the want of enthusiasm, he grasped his rifle and made a motion to break it in two, calling them all at the same time cowards. He then left the hall. I was surprised at this, because among those assembled there were some of the worst Anarchists in the city, notably Lingg, Engel, Fischer and Grunewald. McCormick, however, is alive to-day. Rau notified those present that if any one wanted any bombs they should follow him to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and he would supply them. The meeting then adjourned.

"After the experience I had thus had with the party, I was sorry that I ever joined. I found that what good humor I had formerly possessed had been completely wiped out by my associations with the revolutionary party. I wanted now to join some good society, and I thought of some good excuse for leaving the party. My opportunity came. My comrades wanted me to buy a supply of ammunition, as the 1st of May was near at hand, but I found that there was not money enough in the treasury. The financial secretary had been very slow in delivering to me all the money he had collected, and I discovered that his love for the shining dollars was so great that he would let some of them fall through his fingers. I found out his dishonesty, and I brought it to light. On this account we became enemies, and sometimes he would rather have seen me dead than McCormick. One evening I stood in front of the bar at Thalia Hall with him just before target practice. I was talking about something not in his favor. We finally came to hot words and then to blows. I let him have a few right-handers,

and he drew his revolver and fired one shot, the ball passing close to my right ear and striking the wall. The proprietor of the saloon took the revolver away from him, and he attacked me again with a rawhide [a billy], which he always carried. He struck me over the head, and I grabbed a chair and gave it to him savagely. He skipped out. Shortly after this I sent the money-box with Schrader to the Verein along with my written resignation. In that I explained that I did not want to associate with murderers and manslayers. It was accepted, and I was again a free man, rejecting every inducement except one to join their ranks again. This exception grew out of my own foolishness and happened when I attended the ill-fated meeting of May 2d.

"This meeting on May 2d was held on Emma Street. During the day, which was a pleasant one, I went out early for a walk. While I was absent some one called at my house and told my wife that I was wanted at No. 63 Emma Street that evening at ten o'clock. I returned home about 10:30 o'clock the same morning, and as I did not know the hall, nor knew the person who had notified my wife, I proceeded to the number given. This visit was a most unfortunate one for me. Entering the hall, I



"LIBERTY HALL,"

No. 63 Emma Street, where the Conspiracy "Plan" was first proposed by Engel. From a Photograph.

noticed the Northwest Side group and the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I was just on the point of leaving, when Schrader called me back, and, not liking to act like a coward, I remained. A person named Kistner acted as chairman. They wanted to admit a member who had been proposed by two members as true and faithful, but Engel objected, and the man had to leave the hall. They then proceeded to business, having first ascertained that the twenty or twenty-five persons present were in perfect security. Engel took the floor and sailed into the capitalists and the police. He said that they should, when an opportunity presented itself, imitate the Anarchist leaders when, at the Bohemian Turner Hall masquerade ball, they

and he drew his revolver and fired one shot, the ball passing close to my right ear and striking the wall. The proprietor of the saloon took the revolver away from him, and he attacked me again with a rawhide [a billy], which he always carried. He struck me over the head, and I grabbed a chair and gave it to him savagely. He skipped out. Shortly after this I sent the money-box with Schrader to the Verein along with my written resignation. In that I explained that I did not want to associate with murderers and manslayers. It was accepted, and I was again a free man, rejecting every inducement except one to join their ranks again. This exception grew out of my own foolishness and happened when I attended the ill-fated meeting of May 2d.

"This meeting on May 2d was held on Emma Street. During the day, which was a pleasant one, I went out early for a walk. While I was absent some one called at my house and told my wife that I was wanted at No. 63 Emma Street that evening at ten o'clock. I returned home about 10:30 o'clock the same morning, and as I did not know the hall, nor knew the person who had notified my wife, I proceeded to the number given. This visit was a most unfortunate one for me. Entering the hall, I



"LIBERTY HALL,"

No. 63 Emma Street, where the Conspiracy "Plan" was first proposed by Engel. From a Photograph.

noticed the Northwest Side group and the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I was just on the point of leaving, when Schrader called me back, and, not liking to act like a coward, I remained. A person named Kistner acted as chairman. They wanted to admit a member who had been proposed by two members as true and faithful, but Engel objected, and the man had to leave the hall. They then proceeded to business, having first ascertained that the twenty or twenty-five persons present were in perfect security. Engel took the floor and sailed into the capitalists and the police. He said that they should, when an opportunity presented itself, imitate the Anarchist leaders when, at the Bohemian Turner Hall masquerade ball, they

had thrown pepper in the eyes of policemen who were present to make an attack on the turners, and he explained how that assault on their part had come very near costing him his life. But he had done it for the good of the cause. He then spoke of the labor troubles and said that now was the time to produce the revolution. It was unwise to let it pass. Then he proceeded to outline a plan for it, saying that, if any one had a better one to suggest, to say so."

Waller gives the details of the plan just as he gave it in court, and continues:

"I could not advise any one to speak against the motion for the adoption of the plan, as he would have been dealt with accordingly. Breitenfeld stated subsequently at Thalia Hall that he would do everything in his power to carry out this plan and that he would not work for the next few days, and that on the day given he would be at No. 54 West Lake Street to make all the arrangements.

"What happened on Monday at McCormick's is known. Spies hurried to write the 'Revenge' circular, stating that six men had been killed, and put it into circulation. That day I was at No. 105 Wells Street, where the workmen employed in Brunswick & Balke's factory held their meetings. I got home about six o'clock and had my supper, but I did not know then as to the conflict with the police at McCormick's. I did not feel like going to the meeting called for that evening at No. 54 West Lake Street. I had hardly been home thirty minutes when Clermont, of the second company, entered my room and asked:

"'Did you hear the news?'

"'What?' I asked.

"'From McCormick's,' he replied.

"'What then?' I asked.

"'Ten men were killed by the police, and more than twenty wounded,' he said. 'Now we must commence.'

"I did not believe it at first, but when he showed me the 'Revenge' circular my blood shot up into my head and I went with him to the meeting. As we passed Engel's house we met him and Fischer, and they joined us. On the way to the meeting, Engel said that if any one wanted to see him they should take the rear door and enter, as he thought the detectives were watching his house. Having arrived at the hall, Breitenfeld called the revolutionary men down to the cellar, and to my surprise I was elected chairman."

Waller then details the business that was there transacted, the story being identical with that he gave on the witness-stand, and alludes to his visit to Engel's house on his way to the Haymarket meeting on the evening of May 4. He had been previously asked by A. Krueger, Kraemer, and two others, who called at his own house while he was eating his supper, to go with them to Wicker Park, as they wanted to be at their post in response to the signal "Ruhe," but he declined to go with them. Waller continues:

"I went to Engel's. He was not at home, and we waited in a room behind the store. There were two others there, one a member of the

Northwest Side group, and the other I did not know. The first one went away to get some pepper, as he said, and returned again in a few minutes. . . . He said he was only waiting for the pills, meaning the bombs. I waited about five minutes, and during the time a young girl about ten or twelve years old put in an appearance, carrying a heavy parcel, which she handed to the man who had gone out for the pepper and who was waiting for 'pills.' I took the man to be her father. He disappeared behind a screen, and I walked out."

Waller next gives the circumstances in connection with the Haymarket meeting precisely as he gave them in court, and reverts back to the meeting of Monday night at No. 54 Lake Street, referring to a speech made on that occasion by Clermont. That man, Waller says, spoke substantially as follows: "I expect to see about 20,000 or 25,000 people at the Haymarket. The speeches should be very threatening and fierce so that the police will be compelled to disperse the meeting. Then, when the police become engaged, we can carry out our purpose." Before this meeting came to order, Greif, the proprietor of the place, was around lighting the lamps, and while doing so he remarked, says Waller: "This is just the place for you conspirators."

Among those expecting to do deeds of violence on the night of the Haymarket, at Wicker Park, was "Big" Krueger, and Waller mentions the fact that he met him the next day at noon.

"Krueger showed me a revolver," says Waller, "and I told him that he had better leave it at home. He replied that he would not do it, as he intended to kill every one who came across his path, and he left. A few hours after he shot at a policeman and lost his life."

Officer Madden was the officer thus assailed, and he immediately turned around and shot the Anarchist down in his tracks.

In concluding his statement Waller refers to his arrest and says:

"On the way to the station I made up my mind not to say a word. Arriving there, Capt. Schaack got to talking to me and put several questions to me in the presence of several detectives. I noticed that telling lies would not do me any good, and the friendly and courteous treatment of the Captain made such an impression on my mind that I told, by and by, everything with a throbbing heart. I promised to repeat my statements before court, and I did so."

OTTO LEHMAN was well known to the police by reputation through frequent mention of his name by fellow Anarchists, but he managed for some time to keep himself out of the way of a personal acquaintanceship with the force. He never did cherish admiration for policemen, and his dislike grew even more intense after he had learned that he was wanted. The sight of a blue-coat would drive him fairly wild, and the only way he could assuage his wrath was to take to his heels and run until his surcharged feelings had oozed out at the ends of his toes. He was a brave, defiant man in the presence of his comrades, and with his military bearing he

seemed the very personification of courage. He had a great penchant for lager beer, and, while emptying glass after glass, he talked Anarchy to the great delight of his hearers. He was an enthusiastic attendant at all meetings of the fraternity, and always wanted the speakers to make their harangues strong and incendiary. If one of them failed to threaten capitalists with dynamite and guns, he lost interest in the proceedings. In that case he would tilt his chair back and take a nap. The moment some one rasped the air with stinging words against capitalists and the police, Lehman would be on his feet and applaud vociferously. He would then adjourn to a saloon, fill himself up with lager and go home to dream of happy days when everybody was to be rich without labor. Some nights he would jump up in bed half asleep,—this is the story of his fellow roomers,—and shout:

“Down with them; shoot them! Don't give them any quarter! The world now is ours.”



OTTO LEHMAN.
From a Photograph.

His bed-companion, aroused by the demonstration, would take him by the collar and pull him down, after which he would sleep quite contentedly. This sort of exhibition was repeated after every meeting at which some new infernal machine had been spoken of, or some new torture for capitalists suggested. Such speeches made him strong in the faith, and so enthusiastic was he always that he managed to become quite a favorite with his fellows. In return for their admiration, he would spend his last cent in buy-

ing beer. His boarding-house was at No. 189 Hudson Avenue.

Although this is only a two-story building, there were living in it at the time no less than eight families. That there were no more is no fault of the house. And such families! Every one of them, from the youngest who could talk, to the oldest who could bear arms, was a turbulent Anarchist. Lehman was always happy in such surroundings. Had he only had his wife and children there, his joy would have been as nearly complete as possible until all capitalists had been exterminated. Unfortunately his family were in Germany. He had left them there three years before. At that time he would have been pleased to bring them along with him had it not been for his haste to get out of Emperor William's dominions to escape the law of the land.

In his new surroundings in America Lehman only waited for the day when millionaires would either “bite the dust” or capitulate by handing over their wealth to the Anarchists. He never for a moment doubted that

seemed the very personification of courage. He had a great penchant for lager beer, and, while emptying glass after glass, he talked Anarchy to the great delight of his hearers. He was an enthusiastic attendant at all meetings of the fraternity, and always wanted the speakers to make their harangues strong and incendiary. If one of them failed to threaten capitalists with dynamite and guns, he lost interest in the proceedings. In that case he would tilt his chair back and take a nap. The moment some one rasped the air with stinging words against capitalists and the police, Lehman would be on his feet and applaud vociferously. He would then adjourn to a saloon, fill himself up with lager and go home to dream of happy days when everybody was to be rich without labor. Some nights he would jump up in bed half asleep,—this is the story of his fellow roomers,—and shout:

“Down with them; shoot them!
Don't give them any quarter! The world
now is ours.”



OTTO LEHMAN.
From a Photograph.

His bed-companion, aroused by the demonstration, would take him by the collar and pull him down, after which he would sleep quite contentedly. This sort of exhibition was repeated after every meeting at which some new infernal machine had been spoken of, or some new torture for capitalists suggested. Such speeches made him strong in the faith, and so enthusiastic was he always that he managed to become quite a favorite with his fellows. In return for their admiration, he would spend his last cent in buy-

ing beer. His boarding-house was at No. 189 Hudson Avenue.

Although this is only a two-story building, there were living in it at the time no less than eight families. That there were no more is no fault of the house. And such families! Every one of them, from the youngest who could talk, to the oldest who could bear arms, was a turbulent Anarchist. Lehman was always happy in such surroundings. Had he only had his wife and children there, his joy would have been as nearly complete as possible until all capitalists had been exterminated. Unfortunately his family were in Germany. He had left them there three years before. At that time he would have been pleased to bring them along with him had it not been for his haste to get out of Emperor William's dominions to escape the law of the land.

In his new surroundings in America Lehman only waited for the day when millionaires would either “bite the dust” or capitulate by handing over their wealth to the Anarchists. He never for a moment doubted that

that day was almost at hand. Even after the Haymarket riot he had hope, but it vanished completely the moment he was within the grasp of the law. Of course, he did everything to save himself for another revolution by keeping away from the "hated police." Had it not been for his standing in Germany he would have returned there and waited until the excitement in Chicago had died out, and his comrades had fixed up another plan. He would have even gone to Canada, but he had never heard of it as a refuge for Anarchists. For a time he succeeded remarkably well in dodging us, as we had only a meager description of his appearance; but on the 20th of May he was seen by Officers Schuettler and Hoffman on the North Side. They did not know him at the time. Lehman, however, appears to have been suspicious of their movements, as there had recently been many inquiries for him in the locality. The moment Hoffman caught a glimpse of the slippery Anarchist, he remarked to his comrade:

"I'll bet that is one of the cut-throats. We'll take him in on general principles, and we can soon find out where he belongs."

The officers gradually approached him, but Lehman, suspecting their intentions, at once started on the run. He had run only half a block when he was captured, put in irons and taken to the station. On his arrival, I asked him his name.

"I'll tell you my name, and that is all," replied Lehman, in a surly mood and with an air of bravado. "I am not ashamed of my name, no matter if I am poor. I am as good a man as Grant. Now, don't trouble me any more. I am closed, and you cannot open me with a crow-bar. Look at me and tell the newspapers you have seen me. I am ready to be locked up."

"Otto," said I, "you have a brother named August, and he has a son by the name of Paul. That boy is a very good runner, and at the Haymarket, May 4, he was going to run and carry the news to outside men. The boy did run, but not with news for the waiting men. He kept running until he got out of town, and I know where he is. You will have him with you in a few days. So good-by, Otto; I will see you about the first of June. Officers, lock him up."

Otto was accordingly escorted down stairs. He had no sooner been placed in a cell than the officers learned the location of his boarding-house at the number given. They at once repaired to the place and gave it a thorough overhauling. They learned that immediately after the Haymarket, and especially since officers had been frequently noticed in the locality, many of the occupants had disappeared in a great hurry, some even forgetting the clean linen that hung in their back yards, and others neglecting to square their board bills.

The officers searched the premises and found several loaded dynamite bombs, some showing conclusively that they had come from Lingg's factory.

It was subsequently learned that Lingg had furnished them to Lehman — one on the evening of May 4, at 58 Clybourn Avenue, and another shortly after, on the same street, near Larrabee. The bombs were all ready for use, and contained Lingg's extra strong explosive, almost doubly as powerful as the ordinary commercial dynamite.

Two days after his arrest, about eleven o'clock, Lehman was not in a very happy frame of mind. His dreams had not been pleasant, and the possibility of hanging haunted him continually. He told the janitor that he wanted to see the Captain. I sent back word that I could not see him until the next day. Again in the afternoon he sent the janitor to say that he must see me at once, and that he would not speak so defiantly as he had done before. Otto was thereupon brought up. As he came in, he took off his hat and apologized for his rude behavior. After inviting the Anarchist to take a seat, I remarked :

"You know what you are arrested for?"

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"Have you made up your mind, then, as to what you wish to say?"

He answered in the affirmative.

"Will you tell me all you know of the Anarchists ever since you became one of them?"

Assent being given, I continued : "Now, you must understand I know a great deal of this work myself."

Otto said he so understood.

"Well, I don't want you to lie to me, and I don't want you to lie about anybody else to benefit yourself. All you tell me must be true, and if I find that you conceal anything, I will consider you a liar and have nothing more to do with you."

"Oh, yes," meekly and penitently replied Lehman, "I do agree with you on that point, and you will find me right. I will swear to all I say, and if I lie you can hang me in this station. But, Captain, I want something for telling the truth."

"Well," I replied, "I will have the State's Attorney or, his representative here, and if he tells you to speak and promises to reward you, you can depend upon his word."

In the presence of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, Otto at once unburdened his mind and related his knowledge of Anarchy in Chicago. He also testified to a fact, made apparent in my interviews with other prisoners, that he, like others, had been carried away by "the d——d Anarchist literature," as he expressed it, and that he now fully realized the utter folly of his past course. He had been told, he said, just as others had been told, by those who had lived in America for a long time, that this was a free country, and there was no law to stop them. "You can see for yourself," they used to say to him, "they are all afraid of us. Nobody interferes with us. We have everything all our own way."

"That sort of talk," said Lehman, "made me as bad as the rest of them."

He had fully believed, as his friends had informed him, that it was legal to talk dynamite, and that they could form plans for murder with impunity and without molestation. Mr. Furthmann read and explained the law to him, when he said :

"I am glad now that I have been arrested."

And he demonstrated the sincerity of his statement by furnishing strong evidence against all the Anarchist leaders that he knew. He was kept in confinement until after the trial and then released by order of the State's Attorney. He was forty years of age, a carpenter by occupation, and ever since his release he has attended to work and means to live until a good age to make amends for his past life.

The statement he gave me was as follows :

"I belong to the armed section of the International Carpenters' group. Whenever we had a meeting, the armed section remained five minutes later. To my group belonged myself, my brother, William Hageman, who lives on Rees Street, over Lehman's grocery store, also Hageman's brother, who was boarding at the same place, Ernst Niendorf, on Groger Street, Waller, William Seliger, John Thielen and Louis Lingg, all of the North Side group; also Abraham Hermann, Lorenz Hermann, Ernst Hubner, Charley Bock and his brother, William Lange, Michael Schwab, Balthasar Rau, Rudolph Schnaubelt, Fischer and Huber. I attended a meeting, May 3, at 71 West Lake Street, at nine o'clock. I heard Louis Lingg speak there, also Schwab. I saw the circular there which called for revenge and to arms. Waller, or Zoller, opened the meeting as chairman. Lingg said at the meeting that they must arm themselves and attend the meeting at the Haymarket to get revenge for those workmen who were killed at McCormick's factory that day by the police. I also heard Schwab urge them to arm themselves and seek revenge on the police. I heard one man call out that all armed men present should go to Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, that a meeting would be held there in the basement. I went there, as also did my brother Gustav, the two Hagemans, Louis Lingg, Schnaubelt, Breitenfeld, John Thielen and Hubner. The meeting occurred at 54 West Lake Street. I was there during the whole session. My brother was on the outside watching. I heard the speaker say that there would be a meeting at the Haymarket and that they expected a big crowd there, which would give them a chance to use their arms. He also said that the police would no doubt come there to disperse them. If they refused to go, the police would shoot, and they would have a good chance to shoot at them. The speakers at that meeting would be Spies, Fielden and Parsons. The North Side armed group would meet at Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, on Tuesday night, and they were to be ready with their arms and wait for orders. The Northwest Side group would also be ready and wait for orders. As soon as there was trouble at the Haymarket, they would be at Wicker Park ready for action. I heard the word 'Ruhe' spoken of at that meeting in the basement. If that word appeared in the paper—the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—the next day, it would mean a revolution, and the attack on the police would be made that night. 'Y, komme,' was a sign pub-

lished in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, meaning that there would be a meeting of the armed men. When I saw that revenge circular at No. 71 West Lake Street, it excited me very much and brought me to the meeting at 54 West Lake Street. I saw Adolph Fischer at that meeting. He made an address to us calling us to arms and urged that we should take revenge on the capitalists and the officers who had killed our brother workmen on that day at McCormick's. This man Fischer, whose picture has just been shown me by the Captain, is the person who said he would see that circulars were printed for the Haymarket meeting next day. The word 'Ruhe' was our signal word, adopted by the meeting that night at 54 West Lake Street, to attack the police. I heard some one say at the meeting that we should also attack the police station-houses and the police who might be within. They should make dynamite bombs and have them ready to throw into the stations. Lingg said: 'I will have the dynamite and bombs ready to be used when called for.' I did not hear of any one else saying or offering to furnish dynamite bombs. I was about fifteen feet away from Lingg when he made the remark. Then I left the meeting and the hall. The unanimous understanding among us all was that all who desired bombs must go to Lingg and get them. And we did not look to any one else for them. It was further stated at the meeting that, in case we should see a patrol wagon on the night of the attack, we should destroy the wagon, the horses and the officers, so that they could not render assistance to the officers at the Haymarket. On Tuesday evening, May 4, at nine o'clock, I went to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, and there I met both Hermanns, Rau, the Hagemans, Bock, Seliger and Lingg. Lingg gave me some of those long dynamite bombs and said: 'Here, you take this and use it.' He then started away. I heard that night — Tuesday — at eleven o'clock, at Ernst Grau's saloon, that there had been some shooting that night, that a bomb had been thrown and that many were killed and wounded at the Haymarket. A tall man came into Neff's Hall that night, May 4, at eleven o'clock, and told us about the shooting, the explosion of the bomb and the killing of the people. His clothes were all covered with mud, and he appeared greatly excited. He said: 'You are having a good time here drinking beer. See how I look. I was over to the Haymarket and lost my revolvers.' His name is August. He is the man — about thirty years of age, five feet ten inches tall, smooth face or a slight mustache, and is a bricklayer by occupation. [This was August Groge.] The dynamite bomb I had was made with a gas-pipe. My statement I will swear to at any time I am called upon."

The bomb he speaks of was among those found by Officer Hoffman at No. 189 Hudson Avenue.

GUSTAV LEHMAN was arrested on the same day — May 20 — with his brother Otto, only a little earlier in the morning. He was working as a carpenter, on a new building at the southwest corner of Sedgwick and Starr Streets, when Officers Schuettler and Hoffman accosted him, and his home at the time was at No. 41 Fremont Street, in the basement of a small building. He had a poor, sickly wife and six children. His wife, — who subsequently died in the County Hospital, in July, 1888, — when she was notified of his arrest, said:

"Well, I am very sorry for my dear husband, but now my words are coming true. He would take the last cent out of the house and run to meetings every night. Instead of leaving the money at home to buy clothing with for the children and medicine for myself, he would spend the last cent in saloons. At times when I heard him and others talk about capitalists, about an equal division of everything, I thought it all very foolish, and I would tell my husband so. The only answer he would give me was:

"'Oh, you old women don't know anything. You come to our meetings, and there you will be enlightened and learn how we are going to have things before long.'

"I often told him, 'You will have things so that you all will be locked up and beg for mercy and be glad to go to work and let other people alone.' One day he didn't work; he wanted to go to a meeting on the West Side. I reasoned with him and asked him to stay at home. I was afraid they would all be arrested for their foolish undertakings. Gustav got mad at me and said:

"'Now is our time or never. Before one month is over we will have things our own way. We have already got the capitalists, the militia and the police trembling in their boots. We are prepared, and, as soon as we strike the first blow, they will run away. Those that don't run we will kill. We don't expect to give them quarter.'"

The poor woman had clearly foreseen the outcome, and with rare judgment and fine instinct, in spite of her lowly station in life, she had sought early and late to instill into her husband's mind some practical ideas of life. Within the limited lines of her observation she had grasped the problem of social existence, its struggles, its sufferings and its rewards, and she intuitively knew that such changes as her husband and others of his ilk desired could never be brought about by revolution in a free country. She loved her husband tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice for him. But he, rather than forego attendance at a single meeting, preferred that wife and children should suffer want. He kept his family in constant suspense and ranted like a madman.

Lehman was a man about forty-five years of age, weighed two hundred pounds, and, although he had only the use of one eye, he was a good mechanic.



GUSTAV LEHMAN.
From a Photograph.

"Well, I am very sorry for my dear husband, but now my words are coming true. He would take the last cent out of the house and run to meetings every night. Instead of leaving the money at home to buy clothing with for the children and medicine for myself, he would spend the last cent in saloons. At times when I heard him and others talk about capitalists, about an equal division of everything, I thought it all very foolish, and I would tell my husband so. The only answer he would give me was:

"'Oh, you old women don't know anything. You come to our meetings, and there you will be enlightened and learn how we are going to have things before long.'

"I often told him, 'You will have things so that you all will be locked up and beg for mercy and be glad to go to work and let other people alone.' One day he didn't work; he wanted to go to a meeting on the West Side. I reasoned with him and asked him to stay at home. I was afraid they would all be arrested for their foolish undertakings. Gustav got mad at me and said:

"'Now is our time or never. Before one month is over we will have things our own way. We have already got the capitalists, the militia and the police trembling in their boots. We are prepared, and, as soon as we strike the first blow, they will run away. Those that don't run we will kill. We don't expect to give them quarter.'"

The poor woman had clearly foreseen the outcome, and with rare judgment and fine instinct, in spite of her lowly station in life, she had sought early and late to instill into her husband's mind some practical ideas of life. Within the limited lines of her observation she had grasped the problem of social existence, its struggles, its sufferings and its rewards, and she intuitively knew that such changes as her husband and others of his ilk desired could never be brought about by revolution in a free country. She loved her husband tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice for him. But he, rather than forego attendance at a single meeting, preferred that wife and children should suffer want. He kept his family in constant suspense and ranted like a madman.

Lehman was a man about forty-five years of age, weighed two hundred pounds, and, although he had only the use of one eye, he was a good mechanic.



GUSTAV LEHMAN.

From a Photograph.

When he was brought to the station he was asked his name.

"I don't give any name," he answered, somewhat indignantly.

"Why not?" asked I, in a pacific tone of voice.

"Because," was the gruff answer, "I don't want anything to do with you."

"Oh, you don't. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. We don't find such a great man as you are every day. Officer, take this man to a safe place down stairs and leave him there until we want him again."

"Well, you don't scare me any," thundered the burly Lehman.

"Well, now, we don't want to scare you," retorted I pleasantly, "but I thought you needed rest. You won't feel so tired when you see us again. You will find more of your friends down stairs. If you talk to any one, you will be taken away from here and sent to the Desplaines Street Station."

At the last remark Lehman winced perceptibly. The name of the Desplaines Street Station grated harshly on his ear, and he evidently felt that I had some surprise in store for him. He could have lightly passed by any other thrusts, but this nettled him. It was made for a purpose. I knew that all Anarchists had an intense hatred for that station, and greater than their hatred of the place was their anger against Bonfield, who had charge of it. They would rather suffer torments anywhere else than be cast into a cell in that place.

But Lehman shortly recovered his equanimity, and, assuming a stolid indifference to his surroundings, remarked:

"If you think you can make me 'squeal,' you are badly mistaken."

"Oh, no; we don't want you to 'squeal,'" said I. "We are rather afraid you will beg to be allowed to come here and sit on your knees to tell us all you know about making bombs and dynamite — all about your meetings — how often you have presided at meetings and how much dynamite you got from Lingg; and to tell us all about your brother, and where your son is hiding now, and where you placed the bombs that you carried around in your pocket on May 4; how bad a headache you had after filling the bombs with dynamite at Seliger's house. You see, August, we simply want to call your attention to all these little things — that's all."

This charge proved a little too strong for the doughty Lehman. He had kept up his courage well, but the rapidity of the assault, the dark secrets hinted at and the insinuations made had taxed his powers of resistance almost beyond endurance. His facial muscles twitched, and for a moment he wrestled with himself. He asked for a glass of water, and, quaffing its contents to the last drop, he rallied and straightened himself as if determined to hold out in spite of his nerves. Recovering his breath and struggling with his emotions, he said:

"If you have the power to hang me, do so. I have belonged to the cause so long that I will die before I reveal anything."

That was sufficient. Lehman was taken down stairs and locked up. The very next morning he sent the janitor to my office with a request to see me. I told the janitor that I was very busy and could not be interrupted unless Lehman had something very important to communicate. To this Lehman replied that he had discovered that there were other men locked up down stairs, and he was satisfied that if they had a chance they would "squeal." Would I accord him an interview? He was brought up, and, in the presence of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann and the officers, proceeded to unfold a very remarkable tale. He began very cautiously, evidently following the instructions laid down in John Most's book for Anarchists in trouble, but, as the questions were plied upon him, he soon discovered that he was in a very "tight box." He finally asked if there was any prospect of his being hung. He was informed that he must tell all he knew, and all must be true; that we did not want him to try to lie himself out of his trouble or tell a falsehood against an innocent man. Probably he would be called on to testify in court, and, of course, if he was a witness for the State, he would not be hanged.

"I do trust you men," he said, and revealed all the secrets that he knew, without reserve as to his own deeds and the experiences he had had with the other Anarchists. His statement gave the officers important points.

After the trial, Lehman declared he had no more use for Anarchy. He became a good husband and a kind father. In 1889 he married again, and, strange to say, Officer Nordrum acted as "best man" at the ceremony. The nature of Gustav's testimony appears in the evidence he gave at the trial.

ABRAHAM HERMANN was a man of different temperament; but, after his arrest, he showed a somewhat similar disposition as to secretiveness and stubbornness. He was arrested on the evening of May 10 at eight o'clock. He lived at No. 25 Clybourn Avenue. He was about thirty-four years of age, medium build, and weighed about 185 pounds. He was of dark complexion, wore a full black beard, had sharp, piercing eyes, and from thinking much on Anarchy, had come to present a sickly appearance. He did not look at all vicious, however, and was very quiet in his manner. He was a good machinist and fully conversant with the German language. In conversation he was slow and deliberate, evidently thinking twice before speaking.

At the time Abraham was taken in charge, his brother Lorenz was also arrested. Abraham's house had been searched a week before, and two rifles had been found and taken to the station. When the officers met the brothers, they were told to come to the station to identify their property, and when they set foot inside my office they were notified that they were under arrest. They manifested no surprise. Abraham was asked if he had anything to say. He wanted to know what about, and when informed that

we wanted information about Anarchy, he slowly replied that he "did not know any Anarchists."

"You can probably tell us something about how to drill Anarchists and how much profit you made on the rifles, or the 44-caliber Remington revolvers; or perhaps tell us how many men you had in your command on the night of the 4th of May around this station, and tell us about the



ZEPF'S HALL. From a Photograph.

trouble you had with Lingg in Neff's Hall at eleven o'clock, May 4th, after the explosion of the bomb at the Haymarket."

I could have put a few more queries, but I stopped to watch the effect. Abraham's eyes bulged out for a moment in surprise, but not a word did he have to say. He was at once locked up, and for nearly three days betrayed no signs of weakening. On the third day he showed a little anxiety and expressed a desire to see me. He was brought up, but, getting into a comfortable room, where the light of day made all surroundings cheerful, he became rather buoyant and seemed loth to depress the spirits of others by unfolding harrowing tales of Anarchistic plots. I tried to engage him in conversation, but the answers came in monosyllables and with a sort of

we wanted information about Anarchy, he slowly replied that he "did not know any Anarchists."

"You can probably tell us something about how to drill Anarchists and how much profit you made on the rifles, or the 44-caliber Remington revolvers; or perhaps tell us how many men you had in your command on the night of the 4th of May around this station, and tell us about the



ZEPF'S HALL. From a Photograph.

trouble you had with Lingg in Neff's Hall at eleven o'clock, May 4th, after the explosion of the bomb at the Haymarket."

I could have put a few more queries, but I stopped to watch the effect. Abraham's eyes bulged out for a moment in surprise, but not a word did he have to say. He was at once locked up, and for nearly three days betrayed no signs of weakening. On the third day he showed a little anxiety and expressed a desire to see me. He was brought up, but, getting into a comfortable room, where the light of day made all surroundings cheerful, he became rather buoyant and seemed loth to depress the spirits of others by unfolding harrowing tales of Anarchistic plots. I tried to engage him in conversation, but the answers came in monosyllables and with a sort of

guttural emphasis. The situation was becoming very tiresome. I thought Abraham had suddenly been seized with the lockjaw, but determined to fathom the man's mind. I urged him not to be guided by Most's book,—we understood that,—but to speak out if he had any information to give. If he had nothing to impart, to say so. He promptly saw that the situation was growing critical, and that, if he still refrained from speaking, possibly his last chance for saving himself might be gone. He relaxed the muscles of his face, opened his lips and prepared to talk. It was a great effort, but he evidently realized that something must be done.

“Well,” he finally drawled out, “I don't know what to tell you. It seems to me you people know about everything and have things down as correctly as I can give them to you. And you know all about me, too. I say this for myself: I don't know anything about the laws of the country. I have been told by people that ought to know better, that for what we were doing there was no law. I now see my mistake.”

Hermann then gave information on himself and others, and stated that he had never liked Lingg. Lingg, he remarked, was the most rabid Anarchist he had ever seen, and he almost believed that the man had a dynamite bomb in his head. He himself had never had anything to say in favor of the use of dynamite. He was a military man, and believed in the use of rifles. He had held that all the Anarchists should be well drilled and that no man should carry arms unless he knew how to use them. He was opposed to throwing stones or fighting in the streets. He believed in swords and good riflemen, and he was one of that class. His idea was never to undertake anything until fully prepared, and when they were prepared to let their work show the result.

During the interview he was very cautious in his statements, but he did not spare the leaders. At the same time he would not implicate any one of no special consequence in the order. His statement, however, was as sweeping as it was surprising. He was implicitly believed by the officers, as candor and earnestness were manifest in his disclosures.

Hermann was indicted by the grand jury, but after he had been in custody for awhile he was released by order of the State's Attorney. At the beginning of the trial he was brought in again and confined until its termination. He was then given his liberty. He has since become an industrious man, and has only had two or three relapses by attending some of the open, public meetings. He now declares, however, that he is through with Anarchy.

What he had to say to Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, myself and the officers was this:

“I have belonged to the North Side armed group since 1883. The members of the group are as follows: Schwab, Rau, Huber, Neebe, the two Lehmanns, Thielen, Lingg, Hubner, Seliger, Lange, Schnaubelt, Lorenz Hermann, Abraham Hermann, the two Hagemans, Heyman, Niendorf and

Charley Bock. We were about forty men strong on the North Side. I do not know anything about the word 'Ruhe.' On Monday, May 3, at 9 p.m., I attended a meeting of the metal-workers at Seamen's Hall, on Randolph, near Jefferson Street. I saw August Spies. He was passing and handing out some of the circulars that called for revenge upon the law and the police. Spies was at the meeting when I got there, and he had a handful of those circulars. I saw Spies busying himself around the meeting talking to the people. The secretary of this meeting was a man named Hahne-man. Lange was president. I belong to the North Side branch of the same union. But this was a general meeting. I only knew a few of the members present. The president of the meeting works for a firm on Wabash Avenue—a brass-finisher named Andrew or Andre. When I left this meeting at ten o'clock I went to 54 West Lake Street. As I came into the saloon some one said that there was a meeting down stairs. I went down. Waller was president of that meeting. I also saw Fischer there. I know Schnaubelt. He was there. When the question came up about printing the circulars for the Haymarket meeting, Fischer said that he would see to it. Some one suggested that letters should be sent to the armed people or members in surrounding cities near Chicago, asking them to attend to the police and militia there, so that they could not come to the assistance of the officers or police of this city. On my opposition the proposition was dropped. I saw Hubner and Lingg at that meeting. As I came in some one said, 'Lingg is going to attend to that.' I understood it to mean furnishing the dynamite bombs. I saw the meeting was intended for mischief, and I left the place. At a meeting May 4, at 8:30 p.m., in the hall in the rear of Neff's saloon, 58 Clybourn Avenue, I heard that the plan of operation decided upon was the same as given to the armed men at 54 West Lake Street. So far as I remember the plan, it was something like this: Some of the armed men were to go to the police stations, and, if the police were called out, to throw dynamite bombs among them, set the houses on fire and keep the police on the North Side. As far as I know, the North-west Side group had a similar plan. Lingg was not there at this time. All members present were anxious to see him come, waiting for bombs. I was in the hall about an hour. I went back again the same evening—May 4—about eleven o'clock. The first I heard of any trouble was about 10:30. A man whose name is Anton Hirschberger came into the saloon and told us that there had been a riot at the Haymarket. At the same time a tall man came in and said he had been at the riot, that a lot of bullets flew around them, a bomb had exploded, and that either some one had stolen his revolver or he had lost it. Then Neff said he was going to close up his place, the hour being eleven o'clock. On Wednesday, May 5, I met Lingg and Seliger at that place. I was surprised at meeting Lingg there, because I thought then that he ought to have been locked up. Lingg spoke to me and said, 'You are nice cowards.' I replied that he had better keep his mouth shut, as he was the cause of the whole affair. Hubner and I were there to attend a meeting of our people to be held on the quiet in Lincoln Park. We were to meet at the park because we expected it would not be safe to hold it anywhere else. What led me to think that Lingg ought to have been locked up was because he was always advocating the use of dynamite and bombs. That a bomb had been thrown was a fact, and I thought Lingg ought to have been arrested for it."

On May 31, Hermann made another statement, as follows :

"I know August Spies. He is the editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of this city. I knew him to write several articles on revolution. I was elected as an agent at a general meeting to procure and sell arms. This was in October last—1885. Balthasar Rau was chairman of that meeting. We had several men as a committee. They were called the Bureau of Information. It was composed of Parsons, from the English section ; Charles Bock, German, also assistant secretary to Rau ; Hirschberger, French, and Mikolanda, Bohemian. Every Anarchist looked to that bureau for information. I used to get my guns from New York, from a man named Seeger. He lives on Third Avenue. He was the middleman between me and the factory



TIMMERHOF HALL,

No. 703 Milwaukee Avenue. From a Photograph.

