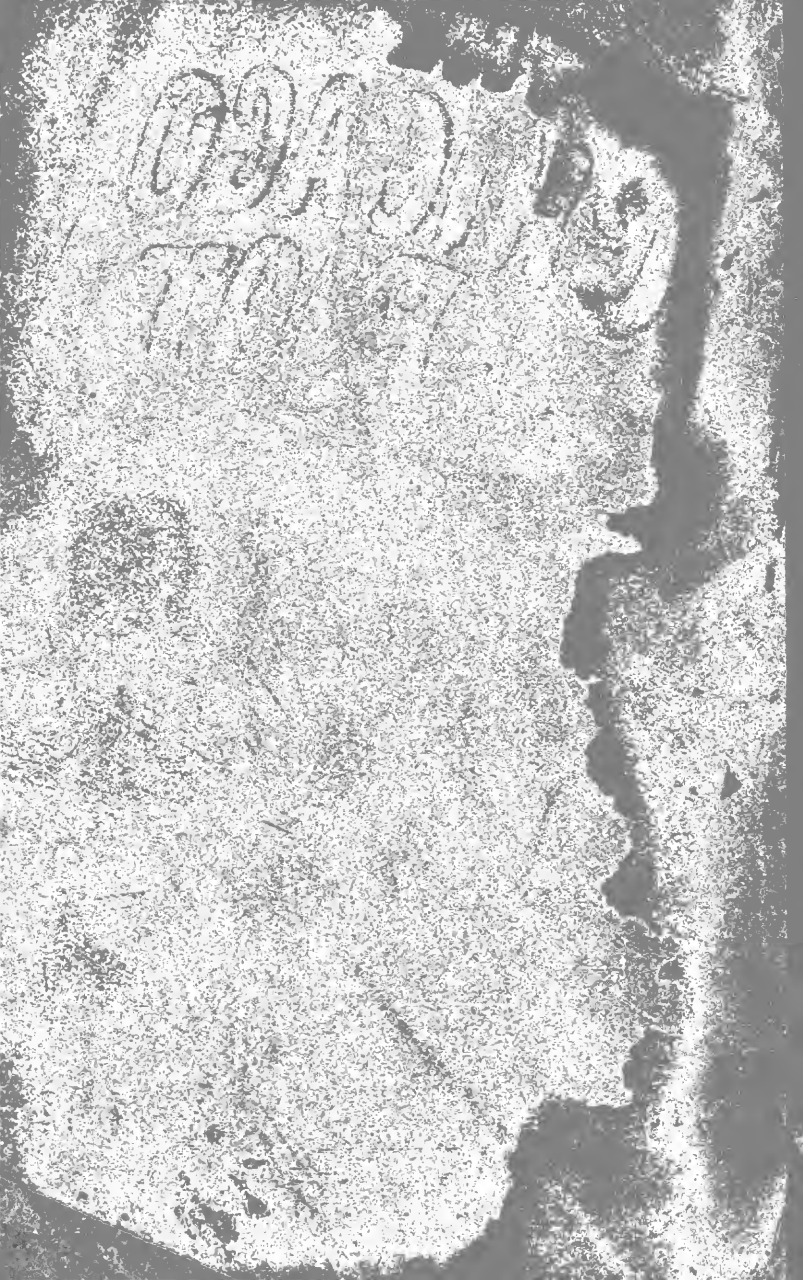


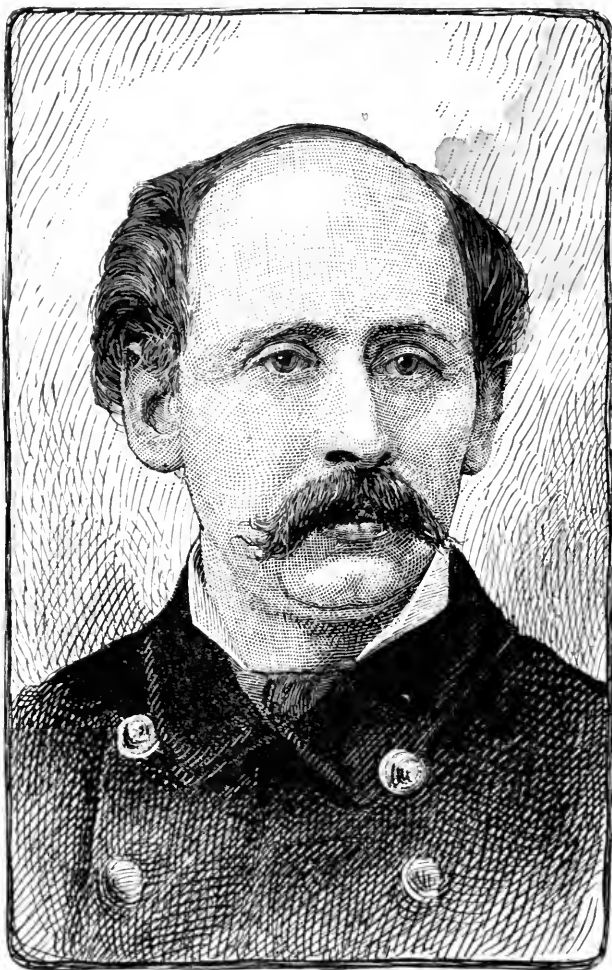
THE CHICAGO RIOT



A RECORD OF THE
Terrible Scenes of May 4, 1886.

Chicago and New York:
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.,
1886.





CHIEF OF POLICE EBERSOLD.

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THE CHICAGO RIOT:

A RECORD OF THE

TERRIBLE SCENES OF MAY 4, 1886.

BY PAUL C. HULL,

AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE TRAGEDY.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRUE WILLIAMS.

BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.,

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK,

1886.

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THE RED FLAG.

What nation and what government—
This crimson tatter all besprent
 With human skulls, and flame and gore,
 Circling and flaunting evermore—
What people does it represent?

Emblem of treason and of hate,
Red banner of an outlawed state,
 Each fold a lighted torch conceals,
 Each wave a glittering pike reveals,
Each with its lurking, coward mate.

Baptized in riot, blood, and fire,
A faggot saved for freedom's pyre;
 Companion of the garb of shame,
 Without a home, without a name—
Base bastard of an unknown sire!

What deed of valor has it wrought?
What hero hosts have cheered and fought,
 Keeping it ever in their sight,
 And died for principle and right
And blessed liberty, blood-bought?

No emblem can inspire so well
A sortie of the hosts of hell!
 Where malice lurks and treason plots
 And foreign lepers bare their spots—
There floats this ghastly sentinel.

Haul down the flaunting alien rag—
Foul insult to our starry flag!
 When they go waving side by side
 Where is the freeman's vaunted pride?
Haul down the red, spew out the gag!

—*F. O. Bennett.*

SOCIALISM—A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed.—*Webster.*

COMMUNISM—The reorganizing of society, or the doctrine that it should be reorganized, by regulating property, industry and the means of livelihood, and also the domestic relations and social morals of mankind; socialism; especially the doctrine of a community of property, or the negative of individual right in property.—*J. H. Burton.*

ANARCHY—Want of government ; the state of society where there is no law or supreme power, or where the laws are not efficient, and individuals do what they please with impunity.—*Webster.*

THE CHICAGO RIOT.

CHAPTER I.

THE HISTORY OF SOCIALISM.

Socialism is the parent stem of all, and from it spring many branches of many names. All lead to the same point by different roads. All wish to attain a common end, but by different methods. But it is not the province of this pamphlet to discuss or analyze the forms of Socialism. Leave that to those who have more ability and leisure than the writer. The aim of this little book is to show the rise, progress and work of the Socialists of Chicago and to tell the story of the great riot of the night of May 4, 1886, and the causes of that riot. The writer is the only man who was a disinterested spectator of that bloody scene.

Let us, then, begin at the beginning:

For many months a few hundreds of professional Communistic Anarchists in Chicago have created the growing fear that something in the nature of a Nihilistic mine threatened life and property in the city. The Communistic utterances of the leaders on the lake front and in Haymarket

square has evidenced that a serious social conflict was imminent.

The fact that Chicago has been for years the central distributing point for all the vast European immigration that has sought the United States in the last decade has made it peculiarly the abiding-place of the only human material from which social peace in America has anything to fear. The sober, industrious, economical and desirable stream of foreign immigration flows into and out of the city, adding to its population and prosperity and to the wealth and population of the great west tributary to it.

But borne along by this stream are the scum and dregs of countries where despotism has made paupers and tyranny has bred conspirators. From Russia Chicago receives Nihilists, the gift of centuries of Slavonic slavery and cruelty. From the German states come Socialists, the offspring of military exactions and autocratic government, and from Europe generally, including Great Britain and Ireland, Chicago drains the feverish spirit of human resentment against laws of life, of property, and of conduct which it has no hand in making or enforcing.

From the nature of its situation Chicago catches far more than its share of this undesirable residuum of the national immigration, but it was thought that

in no other city in the Union could it be received with less danger to the community. Chicago congratulated itself that the ceaseless activity of its business life was not the atmosphere in which plots and conspiracies against property, law and social order could prosper. The opportunities to obtain individual property are so many and infectious that they should exorcise the spirit of the Commune that cries, "Burn, destroy, level!" But there is always, in every residuum, some irreclaimable dregs. So in the thousands of immigrants who come to Chicago to escape the grinding oppression of Europe, imbued with bitter hatred of everything that seems an injustice in the distribution of wealth and honors in this world, there remains an insignificant number who do not appreciate the new civilization to which they have come and into which they should assimilate. The prejudices of these have been fed and fostered by designing and selfish leaders or crazed fanatics. They are told that all law is tyranny, all society is their enemy, and that all individual prosperity is robbery the world over—in America where they have a hand in the government, as in Europe where they had not. And it is this band of ignorant villains and designing demagogues that has bred riot and bloodshed in Chicago.

Socialism in Chicago grew out of or rather was

coincident with the agitation for shorter working hours. That agitation was begun by German workmen after the panic of 1857, and increased until it was overwhelmed by the excitement attending the war of the Rebellion. After the war 1,500,000 men were thrown on the labor market of the country, and trades unions were formed and began again to agitate for a reduction of the hours of labor. The movement has continued ever since.

The Chicago Socialists first showed their political strength in 1867 and 1868, when tickets were put up by the labor party, and in the latter year it elected several aldermen. Just previous to that time the Socialistic labor movement had broken out in Germany, and it was transplanted to this country by the natural spread of ideas and through the aid of German immigrants.

In 1874 the Socialists placed a ticket in the field at election, and Francis Hoffman, the present corporation counsel, appeared on it as a candidate for Congress. He helped to frame the platform and made speeches all through the campaign. He got about five hundred votes. In the same year or the one following A. R. Parsons ran for county clerk on a Socialist ticket and got 8,000 votes. At that time the Socialists called their party the workingmen's party of the United States. Two years later they changed its name to the Socialistic labor

party, and at the next election polled 12,000 votes. In April, 1878, Frank Stauber, a Socialist, was elected alderman from the 14th ward. In 1879 a Socialist named Lorenz was elected his colleague. Stauber was reëlected in 1880. In 1881 Altpeter was elected from the 6th and Meier from the 16th ward. The latter was reëlected in 1883.

The others wouldn't run for reëlection, and the Socialists stopped putting up candidates. Dr. Schmidt, Socialist candidate for mayor against Harrison at his first election, polled 12,000 votes and split the Republican party so that Harrison was elected. He would have appointed a number of Socialists to office, but they didn't want the positions. They were satisfied with organizing unions and trying to make the Democratic party a labor party.

The only Socialists now holding office under the city are these :

Joseph Gruenhut, recorder of statistics, ex-Alderman Meier, police clerk at Chicago avenue station, Harry Rubens, attorney of the board of education, and Francis Hoffman, corporation counsel.

The Socialists have been strong enough to elect four representatives to the legislature. They were Senator Artley, and Representatives Meier, Erhardt and Meilbeck. Chicago has been the hotbed of

Socialism in this country. She has been the leader. The Germans and Bohemians, of whom the last school census gives Chicago 209,631 and 28,281 respectively, are essentially Socialistic. From those nationalities Socialism gets its main strength.

The Anarchists are an offshoot from the Socialists, and embrace those who think that mere organization and voting are not sufficient. They believe in the ideas of the Nihilists of Russia and the Communists of France. Herr Most, who is a lunatic, may be considered their first leader in this country.

The Communistic Anarchists, numbering only a few hundreds, have for the past ten years been the disturbing element in Chicago labor agitations. They believe in the destruction of all government and all private property. They want absolute political and social confusion. The fulfillment of their dreams would be a community where no order, system or arrangement of society prevailed. They do not admit that such a community should be formed of humanity bred and educated to such a moral and intellectual height that violation of moral law would be unknown and impossible, and hence physical force to compel obedience to such law would be unnecessary. They do not propose to effect this wonderful change in society and human nature slowly, gradually and by natural

means. None will place the limit of time beyond fifty years. All propose to establish by the most violent of physical forces a society where physical force will be unknown. Every Communistic Anarchist is willing to become a robber, an incendiary and a murderer in order to establish a state of society for his own benefit, of which no man could be a member whose moral character was not equal to that of Jesus Christ. It was an advocate of such a doctrine who hurled the murderous bomb in Hay-market square.

The acknowledged leaders of the Communistic Anarchists in Chicago are August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, P. J. Dusey, known as "Dynamite" Dusey, and Chris. Spies, brother of August. Their prominence as leaders and expounders of the cause is indicated by the order in which they are named above.

August Spies is a pale-faced, intellectual-looking German, thirty-six years of age. He was born in Hessa and came to this country in 1873. He has been a Socialist all his life, and started a newspaper in support of that cause in 1879. His paper was called the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and a sheet was never published which contained matter more revolutionary to the law and order of the community. He was an agitator among his class as early as 1877, and in the past six years has been very active and

successful in stirring up revolution among his people. He is the author of many tracts on the subject of Socialism, and as a violent speech-maker he stands the peer of the lunatic Most. He is passionate and emotional, and entirely incompetent to discuss the principles of his creed calmly or logically. He was a student of explosives and their use, and an expert in the manufacture of bombs and infernal machines, as will appear below, and evidences of which were discovered in abundance in his office after the riot.

A. R. Parsons is a medium sized, slimly built man, with a light mustache. By trade he is a printer. He is well educated, thoroughly posted on Socialism, and a fluent and stirring speaker. Unlike Spies, he is cool and calculating, and in his most rabid and inflammatory speeches weighed every word. He was the editor of the *Alarm*, an English edition of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He is well known in Pittsburgh, where, during the last few years, he has been a frequent visitor and made many inflammatory speeches. He was in that city in January, at which time he was asked by a reporter if it was true that a quantity of bombs had been discovered in the office of the *Alarm*, in Chicago. Parsons' reply was: "Certainly it is true. We do not pretend to make a secret of the manufacture of these bombs to be employed by Anarch-

ists everywhere upon emergency. Would you like to see one? If so, I can gratify the wish, as I have two fine specimens with me which now calmly repose in the inside pocket of my coat."

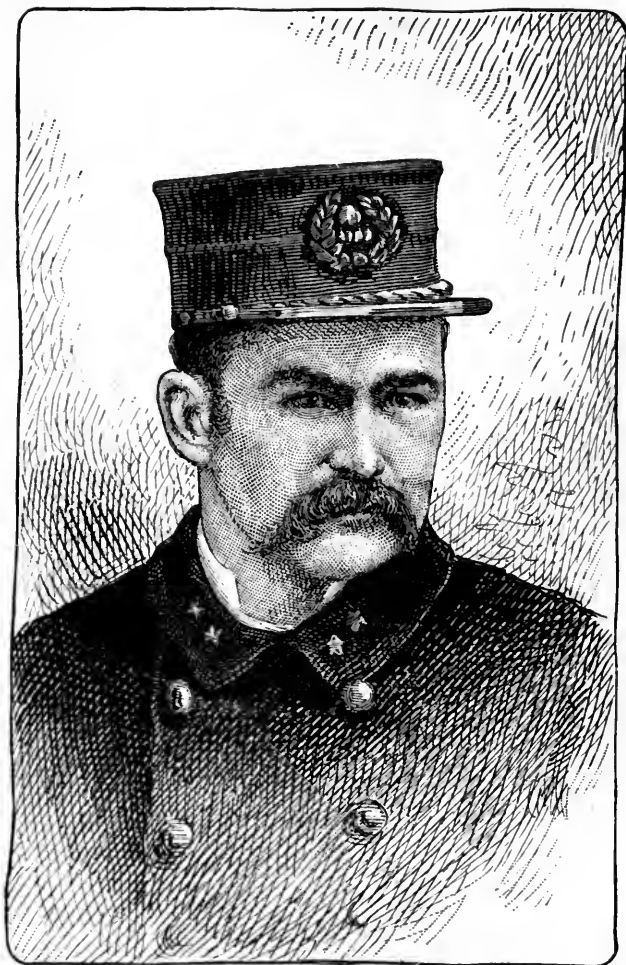
A Houston, Texas, special says of him:

"Several citizens here recognize an old acquaintance in Anarchist Parsons. Parsons is the son of the famous Confederate general, W. H. Parsons, commander of Parsons' brigade. General Parsons was one of the brilliant men of Texas, and this eldest Anarchist son is said to inherit his father's versatile talents. For several years after the close of the Rebellion General Parsons published the *Daily Telegraph* of this city, the first daily paper in Houston. In 1872 he joined the Republican party and accepted the nomination from this district for state senator in the twelfth legislature. The twelfth legislature was notoriously a corrupt body, and when General Parsons closed his senatorial career he was charged with being a rich man and shortly afterward left Texas to reside in New York. The Anarchist son followed his father east, taking with him a colored woman, whom he is reported to have since married. Parties who knew the Anarchist here years ago are surprised at his degradation. He comes from an aristocratic southern family and his affiliation with dynamiters cannot be accounted for."

Michael Schwab is a German, past thirty-five years of age. He was assistant editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and a speaker on all occasions of meetings of Anarchists. He always addressed his countrymen in German.

Samuel Fielden is below the medium height, thick set and muscular. His face is swarthy and covered with a heavy beard. His brow is low, his face dull, and his appearance indicates the predominance of the brute. But this is not the character of the man. Unlike any of his associates he is a laboring man. He drove a stone wagon, and worked hard for his daily bread. He was kind to his family, and bore a good reputation among men. He was bitter against society because of the position he occupied in it, and probably his greatest crime was that committed by Old Dog Tray—he was in villainous company. Speaking for himself, he says:

“I was thirty-nine years old last February, and was born in Todmorden, Lancashire, England. My parents were poor, but I succeeded in obtaining a fair education. The first memorable event in my life was when I lost my mother. I was then only ten years old. At the age of eighteen I attended an old-fashioned revival meeting, at which I was converted to the cause of Christianity. Then I joined the Methodist church, and subsequently preached



INSPECTOR BONFIELD



the gospel in my immediate neighborhood. In 1869 I decided to leave England and emigrate to the United States, and reached here in July, 1869, going first to Olneyville, R. I., where I obtained employment in a woolen mill. The following July I went to Ohio and worked on a farm a short time, when I came to Chicago. On arriving here I was employed by 'Long John' to work on his farm at Summit, Ill. When winter came I found employment in stone quarries, and have followed that class of work most of the time since.

