

CHAPTER XIV.

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

WITH the information already obtained we had managed to secure a pretty clear insight into the diabolical plots of the "revolutionary groups." It was apparent that Chicago had been regarded by Anarchists everywhere as the head center of Socialism in America, and that it had been decided that here should be the first test of strength in the establishment of the new social order. Any reasoning, sentient being ought to have seen the utter folly of such an undertaking in the very midst of millions of liberty-loving, law-abiding citizens, but these Anarchists, hypnotized as they were by the plausible sophisms and the inflammatory writings of unscrupulous men bent on notoriety, could view it in no other light than as a grand stride towards their goal. As boys are led astray by yellow-covered literature, these poor fools were crazed by Anarchistic vapors. Day or night, sleeping or waking, the beauties of the new social order to be inaugurated by the revolution were continually before their minds.

It was clear that such people were capable of desperate deeds, and that it was not only necessary to bring to justice the instigators of the massacre, but to show their deluded followers the inevitable result of carrying out ideas repugnant to our free institutions and inconsistent with common sense and right.

With so many facts before us, we redoubled our efforts to capture every dangerous Anarchist leader in the city, and the next one to fall into the toils was no less a personage than the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg.

This notorious Anarchist came to Chicago when about twenty-one years of age. He had learned the carpenter's trade in Germany, and when not engaged in spreading Anarchy's doctrines, he pursued that calling to liquidate his board bills and personal expenses. He was a tall, lithe, well-built, handsome fellow, and, while not of a nervous disposition, his nature was so active and aggressive that he never appeared at rest. Sleeping or waking, Anarchy and the most effective methods of establishing it were uppermost in his thoughts. By reason of his very restlessness it was not difficult to trace him in Socialistic circles when on his tours of agitation, and it was noticeable, too, that he never remained at any one point for any regular

length of time. His make-up was a queer combination of nerve, energy and push. His mind seemed always weighted with some great burden. Perhaps there was a reason for this not alone in his radical beliefs, but in his blood and birth.

Louis Lingg was born in Schwetzingen, Germany, on the 9th day of September, 1864, and, while his childhood was spent pleasantly enough, a cloud gradually gathered which overshadowed his life and embittered him against society. His mother, at the age of eighteen or twenty, had worked as a servant, and, possessing a very handsome face, a shapely figure and attractive manners, had caught the eye of a Hessian soldier in the dragoons. This man was young, dashing and handsome, and mutual admiration soon ripened into undue intimacy.

One day the soldier left town on short notice—whether because of military orders or through his own inclination is not known. It is certain, however, that she never heard of him from that day, and that a son was born to her out of wedlock. That son was Louis Lingg. The name of that dragoon has never been made public, but it is believed with reason that Lingg was born of royal blood.

Several years after her escapade the mother wedded a lumber-worker named Link. Louis was then four years old. When young Lingg had arrived at the age of twelve, his foster-father, while engaged in his occupation of floating logs down the river Main, contracted heart disease, through over-exposure, and died. The widow was left in poor circumstances, and she was obliged to do washing and ironing in order to support herself and family, a daughter named Elise having been born since her marriage.

Louis, in the course of years, grew strong, robust and muscular. He had received a fair education, and, desiring to relieve his mother's burdens as much as possible, he learned the carpenter's trade under the tutelage of a man named Louis Wuermell in Mannheim. He remained there until May 13, 1879, and then, quitting his apprenticeship, proceeded to Kehl, on

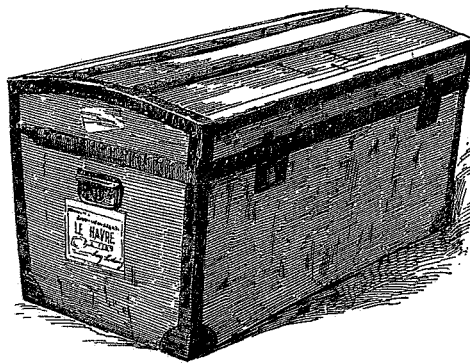


LOUIS LINGG, THE BOMB-MAKER.

From a Photograph taken by the Police.

the Rhine. There he found employment with a man named Schmidt until the fall of 1882. He next went to Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where he worked for several contractors. At this place he began to change his employment frequently, and his mother, learning of it, wrote several letters, in which she advised him against such a course and admonished him to become a good man, to save his money and keep out of bad company, so that he might become useful to himself and to society and make her proud of him. But the son did not heed this motherly advice. He fell in with free-thinkers who were set against religion in particular and against society in general, and soon began reading and absorbing Socialistic literature. It was not long before he became an avowed Socialist, attending Socialistic meetings and eagerly listening to all the speeches.