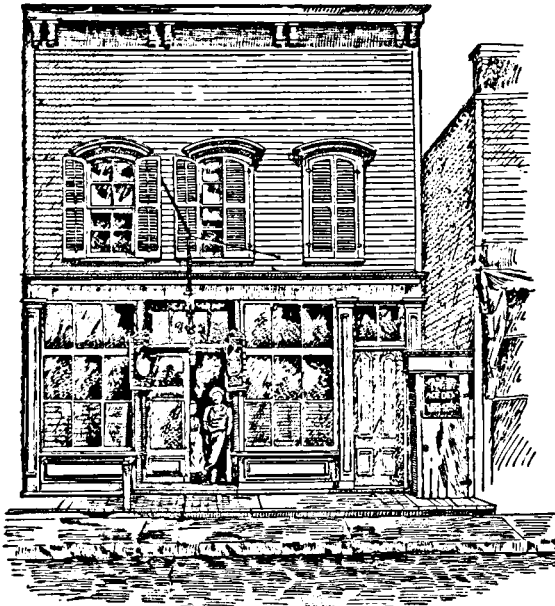
where the arms were made. I got twenty-five revolvers last February. They were shipped direct to me at No. 25 Clybourn Avenue. I sold them all at cost price to members. That was \$6.50. The last two revolvers I sold May 3, 1886—one to a man named Asher, and the other to August, a bricklayer. Before that I sold one revolver to Schnaubelt, one to Lingg and one to Seliger. It was Schnaubelt who proposed at the meeting held at 54 West Lake Street, May 3, to notify outside cities, but I told him it was all nonsense. About two weeks before this meeting I met Breitenfeld in a saloon, and said that I had often heard this letter 'Y,' and I was bound to find out its meaning when it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Breitenfeld said that it meant a meeting of the armed men, and told me to wait and he would get me into the meeting. I waited for a long time—about an hour. Then he came out, and I was admitted with him. I was in the meeting with him for an hour, and then it adjourned. I have known Lingg for six months. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street on the evening of May 3, it was supposed then that the police would interfere at the Haymarket, and then there would be a chance for a riot. Four members of the North Side group were detailed at that meeting as spies. If the riot should be a failure and we should get beaten by the police, our gathering-places after that would be at Center Park, Humboldt Park, St.

where the arms were made. I got twenty-five revolvers last February. They were shipped direct to me at No. 25 Clybourn Avenue. I sold them all at cost price to members. That was \$6.50. The last two revolvers I sold May 3, 1886—one to a man named Asher, and the other to August, a bricklayer. Before that I sold one revolver to Schnaubelt, one to Lingg and one to Seliger. It was Schnaubelt who proposed at the meeting held at 54 West Lake Street, May 3, to notify outside cities, but I told him it was all nonsense. About two weeks before this meeting I met Breitenfeld in a saloon, and said that I had often heard this letter 'Y,' and I was bound to find out its meaning when it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Breitenfeld said that it meant a meeting of the armed men, and told me to wait and he would get me into the meeting. I waited for a long time—about an hour. Then he came out, and I was admitted with him. I was in the meeting with him for an hour, and then it adjourned. I have known Lingg for six months. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street on the evening of May 3, it was supposed then that the police would interfere at the Haymarket, and then there would be a chance for a riot. Four members of the North Side group were detailed at that meeting as spies. If the riot should be a failure and we should get beaten by the police, our gathering-places after that would be at Center Park, Humboldt Park, St.

On May 31, Hermann made another statement, as follows :

"I know August Spies. He is the editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of this city. I knew him to write several articles on revolution. I was elected as an agent at a general meeting to procure and sell arms. This was in October last—1885. Balthasar Rau was chairman of that meeting. We had several men as a committee. They were called the Bureau of Information. It was composed of Parsons, from the English section ; Charles Bock, German, also assistant secretary to Rau ; Hirschberger, French, and Mikolanda, Bohemian. Every Anarchist looked to that bureau for information. I used to get my guns from New York, from a man named Seeger. He lives on Third Avenue. He was the middleman between me and the factory

where the arms were made. I got twenty-five revolvers last February. They were shipped direct to me at No. 25 Clybourn Avenue. I sold them all at cost price to members. That was \$6.50. The last two revolvers I sold May 3, 1886—one to a man named Asher, and the other to August, a bricklayer. Before that I sold one revolver to Schnaubelt, one to Lingg and one to Seliger. It was Schnaubelt who proposed at the meeting held at 54 West Lake Street, May 3, to notify outside cities, but I told him it was all nonsense. About two weeks before this meeting I met Breitenfeld in a saloon, and said that I had often heard this letter 'Y,' and I was bound to find out its meaning when it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Breitenfeld said that it meant a meeting of the armed men, and told me to wait and he would get me into the meeting. I waited for a long time—about an hour. Then he came out, and I was admitted with him. I was in the meeting with him for an hour, and then it adjourned. I have known Lingg for six months. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street on the evening of May 3, it was supposed then that the police would interfere at the Haymarket, and then there would be a chance for a riot. Four members of the North Side group were detailed at that meeting as spies. If the riot should be a failure and we should get beaten by the police, our gathering-places after that would be at Center Park, Humboldt Park, St.



TIMMERHOF HALL.

No. 703 Milwaukee Avenue. From a Photograph.

tenfeld in a saloon, and said that I had often heard this letter 'Y,' and I was bound to find out its meaning when it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Breitenfeld said that it meant a meeting of the armed men, and told me to wait and he would get me into the meeting. I waited for a long time—about an hour. Then he came out, and I was admitted with him. I was in the meeting with him for an hour, and then it adjourned. I have known Lingg for six months. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street on the evening of May 3, it was supposed then that the police would interfere at the Haymarket, and then there would be a chance for a riot. Four members of the North Side group were detailed at that meeting as spies. If the riot should be a failure and we should get beaten by the police, our gathering-places after that would be at Center Park, Humboldt Park, St.

Michael's Church, Lincoln Park and Wicker Park. The signal of attack after the riot had commenced was to be an illumination of the heavens by red fires. Some one asked for dynamite, and he was answered that Lingg would furnish the stuff. The different spies detailed at that meeting were to hold a meeting the next day, each division for itself, and afterwards in a body at Zepf's Hall, to perfect all arrangements for the riot. I accused Lingg of making dynamite bombs, and told him that if any trouble grew out of it, it would be on his account. He called me a coward. I knew that Lingg was in trouble in Philadelphia shortly before he left there."

LORENZ HERMANN was twenty-six years of age, of slim build, with a very *sallow* face, and apparently a consumptive. His occupation was that of a brass-molder, and he was a good workman. On his arrival at the station he expressed great surprise at the impudence of the officers in compelling him to come against his will. He was asked his name, and he gave it. When requested to spell it, he said he did not know how; all he knew was that it was Lorenz Hermann. Being questioned with reference to Anarchy, he replied that he did not know anything about it, and when accused of having taken part in the revolutionary plot, he said he had not taken as great a part in it as his brother had. He soon discovered that the police had a great deal of information about his brother, and then he changed his tactics by trying to smooth things over for Abraham.

"My brother," he said, "is married and has a family. I am single. I want to see my brother out of this trouble; no matter about me."

"Well, then," I interposed, "why not tell us something?"

"Me?" asked Lorenz. "I don't know anything to tell."

He had evidently changed his mind on the spur of the moment, and he grew exceedingly reticent.

"Well," said I, "I will tell you something then. I will call your attention to May 4, between the hours of 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. You were around this station with about nineteen other men, and among them was your brother. You were to throw bombs into the patrol wagon in case the police were called out to go to the West Side to assist the police at the Haymarket, but you remained a little too long in a saloon on Clark Street. When you came out and reached the corner of Superior Street and La Salle Avenue, you saw three patrol wagons loaded with police going south on LaSalle Avenue, but you were not near enough to throw a bomb. This made you very angry. Then some of you went to Moody's church and remained there for some time. When you finally saw so many policemen coming to the station you all got scared and went to the hall at 58 Clybourn Avenue. Oh, by the way, which route did you take on leaving the station? Did you go to the Haymarket or to Neff's Hall?"

"I was at the Haymarket," replied Lorenz.

"Is it not true — all that I told you about the station?"

"Yes, that is true," responded Lorenz. "Some one told me about it."

"Who told you?"

"I don't know."

"You lie," said I. "You must tell us who; that is the man we are after."

Seeing that he was gradually being cornered by his evasive replies, he put on a bold front to the whole matter and answered:

"Well, I was there myself. I did not stay very long, and from there I went to the Haymarket. I think Hageman and I went together."

Further questioning only brought out sullen responses, with very meager information, but, after being allowed to think the matter over, he finally concluded to make a clean breast of it. He was kept busy with explanations for some time, and he gave me some very pointed information. He was indicted by the grand jury and afterwards released by order of the State's Attorney. Lorenz has never been heard of since, but it is supposed he is now leading a quiet life and proving himself a better man.

His statement, among other things corroborative of what others had divulged, contains the following:

"At a meeting held at 58 Clybourn Avenue, I heard Engel say that if they wanted to make bombs they could find plenty of gas-pipe on the West Side, in the city yards, near the Chicago Avenue bridge, and then if they wanted to learn how to make them they could come to him. All that was necessary was to cut the pipes up into lengths of six or eight inches, fill them with dynamite and put a wooden plug at each end. He had with him at the time his daughter, who was about fifteen or sixteen years of age. I saw Hirschberger, Hageman and Charles Bock at eleven o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, May 4, in Neff's place, at 58 Clybourn Avenue. Hirschberger told those present about the riot on the West Side. I was at the Haymarket meeting in the company of Hageman, the carpenter. Two men stood close together near me, and they looked suspicious. I was there, at the time the police came up. I got frightened and ran away. I ran without stopping till I reached Neff's place, on the North Side. I found my brother there, and I told him about the throwing of the bomb, its explosion and what happened. I did not want to get mixed up in the affair, and that is the reason I declined to speak at first. I belonged to the armed men of the North Side. The revolvers and guns my brother sold he got from a factory in New York. He sold about twelve guns to the Socialists. He sold a box full of revolvers, about twenty in a box, for \$6.90 a piece. For seven months my brother acted as agent, under appointment, to procure and sell guns and revolvers."

CHAPTER XVI.

Pushing the Anarchists—A Scene on a Street-car—How Herman Muntzenberg Gave Himself Away—The Secret Signal—"D—n the Informers"—A Satchelful of Bombs—More about Engel's Murderous Plan—Drilling the Lehr und Wehr Verein—Breitenfeld's Cowardice—An Anarchist Judas—The Hagemans—Dynamite in Gas-pipe—An Admirer of Lingg—A Scheme to Remove the Author—The Hospitalities of the Police Station—Mr. Jebolinski's Indignation—A Bogus Milkman—An Unwilling Visitor—Mistaken for a Detective—An Eccentric Prisoner—Division of Labor at the Dynamite Factory—Clermont's Dilemma—The Arrangements for the Haymarket.

THE Anarchists, both in and out of prison, had begun to discover about this time that there was a law in the land, and that its majesty would be vindicated. They were confronted with stubborn, serious facts, and they realized that they were in a world of perplexities. They had been circumvented at every step in their efforts at concealment, and their plot had been revealed in its most essential parts. Their leaders had been gathered in, and their comrades were being arrested every day. Cunning and shrewd as they supposed themselves to be, they had discovered that society was equal to the task of probing their secrets. At first they had assumed an air of bravado and indifference, but, seeing how easily their bluff could be called and how closely we had the record of each, they realized that evasion or silence was not calculated either to keep their necks out of the halter or to save them from the penitentiary. Those arrested nearly all turned craven cowards, and this situation of affairs did not contribute to the comfort of those still outside, who were in momentary dread of apprehension. Arrest followed arrest, and Mr. Furthmann and I were kept exceedingly busy in directing the taking of confessions and assimilating the material for future use. Still the good work went on.

The first victim, after the Hermann brothers, to fall under police control was Herman Muntzenberg. He was arrested on the evening of May 20, at eight o'clock, and the circumstances attending his arrest were somewhat peculiar. On the evening in question, Officers Schuettler and Hoffman were transferring the Hermann brothers from the Larrabee Street Station to the Chicago Avenue Station. They boarded an open street-car with their prisoners, whom they placed on a rear seat facing front; stationing themselves immediately behind on the platform. In the middle of the car, facing to the rear, sat a stranger. Presently the officers noticed that the man was making signs to the Hermanns. In response, Lorenz Hermann placed his right hand over his mouth. This was followed by another sign from the stranger. Officer Schuettler recognized the fact that the man was a friend of the Hermanns, and he requested the prisoners not to divulge the officers' identity. The stranger seemed to be in doubt about some-

thing, left his seat, and, placing himself at the side of Abraham Hermann, started a conversation. He appeared to be an old acquaintance. This was sufficient for the officers. When the car reached the corner of Wells Street and Chicago Avenue, the stranger was about to leave. He was quietly told by the officers not to trouble himself just then to get off the car, but to keep his seat a little while longer. Naturally the man was surprised at this request of men whom he did not know, and indignantly declined to ride any farther. The officers promptly told him to consider himself under arrest and not to move if he valued his life. They had in the meantime recognized the man as the little fellow who had carried the satchel filled with dynamite bombs to Neff's Hall, along with Lingg. It was Herman Muntzenberg.

The three prisoners were taken to the station, and Muntzenberg was locked up by himself over night. The next day he was brought into my office. The density of his ignorance respecting Anarchy or Anarchists was astonishing. Like the rest, he absolutely knew nothing. Some days afterwards, however, he took a different view of things. A confession was looked for, and he was given an opportunity.

"I see everybody is in trouble," Muntzenberg began dolefully. "I am in for it myself. I cannot help anybody; nobody can help me."

He hesitated, as if trying to decide what he should do, but finally, nerving himself, he continued :

"I will bear my own trouble. I will hurt no one else."

"Ah," said I, "there is Hermann, for instance; there are other people also who have given you away. They have all professed to be your friends in times past, and now they are trying to save their own necks and hang you. So you want to remain silent under their charges? Have you nothing to tell on the others?"

"That would do me no good," answered Muntzenberg.

"Then," said I, "what have you to say about yourself?"

"You don't know the least thing about me," defiantly remarked the little man.

"Probably you had such a bad headache from the smell of dynamite that you can't remember anything."

"Who told you I had a headache?" broke in Muntzenberg, now intensely interested.



HERMAN MUNTZENBERG.
From a Photograph.

thing, left his seat, and; placing himself at the side of Abraham Hermann, started a conversation. He appeared to be an old acquaintance. This was sufficient for the officers. When the car reached the corner of Wells Street and Chicago Avenue, the stranger was about to leave. He was quietly told by the officers not to trouble himself just then to get off the car, but to keep his seat a little while longer. Naturally the man was surprised at this request of men whom he did not know, and indignantly declined to ride any farther. The officers promptly told him to consider himself under arrest and not to move if he valued his life. They had in the meantime recognized the man as the little fellow who had carried the satchel filled with dynamite bombs to Neff's Hall, along with Lingg. It was Herman Muntzenberg.

The three prisoners were taken to the station, and Muntzenberg was locked up by himself over night. The next day he was brought into my office. The density of his ignorance respecting Anarchy or Anarchists was astonishing. Like the rest, he absolutely knew nothing. Some days afterwards, however, he took a different view of things. A confession was looked for, and he was given an opportunity.

"I see everybody is in trouble," Muntzenberg began dolefully. "I am in for it myself. I cannot help anybody; nobody can help me."

He hesitated, as if trying to decide what he should do, but finally, nerving himself, he continued:

"I will bear my own trouble. I will hurt no one else."

"Ah," said I, "there is Hermann, for instance; there are other people also who have given you away. They have all professed to be your friends in times past, and now they are trying to save their own necks and hang you. So you want to remain silent under their charges? Have you nothing to tell on the others?"

"That would do me no good," answered Muntzenberg.

"Then," said I, "what have you to say about yourself?"

"You don't know the least thing about me," defiantly remarked the little man.

"Probably you had such a bad headache from the smell of dynamite that you can't remember anything."

"Who told you I had a headache?" broke in Muntzenberg, now intensely interested.



HERMAN MUNTZENBERG.

From a Photograph.

"Were you not afraid," I continued, not heeding the interruption, "that you would fall into the basement when you sat on the iron railing at the corner of North Avenue and Larrabee Street, near the police station, or did you feel confident that the bombs you had in your pocket would hold you in your place? Another thing—you are not in the habit of smoking cigars. Did they make you sick?"

Muntzenberg had remained somewhat passive up to this last shot, but he suddenly showed there was a good deal of vitality in him. His eyes flashed with excitement, and he was all attention.

"By the way," I went on, "how much weight can you carry?"

"What do you mean?" interposed the anxious listener.

"I mean how much did that gray satchel weigh that you carried to 58 Clybourn Avenue May 4, about eight o'clock?"

"D—n the informers," ejaculated the now irate little Anarchist. "Give me an hour to think matters over and call me again."

He was sent back to his cell, and on the expiration of two hours he was brought back. He entered the office very meekly, and at once said:

"Captain, I see it is no use for me to be stubborn. Will you treat me like the others, if I tell all I have seen and what I have done myself?"

"I promise you the same right and privilege."

Muntzenberg made his statement and was released by order of the State's Attorney. He was a German, twenty-eight years old, five feet seven inches tall, stoutly built, with large head and eyes, and followed the trade of a blacksmith. At the time of his arrest he lived at No. 95 North Wells Street. On his release he promised to testify whenever wanted, but about the middle of the trial he took a leave of absence and has never been seen since. Once it was reported that he was dead, but the report could not be verified. Muntzenberg was a warm admirer of Lingg, Spies and Engel, and a persistent worker for their cause. He often lost several days' work in a week to saunter out into the country, selling Most's books and telling people to arm themselves. He earned good wages when he worked, and spent it all for Anarchy. Like others, he acknowledged that he had been led astray by incendiary literature. His statement was as follows:

"On May 4, about eight o'clock, I was sent to meet two men who carried a satchel filled with dynamite shells or bombs. I met them about a block from Thüringer Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue. I told them that I had been asked to meet them and help carry the satchel. They said, 'All right.' I took it from them, put it on my shoulder and carried it to the hall. The satchel weighed about thirty pounds. In the afternoon of that day, about four o'clock, I came to the North Side and went to Hubner's house, No. 11 Mohawk Street. He was not at home. I went out to look for him. I have known him for some time. I found him. The second time I wanted to see him I went to his house and found him at home in his room making transparencies for that night's meeting at the Haymarket. He took lunch then, and after that we went to Seliger's house, No. 442 Sedgwick Street.

Reaching there, Hubner told Lingg and Seliger that I was his friend and all right. In the room of Lingg I saw two guns and two revolvers. Seliger was filling the bombs with dynamite. Lingg was cutting the fuse. One of them asked me if I had any sores on my hand. I said no. 'Then,' they said, 'you can help us.' My task was to fill in with dynamite the long gas-pipe shells. I filled six or eight shells or bombs. My head commenced to ache from the smell of the dynamite, so that I could not work any longer. Hubner also worked, putting caps on the fuse. I saw three or four men in the house at the time. I saw about ten round lead bombs on the bed, all empty. After they were finished they were put under the bed. I noticed about sixteen of the long gas-pipe shells or bombs about the room. At dark Hubner and I went to Neff's Hall. Before leaving I saw one of the two, Lingg or Seliger, bring in a satchel and empty it of dirty clothes. As we were approaching the hall, Hubner asked me to see if they were coming. I went to see, and met them in the alley near the street. Both were carrying the satchel, each having hold of the ends of the handles on the satchel. I asked if I should help them. They answered yes. As they were tall men, I could not carry it with either one, and so I put it on my shoulder and carried it myself. I took it into the rear hall back of the saloon. After a little while one of them asked me where I had placed the satchel. I told him. He said that was not the right place and asked me to bring it back. So I went after it and put it into the narrow hall-way. The satchel was two feet long, eighteen inches high and sixteen inches wide. It was covered with gray canvas. It weighed about thirty pounds. When I left Seliger's house at dark, I took along with me three long bombs. I did so because one of the men there told me to do so. I knew they were bombs in the satchel when I carried them. Some one passed us on the street as we were going to the hall. Lingg said: 'Those are heavy tools,' meaning the contents of the satchel, to throw the party we met off his guard. I threw the three bombs I had into the lake on my way to Pullman, because I learned they were dangerous and I did not want them any longer. I saw at Neff's Hall that night, May 4, a crowd of men together for a while, and then they began to part. They went away in groups of five or six. They all went on Clybourn Avenue to Larrabee Street. As we got to Larrabee Street, they all separated and spread on Larrabee Street. I went up to North Avenue and Larrabee Street to the police station with a strange man. I remained there for some time. I saw Seliger and Lingg near the station, going north on Larrabee Street. When I was at Seliger's house one of the five men present said to me to throw bombs into the police station to kill the police, and if any patrol wagons escaped and came out to throw bombs into the wagons among the officers and shoot the horses. This was for the purpose of preventing them from giving assistance to each other. I smoked a cigar that night so that I would have a fire ready to light the bombs with and throw them if necessary. I only smoke cigars on Sundays, and, as I am not accustomed to smoke much, the cigar made me sick. I sat for some time on an iron railing on Larrabee Street, opposite the police station, on the southeast corner. I sat there about fifteen minutes. The wagon failed to come out, and, as I felt sick and could not do much anyway, I went home. Lingg and Seliger walked ahead of me. I saw them last when they crossed North Avenue, going north on Larrabee Street. The next evening I went to No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. I met Hubner, and he said that on the night of the shoot-

ing he was at Lincoln Park. I recognize this picture now shown me as being that of Seliger. I saw him making dynamite bombs at 442 Sedgwick Street on the afternoon of May 4 in company with Lingg. The man I have seen locked up in this station I saw working and making dynamite bombs in company with Seliger, and his name is Louis Lingg. When I was at Seliger's house, Hubner told me to go to Lincoln Park, and there I would get my instructions."

THE next Anarchist brought into the station was AUGUST GRAGGE. He was a German, twenty-eight years of age, straight and stoutly built, a brick-layer by trade, and lived at No. 880 North Halsted Street. He was arrested on the 24th of May. I gave him an evening's audience shortly after. It was apparent from his demeanor that he was a young man easily led astray by men of force and decision of character; therefore it was no wonder that he had become an extreme Anarchist, especially since he had been thrown a great deal into the company of some of the rankest leaders in the order and had attended meetings where gore and plunder formed the chief topics of discussion. When the authorities took him in hand, he soon modified his opinions. He stated that, like a great many others, he had been misled to believe that Anarchist doctrines were right and that no law existed to interfere with them; but after the law had been read to him, he acknowledged that he had pursued a wrong course. He had been a man of sober habits, and on being questioned he told a very straightforward story. After giving such information as he possessed he was released by the State's Attorney, and he promised to mend his ways.

The statement he made to me was as follows:

"A man by the name of Lange and another, August Asher, coaxed me into the armed group. Charles Bock was our secretary four or five weeks ago. I heard Rau and Lingg speak in Neff's Hall. Lingg spoke about dynamite and called on us to arm ourselves. They also wanted us to buy revolvers. I bought one—a big one—for \$4. I paid \$2 down. Asher and I went to the meeting at the Haymarket on the evening of May 4. I saw the circular that called that meeting. We had our big revolvers with us when we went there. When the shooting commenced we ran. I fell down, and about forty men ran over me and kept me down. I then lost my revolver. We had a meeting on Monday night, May 3, at Neff's Hall. Abraham Hermann had three or four revolvers for sale. Asher always kept the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and at times I would read it. The first man I heard speak at the Haymarket was August Spies, then Parsons, and Fielden next. I saw Schnaubelt standing on the wagon with Spies. On account of its looking like rain it was decided to go to Zepf's Hall. Parsons, however, told the people to remain, as he only had a few more words. The police finally came. Some of the people started to go away, but some one in a loud voice urged them to remain. Then firing commenced. I heard the explosion of the bomb. As I stated, I fell down. As soon as I could get up I started to run for the North Side. I went to Neff's Hall. I found there several that I knew. I told them I had lost my revolver and then explained what had happened at the Haymarket. I carried my revolver in

my hip pocket, and it dropped out as I fell. The revolver was loaded. I know Lingg. I have heard him speak at least four or five times. He would always call on the people to arm themselves. He also said that they were too slow in getting arms and that the time would come for their use and they ought to be ready."

GUSTAV BREITENFELD was next arrested. He was a German, aged thirty, a brush-maker by trade, and lived in the lower flat of a two-story house at No. 18 Samuel Street. On May 4 he was commander of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and he had previously taken an active part at all Anarchist meetings. He was regarded as a star Anarchist on the Northwest Side, and frequently visited the house of George Engel.

Gustav was an Anarchist jumping-jack. All that the leaders had to do was to pull the strings, and he responded. He served on all committees, and whenever in doubt as to any course of procedure he went to Engel for advice. He lacked judgment and brains, and he sought to make up the deficiency by consulting the leaders. But withal he was a dangerous man. He was quick-tempered, but a coward when he thought he was not likely to get the best of the situation.

On the night of May 4 he had his company ready near the city limits to murder people and set fire to buildings, only awaiting orders to set about the work of general destruction. They expected to see the police flee from the Haymarket, but as the reds did the running on that occasion, the combination failed. Their "signal" committees were scattered and their comrades became demoralized at the unexpected charge of the police.

Breitenfeld and his company heard the shooting at their place of *rendez-vous*, and, failing to receive the signal to begin the attack, he went to Engel's house to ascertain what was wrong. Learning of the drubbing his comrades had received at the Haymarket, he was not anxious to take similar "medicine," and he skulked away like a whipped cur. A house had been chosen near the limits for the incendiary torches of his company, and it would have been in flames on their first advance if they had received the signal. But the company were dismissed, and all hurried home to escape danger. For two weeks they were in mortal dread of the police.

If, however, these misguided men had been started that night, with all things in their favor, there is no telling what fearful havoc they would have created. The company was composed of men desperate enough, under proper encouragement, to have murdered people asleep or awake. They would have held high carnival if the Haymarket meeting had come out according to expectations, and the able-bodied and the helpless would have suffered alike at their hands. Their plan was to shoot or stab everybody who opposed their onward march into the city, and, crazed with success, they would have hesitated at nothing.

Breitenfeld knew all the villainous arrangements, and he was therefore a

man the police sought after. He was found on the 25th of May, at about seven o'clock, by Officers Stift and Schuettler, and brought to the Chicago Avenue Station. When I had the honor of meeting him, he at once assumed military airs, but he soon found himself reduced to the ranks. As he was one of the few who understood English, the law on conspiracies was read to him. Then he was informed that he had been indicted, and was told what could be proved against him. He became terribly excited, could hardly speak, but finally managed to say :

"Gentlemen, you have got the wrong man. You want to get my brother. I am not that Breitenfeld. I am a good, peaceable man."

He was informed that lies were at a discount in the station just then, and that if he desired to speak and tell the truth an opportunity would be given him. If not, we would tolerate no nonsense. He refrained from speaking, and was sent below.

The next day he sent word that he wanted to see me. He was brought up, and on being seated before Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann and all the officers, he said :

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. I told you a lie. I am the man you want. I have a wife and family, and I love them. I beg of you now, if you let me speak, I will tell the truth and everything I know."

"Tell all you know," said I, "and remember that I will know when you tell a falsehood."

"I know you have everything by this time. If I tell you all and become a witness against these other fellows, will you let me go?"

"If you tell all and the truth, I will see the State's Attorney for you and ask him to take you as a witness."

Breitenfeld thereupon made a statement, and a few days later he was released. When subsequently called on to testify, he refused to do so. He had told others that the State could not convict anybody, and he would not help the prosecution. He was, therefore, let alone. He is still under indictment. With the lesson he had received it was thought he would reform. In this we were mistaken. He has since attended a number of meetings, and at the funeral of Mrs. Neebe turned out with his company. He is the same unrepentant Anarchist that he was before his trouble, but he is being carefully watched wherever he goes.

This is what he swore to at the station in the presence of Mr. Furthmann, myself and the officers :

"My name is Gustav Breitenfeld. I am thirty years old. I am married and I reside at No. 18 Samuel Street. I am a brush-maker. I am captain of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. We have twenty men in our company. I know Fischer and Schrade. Schrade is drill-sergeant of my company. On Sunday, May 2, I was at Pullman. I heard of the riot plan on Monday afternoon, May 3. I know George Engel, Deitz and Fischer. They are the principal leaders in the North-

west Side group and of the armed men. Heier is the name of the man who keeps Thalia Hall on Milwaukee Avenue. I know Kraemer; he lives in the rear of Engel's house. I think I saw Kraemer at the meeting held on the evening of May 3, at 54 West Lake Street. I know Schmidt, the carrier of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. At that meeting I saw Krueger, Schrade, Gruenwald, Clermont, Kraemer, Deitz, Engel, Fischer, Schnaubelt and Waller. Waller was the chairman of the meeting. The first thing I heard they were denouncing the police force for killing the workmen at McCormick's factory. I saw the revenge circular, which called the people to arms. I heard Engel say that when the word 'Ruhe' should appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, every one should go to his meeting-place selected by them and be ready for action. I heard some one say that as soon as they saw the heavens illuminated with red fires, then was the time to commence the revolution. Engel and Fischer volunteered to carry the news from the Haymarket to the armed men stationed at Wicker Park. Engel volunteered to act as a spy. I know Engel to have sold arms. At the meeting of May 3, I heard some one asking for dynamite bombs. I heard Engel respond that the dynamite bombs were ready and in good hands. Fischer agreed to have the circulars, calling the Haymarket meeting, printed. It was said that there would be from 20,000 to 30,000 people at that meeting, and that the police would interfere. Then would be a good time to attack them and get revenge on them for the killing of six of their comrades. The word 'Ruhe' would signify that they should get ready and be on the lookout. Engel said that they should look for it in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on May 4, and they were all to go to their respective places, as agreed upon, with their arms or guns. The Haymarket meeting was decided upon as a trap to catch the police. Engel, Kraemer and Krueger went to the meeting to see if there was a big crowd there, and when they got back home Engel said there were only 250 men present. I went to see Engel on the morning of May 4 at his house. He told me he had been at the meeting and there were present the number I have given. I attended the meeting of the Northwest Side group that decided to call the meeting for the evening of May 3, at 54 West Lake Street. I heard, at the last-named place, several say that the dynamite bombs were in good hands. I met Waller at Thalia Hall on May 4, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and he remarked that they had had a very hot time of it at the Haymarket. I saw Fischer on Wednesday, May 5, at Thalia Hall, and he then told me that Spies had been arrested about four o'clock that morning. Spies is the only one I know of the Spies family. I have known him five years."

WILLIAM HAGEMAN was the next to inspect our plain and unpretentious office. He came in on his dignity and carried an air about him that plainly exhibited his complete contempt for the police. He was a German, about thirty years old, round-shouldered, a stair-builder by occupation, was married and had one child. He lived at the time of his arrest on the lower floor of a house at No. 49 Reese Street, and he could always be found whenever Anarchist plots were to be executed. His brother was, like himself, a rampant Anarchist, but with cunning enough to escape arrest. William was found by Officers Schuettler and Hoffman, about seven o'clock on the

morning of May 26. He did not long remain in ignorance of the cause of his arrest, and then he wanted me to understand:

"My brother is no Anarchist. If any one does any squealing on him, don't pay any attention to it, because it all means me. I am the fellow. The people often get us mixed."

"You are the worst Anarchist of the two," I remarked.

Hageman wanted to know how I had come to that conclusion.

"We know all about you," said I.

"If you know it, be sure and don't forget it," was the reply. "I am sure you won't learn anything from me."

"All right. But just as sure as you are sitting there, I will find out all your performances, and every one you associated with during the last two years, before you leave this station. And you will tell it to me yourself."

"Never; I will die first. I will kill myself first. I will stand any torture you may inflict on me, but I will never tell on my comrades or any one that worked for our cause."

"You probably don't remember the job you pledged yourself to undertake on the night of May 4. It was not a very small one either, but, of course, your nerves not being very strong that evening, you came here to a neighboring saloon several times to brace up, and your friends, lying in the rear of this station, felt very much the same way as you did. So you spelled one another and strengthened your nerves. Say, William, who said that the bombs were not good? You remember the third window in the station on the east side of the building and the little quarrel about the bombs—whether a round lead bomb should be thrown or a long gas-pipe bomb. Do you remember the two policemen that crossed the alley and stood still for a moment in the middle of that alley when you fellows thought you were discovered—how you all got into the dark side of the alley and ran? Now, remember, when you get ready to talk, I will tell my side of the story, and should you get stuck, you see I can help you out a great deal. You might recall what little you know of the Haymarket, how you were surprised that only one bomb was thrown and how the fellows detailed for that duty did not attend to their business. Here, officers, show this gentleman the suite of rooms which he is to occupy for the next four weeks. If you desire anything extra that is not on our bill of fare, just touch the button, and you will be waited on promptly. Any inattention on the part of the waiters must be reported to this office. If you should conclude to make a long stay with us, you had better provide yourself with a good supply of tobacco. You understand that when a man is at sea he finds that there are a good many things he needs that would come in handy."

He did not like his apartments—singular to relate. There was no fire escape, the linen on the bed was not changed every day, and the noise of his neighbors kept him awake of nights. He had struck the wrong

hotel, but his apartments had been engaged for him and paid for by the taxpayers, and he could not gracefully withdraw.

Hageman first got tired, then angry, and finally desperate. He realized that he was in trouble and made up his mind to take me into his confidence. He reached this conclusion on the afternoon of May 27, and sent the janitor to the office with a message that he desired to see me. He was informed in return that he could not see me unless he meant to talk business. Hageman responded that he was ready to talk on any subject upon which he might be questioned, and he was accordingly brought into the office, into the presence of Mr. Furthmann, myself and the detectives.

"Well," said I, "I understand that you want to see me."

"Yes, I do," was the response, "but not in the presence of all these fellows."

"Why not?"

"Because my business is with you alone."

"Well, you see, William, I am only one, and as what you tell here, which must be the truth, will have to be given by you in the Criminal Court, and as I may probably get killed before that time, there would be no one to testify to your statement if given to me alone."

"Oh, that is the way you want to catch me!"

"There is no catch about it. If you don't want to make a statement in the presence of all these men, I don't want to hear anything from you."

"Will you answer me one question?" asked Hageman, getting a little apprehensive that he might lose his only chance. "It is, has any one out of the many people locked up here squealed?"

"Well," I answered, "most of them have already done so, and the others are fairly breaking their necks to follow suit."

"This is a very unpleasant thing to do."

"Yes, that is true."

"Can I get out by telling you all I know, and can you keep me from testifying in court? You know this will kill a man forever."

"Yes, but a great many policemen were killed, and they simply obeyed orders. If you think you are better than a policeman, you had better go down stairs again and await your trial in the Criminal Court."

"Now, see here, Captain, I would never tell on anybody, but I have got a wife and little baby at home. It almost sets me crazy thinking of them, and for their sake I will tell all."

Hageman did as he promised, but in the interview that ensued it became apparent that he was a double-faced man, and that, when it came to his family, he did not care a fig whether he landed the other fellows on the gallows or in the penitentiary. He had been a brave, boasting Anarchist. He had been accustomed to talk with his associates over foaming "schooners" of beer, and the more beer there was the greater his talk about killing

people and overthrowing capital. He was a great reader of Anarchistic papers and literature, and the more fiery and unbridled the sentiment, the better he was pleased. He took a hand in every movement, attended all the meetings and picnics of the reds, and made himself quite a useful member of the order. He continually boasted of the bombs that he had hid away for use, and promised to let capitalists hear from him. The bombs he had were found to be of the round lead and gas-pipe patterns, and some of them he had received from Fischer a long time before May 4. He had been posted as to the manufacture of bombs by Lingg, and was a warm friend of Engel, whose talk about bombs suited him exactly. Hageman could not listen patiently to any discussion from which dynamite was left out, and in any peaceful gathering he was sure to become a disturber. If there was no dispute, he would start one himself, and, if necessary, back up his argument with blows. Whenever a dance or benefit was held to replenish the treasury for the purchase of dynamite, he was promptly on hand and exerted himself to the utmost to swell the receipts. Being such an active member, it was natural that he knew a great deal about his order, and he helped the State very materially with the points he furnished.

He was kept in custody until after the trial, and with the experience he had in prison one would think that he would cut loose altogether from Anarchy. Not so, however. While nearly all the others repented of their error, Hageman had no sooner regained his liberty than he became as radical as ever. He even threatened several times to kill State's Attorney Grinnell, Judge Gary, myself and others. After the trial, I had a detective at every meeting of the Anarchists, and the reports brought me were that Hageman and Bernhard Schrade were the most violent and determined men in the union.

Hageman would boastingly say, "I never squealed to that man Schaack. If they had all done as I did, they would know very little about the Anarchists."

One night, at 54 West Lake Street, this arrant knave was approached by one of his supposed warm friends, who happened, however, to be in my confidence, and who said to him :

"You don't like Schaack, and I don't like him. He is now here at the Desplains Street Station. We can go into the alley and shoot him in his office. I have a revolver here with me now, and I will go into Florus' and get one more. Then we will go and 'do him.' We will both go and fire together and run. But mind, let there be no arrest in our case; let us die before capture."

"Do you mean this?" asked Hageman.

"Here is my hand. Here is my revolver, and if you play coward on me I will kill you standing up. Now, come on."

Did Hageman respond? Not at all. He crawled on his belly with excuses.

"That man Schaack," he said, "knows me so well that it is not safe to go around there."

"Well," replied his companion, "we can go through a vacant lot."

"It is too dangerous, my boy," said Hageman. "I could do all this well enough if I never would be found out."

"Well," said the companion, "you are a crazy coward, and don't you 'shoot your mouth' hereafter where I am."

Hageman subsided for the time, but he is again as rampant as ever.

