

from the burning appeals for resistance and calls "To Arms!" that appeared in their newspaper organs that evening. "Rube," penned by Spies' own hand, started out of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. After the papers were off and their editors had swallowed a hasty supper, it is known that Spies, Parsons, Schwab, Fielden, Fischer and other spirits, mostly members of the self-styled "armed sections" that held the Greif's Hall conclave, went into close session at the International headquarters in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* building, where reports by messenger and telephone were received as the moments sped.

LINGG'S CREW
of bomb-makers were still assiduously at work. For some reason he himself was unable to remain with them all the time, and the evening found him cursing their slow progress. It was some time after 7:30 p.m.—the hour mentioned for the Haymarket meeting to begin—when Lingg put into a little trunk what bombs were ready—some fifty or sixty—and started with his burden for the appointed rendezvous, an anarchist's saloon near, known as Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn avenue. He was met on the way by a messenger who had come to hurry him along. The trunk was left open in a passage-way of the saloon, and without more ado men began dropping in quietly, alone or in couples,

POCKETING A BOMB
two each, and vanishing into the darkness. This celerity may have somewhat mollified Lingg, but his delay was not the only stumbling-block of the reds.

Twenty five thousand people, the anarchist leaders estimated, would be gathered together in the Haymarket. This was not an extravagant expectation, when 12,000 had been so easily amassed near McCormick's. But fear of further rioting kept pretty much everybody at home except about 3,000 men, nearly all of them unmistakably anarchists. Undoubtedly the smallness of the crowd made the anarchist leaders pause. "The social revolution" backed by a

MOB OF WORKINGMEN
5,000 strong had changed to a prospective fight between anarchists alone on one side and the police in force on the other. It was evident to the most casual spectator in the Haymarket that a hitch existed somewhere, and apparently the meeting's managers were all completely at sea.

The great dim-lighted square was a decidedly uncanny scene with its scattered group of gesticulating, tramping-looking occupants lining the sidewalks and pouring in and out of the rickety surrounding saloons. The *Arbeiter* conference of leaders had been prolonged one, and when at last Parsons, Fielden and the rest reached the Haymarket square they found bent on a waiting game. It will probably never be known whether

EVIDENT HESITANCY
was caused by the delay of Lingg's underlings, a proposed abandonment of the outbreak, or the hope that the police would attack and attempt to disperse the dangerous looking crowd before the speaking should begin, thus relieving the leaders from appearing to incite riot.

Finally, an hour and a half late, Spies, Parsons and Fielden addressed the crowd, in the order named, using a wagon for their rostrum. The first two, in comparison with their usual languages, were tame as a pair of doves. Gradually the crowd thinned out. No police interfered, and the "reds" had waited months for had nearly gone. The meeting could be a laughing-stock to the public, the leaders would be discredited, even their own ilk, and

THE RUBE-SIGNAL
would mean not the "social revolution" begun, but the International Association collapsed.

Fielden was worthy the occasion. He had been in the background on the wagon with Schnaubelt, the bomb-maker, Spies and other directing hands, who saw plainly that something must be done, and quickly. Therefore, when his turn came, Fielden stepped boldly to the front, discarding all pretense of mildness. He electrified the mob at once. The crowd swayed excitedly backward and forward in the shadowy confines of Desplaines street, into which they had come from an open square, and pressed eagerly closer to the flickering gas lamp that lit the speaker's shaggy-bearded face and powerful form. When he suddenly urged the wrought-up mob, standing in plain view of the police station, to "throttle and kill the law," disguised officers in the crowd saw necessity of

PROMPT ACTION,
and word was passed to their commander.

Captain Bonfield, following the plain directions of the state law covering such cases, gave orders to have the meeting dispersed. Seven companies of police, one hundred twenty-five men, led by himself and Captain Ward, marched in platoons, extending from curb to curb, the short distance on Desplaines Street from the station to the speakers' wagon. As the police approached, Fielden shouted to the crowd: "Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty, and I'll mine." Captain Ward, in a loud voice, called out: "In the name of the people of the State of Illinois, I command you to peaceably disperse." Fielden, stepping down from the wagon, gave the "rube" exclamation:

"We are peaceable." Instantly the bomb was thrown, the first in free America.