"Soon after my arrival in America I began reading the works of Tom Paine, to which I became a convert, though I am now what is termed a Materialist. My Socialistic career began five years ago, when I joined an organization called the Chicago Liberal League. I at once became an active and prominent member of the organization, and it was principally owing to my efforts that the National Liberal League was compelled to adopt the labor platform. My connection with the organization brought me into intimate relations with well-known Socialistic agitators, and I soon became an enthusiastic disciple of their cause. In 1884 I joined the Working-People's Association, with which I have ever since been prominently identified. I believe that I have attained considerable celebrity as a public speaker, and especially as an

advocate of the laboring people's rights. I have assisted in building up Socialistic organization in Chicago, and am proud of the fact that we are now 3,500 strong in membership, not including several thousands of known sympathizers. Carter Harrison ought to know the strength of our organization, as it was the Socialists that elected him mayor of Chicago."

P. J. Dusey and Chris. Spies deserve but passing mention. Dusey is a reckless fanatic, imitating and embellishing in his speeches the violent utterances of others. Chris. Spies was a silent worker, and a tool of his more talented brother.

The Communistic Anarchists first made their presence felt in Chicago in the lumber riot of 1876. A strike of the lumbermen continued for some time, and the mob and the police fought at intervals for a week. In these battles the strikers used pickets as weapons. The result was several wounded strikers, and one officer killed.

Following this came the great railroad riots of 1877. A strike of railroad employes was in progress then which created an uproar for a week between the police and the mob. Many skirmishes were had, and the trouble culminated in the "viaduct riot" on Halsted street. The police on this occasion commanded the viaduct, and fought the

mob from both approaches. Many strikers and Anarchists were killed and wounded.

During the progress of this strike the German and Bohemian furniture workers held a meeting in Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Nearly all of these men were Socialists and many were Anarchists. The meeting was a turbulent one, and owing to the disjointed times the police determined to disperse the crowd. A posse entered the hall and were met at the entrance by Mike Wasserman, the proprietor, who demanded that they go away. He was knocked down, and the police entered. There is dispute as to whether the riot act was read to the crowd. The police fired into the crowd, killing one man and wounding many more. The men made frantic efforts to escape. Scores of them jumped from the windows to the ground and many limbs were broken. The rout of the crowd was complete and humiliating. This action of the police caused great excitement among the laboring classes. The matter was eventually brought into the courts, where those who held the meeting sued the city for damages. They asked for but nominal damages, but demanded vindication of their right to hold meetings. Judge McAllister, still on the bench in Chicago, rendered a decision in favor of the prosecution, and in his summing up said in effect that if every policeman had been killed no member of

the crowd attacked could have been legally punished for it.

That assault of the police engendered more murder in the hearts of the Socialists of Chicago than any previous or subsequent act of the authorities. There are men in Chicago now who curse the law at every mention of that raid. A Socialistic leader said to the writer a week after the Haymarket riot:

"I am a fatalist. Nothing happens by accident. The last riot was not an accident. I can clearly trace the throwing of that bomb back to the bloody scene in Turner Hall. That act of the police called for revenge, and we have never forgotten it, and will never forgive it. The blood spilled in Haymarket square is a partial atonement for the blood spilled in Turner Hall. I do not consider that the blot has yet been washed out."

It is certain that this act of the police had the effect of forming military companies among the Anarchists. They armed themselves with muskets, and a few of the companies were provided with uniforms. They subsequently grew bold, and at intervals paraded the streets with their arms, and under the red flag. Their movements and the strength of their increasing numbers grew ominous, and in 1879 an act was passed in the state assembly prohibiting the parading in public of

armed companies of men without the sanction of the governor. This was a direct blow at the Anarchists. Since then they have made no parades with arms, but kept up their drilling secretly.

In the winter of 1883 a newspaper scare was started concerning the dangerous strength of the armed Socialists. It was charged by the heads of the Chicago militia that this Socialistic strength was such that the combined force of the police and militia could not successfully oppose it in case of an outbreak. The matter was thoroughly investigated by the police and by the writer. The police claimed to have found no armed or drilling Socialists. The writer discovered the meeting places of three companies who were armed and who drilled regularly. Two of these companies were drilled by English speaking, American-born drillmasters. The strength of all these companies was not above one hundred men.

It developed in the next general assembly of the state that this scare was not without a purpose. A bill appropriating \$20,000 to the state militia was passed.

In regard to the presence of armed companies of Socialists in Chicago Mr. George Schilling, a leading agitator, said to the writer:

"There are armed companies of Socialists in Chicago, but their strength amounts to nothing.

It has always seemed to me that this idea of my countrymen in forming military companies is the sheerest nonsense. Their strength will effect nothing, and I have ridiculed them for years. Every handful of Socialistic Germans who come to our shores think that if they form themselves into a military company they may by some lucky turn destroy this great government."

A visitor to Chicago, just a month before the Haymarket riot, tells a thrilling story of his experience in a Socialists' drill-hall. He says:

"Missing an outgoing train for the east a few Saturday nights ago I sought recreation in a State street theater. Seated near were two intelligent-looking, plainly dressed laboring men of middle age. They retired at the end of each act for refreshments. At the close of the play I politely invited them to join me in a glass of beer at a neighboring saloon. There the conversation turned on the labor question. They were both enthusiasts on the subject and both evinced great familiarity with history and politics. One was a machinist and the other a master stair-builder. They expressed great sympathy with the working classes. At my mention of Socialism and Communism they exchanged significant glances. I purposely sneered at the idea of there being an organized body of Socialists or Communists. My sarcastic allusions

to the cowardice of the working classes evoked passionate replies. I had said I was a stranger, and they said that if I could convince them of the truth of my statement they would show me something to change my opinion. Going to my hotel I produced documents that satisfied them I was 'straight goods,' as they expressed it.

"Crossing to Clark street we entered a saloon on the west side of Clark, between Madison and Monroe streets. Going to the wine-room in the rear I sipped a glass of beer with one while the other retired. Returning in five minutes he told me I would have to submit to being blindfolded. With some misgivings I agreed, and my silk muffler was bound over my eyes. We went through the rear door, entered a cab, and were driven, I should think, about a dozen squares. We crossed at least one bridge. Ascending two flights of stairs we traversed a long hall and went down a short flight of steps, where we halted. Here one of my conductors left me.

"The musty air led me to believe I was in the ante-room to a lodge hall. I could hear an indistinct hum of voices, shuffling footsteps, and the muffled rap of a gavel. After a long wait I was taken by the arms and pushed along various halls and around abrupt turns through a door into a warmer but no purer atmosphere. Slipping the

bandage from my eyes I was seated between two guards. I found myself in a large hall surrounded by at least three hundred men. The hall looked like an improvised skating-rink. About thirty platoons of eights were moving around in close marching order with arms folded behind the backs, each wearing rubber shoes and black masks. The drill-master gave orders by number, which were executed with the utmost precision. The falling of the gavel called a halt, and soon all were seated.

“Under the head ‘good of the order’ the president said a visiting brother from Springfield would address them. Numbers 97 and 51 were named to escort the speaker to the rostrum. He advanced, saluted the chairman, and spoke to him in a whisper. Two quick raps of the gavel caused the assembly to crowd closely around the platform. There was no confusion and little noise. The address was begun in a low tone. There were no rhetorical flourishes, but every word and sentence fell with the precision and execution of a well-directed blow. There was no applause, but the deep breathing of the men, the convulsive clenching of hands, and indignant shrugs of broad shoulders plainly told the effect the address was having. He said in substance :

“*Brothers of the Strong Arm:* As you have heard, I am of the Springfield division. There, as here ; there, as throughout

the west, east, and south, the selfishness, the greed, the injustice of men have driven those who labor to organization and combination for self-defense. There, as everywhere, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows are compelled to meet by stealth, to bind each other to secrecy by the most terrible of oaths, to devise methods, to secure means, and to concert actions for protection against a common foe. That common foe seeks to wrest the tools from our hands and deprive our wives and little ones of bread. It is the wealth and power which bears on every dollar and every grain the impress of our own hard toil.

"Thirty years ago William N. Whitely was the proprietor of small machine works in Springfield, Ohio. He was involved and embarrassed to an extent that threatened bankruptcy. Myself and two others were his principal machinists. He came to us and asked us if we would work on without our wages being paid until times improved. He was negotiating for a loan of \$2,500 upon his property, and if that could be obtained he could pay some debts, buy some stock and machinery, and weather it out. If we would stand by him he could get through. We did so and he got through the bad time. We staid with him and saw his business grow and increase from the \$2,500 invested to a gigantic manufacturing concern which turns out millions of dollars' worth of property each year. From the half dozen laborers of that time the help has increased until thousands are now employed. The income of William N. Whitely has increased from nothing thirty years ago to \$350,000 a year. He was enriched over a thousandfold, while we were allowed only our bread and shelter and clothing. It has now become a branch of political economy to figure to a penny what a workman can live on and yet be able to work. A few years ago he reduced the wages of his employes because his immense

profits slightly fell off. Grand houses, fast horses, diamonds, silks, trips to Europe and snap investments must be kept up, but the poor devils who toil, sweat and moan in their serfdom must bear its brunt. Wages have been cut and cut until it is impossible to live at the wages paid. -

"The conflict is on between the Knights of Labor on the one side and capital and the governments of the state and nation on the other; for capitalists make legislatures as well as laws. If, in this struggle, capital is triumphant, as it has ever been, then, brothers of the strong arm, we will avenge the wrongs they cannot redress. That is the object of our organization.

"The days preceeding the French revolution are now being experienced. The wails of the hungry, the groans of the sick, the moans of the dying, go up to heaven from every part of this broad land. Do those fearful sounds awaken sympathy in the breasts of those who have the power to relieve want? Let the neighing of Mrs. Westinghouse's horses, which are shod with silver and rest on Brussels carpet, answer the question! Let the barking of Mrs. Potter's \$7,000 poodle dog, whose blanket cost \$700, answer! Let the New York woman who wears to parties \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds answer the question! Let the fool who paid \$18,000 for the Morgan peachblow vase answer! Let the great man of Rochester who spends \$50,000 yearly on butterflies answer! Let Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, who wears fifteen new dresses each week, each one of which costs more than would keep a laboring man's family in comfort a whole year, answer! Let the law-makers of Congress, who, at an expense of \$5,000 of the people's money, passed a law relieving Mrs. Grant from the payment of \$90 duty on an imported picture—on the same day, too, on which Webster & Co. gave her a check for \$200,000 as royalty on her husband's book—answer!

* * * * *

"Brothers of the strong arm! Is God hardening the hearts and clouding the intellects of these fools that destruction may come swift and sure? Oh, I pray that he may put it into their hearts to heed the mutterings of the coming storm; that capitalists may share their profits with those whose brain and brawn have made that capital what it is; that the selfishness of riches may become transformed into a human generosity, and the impending danger be averted. If prayers and tears do not avail we must be prepared for the worst.

"At the close of the address the president said experiments would be tried with a pocket torpedo, for a supply of which the committee was negotiating. A dummy figure dressed in police uniform and carrying a club was taken from a closet and placed in a corner of the room. The dummy was packed with sawdust. The crowd moved to the farthest corner from the effigy. A torpedo about the size of a marble was handed to the president. With a quick movement he threw it at the figure, striking it midway. A puff of smoke, a smothered report, and bits of blue cloth, brass buttons, and sawdust were scattered over the room.

"In the confusion that succeeded the bandage was reapplied to my eyes and I was led to a cab, which left me at my hotel at 3:50 o'clock in the morning."

When the band of prospective murderers could no longer gather strength by public drilling they resorted to dynamite. The utmost caution

and secrecy was enjoined and observed by all. At the time of their last blow their organization was divided into clubs of two men each. Beyond this they knew nothing of each other, thus insuring themselves against betrayal. A had a compact with B, B with C, C with D, etc. Each man communicated with but one person at a time and was safe in the secret plotting.

Early in the spring of 1885 the band began excursions into the country for practice in throwing and firing bombs. Such a trip meant a hard day's work. When they went into camp, as the selection of a practice ground was termed, outposts were placed to give alarm of approaching intrusion. Many of them became sufficiently expert to hurl a bomb fifty paces. On one occasion in the summer of 1885 one of the leaders took his followers to a retired spot on the lake shore and delivered a lecture on explosives. He then placed a heavy "street" bomb midway between four trees forming a parallelogram four by six feet. The explosive utterly demolished the trees. The limbs were stripped of their bark and the trunks were shattered so that the fragments strewed the ground in all directions.

They possessed themselves of perfect plans of the underground system of Chicago, and studied the manner in which the housetops at various street

corners could be reached. Locations were selected for defense and congregation. The principal ones were Market street, between Madison and Randolph streets, the lake front park, and Haymarket square. The position upon which they placed most reliance in point of military vantage was the first location named above. They had planned in this instance three principal fortifications—Randolph, Washington and Madison streets. At their backs they had the river and the tunnel for refuge for women and children. They regarded this as the strongest position in the city, and considered it as impregnable if guarded by determined men with bombs. Great reliance was placed on the work of the men assigned to the housetops in street warfare. It was expected they could do great execution and keep out of the way of bullets from the street. These plans of warfare were discussed in secret meetings and were made the subject of many maps and circulars issued from the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office.

They were preparing for a great day in the near future—for a day when no leaders would be needed; when every man would know and see his duty.

During 1884 and 1885 the Anarchists held frequent mass meetings on the lake front and in Haymarket square, when speeches of the most incendiary character were delivered by the leaders.

Public demonstrations were frequently made and processions boldly marched under the red flag.

On the night of April 28 the new Chicago Board of Trade was opened, and the Anarchists held a meeting on Market street. On that occasion Samuel Fielden said: "The black flag ought to be unfurled when a Board of Trade is opened. We are glad to live in the meanest hovels; we are glad to wear the meanest clothes; we are glad to eat the meanest food, while these thieves and robbers sit down to a banquet that costs twenty dollars a plate."

A. R. Parsons said: "A new board of thieves is being opened to-night. It is time this thing is stopped. These robbers fatten on our toil. We must bring the revolver and Winchester rifle to our aid and learn the use of dynamite."

They marched to the board of trade, headed by a red and a black flag carried by women. They were met at every approach to the building by solid lines of police. They cursed the officers, and one shouted this prophecy: "We'll get at you fellows yet; we'll be prepared for you next time." The crowd cheered a red flag waving from the office window of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. It passed the carriage of Mr. L. P. Kadish, and one shouted, seeing him: "He's a board of trade man: kill him!" Stones were thrown through the carriage windows, severely injuring Mrs. Kadish.

Then came the street car strike of July, 1885, and in the riot which ensued the Anarchistic element came to the surface, as it always had whenever there was a chance to destroy property or shed blood. That they were responsible for the overturning of cars and resistance to the police one of the leaders acknowledged boastfully in a meeting on the night of July 2. It was on the occasion of this riot that Police Captain Bonfield, than whom a braver man or a more efficient officer does not live, drew down upon him the curses of the Anarchistic rabble and the unjust criticism of the press. He walked alone into the face of an angry mob of over 2,000 men and clubbed a man who had thrown a stone at the police. For this he was called cowardly. His order to "shoot every man who throws a stone," caused harsh comment from the press. But Bonfield knew his duty and understood the spirit of the mob better than the general public or the writers for the press, as subsequent events showed. From that moment he was an object of special hatred to the followers of Spies and Parsons, and a price was set upon his life.

Then the long-uttered threats of the Anarchists began to take a more practical form. In January, 1886, an infernal machine was found on the doorstep of the residence of Judge Lambert Tree. Who

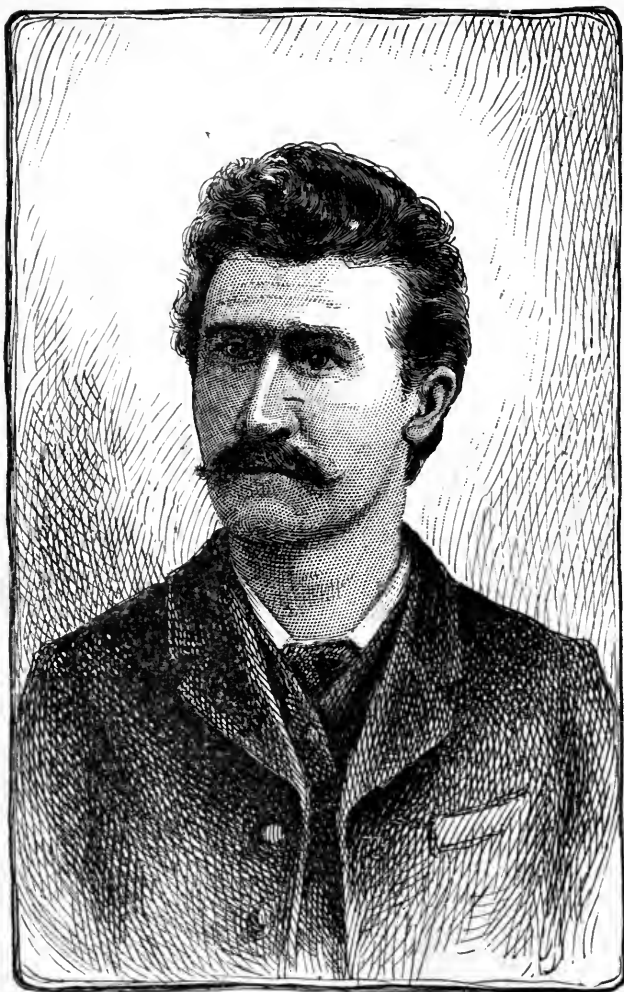
placed it there was never known. From its nature its purpose was evident.

It was in the shape of a laborer's coffee-flask, and was lined with lead. The diameter was about two inches and the height three and one-half inches. From the top, closed by a thumb-screw, protruded a home-made fuse which smelt strongly of nitric acid. It was of good workmanship and had none of the appearance of a commercial article, being highly polished, like a pocket-flask, and carefully finished in almost indiscernible seams. When exploded it made a considerable hole in the snow and ice, but would doubtless have made a considerably better showing for its appearance under more favorable circumstances. Dynamite and all other high explosives congeal at forty-two degrees, and it was much colder the day the machine was exploded.

In a few days another was discovered in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy passenger station. It was much different from the one found at the Tree residence.

It showed no appearance of cap or fuse; only a protruding, insulated wire. It was five and a half inches long and one and a half inches in diameter, and had the same screw top—the end from which the wire protruded—as the one found at Judge Tree's. The body of the package was of tin tubing. The one end had been pressed into the form of a





AUGUST SPIES.

screw-thread, and into it was firmly fixed a plug of ordinary cork, sealed hermetically with wax. From the cork a plate of zinc as wide as the tube extended a half inch. It was left, wrapped in a dirty piece of cloth, for the night operator, and no attention was paid to it until the Tree sensation came out. Then it was stupidly sunk in the Chicago river without an intimation as to its probable character further than suspicion.