Here is Hageman's statement, which he made "for the sake of his own family," but which helped to drive the nails into the coffins of other families:

"I was at the meeting held at Neff's Hall, No. 121 West Lake Street. I saw Lingg there and heard him address the people, calling them to arms. I also saw Thielen, the two Lehmans and Peter Huber. Niendorf was chairman of the meeting, which had been called to consider the eight-hour movement. Some one at that meeting called out that there was a meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street and said, 'Let us go there.' Then a number of us went, including Hubner, Thielen and myself. I stood at the right hand side as one entered the basement after I got there. The meeting lasted from half to three quarters of an hour. I saw there Fischer, Engel and Waller. Waller was chairman. I heard Engel speak. He told us to watch for the red fires, and when we saw them in the heavens, then was the time to commence the revolution. The fires were to be the signals for the outside posts that the riot at the Haymarket had commenced. It was also to be regarded as a signal that the police had made an attack on the meeting at the Haymarket, and then we should commence the work of destruction. Every one should pick out houses beforehand, so that they could be set on fire when the signal was given. Engel also said at this meeting that the stuff, meaning dynamite, was cheap, and that any member could buy some. He referred to the police and said that if they saw a patrol wagon on the street filled with officers they should destroy the wagon and the police by throwing bombs into the wagon. He (Engel) urged every man to do as much harm as possible, meaning destruction of property and killing people. I heard this plan repeated afterwards by a black-whiskered man named Waller. Waller said that this plan for the revolution had been adopted by the West Side armed group. Hermann and I were at the Haymarket meeting, but when the shooting began we ran away."

ALBERT JEBOLINSKI was another welcome guest on the 26th of May. He had been frequently invited to partake of the hospitalities of the station, but he appeared to be contented with putting up with dingy quarters in out-of-the-way places rather than run the risk of meeting a policeman. But on the day in question he received such a pressing invitation from Schuetzler and Hoffman that he finally yielded. He was a German Pole, thirty-five years of age, of slim build, and, with a dark mustache and large goatee, he looked like a Frenchman. He lived at the time in a two-story brick building, first flat, at No. 11 Penn Street. The officers knew that he was a very sus-

picious man and that he would run blocks to get out of the way of a policeman, so great was his hatred of the force. They therefore approached his house cautiously, lest he might mistake them for blue-coats. They called rather early,—four o'clock in the morning,—and Schuettler, giving a regular milkman's rap on the door, brought Mrs. Jebolinski to the front.

"Who is there," she shouted before venturing to open the door, "and what is wanted?"

"I am here—the milkman," responded Schuettler. "I want to see you, madam."

With this assurance Mrs. Jebolinski opened the door, but the moment she discovered that it was not the milkman, she slammed the door to—not quick enough, however, to close it, for the officer, seeing his chance, had thrust his foot between the door and the frame. Hoffman came at once to the rescue and informed the woman that I had sent him after her husband.

"We don't know anything about Capt. Schaack," she responded, and again tried to close the door.

"Well, madam, I am sure the Captain knows something about you folks."

And with this bit of information the officers pushed the door open. This was too much for Mrs. Jebolinski. She shouted to her husband:

"O Albert, the *spitzel*, the police!"

"Don't open the door for anybody," came in stentorian tones from Albert in an adjoining room. "Keep them out!"

The officers had meantime effected an entrance, and, following up the voice, found Albert in bed.

"Good morning, Albert," said Schuettler, in pleasant, cheerful tones.

"Who told you to come here?" gruffly demanded Albert.

"Capt. Schaack desires to see you on pressing business."

"Oh, yes; he must be in love with me, since he sent you so early to see me. Has no one killed that d——d bloodhound yet?"

"No, Albert, you will have a chance to see him soon, and then you can kill him."

"You go and tell Schaack that you have seen me, and that will be sufficient. I will die first before I go. You cannot take me out of here. I want my breakfast, and I will take a sleep before my wife calls me."

So saying, Albert jumped back into bed. Officer Schuettler remonstrated, and was finally obliged to pull him out. Albert then refused to dress. Talking to him had no more effect than talking to a stone wall.

Hoffman then opened the door, and Schuettler grabbed Albert under his arm and walked out with him despite his kicks and resistance. They got him out into the bracing atmosphere of the morning, and, although Albert was not dressed for company, they started off with him.

Mrs. Jebolinski rushed out after them, and, wildly gesticulating, shouted:

"Bring him back, bring him back, and I will dress him."

The officers retraced their steps, but not back into the house. They took Albert to the wood-shed, and there he was dressed.

At the station he was invited down stairs and told that there were so many who wanted to see me that he would probably have a rest for a week. He was locked up, and during the first day he would neither eat nor drink. He was not coaxed, however, and the next morning he called the janitor, saying:

"I am sick; will you give me a cup of coffee?"

The janitor replied that he would have to wait till nine o'clock, when the prisoners came down from court.

"Well," said Albert, indignantly, "if I don't get my coffee now, you can keep your breakfast."

When nine o'clock came around the janitor made the round, inviting the sleepers to wake and get their breakfast.

"You can go to the d—l; you can't make me eat," said Jebolinski, and he settled himself for a nap.

But when the dinner hour came Albert made up for lost time and missed meals. At four o'clock he sent the janitor to the office to tell me that he wanted to see me. He was brought up.

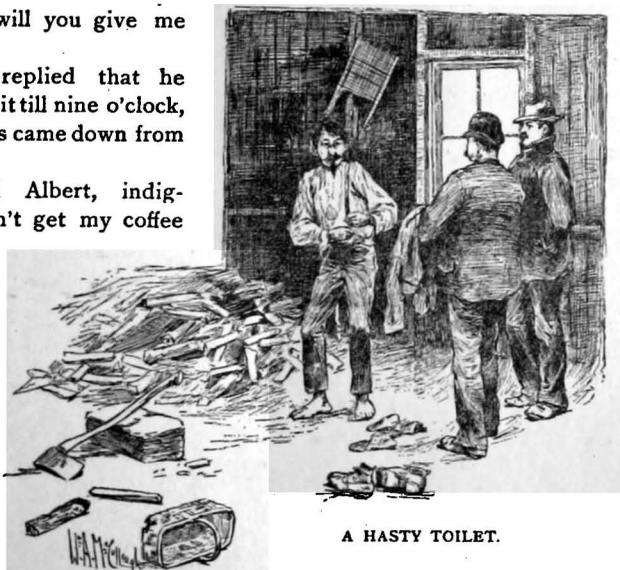
"Well, Albert," said I, "how much do you weigh now?"

"You had better let me go home. I will never tell you anything. It is no use keeping me here."

"I don't want you to tell me anything. I have secured more evidence in the last few days than I want, and now they are all arrested. I am going to prosecute you in court for conspiracy and murder; so you need not trouble yourself with being stubborn. I don't want to see you again, not till I see you in court. Officer, take him back to the lock-up."

"So you can do without me?"

"Yes, I am sure I can."



A HASTY TOILET.

"Bring him back, bring him back, and I will dress him."

The officers retraced their steps, but not back into the house. They took Albert to the wood-shed, and there he was dressed.

At the station he was invited down stairs and told that there were so many who wanted to see me that he would probably have a rest for a week. He was locked up, and during the first day he would neither eat nor drink. He was not coaxed, however, and the next morning he called the janitor, saying:

"I am sick; will you give me a cup of coffee?"

The janitor replied that he would have to wait till nine o'clock, when the prisoners came down from court.

"Well," said Albert, indignantly, "if I don't get my coffee now, you can keep your breakfast."

When nine o'clock came around the janitor made the round, inviting the sleepers to wake and get their breakfast.

"You can go to the d—l; you can't make me eat," said Jebolinski, and he settled himself for a nap.

But when the dinner hour came Albert made up for lost time and missed meals. At four o'clock he sent the janitor to the office to tell me that he wanted to see me. He was brought up.

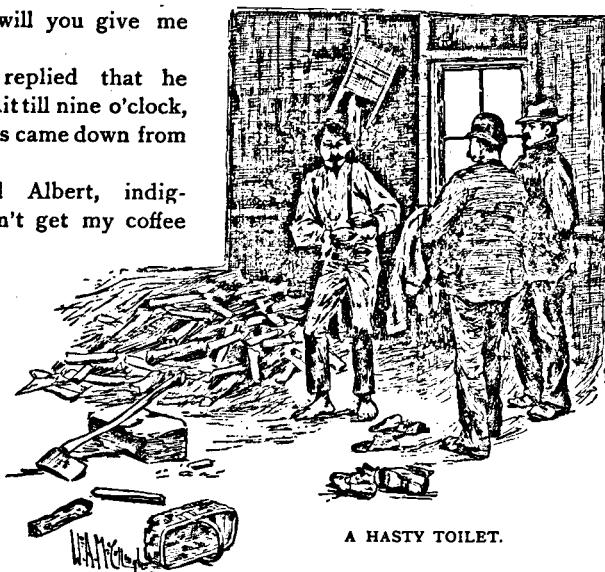
"Well, Albert," said I, "how much do you weigh now?"

"You had better let me go home. I will never tell you anything. It is no use keeping me here."

"I don't want you to tell me anything. I have secured more evidence in the last few days than I want, and now they are all arrested. I am going to prosecute you in court for conspiracy and murder; so you need not trouble yourself with being stubborn. I don't want to see you again, not till I see you in court. Officer, take him back to the lock-up."

"So you can do without me?"

"Yes, I am sure I can."



A HASTY TOILET.

Albert was escorted down stairs, but inside of two hours he asked for Officer Schuettler.

"I can see now," he said to Schuettler, "that that man Schaack wants to hang me."

"I am sure he is done with you," replied the officer.

"I beg of you to tell the Captain I want to see him, and say to him that I will tell him about the bombs and everything else."

Officer Schuettler reported the Anarchist's wishes, and Jebolinski was once more brought up. He then confessed that he had four loaded bombs planted, which he would show if taken out.

He was accordingly taken in charge by Officers Schuettler and Hoffman, whom he led to a place north of Division Street near a planing-mill and linseed-oil factory. At that place there was a side-track, and, at a point where the locomotives were stopped to be dumped of their cinders, he unearthed his bombs. These bombs were covered with about four inches of cinders, midway between the rails, and when they were taken out they were found fully loaded, with fuse and caps. That there had been no explosion is almost a miracle. Had a locomotive been stationed over the spot for an hour, as frequently happened, the cinders would have been set on fire again. In an instant locomotive and all would have been blown to atoms, and no one would have known the precise cause. It was lucky for some engineer and fireman, and, in fact, for the locality, that no engine stood over the spot after those bombs had been planted.

On returning to the station, Jebolinski furnished the State with much valuable information. He was indicted and held as a witness. But he was never called, and after the trial he was given his liberty. He has been watched since and found to be attending strictly to his own business. In his statement he sets forth his attendance at the meeting at 121 West Lake Street, where were present Ligg, Rau and others, and his presence at the Haymarket meeting, from which he ran the moment the firing commenced. He also described the bombs,—three round lead and one long iron one,—which he had obtained from Hageman, the one-eyed carpenter.

PETER HUBER was another distinguished caller, by special invitation. He was escorted to the office by Officers Whalen and Stiff and took things very coolly. He was a lank, lean, consumptive-looking fellow, only twenty-nine years of age, and earned his living as a cabinet-maker. He was a German, married, and had two children, living in a two-story frame house at No. 96 Hudson Avenue. His manner was very quiet, and no one would have taken him for an Anarchist. But Peter, nevertheless, was heart and soul in the movement, and had regularly attended all the meetings. He had never made a speech—he was too diffident for that; he had never advised any one on Anarchy, but he had come to be trusted, and he knew all the leaders and all about dynamite bombs. He was so undemonstra-

tive and non-communicative that at first I took him to be a paid detective in the ranks of the Socialists. When he was asked a question, he would take his own time to answer, and, once interrupted in his talk, he would stop and say no more.

On the second day after his arrest — May 25 — Huber offered to answer questions, and he did this without any inducement. He thereupon furnished the State with several good points, and freely told everything. He was indicted, but released by order of the State's Attorney. He was ready to testify at the trial, but was not wanted. He has since kept away from Anarchist meetings, and is now a useful man to his family.

Huber's statement ran as follows :

"I belonged to the North Side armed group. I know Seliger, Hubner, Lehman the carpenter, the two Hagemans and Lingg. Some time in February last, George Engel made a great speech in Neff's Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. I keep the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The Sunday edition of that paper is called *Die Fackel*. I saw the letter 'Y,' and the meaning of it is that, whenever we should see it in the paper, then there would be a meeting held that evening, of the armed men, at No. 54 West Lake Street. May 3d there was one such meeting called for that evening. On that evening I went to the saloon at No. 71 West Lake Street and drank a glass of beer. From there I went to No. 54 West Lake Street. While in the saloon at No. 54 West Lake Street, I heard some one



A DANGEROUS STOR-
ING-PLACE.

say that a meeting would be held down stairs in the basement. So we went down stairs. When I entered I saw about thirty or forty present. I sat down on a bench, and we sat there for some time before the meeting opened. I heard some one say that it would be an indignation meeting on account of our workmen having been killed at McCormick's factory by the police on that day. I saw at that meeting the circular calling for revenge and the people to arms, because of the killing of our brothers. I saw the same circular that same evening at the hall No. 71 West Lake Street. Waller was chairman of the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street. I met there Hubner, Abraham Hermann, Fischer and Breitenfeld, the captain of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I heard Engel make a speech, and during the whole time Breitenfeld was walking up and down the hall. I also saw Schnaubelt and Thielen there. I was at Neff's Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, early Tuesday evening, May 4th, and saw there Lingg, Seliger and Hubner. I heard Engel, at No. 54 West Lake Street, explain his plan

tive and non-communicative that at first I took him to be a paid detective in the ranks of the Socialists. When he was asked a question, he would take his own time to answer, and, once interrupted in his talk, he would stop and say no more.

On the second day after his arrest — May 25 — Huber offered to answer questions, and he did this without any inducement. He thereupon furnished the State with several good points, and freely told everything. He was indicted, but released by order of the State's Attorney. He was ready to testify at the trial, but was not wanted. He has since kept away from Anarchist meetings, and is now a useful man to his family.

Huber's statement ran as follows :



A DANGEROUS STORAGE-PLACE.

"I belonged to the North Side armed group. I know Seliger, Hubner, Lehman the carpenter, the two Hagemans and Lingg. Some time in February last, George Engel made a great speech in Neff's Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. I keep the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The Sunday edition of that paper is called *Die Fackel*. I saw the letter 'Y,' and the meaning of it is that, whenever we should see it in the paper, then there would be a meeting held that evening, of the armed men, at No. 54 West Lake Street. May 3d there was one such meeting called for that evening. On that evening I went to the saloon at No. 71 West Lake Street and drank a glass of beer. From there I went to No. 54 West Lake Street. While in the saloon at No. 54 West Lake Street, I heard some one say that a meeting would be held down stairs in the basement. So we went down stairs. When I entered I saw about thirty or forty present. I sat down on a bench, and we sat there for some time before the meeting opened. I heard some one say that it would be an indignation meeting on account of our workmen having been killed at McCormick's factory by the police on that day. I saw at that meeting the circular calling for revenge and the people to arms, because of the killing of our brothers. I saw the same circular that same evening at the hall No. 71 West Lake Street. Waller was chairman of the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street. I met there Hubner, Abraham Hermann, Fischer and Breitenfeld, the captain of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I heard Engel make a speech, and during the whole time Breitenfeld was walking up and down the hall. I also saw Schnaubelt and Thielen there. I was at Neff's Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, early Tuesday evening, May 4th, and saw there Lingg, Seliger and Hubner. I heard Engel, at No. 54 West Lake Street, explain his plan

and the work that should be done under it. A meeting, he said, would be held at the Haymarket, and when the police interfered the crowd should attack them, and the armed men should be ready for action. Some one suggested that they should hold their meeting at the Market Square on the South Side, between Randolph and Madison Streets. Some one else remarked: 'No, that is not a good place; it is a mouse trap.' If they held the meeting there and the police interfered, and the crowd resisted them, the police would drive them all into the river. Some said, 'That's so,' and then the meeting was fixed for the Haymarket, as Engel had suggested. We expected from 20,000 to 30,000 people present. We all had the idea that the police would interfere. Engel gave his plan about as follows: He said, 'First call the meeting for the Haymarket,' and then urged that the armed men be ready. He advised us to throw dynamite bombs into the stations, kill the police, throw dynamite bombs into the patrol wagons and shoot down the horses at the wagons. He repeated his plan for those who came in later to the meeting. The revenge circular was distributed both up stairs and down stairs at No. 54 West Lake Street. In the evening of May 3d, I saw Spies and Rau together in Zepf's saloon. As to the word 'Ruhe,' I heard Engel say that when we saw that word appear in the paper, then we might know everything was right and ready. And we should watch for that signal. I heard Engel say that a man who could do no harm or create no disturbance should stay at home, as he was not wanted. When he had finished giving his plan, it was adopted. Schnaubelt said that outside cities, where they had comrades, should be notified at once as soon as the revolution was a success here. I saw Fischer at this meeting. He went to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* to see if he could print the circular that night, calling the Haymarket meeting for the next evening. He came back and reported that the office was closed. He said he would attend to it in the morning. I saw Lingg, Seliger, Muntzenberg and Hubner in Neff's saloon, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, about eight o'clock on the evening of May 4th."

BERNHARD SCHRADER, a German, was a peculiar combination of eccentricities. He was arrested by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein on the evening of May 26, at nine o'clock, on Milwaukee Avenue, near Division Street. He was twenty-eight years of age, six feet tall, of straight and muscular build, nervous and quick-tempered, a carpenter by occupation, and he lived at No. 581 Milwaukee Avenue. When he was seated in the station it did not take us long to ascertain all he knew about Anarchy. In speaking of the Haymarket, he said that the right men had not been in their places, or things would have turned out quite differently. They had plenty of arms and bombs, he explained, but the leaders did not know their business. Early in the evening there was a large crowd, he said, but the great majority of them left in disgust because there was not a larger gathering and the speeches were not radical enough to suit their ideas. They expected something fiery and impetuous. (This was about the time Mayor Harrison was at the meeting, and the speeches were accordingly very mild.) Those that left the meeting and did not go home, Schrade said, hung around the saloons in the neighborhood. If six hundred police, he further said, had

attacked the crowd an hour earlier, few of them would have been left with their lives. He knew the arrangements, and, had the plan been carried out, the loss of life would have been appalling.

Schrade was subsequently released by order of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, and promised that he would testify in court. He was several times sent after to give further information, and he always responded.

About one month after Schrade's release, he and two others visited a saloon on North Avenue one night, and, after drinking a great deal of beer, they became exceedingly noisy and boisterous. The saloon-keeper attempted to quiet them, but was finally obliged to call an officer. Now, none of the bibulous individuals had any liking for a police-



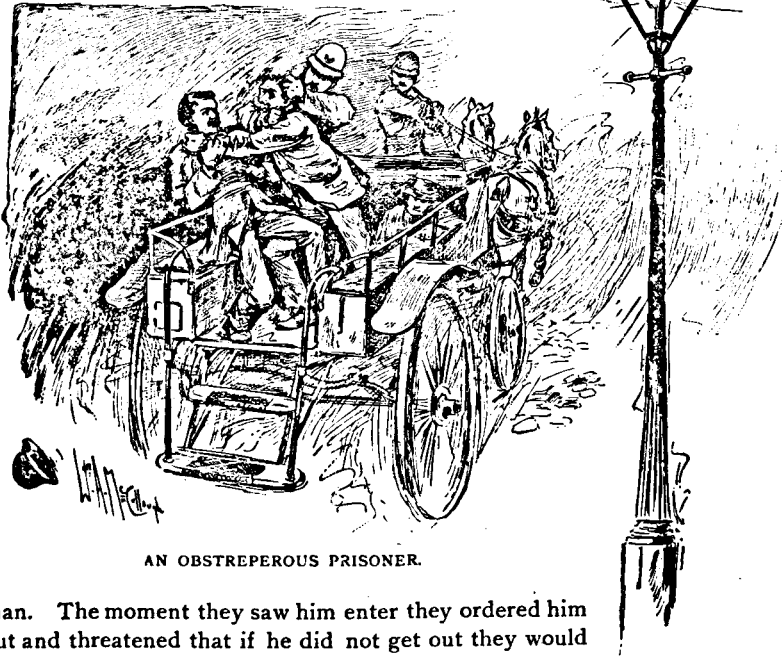
AN OBSTREPEROUS PRISONER.

man. The moment they saw him enter they ordered him out and threatened that if he did not get out they would throw him out through the window. The officer was not at all alarmed, and, seeing that he was bent on keeping them quiet, the three disturbers pounced down upon him. The officer promptly brought his club into play, and soon his opponents measured their length upon the floor. The sawdust was sprinkled with blood, but, before the reds could make a second assault, a citizen had brought the patrol wagon to the rescue. They were taken in charge and thrown into the wagon in their drunken stupor, and carted to the Larrabee Street Station.

attacked the crowd an hour earlier, few of them would have been left with their lives. He knew the arrangements, and, had the plan been carried out, the loss of life would have been appalling.

Schrade was subsequently released by order of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, and promised that he would testify in court. He was several times sent after to give further information, and he always responded.

About one month after Schrade's release, he and two others visited a saloon on North Avenue one night, and, after drinking a great deal of beer, they became exceedingly noisy and boisterous. The saloon-keeper attempted to quiet them, but was finally obliged to call an officer. Now, none of the bibulous individuals had any liking for a police-



AN OBSTREPEROUS PRISONER.

man. The moment they saw him enter they ordered him out and threatened that if he did not get out they would throw him out through the window. The officer was not at all alarmed, and, seeing that he was bent on keeping them quiet, the three disturbers pounced down upon him. The officer promptly brought his club into play, and soon his opponents measured their length upon the floor. The sawdust was sprinkled with blood, but, before the reds could make a second assault, a citizen had brought the patrol wagon to the rescue. They were taken in charge and thrown into the wagon in their drunken stupor, and carted to the Larrabee Street Station.

On the way Schrade revived somewhat, and, not quite satisfied with the results of his former encounter, attempted to throw one of the officers over the side of the wagon. He was clinched by the throat, however, and kept quiet for the rest of the journey. The next morning the trio were fined in the Police Court and released on payment of the fines. Schrade became penitent and remained sober thereafter for some time. As he was out of work, I paid his board bill for two weeks, and kept him under surveillance to appear at the trial as a witness. When the trial began he was in good humor and told the State's Attorney that he would give the same testimony that he had given at the station May 26. He was accordingly produced as a witness. On the stand he failed to unfold all the information he had previously given, but State's Attorney Grinnell knew all the points in his former testimony, and before he got through with Schrade he made him a good witness for the State.

After the trial the police lost sight of Schrade for a long time, and wondered whether he had been quietly murdered by his former comrades or had left the city for his own good. But one day an officer reported to me that Schrade was still in the city. It was supposed, of course, that he would never again be found in the haunts of Socialists. It was discovered, however, that he was a member in good standing of Carpenters' Union No. 241, formerly No. 1. This is the most rabid Anarchist organization in the city, and, were it not for some comparatively conservative members, would have long since sought revenge for the conviction and execution of the doomed conspirators.

Schrade and Hageman, since their restoration to full membership, were found to be as incendiary as ever in their utterances, and seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to show that they were better Anarchists even than before the time they informed on their companions and helped to bring them to the gallows. In fact, they became so demonstrative that some of the members threatened them with expulsion. For this they sought revenge by working upon weak-minded persons to influence them against the leaders in the organization. As long as the conservatives remain at the head of the carpenters' union there is no special danger, but should such fanatics as Schrade and Hageman ever secure control, look out for blood.

AUGUST AHLERS was known to have been a close friend of Lingg, and accordingly I eagerly sought his acquaintance. But Ahlers after the Hay-market conceived an aversion to fresh air and kept himself in gloomy, unfrequented quarters. The officers knew that he had often visited Lingg's room, sometimes remaining three or four hours, and, as Lingg never tolerated any one who could not be made useful, it was believed that Ahlers could furnish valuable information if found. Mrs. Seliger had stated that a great many visited Lingg, but most of them sought to conceal their faces

or disguise themselves in some way, generally sneaking into the house as if they were going to steal something or kill somebody. This man Ahlers had been one of this kind. Lingg had every man who assisted him do certain special lines of work. Some would bring him lead, others gas-pipe, and others again charcoal, etc. Ahlers had helped in some way, and, with a pretty good description of him, the detectives were continually on the watch. Finally Officers Whalen and Loewenstein found him on the 26th of May, at No. 148 Chicago Avenue, and took him to the station. He had a sneaking demeanor, and when brought before me I asked him to give an account of himself between May 3d and May 6th. This he was unable to do, but after having been locked up for a while he gave some information about outside groups. As to Lingg he pretended to know very little, and as the officers could not identify him with any particular person, he was released on a promise of better behavior. He acknowledged having been a great admirer of the Anarchist leaders and a strong supporter of Anarchy, but now, he said, he would no longer affiliate with them. So far as the officers have observed, he has kept his promise and is attending strictly to his trade, that of a carpenter.

We had these kind of fellows by the hundred in this city on May 4, 1886, but fortunately God made most of them with big stomachs and no heart or courage.

VICTOR CLERMONT, a German, was almost dumbfounded when he was informed that I wanted to see him. Clermont is a French-sounding name, and, when Officers Whalen and Loewenstein took him in charge on suspicion, they mistook him for a Frenchman, especially as he looked very much like one, having a dark mustache and goatee. Clermont was taken to the station, and there gave his age as twenty-seven, occupation a cabinet-maker and pool-billiard maker, and his residence No. 116 Cornelia Street. When questioned with reference to Anarchy he expressed surprise that he should be taken for an Anarchist, but when he was informed as to his having mysteriously sneaked into dark basements which were lighted up with candles and whose doors were barricaded, he looked aghast.

"There is something wrong," he said. "Somebody wants to involve me in the Haymarket trouble. I am sure I don't know the least thing about Anarchists."

"Well," said I, "we will see if you can remember anything. Either you or your wife has some relatives living near the city. After the 4th of May you sent a lot of guns, rifles, ammunition and some bombs to them for safe-keeping. You took them away at night, and you have been so careful as to try and disguise yourself. Yet I cannot prosecute you on that. You have also been an active member on the Northwest Side in all Anarchist movements. You know all the things you have been engaged in, and so do we. I have your record right here."

"Oh, yes," said Victor, "I hear that you fellows have things down very fine, because you have everything your own way. Well, if I do acknowledge all I have done, what are you going to do with me?"

"I will do with you the same as I have done with others. I will hear your statement and see if you can tell the truth. If you lie to me or about any one else, I will stop you, and that is all. You are indicted, and I will send you to jail. If you tell the truth I will send for the State's Attorney and ask him to let you go, but you must appear as a witness whenever we want you."

"I suppose," remarked Clermont, "that my case is like this — if I don't, some one else will squeal."

He then gave an account of himself and his Anarchist comrades. He was subsequently released and visited me very often for several weeks. He was out of employment and hard-up, and I gave him money with which to support himself. One evening he called and said to the officers that he had something important to tell me. I was very busy at the time and asked him if he wanted some money. Victor replied that he did not desire money. I offered him \$5, however, and told him to come back the next day. He would not take the money at first, but when I told him that I could not wait any longer, he took it and left. On reaching Milwaukee and Chicago Avenues, he met some of his old cronies and told them that he was going away that night. Early next morning I was informed that he had gone. Victor remained away for a year, but, thinking things had blown over, he returned and set about to disabuse the Anarchists of the impression that he had ever "squealed." While he has taken no active part in meetings since the trial, he appears to feel that he stands well with the Anarchists, and always tells them that when he was arrested "he never gave anything away."

His statement was as follows. It was given at nine o'clock on the evening of May 26:

"I belong to the Northwest Side Lehr und Wehr Verein, the second company, of which Breitenfeld is captain. Some time ago, at a meeting held at 54 West Lake Street, it was stated that the police would break up their meetings if they knew when and where they held them, and that therefore it was necessary to adopt some secret way of calling their meetings. We adopted, 'Y, komme,' and when we saw that letter appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on any day we might know a meeting would be held at No. 54 West Lake Street. I was at Thalia Hall, May 3, early in the evening. We were to have held a meeting to elect new officers of the company, but no meeting was held. Some one came into the saloon and said that there were four of our workmen killed at McCormick's factory that afternoon. Then some one said that a call for a meeting that evening at No. 54 West Lake Street had been published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and a lot of us went there to learn further particulars about the shooting of our men. I there saw those circulars calling for revenge and the people to arms.

That circular made me very excited. I was one of the first to get to that meeting at 54 West Lake Street. At the commencement of the meeting we put a man at each door to prevent any one listening or seeing what was going on in the inside, and to admit only members. That meeting was only called for the armed men. Waller was chairman. I heard Engel make a speech, and he presented the plan adopted by the Northwest Side group." (Here follows a detailed account of the "plan," agreeing in every particular with that given by other witnesses as to blowing up police stations, setting fire to buildings, killing people, the use of the word "Ruhe," etc.) "We expected that there would be present at the Haymarket meeting from 30,000 to 40,000 people and that then there would be a good chance for us to commence our revolution and attack the police and the government. There were also to be spies at the meeting to communicate with the groups in the outlying sections (Wicker Park and Lincoln Park). But the spies did not do their work, and then after Engel's speech several got to talking about guns, fires and bombs. On the motion of Fischer it was decided to have 10,000 circulars calling the Haymarket meeting printed, and he said he would attend to it. First Market Square was proposed, but some one objected by saying it was a mouse trap in case of trouble, and the Haymarket was agreed upon. Before finishing telling about his plan Engel said it had been adopted by the Northwest Side group and referred to Fischer to answer if that was not so. Fischer replied, 'Yes, that is the plan.'"

I asked Clermont if that was the first time he had ever heard of the "plan," and he replied:

"Yes, it was the first time I had heard of the revolutionary plan. I never heard of it before, and only heard of it through Engel that night. This was the only plan I heard of to be followed for the revolution. I was at the Haymarket and expected to find a big crowd. To my surprise I only found about five hundred present."

Clermont is now again in Chicago, and as rabid a red as ever. He is a leader on the Northwest Side, and detectives have reported to me that he has declared himself in favor of "bullets instead of ballots." He is also a prominent organizer in the Anarchist "Sunday-school" scheme.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fluttering the Anarchist Dove-cote — Confessions by Piecemeal — Statements from the Small Fry — One of Schnaubelt's Friends — "Some One Wants to Hang Me" — Neebe's Bloodthirsty Threats — Burrowing in the Dark — The Starved-out Cut-throat — Torturing a Woman — Hopes of *Habeas Corpus* — "Little" Krueger's Work — Planning a Rescue — The Signal "???" and its Meaning — A. Red-haired Man's Story — Firing the Socialist Heart — Meetings with Locked Doors — An Ambush for the Police — The Red Flag Episode — Beer and Philosophy — Baum's Wife and Baby — A Wife-beating Revolutionist — Brother Eppinger's Duties.

THE work of ferreting out and arresting the conspirators might have stopped with the number already gathered in, so far as the necessity for procuring evidence to be used in court was concerned, but it was continued to the end that every conspicuous or minor character in the murderous plot might be made to feel the power of the law, which each had so persistently defied. I had the names and descriptions of all identified with Engel's plan, their haunts, their traits of character, and their influence in the order, and detectives, under instructions, were continually on the search. Anarchist localities were overhauled, unfrequented places visited, and convenient hiding-places inspected. Every one wanted was finally brought from under cover. Not a guilty one escaped, except Schnaubelt. Anarchistic sympathizers did everything in their power to conceal their friends, but the police proved equal to the emergency.

RUDOLPH DANNENBERG, a German, was one who held himself aloof from the rest of humanity. He lived at No. 218 Fulton Street, and on the 27th of May Officers Loewenstein and Whalen found him surrounded by his family. During the few moments' conversation I had with him, it became apparent that he was like all his associates — a firm enemy of the existing order of society. He stated that, although he was only a tailor, he could fire a revolver as unerringly as any one and throw a bomb as far as anybody. He declared that he thought himself adapted to something higher, something better than being a tailor, and he had joined the Anarchists in order to bring himself before the public and achieve distinction. He had carefully read the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, had noticed the names of various people, and he did not see why he could not become great like them and see his name and deeds frequently paraded in the papers. He felt that he had the requisite ability, and communicated his ambition and his desires to his wife.

Mrs. Dannenberg was a plain, unassuming woman, and did not dare to remonstrate with a man who had finally discovered his *forte*. He strutted about the house with the conscious pride that greatness was within his grasp, and his changed demeanor really impressed the woman to the extent

that she believed he was already a great man. Dannenberg lost no time in joining the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and eagerly made the acquaintance of all the leading men in the order. He secured recognition, and his heart swelled with joy when he attended the secret meetings held by the order.

All these little confessions were adroitly extracted by piecemeal. Noticing that here was a man who felt himself above the "goose" and the needle, I concluded to send him below to discover, if he could, the difference between being a tailor and an Anarchist in search of greatness. I treated him with perfect indifference, and he seemed to feel the indignity greatly. He was put in a cell, and for two days no one went near him except the janitor.

Dannenberg finally got uneasy and sent word that he desired to see me. He was informed in return that he would be sent to the County Jail the next day. He then wanted to know if he would not be given an opportunity to speak, and insisted on having a hearing. He was brought into the office and told that he would be given just five minutes to tell what he had to say.

"Gentlemen," he said, in great haste, "you think because I am a tailor I am of no account, and consequently you seem disposed to punish me. My oath is just as good as the other fellows'."

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "We have not asked you for your oath, and we do not want it."

"Oh, I see now," said Rudolph, beginning to get angry, "you only want the small fry. Well, look here, Captain, I don't give a continental. I will tell on the other big fellows, now, for the fun of the thing. They must be punished as well as the little fellows. It is evident that the other big fellows want to talk themselves out."

"I think you have got the thing down very fine," were my consoling words.

"Yes, I know the people want to hang somebody," said Rudolph, "and if they can only hang a tailor they will be satisfied."

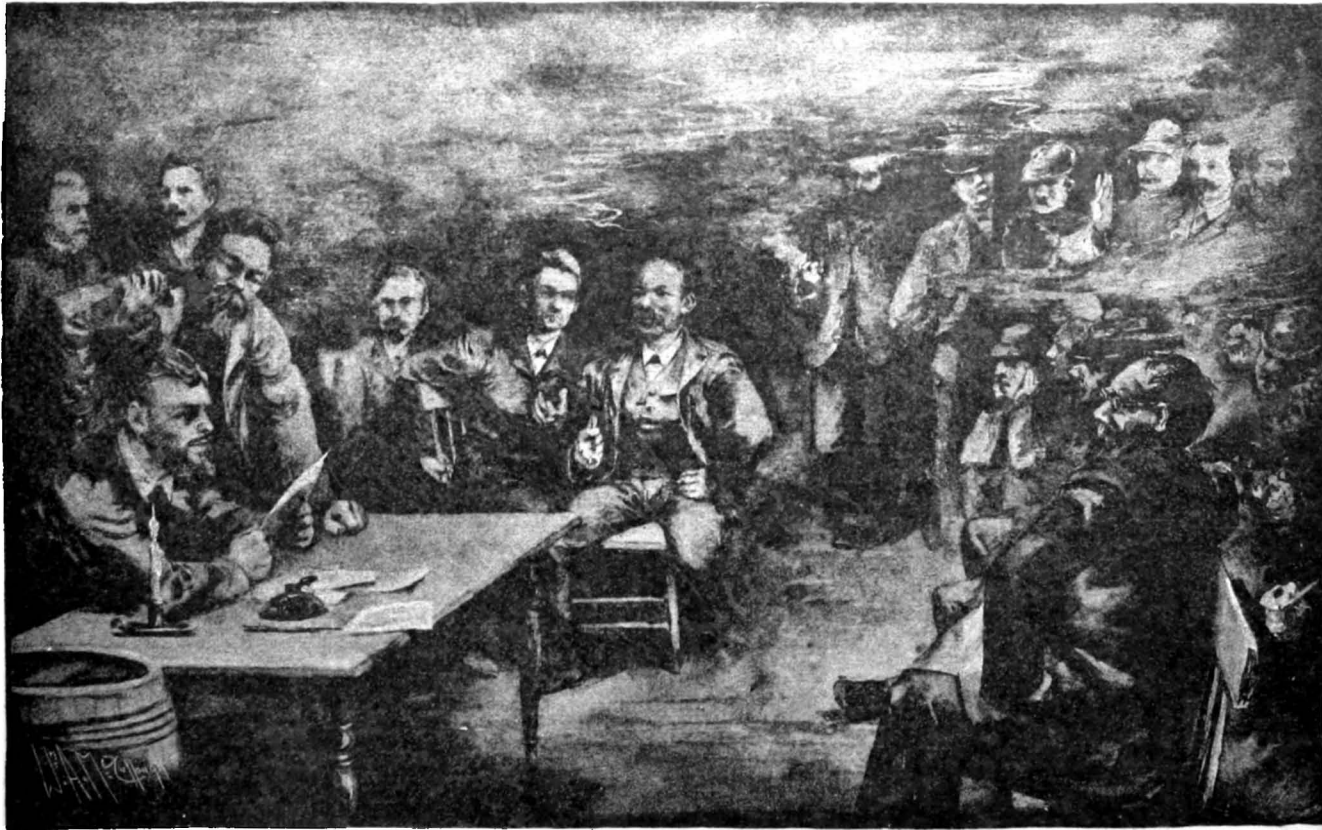
Time was called on the speaker, the five minutes having been exhausted, and Rudolph was about to be escorted down stairs.

"Stop! stop! officer, I have not commenced yet to talk, and I want to be heard."

"Well," said I, "you want to commence very soon."

Dannenberg again planted himself firmly in his chair, and then proceeded to relieve himself of the burden on his mind. He gave quite an interesting statement, and was subsequently released by order of the State's Attorney. He was indicted for murder before his release, and he left after promising to report when wanted. Some time after he was rearrested and put in a room with fifteen others.

Every one of these fifteen was morose, sullen and dejected. There was not a cheerful word among them. They felt uncertain about their own fate



THE CONSPIRACY MEETING AT 54 WEST LAKE STREET. WALLER READING ENGEL'S "PLAN."

and took a gloomy view of life. The presence of Dannenberg was like a cheerful fire in a blizzard. He had forgotten all about the misfortune of being a tailor and a crushed Anarchist, and he kept the company full of life with his wit and drollery.

On his final release, Dannenberg went back to his trade, quit Anarchy, and now takes the greatest sort of pride in telling his friends that he is simply a "knight of the needle."

