

AN INCIDENT

occurred this morning, which shows the temper of law-abiding people of the city. Spies was a member of Aurora Turn Verein; some socialistic members of the organization placed the American flag at half-mast on the Aurora Turn Hall. It had not been there long before the owners of the building ordered the flag taken down and it was done.

It is strongly hinted that the authorities of Waldheim cemetery, the one in which it was proposed to bury the reds and over their graves erect a monument, were seriously considering whether it was not their duty to refuse a resting place for the anarchists' remains within their enclosure. At least they will not allow the monument.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—The jail was a gloomy place this morning. Bailiffs, prisoners, reporters and visitors had not yet outworn the gruesome scenes of yesterday. A detail of prisoners scrubbed the jail from top to bottom early this morning.

At 10 o'clock a casket containing the body of Fischer was taken to the home of his wife. Around the house there was a great crowd of women and children. Mrs. Fischer was at the house of one of her neighbors when the body arrived, but as soon as it was carried into the house she was escorted there by two female friends. She was suffering greatly and her actions were somewhat hysterical. She stopped occasionally and threw her arms around one of the other of her friends and

WEPT BITTERLY.

The doors and windows of Chris. Spies' house, where the body of the dead anarchist lies, were barred, and would not be opened for anyone. Long strips of white and black crape swung from the door bell. At the top of the symbols of mourning was a black rosette also made of crape, from the middle of which streamers of red ribbon fluttered. From the moment the dead body arrived the house was surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive spectators, who were anxious to get a look at the dead man's face, but no body was gratified.

At Parsons' house, when the body was brought in, Mrs. Parsons acted very wildly, and when the cover was taken from the coffin she rushed in and threw herself bodily upon the coffin and fell.

IN A FAINT

on the floor before her friends could catch her. As soon as Mrs. Parsons had recovered sufficiently to walk, she ran again to her dead, crying and calling his name. Again she leaned before her lips touched the face of her dead husband. This time her friends carried her away and would not let her see the corpse again.

At the house of Engel there had been a solemn throng passing in and out since morning. The door of the little cigar store, which Mrs. Engel has managed since the arrest of her husband, was draped in mourning. In the back room lay the bodies of Lingg and Engel. The haggard face of Mrs. Engel, as she passed through the room frequently, was pitiful to behold.

The one mourner to be looked for, above all others, in the crowded death chamber at the home of

AUGUST SPIES.

was missing this afternoon. Among the throng of weeping women and stern-looking men there was no sign of Nina, the proxy wife. Captain Black was there, careworn but impressive. In reply to a question by an Associated Press reporter, the anarchists' lawyer said earnestly: "No, Nina is not here: she is performing a higher duty. In a darkened room below this, she is comforting the sister and mother of Spies."

"Is she not distracted and weeping herself?"

"Indeed, no," was the reply. "I wish in my heart she was. So far as I can learn, Nina has not uttered one cry or shed a single tear. I fear she cannot do it."

CAPTAIN BLACK

said he would make an address at the funeral tomorrow. Whatever speaking is to be done will be done at the graves. The disposition is to select only conservative men as speakers, those who will confine their words to the praise and beauty of those men's lives, and an explanation of their principles. No one will be selected to drive the people frantic.

It was definitely decided this afternoon that the remains of August Spies should not be laid in state in Aurora Turn Hall tomorrow. State Representative Frank A. Stauber, who is at the head of the committee of arrangements, says the refusal to allow the remains in the hall was due to the fear of the owners that the police would revoke their license to

SELL LIQUORS

in case it should be done. This the owners deny.

The question of the primary disposal of the dead anarchists was settled this afternoon. They will be taken to Waldheim cemetery and placed in a vault for the time being. The committee represented to the directors of the cemetery that the vault in Waldheim, being lately constructed, and on improved principles, was the strongest near Chicago. Mr. Stauber told the constructor that it was feared by the families of the anarchists that a determined effort will be made by physicians to get possession of the remains for dissection and they wanted them well protected. At last the directors consented to allow

the bodies to be placed in the vault, but reserved their decision as to whether they would deed to the committee a plot of ground in which to

BURY THE REMAINS.