On February 11, 1886, came the strike of the employes of the McCormick Reaper Works, the agitation and excitement which it caused continuing until April. Most of the metalworkers and laborers employed there were German and Bohemian Anarchists. Mr. McCormick took a firm stand, shut down his works and locked out the strikers. This was a surprise to them. For weeks violent meetings were frequently held in the district around Eighteenth street and Center avenue. This region is the hotbed of anarchy in Chicago. McCormick, the police and the law were denounced in the bitterest terms at these meetings, and for some time an outbreak was imminent. It was smothered only by the presence of the police. Mr. McCormick finally increased wages according to the demands of the men, but proposed to allow non-union men to work. He opened his works under police protection, and

hundreds of non-union men went to work. Frequent assaults were made on individual workers at the factory, but no general riot ensued. Many strikers were arrested and fined.

The strikers were beaten. Hundreds of them remained idle for a long time, and as idleness and poverty breeds crime, the revolutionary spirit strengthened and spread. Their hatred of the law and of the capitalists, whom they styled "robbers," deepened, and the mutterings of the storm which was to burst were heard. About this time the police, while looking for a murderer, turned up a dynamiter's outfit. In the room of Chris. Komiens, at 231 West Twentieth street, was found a long-barreled breech-loading Springfield rifle and twenty rounds of cartridges. Under the bed was found a quantity of lead and a pot or ladle in which to melt it. These suspicious implements caused other rooms to be overhauled. In Komen's sleeping-room an old trunk was dragged out of a dark corner and its contents examined.

Beneath a lot of old rags were four hollow lead balls considerably larger than a base ball. Three of the balls were empty. The fourth was loaded and a hole partly bored for the insertion of a percussion cap. The balls had been cast in a mold on the principle of a bullet mold, with a plaster of Paris ball in the center for a core. The lead shell was from

a quarter to three-eighths of an inch thick and weighed about five pounds. After casting the shell of the leaden bomb the plaster of Paris ball inside was gouged out as far as possible with a chisel. The hollow space of the loaded bomb was supposed to be filled with dynamite, gun-cotton, or other violent explosive. The opening was sealed with lead and a hole bored opposite for the insertion of the percussion cap. Two of the finished but unloaded balls had two holes in them, one of which was made with a screw thread so that the instrument containing the cap could be twisted into the ball securely.

With the bombs was found a piece of wrought-iron pipe six inches long and one and a quarter in diameter. Both ends were closed with hard-wood plugs, from one of which projected four inches of gutta-percha fuse. The implement was supposed to be filled with an explosive similar to that in the bombs. Ten or fifteen feet of fuse lay beside the bombs. It was filled with powder and burned rapidly, with a hissing, sputtering noise, like the fuse of a fire-cracker. In fact, the iron-pipe machine closely resembled a giant fire-cracker, but was somewhat larger. An old, rusty needle-fire revolver of a French pattern and a box of large percussion caps completed the murderous outfit.

A paper-bound pamphlet, with saffron-colored

cover, and printed in German, instructed the owner how to make the bombs and other implements containing dynamite and other explosives. The book told in detail the method of making and using poisons. Its author is Johann Most.

Komens belonged to one of the most radical groups of German Socialists in the city. It was called group No. 3, and for a time met in the back room of a saloon at 519 Blue Island avenue. The group ordered every member to purchase a navy revolver a foot and a half long. This proceeding alarmed the gentle Teuton in whose place they met, and he notified the members that he preferred that they meet elsewhere. The members were armed with muskets similar to that found in Komen's house. Each gun was numbered to correspond with that of the person who owned it or had it in his possession. Komen's gun was number 400. Instructions were given in the manufacture and use of explosives. The bombs were to be thrown into crowds, or the ranks of police or militia, from housetops, or wherever convenient. The group numbered over a hundred active members who attended the meetings at the Blue Island avenue saloon. About 1885 the society divided into two sections and began to meet elsewhere.

At last came the many strikes in nearly all classes of industry in Chicago, attending the move-

ment of the working people on the 1st of May to establish an eight-hour working day. We will not attempt to review the many startling incidents of this time. But for the fourth time in the history of Chicago the Anarchists and Nihilists found the opportunity to mingle their diabolical designs with, and hide them under cover of, the honorable efforts of honest workingmen to better their condition.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEMORABLE FOURTH OF MAY.

On Monday, May 3, came the first forerunner of the slaughter of Haymarket square. The shadow of the red flag fell again on the "black road," and riot and bloodshed ensued.

The "black road" is that part of Blue Island avenue which extends south, from its turn at Ashland avenue, to the city limits. The "black road" is so called because some years ago its surface was covered with the refuse from the gas works. There were comparatively few houses in the neighborhood at that time, street illumination was unknown, and altogether it was a gloomy and uninviting thoroughfare. Now it is remarkable chiefly for its saloons and the great numbers of little children that at all hours of the day throng the only sidewalk the street boasts. East of McCormick's factory for a distance of perhaps half a mile there are a score of saloons, one grocery store and an undertaker's shop. Such welcome placards as "Hot Free Lunch All Day" are displayed in many of these resorts; "Doughnuts and Beer, 5

Cents," invites custom in another, while a "business" lunch for 15 cents is the drawing card at another place.

The McCormick factory and the other great industries in the vicinity employ thousands of men, and this section of the city is the stronghold of the bloodthirsty Socialistic Poles and Bohemians.

The long continued and unsuccessful strike of McCormick's laborers had embittered the men to desperation against those who had taken their places. Since the inception of that strike many of them had spilled the blood of the "scabs" on the "black road." The labor agitation accompanying the eight hour movement was fanning the embers of their hate into a flame which burst forth under the fiery utterances of Spies and Parsons on this Monday afternoon. The riot was precipitated by a mass meeting held on the prairie in the vicinity of Blue Island avenue and Wood street. It was attended by four or five thousand idle Bohemians, Germans and Poles. It was a turbulent mob from the moment of its gathering, and the Socialistic leaders seized the opportunity to fire the inflammable material with incendiary speeches, and by goading on the men to acts of violence in the furtherance of what they called justice. While the feelings of the mob were at a fever heat the great bell in the McCormick factory

struck 3 o'clock. The mob looked across the prairie and listened. A moment later the big gates swung slowly open and the van of the long line of non-union workingmen filed into the street. This sight to the mob was the torch to the tinder. They saw before them the men whom the speakers had just told them had taken the bread from the mouths of their children. With one thought they seized sticks, stones and every missile handy, and rushed like a pack of wolves toward the factory, yelling "scab!" "scab!" The employes of the works saw the advancing throng and rushed back to the yards.

Two policemen were on guard duty at the works, but they were powerless to defend the gate in the face of such a storm. In a moment the air about them was filled with flying stones and bullets, for many of the mob were armed with forty-four caliber "bulldog" revolvers. A shot from one of these wounded one of the officers in the thigh. He fell and was dragged inside the gate, which was closed. The assailants surrounded the factory, and baffled by the closed gates and high walls they yelled, cursed, fired revolvers and threw stones through the factory windows. Tiring of this, however, they had begun to batter down the gates when a patrol wagon load of police from the Hinman street station arrived. Cowardly at heart, and many of

them having felt the weight of the policeman's club, the great mob for an instant recoiled before the handful of officers. For a moment only the police kept the mob at bay, but it was too furious to be cowed. After a moment of sullen inactivity it suddenly attacked the police with a shower of stones. The answer was a volley of revolver shots from the police. Many of the mob fell wounded and dead, and the others attacked the police with renewed fury. The officers fought bravely against the great odds, but they were falling one by one and were yielding to the furious assault when another detail of fifty police under Captain O'Donnell of the Twelfth street station, came dashing up. Fifty men were too many for the rioters to fight and the mob fled across the prairie like a flock of sheep, followed by the policemen's bullets. But few of the dead and wounded rioters remained on the field. They had been carried away by their friends. The police searched the neighborhood and found about a dozen wounded men. A man named Jyman was found in a drug store dying from a wound in the back of his head. Another named Waddick, shot in the groin, was found in a saloon. Another named Vogtik was found dangerously wounded.

The police force had by this time been increased to 175 men, and Chief Ebersold had arrived. The

men were drawn up in line and cleared the vicinity of rioters, as they had begun to again mass themselves.

The Socialist, Waddick, was placed in a patrol wagon and taken to his home, escorted by five police. On the way the officers were surprised at a street corner by a detachment of the mob. It surrounded the horses in a moment. The officers were assaulted and an attempt was made to overturn the wagon. Officer Kayzer drew his revolver and fired. A man fell dead in the arms of his fellows. The crowd retreated and the patrol wagon dashed on.

Another wagon and a small relay of police took to his house the wounded man, Vogtik. They were followed by a large number of the mob. The wagon stopped a short distance from Vogtik's home. Officer Casey assisted the wounded man into his house. In the meantime the mob had reached the spot. When the officer came out of the house he faced an angry horde of men. Cries went up of "Let's hang the copper!" "Hang the murderer!" The officer was seized. "Get a rope!" a hundred voices cried.

One man procured a clothes-line from a neighboring yard and fastened it to a lamp-post. The struggling officer was dragged toward it. The lamp-post was reached. The rope was seized by

hands eager for murder. With the strength of a man struggling for life Casey broke from his captors and dashed toward the patrol wagon. A score of pistol balls followed him at short range, but miraculously he was not touched. Breathless he reached the wagon and leaped in. The horses dashed away under the whip and left the howling mob behind.

Ten of the rioters were subsequently arrested and locked up.

After order had been restored the McCormick employes were escorted to their homes by the police. As the long line of workmen and officers filed silently down the "black road," the fugitives left their hiding-places, gathered into a rabble and followed in the line of march, shouting "scabs!" and "rats!" and hurling stones. Women and girls joined in the general abuse. They ran screaming along the pavements, where the men dared not go, hurling stones at the police and applying to them vile epithets. One woman finally struck an officer with a sharp-edged stone. The police made a feigned assault on the pavements, and the women were driven to the rear.

When quiet had settled over the "black road," Mayor Harrison and his Kentucky mare appeared on the scene, and viewed the situation. As he cantered about he was viewed curiously by the re-

assembling crowd, but no violence was offered him. As he was about to leave the scene one bold "tough" called to him to come into a saloon and "set 'em up" to the crowd. "Go home and soak your head!" yelled his honor, and wheeling his horse he galloped away, followed by jeers, groans and laughter.

There was suffering in many a cot along the "black road" that night. Many low-browed Socialists nursed wounded arms or lacerated legs, and muttered curses against the police. And before they slept, with the call of their leaders for revenge still ringing in their ears, they prayed to their God for vengeance against the "blood-hounds of the law."

But their passion was not to be quieted by sleep. Their leaders, who had excited them to the enactment of one scene of blood, were busy in the preparation of the master stroke. Even while his dupes, at his bidding, were risking their lives on the "black road" in a blind resistance to the law, the arch-conspirator was writing that which will make him forever infamous, because of the terrible obedience to his commands.

Within three hours from the beginning of the riot on the "black road" a man, mounted on a horse, dashed across Randolph street bridge. He carried a large package under his arm. He pulled

up in front of No. 54 West Lake street, a Socialistic headquarters, and threw into the crowd that had gathered there to hold a meeting a number of circulars, which he snatched from the package. Then he rode on, distributing the circulars at the various halls in the west and northwest sections of the city where Socialistic meetings were being held. The horseman was lost to view. No one knew him, or where he went, or from whence he came. The circular is as follows :

“Revenge ! Workingmen, to arms ! Your masters sent out their bloodhounds, the police ; they killed six of your brothers at McCormick’s 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 to 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 yourselves 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 slaves all these years. Why ? To

satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy, thieving masters. When you ask them now to lessen the burden he sends his bloodhounds out to shoot you, kill you !

"If you are men, if you are the sons of your grandsires 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."

But the "black road" riot and the ominous circular were not without their good effect. The wolf had shown his teeth, and the protectors of law took warning. City officials and business men of all classes counseled together and with the mayor and chief of police that night. The chief and his captains and lieutenants held a secret meeting, and plans were arranged to quickly handle the force when needed. It was decided to adopt vigorous measures from the start in every case of outbreak. At the meeting many officers declared that the worst had not yet been reached, and feared the strength of the police in dealing with the great riot which they prophesied.

The day had been an eventful one in the history of labor in Chicago. At eight o'clock in the morning 7,000 men, employed by the packing houses, were on strike at the stock yards. At noon all of

them had returned to work. Their demand for eight hours' work and ten hours' pay had been granted. All the freight handlers in the city were on a strike for eight hours, and they were joined by the switchmen.

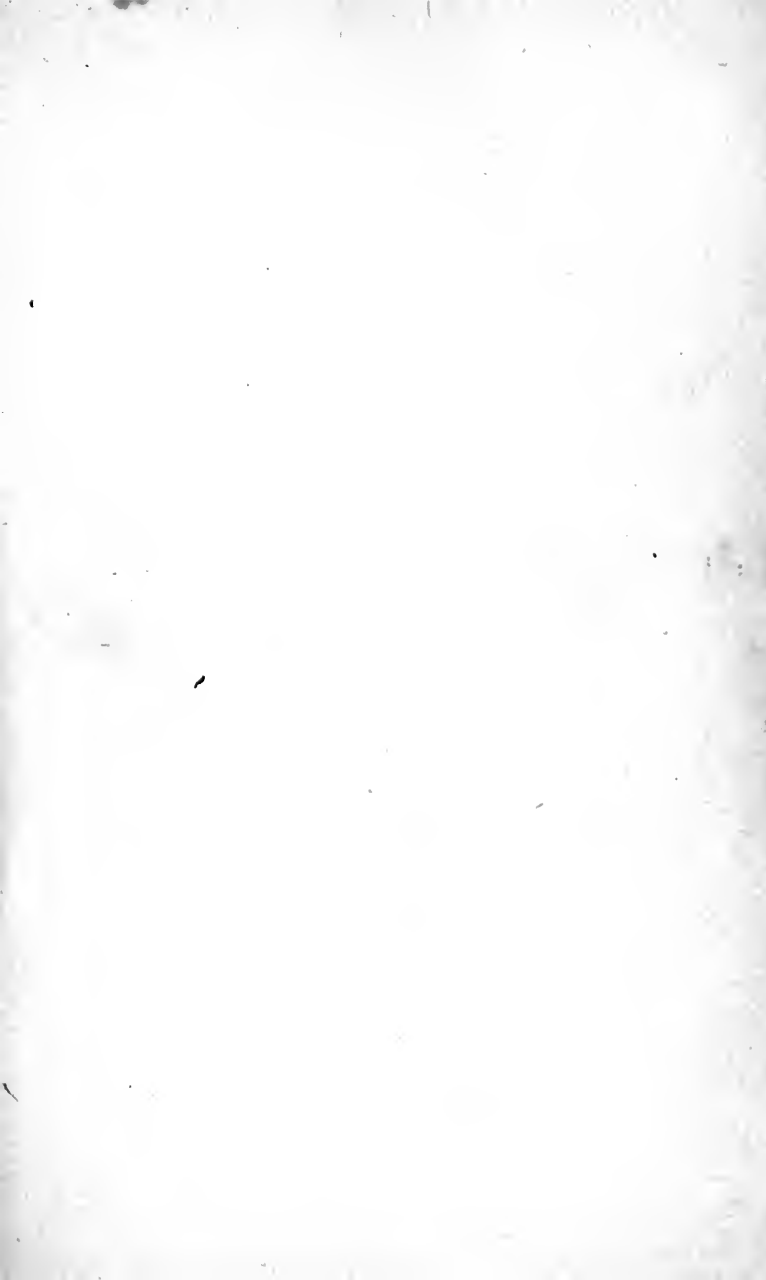
Tuesday, May 4, opened with great agitation among the laboring classes of Chicago. The interest developed in the eight-hour movement was at its height, and that movement was fast rising on the tide of success. Thousands of women and girls caught the spirit of the hour and struck boldly for the short day, imitating their brothers in parading the streets with banners and mottoes. The employes of many firms in the suburb of Lake struck. Four thousand men went out of the Pullman car shops to wait for the eight-hour day. From all over the country came reports of the successes of the movement, and every striking body was encouraged by a like action in others. The eight-hour movement was on the eve of sweeping everything before it in Chicago, but it received almost a deathblow in the riot of the night.

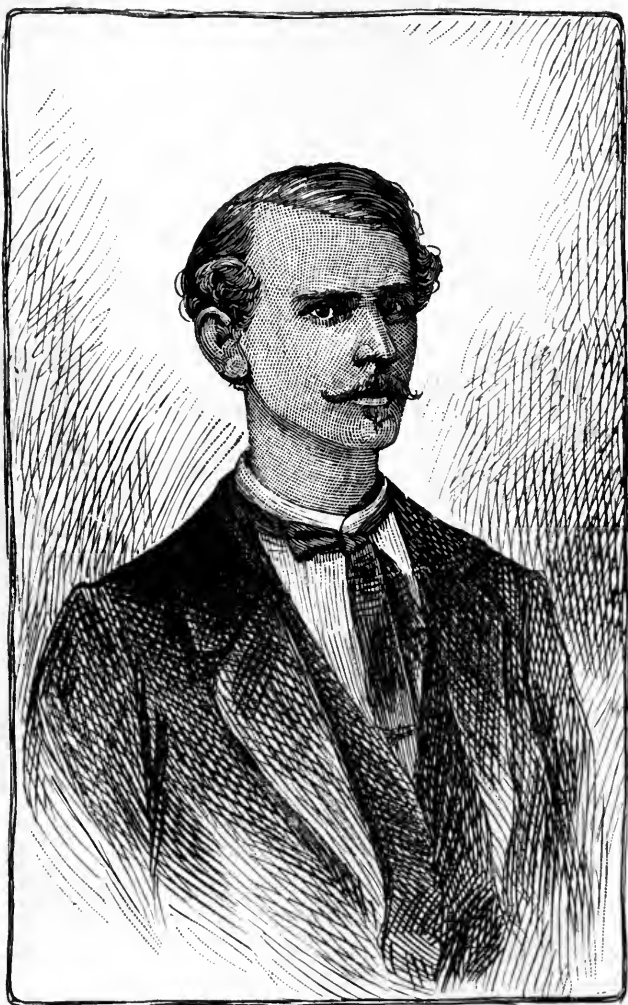
The excitement of the day was heightened by the well-founded fear that at any moment the great fields of lumber in the southwest portion of the city would be fired by incendiary strikers. Hundreds of special officers patrolled this district, and the fire department was on the alert, working

under a special code of signals. The freight-handlers were turbulent and dangerously strong. Despite their elaborate preparations the railroad companies were unable to make material progress in the handling of freight.

The "black road" and its tributary region was in a state of riot all the afternoon, and as the bad blood engendered by the scenes there had much to do with the culmination of the last frightful scene at night, it is well to particularize.