After stating his age to be thirty-two years, Dannenberg swore :

"I went to the meeting in the basement at No. 54 West Lake Street. I heard Engel speak. I heard Fischer say that he would attend to the printing of the circulars for the Haymarket meeting. I used to belong to the Lehr und Wehr Verein, but I quit two months ago. I was at Thalia Hall, on Milwaukee Avenue, Sunday, May 2d. I used to go there very often. I know George Engel. At the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, he was called on for a speech, and he responded. I heard him speak of his plan—a plan for riots, fires, the destruction of buildings and property, and the killing of people and the police. I heard him speak of the meeting to be held at the Haymarket, and that, if they started there, then would be the time for us to commence the rebellion all over the city. A man named Schrade, sitting by my side, remarked to me that Engel had made a very destructive speech. This talk made me laugh. Engel continued by saying that when we saw the heavens red, then was our time to commence. The Northwest Side group, he said, would meet at Wicker Park, and the North Side group at Lincoln Park. The moment we saw the fires, as a signal, then we should throw bombs, shoot down the policemen and everybody who stood in our way, and begin the general destruction of property and life. I never heard of this plan before this time. Engel was the only one who spoke of the plan. At this meeting I knew Breitenfeld and Waller, who was chairman. I heard some one at that meeting ask for dynamite bombs and how to get them, and some said: 'You ought to know it by this time.' Engel also spoke of the word 'Ruhe.' It was to be a signal word, and when it should appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, then was the time to be ready for a riot."

CARL MAX EMIL ENGLISH registered at the station on the 1st of June. He might have been gathered in long before, but he was kept under watch in the hopes of bagging a more important Anarchist. It was known that English was a particular friend of Schnaubelt's, and the officers kept their eye on him continually, thinking the bomb-thrower might be found through his unconscious intervention. But they waited and watched in vain, and finally Officers Palmer and Cosgrove arrested English on suspicion. He was turned over to me, and then it was ascertained that he knew more of the Anarchists in Pullman, where he worked, than he did of those in Chicago. When called an Anarchist he objected, and insisted that he was simply a Socialist—a distinction without a difference in his case. He stated, however, that all the Anarchists in America "looked upon Chicago as the main center of Anarchy," and in Pullman they got all their inspiration from Chicago. He acknowledged an acquaintance with Muntzenberg,

who, he said, had sold John Most's books and other Anarchistic literature at Pullman. Muntzenberg had been in Pullman after the 4th of May, and had carried dynamite bombs with him. The Socialists, said English, had become frightened at this exhibition and had refrained from having any further dealings with Muntzenberg.

English was allowed to go, with an injunction that he had better stay in Pullman, where he belonged. He has since remained at home and is now giving more of his time to the study of sound literature on economic subjects. He came to America from Germany, in October, 1885, and was led astray by Most's writings. Had he lived in Chicago he would have been a very handy man for Lingg. In the old country he had worked in the manufacture of torpedoes, etc., for the Government, and he was well posted on explosives. He was twenty-four years of age, and just such a man as Lingg could have utilized.

AUGUST KRAEMER, a German, thought he was sharper than the police. He had escaped their attentions, and he was felicitating himself that he knew how to elude them successfully. One day, however—June 1st—he was cheerfully greeted by Officers Whalen and Stift, and when they notified him of the pleasure his company would give us at the station, he became motionless with surprise. Recovering himself, he declared that it was an awful outrage to arrest a man for nothing and assured the officers again and again that he had never heard of Socialists or Anarchists, did not know a single one of that class and would not be able to recognize one if pointed out to him. In fact, he had not even heard that a bomb had been thrown at the Haymarket. He played this role of ignorance when brought before me, but I soon brought him to his senses.

"You have played the old lady long enough," I said. "We are men here who do not believe a word you say, and don't want any of your tea-party stories. Is not George Engel your friend? Did you not drink beer in Engel's rear room, May 4th, about eleven o'clock? Were you not there when a lot of men waited for orders to blow up and burn down houses? Were you not at the Haymarket with Engel, and did you not walk around with him on the outskirts of the crowd?"

"Who told you this?" came promptly from Kraemer.

"One of those little gods you prayed to at Thalia Hall on Sundays. Why, you hypocrite, you and twenty more get together, talk and give your opinions about dynamite and how to construct poisoned daggers, and work out a plan to fight the police and militia, drink beer and liquor, and call that a prayer-meeting. What have you to say to all this? If you can not answer I will give it to you plainer."

"Mein Gott, some one wants to hang me," exclaimed August. "I know Herr Engel; he is a good man."

"Yes, in your estimation."

"If you only knew how awfully sorry he felt for the officers that were killed."

"Oh, yes. Well, do you now think that we know something about you?"

"I admit that you know all about me, but Herr Engel said that night that it was wrong to have such a miscarriage. He did not believe in killing a few people. All revolutions, Engel believed, ought to come about by themselves, and then the police and soldiers would be with them. If the people would fight, then the authorities, police and all, would throw their guns away and run. Then the victory would be won without spilling any blood, but such a foolish thing as the Haymarket affair Engel would have nothing to do with."

"Yes; all this Engel said after 10:30 o'clock that night, May 4th."

"Yes, he said it in his back room."

"That is all I want of you. Officers, lock up this dynamitard."

"Captain, will you not let me make a statement?"

"Of what?"

"I know something. For God's sake don't lock me up."

"Well, then, speak, double-quick time, and let there be no lying."

Kraemer calmed himself and proceeded to unfold his story. He was subsequently released on promising to testify in court and that he would become a better man. He was indicted by the grand jury for conspiracy to murder. He was not asked to testify, and it was supposed that after all his troubles he would attend strictly to his own business, that of a carpenter. Not so. He was to be found in the company of the worst Anarchists between May 4th and the time of the execution, but, when he finally discovered that there was a law in the State to hang conspirators and murderers, he grew frightened. He now remains at home instead of skulking into dark cellars and devising means of revenge. He lived, at the time of his arrest, at No. 286 Milwaukee Avenue, in the rear, his friend Engel occupying the front part of the building. He was thirty-three years of age, married, well built, five feet eight inches in height, and an active man

His statement was as follows :

"I attended the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street the night of May 3d. I was there about fifteen minutes when the meeting was called to order. Some one suggested that every man of a group should see that every one present was one of their members. I was asked what group I belonged to. I could not tell. I do not belong to any group. Then I was told to go out because I could not give the pass-word. I told them that I belonged to the Socialists, but they told me I could not remain. I then went away. I have often been at Thalia Hall at the 'Bible class.' I met there frequently Engel and Fischer. That was in the month of April, 1886. At one meeting, when Engel and Fischer were present, some one called on the people to be ready with arms; that the time would soon come when they must be organized and ready to defend themselves. While I was at 54 West Lake Street that evening, May 3, some one complained that there were so few

present and said that there had always been a good attendance until that night, and that it was very strange. As I could not give the sign I was put out. I heard Engel say that no revolution could be a success with only a small group; there must be general, united action."

MARTIN BECHTEL was also requested to report at the station for an interview. He willingly responded, and conversed quite freely. He was a beer-brewer by profession, and on May 4 was foreman in the brewery of Bartholomae & Leicht. He was also president of the Brewers' Union and presided at a meeting on the afternoon of May 3. His statement of that meeting was as follows:

"I had a meeting called of the brewers for that afternoon, and there I saw a lot of those 'Revenge' circulars. I saw all the men reading them, and, while some did not appear to care much, others got greatly excited over the way the police had been clubbing the people at McCormick's factory. There was considerable excitement for awhile, and this was kept up until I called the meeting to order. I found that I had to be very strict before I could do anything. We transacted our business with great difficulty. I was interrupted now and then by some one coming in and talking excitedly about the police killing people at the factory. I restored order once more, when Oscar Neebe came in with a new supply of circulars and handed them around to the boys. Then the fire was in the straw again. After Neebe had distributed his circulars, he was called on for a speech, and whenever he was asked by any one if it was true that the police had been killing people in the manner described by the circular, he would answer: 'Oh, yes; I know it is true. I saw it all. We must get ready and take revenge. Get ready; you all know what to do. You have all been to our meetings; you have all had instructions. Come out like men and show the capitalists what you are made of. Show these bloodhounds, these hirelings of the capitalists—I mean the blue-coated police—that we are not afraid of them. We must meet them and teach them a lesson. They have no regard for you or your families. You must feel the same to them.' Such was the character of his speech and replies, and that is all I can report of the meeting."

Mr. Bechtel was thanked for his information, and left the office.

It came out that during that day, after leaving that meeting, Neebe went into a saloon on Clark Street, near Division, and said that "by to-morrow or before to-morrow midnight the city of Chicago would swim in blood, or perhaps lie in ashes." There would be a revolution, everything was ready, and he said that he would do his share of the work. At one time he was so wrought up with excitement that he fairly shouted at the top of his voice and made loud threats. In the trial, it was a fortunate thing for Neebe that certain documents were not at hand, or he would have undoubtedly been hung instead of being let off with the fifteen years' sentence in the penitentiary which he is now working out. The documents desired were in some manner lost, and, when some of the material witnesses were looked for to appear at the trial, they could not be found.

Neebe knew perfectly well the character of the men he addressed at the brewers' meeting. They were all fire-eaters on the question of Anarchy, and the name of the Brewers' Union was simply adopted as a cloak. The brewing companies could greatly contribute to the promotion of law, order and decency by replacing every one of them with men who appreciate good government and the privileges of citizenship.

In one brewery on the North Side, these "reds" managed to get the teamsters and beer-peddlers inoculated with their heresy, and the result was that the police were often called upon to quell disturbances growing either out of arguments with customers or saloon patrons. The injury thus done to the trade of the company must have been large. Is it a fear of these men or is there a lack of better material that keeps them in their places? It is certain that such men are doing the brewing companies no good. They are a bad lot and need watching. They are watched.

MORITZ NEFF was the owner of what has been called the "Shanty of the Communists," at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, known also as "Neff's Hall." He was intimate with the leaders of Anarchy and knew a great deal about their movements. On the 1st of June, Schuettler and Stif were sent to tell him that I desired to see him. He came, not under arrest, but voluntarily, as soon as he had secured some one to run his saloon during his absence. He was a German, about thirty-six years of age, unmarried, and had kept the Anarchist headquarters for over seven years. He attended closely to business, rented his hall in the rear of the saloon to various unions and clubs, and made plenty of money. His place was a sort of "go-as-you-please" headquarters for the Anarchists, and if all their plottings there had been carried into execution the city of Chicago would not now stand as a monument of thrift, energy, enterprise and wealth. The hall was rented to any one who desired it. No questions were asked, and no publicity was ever given to the proceedings through Neff. He could keep secrets, and the Anarchists knew it. He also knew them thoroughly. He was a good judge of character, and, as most of his patrons were low-browed, ignorant and impulsive fellows, he would in the presence of some of the more sensible ones call them "fools and cattle." Neff gave up his money freely to these people for the advancement of their cause, but he was never known to howl against law and order or make threats against capitalists, like other Anarchist saloon-keepers. He always kept on friendly terms with the police, and promised Lieutenant Baus to keep him posted whenever anything of importance transpired. This promise, however, seems to have been shrewdly made with a view to "pulling the wool over the eyes" of the Lieutenant. Neff would say, "Don't trouble yourself. Whenever there is anything going on, I will put you on;" but he never found anything worth while reporting. The officers managed to gather a good deal of information respecting the character of the meetings held, but, as no important or dan-

gerous results were ever expected to grow out of them, the Anarchists were permitted to remain unmolested.

On the night of May 4, after the Anarchists had been put to rout, those of the North Side group hastened from their various posts to meet at Neff's place. They were still inclined to go on with the revolution, and Neff reproached them for not continuing it the moment it was started.

"What the d——l," said he, "did you carry bombs for all night and not do anything? Why didn't you go to the Chicago Avenue Station and blow the d——d building to h——l with every one in it?"

This staggered the hot-heads, and not one made a reply.

"Why," continued Neff, "you are all cowards; not one of you dare go with me now."

No one advanced to accept the challenge. Presently, the hour getting near eleven o'clock, Neff said:

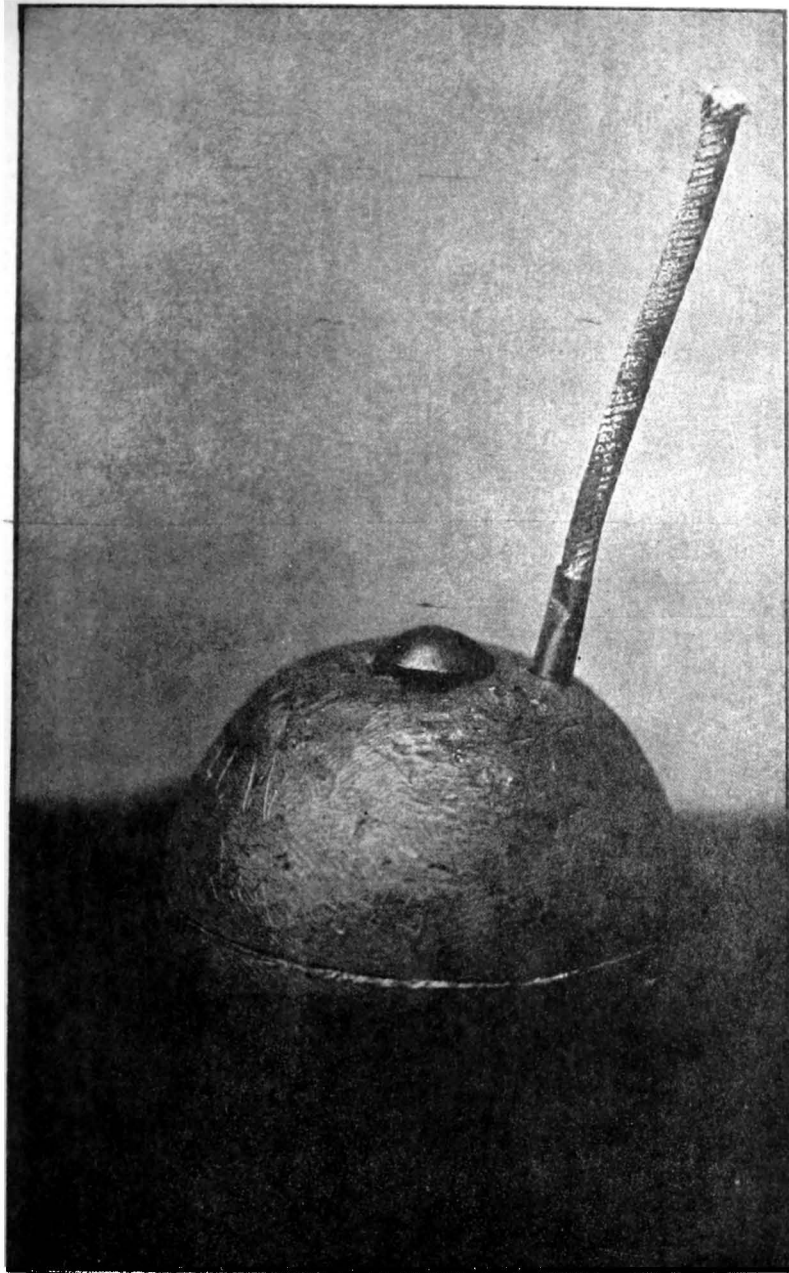
"Get out! I am going to close up, and to-morrow we will have different music, and we will see who dances."

Knowing the great resort his place had been for Anarchists, Neff was in momentary dread of becoming involved in the Haymarket affair. He was very uneasy, and, as described by an acquaintance of his, "his clothes and shirt collar did not fit him very well for a number of days." When he entered my office, Neff straightened up and appeared as if his mind was made up for the worst and as if he had resolved that the police should be no wiser through any information he possessed. It was not long, however, before he discovered that we meant business, and that playing the fool in the matter would not be tolerated. In the room were Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, six detectives and myself, and he was kept busy framing answers that would not compromise himself. Finally Neff looked us all over very carefully and said:

"I know I am called here to answer questions and tell on the Anarchists. I will now tell all I know."

He then gave a straightforward story and appeared as a witness at the trial, giving all its substantial points. After that trial he sold out his place and left the city. He remained away for a time, but recently came to Chicago on a visit. His conduct has been such as to justify the hope that he will hereafter hold himself aloof from Anarchists.

JOHN WEIMAN, a Suabian, was a peculiar genius. He was only twenty-three years of age, and yet he imagined that he could successfully hoodwink the police. He had been pointed out as an associate of some of the leaders, and it was decided to bring him to see what he had to say for himself. He lived at No. 30 Barker Street, and when notified, about the 6th of June, that I wished to become acquainted with him, he assumed a highly injured air. The moment he set foot inside the office, he threw up both hands and, in a loud voice, insisted that a great mistake had been made in arresting him.



THE "CZAR BOMB."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This is one of the round bombs made by Lingg, and similar to the infernal machine thrown at the Haymarket. It is about three inches in diameter, and consists of two hollow hemispheres of lead, filled with dynamite, and secured by means of an iron bolt and nut. It is fitted with fuse and fulminating cap.

"I am no Socialist, no Anarchist, no Nihilist, no Communist," he declared. "I don't know Spies, Parsons, Schwab, Fischer, Lingg, Engel, Neebe or Fielden. I never attended any meetings at No. 54, No. 71 or No. 120 West Lake Street, and I have never been in the Communist-Bude [the Shanty of the Communists] at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue; never was at Mueller's Hall basement, or at Thalia Hall, or at No. 63 Emma Street."

"That is right, John," said I. "Keep on and tell me a few more places where you have never been, and I shall be much obliged to you. Then I will know all the places and all the leaders of the whole Anarchist outfit."

"Yes," said John, "I have heard of you, and I don't want to be troubled too much. I know that you are acquainted with all those places and know all the people who went there, and I heard of a lot of people getting arrested every day who knew all the leaders and frequented those meeting-places. I thought I would tell you all at first, because I am sick and I can't stand much talking-to."

"How came you to know so much?" I inquired; "that is to say, how do you know the names of the members?"

"Well, I have a friend, and he told me all these things, but he ran away from the city. I don't know where he is now."

"What is his name and where did he live?"

"He is a carpenter. I used to call him Carl. He lived on Randolph Street, near Union."

Further inquiries failed to elicit anything of importance, and he was turned loose to wander at his own sweet pleasure.

EMIL MENDE, a German, was a man thoroughly capable of desperate deeds. He lived at No. 51 Meagher Street, and so villainous a disposition did he possess that his own sister and his brother-in-law were obliged to report him at the station. Even the people in his own neighborhood feared him, and those that knew him best shunned him. He was a dangerous man. For two months preceding May 4, he boasted how the Anarchists would blow up the city and kill every one who was not an Anarchist. He talked about it so often and in such an earnest way that his neighbors grew apprehensive lest he might set fire to the neighborhood. The children would run across the street to avoid meeting him. He was always full of liquor, and his chief study was how to get a living without work. He thought he had found it in Anarchy, and he stood ready to commit any crime to accomplish his purpose. He became a drunken loafer through attending Anarchistic meetings, and when his sister remonstrated with him he turned against her and threatened to kill her. His conduct finally became so unbearable that his brother-in-law, Emil Sauer, gave information against him to the police. Mende, he said, belonged to the Lehr und Wehr Verein of the Southwest Side group and would assemble with his comrades in lonely, retired places,

where the police could not see them drill. They would sneak into the buildings selected for their meeting-places, and after their drills they would quietly sneak out again, like so many thieves who had committed a successful burglary. Sauer said he had come to know many of the members, but he did not know their names or where they lived. They all had numbers, were well armed with rifles and revolvers, and they drilled frequently.

"I remember the night of May 4," said Sauer, "Mende left the house about eight o'clock. He looked wild and desperate. He carried with him a huge revolver and a lot of cartridges. About eleven o'clock the same evening, after the bomb had exploded, he came sneaking home, and had in his possession two rifles and three dynamite bombs. He brought them all into the house at first, and, becoming alarmed, he took them all to No. 647 South Canal Street. There he was seen either going under the house or under the sidewalk. When he came out he had nothing with him. Mende, when he first began to attend the meetings, had very little to say about Anarchy. He kept on, and during the six months preceding the Haymarket riot he was perfectly crazy on the subject. After he had become a member of the armed group, he would speak of nothing else but killing people and destroying the city. On the evening of May 4, before leaving home, he said :

"'This is our night. This night we will show our strength. I would like to see any one oppose us. Nothing can stand before us. Before daylight to-morrow blood will flow deep in the streets, and the air will be hot. Then we will have a new government.'

"After he had been gone about twenty minutes, some one came in and asked for him. The man looked like a starved-out cut-throat. He was told that Mende had gone. The fellow remarked, 'Then it is all right. I know where to find him.' He pulled his hat over his eyes, turned up his coat collar and disappeared. This man was watched. He went west from our house, and about a block away he met five other men. They all went west together.

"On the afternoon of May 4, Mende said to me :

"'I want you to go with us. Everything is very well planned. There is no fear that we will not get all the help we want after we have started. We are going to move like an army. If we should get whipped at first, or if we should have to run, then we all have places to go to. The Southwest Side group is going to a church on Eighteenth Street, and we will fortify ourselves there until we get help. We will have a lot of dynamite bombs to keep everybody away. We have rifles and revolvers, and no one will dare come near us. We can hold the fort there for a few days, and no one will trouble us. Only throw out a bomb once a day, and that will be sufficient to prevent the enemy from coming near. The North Side group is going to follow our plan. They are going to take charge of St. Michael's Church.

We have things down fine. You had better come along. There is no danger. We expect a lot of people here from Michigan and all the mining towns. They will all come here as soon as we begin the attack.'

"Mende asked me at one time to go with him,—this was during the McCormick strike,—and told me they were going to take with them tin cans, which would be filled with kerosene. These cans would have strong corks in them, and through each a hole had been drilled, for the insertion of a cap and fuse. They would simply light the fuse, throw the can into a lumber yard, and walk off. No one would discover who did it, and then they would see a big fire. 'In this way we'll bring these d——d capitalists to time.' I told Mende that I would have nothing to do with him or his plans.

"Two days after the bomb had been thrown, he said to me :

" 'I know the man who threw the bomb, and, you bet, he is a good friend of mine. He will never be arrested.'

"About eight days after the explosion, he told me that he knew the man who made bombs, and that the man was going to leave the city. This man, he also said, had changed his clothes, and he (Mende) had got the clothes from a man named Sisterer, who lived on Sixteenth Street. I then asked him the name of the man who made the bombs, and he said it was Louis Lingg."

Mrs. Sauer next related her grievances against her brother.

"This brute," she began, "not being satisfied with having all the neighbors afraid of him, had to torment the life out of me, telling me that he belonged to those fellows who would kill, give no quarter and take none. In a fight the result would be victory or death. He would tell me that as soon as they had established their government the children of the capitalists would be hunted up and killed, and every trace of a capitalist wiped off the face of the earth. My brother reads all kinds of Anarchist books and papers. I saw him have a big revolver and a lot of cartridges, and he said :

" 'We are going to kill all the police now in a few days. They all must be killed. They stand in our way. We cannot get our rights so long as we let those bloodhounds live. So we have decided to kill them all. We are ready now, and you will not see any more of those fellows hanging around the corners.'

"He also said that the Fire Department was a well-organized body, and they, too, must be destroyed.

" 'Before the battle commences,' he said, 'we are going to fix the bridges with dynamite, so that, in case the Fire Department should come to the relief of the police or go to work to extinguish the fires that we start, we will blow the bridges, firemen, horses and all to h—l.'

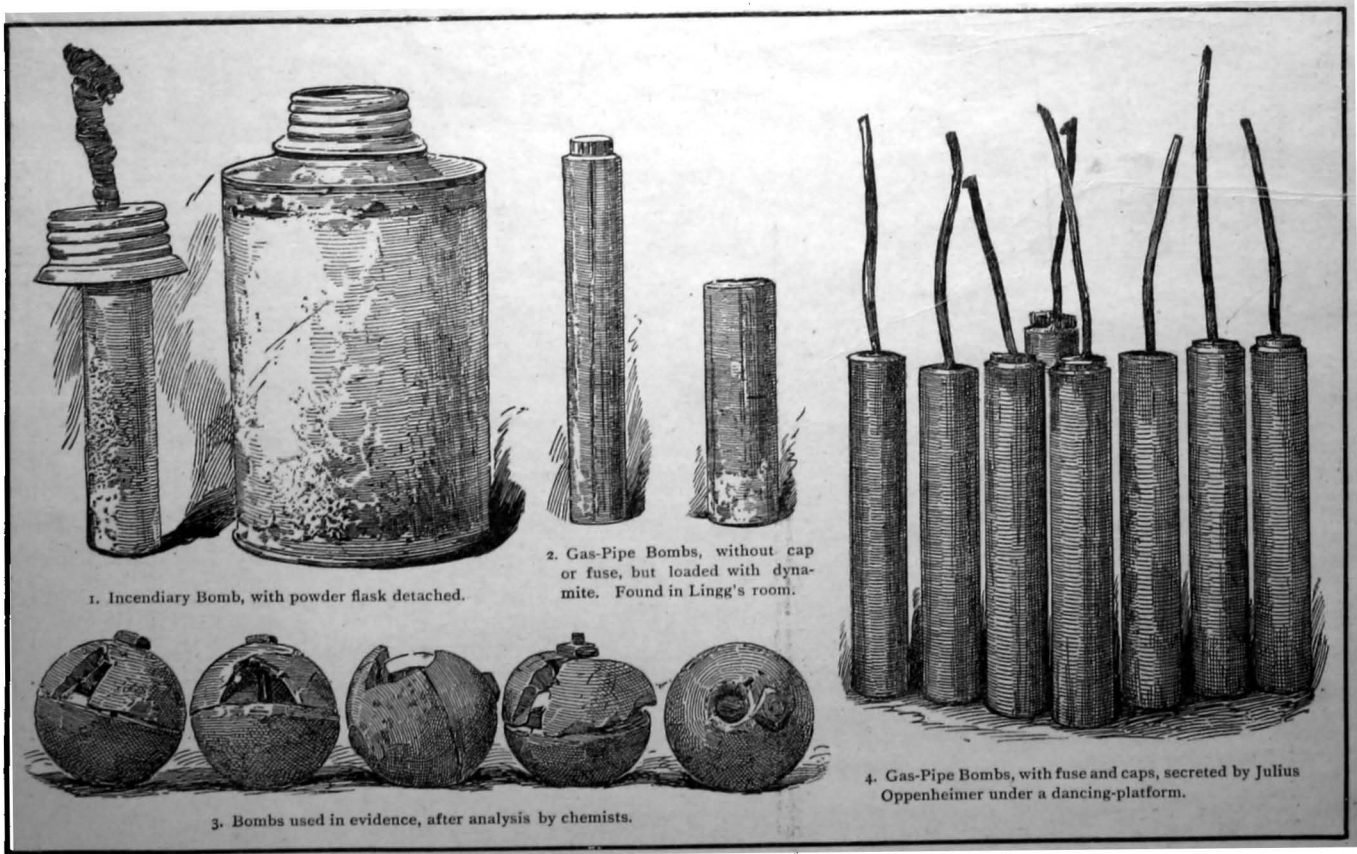
"He further stated that the city would be set on fire in all parts, so that the police and firemen would be obliged to stay in their own neighborhoods,

and it would be impossible for any large bodies of them to get together in one place. Then, when everything was in confusion, they had places selected where they would meet in a body and come into the center of the city, where they would rob and plunder every jewelry store and bank, and places where they could get the most valuable things they wanted.

“ ‘We have,’ he said, ‘all these places picked out already. We have on hand all the dynamite we want, and when we make a start we will have our tools and materials with us.’

“A few days after the 4th of May, my brother also said that it was too bad that their committee had become split up during the charge of the police at the Haymarket. They failed to get together again, and the men on the outside were expecting every second to receive orders from that committee to commence setting fires and killing people. He stated that on that night he was at the Hinman Street Station, and that it was surrounded by seventy-five men, fifty of them having rifles and the balance large revolvers and dynamite bombs. They waited in an alley for orders. Everything, he said, was complete; every man had his place and knew what work he had to perform. They only needed the signal from the committee. The plan was that, as soon as they had received their orders, some of them should get near the windows of the station and throw in bombs among the policemen. Then others were to be ready with their revolvers and shoot down any officer who had not been killed by the explosion and who attempted to save himself by jumping out through the window. The fifty men with rifles were to have placed themselves in front of the station, and as soon as the officers made an attempt to march out, they should kill them in the hallway before they could get outside. ‘But,’ said he, ‘the officers at this station will be killed yet, because they have interfered with us and injured the success of the strikers.’

“He spoke also about their going to barricade themselves in churches if they got whipped, until they had secured help. He said that they had a lot of bombs buried near the city, and they were there still for future use. ‘They will not spoil,’ he said. My brother further told me one night that he had to run home or he would have been arrested. I saw him come home, and he looked very much excited. He went into the back yard—just like the coward—and remained there for some time. Later he told me that a lot of them went together to blow up a freight-house with dynamite bombs. ‘This freight-house is on the corner of Meagher and Jefferson Streets. He said that he had the place picked out, and everything was ready. Then one of their number, who stood guard, gave the signal to run, and they all ran away. They had a meeting-place appointed in case they should be disturbed, and there they met afterwards. They decided to renew the attack, but finally, at the suggestion of a man named Sisterer, that they postpone it till another night, they all went home. On his way



1. Incendiary Bomb, with powder flask detached.

2. Gas-Pipe Bombs, without cap or fuse, but loaded with dynamite. Found in Lingg's room.

4. Gas-Pipe Bombs, with fuse and caps, secreted by Julius Oppenheimer under a dancing-platform.

3. Bombs used in evidence, after analysis by chemists.

ANARCHIST AMMUNITION—I. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

home my brother thought that some detective was following him. He became frightened and started on the run, and ran until he arrived home safely."

When a sister would tell such a story, fully corroborated by others, of a brother, it can easily be seen that he must have been a desperate man. It must be borne in mind that about the time Mrs. Sauer notified me of her brother's acts the city was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement over the foul murder at the Haymarket, and there was a general sentiment that all the conspirators identified with that plot ought to hang. It required, therefore, no little courage on the part of a sister to give up her own brother to take his chances on the charges made.

Mende must have reached a very low, or rather a very high standing among the bloodthirsty bandits, and the revelations concerning him showed that he was not only capable of tormenting a poor woman by his savage threats, but willing and anxious to distinguish himself in any wild carnival of riot, bloodshed and incendiarism. He was a man the police wanted, and he was accordingly arrested by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein on the 7th of June. At the station he gave his age as twenty-nine years, and his occupation as that of a carpenter. He was tall, well-built, wore a heavy beard and weighed about 160 pounds. His appearance did not belie the statements made about him, and subsequent inquiries showed that he was all his sister had represented him to be. What he had told his sister about the arrangements around the Hinman Street Station was found to be strictly true, and the details about the riot at the Haymarket and the signal to the armed men in the outlying sections of the city were borne out by the statements of other Anarchists.

While on his way to the station, Mende seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. It came out, however, that much of his stoical air had been inspired by statements previously communicated to him by his Anarchist associates. The attorneys of the Anarchists, Messrs. Salomon & Zeisler, had advised the order that in case of arrest the distressed brother should seek to notify some friend they might meet while being taken through the streets to the station, and then, the information being brought to them, they would at once secure a release on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Mende acted on this advice. He knew probably, like the rest, that, once locked up, his chances for communicating with his friends for a day or two would be exceedingly doubtful, and so, while he was being marched through the streets, he encountered a friend and told him his name; and that friend immediately rushed to the office of the attorneys and gave the name of the prisoner and the station to which he was being taken.

Mende had scarcely been locked up when the counsel came to the Chicago Avenue Station and demanded to see the prisoner. They were refused. On the next day they applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* and

wanted the prisoner brought into court. The object of this was to put me on the stand in the case, and, by various questions, to obtain such information as the State might possess with reference to the Anarchists. I was not to be caught in such a trap, and State's Attorney Grinnell decided to release the prisoner, have him indicted and subsequently re-arrested.

During the short time Mende was at the station he was plied with questions, but he answered them all with denials. He said that he had never spoken to his sister about Anarchy and had never belonged to any organization. Under cross-fire, however, he admitted that he had attended the meetings and owned a big revolver. The revolver, he said, he had sold to one Peter Mann about the 1st of June. After his experience at the station he was, as might have been expected, at war with his relatives, but he kept away from meetings.

POLIKARP SISTERER, a German Pole, was an associate of Mende, but, unlike that rascal, he was not violent or demonstrative. Having a family may have done much toward tempering his disposition, but still he was an Anarchist in the full sense of the word. He was a quiet, deep-plotting fellow, and perhaps on that account might be regarded as really a more dangerous man. He was a sober man, not given to beer-drinking and wine-guzzling like Mende; and, like Cassius of old, had a "lean and hungry look," bringing him within that class concerning whom the injunction "Beware" might well be heeded in any special crisis. He was arrested on the 8th of June by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein and taken to the station. On the way thither he, like Mende, communicated his troubles to friends on the street, and was subsequently released under the same conditions. At the station he gave his age as thirty-one years, his occupation as that of a carpenter, and his residence as No. 85 West Sixteenth Street. He belonged, like Mende, to the Carpenters' Union, which met at Zepf's Hall, and took an active part in all Anarchistic movements. He was at first exceedingly non-communicative to the police, and insisted, whenever he did speak, that he had no secrets to divulge. He was shown to the "cooler" down stairs, and the next day he was in a talkative mood. He willingly took all the officers into his confidence and talked unreservedly. He said:

"I belong to the Carpenters' Union, and Louis Lingg belongs to the same organization. I have known Lingg for about eight months. We were good friends, and, after the meetings of the union were over, Lingg and I often went home together. I got acquainted with him at those meetings. Lingg was a good worker for the carpenters, and they all like him for the interest he displayed in their behalf. I saw him at our union meeting on Monday evening about eight o'clock in Zepf's Hall. He made a speech there and called all of us to arms and to be ready. He said that the police were ready to club us and would only protect the capitalists and work only in the interests of the capitalists. 'You can see for yourselves,' Lingg said

'how the police acted at the McCormick factory; they clubbed our people, they killed six of our brothers, and now we will fight them and take revenge.' He worked us all up, and every one was highly excited. He said that everything was ready and if we would only stick together we would win a certain victory. I saw at this meeting Hageman, Poch, Mende, Lehman, Louis Rentz and Kaiser. Rau and Niendorf were there and distributed the revenge circulars. That day—Monday—was a very exciting one among the Anarchists, and it would not have taken much to have started very serious trouble. Crowds of excited people were on Lake Street, from Union Street to the river, on that afternoon, and all were in bad temper. I attended the meeting on the afternoon of May 3d, at about three o'clock, at No. 71 West Lake Street, at Florus' Hall. I never was at any meeting held at No. 54 West Lake Street, at Greif's Hall, but I heard from others as to what had been done there. I saw Lingg again on the 5th of May, at Florus' Hall. I spoke to him, but he had very little to say. He looked downhearted. While I was there he disappeared, and I never saw him again."

"Did you not give him money and clothes to get out of the city?" I asked.

"Well, no one can prove that. If you think I did, you had better find your witness."

"Do you mean to say that you did not help Lingg?"

Sisterer hung his head and would vouchsafe no answer.

He was released, as I have already stated, but since this episode in his career, he has taken the lesson to heart and appears to be determined to keep away from uncanny places on moonless nights.

AUGUST KRUEGER, *alias* "Little Krueger," was a different sort of a man from the rest of his chosen brotherhood. He was quite an intelligent fellow, well educated, with genteel manners, well chosen language and rather natty dress. He was a draftsman by occupation, and he was highly skilled. He was, with all his bloodthirsty professions, a very clever fellow, and became quite popular with his low-browed associates. He belonged to the Northwest Side company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and took great interest in the drills. His ideas, however, were somewhat different from those of the other Anarchists. He did not believe in riots, but thought a revolution should be brought about by a general uprising of the people. In the old country, he had been a Socialist, but had been obliged to leave some seven years before the time of the Haymarket riot. Arriving here, he identified himself with the Anarchists, and, taking a deep interest in all movements directed against capitalists, he soon became highly esteemed by Spies and others. He was at the Haymarket meeting, having come in the company of Schnaubelt, the bomb-thrower, and claimed that he also left the meeting in his company. While not in perfect accord with his associates on isolated riots, and while he did not sanction such methods to hurt people, Krueger still entered into their plans and worked hard for their

cause, and when Spies and others had been condemned to die he originated a plot to release them from the jail, which, however, failing to secure members enough to carry it out, he finally abandoned.

After the Haymarket riot, Krueger was continually watched by the detectives, and on the 13th of June he was arrested. He was found at the Terra Cotta Works, on Clybourn and Wrightwood Avenues, and brought to the Chicago Avenue Station. Here he showed that he had considerable grit. He was the kind of man who would risk his life for a good chance in a general revolution, and, although he characterized some of the Anarchists as fools, he stubbornly refused to testify against them. He was kept



A GROUP OF THE LEHR UND WEHR VEREIN.

From a Photograph.

The figure on the extreme right is that of "Little Krueger."

for two hours under a steady fusillade of questions by Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, but he held out doggedly under the heavy fire. He could not be made to inform. He was subsequently released by order of the State's Attorney. He was, when last heard of, still working for Messrs. Parkhurst & Co., the proprietors of the works, and appears to be well liked by them. In spite of his warning, he still adheres to his old ideas.

His answers to the questions asked him were as follows:

"I am twenty-one years of age. I came from Germany seven years ago. I reside at No. 72 Kenion Street, near Paulina. I was a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein a year and a half. I know Breitenfeld. He is the commander of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I am orderly sergeant and secretary of that company. Schrade was captain. I heard of the letter 'Y' about the first of April. We had a different signal. It was '???' This signal invited the armed organizations. I cannot say who originated the signal. The signal was then changed to 'Y.' We always met up-stairs under this signal 'Y,' except the last two meetings. I saw that letter last on Sunday preceding the riot. I went to that meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street (May 3) alone. I got to the meeting about 8:30 o'clock. I went into the saloon and then went down stairs. There were then only a few people present. Seeing that the meeting had not started, I went up

stairs again. Breitenfeld had charge of the door. I was not asked to show my card, but I had it with me. It was a red card — No. 8. That is my number. We all go by numbers. I went down stairs again for a second time about a quarter to nine o'clock."