Punctually at noon friends of the deceased will be admitted to take their last look at the corpses at their late homes, and shortly after this the cortege will start from Mrs. Fischer's home. It will stop at Mrs. Parsons' house where the hearse containing Parsons' coffin will take its place in the procession. Knights of Labor and others will fall into line, the concourse following. Spies' body will follow to where Lingg's and Engel's bodies lie. Then the procession will be formed, with the defense committee at its head, followed by the Aurora Turn Verein, Knights of Labor, the German Typographical Union, Carpenters' Union, Painters' Union, singing societies and families and relatives and friends in carriages. It is determined on the part of the anarchists to make it one of the grandest funerals held in Chicago.

PLASTER CASTS

have been taken of all the dead men, except of Lingg, whose face is too badly mutilated to admit of it.

Without banners, without speeches, with no music save dirges, the blackening, repulsive remains of the five Haymarket murderers, who perished by rope and bomb, will tomorrow be borne to their lonely tomb, ten miles from the city of their fearful crime and death. Mayor Roche today sent for the committee of arrangements for the funeral of the men executed on Friday, and had a long interview with them. Ordinarily no permit is required for a funeral, but owing to the circumstances of this case, the mayor deemed it best for the city to assume a general oversight of the whole affair. The committee itself requested that sufficient police should be around to clear the way and preserve order, and readily acquiesced in all the suggestions made by the mayor. As a result of the conference, the following

APPLICATION WAS MADE:

To the Mayor of the City of Chicago:—We the undersigned committee for and in behalf of the families and friends, in making arrangements for the funeral of August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, Geo. Engel and Louis Lingg, respectfully request that we be permitted to have a procession, which we agree to conduct in accordance with your instructions.

(Signed) FRANK A. STAUBER,
HENRY LINNEMEYER,
MAX OPPENHEIMER.

Mayor Roche therefore issued the following order:

Frederick Ebersold, Superintendent of Police: You will issue a permit as follows to the committee, whose application is enclosed: Permission is hereby given to the families and friends of August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg to conduct a funeral on Sunday, November 13th, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock p. m., on the following conditions: The bodies are to be taken from their respective homes directly to the place of burial, the families and friends of the deceased forming a line on Milwaukee Avenue to Des Plaines Street, Des Plaines to Lake, Lake to Fifth Avenue, and Fifth Avenue to the depot of the Wisconsin Central Railway Company, at Polk Street. The carrying or displaying of banners is prohibited. No speeches are to be made, and no concealed weapons or arms shall be carried in the procession; nor shall any demonstration of a public character be made except to conduct the funeral in a quiet and orderly manner. The music, if any, shall be dirges only. This permit is issued subject to the statute laws of the State of Illinois and the laws and ordinances of the City of Chicago, and the procession will at all times be subject to police regulations.

JOHN A. ROCHE, Mayor.
Accepted: Frank A. Stauber, Henry Linnemeyer, Max Oppenheimer.

The mayor hopes and presumes that this funeral will proceed as quietly and orderly as all other funerals are accustomed to do. At the same time, he says careful and thorough preparations have been made for the quelling of any possible disturbance.

An indignation meeting was held in Grief's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, the very building where the dynamite throwing was planned the night before the massacre at the Haymarket; also a meeting was held tonight by the Central Labor Union to make arrangements for attending the funeral of the five dead anarchists. It was resolved to call out the members of every branch of the organization. This, if obeyed, would imply a procession tomorrow of nearly 15,000 men. In Grief's saloon below the hall where the meeting was held, a

MOTLEY CROWD

was collected, discussing the funeral programme and the events of which it was the result.

Portraits of the anarchists, draped in mourning, were hung on the wall, and many of those present wore crape on their hats. Great regret, not to say indignation, found expression at the fact that nothing would be allowed in the cortege bearing semblance to a red flag.

Mrs. Schwab together with her two children and Mrs. Schnaubelt, came about 9 o'clock, and Fielden and Schwab were released from their cells. Schwab brought down his stool and conversed with his wife and mother for nearly two hours, separated by iron bars and wire netting. Mrs. Schwab was clad in mourning, in memory, perhaps, of the previous day's events. Before parting, Schwab

FONDLY KISSED

his children many times and hugged them and returned to his cell. At 10 o'clock Mrs. Fielden came in

with her baby in her arms, and accompanied by her little girl and a neighbor. Mrs. Fielden cried a great deal while talking with her husband.