A cow may have kicked over the lamp which started the great Chicago fire of 1871. It is certain that a yellow dog with a canful of pebbles tied to his tail started the riots of the "black road" district on May 4, and aided largely in precipitating the great Chicago riot of 1886. Quiet reigned over the black road in the morning, but nearing noon the handicapped dog above mentioned sped down the road with the usual result of such an incident. Heads popped out of saloon doors, and a chorus of yells followed the dog. In a moment rough-looking men and women thronged the board sidewalks, excitedly asking each other the occasion of the gathering. The men glared sullenly at the big McCormick factory, and then moved off toward Center avenue and Eighteenth street, a favorite trysting place of the strikers for some weeks. At that point every squad of men rein-





A. R. PARSONS.

forced others, as if by common understanding, but all on account of the dog. The men perched on fences or discussed their grievances and the scenes of the previous day in foreign tongues. The crowd increased, and soon it was telephoned to police headquarters that a mob of 7,000 men, bent on mischief, was moving toward the south side. It was suggested to Chief Ebersold to call on the militia. He replied: "The police can quell any trouble I anticipate." In half an hour Colonel Knox, of the First Regiment, received an unofficial order to prepare for a call. Colonel Knox ordered his regiment to the Jackson Street Armory. He then advised General Fitz-simmons and Lieutenant-Colonel Diehl of the order. Within two hours four-fifths of the command assembled and were inspected. Then General Fitz-simmons conferred with Mayor Harrison, only to learn that the police had not asked for military assistance.

Meantime the crowd at Eighteenth street and Center avenue was lashing itself into a rage. Strangers wearing laundried linen took warning from the shouts of the mob and kept away from its vicinity. At three o'clock a meeting was organized. The work of agitation was formally inaugurated, but the agitators quarreled among themselves as to the best method of avenging the blood of their brothers spilled the day before. Detective Mike

Granger, who was moving in the crowd, attempted to arrest a man with a revolver in his pocket. The Anarchist cry went up, and Granger and his five fellow-officers were surrounded by angry thousands. The officers charged and were met with a volley of bricks and bullets. Granger was knocked senseless and another officer shot in the hand. The mob howled with delight and renewed the assault. The officers held their ground for a moment, when they were fortunately rescued by the policemen coming up. They charged, and the crowd scattered.

Two hours later it gathered again at the same spot, and a blow was struck for the vital principle of Communistic Anarchy—a piece of private property was destroyed.

There is a small hall at the corner of Eighteenth street and Center avenue. It had been a hotbed of Socialism. In the same building was a drug store, in which was a telephone. The mob had not been assembled long when it attacked two men suspected of being detectives. One escaped after a long run, during which he was twice knocked down with stones. The other was shot down, but was saved from being beaten to death by a squad of police hurrying to the scene. The police carried the wounded man with them, and scattering the crowd passed on. A squad of Twelfth street police now arrived. The mob fired a volley of stones. The

police charged through the flinty hail, and again the crowd scattered. One officer was wounded. Again the crowd assembled, and were pressing the officers dangerously when another detail of police came over the viaduct and charged the mob with revolvers and clubs in hand. The crowd broke away and disappeared up alleys and through doorways like prairie dogs into their burrows.

Then Captain O'Donnell visited the battleground. He decided to telephone for help, and used the instrument in the drug store. No sooner had he departed than an angry crowd gathered in front of the drug store. It was cause enough to demolish the building that the police had used the telephone. It was at once bombarded with stones. The front was smashed in, and hurtling stones demolished the rows of bottles on the shelves. The frightened proprietor hastily gathered up his portable valuables, and with his wife and children fled. Still the rocky fire was kept up. Women and girls urged on their husbands and brothers to the assault. Mothers in a delicate condition stood in the street, picking up rocks and handing them to those able to throw them. Sweethearts urged on their lovers to the work of destruction. The mob ransacked the room for liquors and drank poison in their ignorance. Many died from the effects of poison, and for days after scores of men in the neighborhood were sick.

A police patrol box on the corner was also demolished, and the mob chased and stoned two newspaper reporters, who barely escaped with their lives. One of these telephoned for the police, but the squad which came to the scene found only the ruins of the patrol box and the gutted drug store.

On the morning of this day the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, edited by August Spies, contained the following remarkable editorial:

"Blood has flowed. It had to be and it was. Not in vain has Order drilled and trained its bloodhounds. It was not for fun that the militia was practiced in street-fighting. The robbers, who know best of all what wretches they are, who pile up their money through the misery of the masses, who make a trade of the slow murder of the families of workingmen, are the last ones to stop short at the direct shooting down of workingmen. 'Down with the canaille' is their motto. Is it not historically proven that private property grows out of all sorts of violence? Are these capitalistic robbers to be allowed by the 'canaille'—by the working classes—to continue their bloody orgies, with horrid murders? Never! The war of classes is at hand. Yesterday workingmen were shot down in front of McCormick's factory whose blood cries out for revenge. Who will deny that the tigers who rule us are greedy for the blood of the working-

man? Many sacrifices have been offered upon the altars of the Golden Calf amid the applauding cries of the capitalistic band of robbers. One need only think of Cleveland, New York, Brooklyn, East St. Louis, Ft. Worth, Chicago, and many other places, to realize the tactics of these despoilers. It means: 'Terrorize our working-cattle.'

"But the workingmen are not sheep, and will reply to the white terror with the red terror. Do you know what that means? You soon will know.

"Modesty is a crime on the part of workingmen, and can anything be more modest than this eight-hour demand? It was asked for peacefully a year ago, so as to give the spoilsmen a chance to reply to it. The answer is: 'Drilling of the police and militia, regulations of the workingmen seeking to introduce the eight-hour system, and yesterday blood flowed.' This is the way in which these devils answer the modest prayer of their slaves.

"Sooner death than life in misery. If workingmen are to be shot at, let us answer in such a way that the robbers will not soon forget it.

"The murderous capitalistic beasts have been made drunk by the smoking blood of workingmen. The tiger is crouching for a spring; its eyes glare murderously; it moves its tail impatiently, and all its muscles are tense. Absolute necessity forces the cry, 'To arms! To arms!' If you do not defend

yourselves, you will be torn and mutilated by the fangs of the beast. The new yoke which awaits you in case of a cowardly retreat is harder and heavier than the bitter yoke of your present slavery.

"All the powers opposed to labor have united. They see their common interest. In such days as these all else must be subordinate to the one thought : How can these wealthy robbers and their hired bands of murderers be made harmless?

"The papers lie when they say that the workingmen who were near McCormick's yesterday shot first. It is a bold and shameless lie of the newspaper gang. They shot among the workingmen without a word of warning, and, of course, the latter replied to the fire. Why be so ceremonious with the 'canaille'? Had they been not men, but sheep or cattle, they must have reflected before shooting. But a workingman is quickly replaced. Yet these well-fed fellows there boast at their costly meals, in the company of their mistresses, of the splendid working of Law and Order.

"Shabbily-dressed women and children in miserable huts weep for husbands and fathers. In palaces they still fill goblets with costly wine, and pledge the health of the bloody banditti of Order. Dry your tears, ye poor and suffering! Take heart, ye slaves! Rise in your might and level the existing robber rule with the dust.

"The heroes of the club yesterday pounded brutally with their cudgels a number of girls, many of whom were mere children. Whose blood does not course more swiftly through his veins when he hears of this outrage? Whoever is a man must show it to-day. Men to the front!"

It was followed in the afternoon by the following dodger, which was scattered broadcast through the streets of the city :

"ATTENTION WORKINGMEN! Great mass-meeting to-night, at 7:30 o'clock, at the Haymarket, Randolph street, between Desplaines and Halsted. Good speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious acts of the police—the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

"THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE."

The incendiary editorial of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the murderous circular distributed by the mysterious horseman, and the widely spread call for the meeting Tuesday night, had an unusual effect. The busy city had for months laughed goodnaturedly at, or regarded with careless indifference, the seemingly wild threats and insane utterances of the Socialists. But the experiences of the past few days put a serious import into their utterances. Those who comprehended the feverish spirit of the times, and understood the object of the proposed meeting, regarded the situation with apprehension.

The press warned the people to stay away from Haymarket square. Many confidently anticipated riot and bloodshed, but none foretold the terrible result, and none dreamed of, and few at this day comprehend, the horrible possibilities of that night.

It is claimed by the imprisoned Anarchists and by their friends at freedom, who are bold enough to speak, that the explosion in Haymarket square was not the work of any body of Socialists, but of an insane fanatic, who acted on his own responsibility. They have the hardihood to intimate that if the work had been done by and with the consent of any of their organized bodies, it would have fallen with an effect that would have annihilated the police. It is the intention of what follows in these pages to show that the murder of Tuesday night was the result of premeditated and carefully laid plans of the band of Communistic Anarchists who followed the leading of Spies, Parsons and Fielden; and also that the throwing of the bomb was abortive, and not premature or incidental.

There is little doubt, and proof will be advanced in the courts of law to show, that on the night of May 3 a meeting was held by the bomb-hurling brotherhood, which was attended by all the leaders. The meeting lasted late in the night and was of a very secret nature—so secret, in fact, that when it broke up the men slipped out one at a time and

slunk off into the darkness, so that they would not be recognized.

At that meeting the whole thing was planned. It was there decided that the iron was hot and it was time to strike. The majority of the working-men in the large shops and factories were out for eight hours, the people were excited over the labor troubles, and the police had become offensive to a certain class by their speedy termination of the riots at McCormick's. The meeting on the Haymarket was decided on as the best place for the work of carnage to commence. It was argued that owing to the excitement the police would at the outset attempt to disperse the gathering and prevent Socialistic agitation. Bombs had been prepared months before, and the hotheaded leaders argued that no better time to use them with effect would present itself.

A vote was about to be taken to see who should be selected, when, as an easy way out of the difficulty, it was decided to draw tickets from a hat. Those who were to speak did not draw, but prepared the ballots. Those men who drew slips with a cross marked thereon kept their own counsel, and no one spoke as to who were to do the work. From fifteen to twenty men drew the fatal tickets which compelled them to throw bombs. Just who these were is, of course, difficult to determine.

Tuesday night came, warm and damp. It was dark and starless, and across the somber sky black clouds scudded. With the falling darkness came rugged and roughly dressed men to Haymarket square. The first to come in the early evening took up their positions on the four corners of Randolph and Desplaines streets. These were working-men and nearly all foreigners. They appeared on the scene singly, or in small groups, and mingled with the crowd. By eight o'clock a thousand men were on the ground.

Haymarket square is formed by the widening of West Randolph street and extends from Desplaines street on the east to Halsted street on the west, a distance of two blocks ; Union street crosses it in the center. The square is one hundred feet wide from curb to curb. Owing to its convenient width this section of Randolph street is a favorite spot for the holding of mass meetings and open-air demonstrations, and for the forming of processions. On the occasion of meetings, the speakers usually address the crowd from the vicinity of the center of the square. Such has always been the custom at the many Socialistic meetings there, until the night of the riot. It is a significant fact that on this occasion a new location was selected.

None knew better than Chief Ebersold and Inspector Bonfield the work which the police might

be called upon to do on this night. Early in the evening 162 men, the flower of the finest police force in the world, assembled at the Desplaines street station, which stands but a few paces south of the east end of Haymarket square. They were armed with the extra-long hickory club and new revolvers of forty-eight caliber. They were under the general command of Inspector Bonfield and Captain Ward, and under the immediate command of lieutenants of recognized ability and long service on the force.

The meeting was announced for eight o'clock, but long after that hour no speakers had appeared. Where were Spies, Parsons and Fielden? Usually no more punctual speakers ever addressed audiences than they. What important business had they to detain them for an hour past the time of their appointment on this night? What weighty matter had they to discuss? What plans to perfect?

At 8:30 o'clock Mayor Harrison appeared at the police station and held a consultation with all the officers. The writer asked the mayor if he would allow the meeting to be held, and if, in view of the troubled times, he did not think it best to disperse the crowd before the organization of the meeting. The mayor replied:

"I have no right to interfere with any peaceable meeting of the people. They have as much right

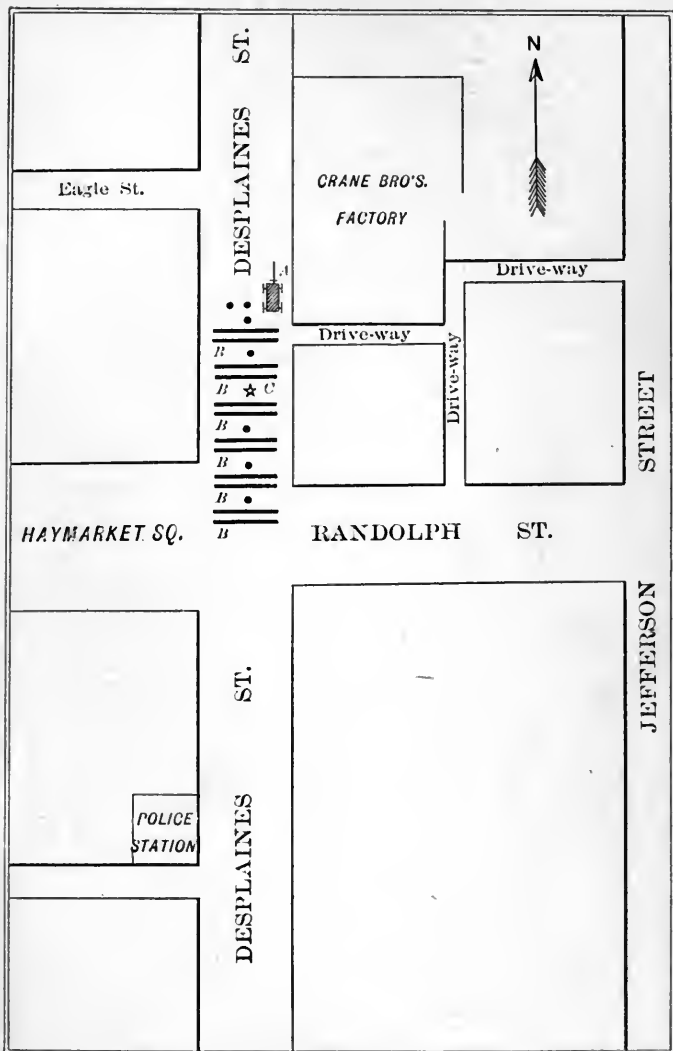
to hold a meeting now as at any time, and so long as they are orderly I will not interfere. Should the crowd become troublesome I will disperse it."

By this time the crowd had increased in size, and there were perhaps two thousand men in the square; but as the time passed by those who had come through curiosity went away, thinking no meeting would be held. But the crowds of foreigners on the corners of Randolph and Desplaines streets did not diminish. They waited patiently.

It was a strangely silent crowd. There were no shouts of drunken hilarity, nor curses of drunken anger. It was a sullen, thoughtful crowd. A great crime was about to be committed, and the thought of its commission was in many minds.

Michael Schwab was there—tall, lank, ill-formed, stooped, his slouch hat shading his sinister face, covered with straggling beard—he glided silently about like a ghoul, in and through the crowd, and in front of the police station, peering up at the windows, crouching along the wall, and dogging the footsteps of Mayor Harrison when he appeared on the street.

Nine o'clock came, and suddenly the crowds of foreigners began moving off the square north into Desplaines street. They massed just without the square, and in Desplaines street. Six or eight men mounted a wagon that stood in the street near the



MAP OF THE SCENE OF THE RIOT.



mouth of an alley, or driveway. The foremost of these men were Spies, Parsons and Fielden. The speaking began.

As remarked a moment ago, there was significance in the selection of this spot by the speakers from whence to address the crowd.

The building on the northeast corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets is 70 feet deep on Desplaines street. The next building north and on Desplaines street is a factory, and between the factory and the rear of the corner building is a driveway, or alley, 10 feet wide, running east. It intersects another driveway running south to Randolph street, and north to courts formed by the factory buildings. The north end of this driveway joins another which runs east to Jefferson street. Further north on Desplaines street, and on the east side of the street is another alley running east. This alley cuts the block about two-thirds of the distance between Randolph and Lake streets. On the west side of the street an alley runs west, through the middle of the block, to Union street. Here were excellent avenues of escape, in case of danger, for those acquainted with the locality. The speakers' wagon stood just north of the driveway, on the east side of the street. Diagonally across the street was the opening of the alley running west to Union street. In case of necessity the

socialistic brotherhood, being on the alert, could escape through the driveway on the east to Randolph street, and through the alley on the west to Union street, the police meantime being in Desplaines street. It had this advantage over the usual meeting place in the square—there the police could approach the crowd from Desplaines, Union or Halsted street, as might chance, and the bomb-throwers would be in uncertainty as to where to station themselves. There would be no other means of escape than within range of the policemen's revolvers, up and down Randolph street. The street here is wide and the police could sweep it like a field with their shots. Their lines also would be spread out in order to cover the greater space. Their forces would not be so concentrated as when in Desplaines street, and a bomb kills only at short range. With policemen marching in form to clear a street, a bomb would injure fewer of them in Haymarket square than in Desplaines street. It would require some seconds for a bomb-thrower to get out of the range of a revolver in Haymarket square. From the position taken in Desplaines street he could disappear in an instant. Did the anarchistic leaders consider this when they selected this unusual position?

About fifteen hundred men gathered near the speakers' wagon, the socialistic brotherhood crowd-

ing closely around it. Four-fifths of the crowd were harmless laborers, who came to listen, not to act. August Spies spoke first in English, and spoke but a few minutes. His address was faltering. He seemed to be at a loss for his usual flow of language and fiery utterances. His address was unusually mild and cautious in its tone, as were those of the speakers who followed him. Why was this? If they ever had occasion to call down curses upon the police and pour out scorching invectives against the employing classes, the occasion was at hand. They were capable of uttering the most burning sentences, as former speeches testified. Why did they not do so? Were they impressed with the horror of the deed contemplated? Did they not know that around and about them were at least twenty bombs, in the hands of desperate men, waiting for the appearance of the police? The tone of all their speeches was such as to partially exonerate them in a court of law should they ever be brought to trial. Did this occur to them?

Spies told of the attack of the mob on the McCormick workmen, and characterized as "innocent amusement" their throwing stones through the factory windows. "What means this display of gattling guns, canons, bayonets, patrol wagons, and clubs?" he asked. "What means the calling out of the First Regiment? Is it as an entertain-

ment for you gentlemen? The demand of the McCormick men was reasonable, and yet McCormick denies that he is responsible for the blood shed yesterday. I say he lies! He is responsible for the death of our brothers! Don't make useless threats, my friends, but when you are ready act. There are 25,000 or 30,000 families in Chicago suffering starvation to-day because husbands and fathers are not men enough to stand up for their rights."

The briefness of Spies's speech can be accounted for on the supposition that he expected every moment to see a column of police coming down upon him. He had reason to believe that the moment the speaking was begun the police would attempt to break up the meeting, and he felt that he would avoid responsibility in his utterances.

Parsons spoke next. He began cautiously. He, too, was expecting the police. He dealt at length with labor statistics, and expounded that, whereas the laboring man produces one dollar he receives but fifteen cents of it. In the early part of his speech he said: "I am a Socialist, from head to foot, and I declare it, although it may cost me my life before morning."

What did he mean by that? What was in his mind to cause that utterance? He had never before said this in a public speech. Did he hear the roar of the bomb and feel the policeman's bullet?



MICHAEL SCHWAB.