Finally young Lingg grew weary of Baden and wandered to the republic of Switzerland. Here he



LINGG'S TRUNK.
From a Photograph.

spent the fall of 1883 at Luzerne, working at his trade with a man named Rickley, but his roving nature soon brought him to Zurich.

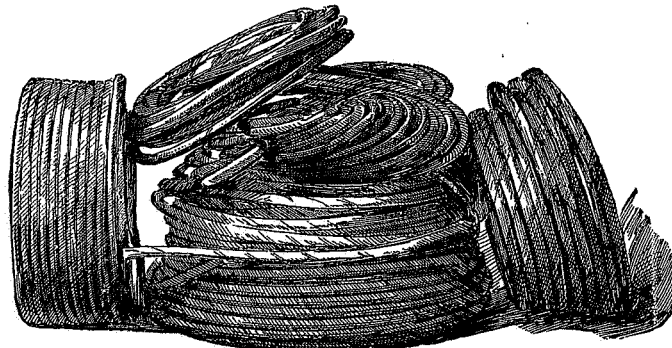
It was there that he met the famous Anarchist Reinsdorf, and for this man he speedily formed a warm attachment. While in Zurich Lingg also affiliated with a German Socialistic society called "Eintracht," and threw his whole soul into the

cause. After a time he turned up at Aarau, but here he was unable to find employment and had to write home for assistance. The mother loved her son dearly, despite his wanderings, and he did not appeal to her in vain. She wrote him enclosing a small sum of money to help him bridge over his idleness, and at the same time informed him that she had again married (August 6, 1884), her second husband's name being Christian Gaddum. This man had been a neighbor of the family at Mannheim for years. In writing to her son, Mrs. Link indicated that the marriage was not prompted by love or admiration, but came about on account of her feeble health and her desire to secure support for herself and her daughter. Louis' mother had frequently expressed a wish that he visit home, but, as the boy had now reached the age for military service under the German Government, he concluded to remain away, and in casting about for a permanent location he decided to emigrate to America. He presented the matter to his mother. At first she opposed it, but finally

gave her consent. With what money he secured from his mother and from his friends, he proceeded to Havre, France, in June, 1885, and boarded a steamer for the United States.

After the wayward boy had left home, he and his mother corresponded regularly. She always expressed deep solicitude for his welfare, and when he was in financial distress she would write him: "Dear Louis, I will share with you as long as I have a bite in the house." All her letters breathed encouragement; she sent money frequently, although at times in need herself, and concluded invariably by giving good counsel and urging Louis to write her soon and often. When Lingg had arrived in the United States the fond mother wrote him that she would soon be able to send him money enough to come home on a visit.

That Lingg had great love and affection for his mother is evidenced by



COILS OF FUSE.

Found in the secret bottom of Lingg's Trunk.
From a Photograph.

the fact that he had carefully preserved all her letters from the time of his leaving home until he died a suicide's death. From these letters it appears also that Lingg had several lady admirers at home.

There were many expressions, such as "kindest regards" or "heartiest respects," conveyed to him by his mother on behalf of this or that lady friend. Another fact made apparent by the letters was that there was some great burden on his mind. It would seem that he had plied his mother with many questions respecting his birth. That seemed a dark spot in his life. He wanted a solution as well as satisfaction. This worried the mother, but she always managed to give him some consolation, saying she "would guard against everything" and have "all things set right." In one of her letters occurs the following:

As regards your birth, it grieves me that you mention it. While you did not know it before, I will now say that you were born in Schwetzingen on the 9th day of September, 1864, at your grandfather's house, and baptized. Where your father is I don't know. My

father did not want me to marry him because he did not desire me to follow him into Hessia, and as he had no real estate he could not marry me in Schwetzingen according to our laws. He left and went, I do not know where. If you want a certificate of birth you can get it at Schwetzingen any time. If you make a proper presentation everything will be all right, but don't hold on six months.

The original of the above, which is in German and which was found in Lingg's trunk, had no signature. Another letter regarding his paternity reads as follows, showing that Lingg's mind had been sorely distressed over the matter :

MANNHEIM, June 29, 1884.