About 11:45 the men parted with their wives, and were then taken into the jail office, where J. A. Foster, one of their counsel in the trial, talked to them and bid them good-bye.

A few minutes after twelve Fielden and Schwab were handcuffed together, and also a pair of old rusty leg irons were put on them, locking them together, after which they were searched. Both prisoners requested that their clothing and papers be sent to their wives, which they were told would be done. The men then made their way awkwardly down the steps into the jail court, their walking being very much impeded by the

LEG IRONS,

where they took a hack in which the deputies were, and were driven to the station and started on their way to the penitentiary.

At 1:02 the train on the Chicago & Alton Railroad bearing away Fielden and Schwab to prison at Joliet, left the Union depot. Some of Fielden's friends were at the depot to see him off.

JOLIET, Nov. 12.—The train reached the Joliet depot at 2:30, and the convicted anarchists were marched up the gravelled road to the penitentiary. Immediately after their arrival therein, the Rev. Mr. Walter, prison chaplain, approached them and endeavored to learn their particular religious creed. Neither of the men seemed to receive the reverend gentleman with any degree of friendship, and answered him in a nonchalant manner.

THEIR CONVERSATION

was of short duration, and Warden McClaughy soon directed the prisoners to an inner room, where they were stripped and bathed. After this they were given a striped suit, and shorn of their long beards and hair. The men presented a melancholy look without their whiskers. Fielden was given No. 8,526 and Schwab 8,527. They were taken to the weighing and measuring room, where Fielden tipped the beam at 190 pounds and measured 5 feet 6 inches in height. Schwab weighed 130 pounds and measured 5 feet 8 inches.

The convicted men were then taken to a solitary room, where they will remain until Monday, when they will be assigned to work. Warden McClaughy said, owing to their apparently feeble condition, they would be put at easy work for a few months, when they would in all probability be given something

MORE LABORIOUS.

An enterprising museum man visited the penitentiary this afternoon, anxious to procure the clothes which had been worn by the convicted men. He did not get them.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The entire squad of the central detail of police were on duty this morning at 9 o'clock. About twenty men had been in reserve all night and spent the day in the station instead of being assigned to positions on the line of march. About 12:45 o'clock, or shortly afterwards, word was received that the funeral procession had started from August Spies' late home. Captain Hubbard called out the men to fall in and assigned those who had not been on night duty to stations along the line of march from Lake Street bridge to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Harrison Street. Four men were placed on each street intersection. Orders were given to stay until the crowd dispersed, and then go home and report this evening at 9 o'clock for duty.

A SOMBRE PICTURE.

Flitting mile after mile in the gloom down to the cold, flat earth, five unseemly, soulless figures fleeing in death as from the one Great Being for whom alone there can be no law, found a hiding place tonight in the darkness at the most desolate spot on the prairie's wide expanse. The five ghastly figures were symbols of the attempted destruction of law. They were the five dead anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Lingg. Probably half a million people in the city of their terrible crime saw the last public preparations for the final flight to the tomb. Scarcely more than half the number was expected. Seven thousand men and two hundred and fifty women, aided in the city by forming

IN PROCESSION

behind them. Ten thousand people were present in the barest, emptiest graveyard, adjacent to Chicago, when the corpses at last were hidden. Muttered curses and bitter murmurs and cries of "throttle the law," accompanied the parting words spoken over the five lifeless bodies. It was almost to a second the exact time, forty-eight hours previous, when the scaffold drop fell with August Spies and his comrades, that today the blackest of hearses drew up at the door of his relatives. More peculiar still was the fact that the hearse was just ready to start at the precise moment corresponding to the announcement at the gallows that Spies had ceased to breathe. This was the beginning of the obsequies. The scene is at the extreme northwestern corner of the city and the route taken resembled nothing so much as a

MONSTER BLACK SNAKE,

stretching right to the centre of Chicago and protruding out and beyond the southwestern angle. Serried lines of blackness were formed by human beings wedged together into almost a single continuous whole. Off from