He spoke at great length, as if killing time. But the police did not come. He grew bolder as he proceeded, and warmed up to something like his old-time heat. At one point he said:

"We speak harshly of the scabs, but I tell you that when a man has been out of work for six or twelve months, and has tramped about the country looking for a job, and been sent to the rock-pile as a vagrant, he is going to take the first job that is offered him whether, it is to fill a striker's place or not. There is not a man in this crowd but who would do the same. What is a scab? He is a flea on a dog. Now the trade unionist wants to kill the scab or flea, while the socialist wants to kill the dog itself and prevent fleas." He closed by an appeal to arms from all men who loved their wives and children.

The quoted utterances may seem revolutionary to the reader who is unacquainted with the men, but, compared with the tirades which they had uttered scores of times before, they are as the cooing of a dove to the scream of an eagle.

But there was no great necessity of inflammatory speeches on this night. Their plans were made. Their labor was about to bear fruit.

The tiger was crouching in wait for his victim, and purred instead of roared. Fielden was the last

speaker, and addressed the crowd but a short time. The extent of his inflammatory talk was this:

"We who come here to address you are Socialists; rebels to the law. Legislation will never help you, never! Martin Foran went to congress in the interest of labor, and yet he tells you that no legislation can be had for the workingman. Can't we? When the rich man understands that it is not healthy to live among a lot of discontented workmen we shall be able to get legislation and not before."

It was nearly ten o'clock when he began to speak. Many of the crowd had gone away. The police had made no move. The crowd was growing restless and was melting away. The bunch of Socialists about the wagon were becoming angry and noisy. When the name of any wealthy Chicago employer was mentioned by the speakers, voices near the wagon would shout, "Hang him!" "Put him in the lake!" These cries would be received with laughter from the outskirts of the crowd.

Before Fielden had spoken many minutes there suddenly came from the north an icy wind, like that which strikes the face by the opening of an ice chest on a summer day. With it came rolling rapidly up a huge black cloud, which threatened to burst into a storm. The crowd made a movement

as if to depart. Spies shouted: "We will adjourn this meeting to 54 West Lake street.

Many of the crowd hurried away toward the appointed place. The speakers were leaving the wagon when something arrested them. Had someone given the signal that the police were coming? Fielden cried: "Stop! I have only a few words to say. We will finish the meeting here."

At this moment the symmetrical lines of the body of police appeared in front of the police station, and moved towards the crowd. It was fifteen minutes past 10 o'clock. Fielden continued to speak rapidly and excitedly. The crowd was motionless. The police came on, headed by Inspector Bonfield and Captain Ward, walking some feet in advance of the first column. Lieut. Steele followed, commanding the first company of fifty men, in a double column, so formed as to sweep the street from pavement to pavement. Then came Lieut. Bowler with twenty-four men; Lieut. Stanton, with eighteen men; Lieut. Hubbard, with twenty-six men—a company of giants; Lieut. Beard, with twenty men, and Lieut. Penzen, with twenty-four men. All of these companies were in double columns.

The police marched into the crowd, sweeping it to the pavements on Desplaines street, and forcing it beyond the mouth of the driveway on the east.

That portion of the crowd in the vicinity of the speakers' wagon filled the mouth of the driveway and swept back on the pavement toward Randolph street. It was in this locality that the bomb-thrower stood.

The police advanced until the first column was on a line with the speakers' wagon, it being then beyond the driveway. Inspector Bonfield cried "Halt !"

Up to this time Fielden continued to speak. At the cry of "halt" he stopped speaking.

Captain Ward said, in a ringing tone, "In the name of the people of the State of Illinois I command you to disperse."

For an instant there was a hush as of death. The crowd waited ; the police stood erect and rigid, their clubs in the holders, their hands by their sides. They made no move.

When the police made their appearance in front of the station, the writer had gone to meet them, and noted their strength and form. I then ran ahead of the police and mounted an iron stairway, on the outside of the building on the north-west corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets, which position I had occupied during the progress of the meeting. From here I could see the crowd, the police, and their every movement.

As the last words left the lips of Captain Ward

there arched through the air a sputtering spark of fire, which fell in the street, in the midst of the police. It was the burning fuse of a "Czar" bomb! It came from the pavement on the west side of the street. It followed a north-westerly course, passing over the third column of police and falling just in front of it. He who threw it must have stood nearly midway between the driveway and Randolph street, or fifteen paces from either.

I had for two years followed, more or less closely, the work of Spies and his followers. I was acquainted with their methods, which had so far seemed but visionary; and when I saw that sputtering fire arching through the air, I divined what it was. I comprehended the deadly force which lay at the end of that rapidly burning fuse, and I involuntarily exclaimed "Great God!" Then I waited with bated breath.

I had not long to wait. The fuse had been cut by a skillful hand and the bomb burst as it touched the ground.

It burst with a deep, sullen, prolonged roar, more deafening than summer thunder. No fire came from it, and the cloud of smoke spread close to the earth.

I saw the second and third companies of police, under Lieutenants Bowler and Stanton, fall to the ground as one man. An instant later all was confusion,

There came the rattling reports of revolver shots from both sides of the street, and the smoke shut out my vision. These shots were fired from the crowd into the police. For the moment the officers were demoralized. Then came the cry from some one—"Charge!" The police had rallied, and shots came like the falling of corn on a tin pan, or the roll of a drum.

The thought came to me that the police would fire high, as they had so often done when dispersing crowds. I thought my position dangerous, and foolishly rushed down to the street. I had much better remained where I was.

There was a furious and indescribable scramble for life around the corner, and at the instant I reached the bottom of the stairs the police were directing their fire at this corner. I sprang into the crowd, thinking to gain a wide doorway just around the corner, on Randolph street. At the first step a man in front of me was shot. I fell over him. At the same instant a man behind me was shot. He fell on my shoulders and head. For a moment I was unable to rise. The rushing crowd trampled my legs and back. I was probably not down to exceed two or three seconds. I rose with an effort and sprang for the doorway. A policeman struck me with a club across the breast and staggered me back. The blow was not painful, but felt like the

blow of a man's fist. Two men who were in the doorway were seized by officers and dragged to the pavement. The clubs smashed into their faces and on their heads for a moment, and they fell into the gutter. I stood still, my back to the wall, facing the police, holding my hat in my hand. The bullets buzzed like bees, and the clubs cracked on human skulls as if a bout with shortsticks was in progress. I was acquainted with every officer, and I hoped they would know my face—white enough, probably, to show well in the darkness. I expected every instant to feel a bullet in my flesh; but I dared not run—I would have been beaten to death by my friends before they would have recognized me.

Detective "Sandy" Hanley stood in the street, near me. I started toward him for protection. He caught a sidelong glance of me, drew his revolver on me and fired. As the muzzle came down I threw up my hand and yelled "Sandy!" He dropped his hand in time to fire the bullet into the cedar blocks at my feet. How many men at a time like that could have acted so quickly as this cool man!

Bailiff Kelly, of the Desplaines street police court, has since told me how nearly he came to killing me. He said: "I stood a few paces to your right, and when I first saw you standing there I

didn't know you. I drew aim on you, and was about to fire, when I thought—'Why, d— it! he stands there as if he had a right to,' and so I didn't shoot. I popped away at another man, scooting across the square, and fetched him, too, and then I saw you again and I thought I'd take a crack at you anyway. I had just drawn on you, when an officer struck up my gun, saying 'That's a reporter.'"

The rapid shooting ceased within a minute after the explosion of the bomb. The officers had emptied their revolvers and were reloading. The mass of the crowd had disappeared, but the doorways, area-ways and coal cellars in the vicinity were full of men. As they rushed forth after the first sharp firing to seek safety in flight, scores of them were clubbed to the ground and left lying there.

One man left a hiding place near me and started across the street. He ran past Officer Hanley, who had no club and had emptied his revolver. "Sandy" struck him a blow on the head with his fist. The man threw up his hands and plunged forward, almost against a policeman. That officer struck him a sounding thwack on the side of the head with his club. The man gave another plunge toward another officer, who struck him a blow on the back of his neck that dropped him on the ground like a bundle of rags. He did not rise.

I moved toward the corner to look at the scene

of the explosion. I bent over a man who was shot in the body, and who moaned for help. I felt a strong hand seize me by the collar and saw a club raised in the air. I wheeled and yelled "Reporter!" The officer recognized me. "Is it you, me boy?" he cried. "What the devil are ye doin' here?"—and he dashed after a man who had jumped from under the iron stairway.

I will not attempt to tell to how many officers I introduced myself within the next two minutes, or describe the frantic and unsuccessful efforts I made to get my reporter's star from my suspender to the lapel of my coat.

In five minutes after the explosion of the bomb the riot was at an end. The first Nihilist bomb ever thrown this side of the Atlantic had done its bloody work. The followers of the red flag had struck their first blow in Chicago, and it has torn down their emblem forever.

The explosion of the bomb and the first volley of the crowd killed one officer instantly, mortally wounded four and seriously injured sixty-one. How many in the crowd were killed and wounded is a matter of conjecture only. From reports received within a week after the riot, the number is not far short of two hundred.

After the firing had ceased one citizen was found dead in the street. After the first sharp volley the

writer saw above one hundred men unable to rise, within a radius of fifty yards of the scene of the explosion. Nearly every crippled officer was wounded in the legs. The mob had fired low, so as not to wound each other on either side of the street.

The center of the street seemed full of writhing, groaning men, calling for help. Under the iron stairway on the northwest corner of the street two citizens lay, one insensible, the other moaning feebly and unable to rise. Down the basement stairway, under them, three men lay. Propped against the lamp-post on the corner was a wounded man, and at his feet, in the gutter, another. Across the street, on the northeast corner, three men lay in the gutter. At the head of the basement stairway one lay silently. Another sat up, holding a bleeding leg and begging the officers not to kill him. Reclining on the stairs below them were two suffering men, and in the area-way below three more. East and west on Randolph street wounded men lay in doorways. In the driveway ten men lay in a heap. In the alley, on the west side of the street, three men lay, with wounded limbs or bodies. All the way to Lake street sufferers could be found. All of these were wounded in the legs or vitals, which accounted for their presence on the scene. Those wounded in the head or in such manner as to allow flight, had

disappeared. Many were carried away by their friends. The police made no arrests, but quickly began the work of caring for their wounded brothers. Patrol wagons were on the ground the moment the firing ceased, and the wounded men were taken to the police station.

Ten minutes later the following surgeons appeared and offered their services: Drs. O. T. Sherwick, C. A. Stewart, J. J. Davis, Hening, S. W. Reynolds, Murphy, Moran, E. W. Lee, H. C. Kerber, Hildebrandt and Tucker.

Fathers P. J. Hickey, Kinsella and Kreuz, from St. Patrick's church, Father S. Mahoney, O'Bryne, Frank Walsh and Father Knock, from New York, quickly attended to the spiritual consolation of the officers wounded with probably fatal effect.

As quickly as spirited horses could carry them, Warden McGarigle, of the county hospital, accompanied by ten trained nurses, arrived at the station. The squad-room at the police station looked like an army hospital after the riot. The wounded men lay on cots, on tables, and on the floor. Officers hurried about with bottles of liquor and cups of water. Black-gowned priests came and moved among the wounded. Weeping wives and sisters hung over the bleeding men. The trained nurses in their pretty striped dresses and white tulle caps, moved swiftly among the men, easing their posi-

tions, washing the blood from their faces, and bandaging up their wounded limbs.

It was feared that an attempt would be made to blow up the station, and officers on guard allowed no one to pass who was not known.

Police Justice Scully hurried to the station, but an officer in the street halted him, not knowing him. "You can't go this way," said the officer.

"All right, my boy," said the justice. "I obey, in times like these."

The next day the Justice fined James Wanz \$25 for refusing to "move on" when ordered by an officer.

The wounded men were quickly carried to the hospital, and before midnight all were cared for there.

Following are the names of the officers wounded in the riot. But one—officer Degan—was killed on the scene of the fight. Four others died at the hospital a few days later. The list is given with final results, that the reader may not have to recapitulate:

DEAD.

Matthias Degan, Third Precinct, West Lake street station; residence No. 636 South Canal street; instantly killed by shell; leaves a widow and one child; died May 4.

John G. Barrett, Third Precinct, West Lake street

station; residence No. 99 West Erie street; shot through the liver; leaves a widow; died May 6.

George Muller, Third Precinct; residence No. 836 West Madison street; single man; died at county hospital, May 6.

Timothy Flavin, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 504 North Ashland avenue; wife and three children; died May 8.

Michael Sheehan, Third Precinct; residence No. 163 Barber street; single man; died at the home of his brother, May 9.

WOUNDED.

August C. Killer, Third Precinct; residence No. 36 Greenwich street; shell wound on right side and ball wound on left side; wife and five children.

Thomas McHenry, Third Precinct; residence No. 376 West Polk street; slight wound in left knee and three small wounds on left hip; single; has sister and blind mother to support.

John E. Doyle, Third Precinct; residence No. 142½ West Jackson street; bullet wound in back and calves of both legs; wife and one child.

John A. King, Third Precinct; residence No. 1411 Wabash avenue; jaw bone fractured by shell and two bullet wounds in right leg below the knee; single.

Nicholas Shannon, Jr., Third Precinct; residence No. 24 Miller street; thirteen shell wounds on right

side and five shell wounds on left side; also right foot and back; wife and three children.

James Conway, Third Precinct; residence No. 185 Morgan street; bullet wound in right leg; single.

Patrick Hartford, Third Precinct; residence No. 228 Noble street; shell wound right ankle, two toes on left foot amputated, bullet wound in left side; wife and four children.

Patrick Nash, Third Precinct; residence station, Desplaines street; bruise on left shoulder; single.

Arthur Conolly, Third Precinct; residence No. 318 West Huron street; two shell wounds in left leg, bones slightly fractured; wife.

Louis Johnson, Third Precinct; residence 40 West Erie street; shell wound in left leg; wife and four children.

M. M. Cardin, Third Precinct; residence No. 18 North Peoria street; bullet wound in calf of both legs; wife and two children.

Adam Barber, Third Precinct; residence No. 321 West Jackson street; shell wound in left leg, bullet wound in right knee, bullet not extracted; wife and one child.

Henry F. Smith, Third Precinct; bullet wound in right shoulder; wife and two children in California.

Frank Tyrell, Third Precinct; residence No. 228

Lincoln street; bullet in right hip near the spine; bullet not removed; single.

James A. Brady, Third Precinct; residence No. 146 West Van Buren street; shell wound in left leg, slight, injury to toes on left foot, and shell wound in left thigh; wife and two children.

John Reed, Third Precinct; residence No. 237 South Halsted street; shell wound in left leg and bullet wound in right knee; bullet not removed; single.

Patrick McLaughlin, Third Precinct; residence No. 965 Thirty-seventh court; bruised on right side, leg, and hip; wife and three children.

Frank Murphy, Third Precinct; residence, No. 980 Walnut street; trampled on, three ribs broken; wife and two children.

Lawrence Murphy, Third Precinct; residence No. 317½ Fulton street; shell wounds left side of neck and left knee, part of left foot amputated; wife and three children.

Lieut. Stanton, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 584 Carroll avenue; shell wounds in right side, bullet wound right hip, wound on inside both hips, bullet wound in calf of leg; wife and seven children.

Thomas Brophy, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 25 Nixon street; slight wound to left leg; wife.

Bernard Murphy, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 325 East Twenty-second street; bullet-wound in left thigh, shell-wound in right side of head and on chin; wife.

Charles H. Fink, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 154 South Sangamon street; two shell-wounds in left leg and two wounds on right leg, slightly on thigh; wife.

Joseph Norman, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 612 Walnut street; bullet wound through right foot and slight injury to fingers on left hand; wife and two children.

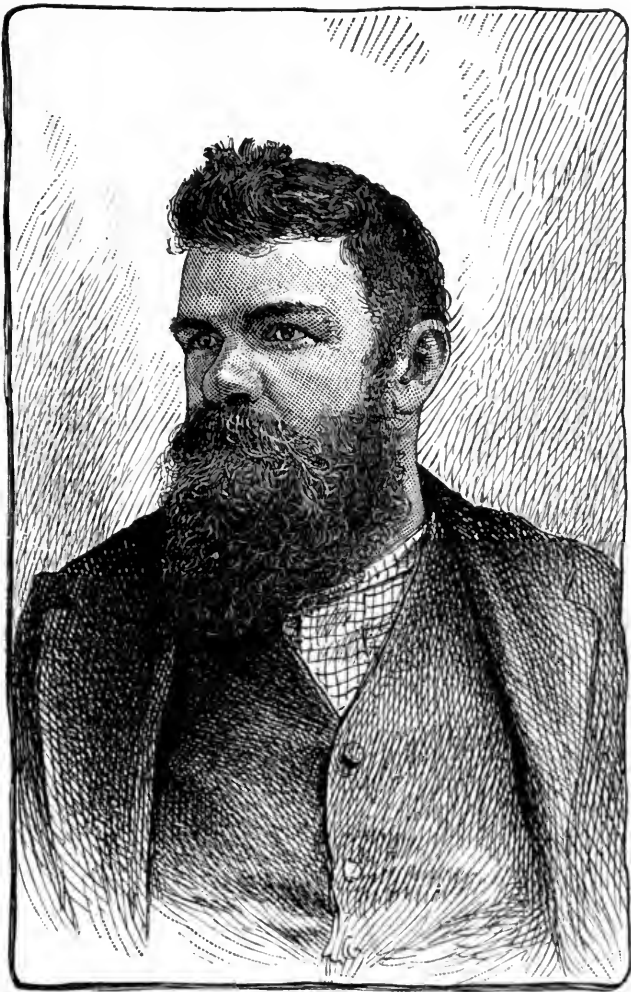
Peter Butterly, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 436 West Twelfth street; bullet wound in right arm and shell-wounds on both legs near knees; wife and one child.

Alexander Jameson, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 129 Gurley street; bullet-wound in left leg; wife and seven children.

Michael Horan, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence at station; bullet-wound in left thigh, not removed, slight shell-wound on left arm; single.

Thomas Hennessey, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 287 Fulton street; shell-wound on left thigh, slight; has a crippled brother and two sisters to support.

William Burns, Third Precinct, West Lake street;



SAMUEL FIELDEN.



residence No. 602 West Van Buren street; slight shell wound on left ankle; single.

Thomas Redden, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence, No. 109 Walnut street; fracture of left leg below knee, bullet wound in left cheek, wound in right arm; wife and two children.

James Plunkett, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 15½ DePuyster street; struck with club and trampled upon; wife.

Charles W. Whitney, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 453 South Robey street; shell wound in right breast, shell not removed; single.

Jacob Hansen, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 137 North Morgan street; right leg amputated above the knee, three shell wounds on left leg; wife and one child.

Timothy Sullivan, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 123 Hickory street; bullet wound just above the left knee; has four children (widower).

Martin Cullen, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 236 Washtenaw avenue; right collar bone fractured and slight injury to left knee; wife and five children.

Simon Klidzis, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 158 Cornell street; shot in calf of the leg; wife and three children.

Julius L. Simonson, Third Precinct, West Lake

street; residence No. 241 West Huron street; shot in arm near shoulder; wife and two children.