A picture being shown him of Schnaubelt, he said :

"I might have seen him. On Tuesday night, May 4, I was at Engel's house from nine o'clock to eleven o'clock. At the meeting I know that Fischer volunteered to have circulars printed for the Haymarket meeting. I am in favor of a complete revolution—that is, when a majority of the people are in favor of it. I am an Anarchist, and will remain one as long as I live. My father was one, and he was warden of a penitentiary in the old country. I had to leave there because I was an Anarchist. I am opposed to all single attacks, like that at the Haymarket. I am in favor, also, of peaceable agitation. I could say more about others, but they are in trouble enough now. I don't want to be put down as a 'squealer.' I hope you will not insist on my becoming one, as I will not."

EMIL NIENDORF, a German, was arrested on the 14th of June, by Officers Schuettler and Stift, and brought to the station. He had scarcely entered the place when he demanded to see me at once. On being brought into the office, he was asked what he wanted to say.

"Well," opened up Niendorf, "I don't want to be locked up here six weeks. Neither do I want you folks to believe that I am a stubborn man. I want to talk. I want to tell you who I am, what I have done, and I don't want to be looked upon as a murderer. I am an eight-hour man. I want to get eight hours in a peaceable way. I do not want to kill people. I have no use for those rattle-heads."

Niendorf was informed that all the officers connected with the station were too busy to attend to his case then, and that he would have to remain until the next day, when he would have an opportunity to tell all his troubles. He was locked up, but during the night, it appears, some prisoner or some one from the outside "put a flea in his ear," telling him not to open his mouth, to be a brave man, and he would come out all right. The next morning at ten o'clock he was brought into my office, but he was not at all communicative. He sat down and said nothing.

"Well, Niendorf, how do you feel?" asked Mr. Furthmann. "How did you sleep?"

Not an answer.

"Are you sick?" interestedly inquired Furthmann.

No answer.

"Did any one insult you or hurt you?" continued Furthmann.

Still no response.

"Who has changed your mind since you were here?" I inquired.

Not a syllable of reply.

"See here," said I, "you cannot make us feel bad. I will give you just two minutes by the watch to get over your lockjaw."

This aroused Niendorf, and, looking around at all the officers present, he said :

"Gentlemen, I have been warned not to speak. I did not see the party, but some one called out my name and asked if I had been to the office yet. I answered no. The voice then said: 'When you go there, don't open your mouth, be motionless, and they will soon fire you out. Don't forget.'"

"That is just what I expected," I remarked. "Now you can do as you please — talk or not talk. That party is not a friend of yours, and he wants to see you go to jail. Officer, take him down stairs."

"Are you not going to let me speak?" nervously inquired the prisoner.

"How long will it take you to find your speech?" exclaimed Furthmann.

"Have I got to swear to what I tell you?"

"Yes; you will have to do that whenever we send for you, and you must not leave the city without permission," said I.

Niendorf then gave a statement of his knowledge of Anarchy. He appeared very ignorant, but, when spoken to, he showed that he was quite intelligent. He was twenty-six years of age, lived at No. 29 Croker Street, and, with fiery red hair, was a rather homely-looking man.

He was released, and after his departure the officers determined to ascertain whether it was an "Anarchist ghost" or a man in flesh and bones that had hovered about the station warning Niendorf not to squeal. A close watch was accordingly put in the cell department to fathom the mystery. About ten o'clock that night a young fellow called at the station for a night's lodging. He was told to sit down and wait. He did so, and his wish was reported to me. Officer Loewenstein was sent back to look him over, and that officer presently returned and reported that the man did not look like a tramp. He looked more like an Israelite who had means, and the fellow was at once called into the office. There the officers unbuttoned his coat and discovered a clean young fellow, with a nice suit of clothes and a gold watch and chain.

"What is your name?" I asked sternly. "And don't forget to give it right."

"Oh, please, — I — I did not mean anything bad."

"Are you not baptized; have you no name? Officer, look him up until I find a name for him."

"Let me go, and I will never come here again."

"Who sent you here?" I demanded.

"I cannot tell — do let me go. I will never, I promise you, come back again."

"I don't think you will. When you leave here you will go through the 'sewer.'"

With exclamations of great grief and remorse, he looked appealingly to

all the officers in the room, and, recognizing Officer Loewenstein as one of his race, he fell on his knees and begged the officer not to have him put through the "sewer."

"Were you not here last night?" asked the Captain.

"No, sir; it was another fellow."

The turnkey of the station was sent for and confirmed the stranger's denial. The now thoroughly frightened young man was then asked as to who the lodger of the night before was, but all he knew was that he himself had been hired by an unknown man that evening for one dollar to come and seek lodgings at the station to warn Anarchists. When the stranger had measurably recovered from his trepidation, he gave his name as Moses Wulf, and, his information being of no value, he was released with a severe lecture.

Niendorf's statement ran as follows :

"I was at a meeting held May 3 at 8 P.M., at No. 122 West Lake Street. I was chairman. I heard some one state that the police had killed a dozen workmen at McCormick's factory. That created a great deal of excitement for some time at the meeting. Then some one shouted: 'Better be quiet and let us attend to our own affairs.' We were only looking after the eight-hour movement. I saw the revenge circular at that meeting, which called the people to arms. Louis Lingg was present to report some meeting and some business transactions as a committeeman. William Seliger was there as recording secretary of the meeting. Rau was there, and some one said to me that he had brought the circular. A man named Soenek made a speech and advised us to use force. It was decided, on motion, that we should act in sympathy with the people at McCormick's factory. I have been a member of the North Side group for about a year. I was at a meeting at Zepf's Hall May 3, which lasted till eleven o'clock P.M. About nine o'clock a man at the back door called out that all the men who belonged to the armed sections should go to 54 West Lake Street in the basement, where a meeting was to be held, and I saw a lot of members get up and leave the hall. I know Lingg belonged to the armed section. At one time he offered me some of his dynamite bombs. I told him I did not want any of them. He told me on another occasion that I had better take some and try some of his stuff. I told him that I was afraid to handle his stuff and I did not want it. Our meeting May 3 at Zepf's Hall was known as that of the Central Labor Union. A little fellow named Lutz was financial secretary at that meeting. Rau was there only ten minutes. At a meeting held some time ago in Lake View, I was chairman. Lingg was one of the speakers, and also a man named Poch. Seliger called the meeting to order. I know Gruenwald; he is thirty-five years old, a carpenter by trade, five feet eight or nine inches tall, and has red whiskers. I heard Lingg say at several meetings that if any members wanted any of his 'chocolate,' meaning dynamite or dynamite bombs, he would supply them."

JOHANNES GRUENEBERG, a German, had the distinction conferred on him of being one of the last of the more conspicuous Anarchists to be arrested. He had been known to the police for some time, in a general way, and

inquiries about him brought out the fact that he was a prominent figure in Anarchistic circles. He knew where all the leaders lived, frequently visited them, and tramped around so often that he became quite a well-known character. Even the dogs that infested the localities through which he passed wagged their tails in cheerful recognition, and Grueneberg always had a kind word for both the brutes and his Anarchist friends. He was forty-five years of age, a married man with a family, and lived at No. 750 West Superior Street. He was a carpenter by trade. On the 17th of June he was working on a new building at No. 340 Dearborn Avenue, and, while right in the midst of an exhortation to the other workmen on the beauties of Anarchy, he was interrupted by Officers Hoffman and Schuetler, who notified him that he was under arrest.

"That is just what I have been waiting for," he exclaimed, not in the least disconcerted. "Is it that d——d Schaack that wants to see me? I will tell that fellow who I am. I will surprise him."

"Johannes," said Schuetler, "you can save yourself all of that trouble. Schaack knows all about you. I saw your name in the book."

"Come on quick," said Johannes, "I will show you a gamy man. Whenever I leave home I always bid my wife good-by, because I have expected to be arrested at any time, and did not know when I would see her again, for I will not squeal. I knew of these squealers, and I told my wife I would kill myself first before I would squeal."

Officers and prisoner started for the station. Johannes opened up on a half run, and the officers could hardly keep up with him, so anxious did he appear. He entered the office with hair disordered and on end, and his eyes bulged out with excitement as he hurriedly surveyed some six officers who were in the office at the time.

"Which one of you fellows," he wildly asked, "is Schaack? Show him to me quick."

"Grueneberg," said I, for I recognized him at once from the descriptions I had had of the man, "what is the matter?"

"Are you Schaack?"

"Yes, I am Schaack."

"You sent for me to squeal, did you?"

He instantly pulled out a big jack-knife, and, handing it out towards me, he continued:

"Take this and cut my head off."

He twice repeated the request, and, still holding out his extended hand, said:

"I will never squeal; you can kill me first."

"I heard that you were crazy," said I, "but I never thought you were quite so bad as this. You must suffer terribly. The weather is too warm

for you. I think you had better go down stairs and have a glass of ice water."

"No," vehemently responded Johannes, "we had better settle this matter right now. I want to go out a free man, or else you will have to carry me out of here a dead man. I would thank you, however, for a glass of water, but don't put me down stairs. I have heard too much of that place already."

"Oh," said I, "it is not a bad place. Just go down and see for yourself. You will like the place; it is nice and cool."

"Please, Captain, let me sit in the next room," said Johannes, cooling down considerably, and modulating his voice to a gentler key; "I will behave myself."

His austerity of manner had completely vanished, and his ferocious mien and language had gradually disappeared. He saw in me a different man from what he had expected, and the courteous treatment accorded him had melted his heart and vanquished his anger. I granted his request and told an officer to sit with him in an adjoining room.

The moment the officer and prisoner were in the room, Johannes remarked:

"Schaack is not a bad fellow. Is he not going to stop arresting people?"

"Oh, no," said the officer, "he has a long list yet."

"Are you with him all the time?"

"I am."

"Do you hear and see all?"

"I do."

"Do the fellows all squeal?"

"Yes, every one of them. If they don't squeal right away, they squeal the first chance they get."

"I am too much of a man, and it would be very small in me to do so."

"There have been as brave men as you in this office, and every one has squealed."

"Well, when a man has a family, that cuts a big figure," said Johannes, hesitatingly.

"If you are going to talk to Captain Schaack," said the officer, reading the man's mind, "you must understand that he does not want any fooling. You either tell him all or nothing, because some one has already told on you."

This settled the matter with Grueneberg. He wanted to see me, and he was brought back into the office.

"I was a little excited," began Johannes, apologetically.

"All right," I assuringly replied; "sit down and tell on yourself first. I am going to give you a trial."

Grueneberg then went on to say :

"Well, I am an Anarchist. I always worked hard for the working people. I am proud of it. I did good as long as I could, but now it is all up. I am a member of the Northwest Side group and always attended our meetings. I never missed one.

"On Monday night, May 3, I attended a meeting at Zepf's Hall. I remained there until about 9:15 o'clock. From there I went to Greif's Hall. This was a secret meeting of the armed men. While the meeting continued all the doors were kept locked, and guards stood on the outside of each door, and also on the inside, and extra guards on the sidewalk. If any one stopped on the sidewalk, he would be told to move on. I heard Engel speak of his plan ; that it was a good one. If only every one would do his work, then the matter would be a very easy one of accomplishment. He stated that the plan had been made up last Sunday at 63 Emma Street, and had already been adopted by the Lehr und Wehr Verein and the groups. All who had heard of the plan, he said, were very much in favor of it, and all understood by this time how to act. 'We are,' he continued, 'going to do this right, because all the boys look to us as the leaders, and we are going to call a meeting for to-morrow night at the Haymarket. Since all the people are excited, we will have a large crowd, and we will have things so shaped that the police will interfere. Then will be the chance to give it to them? I could notice by the acts of all present at this meeting that there was a great deal of bad blood among them against the police on account of the killing of so many people at McCormick's."

"Do you now believe that a single person was killed at McCormick's?"

"Of course I do. You killed six men."

"Not one was killed," said I, "and you ought to know that by this time."

"All I know," said Johannes, "is what August Spies said. I was a carrier of the *Anarchist*, Engel's paper. My route was on Madison Street, and on the Southwest Side," he continued, dropping the 54 West Lake Street meeting.

"And what did you think of that paper?" I inquired.

"That was the best paper we ever had."

"It was too bad," added I, "that the sweet little paper died so young. Where was it printed?"

"I don't know, because the papers were sent to my house by the Southwest Side group."

"Who else carried that paper?"

"Messerschmidt, Schneider, Schoenfeld, Geimer and Kirbach. We each carried about fifty papers at a time."

"Do you know anything more about the secret meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, May 3d?"

"Well, I don't know all. I went out twice."

"And how did you get in every time?"

"I had a card, and I had to show that every time. That is all, and, besides, the boys all knew me."

"What do you know about Louis Lingg?"

"He is a good man. I like him. He speaks to the point."

"On dynamite," I suggested.

"Yes, and on other things."

"He only likes Anarchists," I interrupted.

"Yes, that is so."

"What do you know about the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*?"

"Well, it is a very good paper, but it is too mild."

"Do you mean to tell me that a paper which advises people to murder and kill is too mild?" I asked.

"They don't put force enough into it. They don't keep up things as they ought to. I know all who visit there. I am a friend of all the Spieses."

After being "roasted" for three hours, Johannes was permitted to go back to his work, and he left under the impression that, after all, he had not said anything criminally implicating any of his comrades. He was not asked to report when wanted, as he was too noisy a fellow to have around the station, and the officers were as well pleased to see him go as they had been pleased to arrest him. He inaugurated no reform on his release. On the contrary, he was again as rabid as ever and ran around night and day trying to gather a mob to go to the jail and liberate the Anarchists. He made no secret of his work. He loved the red flag, he said, and he would die for it if necessary. One night he came to me in company with two other fellows and demanded the return of a large red flag which at one time belonged to International Carpenters' Union No. 1. This flag had been taken by the police with many others some time before. Grueneberg said that he had marched behind it many times and he was proud of it. He wanted to see the "dear old flag" once more and secure possession of it. I had the flag at the station, but, knowing that Anarchists had an "undying love" for Inspector Bonfield, I remarked:

"If you want the flag, all you have to do is to see the Inspector, and I am quite sure he will give it to you."

An expression of intense disgust came over the faces of the three Anarchists, and Grueneberg excitedly exclaimed:

"Bonfield! Bonfield! Ah, the d—d black Bonfield! I see *him*? Oh, no! he is not gentleman enough for me to see."

"Bonfield is a very clever fellow," said I; "he likes such men as you."

"Oh, yes; he would like my head in a bag. Good night, Mr. Schaack; I don't want the flag."

Grueneberg belonged at this time to Carpenters' Union No. 241, and, on account of his peculiar and ridiculous actions, the members gradually grew suspicious of him and finally believed that he was a paid spy in the employ of some detective agency. They harbored their mistrust for a time, and then accused him of being a traitor. He demanded that charges be pre-

ferred against him, and it was done. Grueneberg failing to answer these charges, he was expelled from the union. A few weeks thereafter he reformed, and one day, meeting me, he said :

"I am done with these people. They are all cranks. No person can do enough for them. I worked with them night and day. They put me on all the committees. I had to do all the running, and for all my trouble and as a reward they call me a spy. I am working steady now and they can all go to the d——l. I am only sorry for my poor children—the way they suffered while I was giving my time to Anarchy. I have now worked four weeks and made full time. This I have not done before for the last two years."

About two months after the above incident, Grueneberg and his family passed the Desplaines Street Station. Meeting me, Grueneberg spoke up, saying :

"Well, Captain, what do you think of my family now?"

"I must give you a great deal of credit," said I pleasantly. "You are all looking remarkably well. A man that has gone as far as you in Anarchy deserves credit for such a great change, and if all the rest were kicked out of their unions, I think it would be a blessing to their poor wives and children."

After bidding me good-by, Grueneberg and his family walked away proud and happy in their new condition, and I went to my office and drew this moral from the example of reform I had just seen: Here was a man who had belonged to the Anarchists for three or four years, and had been at one time one of the "rankest" kind. For two years his family had suffered want, and now, after having left the desperate band for two months only, his wife and children were once more made happy. Anarchy keeps men in poverty and families in trouble, distress and suffering.

Grueneberg up to the present time has kept away from his former associates, and his change appears permanent and sincere.

OTTO BAUM was one of the desperate Anarchists who made the air blue with imprecations against capital. He would have been gathered in with the others had it not been for his special care to keep out of the reach of the police. He lived at No. 137 Cleveland Avenue, was married and had three children, and, when he worked, which he rarely did, it was at the carpenter's trade. He was a strong, robust man, nearly six feet high, and with black hair, full, black beard, and piercing black eyes, he presented a rather vicious appearance. When he first came to Chicago, some four years preceding the Haymarket meeting, he joined the Socialists, and he soon became a full-fledged Anarchist. He belonged to the notorious International Carpenters' Union No. 1. This union had then a thousand members, and Baum's number was 100. About two years ago the union changed its number to 241, and a worse set of Anarchists could not be found in the United States than the members of this organization just before the 4th of May, 1886. They were

provided with all kinds of arms—revolvers, daggers, rifles, dynamite and fire-cans. Lingg was one of the leading spirits in this revolutionary gang. After the Haymarket explosion, when the police took up a hot pursuit of the conspirators, Baum changed his residence with his family and carefully kept off the streets during the daytime. On the conclusion of the trial of the leading conspirators, he became emboldened over the immunity he had enjoyed from arrest, and crawled out of his hole, like a coon does in the spring-time.

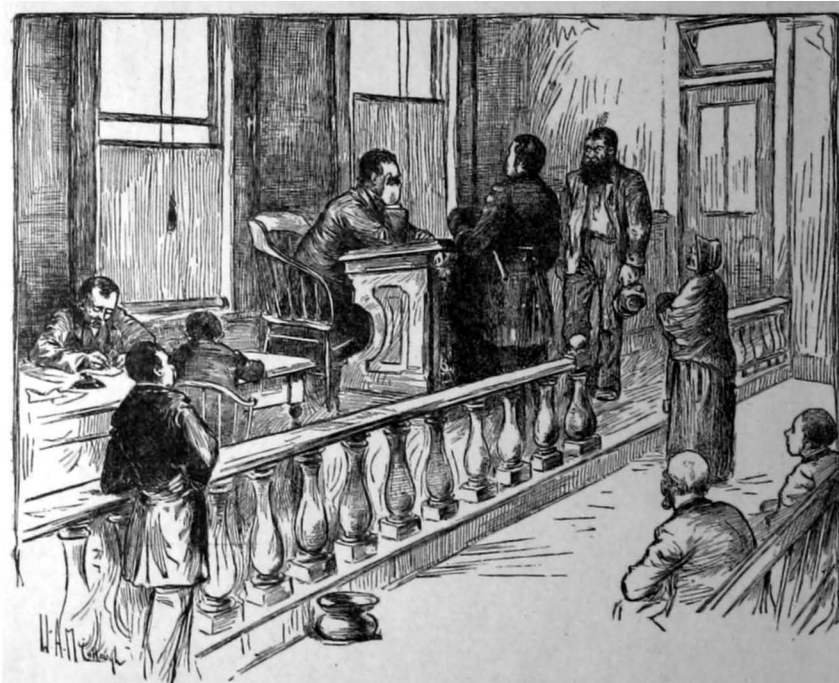
So great was Baum's interest in Anarchy that he wholly neglected his family. He never troubled himself about wife or children, but hung around saloons guzzling beer and breathing vengeance against the police and society. He went lower and lower from day to day, and frequently reeled home in a drunken stupor, only to abuse his family. About a year and a half ago, when his last child was born, his neglect had left not a mouthful in the house, and, had it not been for the kindly assistance of friends and neighbors, the family would have been in a most deplorable condition. When the child was a week old, the wife, poor and sickly as she was, had to leave the house and seek work to supply the family with the necessaries of life. With food thus obtained, almost at the sacrifice of the poor woman's life, the burly brute of a husband was always first at the table, and eagerly devoured what she had provided. Did he seek to obtain employment? Not at all. He preferred loafing and talking about Anarchy. The poor wife's uncomplaining toil he rewarded with abuse and cruelty, calling her the vilest of names, and even kicking her about as if she were made of rubber. She was a delicate, sickly woman, but she bore his fiendish treatment, hoping that a change would come over him after the law had made an example of other Anarchists. But the change did not come, and finally she determined to seek the protection of the courts. Accordingly she went to the Chicago Avenue Police Court on the 6th of February, 1888, with her infant in her arms, and swore out a warrant against her husband.

The lazy giant was at once arrested, and on the next morning the poor woman appeared to testify against him. Being unable to speak English, an interpreter was called, and during the recital of her grievances and the many indignities imposed upon her by her liege lord, the court-room was as quiet almost as a death-chamber. All eagerly listened to her troubles, and, her statements being given in such a simple, convincing manner, many eyes were moist with tears. Justice Kersten, who presides over this court, has no regard for wife-beaters, and he promptly fined Baum \$50.

"That," said he, in an emphatic manner, "will keep you locked up for one hundred and three days."

The brute was then locked up where so many of his former associates had been incarcerated two years previously, and in the afternoon he was sent to the House of Correction by Bailiff Scanlan.

During this episode it came out that Baum had been quite active in Anarchist circles, and at the time the Anarchists were confined in the County Jail he was engaged in an attempt to gather a mob to effect their liberation. One night he went about saying that he was determined to kill somebody before the next morning. The more he talked, the more frenzied he became, and with his frenzy grew his thirst for liquor, the need of which he felt to get up his courage to the required pitch. A few hours afterwards he was found in the yard fronting his house, asleep and "dead drunk." The only courage he ever displayed was in lording it over his



THE WIFE-BEATER'S TRIAL.

wife and beating her almost to death. He was a type of a very large class of Anarchists. He would call the better class of people tyrants, because they did not fill his pockets with plenty of money so that he could get drunk as often as he desired, but in his own household he was the meanest of tyrants.

Had Mrs. Baum been a little shrewder, she would not have had to endure his brutalities as long as she did. There are many other wives of Anarchists who are ill-treated by their husbands, but some of these managed to bring their lords to their senses by a neat ruse. While the investigations into the deeds of the Anarchists were going on the bandits

would almost crawl into a sewer to get out of the way of the police, and, noticing the timely fright that overcame the "reds" whenever an officer or detective appeared in their midst, many shrewd wives quieted wrathful husbands by threatening to go out and see me. This ruse, I learn, was often resorted to to avert a beating from a drunken Anarchist.

GUSTAV POCH was a conspicuous figure in Anarchist plots, and never tired of working for the cause. But Anarchists are an anxious, jealous and thankless lot of people, and because Gustav was achieving a little more prominence than some of his immediate associates, they found fault with him and sought to degrade him. They might have secretly given him away to the police, and thus got him out of the way of their own advancement, but a fear for their own safety prevented such a course, and so they began calling him hard names. But I shall let Gustav state his own grievance. Here is a letter he wrote to his union :

CHICAGO, September 10, 1884.

At a meeting held on the 3rd of September, instant, of Branch No. 2, of Union No. 21, Carpenters and Joiners, the Secretary read a letter in which I, the undersigned, was insulted in a shameful manner. In this letter they called me a swindler simply for the purpose of breaking up the Union, and at the end of the letter they stated that I would be expelled from the Union on account of it. The letter was signed by Fr. Ebert and Dom. All these insults and injuries to my reputation I can't let pass. My honor, my reputation and my future prosperity are damaged and at stake. I would, therefore, move that an investigation be made into the matter and that the instigators of the complaint be punished. What was their motive? For the last few weeks complaints have been made against me by the Secretary to the effect that I, as Acting Secretary, had made false entries on the books. As he could not exonerate himself in the eyes of my brothers, he drew up the letter, which was published at the meeting of September 3rd, and which was signed by Fritz Ebert and Dom, to put me in a bad light before the Union. The evidence: Fritz Ebert told me in the presence of John Zwirlein that the main object out of which this accusation originated was the following: I was selected by President Blair on the 3rd of May to the Main Committee in place of Brother Eppinger, who could not serve on account of having too much other work while the strike lasted. After that I held this position nineteen days. I got paid for twelve days, and they withheld seven days from me and said I was discharged from the Main Committee. Is there anything to show that I was expelled? Of course I put in my claim for \$21 in writing, and no one ever told me what became of this claim. I was the only German-speaking representative on the Strike Committee, and I had to do more labor than any one else. Any one who participated in the strike during the last seven days can confirm this assertion. Now, how can Mr. Printer put up such a letter and show me up as a swindler?

In consequence of the insults inflicted on me, I beg for an investigation and for his punishment according to the rules and regulations of the Brotherhood.

GUSTAV POCH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Plot against the Police — Anarchist Banners and Emblems — Stealing a Captured Flag — A Mystery at a Station-house — Finding the Fire-cans — Their Construction and Use — Imitating the Parisian Petroleuses — Glass Bombs — Putting the Women Forward — Cans and Bombs Still Hidden Among the Bohemians — Testing the Infernal Machines — The Effects of Anarchy — The Moral to be Drawn — Looking for Labor Sympathy — A Crazy Scheme — Gatling Gun *vs.* Dynamite — The Threatened Attack on the Station-houses — Watching the Third Window — Selecting a Weapon — Planning Murder — The Test of Would-be Assassins — The Meeting at Lincoln Park — Peril of the Hinman Street Station-house — A Fortunate Escape.

IN the numerous arrests and raids made, the police became thoroughly acquainted with the most notorious Anarchists in the city, the ins and outs of their resorts, and even the interior arrangement of their dwelling-places. Not only were suspects arrested, but search was made for contraband articles. A varied collection of arms, bombs, etc., and a large assortment of red bunting thus found their way to the Chicago Avenue Station. In all the public demonstrations made by the Anarchists in the city they had carried many flags, banners and transparencies as emblems of defiance, and whenever such were found they were carefully taken in charge. When the investigations were concluded, the inner room of my private office was well filled with a most curious display of these time-worn and weather-beaten ensigns, and the collection is very interesting as a reminder of a critical period in the history of Chicago. There are flags of a very primitive and cheap description, and flags more or less elaborate and expensive. They varied in size and differed in the degree of their crimson colors. Those belonging to groups were large and plain, showing frequent handling by dirt-begrimed hands, and were mounted on plain pine staffs. Those carried by the Lehr und Wehr Verein were of finer texture and larger in size, its principal standard, of silk, being a present from the female revolutionists and gorgeous in the amplitude of its folds. This silken standard was the pride and joy of the whole fraternity, and at one time it served to relieve the motley collection with its bright vermilion, but in some unaccountable manner it disappeared one day from a West Side police station. The reds had evidently set their hearts on recapturing it, and by some sort of legerdemain they succeeded. Who it was that accomplished the deed has never been disclosed, and in whose custody it is now is a profound secret, carefully kept by the Anarchists.

The men who were always relied upon to carry these flags in the processions of the reds were Ernst Hubner, Appelman, Paul Otto, Stohlbaum, W. Hageman, Seliger, Lutz, Gustav Lehman, Paul Lehman, and Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes and some other women, and possibly some of these



AN INCENDIARY CAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This is a tin can filled with petroleum, and provided with a small powder flask, secured in the center by means of a screw-top, which also serves to hold the fuse in position. Numbers of these cans were found. They were intended for setting fire to buildings and other property.

may know something of the mysterious disappearance of the Anarchists' chief standard.

During the searches by the department for other suspicious and inflammatory articles, several fire-cans were found in the northwest part of the city, on the 3d of June, by Officer Whalen. In exterior appearance these looked very harmless, but an examination of their contents showed them capable of doing a great deal of mischief. They each had a capacity of a quart, and were made of medium heavy tin, with a round hole in the center of the top, about an inch in diameter. This opening was provided with a threaded neck of tin about an inch high, with a cover to fit. Underneath the cover was a sort of clasp, into which fitted the neck of a small vial, and through the cover a small hole was bored, for the admission of a fuse into the vial. When ready for use the can would be filled with an explosive or with coal-oil, and the flask would contain powder. All that then remained would be to light the fuse, throw the can either into a lumber-yard or under the stairway of some residence or business block, and no one would know the perpetrator of a possibly disastrous fire. The cans found by Officer Whalen were loaded and had evidently been intended for use on the night of May 4. Fortunately the owner must have become frightened and hid them to escape arrest.

The suggestion for the manufacture of these cans came from across the water. A short time preceding May 4, at a meeting held in Thalia Hall, a few Frenchmen and several Germans, who had passed through the reign of the Commune in Paris in 1871, gave a general idea of the important part such cans had played in that city and added that women at that time did as good work with them as the men. Such fire-cans, together with glass balls filled with nitro-glycerine, were carried in baskets, and if the reds wanted to destroy a building they would throw a can through the window, or if they desired to annihilate a guard of soldiers they would hurl into their midst one of the glass balls, which would explode by concussion and tear the men to pieces.

These missiles had created great havoc in Paris, and the members of the Thalia Hall gathering were urged to adopt them for use in Chicago. At that time there were enough desperate Anarchists in the city to have used all that could have been manufactured, but some of the men at the meeting insisted that the women should be asked to assist in disposing of them to the destruction of the town. One big, loud-mouthed fellow, evidently a coward, shouted :

"My wife will do that. She is an Anarchist as good as any one of us."

No doubt she was an Anarchist, as the city had a great many of these poor, deluded creatures at the time, who were willing to do almost anything their husbands might ask, but many of whom have since had occasion

to feel the poverty into which they were finally forced by men who neglected work, family and all for the sake of talking revolution.

Many of these men were just cowardly enough to thrust their wives forward where danger lurked, and while they themselves enjoyed the safety of a groggery, they would have been pleased, "for principle's sake," to see their poor helpmeets go around and set fire to houses and other property, so that the dauntless husbands could brag of the brave achievements of "the family."

The meeting in question must have set the Anarchists to thinking; and it is a matter of record that Parsons had fallen into the same idea when he addressed a secret meeting on the North Side, to which I shall subsequently refer. It is certain that many of these fire-cans were manufactured.

Besides the petroleum-cans discovered by Officer Whalen, a lot of the same kind were taken out of the city by way of West Lake Street on May 7, when the Anarchists were hurrying their ammunition out of town to prevent detection. According to the statements of some reformed reds, there are a great many of these cans and bombs still concealed in the Bohemian settlement in the southwest part of the city.

On the 8th of June, 1886, I decided to have the cans tested, and for this purpose detailed Officers Rehm and Coughlin. The latter had at one time been a miner, and was therefore experienced in the use of explosives. The two officers took one of the cans to the lake shore. The can was placed on a plot of grass and the fuse lighted. In eight seconds an explosion followed. The grass burned within a circumference of five feet. The flame extended four feet in height and continued for about three minutes. The officers gave it as their opinion that any one of the cans was sufficient to set a building on fire.

What a blessing it was for our citizens that this devilish invention did not spread its destructive work before May 4, 1886.

As stated at the outset, the police were brought, in all these raids, into close acquaintanceship with the malcontents, and often came in close contact with their families. Some of the sights they saw were shocking in the extreme, and they had many opportunities to sound the depths of misery and want entailed upon families by husbands gone daft on Anarchy. The tales of woe and domestic infelicity poured into their ears would fill many pages, but the general tenor of all can be judged by what has been revealed in the statements given in the preceding chapters.

Anarchy may look extremely inviting when depicted by a plausible speaker, but its practical side is strikingly brought off in the home life of its devotees. Any one visiting the homes of Anarchists, and carefully contrasting the surroundings with those of true laboring men not affected by the taint of revolution, would give Anarchy a wide berth. But unfortunately men get their brains turned over sophistical arguments against

capital and madly rush to ruin without thinking of consequences until it is too late. Read the reports made to me at the time, and they all tell the same story of want and degradation.

There always has been and always will be a fascination about any scheme that promises ease without labor. So long as men can be found with impressionable minds that can be swayed by demagogues into a belief that Anarchy has in it the elements of comfort, splendor and luxury with very little toil, so long, no doubt, will dupes be found ready to sacrifice energy, thrift and independence for the life-degrading scarlet banner. But such ease can never be attained through blood in the United States. That fact has been established in Chicago, and the precedent ought to serve as



HENRY SPIES.
From a Photograph.

a terrible warning to all malcontents. If the abject want of those who constitute the bulk of the revolutionists, whose very squalor has been the result of their zeal for Anarchy, is not sufficient to deter men from becoming Anarchists, the fate of the eight conspirators who were brought to trial in Chicago ought at least to prevent men from plotting murder, incendiarism and pillage.

With the tremendous odds against them, it is surprising that men could be found willing to take up arms for the destruction of life and property, and the action of the reds in Chicago can be explained only on the theory that they felt they had only to strike one severe blow to bring thousands of secret sympathizers into line, and cause capitalists to humble themselves in the dust before the Social Revolution. This theory

is borne out by the statements of the many repentant Anarchists who came under the displeasure of the police. In their excited gatherings they had each propped up the hopes and spirits of the others, and all reason was sunk in the one frenzied, consuming desire to wreak vengeance upon those who had accumulated more wealth than themselves. They were bent on wresting away the wealth of others, and no mercy was to be shown to those who stood between them and that end.

The police, as protectors of wealth in property and property in wealth, were the immediate objects of their enmity and wrath, and throughout the Anarchistic conspiracy, as has been shown by the disclosures made, we were to receive their first and special attention before the grand onslaught

upon capitalists. Crazy by their speakers and dazed with the glittering prospect held out to them, the human fiends proposed to exterminate us with dynamite and then vanquish the rich and abolish all forms of property.

Could anything be more absurd? And yet that is what they sought to accomplish on the eventful night of May 4th.

It would seem that the scheme to blow up the police stations could only originate in a lunatic asylum, but the confessions of those arrested show that men with apparently sound minds—minds at least sane enough to keep them out of such institutions—actually contemplated it and had made all the necessary arrangements to execute the plot. Strange must have been their conceptions of public sentiment when they believed that the execution of their bloody plan would result in the establishment of wider and freer social conditions, and strange, indeed, must have been their hallucinations when they thought that the devastation they proposed would be seconded and aided by the laboring men whom they counted upon as secret sympathizers ready to reveal their true feelings the moment the revolution was generally inaugurated.

The danger of the scheme to themselves did not strike them until the last moment, when their courage was to be put to a practical test, but, fortunately for themselves, they went no further than the Haymarket riot.

That they seriously contemplated more than they perpetrated is beyond dispute. They saw the intense excitement consequent on the eight-hour strike and the troubles at McCormick's factory, and knew that the police stations would be filled with officers in readiness for emergencies. They had called the Haymarket meeting for the express purpose of provoking hostilities, and they regarded it as an opportune time to strike a terrible blow against the police all over the city. Their calculations in that respect were eminently correct.

The moment the reds began to incite a vicious mob to deeds of bloodshed, hostilities were provoked, and they got a dose of their own medicine. Had it not been for their precipitate flight they would have fared far worse. All the police stations were full of men, all the reserves having been called out for duty on the first sign of violent demonstrations, and these stood ready to make short work of all who might stand up against them in a conflict. It was fortunate for the conspirators that they considered "discretion the better part of valor" at the Haymarket, and doubly fortunate that they received no signal to commence their bloody operations at the stations.

The loss of life no doubt would have been appalling on both sides, but the outcome, as far as the triumph of law and order is concerned, would have been the same. The bomb would have done deadly work at the start, but the Gatling gun would have come to the rescue had the police been seriously crippled.

Missiles of dynamite hurled into the stations on that eventful night of

May 4 would indeed have created terrible havoc. In fact, the reds could not have chosen a time more favorable for their bloody plans. The East Chicago Avenue Station that night contained a very large force. I had in reserve and waiting orders one hundred and twenty-five officers. They were all over the building, up and down stairs, in the court-room, in the reception-room and in every other available place. Many were in the office, which is used as a roll-call room, and in which all details of officers are made. This office is in the center of the building and overlooks an alley on the east. The officers were organized into five companies, and all duly numbered. Any company could be called at any time, and in less than five minutes it would be in marching order.

This precaution was taken in expectation of a call to the Haymarket, and the Anarchists, in the damnable conspiracies of that evening, had anticipated such preparations. They were accordingly on the ground. Fifteen members of the North Side group, as appears plainly from the confessions of some of the Anarchists, loitered around the station, waiting for orders or signal, or to abide their own pleasure as soon as they could see for themselves that the riot had begun on the West Side. When that time arrived, they were to watch the windows of the roll-call room from the alley and throw their infernal machines into the midst of the officers the moment the room was full.

The cut-throats skulked around the station like so many Indians around the cabin of a helpless settler, constantly dodging around in the darkness, fearful that they might be discovered. True to their instincts, however, these Chicago reds could not do without their beer while awake, and they made frequent trips to neighboring beer-saloons. About 9:30 o'clock Lieut. Baus and Lieut. Lloyd, each with a company of officers, returned from the Central Station, where I had sent them as a reserve during the Haymarket meeting, and when the Anarchists saw them in the roll-call room of my station, they sneaked around on the dark side of the alley and selected the third and fourth windows as those through which their deadly bombs should crash on their destructive mission. These windows are in the center of the large room. They had with them a number of bombs, both of the round lead and the long gas-pipe variety. While they stood underneath those windows, they got into a whispered quarrel about the kind of bomb that should be used.

Bock had a round lead bomb, and he said :

"I don't think this will go off. Let one of you throw a larger bomb."

Then Abraham Hermann became angry and said :

"You d—d fool, what the d—l are you here for, if your d—d bombs are no good? You are too much of a coward to throw them."

Just at this point two officers left the station to visit a cigar-store, and stopped for a moment at the entrance of the alley to finish their conversation.

The Anarchists saw them, and, thinking that they had been discovered, they hurriedly made their exit in an opposite direction, running to the rear of the building on its dark side and then emerging on Superior Street. Some of them went over to the West Side, to the Haymarket meeting, and others sought different saloons on Clark Street.

After frequent libations, some met again on Superior Street in the vicinity of a wagon-manufacturing establishment, and, under the cover of numerous wagons standing on the street between Clark Street and La Salle Avenue, they decided that the men who then had bombs should proceed to the call-room windows, and the others, with revolvers, should take position in the alley diagonally across from the entrance of the station. Then, at the proper signal, the bombs were to be hurled into the room, and the men across the way were to fire a volley into such officers as might come out.