Dear Louis:—You must have waited a long time for an answer. John said to Elise that I had not yet replied to your last letter. The officials of the court you cannot push. For my part I would have been better pleased if they had hurried up, because it would have saved you a great deal of time. But now I am glad that it has finally been accomplished. After a great deal of toil, I put myself out to go to Schwetzingen and see about the certificate of your birth. I know you will be glad and satisfied to learn that you carry the name of Lingg. This is better than to have children with two different names. He had you entered as a legitimate child before we got married. I think this was the best course, so that you will not worry and reproach me. Such a certificate of birth is no disgrace, and you can show it. I felt offended that you took no notice of the "confirmation." Elise had everything nice. Her only wish was to receive some small token from Louis, which would have pleased her more than anything else. When she came from church, the first thing she asked for was as to a letter or card from you, but we had to be contented with the thought that perhaps you did not think of us. Now it is all past. . . . I was very much troubled that it has taken so long [to procure certificate], but I could not help it. I have kept my promise, and you cannot reproach me. Everything is all right, and we are all well and working. I hope to hear the same from you. It would not be so bad if you wrote oftener. I have had to do a great many things for you the last eighteen years, but with a mother you can do as you please — neglect her and never answer her letters.

The certificate sent him reads as follows :

No. 9,681.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH.

Ludwig Link, legitimate son of Philipp Friedrich Link and of Regina Von Hoefer, was born at Schwetzingen, on the ninth (9th) day of September, 1864. This is certified according to the records of the Evangelical Congregation of Schwetzingen.

SCHWETZINGEN, May 24, 1884.

[SEAL.]

County Court: CLURICHT.

To the letter of Mrs. Link, given above, no signature appears, but that is not strange. What seems more singular is that whenever her letters were signed, they closed with simply "Your Mother." Another thing appears from the above, and that is that at home Louis' name was Link. Other documents, some of them legal, also found in his trunk, show that his name was formerly written Link. His name must have been changed shortly before leaving Europe or just after reaching the United States.

It would seem that, with such a certificate, Lingg would have been measurably happy, but the fact of his illegitimacy, despite court records, rankled in his blood. The thought of it haunted him continually, and no doubt it helped to make him in religion a free-thinker, in theory a free-lover, and in practice an implacable enemy of existing society. His moth-

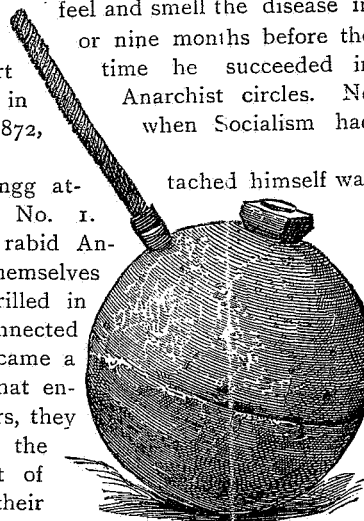
er's letters showed that she wished him to be a good man, and it was no fault of her early training that he subsequently became an Anarchist. She still lives at the old place, and when Lieut. Baus, of the Chicago police force, was on a visit to Mannheim, some time ago, he called on her and found her very pleasant and affable in her manner, with a strong, robust constitution, and still a good-looking woman.

No sooner had Lingg reached Chicago than he looked up the haunts of Socialists and Anarchists. He made their acquaintance, learned the strength of the order in the city as well as in the United States, and was highly gratified. At that time the organization was not only strong in numbers, but it fairly "smelt to heaven" in its rankness of doctrine.

Lingg was not required to look around very hard for the haunts of Anarchy, for a blind man could plainly see, feel and smell the disease in the air. Lingg arrived here only eight or nine months before the eventful 4th of May, but in that short time he succeeded in making himself the most popular man in Anarchist circles. No one had created such a *furor* since 1872, when Socialism had its inception in the city.

The first organization to which Lingg attached himself was the International Carpenters' Union No. 1. Every member of this society was a rabid Anarchist. All of them had supplied themselves with arms, and a majority of them drilled in military tactics. Lingg had not been connected with the organization long before he became a recognized leader and made speeches that enthused them all. While young in years, they recognized in him a worthy leader, and the fact that he had sat at the very feet of Reinsdorf as a pupil elevated him in their estimation. This distinction, added to his personal magnetism, made him the subject for praise and comment, which pleased his vanity and spurred his ambition.