John K. McMahon, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 118 North Green street; shell wound on calf of left leg near knee, shell not found; wife and two children.

Simon McMahon, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence 913 North Ashland avenue; shot in right arm and two wounds on right leg, wife and five children.

Edward W. Ruel, Third Precinct, west Lake street; residence No. 136 North Peoria street; shot in right ankle, bullet not removed; single.

Alex. Halverson, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 850 North Oakley avenue; shot in both legs, ball not extracted; single.

Carl E. Johnson, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 339 West Erie street; shot in left elbow; wife and two children.

Peter McCormick, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 473 West Erie street; slight shot wound in left arm; wife.

Christopher Gaynor, Third Precinct, West Lake street; residence No. 45 Fay street; slight bruise on left knee; wife.

Nels Hansen, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 28 Fowler street; shot in body, arms and legs, fingers paralyzed; wife and six children.

S. J. Weinike, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 73 West Division street; shot in left side of head; ball not found; wife and two children.

Patrick McNulty, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 691 North Leavitt street; shot in right leg and both hips; wife and three children.

Samuel Hilgo, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 452 Milwaukee avenue; shot in right leg; single.

Herman Krueger, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 184 Rumsey street; shot in right knee; wife and two children.

Joseph A. Giles, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 8 Emma street; slightly injured in leg and back; wife and six children.

Edward Barrett, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 297 West Ohio street; shot in right leg; wife and six children.

Truman Steele, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 30 Rice street; slightly wounded in back; single.

James T. Johnson, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 740 Dixon street; right knee sprained; wife and three children.

Benjamin F. Snell, Fourth Precinct; residence No. 138 Mozart street; shot in right leg; single.

James H. Willson, Central Detail; residence No. 810 Austin avenue; very seriously injured in abdomen by shell and in left hand; wife and five children.

Daniel Hogan, Central Detail; residence No. 526 Austin avenue; shot in calf of right leg and left hand; wife and daughter.

M. O'Brien, Central Detail; residence No. 491 Fifth avenue; shell wound in left thigh; wife and two children.

Frederick A. Andrew, Central Detail; residence No. 1018 North Halsted street; wounded in leg; married.

Jacob Ebinger, Central Detail; residence No. 235 Thirty-seventh street; shell wound on back of left hand; wife and three children.

John J. Kelly, Central Detail; residence No. 194 Sheffield avenue; slight wound by shell, left hand; wife and three children.

Patrick Flavin, Central Detail; residence No. 42 Sholto street, finger hurt by shell; married.

Even an approximate list of the number of citizens wounded would be impossible to obtain. Charles Kistler, a laborer, who lived at 167 West Indiana street, was the only one found dead on the ground. Charles Schumacher, of 17 Fry street, afterward died at the hospital. Others died at their homes. Following is the list of those carried to their homes, or to the hospital, by the police on Tuesday night:

William M. Murphy, No. 78 North Carpenter street; shot through lung.

Thomas Nolan, No. 47 West Randolph street; shot in right breast.

John Lepland, of the Waverly House; compound fracture of right leg above the knee, bullet in right shoulder.

Michael Hahn, No. 157 Eagle street; shot in thigh and leg.

Emil Lutz, No. 25 North Halsted street; compound fracture of right shoulder-blade.

August Jacobs, No. 259 South Clark street; shot in chest and leg.

Frank Rush, shot in chest also scalp wound.

Joseph Koutchke, No. 116 West Randolph street; bomb wound in chest, shot in back and left leg.

Robert Schultz, No. 165 North Ashland avenue; compound fracture of the thigh, leg amputated above the knee.

John Fraser, several minor wounds on head and arm.

Otto Graaf, No. 189 West Randolph street; gunshot wound in foot.

Fred Sperker, No. 174 West Randolph street; gunshot wound in foot.

James Lee, No. 3 Bickerdyke street; bullet wound in hip.

Charles Schumacher, No. 17 Fry street; shot in the back.

John Broderick, fractured leg.

Peter Ley, No. 563 West Huron street; shot in the back.

John Sachel, No. 103 South Desplaines street.

George Hurley, slight injuries.

Matt Lewis, No. 2307 Wentworth avenue; shot in the back, the ball passing through his body.

The fugitives from the scene of the riot poured into Madison street in an irresistible stream. The open stores, which here offered the first shelter, were besieged and instantly occupied by breathless and terror-stricken crowds. Close in the rear of this terrified throng the wounded followed at the best speed their injuries would permit. Men ran at a staggering pace, with the blood trickling through their clothing. Others rushed frantically through the street, shrieking with pain. Couples and small groups came dragging a wounded friend whom they had the courage to rescue. Several fell fainting in the streets and were picked up by sympathetic men in the crowds. The drug stores in the neighborhood were invaded in a few minutes by throngs of groaning, shrieking, cursing men. Two men ran into Bauer's drug store, at 180 Madison street, supporting between them a man shot through the neck. They laid their burden on the floor and thundered at the frightened clerk: "Medicine! A doctor! Quick, get us help, or we'll cut your heart out!" Just then Dr. Minte arrived and

cared for the man. Other wounded men followed. One was shot through the arm, another had a bullet in his left leg, and three others had suffered less serious scalp wounds from bricks and clubs. Ebert's drug store on the corner was crowded with the wounded. One after another men ran in and threw themselves into chairs and upon the floor, or stood appealing for relief. The following wounds were dressed there: Shots through the right breast and left leg of one man, a scalp shot, a right arm shot, a right leg shot, and a shot in the neck. Across the street at the drug store of B. M. Magill a man came in with two bullets in his left leg, another with a scalp wound, and another with a broken nose, from which the blood issued in a steady stream. The little drug store at the corner of Desplaines and Madison streets, which was first reached from the scene of the riot, contained nine wounded men at one time. The proprietor made all haste to turn his unwelcome visitors over to physicians, and closed his doors.

At long intervals after the riot and late into the night wounded men appeared at the drug stores or were found roaming the streets crazed with fright and pain. In every case where wounded sought relief at the drug stores the victims refused to give their names, and the list of wounded will thus never be fully known. A boy, who failed to find a physi-

cian, stood in the glare of the electric light at the corner of Madison and Halsted streets, and with his jack-knife cut a bullet from his elbow. The crowd helped to bandage his wound with shreds of his shirt, and, declining to give his name, he went off alone.

About eleven o'clock Michael Mahan, of 157 Eagle street, was found lying at the head of the stairs above Bauer's drug store, suffering from three shots in his leg. He was later taken to the county hospital.

At half-past eleven o'clock the large crowds which had lingered in the neighborhood of the riot gathered in an immense throng at the corner of Desplaines and Madison streets. Fully three hundred men stood packed on the crossings, impeding the progress of cars and vehicles, and threatening every moment to make a disturbance. Several policemen ordered the crowd to disperse, but were greeted with a stubborn refusal. Word was sent to the station for help, and a company of policemen was detailed to clear the streets. The officers marched in double file at a quick step until the head of the column reached the throng, when they quickly deployed into line and charged. The police yelled several times, at the same time firing their pistols into the air. The crowd broke, and the people ran like sheep into the diverging streets. The police

turned and cleared the crossing, liberally using their clubs on the heads of those who failed to move fast enough. A half-dozen men who fell under the blows or refused to move were arrested. The policemen then formed again and marched back to the station, routing every loiterer and leaving the streets behind deserted and quiet.

The riot of the day and of the times was over. Anarchy in Chicago had fallen into its own trap and broken its neck. And in its fall it had given almost a death blow to the eight-hour movement. Serious as had been the results they were as nothing compared to the possibilities of the occasion. Had the police attempted to disperse the mob half an hour sooner than it did every officer would have been killed or wounded. Had the chilling wind not blown and brought with it the threatening cloud the result would have been equally disastrous.

Up to the time Spies adjourned the meeting all of the bomb-throwers were probably in the crowd ready to do their work. But when it appeared that the blow was not to be struck, and the adjournment was ordered, all but one of them hurried away to dispose of their hellish burdens. The hall at 54 West Lake street had been one of their headquarters, and it is possible that those who left hurriedly wished to deposit their bombs there, or

elsewhere, and reach the hall in advance of the crowd.

Two bombs were found by the police the next day in a lumber yard, a block from the scene of the explosion. Another was found in a spot close to the square. If six bombs had been thrown as skillfully as the one that exploded no officer would have been left to defend the city. Had the mob for one moment gained the supremacy, the handful of Anarchists would in an hour have been followed by 20,000 malcontents and villains; the city would have been gutted, the banks robbed, the great buildings blown up, the wealthy and prominent citizens murdered—no power available for days could have quelled them, and murder, robbery and incendiarism would have reigned. After the riot hundreds of bombs, arms enough to equip a thousand men, and amunition in large quantities was turned up by the police in the possession of persons known to be Anarchists. What did it mean but preparation for a scene of carnage suggested above?

The damage of the explosion of one bomb can be seen by this analysis: The bomb fell between the second and third companies of police. Of the second company of twenty-four men eighteen were wounded, or eighty per cent; of the third company of eighteen men fourteen were wounded, or seventy-eight per cent. Their limbs formed two solid walls

to catch the bursting metal. Officer Nicholas Shannon stood close to the bomb. He received twenty wounds. Scarcely any officer of the other companies received bomb wounds. Of the first company of fifty men fifteen per cent were wounded; of the fourth, of twenty-seven men, thirty-seven per cent were wounded; of the fifth, of twenty men, twelve per cent were wounded; and of the sixth, of twenty-four men, ten per cent were wounded. Most of these wounds were caused by bullets.

If a bomb had been thrown in front of each company, and its work aided by the bullets of the mob, what would have been the result?

Chicago and the world can thank that mysterious force called chance, or luck, that the great city is not in ruins, and its best blood spilled. What was done is a finger scratched by a pin compared to what might have been done!

And what praise is too extolling to give the handful of brave men who, after one-third of their number had fallen at one blow of the enemy, stood their ground and fought a mob ten times their number, when every member of it seemed to be armed? Can there be greater bravery? Can duty be more faithfully discharged?

Chicago owes its existence and its citizens their lives and property to fifty men.

The bomb which did such fearful execution is an exact counterpart of the one which killed the Czar of Russia. From that murder its kind derives the name.

The Chicago *Daily News* of January 14, 1886, contained a description of the "Czar" bomb, which is given below. The information was given the reporter by August Spies, and is, hence, authentic. Much of the article in question sounded at that time like the idlest of fancy; it reads now like a prophecy. The following are paragraphs from that article.

* * * "The editor in question (Spies) took the *Daily News* representative into a small room in the Socialistic Publishing Company's building, 107 Fifth avenue, and handed him a regular Socialistic bomb. This bomb is a hollow metal sphere three inches in diameter. It consists of two half spheres strongly fastened together by a bolt with a nut at one end, as shown in the cut. These half shells are about a quarter of an inch in thickness, so that the inside diameter of the bomb is nearly two and one half inches. The metal of which the bomb in question is made is zinc into which pulverized glass has been stirred. The belief is—founded on experience, as the editor explained—that such a compound when exploded will break into small fragments. The bomb is alleged to be for use against

the military or the police, and the separation into pieces of the metal is one of the features which makes the zinc bomb a favorite with the Socialists. These bombs, it is claimed, are made by most of the Socialists for themselves, and those who cannot manufacture them get them from those who can. Although it was said that the building previously mentioned at 107 Fifth avenue was a convenient depot for exchange and a repository for such instruments, no considerable number appeared to be kept on hand, but only enough to serve as samples. It was explained that a very similar bomb, but better made and carrying a heavier charge of dynamite, is that made by the metal workers' "military section." The work comes right in their line and the shells are perfectly cast and adjusted. Their casting is usually done in their workshops, after hours, or at their assembly-rooms, when they chose to cast of zinc.

"These bombs are known as 'the Czar,' as it was by one such that the late Czar was killed. They carry a charge of dynamite which the Socialists claim is ninety per cent nitro-glycerine, whereas the commercial article is rarely more than sixty-six per cent. They use a fine, imported infusorial earth, while the dynamite of commerce is usually made by mixing silicon with the nitro-glycerine. The dynamiters of Chicago say they place no reliance in the shells

which explode by means of caps alone, nor in the torpedo bombs, which explode by concussion. Experiments, they claim, have proven such to be unreliable and but little more convenient than the fuse.

Beside the bomb mentioned, the Socialistic leaders refer mysteriously to the possession of infernal machines which explode by clockwork or electricity. They are intended for guarding approaches, mining the streets, or for the destruction of property. These machines are not individual property, as are the bombs, but belong to organizations and are in the hands of specified officers. The time machine and the electric machine differ very little in appearance, both being of the size and shape of a 'hundred' cigar box. When properly placed two or three of them would demolish a building or so tear up a street as to render it impassable."

There was infinitely more truth in what Spies told the *Daily News* reporter than the latter ever imagined, as can be seen by the following paragraph, which closes the article in question; but the author of the article inscribed a prophecy in the words italicized, which was fulfilled long before he thought :

"Such is the loose, indefinite and bombastic view the Socialistic fanatics take of the situation. When spoken with all the force of foreign fanaticism and

foreign gesticulation it sounds ominous. When reduced to cold print it seems as harmless as a scarecrow flapping in a cornfield. It is only calculated to cause alarm to those who are ignorant of its source, and the most noise is now made on the housetops *by those who in a day of danger would be most likely to flee to the cellars for safety from the storm they had created.*"

This is exactly what the Anarchists did on the night of the riot. When the first bomb fell and exploded in the midst of the police, they took fiendish courage at its roar. They stood their ground and fought for a moment, waiting for another, and a dozen other explosions. But they came not: Watchful Providence had taken them away, and when the officers' revolvers began to crack the cowardly murderers took to the heels and flew "to the cellars for safety from the storm they had created." And it is a lamentable fact that they found safety somewhere. It is with regret that the fact is chronicled here that none of the followers of Spies and Parsons were killed by the police on the night of May 4, 1886.

After August Spies had opened the mass-meeting, by advising his hearers not "to make useless threats but to act," he remained in the wagon from which the speeches were made until Sam Fielden was interrupted by the arrival of the police. A moment

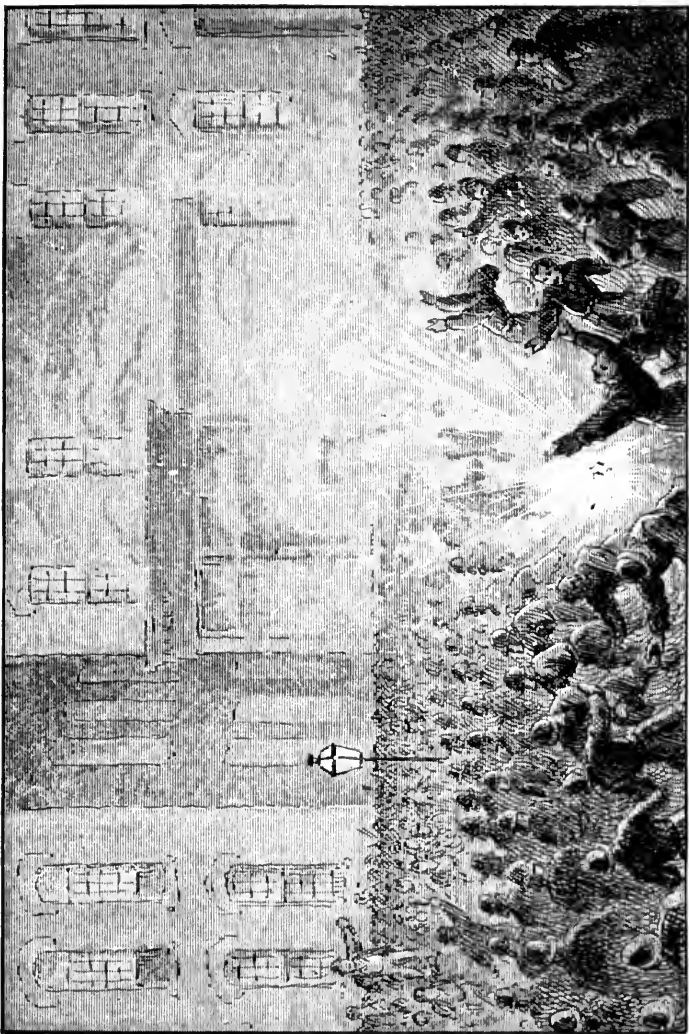
afterward the death-dealing bomb was thrown. Under cover of the night, and taking advantage of the uproar and panic that followed, the arch-Anarchist escaped. He ran to Zepf's saloon, on West Lake street, and after staying there a few moments, hurried to his home.

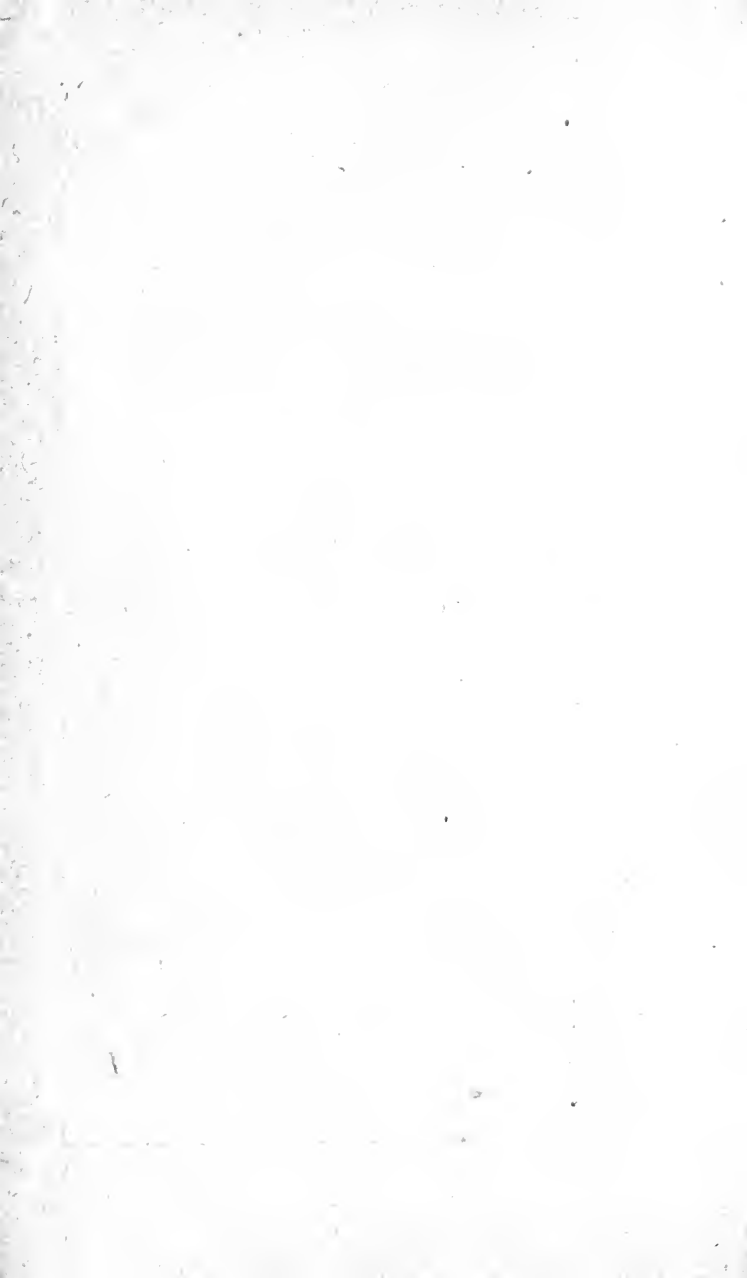
Parsons entered the same place a moment later, where his wife was waiting for him. They escaped together, and Parsons at once left the city.