While this plan was being formed, I received an order from Inspector Bonfield to send all my men to the West Side double-quick, ready for action, with a hurried explanation of the riot and the killing of

officers, and in less than four minutes I had seventy-five men on the way to the Haymarket. The Anarchists were still standing among the wagons, and, to their great surprise and dismay, they saw three patrol wagons passing with a tremendous speed. Their hearts at once fell into their boots, and they knew that the trouble had commenced. They repaired to Moody's church and remained there a few moments deliberating what should be done. One of them tried to brace up the flagging spirits of his comrades by saying that "now the time had arrived when something must be done, but they



THE LARRABEE STREET STATION.

From a Photograph.

must never tell of their being there." Not one, however, seemed willing to execute the plot they had agreed upon. On the contrary, they turned up La Salle Avenue and ran to Neff's Hall as fast as their legs could carry them. What occurred at that hall that night I have already shown in a preceding chapter.

The plan to throw bombs into the roll-call room was afterwards unfolded to me by one of those in the plot, and, had it not been for the two officers accidentally stopping at the entrance of the alley, many of the boys of the Fifth Precinct would have been murdered even before the commencement of the riot at the Haymarket. The ruffians who hung around that station were Abraham Hermann, Lorenz Hermann, the two Hageman brothers, Habizreiter, Heineman, Charles Bock, Heumann, and others from the North Side group and Lake View.

Another station in great danger that night was that on Larrabee Street, in charge of Lieut. John Baus, with forty-eight officers. It is located on the northwest corner of Larrabee Street and North Avenue, and is a two-story brick building with a basement. This basement contains a cell-room located in the center of the building, with windows on the North Avenue side, and that side was chosen for the scene of operations. The men especially relied upon to blow up this building were Lingg, Seliger, Muntzenberg, Huber, Thielen and Hirschberger, and they, together with other members of the North Side group, lingered in the vicinity, loaded with bombs, and waiting only to see "the heavens illuminated" or to receive a message from one of the runners. But before they knew what had transpired at the Haymarket a patrol wagon dashed out of the station and whizzed by with a load of officers. This dazed them, and they hurried to Neff's Hall to learn particulars and receive new instructions. When they got there Neff told them that they were all a set of cowards and advised them to go home. They took his advice and were glad to crawl back into their holes.

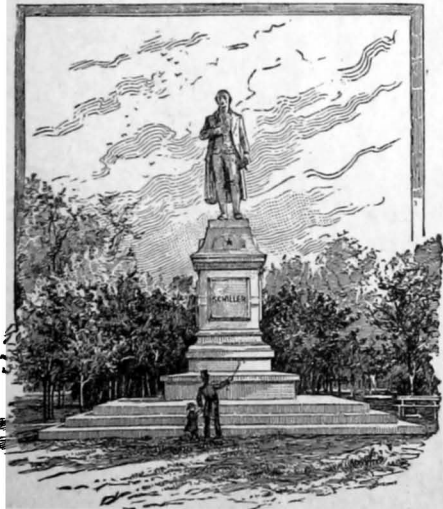
Webster Avenue Station, in charge of Lieut. Elias E. Lloyd, with forty-four officers, also received attention. The building is a two-story frame located on the north side of the street, near Lincoln Avenue, and its principal apartment, the roll-call room, is on the first floor facing the street. The men especially assigned to the destruction of this station were Ernst Hubner, Gustav Lehman, Otto Lehman, Jebolinski and Lange, backed by several other frowsy and low-skulled sneaks, and these hovered around the station, hiding in dark recesses whenever some one casually passed along the sidewalk, or dodging into an alley whenever an officer was discovered approaching them. They all waited for "the signal which never came," and, getting tired of stimulating each other with a courage they did not possess, they finally concluded to adjourn to Neff's Hall. Whenever, on the way to that place, one upbraided the other for not throwing a bomb,

each would point to the fact that the area in front of the building was always occupied by officers sitting in easy chairs and sniffing the evening breeze, and there was no chance to get near the cell-room; but they all promised one another that they would go back and blow the building into smithereens and the officers into shreds of flesh, regardless of personal consequences, if they should hear "good news" at Neff's. But they did not go back. Lieut. Lloyd was not called on for assistance at the Haymarket until about eleven o'clock, and by that time the cowards had got their information at Neff's and were glad for an excuse to make a "bee line" for home, if the hovels they lived in can be dignified by that designation.

There is no doubt that these wretches would have blown up the station if the police had dispersed the Haymarket meeting earlier in the evening, but by waiting so long they lost what little courage they had. There was no patrol wagon attached to this station at that time, but, as one of them told me afterwards, the Anarchists stood ready to hurl a bomb into a street-car had the officers come out earlier to take the cars in order to hasten to the assistance of the force at the Haymarket. They intended to make their work complete, and they were all well provided with bombs, even though they were rather short on courage. This was a part of the gang which had an appointment at Lincoln Park, only five blocks from the station, and some of them sought there early in the evening for a large number of recruits who failed to materialize when danger was in sight.

The spot chosen for the meeting-place in Lincoln Park was at "Schiller's Denkmal" (monument). Here it was that a few gathered, but, not finding as many present as they expected, they separated to the several localities assigned them for the execution of their plot.

It will be recalled that, at the Monday night meeting preceding the Haymarket riot, those living on the North Side were ordered to report at Lincoln Park for definite instructions, and those on the West Side at Wicker Park, and the order seems to have been obeyed by a few of the more courageous Anarchists.



THE SCHILLER MONUMENT.

From a Photograph.

The vicinity of the Schiller monument was the place also where those who had been arrested and had made confessions met, along with other Anarchists, on the night preceding the taking of testimony in the trial of the prisoners, and on this occasion, Mr. Furthmann tells me, they agreed, with one exception, to inform the prosecution that they would not take the witness-stand to testify to the matters they had revealed to the State. If they were put on as witnesses, they agreed, they could swear that all they had told me and Mr. Furthmann with reference to the conspiracy was pure



THE HINMAN STREET STATION.

From a Photograph.

and unadulterated falsehood. Mr. Waller refused to be a party to such an agreement, and by his stubborn stand he caused several of the other witnesses for the State to change their minds and stick to the truth. Others, however, held out, and, when asked by the State to appear, refused. Waller proved a very strong witness, and, as Mr. Furthmann says, not one of the witnesses for the defense dared to contradict his testimony.

But to return to the contemplated attacks on the police stations. The Hinman Street house was the fourth one in the list marked for destruction. This station was in charge of Lieut. Richard Shepard, and contained on the night in question

thirty-four officers. It is a two-story brick building with basement, and is situated at the northwest corner of Hinman and Paulina Streets. The basement is used as a lock-up for the detention of prisoners, and all the offices are located on the first floor, facing Paulina Street. The patrol-wagon barn is situated in the rear of the station, contiguous to an alley, through which the street is reached. Around this locality between eighty and a hundred Anarchists gathered for work and to await the

signal. Mende and Sisterer were at the head of this murderous gang. Some were to exploit with rifles from the alley north of the station and on the east side of the street; others, with dynamite bombs, were to look after the officers in the rooms where they might happen to be most numerous, and those with revolvers were to station themselves in the alley directly behind the station to shoot down any of the officers who might come out in the patrol wagon, and also to kill the horses. Others, again, with revolvers, were to post themselves in front of the station to kill those who might escape the deadly bombs and seek safety by rushing into the street. The riflemen were to come as a reserve force to shoot down any who might have escaped both the revolvers and bombs. They were a desperate set and appeared determined on the execution of the plot. The men who composed the gang were Germans, Bohemians and Poles, all members of the West Side group, and some outsiders who worked in freight-houses and lumber-yards, and not one of them had any love for a policeman. This district had been for several years the scene of numerous strikes, and, as the officers had always suppressed the rioters, the latter were viciously disposed towards the guardians of the peace. Some of these reds were very anxious to see the work of annihilation commence, and they loitered around in small squads so as not to arouse suspicion until they could learn whether the revolution had been inaugurated at the Haymarket meeting. There was no call on this station for assistance at the time of the explosion, as Inspector Bonfield thought it possible that trouble might arise at McCormick's, and the officers in that locality might thus be required in that direction; and as the diabolical conspirators saw no officers or patrol wagon move out, they became anxious to know how the Haymarket affair had terminated, and one by one they sneaked away from their hiding-places. When they finally learned particulars about the shooting, they ran home, and, like the cowards they were, kept under cover for several days. Later in the evening one company was ordered from this station to guard Desplaines Street, after the wounded officers had all been brought from the Haymarket. When the wagon had reached Halsted and Harrison Streets, however, Capt. O'Donnell halted it and ordered the officers back to the station, as it had been ascertained that all the Anarchists had sought their homes for the night.

It was very fortunate that the officers were not called out earlier in the evening. If Inspector Bonfield had ordered them to report a few moments after the riot, very few of the men would have escaped alive. I have since learned that the brigands who were sneaking around that station that night numbered nearly one hundred, and as one-half of them were under the influence of liquor, it is very likely that they would have committed desperate deeds had the occasion offered.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Legal Battle—The Beginning of Proceedings in Court—Work in the Grand Jury Room—The Circulation of Anarchistic Literature—A Witness who was not Positive—Side Lights on the Testimony—The Indictments Returned—Selecting a Jury—Sketches of the Jurymen—Ready for the Struggle.

THE case was now in condition to be turned over to the courts. The detective work was done, and, as I flatter myself, and as the result proved, well done. A deliberate and fiendish conspiracy to bring about riot, destruction and death had been proven. The Haymarket gathering was projected to invite a police attack, and this attack was to be the pretext for dynamite, murder' and the social revolution. Of course much of the information given in the preceding pages was not used either in the grand jury room or at the trial. It was not necessary. State's Attorney Grinnell, with his usual wisdom and tact, selected only the best, strongest and most reliable witnesses, and left out the minor ones. The statements of all those who "squealed" were conclusive, criminative and corroborative, but their presentation in court would have simply lumbered up the case.

As a result of the energetic work of Coroner Hertz the principal conspirators had been bound over, without bail, at the inquest.

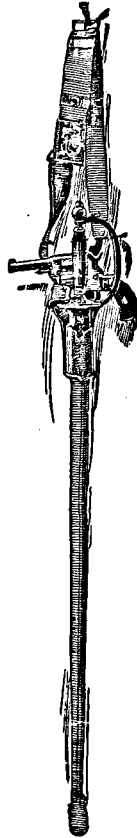
The grand jury was impaneled on the 17th of May, 1886, and was composed of the following named persons: John N. Hills (foreman), George Watts, Peter Clinton, George Adams, Charles Schultz, Thomas Broderick, William Bartels, Fred. Wilkinson, P. J. Maloney, John Held, A. J. Grover, Frank N. Seavert, E. A. Jessel, Theodore Schultze, Alfred Thorp, N. J. Webber, Adolph Wilke, Fred Gall, Edward S. Dreyer, John M. Clark, John C. Neemes, N. J. Quan and T. W. Hall.

Judge John G. Rogers delivered a long, able and forcible charge to the members of this grand jury. He first called attention to the necessity of their not being influenced in their acts by fear, favor or affection, and then dwelt upon what constitutes freedom of speech. He said:

"We hear a good deal these days about what is called the freedom of speech. Now, there is a good deal of misconception of the Constitution of the United States and of the Constitution of the State of Illinois, and I may say of all States in the Union, upon this question of freedom of speech. I have copied the provisions upon which persons rely who continually say that in this free country men have a right to assemble—men have a right to speak and say what they please. There is no such right. There is no such constitutional right. The constitutional rights as expressed in the Constitution are: 'That Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.' The same principle is carried along into the State Constitutions; and in the Constitu-

tion of the State of Illinois, and in its Bill of Rights, there is a provision that 'every person may freely speak, write and publish on all subjects, being responsible for the use of that liberty.' And in another provision the people have a right 'to assemble in peaceable manner, to consult for the common good, to make known their opinions to their representatives, and to apply for a redress of grievances.' You will perceive in a moment that the construction of the United States constitutional right has been interpreted, if I may so express myself, in the Constitution of the State of Illinois, and that interpretation is the one that the courts have always recognized, and that, while a man may speak freely and write and publish upon all subjects, he is responsible for the abuse of the liberty of speech. I refer to these constitutional rights because some men are so inconsistent as to say there shall be no law for any such rights, yet claim the protection of these rights in the broadest sense, and, with an interpretation satisfactory to their own minds, that a man may get up, and, in a public speech to a public crowd, advise murder and arson, the destruction of property and the injury of people. That is a wild license which the Constitution of this country has never recognized any more than it has been recognized in the worst despotisms of old and of monarchical Europe. I hope and you hope it will never be recognized."

The eminent jurist then illustrated the point of responsibility. If, said he, he should get up and there advise members of the jury that the foreman ought to be hanged for some assumed offense, he would be advising the commission of a crime; and if his advice was followed he himself who incited the hanging would be just as guilty of murder as the ones who did it. He next referred to the Haymarket riot and counseled the jury to look not only to the man who actually committed the crime, but to those who stood behind him, who actually advised it. He held that the men who so advised were equally guilty and should be held responsible for it. "What," he said "is an incendiary speech but inciting men to commit wild acts?" He spoke of the red flag in Chicago and said: "What is a red flag in a procession, or a black flag, but a menace, a threat? It is understood to be emblematic of blood, and that no quarter will be given. Flags of that sort ought not to be permitted to be borne in processions in this city." He referred to the labor troubles of the Knights of Labor, which, he acknowledged, happily had no connection with the Haymarket or with Anarchy, and then, for the guidance of the jury in reaching conclusions on the Anarchistic conspiracy, he quoted the statutes on what constituted conspiracy and the penalty for riots. In closing Judge Rogers counseled the jury to consider all evidence submitted with fairness and impartiality.



NEEBE'S SWORD
AND BELT.

The next day the grand jury entered upon its work. A great many witnesses appeared before it, but many of them were not required at the trial, as their testimony would neither add to nor detract from the strength of the case. Facts were brought out under the latitude allowed in a grand jury room that could not, under court procedure, be brought into a cause on trial because of their not bearing directly on the charges, or not tending to supply some material connecting link in the chain of evidence. Some of this testimony, while not serving to throw any special light upon the conspiracy, may yet illustrate some phases of Anarchy growing out of the propagation of Anarchistic ideas and features incidental to the *cause celebre*; and for that purpose I have carefully scanned over the official grand jury reports and selected such omitted points as will serve to give a better general idea of the whole subject.

The sale and circulation of Anarchistic literature in Chicago was one of the matters into which inquiry was made. Anton Laufermann, a Division Street bookseller, testified that Most had written "The Solution of the Socialistic Question," "The Movement in Old Rome, or Cæsarism," "The Bastille at Platzensee," and other works, including "The Science of War." It appeared that these Anarchistic books were not, as a rule, handled by booksellers.

Edward Deuss, city editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, told the grand jury that the dynamite book—Most's "Science of War"—was usually sold by men at picnics and similar gatherings, and that a book-store would be the best place to look for it. The men who peddled this literature were volunteers who made no money out of the sales.

This evidence was corroborated by other persons. The plan seemed to be to scatter Most's works quietly among the people, thus avoiding any of the difficulties or dangers which might follow from open and undisguised sale. The main source of supply was manifestly the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. The books were easy to get: nearly all the arrested Anarchists had copies of the dynamite book in their possession. One of the most persistent *colporteurs* was Muntzenberg. The hundreds of copies of incendiary books and pamphlets were passed around from one man to another, and it is out of the question to attempt to estimate the amount of injury they have done. The evidence upon this point—so much, at least, as came from the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—was unsatisfactory. This, however, was to have been expected when the character and peculiar beliefs of the witnesses is considered. For instance, Gerhardt Lizius, an editorial writer on this paper, after being questioned, without satisfactory results, about the interior arrangements of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and various articles about the premises, was asked to define Anarchy and Socialism.

"A Socialist," he said, "wants the State to regulate everything, while we don't want any authority whatever. We want the people to associate

themselves for production and consummation (of the highest good), according to their own desires."

"How does it happen that capital is in your way?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

"Because the capitalist has taken something from us that is not his, that we have created."

"What is the manner the Anarchists have adopted in reaching that which they have not got now?"

"We want to get it any way we can — peaceably if we can, and forcibly if we must."

"Even to the extent of a capitalist's life?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in the use of dynamite?"

"Yes."

"You say that you should not divide your property with your neighbor. Why should the capitalist?"

"We don't want him to divide anything. We want him to make it public property. He has got as much right to it as we have. Everybody, according to our view, should have the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That means that I should have the right to the means of life, and that means, of course, that we should have the right to everything that nature gives us, so that every man, if he wants, can work, and everybody make a living. If he don't want to work, then of course he should not make a living."

"The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was an Anarchistic paper?"

"Yes."

"Did the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* divide its things?"

"There was nothing to divide there. We didn't make any money."

"Supposing that you and I should want the same thing — how would you settle that question?"

"Well, I guess there can be more than one of these things made."

"I might want a cow that you would want, or a horse; you might want the same thing — how would you settle that matter?"

"I work for it and get it."

"I thought you did not believe in that?" continued Mr. Grinnell.

"You did not hear me say anything of the kind. I said that we should have the right to work so that we could make a living. We didn't want anything without work."

"Now, you figure that a man who has got a hundred thousand dollars by reason of having worked hard, stands in your way; isn't that your idea?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I have got ten cows and you don't get any; you have been lazy and haven't earned your ten cows. Now, how do you get half of my cows?"

"You are looking at this thing from the standpoint of the present system of society. It is impossible for any of you gentleman, if you are not Socialists and don't understand what Socialism is, to get at the idea at all as to how things are run. You have to look at it from the standpoint of Socialism."

"Your idea is to have society without any law?"

"The Government is only for the oppression of people. We would have to organize for some purposes."

"Supposing this Government should get something in its mails that you would happen to want, should you have a right to take it?"

"No, sir."

"Suppose you did take it, what would be done with you?"

"No man is supposed to take anything that does not belong to him."

"You would have law to punish people, wouldn't you?"

"No, sir."

Being asked if he had seen about the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office any implements of warfare, Lizius answered in the negative—not even pistols or anything of that kind.

"Do you believe that the man who threw the bomb over there [meaning the Haymarket] did right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that it was a righteous act in shooting down the policemen?"

"Yes, sir."

The reason he advanced for his belief was that it was an act of self-defense; that the police, according to his knowledge, had attacked the crowd with clubs before the bomb was thrown. This sort of misinformation seems to have been spread among the ignorant Anarchists, and Lizius, when he said he believed it, knew better and simply adopted it as an excuse for their acts.

"Do you believe in the existence of a God?" asked one of the jurymen.

"No, sir."

"Have you any regard for law at all?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any regard for the obligation of an oath taken before the grand jury?"

"No, sir."

"You have been sworn here 'by the ever-living God.' You have no regard for that oath, have you?"

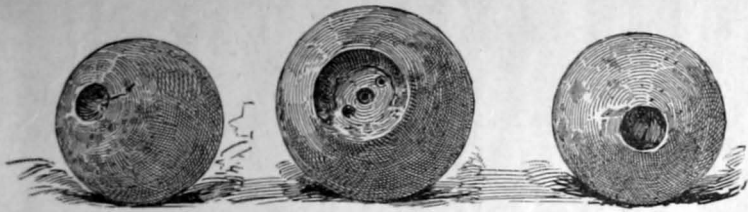
"No, sir."

"Have you told the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you come to tell the truth?"

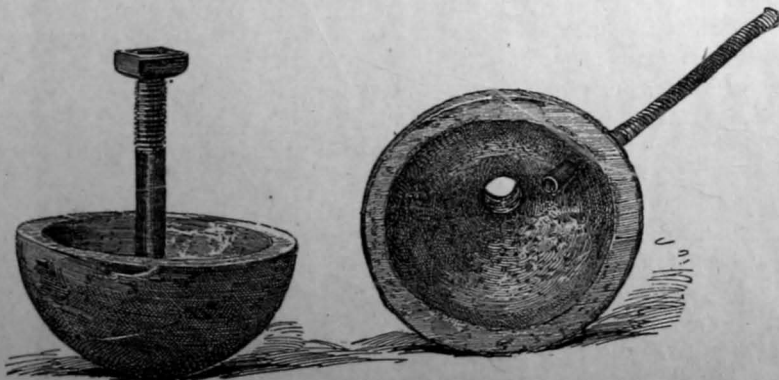
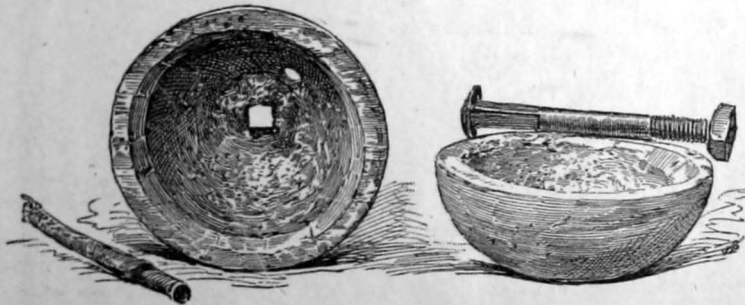
"I am not in the habit of lying. There is no cause for it."



1. Round Iron Bombs, cast whole, and designed for use with percussion caps, to explode on falling. The bomb in center was cast several years ago, and was saved from a number thrown into the lake by a scared Anarchist.



2. Sheet-iron Molds, used by Lingg in the construction of Infernal Machines.



3, 4. Sectional views of the "Czar Bomb."

"If you had a good cause, would you lie? Would you lie to save a life?"

"If it hung upon such a slender thread as that, I would."

"Would you, if you thought it would help the cause of Anarchy?"

"I don't see how it could."

Among the many witnesses examined in the grand jury room was Ernst Legner. It will be remembered that the defense, at the trial, claimed that this man had been spirited away by the prosecution. This was done, of course, with a view to damaging the case of the State before the jury. Now, the facts are these: Legner's name was placed on the back of the indictment somehow—I do not know why. Certainly neither the State nor the defense could have used him, and he would have been even less valuable for the prisoners than for the prosecution: Legner was a man who was sure of nothing. His testimony before the grand jury was continually and invariably qualified by the statement that he "could not be positive;" that he "was not sure." For instance, here is some of his testimony:

Did he meet Chris Spies at that meeting? He could not say. "I saw him that night, but I couldn't say whether I saw him there. I don't recollect. I couldn't say positive. I couldn't say anything positive about that."

This answer prompted Mr. Grinnell to ask: "Since when have you grown so unpositive?"

"Well, in that way, I guess ever since," was his lucid reply.

"You remember me, don't you, down at the Central Station, talking with you?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember coming in, seeing me and your brother come in?"

"Well, that was in the City Hall."

"Well, that is what we call Central Station. You saw me there, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember your brother told you he had advised you to keep away from those people, and advised you to tell the truth about this transaction?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you then and there told me that you saw Chris Spies right near that wagon that night?"

"Well, I might have seen him, but I won't say anything positive on that."

"Have you seen him since then?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"When?"

"I saw him yesterday."

"And he talked—you spoke to him about this case then, didn't you?"

"I only spoke to him—I told him that he looked pale, and that was all the speaking, and he went off. I was going west, and he was going east."

"Now, why should there be any confusion in your mind to-day where you saw him that night?"

"Well, I saw him that night, but I could not say positive whether I saw him there or not, at the meeting."

"You said a moment ago that you looked around, and you thought you saw him right there?"

"Well, yes. That is where I said; I could not say positive; I saw him, but I could not say positive."

This sort of fire was kept up for some time, but the witness always dodged behind "I could not say positive." He was asked how long it was after August Spies got through speaking when he (Spies) left, but the only answer was: "Well, that is something I don't know certain."

Now, why should the State want such a witness, or what interest could it have in spiriting him away? He certainly developed a remarkable want of memory, and with his testimony before the grand jury the defendants, if they had put him on the stand, could not have utilized him on their side. If he knew anything, as would seem to be the case, judging from his brother's advice to tell everything and some statements he had previously made to the State's Attorney, it all must have been in favor of the State. It is a justifiable conclusion that Chris Spies, on meeting him the day preceding his appearance before the grand jury, must have influenced him to testify the way he did. The truth about the whole matter is that the defendants would not have touched Legner had he been procurable, and if he went out of the city it must have been at their instigation. The above samples of his testimony show that his appearance on the stand would have made him dead timber to either side.

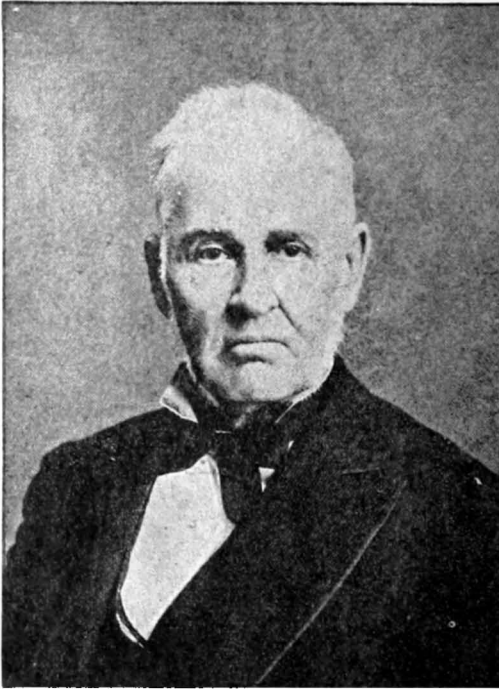
A good deal was also said about the absence of Mr. Brazleton, an *Inter-Ocean* reporter, from the witness-stand. He was not produced by the State because many of his statements were not of a positive character.

As there were so many other witnesses who had paid special attention to the incendiary character of the speeches, and remembered distinctly the various details in connection with the Haymarket meeting, there was no occasion to use Brazleton as a witness. All the others who were put on the stand gave fuller particulars and corroborated each other in all essential points. Had the general information of the others been of the same nature as that of Brazleton, it might have been well to have used him as a witness, but, with so much direct testimony as the State possessed, his evidence was not necessary. The defense simply sought to make a point on his absence—that is all.

A great deal has been said with reference to Schnaubelt. There is

no doubt that he threw the fatal bomb. The defense at the trial of Spies and the others sought, however, to discredit such a belief. They asserted that there was not an iota of evidence to sustain such an opinion, and for their part they did not believe it. *Per contra*, it may be said that if he was innocent he took the wrong course to show it. Schnaubelt was arrested by Officers Palmer and Boyd, of the Central Station. Before the grand jury Palmer testified as follows :

"I was told that he was working at 224 Washington Street, rooms 5 and



HON. JOSEPH E. GARY.
From a Photograph.

6. I went up there and found him and brought him to the Central Station. That was on the 6th of this month."

"Did he have whiskers, or not?"

"His face was shaved clean, except a mustache."

"You had been looking for a man with whiskers?"

"Yes. I was told by his employer that he shaved his whiskers off the morning after the riot."

"Did he say anything to you about having shaved himself?"

"I asked him why he shaved, and he said he always did it in the summer time."

"Do you know what the size of his whiskers was?"

"About six or eight inches long."

"Did you have any talk

with him when you brought him to the Central Station?"

"Yes. I asked him if he was at the scene of the riot on the Tuesday night previous, and he said he was. I asked him where he was. He said he was up on the wagon. I asked him where he was when the bomb was thrown. He said he was on the wagon half a minute before the bomb was thrown, but he had got off, and when it exploded he supposed he was about fifty feet from the wagon."

"He was let go that morning?"

"Yes."

"Tell us about his place of work and what you found out yesterday?"

"Captain Schaack sent a couple of men to me yesterday to find out if we could get this man again. I took them over to where I had found him previously. His employer told me that after he got away from me on the 6th of this month [May] he came back and finished the day's work, and he had not shown up from that time to this. His tools were there, and he did not call for his money. His sister had called for the money several days after he quit, but he did not give it to her."

"He had a good job, didn't he?"

"He was a machinist, working at a turning-lathe."

Schnaubelt was described as having sandy whiskers, about six feet tall, weighing about 190 pounds, large and bony, not very fleshy, and about twenty-four years of age.

Lieut. John Shea, then in charge of the Central Station, testified to the same facts and that the police had been unable to find the man in the city.

At the time there were no strong circumstances connecting Schnaubelt with the massacre, but suspicious evidence ought to have held him in custody for a day or two until all his antecedents could have been inquired into. His release was a sad mistake, and the fact that he hastened out of the city shows the fear he had of being directly connected with the throwing of the bomb. The evidence of various parties points to him as the guilty party, and it was fortunate for him that he escaped.

C. M. Hardy, a leading attorney of Chicago, testified to a conversation which he had had with Spies the day before the Haymarket tragedy.

During this conversation, which occurred accidentally in a restaurant, "Spies," to use the words of the witness, "turned and said to me laughingly, 'Are you with us?' 'Well,' I said, 'If you mean that I am in favor of the laborer getting well paid for his labor, I am with you, but no further than that.' 'Well,' he said, still laughing, 'you had better be, for we are going to raise h——l,' and then went on."

On the 28th of May the grand jury concluded its labors and returned into court fifteen indictments for murder, conspiracy and riot, against Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Fielden, Schwab, Neebe, Schnaubelt and some lesser lights in the Anarchistic circle.

The trial began on the 19th of June. No case ever brought before the Chicago courts excited so much interest or brought out a greater crowd. Not one tithe of the throng of people who were eager to see the notorious defendants were able to find place in the court-room.

Judge Joseph E. Gary presided, and with his suave, dignified bearing and his prompt manner of handling legal details and technicalities, he impressed all with the conviction that, while the Anarchists would have a full and fair trial, no trifling with the law would be permitted. The case was one which not alone interested Chicago, but touched the stability and wel-

fare of every city of any considerable size in the United States. The eyes of the whole country were riveted on Chicago, and the outside world was eagerly watching the results of a case, the first in America, to determine whether dynamite was to be considered a legal weapon in the settlement of socio-political problems in a free republic. Time was when our system of government was looked upon abroad as an experiment of doubtful nature, but when it had passed the experimental period it was pointed to by foreign



HARRY T. SANDFORD.



FRANK S. OSBORNE.



JAMES H. BRAYTON.



GEO. W. ADAMS.



SCOTT G. RANDALL.



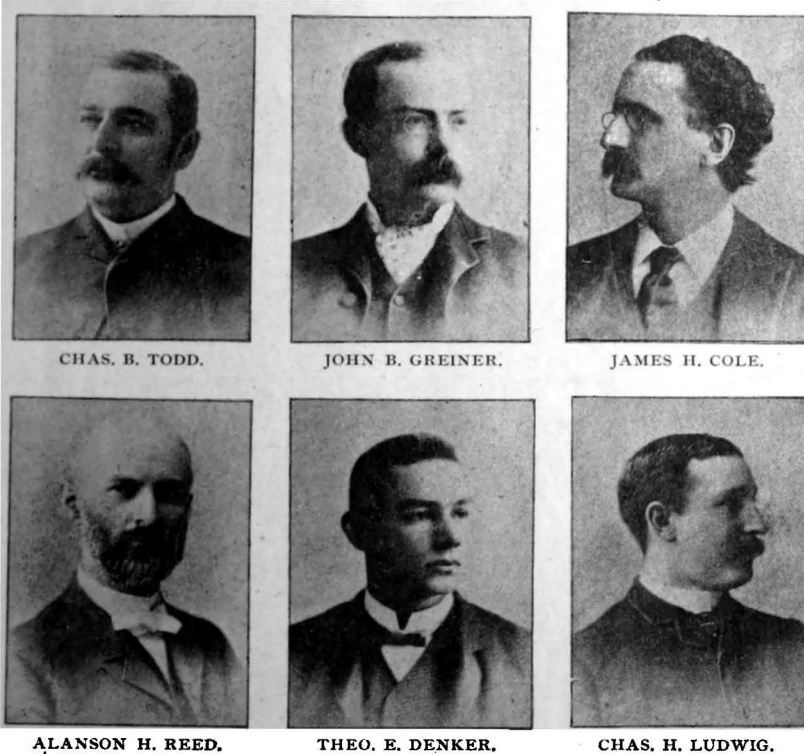
ANDREW HAMILTON.

PORTRAITS OF THE JURY.—I.

friends as furnishing no pretext for Socialistic or Anarchistic outbursts of violence, and as supplying no favorable conditions for the growth even of Anarchistic doctrines. In a speech before the French Legislative Assembly, De Tocqueville once said, pointing to America: "There shall you see a people among whom all conditions of men are more on an equality even than among us; where the social state, the manners, the laws, everything is democratic; where all emanates from the people and returns to the people, and where, at the same time, every individual enjoys a greater amount of

liberty, a more entire independence, than in any other part of the world, at any period of time ; a country, I repeat it, essentially democratic—the only democracy in the wide world at this day, and the only republic truly democratic which we know of in history. And in this republic you will look in vain for Socialism.”

Still, Anarchy found lodgment in America through men exiled under the rigorous baiting of their own country—men whose early education had



PORTRAITS OF THE JURY.—II.

been set against all government and whose prejudices operated against the study of our institutions. In the violent culmination of their doctrines at the Haymarket the point was reached where it became necessary to demonstrate that it is a rank growth and has no excuse in a republic in which the utmost liberty is allowed consistent with the rights of life and property.

When, therefore, this trial opened, both the Judge and the State's Attorney felt that a great responsibility had been laid upon their shoulders,

and that the whole civilized world would sit in judgment upon the manner in which they performed their duty. They entered into the case with no revengeful feelings, but held firmly to their course, mindful of the rights of the defendants, but determined to maintain law and justice. The case was called on the day indicated, in the main court-room of the Criminal Court building, and the moment the State's Attorney had announced his readiness to commence proceedings, the defendants' counsel entered a motion for a separate trial of each of the prisoners. This was argued and overruled.

On the morning of June 21, at ten o'clock, everything was in readiness for the trial proper, and the work of selecting the jury was entered upon. Within the bar of the court sat the eminent counsel of both sides. On the left, in front of the bench, there was State's Attorney Grinnell, surrounded by his assistants, Francis W. Walker and Edmund Furthmann, and Special State's Counsel George C. Ingham, and on the right of the bench sat the defendants' attorneys, Capt. W. P. Black, W. A. Foster, Sigismund Zeisler and Moses Salomon, flanked by the prisoners and their relatives. The remaining space within the bar was occupied by attorneys of the city as spectators, and the rest of the court-room was filled with a motley throng, including here and there representatives of the fair sex drawn by personal interest or moved by morbid curiosity. The prisoners were dressed in their best, each with a button-hole bouquet.

During the preliminary proceedings, as we have noted elsewhere, Parsons had joined his associates, and his bronzed appearance, from out-door exposure, was in marked contrast with that of his pale-looking companions.

The task of selecting a jury proceeded, but it was not an easy thing to find men unbiased and unprejudiced. Four weeks were consumed in this work, but finally twelve "good men and true" were chosen, as follows: F. S. Osborne, Major James H. Cole, S. G. Randall, A. H. Reed, J. H. Brayton, A. Hamilton, G. W. Adams, J. B. Greiner, C. B. Todd, C. H. Ludwig, T. E. Denker and H. T. Sandford.

So notable was the trial, and so tremendous the interests involved, that the reader will naturally want to know something of the *personnel* of the jury whose verdict vindicated and guaranteed law and order in America:

FRANK S. OSBORNE, a resident at No. 134 Dearborn Avenue, the foreman of the jury, was born in Columbus, Ohio, and at the time of the trial was thirty-nine years of age. He filled the position of chief salesman in the retail department of Marshall Field & Co., and was a man of liberal ideas and good education. He possessed keen judgment, and proved a critical examiner of all the evidence submitted. He readily grasped all the strong and weak points in the defense, and showed himself a thorough master of the evidence.

MAJ. JAMES H. COLE, a resident at No. 987 Lawndale Avenue, was born in Utica, New York, and was fifty-three years of age. During the war he was a Captain, and subsequently rose to the rank of Major in the Forty-first Ohio Infantry. After the close of the Rebellion, he engaged in the railroad business as contractor and constructor, residing at different times in Vermont, Ohio, Tennessee, Illinois and Iowa. He came to Chicago in 1879, and

was book-keeper for the Continental Insurance Company until shortly before serving on the jury.

CHARLES B. TODD, a resident at No. 1013 West Polk Street, was born in Elmira, New York, and was forty-seven years of age. He had served in the Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, and since his arrival in Chicago, four years preceding, had been a salesman in the Putnam Clothing House.

ALANSON H. REED, a resident at No. 3442 Groveland Park, was born in Boston, Mass., and was forty-nine years of age. He was a member of the firm of Reed & Sons, at No. 136 State Street, and during the trial proved a close listener to all the evidence.

JAMES H. BRAYTON, a resident of Englewood, and Principal of the Webster School, on Wentworth Avenue, in Chicago, was born in Lyons, New York, and was forty years of age.

THEODORE E. DENKER, a resident of Woodlawn Park, in the town of Hyde Park, was born in Wisconsin and was twenty-seven years of age. He was shipping clerk for H. H. King & Co.

GEORGE W. ADAMS, a resident of Evanston, was born in Indiana, and was twenty-seven years of age. He traveled in Michigan as commercial agent of Geo. W. Pitkin & Co., dealers in liquid paints, on Clinton Street, Chicago.

CHARLES H. LUDWIG, a resident at 4101 State Street, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and was twenty-seven years of age. He was a book-keeper in the mantel manufactory of C. L. Page & Co.

JOHN B. GREINER, residing at No. 70 North California Avenue, was born in Columbus, Ohio, and was twenty-five years of age. He was a stenographer in the freight department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Mr. Greiner's mother was, after the trial, the recipient of so many threatening letters from the reds that she almost lost her mind.

ANDREW HAMILTON, a resident at 1521 Forty-first Street, was a hardware merchant at No. 3913 Cottage Grove Avenue. He had resided in Chicago twenty years.

HARRY T. SANDFORD, a resident of Oak Park, was born in New York City, and was twenty-five years of age. He was a son of Attorney Sandford, compiler of the Supreme Court Reports of New York, and since his arrival in Chicago had been voucher clerk in the auditor's office of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

SCOTT G. RANDALL, a resident at No. 42 La Salle Street, was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, and was twenty-three years of age. He had lived in Chicago for three years, and was a salesman in the employ of J. C. Vaughn, seedsman, at No. 45 La Salle Street.

CHAPTER XX.