A SPUTTERING SPARK

In the air, on the ground a blinding burst—that was all. Blackness was everywhere. The pigmy cracking of the pistol shots out from the mob-jammed sidewalks, a few tall forms in the street rapidly closing together, the flash and smoke of volley after volley from them and the rear platoons, then the din became hideous, with the groaning of mangled men and the yells of rage and fear in the wild scramble for escape.

The sequel has stretched out to today. Foremost it includes the death of seven bomb-slain police, and the slow recovery of sixty officers wounded. The immediate arrest of all the chief malefactors, barring Parsons alone, was followed by their prompt arraignment for murder June 21, before Judge Joseph E. Gary, who proved himself as able as he is worthy. The escape of

SCHNAUBELT,

the actual thrower of the bomb, who was set free before his importance had been suspected—was a blunder only equalled by the mistake on the opposite side when Parsons made his sensational voluntary surrender.

Two months precisely was the length of the trial, engrossing from day to day the attention of the civilized world. Whatever legal talent could do was exhausted by the defense under the direction of Captain Black, while States Attorney Grinnell directed the prosecution with a skill reaching every point.

Death sentences for all but Neebe, and the penitentiary for him; the tour of American cities by European socialists, Liebknecht, the German parliamentarian, and Aveling, the English scientist, in an attempt to

GIVE PRESTIGE.

to the condemned and gain sympathy for them; the effort to make sentimentalism have an effect through the ostentatious love-making of Spies and Miss Van Zandt and their subsequent proxy marriage—all these followed each other in rapid succession. Next came the introduction of the anarchist cause as an issue in Chicago politics, resulting in the crushing defeat of the red flag advocates. Abraham Lincoln's ex-partner, Leonard Swett, presenting the case to the Supreme Court of Illinois created a new sensation, but his efforts were no more effective than subsequent ones for the "reds" by General Butler, Roger A. Pryor and J. Randolph Tucker, before the highest court of the nation. George Francis Train and his queer exploits were in

SINGULAR CONTRAST

with the grave legal proceedings and the bitter struggles in the trades unions.

The splits caused by friends of the condemned in two of the greatest brotherhoods in the world—Knights of Labor and Turners—have had far-reaching effects, but the attention of people at large has been much more strongly arrested by the events of the past few days. Beginning with Parsons' extraordinary demand for liberty complete or death, and Spies' equally surprising appeal for a little lease of life, followed by the immense pressure brought to bear upon the governor during the past few days, the sensational suicide of Louis Lingg and the commutation to life imprisonment of Schwab's and Fielden's sentences yesterday evening, everything seems to have combined, if possible, to make this period exceed in world-wide interest the days of the Haymarket massacre.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—During the long hours of the night the only newspaper men who were admitted to the inner precincts of the jail were representatives of the Associated Press. They had quarters in what is known as the lawyers' cage, and were within ten feet of the anarchists. At 4 o'clock one of them made a tour of the lower corridor, where Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel were confined. In each cell were two stalwart guards who stood watch over the anarchists. The former chatted in low tones and whispered jokes among themselves to while away the time, but talk and whispered jokes were all lost on the prisoners. Each one was in the heaviest of slumbers. Spies lay on one side, his head on his arm, and slept peacefully

AS A BABE.

At intervals the silence was broken by the stealthy walk of the armed guard, who made the rounds of the lower corridor, to see that all was well. The only other disturbing element was the mewing of the jail cat, who kept up the noise so persistently that at last a deputy bore down on, captured and removed her to the basement, where her cries could not be heard.

Sometime after midnight, Parsons complained that the hum of conversation in the jailor's office annoyed him and prevented him from sleeping. The wooden door which hangs on the office side of the heavy bars of the inner door was closed and the Texas anarchist dropped into an

UNEASY SLUMBER.