Fielden sprang from the wagon and fled toward Lake street. As he ran he was shot in the knee by a bullet. From the nature of the wound physicians determined that he had inflicted it himself while holding a revolver in his hand, pointing downward. He was able to walk after being wounded. He went south to the corner of Canal and Van Buren streets, where he took a Van Buren street car at eleven o'clock, and rode to the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office on Fifth avenue. No one was there, and he took a return car to the corner of Twelfth and Canal Streets. He alighted and had his wounded knee dressed at Gould's drug store. He then limped to his home.

Adolph Spies, a brother of August and Chris, took part in the riot. He was dangerously wounded. After the bomb was thrown he fled for his life, but a bullet overtook him and he fell, crying "Oh, God, I am killed." Forsaken by his

EXPLOSION OF THE BOMB.





brother August, he contrived to drag himself into an alley where a couple of fellow-Anarchists had taken refuge. They took him between them, and half-dragged, half-carried, he was borne out of reach of danger. Other friends were met, and by relays he was taken to his home at 13 Park Place, where he lay for some time at the point of death.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAY AFTER.

The police searched for Spies all night, but without success, and it was not until Wednesday morning at eight o'clock that he was apprehended. At that hour he appeared in the editorial-rooms of his paper, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the sheet which had advocated bombs, bloodshed, riot, arson and murder for years. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* was published in a four-story building at 107 Fifth avenue. The ground floor is occupied by a saloon, the editorial-rooms were on the first floor, and the second and third stories devoted to composing-rooms, mailing-rooms and store-rooms.

In the editorial-room Spies met his brother, Chris Spies, and Michael Schwab. After talking over the incendiary harangues and the bloody scenes of the night before, Spies swung around to his desk in his chair and taking a pen wrote on a sheet of paper: "In the future the *Arbeiter Zeitung* will be published at——." He did not complete the sentence, for just then the office door was pushed wide open and Detectives Bönfield and Duffy entered. A detail of police followed.

"Are you August Spies," asked Bonfield.

Spies, who was red-eyed and haggard-faced, turned pale; his lips parted in a guilty smile, and he hesitated a moment before he answered in a husky voice, "Yes, I am August Spies."

"Well, we want you," said Bonfield, "and you, too," he continued, looking at Chris Spies and Schwab. Schwab, who was as white as a ghost, reached for his hat obediently. Chris Spies was inclined to temporize.

"Get ready, quick!" said the officer, moving his hand swiftly toward his hip pocket. Spies understood the motion and made no further attempt to parley. Without uttering a word the three men were led down stairs and marched over to the Central police station. There, in the presence of Chief Ebersold and a crowd of policemen, the prisoners were searched. The police glared at them, and the communists cringed beneath the stern glances which met their eyes on all sides—their heads dropped and they seemed the pictures of cowardice and shame. After having been thoroughly searched the rioters were put in cells down stairs, and orders were issued that no one should be allowed to speak to them.

A squad of fourteen policemen under Lieutenant Shea was then detailed to search the offices of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. After ransacking the premises in

a general way for a few minutes one of the officers discovered a quantity of dynamite in a little store-room just back of the editorial office. The explosive was done up in some old coffee sacks, and was hidden among rubbish on a shelf. E. L. Buck, a mining expert, was at once summoned. The dynamite was taken to the lake front and a few samples of it subjected to tests, the results of which amply demonstrated the explosive nature of the material. Later in the day Mr. Buck procured some dynamite and compared it with that which had been found in Spies' office. The results of his experiments proved unquestionably that the material in the coffee sacks was dynamite.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Shea and his squad were rummaging about the establishment in search of further evidence. Finally they reached the composing-room on the fourth floor. It was filled with printers, who were busily engaged in setting up type. The compositors looked up from their cases in bewilderment at the police who crowded through the door. Before they comprehended what was going on they had left their cases, formed in a double column, and were marching to the Central station. From there they were taken to the armory, where each one was booked on a charge of murder.

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* office remained deserted for several hours. Early in the afternoon five detect-

ives appeared, took possession, and began a careful search. As they passed in they noticed a written placard posted on the front door. It directed that advertisements for the *Arbeiter Zeitung* should be left in the saloon on the lower floor. The placard was torn down. The search began in the editorial room, which was furnished with several desks and a medium-sized safe. On one of the desks was a lot of addressed newspaper wrappers. One of these was directed to J. H. Schwab, New York, and another to the *Freiheit*, Herr Most's paper, published at 167 William street, New York. A casual glance over these wrappers showed that the *Arbeiter* circulated in France, California, Dakota and Pennsylvania. After forcing open the drawers in a couple of desks without finding anything of a suspicious nature, the detectives turned their attention to Editor Spies' private desk, which was furnished with one large drawer just under the green baize-covered board where the unfinished editorial notice lay. The drawer was speedily forced open and the men simultaneously started back. It contained a magazine of ammunition and explosives. There were two large cylindrical packages of *Ætna* gunpowder, No. 2, a tin box filled with XXXXX (quintuple) caps, which are used for exploding dynamite, and a coil of fuse at least thirty feet long, done up in a newspaper. Beside these there was a

box of cartridges and a lot of letters written in French, German, and English.

While two of the men were unearthing this magazine, a third appeared at the door of the store-room with a package which he handled very gingerly. It was a hand-grenade rolled in a newspaper. It came from the same corner where the dynamite had been found. Further search revealed a small book labeled "Agitation fund." An examination of its contents disclosed the fact that since May, 1885, \$130 had been contributed to the cause by this "group" and that "group." The debtor column of the account showed that Messrs. Spies and Parsons had spent all the money, barring a few dollars spent for telegraphing, save \$7. In the division of the booty Parsons seems to have got the lion's share, as he had drawn \$52 since January 4, 1886, while Spies had used only \$12 for "expenses from Buffalo to Detroit."

The safe yet remained for examination, and the services of Alexander Klug, an expert locksmith, were called into requisition. Its contents revealed nothing of a seditious nature except the unexpended \$7 of the agitation fund. There were postal orders and checks for quite a large sum of money. The composing room was then given a final ransacking. A half-eaten sausage and two slices of rye bread on one of the compositors' stools told the

story of the sudden vacation of the premises a few hours before. All the "copy" and proofs were carried off to see what the *Arbeiter Zeitung* would have said on Wednesday. Late in the afternoon several Poles appeared at the office for their papers.

"Get out," said the police; "this paper's gone up."

About noon a lot of arms seized at C. H. Bissell's workshop, 15 South Canal street, were taken to the station by the Central detail under Lieut Hubbard. In the outfit were about one hundred old muskets, recently repaired; a box of bayonets, as bright and sharp as new needles; two hundred steel knuckles, a lot of "billies," daggers, knives, and odd, suspicious looking missiles, filled with slugs and bits of iron, that were evidently to be charged with dynamite. Bissell is a gunsmith, and among his numerous patents is a mysterious affair he calls the "self-acting, Langtry-bang frizzing iron." He was arrested when the seizure was made and taken to the Desplaines street station. He denied that he had been furnishing arms to the Anarchists, but the police had information to the contrary. One of the officers said later that Bissell had admitted he had been repairing arms and doing other work for the demons of the red flag.

Sam Fielden was arrested about 9 o'clock Wednesday forenoon by detectives at his home, 110

West Polk street, near Desplaines. He was suffering from the bullet wound in the left knee. He was taken to the city hall and locked up in a cell in the basement.

When he was taken to the Central station he was not allowed to see any one. He begged of the detectives to send a surgeon to dress his wound, but none was sent all day. Moses Solomons, who has been Spies' lawyer, called at the Central several times during the day to see the prisoners, but was not allowed to see them. He then asked Lieut. Kipley if he could see the twenty-three printers locked up in the Harrison street station. Kipley gave his permission, and Solomons went to the station. When he reached there Lieut. Shea telephoned not to allow any one see the men.

The following flyer in German was handed around among the Socialists Wednesday night:

"TO READERS ARBEITER ZEITUNG: As all the executive *personnel* of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* have been arrested, therefore we are not in a condition to publish the paper, and we request the readers to be patient for a few days until we can arrange for its future appearance.

"THE SOC. (SOCIALIST) PUBLISHING Co."

In the Anarchists' headquarters at Zepf's hall on West Lake street a lot of muskets and red flags were also found and seized. There were also

pamphlets, books, and correspondence, chiefly in German, treating on Socialism.

A. R. Parsons was, for a few days, believed to be hiding in Chicago. Thursday night, at 9:15 o'clock, a short, slender man, with a swarthy complexion and a little black mustache, knocked at the door of the gentleman who rented Mr. Parsons his rooms at 245 West Indiana street. Parsons moved in two weeks before the riot. His landlord had seen him only once in the meantime. The landlord's daughter never saw him. She answered the stranger's knock. He asked where Parsons lived, and was told that he occupied the floor above. He observed to the young lady that he understood people who were found about the premises of Mr. Parsons were in danger of being taken in by the police. Then he skipped hurriedly upstairs. He returned in a moment, remarking that there was no one in, and asked for a piece of paper. He wrote a note and inquired which door he had better leave it under. He was told that Mr. Parsons had a roomer who was usually home at that hour. The strange visitor slipped the note under the door and departed. It was found by the roomer, who read and replaced it. It read:

"Send me some money.

P."

The man's odious breath and wild demeanor frightened the young lady, and she did not invite

him in. The hall was only partly lighted, and she was not able to distinguish his features minutely. He wore a soft hat pushed back on his head, and talked in a jerky, nervous manner. The description of the man and the style of his talk are those of A. R. Parsons.

Two detectives were sent to LaGrange, a town on the Burlington road, Friday morning, to look for Parsons, who was reported to be in hiding there. The house of a woman known to be a friend of his was searched and the woman was badly scared, but no Parsons was found. Later in the night the mail brought the following to the *Daily News* office, postmarked "Chicago, 7:30 o'clock p. m., May 7":

"MR. M. E. STONE, *Editor Daily News*:

"DEAR SIR,—I want to speak a word through you to my fellow-workers, just to let them know that I am still in the land of the living and looking out for their interests.

"And further, give a few hints to some of the fellows who desire to live on Anarchists, that may be for their welfare. In the first place, I am watching the papers and also the knowing chaps who give the pointers as to my whereabouts, some of whom will make good subjects for a coroner's inquest one of these days should they persist in their present course. To the public I desire to say that the devil

is never so black as you paint him. I will in due time turn up and answer for myself for anything I may have said or done. I have no regrets for past conduct and no pledges for the future if there is to be nothing but blood and death for the toilers of America. Whenever the public decide to use reason and justice in dealing with the producing class, just at that time will you see me. But, should the decision be to continue the present course of death and slavery just so long will I wage relentless war on all organized force, and all endeavor to find me will be fruitless. Watching my wife and her kind friends is of no use. I am dead to them already. I count my life already sacrificed for daring to stand between tyrants and slaves.

"To show you how well I am kept posted, I know who was sent to LaGrange for me to-day. I was not there. I know who put you on the track of Glasgow and just where to find him. Just say to that man for me that his day of reckoning will come soon. I read all the papers to-day, and will see the *Times*, *Inter Ocean* and *Hesing* later.

"Now, as to what must be done to satisfy the Anarchists is to stop all these demands for blood and show a spirit of reason and a disposition to put down the oppressors of the people, and enforce laws against rich thieves as readily as you do against the poor. Grant every fair demand of

labor. Give those poor creatures enough to satisfy their hunger, and I will guarantee a quiet period, in which all the great questions of land and wages and rights can be put in operation without further bloodshed. But if not, I am already sacrificed and as a martyr for the cause. I have thousands of brethren who will sell their lives just as dearly as I will mine, and at just as great a cost to our enemies.

"I shall wait just as long as I think necessary for the public to take warning, and then you decide your own fate.

"It must be liberty for the people or death for capital. I am not choosing more. It is your choice and your last. I love humanity, and therefore die for it. No one can do more. Every drop of my blood shall count an avenger, and woe to America when these are in arms.

"I have not yet slept, nor shall I sleep until I sleep in death, or my fellow-men are on the road to liberty.

A. R. PARSONS."

At about noon Wednesday Coroner Hertz impaneled a jury to hold an inquest upon the body of the dead policeman, Matthias J. Degan. The following jurors were sworn: J. J. Badenoch, a flour and feed merchant, of Washington and Desplaines streets; Frank Kurtz, a clerk in a plumbing office at 366 Ogden avenue; Charles Klausner, a liquor dealer, of 373 Ogden avenue; Paul Smith, a tailor,

of 910 Milwaukee avenue ; G. Eickenberg, a barber of 382 Ogden avenue, and S. Greenbaum, a commission merchant, of 307 West Jackson street. Mr. Badenoch, a large, fine-looking Scotchman, was made foreman.

Before the prisoners were brought up a young man named John Degan was sworn. He is a brother of the slain officer, living at 214 Union street. He said that his brother had been a widower, 34 years old, and that he leaves a small son. His brother was a man of sound constitution and good health.

After a short wait three of the Anarchists were brought into the room, guarded by half-a-dozen detectives. They were August Spies, Christ Spies, and Michael Schwab. They were seated on chairs in a row near the southern end of the room. Shortly afterward Sam Fielden was brought in limping, and placed beside the three others. The men were all nervous. August Spies was well dressed in black, wearing a short coat, linen collar and cuffs, low shoes and gray stockings. During the proceedings he leaned upon his left elbow, and kept his feet crossed. Much of the time he pulled the ends of his small mustache. He listened very attentively to every word that was said. His younger brother, Christ Spies, sat at August's right.

Schwab sat in a limp attitude, with his shoulders bent and one leg wrapped about the other in some uncertain way.

Sam Fielden wore neither collar nor cuffs. He sat nearest to the witnesses. He did not move often, but at times the contraction of his eyebrows showed that his wounded knee pained him.

Captain William Ward of the Desplaines street station was sworn. He said: "Inspector Bonfield ordered out our police. We marched to the meeting. I called on Fielden to cease and the crowd to disperse. I pointed out several persons in the crowd to assist me in dispersing the meeting. The speaker stepped from the wagon, and just then the bomb exploded and the firing commenced. After it was over I found one of my men dead and thirty-nine wounded."

Captain Ward thought orders had been previously issued for the Anarchist speakers to desist from their utterances, but none had ever passed through his hands.

Detective Timothy McKeough gave a detailed account of the speeches of the three Anarchists. He considered Parsons' appeal to the people to arm to be so incendiary and dangerous that he at once proceeded to the Desplaines street station and reported it to Inspector Bonfield. He then returned to the meeting and heard Fielden say: "Take the

law! kill it! throttle it! shoot it! If you don't, it will kill you."

Mr. McKeough was one of the officers who went down to the lake front just before noon to try some of the explosive material found in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office. He described the operations there. The exploding was done by an expert—F. L. Buck. A fuse and some caps were obtained. A piece of the material about as large around as a half-dollar was placed between two large stones, upon a heavy oak plank. The stones were shattered and the plank was split in many places. A car-coupling link was laid on a plank. A piece of the explosive about the size of a hen's egg was laid in the center of the link. Two bricks were laid over it. The cap and fuse were attached and ignited. After the explosion the bricks were found to have been pulverized into red dust, and the coupling-link was broken into two parts. One part lay twenty-five feet away, while the other had been hurled into the lake. In answer to a question as to how much of the explosive was found in Spies' office, McKeough said:

"Mr. Buck says there is enough to blow this building up."

Three or four men asked, hastily: "Is it in this building now?"

"Yes," said Mr. McKeough, "it's in the vault below."

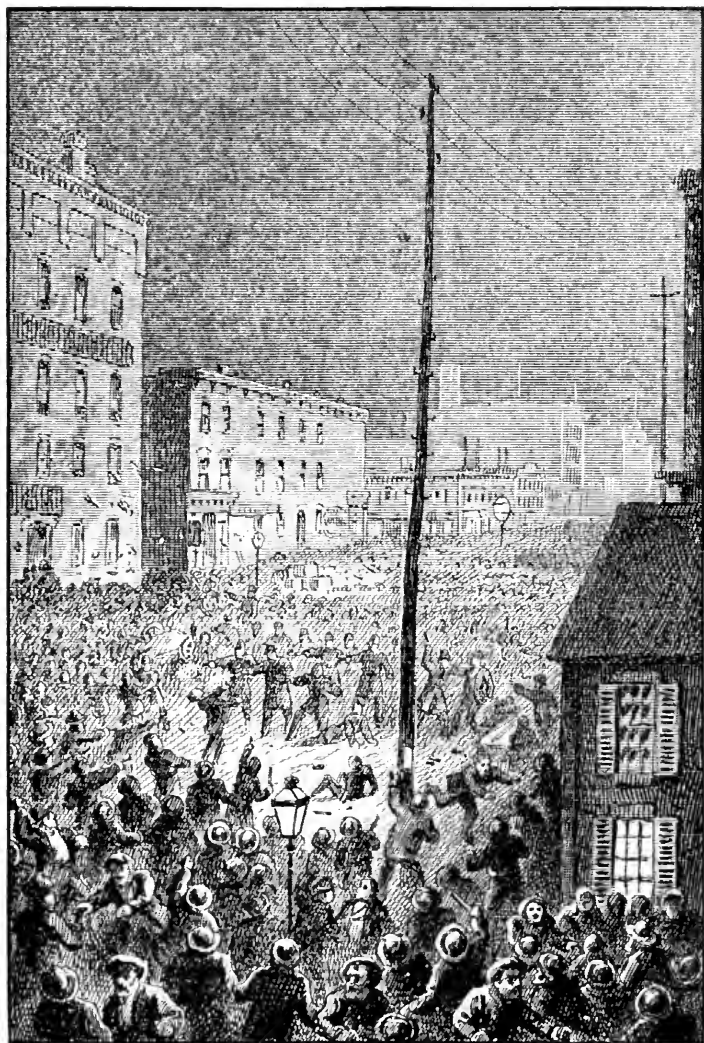
Nearly every man in the room looked uneasy.

Detective Michael H. Marks, who discovered the explosive, said it was in a closet opening out of Spies' private office, on the second floor of the building. It was in a large bag, and the bag was heavily wrapped with brown paper, marked "Adams Express Co., New York." There was no address on the package, but some of the paper had been torn off. The package was a yard wide and two feet high. Mr. Marks said the stuff looked just like that found on Desplaines street after the bomb had exploded on Tuesday night.

F. L. Buck, an expert in the use of explosives, gave very interesting testimony. He had used all sorts of explosives for five years in the mines of Colorado, and New Mexico, and knew them all by sight and smell. He examined the piece of lead taken from Degan's thigh, and after a brief scrutiny of it he exclaimed:

"This is the work of an explosive. Here is some of the cinder from burned nitro-glycerine on the lead."