Judge Grinnell's Opening — Statement of the Case — The Light of the 4th of May — The Dynamite Argument — Spies' Fatal Prophecy — The Eight-hour Strike — The Growth of the Conspiracy — Spies' Cowardice at McCormick's — The "Revenge" Circular — Work of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and the *Alarm* — The Secret Signal — A Frightful Plan — "Ruhe" — Lingg, the Bomb-maker — The Haymarket Conspiracy — The Meeting — "We are Peaceable" — After the Murder — The Complete Case Presented.

IT was on Thursday, the 15th of July, that the preliminary work was finally ended and the court was ready for a formal statement of the case. This statement was made by State's Attorney Grinnell, and his arraignment of the defendants was such a clear, convincing and masterful argument—giving, as it did, the whole history of the Anarchist conspiracy, and foreshadowing eloquently and in detail all the proof which was to be got before the jury—that I will print here a verbatim copy of his speech, believing that the reader will find nowhere else so business-like a statement of what these prisoners did and how they did it.

During the delivery of Mr. Grinnell's remarks the crowded court-room, prisoners and sympathizing Anarchists, wounded policemen, judge, jurors and representatives of the press hung upon his words with a keen interest which has seldom been duplicated in the annals of American jurisprudence.

Mr. Grinnell said :

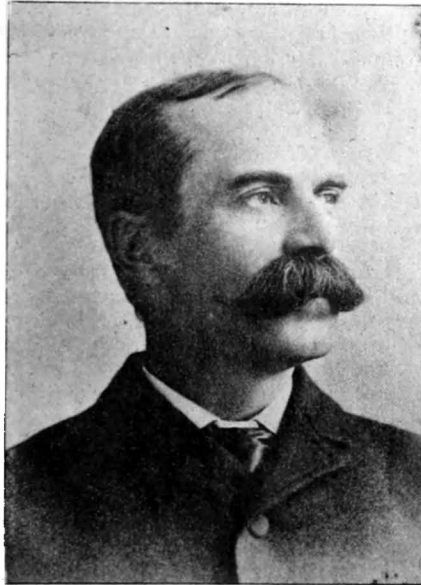
"GENTLEMEN:—For the first time in the history of our country are people on trial for their lives for endeavoring to make Anarchy the rule, and in that attempt for ruthlessly and awfully destroying life. I hope that while the youngest of us lives this in his memory will be the last and only time in our country when such a trial shall take place. It will or will not take place as this case is determined.

"The State now and at no time hereafter will say aught to arouse your prejudices or your indignation, having confidence in the case that we present ; and I hope I shall not at any time during this trial say anything to you which will in any way or manner excite your passions. I want your reason. I want your careful analysis. I want your careful attention. We — my associates and myself — ask the conviction of no man from malice, from prejudice, from anything except the facts and the law. I am here, gentlemen, to maintain the law, not to break it ; and, however you may believe that any of these men have broken the law through their notions of Anarchy, try them on the facts. We believe, gentlemen, that we have a case that shall command your respect, and demonstrate to you the truthfulness of all the declarations in it, and, further, that by careful attention and close analysis you can determine who are guilty and the nature of the crime.

"On the 4th of May, 1886, a few short weeks ago, there occurred, at what is called Haymarket Square, the most fearful massacre ever witnessed or heard of in this country. The crime culminated there — you are to find the perpetrators. The charge against the defendants is that they are

responsible for that act. The testimony that shall be presented to you will be the testimony which will show their innocence or their guilty complicity in that crime.

"We have been in this city inclined to believe, as we have all through the country, that, however extravagantly men may talk about our laws and our country, however severely they may criticise our Constitution and our institutions; that as we are all in favor of full liberty, of free speech, the great good sense of our people would never permit acts based upon sentiments which meant the overthrow of law. We have believed it for years; we were taught it at our schools in our infancy, we were taught it in our maturer years in school, and all our walks in life thereafter have taught us that our institutions, founded on our Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and our universal freedom, were above and beyond all Anarchy. The 4th of May demonstrated that we were wrong, that we had too much confidence, that a certain class of individuals, some of them recently come here, as the testimony will show, believe that here in this country our Constitution is a lie. Insults are offered to the Declaration of Independence, the name of Washington is reviled and traduced, and we are taught by these men, as the testimony will show, that freedom in this country means lawlessness and absolute licence to do as we please, no matter whether it hurts others or not. In the light of the 4th of May we now know that the preachings of Anarchy, the suggestions of these defendants hourly and daily for years, have been sapping our institutions, and that where they have cried murder, bloodshed, Anarchy and dynamite, they have meant what they said, and proposed to do what they threatened.



HON. JULIUS S. GRINNELL.

From a Photograph.

"We will prove, gentlemen, in this case, that Spies no longer ago than last February said that they were armed in this city for bloodshed and riot. We will prove that he said then that they were ready in the city of Chicago for Anarchy, and when told, by a gentleman to whom he made the declaration, that they 'would be hung like snakes,' said — and there was the insult to the Father of our Country — then he said George Washington was no better than a rebel, as if there was any possible comparison between those declarations, between that sentiment of Washington's and his noble deeds, and the Anarchy of this man. He has said in public meetings — and the details of them I will not now worry you with — he has said in public meetings for the last year and a half, to go back no further — he and Neebe and Schwab and Parsons and Fielden have said in public meetings here in the

city of Chicago that the only way to adjust the wrongs of any man was by bloodshed, by dynamite, by the pistol, by the Winchester rifle. They have advised, as will appear in proof here, that dynamite was cheap, and 'you had better forego some luxuries, buy dynamite, kill capitalists, down with the police, murder them, dispose of the militia, and then demand your rights.' That is Anarchy.

"On the 11th day of October, 1885, in a prominent public hall upon the West Side, August Spies, the defendant in this case, and his confrères there, introduced a resolution at a public meeting, in which he said that he did not believe that the eight-hour movement would do the laboring man any good. We will prove in this case that he has always been opposed to the eight-hour law. That is not what he wants. He wants Anarchy. These defendants that I mentioned passed a resolution, which we shall offer in evidence here, and it shall be read to you later—to the effect that the laboring men must arm, must prepare themselves with rifles and dynamite. When? By the 1st of May, 1886, because then would come the contest.

"I will prove to you that Parsons—be it said to the shame of our country, because I understand that he was born on our soil—that Parsons, in an infamous paper published by him, called the *Alarm*, has defined the use of dynamite, told how it should be used, how capitalists could be destroyed by it, how policemen could be absolutely wiped from the face of the earth by one bomb; and further has published a plan in his paper of street-warfare by dynamite against militia and the authorities.

"Gentlemen, leaders of any great cause are either heroes or cowards. The testimony in this case will show that August Spies, Parsons, Schwab and Neebe are the biggest cowards that I have ever seen in the course of my life. They have advised the use of dynamite and have advised the destruction of property for months and years in the city of Chicago, and now pitifully smile at our institutions, as they have through their lives—and, like cowards contemplating crime, they sought to establish an *alibi* for the 4th of May, of which I will speak directly.

"I will prove to you further that in January last August Spies told a newspaper reporter of integrity, honesty and fidelity that they were going to precipitate the matter on or about the 1st of May; that he told this man how they could dispose of the police, and in that connection he told that reporter that they would arrange it so that their meeting should be at or near the intersection of two streets. Having this as Randolph Street and Desplaines (pointing on map), not calling it any particular name, and that he would have a meeting in which there should be assembled large bodies of laboring men, of which he falsely claims to be the exponent; that they would be located just above the intersection of the streets; that he and his dynamiters would be there; that they would be provided with dynamite bombs at the place of meeting; that they would hold a meeting there; that the police or the militia would walk up towards them; that when they got up there their dynamite-throwers would be situated on different sides of the street near the walks; that when they proceeded up here they would throw the dynamite into their ranks, clean them out and take possession of the town. 'But,' said the reporter to him, 'Mr. Spies, that sounds to me like braggadocio and vamping nonsense.' That is, gentlemen, what it has sounded to us for years. Let it sound no longer like that to us. Spies said to him, red in the face and excited: 'I tell you I am telling the truth, and mark my words, that it will happen on or about the 1st of May, 1886.'

And the reason he was so ready to say so was because he believes our Constitution is a lie, our institutions are not worthy of respect, and he desires to pose as a leader, although in fact a coward.

"That is not all, gentlemen. Mr. Spies at that interview at that time handed that gentlemanly reporter — and I will commend him to you now, whatever may be your notion of newspaper men. Look at that man when he goes upon the stand and judge him by his words and by his appearance. He, Spies, did more than what I have said. At that time he handed to the newspaper reporter a dynamite bomb, empty — almost the exact duplicate of the bomb Lingg made which killed the officers; handed it to this witness and said to him: 'These are the bombs that our men are making in the city of Chicago, and they are distributed from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, because the men who make them have not the facilities for distributing them, and we distribute them here.'

"Those are facts that will be proven here.

"I want to suggest to you now, gentlemen, this is a vastly more important case than perhaps any of you have a conception of. Perhaps I have been with it so long, have investigated it so much, come in contact with such fearful and terrible things so often, that my notions may be somewhat exaggerated; but I think not. I think they are worse even than my conception has pictured. The firing upon Fort Sumter was a terrible thing to our country, but it was open warfare. I think it was nothing compared with this insidious, infamous plot to ruin our laws and our country secretly and in this cowardly way; the strength of our institutions may depend upon this case, because there is only one step beyond republicanism—that is Anarchy. See that we never take that step, and let us stand to-day as we have stood for years, firmly planted on the laws of our country.

"After teaching Anarchy, bombs, the manufacture of them and everything of that character for months; and I may say for years, here in town, having put the ball in motion, having done everything toward the end they declared should be accomplished — towards the end they sought — then began the numerous conspiracies. The beginning of the whole matter was among the nest of snakes in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and the foundation of the conspiracy, published, notorious and open, was at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall, on the 11th of October last. At that time, on the introduction of that resolution by Spies, it was opposed by one man in the audience, who is a labor agitator, but not an Anarchist — opposed by one man in that audience, and he was denounced; he was told to take a back seat, and in support of the resolution it was there said by Spies — and a man, as I understand, by the name of Belz was chairman — that the time for argument has passed; the only argument by which to meet these things was dynamite and the rifle — by force.

"As is well known, requiring no proof, for a long time before, it was arranged by a universal arrangement or consent among all the laboring classes in town that there should be a universal strike for eight hours, to take place on or about the 1st day of May. On the 1st day of May began those strikes. On the 2nd — on the 3d — the 2nd was Sunday — on the 3d day of May, on Monday, you will remember from your reading, as it will appear in proof here, there was difficulty at McCormick's factory down on what they called the Black Road. The fact about that meeting was this: A large number of lumber-shovers, or men who work in the lumber-yards, had a meeting appointed to wait on the lumber-dealers,

There were a great many of them Bohemians, some Germans, and some of other nationalities — mostly embraced in those two nationalities that I first spoke of, but all nationalities represented there. The chief officers and the chief men in the movement were Bohemians. Some of them will be presented to you by us. The committee that was to wait upon the lumber-dealers was to report there in an open place called the Black Road, or in that locality, to the meeting, what the lumber-dealers proposed. In other words, a peaceful proposition was made by that committee to the lumbermen to accede to eight hours, and a meeting was held there; the committee were to come back from the lumber-dealers and report to that meeting. Spies and a man by the name of Fehling — who ought also to have been in this indictment, and I will say just a word later about that — one other man whose identity we have not fully established — went down there uninvited by any of that committee, or by the chairman of it — went down there and made an inflammatory speech for the purpose of precipitating that riot. That is the truth. It was precipitated. I am rather inclined to think that some other of these men were there. I am not going to state anything to you here, at any time, in this case, that I do not believe I can prove. I know Spies was there, and spoke from the top of a car. He wrote up the speech later on, which I will speak of directly. The president of that organization down there, the laborers, opposed his speaking and informed the people that this man was not one of them, but that he was a Socialist, and they did not want to hear him. He insisted upon speaking, and the friend that was with him has fled the city and does not dare return. That will be in proof. Spies did the unmanly thing that he always does. He exasperated other people to rush on McCormick's regardless of the president of that committee, who desired quiet and peace and desired it honestly, although he was in favor of eight hours. But Spies is not anxious for eight hours. We will prove that in this case. He does not want eight hours. If the laboring men — if the bosses and employers in the city of Chicago on the 1st day of May had universally acceded to the eight-hour project, Spies was a dead duck; they would have had no further use for him, and he didn't want it. Therefore he went down there and exasperated the people, and he made a speech. The police didn't come on the ground until after McCormick's was attacked, and until after stones and bombs were used, or pistols and lead against McCormick's factory. What does Spies do, this redoubtable knight? He runs away and gets home just as soon as he can. He takes a car and comes north. I will say nothing more about that meeting for the present. Let us follow Spies. Now, mind you, he saw trouble. He had exasperated this crowd to attack McCormick's; they did attack McCormick's, and stones were thrown by the mob at McCormick's men — some of them — they are called scabs; they didn't happen to belong to any union. Of course my opinion about that may be different from some of yours; I will not criticise. I believe one man is just as good as another, whether he belongs to a union or not. If he is an honest man and desires to work, I think he ought to be permitted to work. But those fellows didn't belong to the union. They swam across the river, got away the best they could, saved their lives. But what does Spies do? He rushes away as soon as he can, when he sees the starting of the difficulty; when he has got everybody inflamed into frenzy and madness he quietly gets out to save his august person; he quietly gets out and goes away. That is not all. He lands that afternoon at the corner of Desplaines and Lake, where there was a

crowd of other men, laborers meeting there, and pronounces a lie by telling them that 'twelve or fourteen of your brothers have been killed at McCormick's, and by the bloodhounds, the police.' Spies knew as well as anything that he ever knew in his life that he was uttering a falsehood. He knew, if he knew anything, that, so far as his observation was concerned, not a man had been killed—not a single man had been killed—and he inflamed the people there by his suggestion, heated as he was and showing excitement, coming in there at Desplaines and Lake at that meeting, inflaming those people so that they were then ready to go with the torch and the sword and level everything before them.

"That is not all. He left there about four o'clock in the afternoon, perhaps between four and five, and went to this nest of treason and Anarchy, No. 107 Fifth Avenue, and there about five o'clock arrived, heated, excited, and told his men not to stop work, that he wanted to use them. What did he do? He then and there wrote what is called the 'Revenge' circular. It is written in English and in German. The English part is tame, more tame than the German—and he knew what he was doing then; there was a plan in that. We have the circular as printed, which will be presented to you. We have in addition to that the type from which it was printed; we have in addition to that the manuscript from which the type was set. The manuscript is in Spies' handwriting! That 'Revenge' circular, gentlemen, perpetrated another lie. It said that 'six of your brothers have been killed at McCormick's.' He decreased it a little. That 'Revenge' circular was hurriedly passed out to all the German settlements of the town and everywhere, by every possible means. Neebe distributed them; others distributed them. They were 'revenge;' revenge for what? Revenge for the declared murder of the brothers of the laboring men at McCormick's Monday afternoon—when he had no knowledge that a single man was killed. I have since learned and shall prove that one man did die days or weeks afterwards from wounds he did receive there, and only one.

"I want to suggest another thing to you here. It will appear in proof—because we have had the German part of that circular translated—that the German part of that circular is the most infamous thing that ever was in print. The translation of the German part of that circular is not like the English part. A man picking up the circular who was an English scholar—as I remember, the English part of the circular comes first, and following that is the German part—and any man, even some of these German newspaper men, would pick that up, and the first thing they would read would be the English part, not the German. They would read the English hastily through and they would say, 'That's some of Spies' vamping nonsense again; nothing very serious about it, but bad—bad taste—bad judgment in inflamed times.' But the revenge circular as printed in German is altogether a different thing. It is not only treason and Anarchy, but a bid to bloodshed, and a bid to war. Anybody reading the English part of that circular would drop it—even the Germans. And the German newspapers until afterwards did not perceive the dissimilarity between the two, the English and the German. Now, where is this matter read? It is fortunate for the English-speaking people that defendants embrace only two of that class; one of them was born in this country, the other in England. That circular was read among the Germans. That circular was spread throughout the western part and the northern part of the city of

Chicago and in other places, at the instance of Spies, who had it circulated himself. 'Revenge on the bloodhounds, the police.' For his life, in regard to those who were killed, he could not have known whether anybody was killed or not, because he took care of his royal person so speedily after the difficulty at McCormick's that he had no chance to know whether anybody was killed, and he took good care to see that he was not hurt. So much for the 'Revenge' circular.

"Now, gentlemen, we are getting down to the 4th of May. There is more in it than this. Monday was the 3d day of May; Tuesday was the 4th, the day the bomb was thrown. Everything was ripe with the Anarchists for ruining the town. Bombs were to be thrown in all parts of the city of Chicago. Everything was to be done that could be done to ruin law and order. I wish to say right here, gentlemen, that the proof in this case will develop a strange state of facts in regard to the complicity of others in this matter, and in that particular perhaps there ought to be some apology for myself. The conspiracy was so large, the number of criminals interested in that conspiracy so appalling, that I distrusted my own judgment, and, whereas in my soul I believed that at least thirty men and perhaps more should have been indicted for murder, the developments in the case were of that kind, when the grand jury was in session, that the facts could not all clearly be known. And further, there was that feeling and inspiration in the matter, if you please, that the leaders, the men who have incited these things, the men who have caused this anarchy and bloodshed here, and who seek for more — that they should be picked out and, if possible, punished and blotted out.

"The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the paper itself — we shall attempt to show you in proof here its circulation, or its sworn issue for a year. We will have them translated for you. We will also attempt to show to you from the *Alarm*, the English organ of the Anarchists — that is what it is called; just think of it — the English organ of the Anarchists, published by the redoubtable and courageous Parsons. We will show you in proof its writings and its sentiments, its invitations to Anarchy, to bloodshed, to the throwing of bombs, and his advice to people how to make bombs.

"If I prove only this that I have stated to you, it seems to me that from every principle of law and evidence, from every principle of justice, the men whose names I have mentioned should be punished.

"But one step more. This was Monday night, remember, that Spies wrote the 'Revenge' circular. That was not all he wrote. He himself wrote the account of his speech, wrote the account of the McCormick riot, wrote his notions about it, and that is in his handwriting. We have the manuscript. And in that he said this, gentlemen — that 'so far as the McCormick matter was concerned it was a failure, and if there only had been one bomb the result might have been different.' The one bomb at least was supplied by his inflammatory utterances the next night.

"On Monday evening, after Spies had inflamed these people up there — on Monday in the daytime, rather, appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, a newspaper published at 107 Fifth Avenue — it is a four-page paper, it has been constantly and carefully read in the progress of this trial by the gentlemen seated over there in a row — in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* appeared on Monday; in a column devoted to editorial notices, a secret word for the meeting of the armed men. That was in German — the letter 'Y,' called ypsilon in German — "Ypsilon, come Monday night." Ypsilon was the secret word

agreed on by the armed men to meet in secret session, when they saw printed in this treasonable sheet that secret word. As I am informed and believe from the proof, Balthasar Rau wrote that secret word. The armed men of the Anarchists, to be brief, are those of the Anarchists who are willing to throw bombs and fire pistols behind people's backs. It is divided into groups. Why, all their literature from Pittsburg to San Francisco, including the pen of Neebe, Spies, Schwab and Parsons — all of them have advised how to make up groups, based upon the Anarchistic notions. On that page appears this secret word. Balthasar Rau is the confidential friend of Spies, works in their office; he is not an editorial writer, he is not a writer at all, unless he occasionally essays to say something in print. I do not know, but I believe that that is his writing, the letter 'Y' in German — 'Come Monday night.' That is all there was of it. What does it mean? Pursuant to that secret word, on Monday night — that is the same night that Spies got back from McCormick's — on that night the armed men did assemble pursuant to 'Ypsilon, come Monday night,' and they knew where to go to. They went to Greif's Hall. Greif's Hall is on Lake Street, just east of Clinton." Mr. Grinnell indicated the points on a map. "This is Zepf's Hall (indicating); the name will be mentioned to you. Here is Desplaines Street Station, so that you can keep in your mind from this map the idea. Here is Desplaines Street Station; north up here to Lake, Zepf's Hall; east, Greif's Hall. They met. Greif's Hall is a four-story building, as I remember; a family lives in it, there is a saloon, and down in the basement is a place for truck and one thing and another, and also a rough-and-ready place for meetings. The armed men were there; Fischer was there; Lingg was there; Engel was there. The armed men met there with others — other armed men than those that I have mentioned. They pass into Greif's Hall; they say to Mr. Greif: 'Have you a hall we can take?' He said: 'No, my halls are all occupied;' one kind of labor association was meeting in one hall, and another in another; but he said, 'If you want the basement' — and I have a plan and map of the basement — 'if you want the basement, go down stairs and hold your meeting.' So these men, the numbers of them variously estimated from thirty to sixty, meet in that place. Among them were Fischer, Lingg, Engel and Schnaubelt. Schnaubelt is in this indictment, and not here. He has run away. These men met in this hall underneath the saloon, a dingy and dark basement — the only proper place for conspirators — by the light of a dingy lamp — and they held an organized meeting. The plan of warfare was devised — not for the next night. I will explain that. But for some night. Engel, a man who is gray, has been in this country some years and talks some English — he understands me, and laughs and smiles at every word I utter — Engel was at that meeting that night, and told the plan. I am going to be brief about the recitation of that plan. That was the most fearfully declared plan that I ever heard in my life. It meant destruction to this town absolutely if this programme had been carried out. Engel said: 'When you see printed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, under the Letter-box, the word 'Ruhe,' that night prepare for war.' 'Ruhe' means 'rest,' 'peace.' The manuscript for that is in our possession and is in the handwriting of Spies. That word on Tuesday morning appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and in a double lead, with an emphasis under it, before it and behind it. It meant 'war.' They understood it; and Engel refers to Fischer in the meeting and he says: 'Is not this the order of the Northwest group?' That is

another group for conspiracy and treason. Fischer said 'Yes.' As I am informed, Fischer undertook to carry the word back to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and have it inserted. Fischer was the foreman of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office at that time. He carried the word back, I assume. Spies wrote it out, double-led it, made it emphatic, and they were ready for war.

"But that was not all. Somebody had to make the bombs. Lingg was there, and he said that he would make the bombs. He was the bomb-maker of the Anarchists, and we have found and traced to him at least twenty-two of these infernal machines, one of which passed from his hands to the man who threw it at the Haymarket Square. I will prove to your absolute satisfaction that Lingg made the bomb that killed the officers, and will show to you that it was his bomb, and his manufacture alone. Lingg lived at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, occupied a room in Seliger's house. Seliger is in this indictment for murder also. He is not on trial. I am not yet prepared to say whether the State will use him as a witness or not. I will have a suggestion to make on that subject directly.

"Lingg was to make the bombs. Engel devised the plan and deliberately told him over and over so that there would be no mistake. Now, what was the plan? That these conspirators should proceed to Lingg's house that next night, or before night, and obtain from Lingg the bombs. He had already sixteen halves, or eight whole bombs. But he wanted more, and they were to be filled with dynamite on Tuesday afternoon.

"And what next? Then these people were informed where they could obtain them, and he was to go, as he did, in the evening, or between seven and eight o'clock, to Neff's Hall, at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. They went to work. There Seliger helped fill the bombs that afternoon. Lingg was there. Lingg left in the afternoon. He didn't stay there through it all, but came back again. I do not think that Lingg was at the Haymarket that night; he may have been; I don't think he was. His part on the programme—part of it had been performed—was to furnish the bombs and do the work elsewhere.

"Now, gentlemen, just look at this plan, and this is the plan that Engel told them should be performed. They were to get these bombs; certain of them were to be at the Haymarket Square, where this meeting was; and in this meeting, mind you, in this conspiracy meeting the programme was that there should be at least twenty-five thousand laboring men present; that they would not hold the meeting down on the square, but that they would get up in the street, because they were out in a great open place there, the police could come down on them and clean them all out; but they must get back where the alleys were, instead of holding the meeting down here where it was advertised. You see there are two blocks here. Instead of holding the meeting on this broad spot here (indicating on the map), they were to hold it up here; and that very thing was discussed down there that night in the conspiracy meeting, as to the feasibility of holding it here where the police could corner them. Then these individuals with the bombs were to distribute themselves in different parts of the city. They were to destroy the station-houses; they were to throw bombs at every patrol wagon that they saw going toward the Haymarket Square with police officers. They expected there would be a row down there at the Haymarket Square, of course. There was going to be one bomb thrown there at least, and perhaps more, and that would call the police down; but the police must be taken care of and must not be permitted to go, and they

were to be destroyed, absolutely wiped off from the earth by bombs in other parts of the city. And Lingg went around with bombs in his pocket that night and desired to throw them at a patrol wagon and was only restrained by his friends. And they were to build a fire up toward Wicker Park—some building was to be set on fire for the purpose of attracting the police in that direction and scattering them about. Others were to take other parts of the city and burn them so that they would be destroyed.

"Now, this sounds as if it was a large story. But that is what Spies had been talking for years; that is what Parsons had been talking for years; that is what he came back here so courageously, on the arm of the learned counsel on the other side, to hear again in court.

"That meeting that night was fruitful of great results. A bomb was thrown at the Haymarket, and seven killed and many others injured. It is not necessary for me to go into any more of the details of that conspiracy. It was carried out to the letter.

"Now, there is one other little step in this case, gentlemen, that I wish to bring to your attention. When that 'Revenge' circular was circulated, Fischer, immediately thereafter, and at the conspiracy meeting—Fischer is the foreman printer of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and the immediate friend of Spies and all these people—Fischer was to advertise, to see that the proper number of people came to that meeting, and he got up an advertisement, and it was printed. He ordered twenty thousand. That advertisement will be presented to you in the proof. That advertisement called for 'Revenge' and 'A big meeting of the workingmen at the Haymarket Square on Tuesday night.' Now, you see, the 'Ruhe' had appeared. The conspiracy was all complete; everything was arranged; there was only one step more to make—to get the laboring men there—because, thank God, all the laboring men were not in this conspiracy. A very few were in it. It is to their credit, gentlemen; and in my investigation in this case I have more respect for the laboring man than I had before. The laboring man as a class is an honest man, and when he saw the 'Revenge' circular and the call 'to arms' he stayed away. Fischer had the advertisement printed, and the last sentence is this: 'Workingmen, come armed.' But that was a little too much for Spies; that was too close home. After about five thousand of these circulars were printed, Spies orders that sentence stricken out; but the whole twenty thousand were distributed, and with Spies' knowledge. Spies was preparing the alibi.

"On the evening of Tuesday, at 107 Fifth Avenue, there was a meeting of these conspirators, of these Anarchists, of what is called the American group, that Parsons and Fielden and, I suppose, Spies belong to, and some others. That was held at 107 Fifth Avenue. That is at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. They were there on Tuesday night. Parsons was on Halsted Street, to be sure, but yet seemed anxious to get away and go down to this other meeting on the South Side. He went down there. The meeting was advertised for a large number of laboring men. The laboring men did not materialize to any large extent. Between Halsted and Desplaines there were hundreds of people walking backwards and forwards, wondering why the meeting did not take place. It was advertised for half past seven; they expected to precipitate the matter at half past seven, because, pursuant to 'Ruhe' and the other declarations, and pursuant to Engel and Lingg and Fischer's arrangement at the conspiracy meeting, they were to begin their work in the other parts of the city about eight o'clock, as they

expected the police would precipitate the difficulty—they would precipitate the difficulty by the police coming about eight, or between half past seven and eight. Good speakers were advertised, yet no names given. Spies went over there that night himself, wandered around, seemed careless, walked over here with his friend Schnaubelt, up to the other street—with Schwab, too. Schwab went away finally and went up to Deering. They marched backwards and forwards there, and finally Spies comes back to the corner here and opens the meeting, and says, when he opens it: 'We will not obstruct that road on Randolph Street, but will go up here.' So he got where he had always said they would get, just above the intersection of the streets. They got up there on the wagon, and Spies opened the meeting.

"Now, gentlemen, we have got down to the meeting. I have endeavored to give you, in a kind of historical way, how this thing leads up to, without saying specifically, the proof. I have told you that we would prove declarations of these men, time out of number, about dynamite and bombs, and the destruction of property and the destruction of the police. That we will attempt to do. There is no need of my specifying or saying what each individual witness will say.

"Neebe has upheld bloodshed and riot time and again, although from all the inquiries put to you it would seem as if he was known as one of these peaceable, peaceful, quiet labor organizers.

"The laboring men did not come to any large extent. There probably were not two thousand men there at any time, even early in the evening. There were not enough there to get up a riot. They could not get up a riot with such a small number as that, and they were compelled to have somebody speak to keep what they had; they were dissolving—going away. Now, Spies was there. He is the man, I think, that knew of 'Ruhe;' I think that he himself will state—I think others will state—that they knew of all the circumstances about the 'Ruhe,' and about what they were going to do. I think the proof will show that he knew of the whole conspiracy. He did not stop it. They will undertake to show that he tried to. Now, I want you to watch that carefully. We will have something to say on that subject as the basis of all this. There never was a great criminal in the world, especially if he was a coward, but what, if he undertook to commit a great crime and wanted to conceal himself, he prepared an alibi. Parsons, Fielden, Schwab, Neebe and Spies prepared that alibi. They were going to let these three other men suffer, let the man that threw the bomb suffer; but they, who had been teaching dynamite for years, asking people to throw bombs for years—they, after the bomb had been thrown, were going to say that they were not liable at all.

"Now, at that meeting, Spies got back up here and opened the meeting. There was some significance in the very way he opened it. We will have it all here. Fortunately, one of the newspaper reporters—Mr. English, of the *Tribune*—stood there with his overcoat on, with his hands in his pocket, not daring to take his paper out, and took a minute of everything that was said—wrote in shorthand, with his hand in his pocket, what they said, as long as he could. Spies opened the meeting up here near the alley. A wagon was standing there upon which they stood and from which they spoke. Spies found that the meeting was going to dissolve; there wasn't going to be any interference by the police to any extent unless they could keep that crowd there. So he sends Balthasar Rau over to the *Arbeiter-*

Zeitung office, where the American group were. Now, how did he know that they were over there? They went over to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office to get Parsons, Fielden and the rest of them to come over and address the meeting, and they came over, and we will have what they said — where speeches were inflammatory, denunciatory, crying for bloodshed — everything of that character.

“Gentlemen, I have called several of these men cowards. The testimony will show that they are. I am rather inclined to think that Fielden, although he is an Anarchist, is the only man in the whole crowd that stood his ground that night.

“The history of the throwing of that bomb shows that the police did not interfere any too soon. Gentlemen, it is our humble opinion, from looking this case all over, that Inspector Bonfield, although it is sad to think that life is destroyed — I think Inspector Bonfield did the wisest thing that he possibly could have done, to have called the police there that night as he did. If he had not, the next night it would have had to be done, or the next, and whereas seven poor men are dead, there would have been instead hundreds, perhaps thousands. I say again, to the credit of Bonfield and the police, I wish it understood that at that meeting it was the wisest thing that ever happened to this town, although cruel as it may seem in the light of the fact that seven died. Hundreds and perhaps thousands were saved. Anarchy had been taught and cried for months; it had almost come with its demoralization, and the strength and courage of the police saved the town.

“About ten o'clock, from the reports coming to Bonfield, as will appear in proof, the inflammatory utterances of these American citizens, of these people, had decided Bonfield that the meeting must be broken up. He was wise. He passed down there with his force of police, and, gentlemen, not a policeman except the commanding officer in front had a weapon in his hand. They marched down there shoulder to shoulder, covering the whole street, and came to the wagon. Fielden was shouting to the police, talking about the bloodhounds as they advanced, because he was facing them as he spoke. He probably saw them as they turned the corner. They formed here (indicating on the map), in this court back here, and marched into the street at Desplaines, occupying almost the entire width of the street, facing down — what we may call up Desplaines Street, north towards where this meeting was. The meeting was held about the vicinity of that alley. This property here, all through there, is Crane's factory — R. T. Crane & Co. Here is an alley that runs in through here. Eagle Street is here, and of course here is Lake, and here is Randolph. Fielden was speaking; the police came up to the wagon; Captain Ward stepped up to the crowd and told them that he commanded them, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, to depart, to leave, to disperse. He made the ordinary statutory declaration. Fielden stepped from the wagon and said: ‘We are peaceable,’ so that it could be heard a long distance around him. At that moment a man, who a moment before had been on the wagon, stepped to the corner of that alley, lighted the bomb and threw it into the police. Fielden stepped from the wagon and began firing. He is the only one, I told you, of the crowd, that has got any of the elements of the hero in him; he was willing to stand his ground. The others fled. Parsons never did a manly thing in his life, and neither did the others. They are not for law; they are against the law. Although Fielden is against the law, he did have the

English stubbornness to stand up there and shoot, and he fired from over the wagon until finally he disappeared.

"I have given you in detail a good deal of the proof. I have told you the reason that I did it was, not only for your own edification, but so that these gentlemen could know what we expect to prove. We have nothing to conceal, we have nothing to hide. We expect as fair a statement from them as to their case.

"I have only a word or two more to you, gentlemen. Remember, gentlemen, that this meeting was called for half-past seven. The police did not appear until half-past ten. There are nearly three long hours—about half-past ten, between ten and half-past ten. The bomb-throwers had become discouraged. Those individuals that were situated in different parts of the town had not received the communication, because the conspiracy embraced the fact that spies were to be located there to scatter the word, and then was to continue this destruction. The police came so late, and so many went away, that it was absolutely coming very near to being a fiasco. They had been arranging for it for months. The conspiracy had been clearly declared and established. The only thing they needed was the crowd. The crowd failed to come. The police failed to interfere, and finally, at the last moment, having interfered, most of those that were there had gone. And there was another thing. These men that were interested in the throwing of the bomb were paralyzed, notwithstanding their firing and the shooting, by the attitude of the police who stood up there; and in all my examination of these men, asking each and every one of them as far as I could what they did there that night, I have failed to find a man that ran. They stood up there and fired at these wretches who were pouring into them, from both sides of the street, a volley of shots from pistols. One bomb was fired and thrown, and just the moment that happened, not a policeman with his club—scarcely one—not a policeman with a pistol in his hand, but every one standing there waiting for orders. The bomb was thrown, and the firing began from both sides of the policemen and from the crowd, and them alone. The police never fired a shot until after many of their men had already bit the dust.

"I will attempt to show to you, gentlemen, who threw the bomb, from this locality (indicating on map). I have said to you that the bomb that was thrown was made by Lingg. I will prove that.

"I have one other suggestion to make to you. There never was a conspiracy in the world, either small or great—not a conspiracy ever established in the world, but what there was needed some conspirator to give the first information of its existence and its purposes. I want you to be cautious, gentlemen, about an unjust criticism of any member of that conspiracy who first gave us the ideas about it and its ends. Seliger gave us the information, the first information, which led to the knowledge of this terrible conspiracy, led to the knowledge of the facts relating to it. I said to you, we may not use Seliger; but I say to you this, gentlemen, that not a single conspirator placed upon the witness-stand by the State shall be so placed there without we can do something to corroborate his statements; and even if we do not, I have yet to learn of a man that dare say that that conspiracy did not exist. And so far as that is concerned as a question of law, when a conspirator or a co-conspirator gives his testimony in court, you have a right to reject it if you desire. But, gentlemen, before you reject it the court will simply instruct you in regard to a conspirator's testimony that his tes-

timony is to be considered like any other witness, and that you have a right to consider his credibility in view of the fact that he is a co-conspirator.

"This indictment is for murder, a serious charge. Under our statute the jury fixes the penalty. If murder, the penalty is not less than fourteen years; it may be for life; it may be the death penalty. For manslaughter, the lower degree under murder, under our statute, which is somewhat different from statutes in other States, the penalty is any number of years' imprisonment and may be for life. The indictment in this case is for murder. There are a great many counts here, but the chief thing is the count against these men for murder. Now, it is not necessary in a case of this kind, nor in any case of murder, or any other kind, that the individual who commits the exact and particular offense—for instance, the man who threw the bomb—should be in court at all. He need not even be indicted. The question for you to determine is, having ascertained that a murder was committed, not only who did it, but who is responsible for it, who abetted it, assisted it, or encouraged it? There is no question of law in the case.

"We will show to you, I think to your entire satisfaction, that, although perhaps none of these men personally threw that bomb, they each and all abetted, encouraged and advised the throwing of it, and therefore are as guilty as the individual who in fact threw it. They are accessories.

"I have talked to you, gentlemen, longer than I expected to, and chiefly so that you would know something about this case, know something about the facts. I have given you not, perhaps, all the details, but I have given you, as a whole, the facts. I want you to patiently listen to the evidence in this case from both sides, and be careful in your analysis. You have, most of you, been here some time, and you have been admirably patient. Only continue that way, and be patient in the matter, and make up your minds when the testimony is all presented, and not before. It may take some days to get at the proof and to place it all before you, so that you can clearly understand it. A great deal of the proof has to come from the mouths of witnesses whose language will have to be interpreted to you. That will take more time. But the whole case will finally be presented to you substantially, I think, as I have stated it. I will now leave the matter with you."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Great Trial Opens — Bonfield's History of the Massacre — How the Bomb Exploded — Dynamite in the Air — A Thrilling Story — Gottfried Waller's Testimony — An Anarchist's "Squeal" — The Murder Conspiracy Made Manifest by Many Witnesses.

ON Friday, July 16, the day following the delivery of the State's Attorney's argument, the first witness was called. The defendants appeared flushed with excitement, and the throng in the court-room was eager in expectancy of the State's evidence. Some of the officers disabled at the Haymarket were among the interested spectators. All were in a flutter of suppressed excitement.

"Felix D. Buschick," called the State's Attorney.

The sound re-echoed through the room and floated out through the open windows. Buschick advanced with trepidation and took the witness-stand. Every neck was craned to catch a glimpse of him as he arose. He was a draughtsman, and his testimony had reference simply to maps and plans showing the location of the Haymarket Square, the surrounding streets and alleys, the spot where the bomb was thrown, and the location of the Desplaines Street Station.