Milwaukee Avenue, Spies lived in a little oasis of well-to-do Americans and Germans, while the others entombed today had places of abode scattered along at intervals of five or six blocks close to the same thoroughfare, but in the midst of the most ignorant and uncouth classes of Chicago's foreign-born population. About 4,000 persons, most of them neighbors of Spies, were congregated on the streets and sidewalks of the blocks in which Spies lived when the time for departure arrived. As at other houses where the anarchists' bodies lay, constant

STREAMS OF MOURNERS

or curious sight-seers had been since almost daylight, pouring through the building and viewing the livid remains or gazing at the weeping relatives. When the forty eighth hour's reminder of the scaffold drop had come and the somber hearse was standing patiently at the curb, the tall, stately form of Captain Black, the anarchists' chief counsel, was seen stepping out through the throng at Spies' threshold. Supported on his arm with her head pillowed on his shoulder was a clinging, girlish figure clad in crape from head to foot, the picture of utter woe. The face was completely veiled from sight. Instantly a whisper was heard on every side: "There she is!" "There's Nina Van Zandt!" "That's Spies' wife!" It was not till the coffin had been placed in the hearse that the immediate mourners had entered the carriages and 500 blue-badged Turners had formed in ranks ahead that the crowd discovered

ITS MISTAKE.

Calmly seated in the first carriage, without a sign of mourning in her apparel or a single trace of grief on her pale countenance, was a face that was unmistakably that of Spies' youthful proxy bride, but it had suddenly acquired a dignity and maturity that gave an unlooked-for but far from repellent aspect to one of her years. Aside from this expression the shape of her features were a peculiar yellowish pallor. It may have been the mere fancy of the observers, but those who saw the face of Spies as he trod to his place on the gallows say the pallor on his countenance then was exactly that today on the face of Nina Van Zandt. She was appareled in a well-worn fur trimmed wrap of dark wine colored or purple velvet, very simply made dress of black silk and a small, neat bonnet to match the wrap. While the crowd was recovering from the surprise at Miss Van Zandt's demeanor and dress, the

BLACK-CLAD GIRL

who had accompanied Capt. Black into the same carriage with Spies' pseudo wife threw back her veil and disclosed the tear-stained features of the dead man's sister, Gretchen. Alongside Nina and apparently deriving some consolation from words of cheer spoken now and then sat the aged mother of Spies, who seemed to have rather better control of her grief than the daughter. The band soon struck up a mournful dirge and the procession started slowly down Milwaukee Avenue, which was lined with such a mass of people as was never seen on it before. Moving slowly on the procession was joined at the homes of Fischer, Parsons, Engel and Lingg by their remains and portions of the parade which originated at each house.

The scenes at each of the houses were somewhat similar to those at Spies'.

THE MOST STRIKING

view of the procession was obtained at the corner of Lake and Des Plaines streets, for it brought so vividly to mind the scene of May 4, 1886, when the bomb was thrown. It was just 1:45 o'clock when the head of the line reached the spot. At the corner is a saloon and the hall of Charles Zepf, anarchist. It was in this saloon that Parsons took his wife and children after he had finished his speech at the Haymarket and where they sat when the bomb was thrown. Two hundred feet south of the corner was the place where stood the wagon from which Spies and his comrades delivered their harangues and counseled throttling of the law, and here too was the alley from which the fatal bomb was hurled into the ranks of the police. A little farther south is the spot where the missile fell and did such

AWFUL DESTRUCTION.

Was it by accident or design that the parade wound around this historic corner? was a question asked by hundreds, as the line of march took the marching army of sympathizers directly past Grief's Hall, in the basement of which the group of anarchists used to hold a nightly conference and instruct each other in the use of dynamite and practice the manual of arms. At the hour above mentioned, the first line of men could be seen crossing Des Plaines Street viaduct where, in 1878, a bloody fight took place between the police and railroad strikers. There was no advance guard of police. Chief Marshal Hepps with two aids led the way. They wore no red but simple black clothes and crape on their arms. Then came a brilliantly dressed corps of musicians. As this band passed Zepf's Hall, which was opened and filled with

DRINKING MEN,

it struck up a dirge as did in fact every other band in the procession and there were at least fifteen of them. Following the first corps of musicians walked the defense committee, the men who had charge of collecting funds with which it was hoped to save

the anarchists from their fate. George Schilling led the committee and carried in his hands a floral tribute. Following them marched, eight abreast, near 200 members of the Aurora Turn Verein, of which Spies was a member. The whole society did not turn out, as many members are not in sympathy with anarchy.