Mr. Buck said the material found in the *Arbeiter Zeitung's* office was what is known as giant powder. It is made by soaking paper pulp in nitro-glycerine. This particular stuff, however, had been mixed with sand. The effect of this would be to make much more terrible wounds. A



THE CHARGE OF THE POLICE.



handful of that mixture, he said, exploded on the floor of the room where the inquest was in progress, would kill every man in the room. It can be exploded by a fuse and cap.

A bushy-haired sewing machine agent, who gave his name as Frank Pennell, voluntarily testified that he had met Chris Spies on the street Tuesday evening, and that Spies said: "If the police come to break up the meeting that's just what we want. They'll get a bomb." Chris Spies looked at his brother and laughed. He declared that the witness was mistaken, and he stood up to let Pennell examine him. The agent looked him over carefully, said he did not think he could be mistaken, but would not swear positively.

Coroner Hertz said that he had brought up Fielden, Schwab, and the Spies brothers as witnesses, but the evidence had assumed such a shape that he would not call them. If they desired to testify they could do so, but if not they need not say a word.

Young Spies stepped briskly forward and was sworn. He said he knew nothing of the Haymarket meeting. He is a hardwood finisher by trade, and from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. was in attendance at a meeting of the furniture workers at Zepf's hall, on the corner of Desplaines and Lake streets. He then went to his supper at 13 Park street, and at 8

o'clock returned to Zepf's hall where he remained until the explosion occurred half a block south. Wednesday morning he went to the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office to look over the papers, and had been there only a few minutes when he was arrested. He had not been there for six months, and in all had been at that office only three or four times. He said his brother August was editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, but he did not know that dynamite was kept in the office.

Michael Schwab next unfolded himself and arose. Coroner Hertz asked: "Do you believe in an oath?" Schwab said he did not believe in a personal God, but he said that he believed an oath bound him on his honor to tell the truth. He said he lived on the North side, at 51 Florimond street, and was a book-binder by trade. For four or five years he had been connected with the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, at present as assistant editor. On Tuesday evening he left home at 7:40, and went to the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office. A telephone message came from Deering that the harvester works men were holding a meeting and wanted a German and English speaker. They wanted Spies. Thinking Spies might be at the Haymarket meeting, Schwab walked over there. Not finding Spies, he decided to go to Deering himself. He went out by a Clybourn avenue car, and arrived at Deering some

time after 9 o'clock. He addressed a meeting of a thousand or thirteen hundred men.

Schwab said he had seen the incendiary circulars in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office, but denied any knowledge of where they were printed. He said he had nothing to do with the mechanical department of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He did not know who composed "the executive committee" which signed the call for the Haymarket meeting. He made speeches at a great many socialistic meetings, but claimed that he did not know who arranged them. Foreman Badenoch asked several questions:

"Have you a desk in the same room with Mr. Spies?"

"Yes, sir."

"What made you think Mr. Spies was at the Haymarket meeting?"

"Well, I thought several Socialists would be there, and he might be there, also."

"What made you think the Socialists got up that meeting?"

"The make-up of the circular. I mean the way it reads."

"Who is the recognized leader of the Socialists?"

"There is no one. Every branch is autonomous."

Sam Fielden then arose painfully, and limped

to the witness chair. Like Schwab, he said he did not believe in a God. He was a materialist and could not take a sacred oath. He affirmed. He gave his residence and his business and said:

“Last night when I got home from work I saw in the *Daily News* that there was to be an important meeting of the American group of Socialists, to which I belong, at the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office. I hurried down there, although I had previously engaged to address a meeting for the Central Labor Union at 378 West Twelfth street. At the meeting of the American group we discussed the question of calling meetings to organize the sewing girls of the city. At that meeting I learned of the meeting on Haymarket square, and I was urged to go over because Mr. Spies was there alone. I consented to go over with Mr. Parsons. I went there and spoke, as you have heard.”

Fielden described the approach of the police, and said that when Capt. Ward called on them to disperse he remonstrated, saying it was a peaceable meeting. Capt. Ward repeated his order, and Fielden then dismounted from the wagon. As he stepped to the sidewalk he received the shot in the knee. Fielden said to the coroner:

“I begged and prayed of the officers downstairs to-day to dress my knee. The doctor last night said it must be dressed to-day, and it is get-

ting very painful. I don't wish them to kill me by inches. The policemen don't seem to recognize the fact that I am innocent until proved guilty when they come into my cell and call me a — murdering — — —."

Coroner Hertz assured Fielden that he should have a doctor.

Fielden said he had not the slightest idea who threw the bomb, and that he had no suspicion there was a bomb in the audience. He admitted that he had urged the people to throttle the law, but he said: "It looks very fierce to put it that way without giving one's reasons for it. I am an Anarchist. I admit that. I don't believe in arbitrary authority, but in voluntary association. I consider that arbitrary authority is inimical to the best interests of human faculties."

The foreman asked: "Did you ever talk about dynamite with Mr. Spies?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fielden, "we have talked about dynamite. Who has not? We spoke of the assassination of the Czar, or the attempt to blow up the house of commons, or something like that."

"Have you discussed with him the use of dynamite in America—its possibilities?"

"Yes, I have."

It was 7:15 o'clock when Fielden concluded. August Spies did not desire to make any statement.

Coroner Hertz directed the jury to retire. The four Anarchists were taken to their cells. The jury was out half an hour, calling Attorney Furthman twice to consult with them. At 7:45 o'clock the following verdict was returned:

"State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.—An inquisition was taken for the people of the state of Illinois at the city hall in the city of Chicago, in said county of Cook, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1886, before me, Henry L. Hertz, coroner, in and for said county, upon view of the body of Matthias J. Degan, then and there lying dead, upon the oaths of six good and lawful men of the said county, who being duly sworn to inquire on the part of the people of the state of Illinois into all the circumstances attending the death of the said Matthias J. Degan, and by whom the same was produced, and in what manner and when and where the said Matthias J. Degan came to his death, do say, upon their oaths, as aforesaid, that the said Matthias J. Degan, now lying dead at the county hospital, in said city of Chicago, county of Cook, state of Illinois, came to death on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1886, from shock and hemorrhage caused by a wound produced by a piece of bomb thrown by an unknown person, aided, abetted, and encouraged by August Spies, Christ Spies, Michael Schwab, A. R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden,

and other unknown persons; and we, the jury, recommend that said unknown person, who threw said bomb be apprehended and held to the grand jury without bail; and we further recommend that said August Spies, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, and Christ Spies, as accessories before the fact, be held to await the further action of the grand jury without bail and, further, that the said A. R. Parsons and the aforementioned unknown persons be apprehended and committed as accessories without bail to the grand jury; and we, the jury, recommend that the constituted authorities in the future strictly enforce the statute prohibiting the holding of unlawful meetings."

The verdict was signed by all the jurors.

Shortly after the coroner's jury rendered its verdict Spies, Fielden, and Schwab, who were confined in separate cells at the Central station, were visited.

Spies had for cellmates W. D. Malkoff, an *Arbeiter Zeitung* reporter, and a young man caged for some other offense. He appeared much depressed by the trouble he had got into, and at first was disinclined to talk. When asked if he had secured counsel, Spies replied:

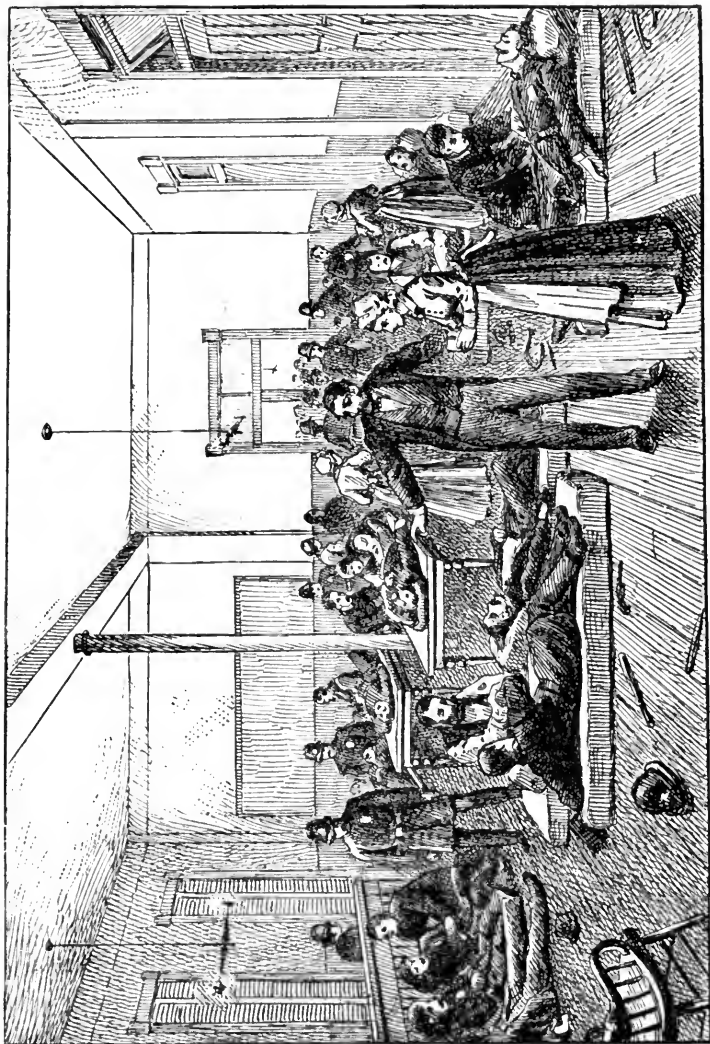
"No, I have had no chance yet. They have not allowed any one to see me. I know a good many lawyers and can easily get one to defend me if necessary. I want to know first, though, of what I

am accused. What has the coroner's jury done; have you heard?"

"All of you are charged with being accessories to the murder of Officer Degan, and are held to the grand jury without bail."

When he heard this Spies was speechless with emotion for several minutes, and recovered himself with difficulty. Finally he said, in broken sentences:

"I don't see how that can be. How could they do that? I had nothing to do with the throwing of the bomb. Well, I suppose I shall have to prove that they were wrong. I think I can easily do that. I can show by at least a dozen that I disapproved of holding the meeting. If I had known how it would result I would have prevented its being held at all hazards. I didn't want to go there to speak. I told Schwab so. I thought in the present excitement there might be trouble, and that it would not be beneficial either to me or to the cause. I went to the meeting and made a quieting speech. I said the time had not come for action. I said the meeting was not called to incite a riot. When some one called out 'Hang McCormick,' I said the time might come when that should be done, but it had not come yet. I told the people to organize and keep together, but that the time for action had not come. There was nothing wrong in that. This case has been made up against me."



THE WOUNDED AND DYING AT DESPLAINES STREET STATION.



Spies said that just before the bomb exploded he had jumped down from the wagon from which the speeches were made. After being questioned closely for some time he reluctantly admitted that a young man named William Lichtner had told him to "get down now." He denied knowing anything about Lichtner, except that his brother was once a reporter on the *Demokrat*, General Lieb's paper.

Spies said further that the explosion was a perfect surprise to him. He thought the police had opened on the crowd with artillery. Then the shooting began, and he ran to Zepf's saloon, where some one told him it was caused by a bomb. He did not know who the man was. Mrs. Parsons was in the saloon waiting for her husband. He staid there a few minutes and then went home.

When questioned about bombs Spies said he knew a good deal about them from having read of them. He said he had the two giant-powder cartridges and the fuse in his desk in order to show them to reporters and others who came to him to ask about such things. There were no bombs or any other dynamite in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office that he knew of. When told that half a bushel of dynamite, several bombs and some firearms had been found there, he seemed somewhat nonplussed, and said he did not know of everything that was in the office.

Fielden occupied another cell with a cellmate who concealed his identity by lying on the upper bunk with his coat thrown over his head. Fielden was stretched out on the lower bunk. He said his knee was paining him a good deal. He, too, showed that he was apprehensive of serious consequences of the trouble he was in. When told that he was held for murder without bail his haggard face looked the picture of misery. He denied all knowledge of the throwing of the bomb or the calling of the meeting. He said he had no idea who had anything to do with either of them. He explained that he belonged to the American group of Socialists, and that the International Workingmen's Protective Association, or the Socialistic organization, was the leader of the Central Labor Union, though it was not identical with it.

Schwab appeared the most unconcerned of the three, and seemed only slightly affected when told that he had been held for murder. He said he went to Haymarket square with Balthazar Rau, a collector for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, but left before the meeting began and spoke at a meeting of Deering's men in Lake View. He, too, denied knowing anything of the bomb-throwing or of the persons who called the meeting. He contradicted Spies in several statements. He said that Spies had written a number of editorials within the last two weeks.

He said, further, that he never saw any dynamite or bombs in the *Arbeiter* office, or ever heard of any being there. He believed in the Socialists using arms, but not dynamite or bombs. He admitted writing the inflammatory editorial calling on the Socialists to arm, and added that he did that continually. There were, he thought, twenty or twenty-five groups or different societies of Anarchists in Chicago.

The day following the riot, John Burnett, a candymaker, informed the police that he had been to the meeting on Tuesday night and had stood directly behind the man who threw the bomb. The description which he gave of the man, led to the arrest, on May 14, of Louis Lingg. He was arrested at 80 Ambrose street, in the southwestern part of the city, by a detail of detectives and patrolmen from the East Chicago avenue station.

The morning after the Haymarket riot Lingg moved from 442 Sedgwick street to Ambrose street, where he kept to his room closely, saying that he was sick. When arrested he made a desperate resistance. The detective who made the arrest went alone to the house, a squad of officers remaining some distance away. If the detective did not reappear in three minutes the officers were to enter the house after him. He knocked on the door and was answered by the German landlady. Her house

is a small, two-story frame, separated some distance from the neighboring buildings. The officer was in plain clothes. He said he wished to talk to the woman a few minutes. He entered the house without waiting for her invitation, and walked directly into Lingg's room. The young Anarchist was sitting at the table writing. He seemed to have instantly recognized his abrupt visitor as an officer, and grabbed a large Remington revolver which lay upon the table. The officer sprang upon him before Lingg could shoot. The men grappled in a struggle for life, which was so desperate that neither could use his revolver. They rolled upon the floor, first one on top and then the other. Lingg got the officer's thumb in his mouth and bit it almost off. The woman began to scream. At this instant the policemen on the outside burst open the door and rushed in. Lingg was instantly overpowered and handcuffed. A long and keen dirk-knife was found strapped to his waist. The patrol wagon was called and he was removed to the Hinman street station, about half a mile distant, where he was kept until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was taken to the East Chicago avenue station. After his arrival there a large squad of officers were kept in the station and outsiders were locked out of every room except the public office.

Lingg is a young German carpenter who had

been rooming at 442 Sedgwick street, on the North side, with a young man named Selliger. On Thursday, May 6, the police visited this room. Lingg was not to be found, and his room-mate, Selliger, said he had not seen him since Wednesday morning and did not know where he was. Selliger was arrested and the room was searched. In Lingg's trunk were found two pistols, two long dynamite bombs, a large lot of shells and cartridges and a quantity of Anarchist pamphlets and newspapers. The trunk was taken to the East Chicago avenue station, where Capt. Schaack carefully went through its contents. In the trunk were a large number of letters and pieces of writing in German, which showed that Lingg had been one of the most rabid Anarchists in the city, and that he was in correspondence with the leading agitators in this and other cities.

Capt. Schaack secured a careful description of Lingg. He is twenty-two years of age, and a carpenter by trade. He came to America only eight months ago. He is a little above medium height, very fair in complexion, and wears a small blonde mustache and goatee. His cheeks are rosy, and he is a man of strong build and robust constitution. He always dressed well.

Lingg's disappearance from his boarding-house caused suspicion. It was learned that he was one

of the inner circle of Anarchists. It was found that he had been at the Haymarket meeting. Capt. Schaack secured the description which John Burnett, the confectioner, gave of the man whom he had seen throw the bomb. It was a description of Lingg. A thorough search for him was at once begun. His location at 80 Ambrose street was not learned until Thursday. Just how he was tracked is not known. Detectives had been searching for him on the West side for several days. Selliger let drop a remark that Lingg had gone across the river. It is said that one of Lingg's associates was shadowed to the little frame house on Ambrose street.

It was learned from some of the Anarchists who had been under police examination that Lingg was one of the chief plotters in the Anarchist camp. He was one of August Spies' principal confidants. Balthazar Rau had given to the police some of Lingg's record and the position he occupied among the conspirators. Lingg's work as an agitator was principally among the German and Bohemian carpenters. For several months he had been the main speaker at their meetings. On the evening of Friday, April 30, a great mass meeting of carpenters was held in Uhlich's hall, on North Clark street. The American and Irish Carpenters had maintained that their demand should be for eight hours

work at eight hours' pay. Lingg made a rabid harangue, in which he insisted that the men could not stand a reduction in wages, that they had a right to demand higher pay even, and urged them to strike for ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. He abused employers and capitalists in general, and was very extreme in his views. His speech was received by the Germans and Bohemians with shouts of approval. They were outvoted by the union, and with Lingg at their head they seceded from the carpenters' organization. Lingg was a member of branch 3 of the carpenters' union, and belonged to the German international group, of which Spies, Schwab and Rau were members.

Within three days after the riot, the following contributions of money had been received by Chief of Police Ebersold for the benefit of the families of the dead policemen and others. It shows the generosity of Chicago business-men, and was a substantial expression of their gratitude:

Cash, for temporary use, \$250; Charles Henrotin, \$50; Cash, \$100; E. A. Prussing, \$100; National Bank of Illinois, \$200; W. S. McCrea, \$50; E. S. Dryer & Co., \$50; Moses & Newman, \$50; Norton Brothers, \$100; John Herting, \$30; Chicago Stock Exchange, \$250; George L. Dunlap, \$100; H. Schaffner & Co., \$50; Home National Bank, \$100; Thomas Dent, \$10; Unknown, by mail, \$2; Citi-

zens of Troy, N. Y., by telegraph, \$20; Railroads, \$10,750; Daily News, Chicago, \$500; H. L. Penny, \$10; Julius Wadsworth, New York, \$500; M. C. Stearns, \$200; Jacob Rosenberg, \$100; F. Siegel & Bros., \$25; William Skinner & Son, per F. A. Luce, \$100; N. W. Harris & Co., \$50; Dupee, Judah & Willard, \$25; Drake, Parker & Co., \$200; Potter Palmer, \$1,000; Mark Skinner, \$100; W. R. Page, \$20; Austin J. Doyle, \$100; William Borden, \$200; Selz, Schwab & Co., \$100; W. N. Eisendrath, \$25; J. V. Farwell, \$500; Hibernian Banking Association, \$100; E. Walker, \$100; Western Union Tel. Co., per R. C. Clowry, \$300; William Wehner, \$50; Furniture manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers per R. Deimel & Bros., \$390; The Board of Trade, \$12,085; The Hardware Merchants, \$1,925; The Iroquois Club, \$1,070. Total, \$30,755.

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