In the office, a busy crowd of reporters stood writing at a desk or lounged about talking with deputies. Occasionally a heavy step sounded on the iron stairs outside and the strong door was

gathering incidents of the night; along the otherwise silent corridors sounded the slow, regular tramp of deputies composing the death watch, to and fro ceaselessly, in front of the cell doors behind which were the four forfeited lives.

10 a.m.—Everything quiet. Police protection ample. Business going on as usual.

AMPLE PRECAUTIONS.

The main entrance of the jail, through which all who enter must pass, is guarded by a heavy double iron door. Immediately within the door stand two trusty policemen, armed with breech-loading rifles and carrying 33 rounds each in a convenient cartridge box. The jail proper is reached by crossing a narrow court, dismal and cold in the darkness. In this part of the building special preparations have been made for the reception of unwelcome callers. Now and then a louder voice than common floats out from the cell room, where some ordinary prisoners have waked with a cry, but from the cells of the condemned comes only a low murmur of conversation between the guards and their wards. About 1 o'clock a.m. while there was comparative silence, the occupants of the sheriff's office were startled by a

CRASH AND BANG.

opened, revealing a candidate for admission to all the horrors provided for the possessors of passes. From within the lawyers' cage came the sharp metallic click of the Associated Press telegraph instrument, dispatching the from the northern corridor. It was nothing only the sheriff and few other officials experimenting with the scaffold, and testing it and the ropes.

A few minutes after 2 o'clock Spies stood at the door of his cell smoking and talking through the bars with his guards. Between 3 and 4 the rumble of wheels outside penetrated the thick walls and a wagon drove up and unloaded four coffins.

At 3:30 all were asleep, Fielden and Schwab in their cells in the second tier, having retired before midnight. In the first flush of relief, to them imprisonment for life was a very small matter and they could sleep in safety. Not many minutes from six o'clock came daylight, cold and pitiless as the law about to be avenged and a bustle different from that of the night invaded the seclusion of the prison. The

DAY OF HANGING

had arrived. Six o'clock came and the rambling of wagons, blowing of whistles and ringing of bells told that the people outside were astir. But the anarchists slept on. It was fifteen minutes to seven when Engel awoke. Within the next ten minutes his three doomed companions opened their eyes. They tumbled out of their cots hastily and dressed themselves. No conversation took place between the anarchists and their guards. Spies and Parsons simply bade them good bye and in five minutes the deputies emerged from the cell room. They were relieved by others. Fischer was the first one to emerge from his cell, accompanied by two deputies. He stepped over to the plain iron sink and took a good wash. His every movement was

CLOSELY WATCHED.

Spies next performed his ablutions and seemed to enjoy them. He lingered long at the sink. He carefully cleaned his teeth and gargled his throat. Old man Engel followed the young anarchist, and the last one to wash was Parsons.

At 7:20 two waiters from the restaurant brought to the prisoners their breakfast.

Active preparations for the execution began at 8 o'clock, when Chief Bailiff Cahill arrived at the jail and assigned deputy sheriffs to their various positions during the event. It was announced that Jailer Folz, with three deputies, would conduct the prisoners to the scaffold and superintend the actual hanging.

Rev. Dr. Bolton arrived at 7:45 and passed into the cell room. Passing first into Parsons' cell, he attempted to engage the

DOOMED TEXAN

in religious conversation. Parsons had not yet finished his breakfast. What passed between them was not divulged. In the meantime Spies had called for paper and envelope. When they were furnished him, he began writing. He was interrupted by the sheriff, who accosted him and stood in front of the cell door while they talked. The sheriff took notes of the conversation and passed on. Writing materials were furnished to Parsons and Fischer, who immediately set about preparing statements. Engel made no request for pen and paper, but sat stolidly on his bed looking at the opposite wall of his cell.

THE DEATH WARRANTS.

9:10 a. m. Chief Deputy Gleason has arrived with the fatal documents authorizing the execution. Gleason immediately went into close conference with the sheriff in a private apartment that was locked and bolted at once on the inside. While they were still conferring, Spies' internal fever had so increased as to induce him to order a glass of Rhine wine, which was brought to his cell and swallowed at a gulp. A few minutes were then occupied by him in writing autographs for the officers attached to the sheriff's office.