Four hundred of Vorwaerts Turner Society came next, wearing

RED BADGES

on their breasts. This branch of the Turner's is more strongly tinged with socialism than any in the city. One hundred of the Flerschmitt branch came next, and then followed the feature of the procession—it was the hearse of Spies. There were no nodding black plumes on it, but the top was so covered with floral tributes that nothing else could be seen. Inside was a richly covered casket. Standing out in bold relief against the black broadcloth of the coffin was thrown a great sash of red silk. It was all the more striking because no flowers had been placed inside to interfere with the idea of having Spies' colors shown to the public. The crowd on the street corners craned their necks to get a glimpse of this

MOST IMPOSING

of the hearses in the pageant. Then another band wheeled into Lake Street followed by many hundred of the Central Labor Union, the members of which are among the extreme socialists in the city. Behind them walked the black horses which drew the hearse in which lay the coffin of Adolph Fischer, he who yelled "Hurrah for anarchy!" at the moment he was hanged. His hearse was well supplied with flowers, but for some reason no red silk emblem of his faith had been thrown across the casket in which were his remains. Then came the funeral carriage of Albert R. Parsons. On a box by the driver sat a man holding in his hand a floral tribute of such size that the inscription on the flowers, "from K. O. L. assembly, 137," could be seen a hundred feet away. On Parsons' coffin, instead of a great sash of red, there was a simple strip of red silk ribbon which was trailed carelessly from the head of the coffin to almost the centre and was then strung along the floor of the hearse until it wound itself in a little heap at the foot. "It is suggestive

OF A SERPENT."

was the remark of an onlooker. Then along came another cohort of the Central Labor Union, butchers, bakers and representatives of all sorts of trades. Behind these were drawn the hearses of George Engel and Louis Lingg. Over both the black coffins were the inevitable red banners. All through this, which may be called the first part of the demonstration, were interspersed carriages containing the relatives and near friends of the dead anarchists; but the original programme was changed in the hurry and confusion of getting the line together, so the carriages of the mourners became somewhat mixed. The next feature of the procession was the turn-out of people who followed after the hearses. There were men, women and children in ranks of four to eight deep. They tramped side by side as they swung into Lake Street. Not a word was uttered by those in the ranks or on the corners. The most

NOTICEABLE FEATURE

of this part of the pageant was the showing made by the two local assemblies K. of L., composed wholly of women. Each one of these were aflame with red and scarlet in their hats, bows of crimson at their throats and long streamers of crimson from their shoulders, which made the appearance of working women a special object of interest. In front of them marched Miss Mary McCormick, master workman of the organization known as "Lucy Parsons lodge K. of L." She was attended by two others and the trio carried a huge wreath to the top of which is attached a snow-white dove, the emblem of peace. It will be remembered that the signal for gathering at Haymarket square was the printed German word "ruhe," meaning peace. This was the only

WHITE DOVE

on the whole line. After the long line of people on foot had passed came carriages to the number of 50. The procession went east on Lake Street, South on 5th Avenue and past the building in which was formerly the office of August Spies and Albert R. Parsons when they wrote the blood-thirsty editorials for their respective papers. As the first ranks of Aurora Turn Verein passed the building, some one of its members raised in the air a small U. S. flag and waved it over his head. This was the signal for a cheer from the loyal citizens on the sidewalk. In half an hour more the procession halted at Depot Street and the coffins of the dead men were taken out by the pall bearers and deposited on a baggage car, which then was attached to the train.

FORTY CARS

were required to take out the members of the procession and hundreds of others besides those in carriages went out on different routes. So dense was the crowd on the tracks that when the train pulled out it was at a snail's pace. Every street crossing and every viaduct was blocked with human beings

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