Inspector JOHN BONFIELD followed next. He stated that he was Inspector of Police, had been on the force ten years, and had been in command of the men ordered to rendezvous at Desplaines Station on the night of May 4. His testimony then proceeded as follows :

"I got there about six o'clock. There were present Capt. Ward, Lieuts. Bowler, Penzen, Stanton, Hubbard, Beard, Steele and Quinn, each in charge of a company. During that day our attention was called to a circular calling a meeting at the Haymarket that evening. I saw the Mayor that afternoon, then went to Desplaines Street Station and took command of the forces there, all told about one hundred and eighty men. We stayed in the station until between ten and half-past ten. The men then formed on Waldo Place. We marched down north on Desplaines Street. Capt. Ward and myself were at the head, Lieut. Steele with his company on the right, and Lieut. Quinn on the left; the next two companies that formed in division front, double line, were Lieut. Bowler on the right, Stanton on the left; next company in single line was Lieut. Hubbard. Lieuts. Beard and Penzen's orders were to stop at Randolph Street and face to the right and left. We marched until we came about to the mouth of Crane Brothers' alley. There was a truck wagon standing a little north of that alley and against the east sidewalk of Desplaines Street, from which they were speaking. There were orders issued in regard to the arms of the men and officers."

Being asked what those orders were, defendants' counsel objected, but the objection was overruled. Bonfield continued :

"The orders were, that no man should draw a weapon or fire or strike anybody until he received positive orders from his commanding officer. Each officer was dressed in full uniform, with his coat buttoned up to the throat and his club and belt on, and the club in the holder on the side. Capt. Ward and myself had our weapons in our hand; pistols in pockets. As we approached the truck, there was a person speaking from the truck. Capt. Ward turned slightly to the right and gave the statutory order to disperse: 'I command you, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, to immediately and peaceably disperse.' As he repeated that, he said, 'I command you and you to assist.' Almost instantly, Mr. Fielden, who was speaking, turned so as to face the Captain and myself, stepped off from the end of the truck toward the sidewalk and said in a loud tone of voice, 'We are peaceable.' Almost instantly after that I heard from behind me a hissing sound, followed, in a second or two, by a terrific explosion. In coming up the street, part of the crowd ran on Desplaines toward Lake, but a great portion fell back to the sidewalks on the right and left, partly lapsing back onto our flanks. Almost instantly after the explosion, firing from the front and both sides poured in on us. There were from seventy-five to a hundred pistol shots fired before a shot was fired by any officer. There was an interval of a few seconds between that and the return fire by the police. On hearing the explosion I turned around quickly, saw almost all the men of the second two lines shrink to the ground, and gave the order to close up. The men immediately re-formed. Lieuts. Steele and Quinn with their companies charged down the street; the others formed and took both sides. In a few moments the crowd was scattered in every direction. I gave the order to cease firing and went to pick up our wounded. Mathias J. Degan was almost instantly killed. The wounded, about sixty in number, were carried to the Desplaines Street Station. Seven died from the effects of wounds."

After identifying circulars calling the Haymarket meeting and demanding revenge, he continued:

"As we approached there were about five or six on the truck. Did not see the direction of the bomb; it came from my rear. I was about ten feet from the wagon. The rear rank of the first company and the second company suffered the most. During the evening or during the continuance of the meeting I received reports as to what was going on, from officers detailed for that purpose."

On cross-examination, his testimony was as follows:

"I was the highest officer on the ground that night. The whole force was under my special charge and direction. As we marched down, the divisions of police occupied the full width of the street from curb to curb. Around the corner of Desplaines and Randolph there were a few persons scattered, apparently paying no attention to the meeting; the crowd attending the speaking was apparently north of that alley. The speakers' wagon was not more than five or six feet north of that alley. Fielden, when speaking, was facing to the north and west, was facing us when my attention was especially called to him; there were about one thousand people there; don't remember whether it was moonlight; there were no street lamps lit; there was a clear sky. As we marched along, the crowd shifted its position; the speaking went right on. My experience is, if the police were marching

in parade, the crowd would get to the sidewalk to look on; if to disperse a crowd or mob, the natural thing would be for them to run away. I saw Fielden that night for the first time. As Capt. Ward turned to the wagon to give the order to disperse, I saw the men were still advancing, and I turned to the left, gave the command to halt, and then came up alongside of Capt. Ward. Capt. Ward stood within a few feet of the south end of that truck, which stood lengthwise of the sidewalk, the tongue end north. The front rank of the first division was near up to the north line of the alley, probably not more than ten or fifteen feet from the wagon. Before Capt. Ward had finished his command I was beside him. Capt. Ward spoke as loud as he could speak. Between my calling the halt and the explosion of the bomb, I don't think it was a minute. As the Captain finished, Fielden stepped from the truck and faced us, and, stepping on the street, he turned to the sidewalk or curb, which is perhaps ten inches above the street, and said: 'We are peaceable.' Within two or three seconds the explosion followed. I did not hear anything said by Fielden from the truck. When he stepped on the street I could have reached out and touched him. He did not say: 'This is a peaceable meeting.' When I heard the hissing sound Fielden was in the act of getting to the sidewalk."

GÖTTFRIED WALLER, a former associate of the defendants, testified through an interpreter. He stated his occupation, residence, etc., and proceeded as follows:

"On the evening of the 3d of May I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street; got there at eight o'clock; went there pursuant to an advertisement in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*: 'Y — Come Monday night.' Before that notice there is the word 'Briefkasten,' which means letter-box. This notice was a sign for a meeting of the armed section at Greif's Hall. I had been there once before, pursuant to a similar notice. There was no other reason for my going there. I had seen no printed document before. I spent no time in the saloon at Greif's place. I attended a meeting there in the basement which extends throughout the length of the building. The ceiling of basement is about seven or eight feet above the floor. I called the meeting to order at half-past eight. There were about seventy or eighty men. I was chairman. I don't know of any precautions taken about who should come into the meeting. Of the defendants there were present Engel and Fischer — none of the other defendants."

On a question as to what was said at that meeting after it had been called to order, objections were raised on behalf of six of the defendants other than Engel and Fischer, and overruled. Waller then resumed:

"First there was some talk about the six men who had been killed at McCormick's. There were circulars there headed 'Revenge,' speaking about that; then Mr. Engel stated a resolution of a prior meeting as to what should be done, to the effect that if, on account of the eight-hour strike, there should be an encounter with the police, we should aid the men against them. He stated that the Northwest Side group had resolved that in such case we should gather at certain meeting-places, and the word 'Ruhe' published in the Letter-box of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* should be the signal for us to meet. The Northwest Side group should then assemble in Wicker Park, armed. A committee should observe the movement in the city, and if a

conflict should occur the committee should report, and we should first storm the police stations by throwing a bomb and should shoot down everything that came out, and whatever came in our way we should strike down. The police station on North Avenue was referred to first. Nothing was said about the second station — just as it happened. I then proposed a meeting of workingmen for Tuesday morning on Market Square. Then Fischer said that was a mouse trap; the meeting should be on the Haymarket and in the evening, because there would be more workingmen. Then it was resolved the meeting should be held at 8 P.M. at the Haymarket; it was stated that the purpose of the meeting was to cheer up the workingmen so they should be prepared, in case a conflict would happen. Fischer was commissioned to call the meeting through handbills; he went away to order them, but came back after half an hour and said the printing establishment was closed. It was said that we ourselves should not participate in the meeting on the Haymarket; only a committee should be present at the Haymarket and report in case something happened, as stated before. Nothing was said as to what should be done in case the police interfered with the Haymarket meeting. We discussed about why the police stations should be attacked. Several persons said, 'We have seen how the capitalists and the police oppressed the workingmen, and we should commence to take the rights in our own hands; by attacking the stations we would prevent the police from coming to aid.' The plan stated by Engel was adopted by us with the understanding that every group ought to act independently, according to the general plan. The persons present were from all the groups, from the West, South and North sides."

A question being raised as to what was said about attacking the police in case they should attempt to disperse the Haymarket meeting, he replied:

"There was nothing said about the Haymarket. There was no one who expected that the police would get as far as the Haymarket; only, if strikers were attacked, we should strike down the police, however we best could, with bombs or whatever would be at our disposition. The committee which was to be sent to the Haymarket was to be composed of one or two from each group. They should observe the movement, not only on the Haymarket Square, but in the different parts of the city. If a conflict happened in the daytime they should cause the publication of the word 'Ruhe.' If at night, they should report to the members personally at their homes. On the 4th of May we did not understand ourselves why the word 'Ruhe' was published. It should be inserted in the paper only if a downright revolution had occurred. Fischer first mentioned the word 'Ruhe.' I only knew one of the members of the committee, Kraemer. Engel moved that the plan be adopted. The motion was seconded, and I put it to a vote.

"During the discussion was anything said about where dynamite or bombs or arms could be obtained, that you remember of?" "Not on that evening," answered the witness. "I left the meeting about half-past ten. I went home. I was present at the Haymarket meeting on Tuesday evening for some time. I did not go there on account of the meeting, but because I had to go to Zepf's Hall, to a meeting of the Furniture Workers' Union. I saw the word 'Ruhe' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* about 6 P.M., on Tuesday, at Thalia Hall, a saloon on Milwaukee Avenue, where the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and the Northwest Side group used to meet. I went to the Haymarket and stayed there about a quarter of an

hour, while Mr. Spies spoke. Mr. Spies spoke English; I didn't understand it, and I went to the meeting of the furniture workers. On my way to the Haymarket I had stopped at Engel's. There were some people of the Northwest Side group there. Engel was not at home. Breitenfeld was not there. I was at Zepf's Hall when the bomb exploded. There was some disturbance, and the door was closed. After the door was opened again we went home. I went alone. On my way home I stopped at Engel's and told him what had happened at the Haymarket. They had assembled in the back part of their dwelling-place around a jovial glass of beer, and I told them that a bomb was thrown at the Haymarket, and that about a hundred people had been killed there, and they had better go home. Engel said yes, they should go home, and nothing else."

"Mr. Waller," asked the State, "did you ever have any bombs?"

This was objected to by the defense, but after a full argument the objection was overruled. Waller resumed:

"Formerly, about half a year ago, I had one. It was made out of an eight-inch gas or water pipe. I did not investigate what it was filled with. Got it from Fischer, the defendant, on Thanksgiving day of last year, at Thalia Hall."

"What did he say to you, if anything, when he gave it to you?"

Another objection was raised, but it was overruled. Waller continued:

"I should use it. There were present members of the Northwest Side group and several men of the Lehr und Wehr Verein when he gave me that bomb."

Asked as to a public meeting on Thanksgiving day, Waller answered in the affirmative, stating that the meeting was held at Market Square. After explaining that the members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein were known not by names, but by numbers, he said:

"Everybody had to know his own number; my number was 19. The numbers of the different men were not exactly secret, but we did not pay particular attention to it. Of those who were present at the meeting at 54 West Lake Street, on Monday night, I knew Fischer, Engel, Breitenfeld, Reinhold Krueger and another Krueger, Gruenwald, Schrade, Weber, Huber, Lehman, Hermann."

"What became of the bomb which you had?"

"I gave it to a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein; he had it exploded in a hollow tree. I had a revolver with me when I went to the Haymarket; had no bomb. Schnaubelt was present at the Lake Street meeting. (Witness identified photograph of Schnaubelt.) Schnaubelt at that meeting said we should inform our members in other places of the revolution so that it should commence in other places also. On Sunday, before that meeting at Lake Street, I was present at a meeting at Bohemian Hall, at No. 63 Emma Street. August Krueger invited me; he is also called the little Krueger, while Reinhold is known as the large Krueger. I got to the meeting at Emma Street at 10 A.M. There were present Engel and Fischer, the defendants, besides Gruenwald, the two Kruegers, Schrade, myself."

"What was said at the meeting?"

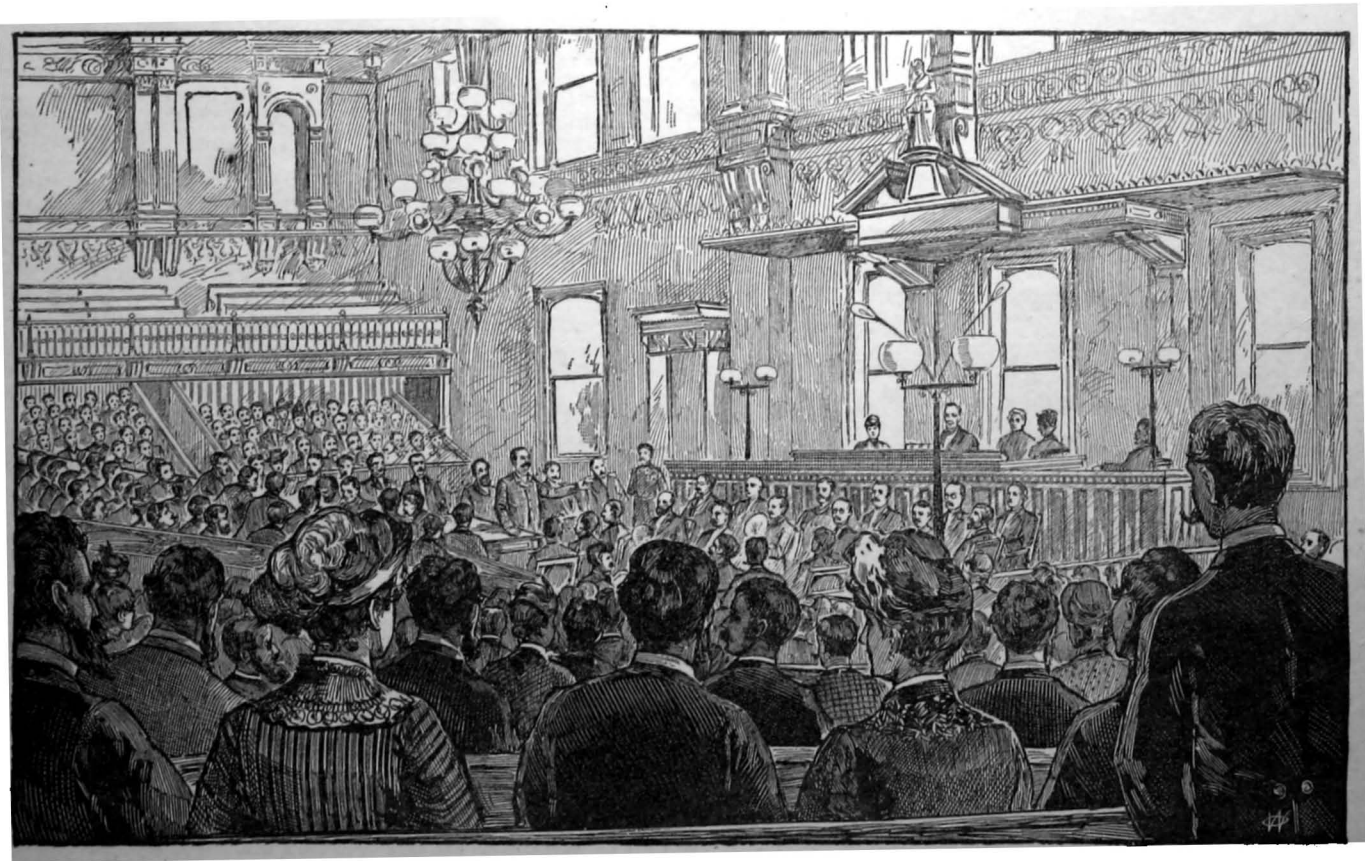
"The same that I stated — Engel's plan. Engel proposed the plan. Somebody opposed this plan, as there were too few of us, and it would be better if we would place ourselves among the people and fight right in the midst of them. There was some opposition to this suggestion to be in the midst of the crowd, as we could not know who would be our neighbors; there might be a detective right near us, or some one else. Engel's plan was finally accepted."

An effort was made to have Waller's testimony all stricken out, but the motion was overruled. He was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, but he did not waver in any of his statements. He proceeded as follows:

"Before I ceased to be a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, I belonged to it for four or five months. I learned that the objects of the Lehr und Wehr Verein are the physical and intellectual advancement of its members. None of the defendants were members of that society about the 4th of May. I had seen a call by the letter 'Y' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* once before, one or one and a half months before. On the 3d of May a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, by the name of Clermont, called for me. I spoke with Engel before I went to Greif's Hall, but had no conversation with him about the purpose of the meeting. We did not know for what purpose it was called. When more people arrived, I requested Engel to lay his plan again before the meeting. Engel stated both at the meeting on Sunday and at the Monday night meeting that the plan proposed by him was to be followed only if the police should attack us. Any time when we should be attacked by the police, we should defend ourselves.

"Nothing was said with reference to any action to be taken by us at the Haymarket. We were not to do anything at the Haymarket Square. The plan was, we should not be present there at all. We did not think that the police would come to the Haymarket. For this reason no preparations were made for meeting any police attack there. When I saw the word 'Ruhe' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on Tuesday, May 4, about 6 p.m., I knew the meaning, but I didn't know why it was in the paper. On the Haymarket, on my way to the meeting of the Furniture Workers' Union, I met Fischer. We were walking about some time. I don't think he said anything to me about why I was not at Wicker Park. We once walked over to Desplaines Street Station. The police were mounting five or six patrol wagons, and I made the remark: 'I suppose they are getting ready to drive out to McCormick's, so that they might be out there early in the morning.' Fischer assented to my remark. That was all that was said about the police between us. At that time there were about three hundred and fifty or four hundred people assembled at the Haymarket. The principal purpose of the Haymarket meeting was to protest against the action of the police at the riot at McCormick's factory. While I was with Fischer at the Haymarket, nothing was said between us about preparations to meet an attack by the police. When I came to Engel's, at about half-past ten, there were in his house Breitenfeld, the little Krueger, Kraemer, and a few others. Kraemer, I think, lived in the rear of the house.

"I know that I am indicted for conspiracy. I was arrested about two weeks after the 4th of May by two detectives, Stift and Whalen, and taken to East Chicago Avenue Station. I saw there Capt. Schaack, and, in the evening, Mr. Furthmann. I was released about half-past eight of the same



THE GREAT TRIAL. SCENE IN THE CRIMINAL COURT.

day. No warrant was shown to me. I was never arrested since my indictment. I was ordered to come to the station four or five times. At every occasion I had conversations with Furthmann about the statements made here in court. I live now at 130 Sedgwick Street, since one month. Capt. Schaack gave me \$6,50 for the rent. Whenever I used my time sitting in the station, I was paid for it. Once we had to sit all day, and we were paid two dollars for that day. I was out on a strike, and Capt. Schaack gave my wife three times three dollars. He gave me, twice before, five dollars each time. I have been at work for the last two weeks for Peterson. When I went there to commence work I was told that I was on the black list, and could not work, and Capt. Schaack helped me to get the job. By the black list I mean that the bosses put all those upon a list who were in any way connected with the strike to obtain eight hours' work, and they were not to be employed any further.

"I know Spies by sight. I never had any conversation with him. I spoke to Mr. Neebe once a few words, at a meeting of the basket-makers. I have no acquaintance whatever with Schwab, Parsons, Fielden or Lingg. I saw Lingg once make a speech."

BERNHARD SCHRADER, another confidant of the Anarchists, stated that he had resided in this country nearly five years and had been a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. He was present at the meeting in the basement of Greif's Hall, on the evening of May 3, and found the meeting in order when he got there. His testimony was as follows:

"Waller was presiding. There were about thirty or thirty-five people—Waller, Engel, Fischer, Thielen, the Lehmans, Donafeldt. Lingg was not there. When I entered, the chairman explained what had been spoken about until then. He stated the objects of the meeting; that so many men at the McCormick factory had been shot by the police; that a mass-meeting was to be held at Haymarket Square, and that we should be prepared, in case the police went beyond their bounds—attacked us. Afterwards we talked among ourselves, and the meeting adjourned. I heard nothing about assembling in other parts of the city. That same evening I had been to the carpenters' meeting, and it was said there that the members of the L. u. W. V. should go around to the meeting on Lake Street. I stayed there from eight until half-past nine. Circulars headed 'Revenge' were distributed there by one Balthasar Rau. That carpenters' meeting was held at Zepf's Hall. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street I stayed from half-past nine until about a quarter after ten. On the preceding Sunday I was at a meeting at the Bohemian Hall, on Emma Street. We got there about half-past nine in the forenoon. The big Krueger called for me. There were, besides me, Waller, Krueger, Fischer, Engel and Grueneberg. I don't know the others.

"Those present belonged to the second company of the L. u. W. V., and the Northwestern group. We talked there about the condition of the workmen after the 1st of May, and the remark was made that it might not go off so easy after the 1st of May, and if it should not, that they would help themselves and each other. It was said that if we were to get into a conflict with the police, we should mutually assist one another, and the members of the Northwestern group should meet at Wicker Park, in case it should get so far that the police would make an attack, and should defend

themselves as much as possible, as well as any one could. Nothing was said about dynamite; the word "stuff" was not used. Nothing was said about telegraph wires. The revolutionary movement was talked about; it was mentioned that the firemen could easily disperse large masses of the people standing upon the street, and in such a case it would be the best thing to cut through their hose, annihilate them. I was at the Haymarket on the night when the bomb was thrown. Went there with a man named Thielen. Got there about half-past eight. I walked up and down on Randolph Street, and at the corner of Desplaines I heard all the speakers. When the bomb was thrown I was at a saloon at 173 West Randolph Street. I had left the meeting because a rain and a shower came up. I know all the defendants. I saw Engel and Fischer, about an hour previous to the meeting, upon the corner of Desplaines and Randolph. After the bomb was thrown I went to my home, 581 Milwaukee Avenue. I met the little Krueger in the saloon. He was there; also the big Krueger. The L. u. W. V. used to meet at Thalia Hall, Milwaukee Avenue. We had our exercise, marched in the hall—drilled. We had Springfield rifles, which we kept at home.

"We had our military drills for pleasure. Most of the members had been soldiers in the old country, and we were drilling here for fun—pleasure. We drilled once a week, at times. The members knew each other, but on the list each one had his number. My number was 32. There were four companies of the L. u. W. V. in this city. I don't know the number of members.

"I saw 'Revenge' circulars at the meeting at 54 West Lake Street. I know Schnaubelt by sight. Don't remember whether he was at 54 West Lake. (Witness was shown the signal "Y," in *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.) I saw this in the paper when I read it at Thalia Hall. It is a sign for the armed section to meet at 54 West Lake Street. The armed section means certain members of certain societies—trades-unions who had bought weapons with which they practiced continually." (Witness is shown paper containing the word "Ruhe.") "I never saw that before. Did not hear anything said about 'Ruhe' in the meeting at 54 West Lake Street."

Schrade was shown a book of Most's and stated that he had seen it sold at meetings of workingmen. On cross-examination he testified:

"I know Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Neebe and Schwab only by sight; never had any business or conversation with any of them. Lingg and I belonged to the same Carpenters' Union, but we were not on terms of friendship. None of the defendants are members of the L. u. W. V., to my knowledge. I paid attention to all that was done while I was at the 54 West Lake Street meeting. I was at the Sunday meeting from half-past nine until half-past eleven. The discussion was, that if the police made an attack upon workingmen we would help the workingmen to resist it, and if the firemen helped, we would cut the hose. Nothing was said about dynamite or bombs at any of the meetings. Nothing was said about a meeting at any particular night to throw bombs. It was not agreed to throw bombs at the Haymarket meeting. While at the Haymarket I had no bomb; I don't know dynamite. I knew of no one who was going to take a bomb to that meeting. When I left the Haymarket meeting everything was quiet; I did not anticipate any trouble. I had seen the signal 'Y' before. It was understood that the meetings were to be called by that kind of notice. I left the

Haymarket meeting only on account of the approach of the storm. There were about two hundred people there when I left."

EDWARD J. STEELE, Lieutenant of Police at the West Chicago Avenue Station on May 4th, gave some details as to marching to the Haymarket, and stated that he had been in command of a company of twenty-eight men. He further testified :

"Two or three seconds after that — Captain Ward's command to the meeting to disperse — the shell was thrown in the rear. It exploded on the left of my company. There was then also a smaller report in the rear of me, like a large pistol shot, and at that time the crowd in front of us and on the sidewalks fired into us immediately ; by immediately I mean two or three seconds after. The crowd fired before the police did. Mine and Quinn's were the front companies. My men had their arms in their pockets and their clubs in their belts ; their hands by their side. I was six or eight feet from the speakers' wagon when the command to halt was given. Prior to that I could hear speaking going on in front of us. I heard somebody say, 'Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty and we will do ours.' I could not say who made the remark. The sound came from in front of us as we were marching. Ward spoke in a loud tone of voice to the speakers on the wagon when he commanded them to disperse. There were three or four men on the wagon. I saw Mr. Fielden there. I did not hear him make any response to Ward's declaration. After the pistol shots from the crowd we returned the fire. Fielden stepped off the wagon, turned to the sidewalk, and I lost sight of him. When we got some few feet north of Randolph Street, the crowd in front of us separated to the right and left. I heard nothing said by the crowd. The bomb lit in the rear of the left of my company, and the right of Lieut. Quinn's, between that and the next company behind us. When I heard the explosion I was facing north. The word 'fire' was not given by anybody, but we began firing when they fired on us. The explosion of the bomb affected about twenty-one of our men in the two companies, and the firing commenced at once."

On cross-examination, Lieut. Steele stated :

"My experience is that where the police make a descent upon a riotous gathering, a mob, the latter scatter to all sides, so as to get out of the way. But when we pass through a peaceful, quiet body of men, they separate to the sides instead of rushing down the alleys and out the other way. I do not mean to say that the remark about the bloodhounds coming was made by the speaker from the wagon. Mr. Fielden was on the sidewalk when the bomb exploded. Capt. Ward was just a step or two in front of me when he gave the order to disperse. Any loud exclamation made by Mr. Fielden, either in the wagon, or getting out of the wagon, or immediately after he got out, I would have heard. I did not hear him make any."

MARTIN QUINN, Lieutenant of Police, had a company of twenty-five men on the left of Lieut. Steele, and when they marched to the Haymarket they had their clubs in their belts and their pistols in their pockets. He heard the remark : "Here they come now, the bloodhounds. Do your duty, men,

and I'll do mine." The man who was speaking at the time they came up was Fielden. Quinn's testimony then runs as follows :

"Just as he was going down, he said : 'We are peaceable.' Some person had hold of his left leg. He reached back, and just as he was going down he fired right where the Inspector was, Capt. Ward and Lieut. Steele. After that I dropped my club, took my pistol and commenced firing in front. The crowd formed a line across the street in our front, and immediately when that bomb was fired, and almost instantaneously with it that shot from the wagon, they commenced firing into our front and from the side, and then from the alley. I fired myself. Fourteen men of my company were injured. I lost sight of Fielden as he got on the sidewalk. I could not distinguish which was first, the explosion of the bomb or the shot fired by Fielden. There was another very loud report immediately after this first explosion. I did not know what it was. The bomb exploded about the same instant that the remark, 'We are peaceable,' was made. And at the same time he fired that shot. Ward at that time had not quite finished his expression. The pistol was aimed in a downward direction, towards where Ward, Steele and Bonfield stood. After I was looking to the front, and had discharged my weapon, I looked back and saw the explosion of the bomb — it was just the same as you would take a bunch of fire-crackers and throw it around, just shooting up in all directions, in the rear. Some of the men were lying down, some of them lying dead, some crippled around. All along on Desplaines Street the lamps were dark. Where the speaker was there was a torch on the wagon, and also the lamp was lit there. I had emptied my pistol. Then I turned around to look at the result of the explosion. Then I went over in under the wagon, and where the speaker was, and I found a pistol there that was loaded. I picked it up and emptied it myself afterwards. It was a thirty-eight Smith & Wesson. I saw Fielden fire only that one shot. It was not aimed at the man who had hold of his leg. There were Ward, Bonfield and Steele there right in a bunch, close by together, and it should have hit some one of them."

The cross-examination did not change the testimony ; he only added to its force, and with reference to Fielden only modified it so far as to say :

"I would not swear that it was or was not Fielden who fired the pistol, but it was a speaker, that I know, that fired at the instant he finished saying, 'We are peaceable.' While standing in the wagon, in the presence of the police force and all the audience, he fired a revolver right where Lieut. Steele was and Capt. Ward, and the right of Lieut. Steele's company ; fired right into them. The torch was still on the wagon at that time, and the street lamp near by was lighted."

JAMES P. STANTON, Lieutenant of Police, had charge of eighteen men and saw the shell coming through the air. He shouted to his men : "Look out, there is a shell," and just then it exploded. It fell just four feet from where he stood, and his men were scattered upon the street. All but one or two of his command were wounded. He himself was injured, his body being hit in eleven different places with pieces of the shell, and he was confined to a bed at the hospital for two weeks and a half, after which he was taken home.

"After that I commenced to limp around. I had to suffer from a nervous shock. The holes in my clothing are larger than the holes in my limbs. My company was on the west side of the street, Bowler on the east. When I first saw the shell it was in the air, very near over my head. It came from the east, I think, a little north of the alley. It was about three inches in diameter. The fuse was about two inches long when I saw it. When we advanced I heard speaking from the north. I saw some parties standing on the wagon. Don't know anything about what transpired after the officers came to a halt. No shot was fired to my knowledge before the explosion of the bomb. Immediately after that shots were fired. I turned myself and drew my revolver and immediately commenced to fire. I cannot swear from whom the firing began first. My men were supposed to be armed; they had their clubs in their belts."

The cross-examination brought out no new points.

H. F. KRUEGER, a police officer, heard the cry, "Here they are now, the bloodhounds!" from the wagon at the Haymarket, and thought it was Fielden who uttered it. "I saw Fielden," said he, "pistol in hand, take cover behind the wagon and fire at the police. I returned his fire and was myself immediately shot in the knee-cap. I saw Fielden in the crowd and shot at him again. He staggered, but did not fall, and I lost him. There were no pistol-shots fired before the bomb exploded." This testimony was in every detail corroborated by John Wessler, another police officer, the next witness, and by Peter Foley, an officer.

LUTHER MOULTON, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, an officer of the Knights of Labor, testified to a conversation which he had had with August Spies when the latter went to Grand Rapids to deliver a lecture, on February 22, 1885. Spies told the witness that the only manner in which the laborers could get a fair division of the product of their labor was by force and arms. He said they had three thousand men organized in Chicago, with superior weapons of warfare. There might be bloodshed, Spies said to him, for that happened frequently in revolutions. If they failed, it would be a punishable crime. If they succeeded, it would be a revolution. George Washington would have been punished had he failed. "I am quite certain," Moulton said, "that the term 'explosives' was used in connection with arms." On cross-examination Moulton stated that the Grand Rapids police had furnished him the means to come to Chicago. All of Moulton's material statements were repeated on the stand by Geo. W. Shook, who had been present at the conversation referred to.

JAMES BOWLER, Lieutenant of Police, in command of twenty-seven men, testified that he did not recognize any one firing.

"After the explosion I said to my men: 'Fire and kill all you can.' I drew my own revolver; I had it in my breast coat side pocket. In marching, I heard the words: 'Here come the bloodhounds,' said by somebody close to the wagon. I fired nine shots myself. I reloaded. While march-

ing, the men had their arms in their pockets. I noticed the lamp at Crane's alley was out."

On cross-examination he stated that he heard the remark about blood-hounds, but did not know who uttered it. He continued:

"There was a kind of light on the wagon, a kind of a torch. I saw firing close by the wagon after the explosion, but not from in the wagon. I saw no one either in the wagon or getting out of the wagon do any firing. I saw Mr. Fielden coming off of the wagon very plainly."

Several officers testified to the scene about the wagon, and Thomas Greif, the occupant of the premises 54 West Lake Street, described the basement where the "Ypsilon" meeting was held. Following him was proffered more direct evidence that Fielden had fired the shot, and then JAMES BONFIELD took the stand, and described the search that was made in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. Said he:

"In Mr. Spies' office I found a small piece of fuse, a fulminating cap, and a large double-action revolver; about five inches of fuse. I found the revolver under a wash-stand in the office; that dirk file was along with them (indicating), with a paper doubled over them loosely. The fuse is an ordinary fuse; the fulminate is in the end of the cap. The fuse is inserted that way (indicating), and the cap is pinched, and that is inserted in dynamite and the hole closed. I never saw the cap used for anything except dynamite and nitro-glycerine. I have used it in mines for that purpose. The power of the cap itself don't amount to anything. I found that 'Revenge' circular, as it is called, in Spies' office, where I arrested him. This box (indicating) contains a great many empty shells, evidently for the Winchester improved rifle; there are also some empty and some loaded sporting cartridges. The pistol is a 44-caliber, I think. On the 5th, after the arrest of Spies, that night I took down some reporters. I had a conversation with Spies that night, and I think with Fielden. The reporter carried on the major part of the conversation. Mr. Spies stated there had been a meeting of the Central Labor Union that evening previous to the Haymarket meeting. He mentioned a man by the name of Brown, and a man by the name of Ducey that attended that meeting, and when they adjourned there they went down to the Haymarket. He spoke of the gathering of the crowd, how it threatened to rain, how they went on the side street, and about Fielden speaking at the time the police came. He said he was on the wagon at that time, and a young Turner was there who had told him the police were coming, told him to come down, took him by the hand and helped him down. He afterwards gave his name as Legner; he claimed the police had opened fire on them. He said when he got off the wagon he went in the east alley and came out on Randolph Street. He approved of the method, but thought it was a little premature; that the time had hardly arrived to start the revolution or warfare. After that I took the reporters around to Fielden.

"Fielden said he was there when the police came up; he got wounded in this alley. Then he got a car, and, I think, went around to the corner of Twelfth and Halsted, or Van Buren and Halsted, and then he got another car and went down to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office to see if any of his friends had got back there; that from there he went over to the Hay-

market again to see if any more of his comrades were hurt. I know Fischer. I was at his house. He was arrested at the same time, or a few minutes after Spies and Schwab were arrested. His house is 170 or 176 North Wood Street. I went there with Mr. Furthmann and, I think, Officer Doane. It was about nine or ten o'clock. I made a search of the house. In a closet, under the porch at the front door, I found a piece of gas-pipe about three and a half feet long. There was no gas connection in the house. The gas-pipe was an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. I laid it down again. I searched around and went back again, and couldn't find it in a day after. I remember a conversation with Fischer afterwards, in the office. He was asked to explain how he came by a fulminating cap which was found in his pocket at the time of the arrest. He said he got it from a Socialist who used to visit Spies' office about four months previous. He claimed he didn't know what it was, and had carried it in his pocket for four months. After some conversation he acknowledged that he knew what it was, and had read an account of it and the use of it in Herr Most's 'Science of War.' That conversation was at a detective's office. The fulminating cap looked to be perfectly new, and the fulminate was fresh and bright in the inside. There was no fuse attached to it. He told of being at the Haymarket meeting until a few minutes before the explosion of the bomb, and he went from there to Zepf's Hall, and was there at the time of the explosion. He acknowledged that he had gotten up the circular headed 'Attention, Workingmen,' and that it was printed at Wehrer & Klein's. I think their own office was closed, and he went over to Wehrer & Klein's and got it printed over there; I think 2,500 copies — 25,000 or 2,500."

On cross-examination witness testified as follows :

"I am in the detective branch of the police force. I arrested Spies and Schwab in the neighborhood of nine o'clock. I found Spies in the front office. He was to the left of the door as I entered. My recollection is, he was talking to somebody. Schwab was over to the right, and was sitting down. That was on the second floor. I think I went up two flights of stairs. There were three or four men in the office besides those two. There was no resistance by either of the gentlemen. Had no warrant for their arrest. I don't know of any complaint having been made against them before any magistrate. While I was talking to Spies and Schwab Spies' brother came in. I placed him under arrest too. I took them with me. I took them to police headquarters. We went on foot. It was in the back part of the room that I found that revolver. The main part of the room in which I arrested them was perhaps twelve feet deep, and then there was a wing that ran back further. The box I mentioned was on the floor, and against the south wall. One could see it readily on entering the room. I found that box on my third visit. I don't remember having seen it on my first visit. That third visit was some time in the afternoon, perhaps two or three o'clock. On my second visit I went over to the printer, to pick out the type similar to the one in the 'Revenge' circular. I went to the composing-room. The printer's name is John Conway. That was near twelve o'clock. On my fourth visit I took away a lot of red flags and such stuff as that. When I made the arrest of Spies and Schwab that morning Mrs. Schwab was present. I should think, by the looks of things, they were transacting business, or ready for it. When I was in the

composing-room there were several men there. I found the red flags principally in what they termed the library in that building. It was, I think, in the rear part, on the second floor. Twenty or twenty-one compositors of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* were arrested during that day. I was not present at the time. I found that copy of the 'Revenge' circular on one of the desks in the front room. I was there when the form and the type of the circular were found. We had no search warrant at the time any of them were taken. I do not know to whom that revolver belongs. I took Spies and Schwab into the front room of the Central Station. Lieutenant Shea sent out for the key. In the meantime we searched Spies and took the personal effects away from him. I took Mr. Spies' keys out of his pocket—everything I found, little slips of paper and the like. I literally went through him. I had no warrant for anything of that kind. I took those reporters to see Spies down to the cell-house in the basement of the Central Station. The cell-house is very near the center of the building, and fronts on the inside court between the county and city building. I went down with the reporters about eight or nine o'clock. Spies, Schwab and Fielden were in separate cells. Spies said the action taken at the Haymarket was premature. It was done by a hot-head that could not wait long enough. I cannot use the words. That is the sentiment, and perhaps the words. Fielden said the police came up there to disperse them, and they had no business to. He claimed that they had a right to talk and say what they pleased, under the Constitution, and they should not be interfered with. I don't think it was ever questioned whether the meeting was a peaceable and quiet meeting. I don't think that he ever claimed that it was either quiet or disorderly. The fulminating cap which I found in that box did not look fresh and bright. It looked as though it might have lain there a good while. When Chief Ebersold came into the office at Central Station he was quite excited, and talked to Spies and Schwab in German and made motions, and I got between them, and I told him this was not the time or place to act that way. I took the liberty to quiet him down a little. He used a word which I understood to compare a man to a dog or something lower."

The incendiary speeches that were made by some of the defendants at the riot at McCormick's were testified to by different newspaper men, and the scenes at the riot described by officers and others, the whole showing very distinctly the direct connection of Spies with the outrage, and the manner in which he incited the mob to violence.