The prisoners were asked if there was any desire for stimulants and all save Engel alone replied quietly in the

negative. Engel asked for some port wine. It was given him at once and he gulped down three large glasses. Spies requested water and, seemingly consumed by a burning thirst, swallowed nearly two tumblers of the pure, cool liquid.

While standing in front of Engel's cell Dr. Bolton was in danger of becoming involved in a religious controversy, for the condemned men boldly combated the propositions of the divine.

Within a few minutes a message came from Mrs. Parsons through the bailiff applying at the jail for admission. The request was

STERNLY REFUSED.

Outside the jail everything has been quiet. No one without a pass is allowed within a block of the building, and strong bodies of police armed with Winchester rifles guard every approach. There is the usual crowd of idlers around in the streets as near the building as they are allowed, but the police keep them moving, and perfect order prevails.

A little ripple of excitement occurred at 9:30, when Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes went up to the police lines and demanded admission. They were refused and requested to move on. They declined to do this and became rather violent in their talk, at which they were arrested without further ceremony and taken to the police station. There was no expression or demonstration of sympathy on the part of the crowd.

STILL WORKING WITH THE GOVERNOR.

At 9:30 the information was ticked from the Associated Press, telegraph instrument a few feet distant from the cells, that Captain Black was that very moment again pleading with Governor Oglesby at Springfield. The message was handed in to Sheriff Matson, who glanced at it, but said nothing. Two minutes later the sheriff emerged, and in reply to a chorus of inquiries said phlegmatically that he had not "just fixed the time as yet."

At 10 o'clock Parsons, Fischer and Spies asked for twenty minutes each on the gallows in which to make speeches. The sheriff did not immediately return any answer to the request. Fischer then began singing the "Marseillaise," in which the other prisoners joined.

NO INTERFERENCE.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., 10:15 a.m., Nov. 11.—The conference is at an end and the governor has just announced his final and irrevocable decision; he emphatically refuses to further interfere in behalf of the condemned men.

UNSEEMLY BRAVADO.

Fischer continued to make a display of bravado. Soon after singing the "Marseillaise," he spoke to Turnkey Stubbin in a laughing way: "When I get to heaven, I'll put in a good word for you." When Fischer woke up this morning, he turned to one of the officers and said: "I dreamed about Germany last night." Then he relapsed into silence for a long period.

Following close upon the telegram, came the report from Governor Oglesby that he had decided once for all. The greatest bustle and excitement prevailed in the jail office, but Spies in his cell continued writing uninterruptedly and the others remained equally nonchalant, notwithstanding the confusion that marked the

BEGINNING OF THE END.

The voice of Fischer seemed round and full, but quivering just a trifle. The reporters pressed close about the door to the cage and listened till the deep tones died away in silence. The song lasted about two minutes.

Adjutant General Vance, of the state military, came into the jail at 10 o'clock and was immediately closeted with the sheriff. About this time Police Inspector John Bendfeld, who commanded the police at the Haymarket, entered the jail looking as grim as he did within half an hour after the famous bomb massacre.

10:30 a.m.—The governor has just telegraphed Sheriff Matson that he sees no necessity for any further communication with him on the subject of the execution. He concludes his telegram by telling him to proceed with his duty.

Chief Deputy Gleason declared that the paper was simply the official notice of the commutation of Schwab and Fielden.

The manuscripts which Spies, Parsons, and Fischer spent a portion of the morning in preparing were in part

WRITTEN STATEMENTS.

the nature of which would not be divulged by any of the officials. These were delivered into the hands of Clerk Price, who turned them over to the sheriff, and this official locked them up in his personal safe. It was stated by the sheriff that Spies, Parsons and Fischer have in addition written letters which he had also locked up securely. Parsons' letter was addressed to his wife and children, that of Fischer goes to his wife, but the address on that of Spies the sheriff refuses to divulge. It is supposed it will reach Nina Van Zandt.

Before 10 o'clock Doctor Gray went in to the prisoners, bearing in his hands three wine glasses and a bottle of Jarvis brandy, with which to brace up the men. All of them partook of the stimulant.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The four anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer were hung at 11:54 a. m. No disturbance.

THE DETAILS.

The sheriff had finished reading the

death warrants of Spies, Engel and Fischer at 11:46, and the three men were immediately put in their shrouds. They are now standing at the grated door and saying adieus to friends.

GETTING READY.

Reporters were admitted into the cell-room to view the execution at 10:54. Fully twenty-five newspaper men, local politicians and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, had passed through the dark under the gallows and began seating themselves. The bailiff said a few words to the journalists, begging them to make no rush when the drop fell, but to wait decently and in order. The

RATTLE OF CHAIRS.

tables, and benches continued for several minutes, but by 11:03 there began to fall a hush and the conversation among the crowd sunk almost to a whisper. The bare whitewashed walls made a painful contrast with the dark brown gallows with its four hoisted ropes dropping ominously near the floor. A gleam of sunshine shooting through the window at this instant fell on a corner of the death machine and in a slight degree relieved its sombre hue.

The chief bailiff began at 11:10 calling out the names of the persons summoned as jurors, and bringing them forward to a row of little stools directly in front of the gallows. No other sounds were heard in the long, high corridor, but the solemn, monotonous voice of the bailiff and the rustling of the jurors as they tip toed forward through the crowd. Parsons was given a cup of coffee a few minutes before the march to the scaffold was begun, and at 11:12 they began eating their final lunch.

HOW THEY APPEARED.

It lacked just seven minutes and a half of noon when a single shrouded figure above which was a face of yellowish pallor, the face of August Spies, passed the first post of the gallows. The gaping crowd ten feet below half rose involuntarily from their chairs at the first glimpse of the apparition advancing across the scaffold. Spies took it calmly and glanced at the reporter with a trace of his old-time cynical smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of a deputy, to the furthest edge of the gallows. Following close, Fischer, whose countenance had a

PECULIAR GLISTEN.

totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features and in strange contrast with the dead color in the pinched lineaments of Parsons. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last, a withered old man. He had aged 20 years since the day and hour, scarcely twelve months before, when he tripped lightly into court before Judge Gary and flippantly declared that he was ready to be tried at once for his life. The minute his feet touched the scaffold, Parsons seemed to completely lose his identity and to feel that his spirit was no longer a part of his body. He had brought himself to an ecstasy of solemn self-glorification. He, the only American, seemed to realize to the full extent that he must die in a manner to impress, if possible, on all future generations the thought that he

WAS A MARTYR.

No tragedian that has paced the stage in America ever made a more marvelous presentation of a self-chosen part perfect in every detail. In the upward turn of his eyes was a distant far-away look, and above all the attitude of apparent complete resignation, that every fold of the awkward shroud only served to make more distinct, was by far the most striking feature of the entire gallows picture.

The squat form of Engel, alongside with the stupid, wide-jawed face, made a hideous contrast to Parsons' assumption of the halo of a martyr.

Fischer was head and shoulders taller than the other three, making his only occasional looks of too evident bravado more noticeable than might otherwise be a sorry disadvantage compared with the steady coolness of Spies. The latter's exhibition of quiet, thorough nerve far surpassed as a wonder the demeanor of any of his comrades.

Four burly deputies standing to the rear of the four condemned men began without delay to

ADJUST THE ROPES.

Spies' noose being the one first placed. He did not appear to regard it of any more consequence than a new linen collar. The knot was slipped down the cord close against his neck. Spies did not show a tremor, but when the same process was being carried out with Fischer, he turned and quietly whispered to the bailiff some suggestion concerning the rope. The men were all in their shrouds at 11:45 and the death march to the scaffold started. The scaffold drop fell at 11:54.

THEY DIE HARD.

11:54 a.m.—Fischer is dying very hard, as is also Spies. Parsons is also struggling and kicking fearfully.

At 12:03 there was no pulse perceptible in any of the men. The coffins were then carried in.

THE LAST WORDS.

of the four dead anarchists were as follows:

Spies: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death now."

Engel: "Hurrah for anarchy!"

(Continued on Page 700.)