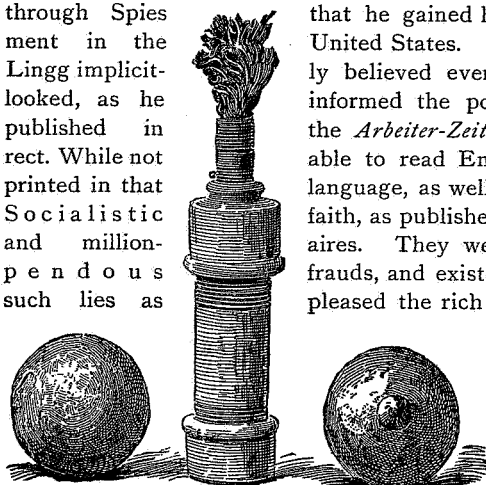
Men longer in the service and more familiar with the local and general phases of Anarchy at times reluctantly yielded to him where points of policy were at stake. No committee was regarded as complete without him, and this brought him in contact with August Spies and Albert Parsons. He was often at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which was the headquarters of the governing body, with reports and suggestions, and by his admirable tact soon won their esteem and good graces. He there also made the acquaintance of Fielden, Fischer, Schnaubelt, Rau, Neebe, Schwab, and of some of the more noted women in the Anarchist movement.



COMPOSITION BOMB.
Found in Lingg's room, ready for use.

He was frequently complimented for his work and became quite a favorite with the ladies.

When Lingg first became actively identified with the party of assassination and annihilation here, he was cautious and secretive. He knew that secrecy in the old country was not only essential to success, but absolutely requisite for self-preservation. He supposed that the same sort of tactics prevailed here, but when he saw how bold, aggressive and open were the utterances of the Anarchists in Chicago and elsewhere, he came to believe that the government and the municipal administration existed simply through their sufferance. At first, whenever Lingg was doubtful on any point, he would seek knowledge and inspiration from Spies, and it was through Spies that he gained his information of the movement in the United States. They became firm friends, and he believed everything Spies told him, and informed the police officers, upon every line the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* as absolutely true and corable to read English, he regarded all papers language, as well as in the German, not of the faith, as published for the benefit of capitalists-aire. They were all, in his estimation, stu-frauds, and existed simply because they printed pleased the rich and those in power. Being a



CAST-IRON AND LARGE GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

From Photographs.

The long bomb in center weighs five lbs., and was thrown at a patrol wagon on Blue Island Avenue, but failed to explode. The round bombs were lined on the inside with a coating of cement saturated with a deadly poison.

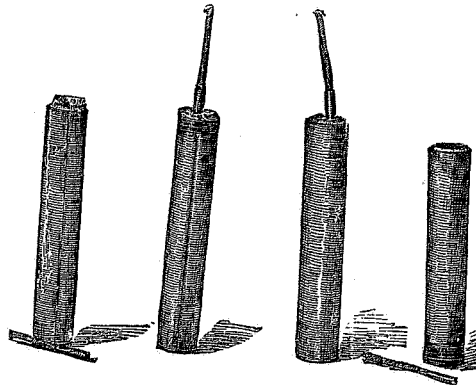
lowers in this respect is shown in the fact that to him was intrusted the task of organizing the people of the Southwest Side and directing their plans against the McCormick factory.

His communications, which I have given in a prior chapter, to the Bohemians and others in that locality, show that he was bent on riot and destruction, and in that mad and frenzied movement he had the hearty coöperation of the colleagues who had with him concocted it at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. They alone knew of it, and worked out the details at a meeting held near the factory on the 3d of May. Lingg, being braver

man of sincere convictions and earnest zeal, Lingg won the confidence of his confrères and always knew just what was going to be done and how it was to be accomplished. He was a faithful ally and was invariably counted upon to take a leading part in all the movements of the reds. How he was regarded by his fel-

and more daring than the other leaders, was the chosen instrument to inspire the men to an attack upon the works, and he subsequently claimed that he had been clubbed by the police during the affray.

During the turbulent and momentous days preceding May 4, Lingg's comrades saddled upon him a great responsibility, but he never flinched. On the contrary, he proved the mettle of his make-up, not only volunteering to carry out certain ends he himself outlined, but cheerfully assuming every task imposed upon him and always willing to take all responsibility for the consequences. He was found on the North Side actively engaged in calling Anarchists to arms, on the Southwest Side endeavoring to form a compact body of fighters in view of the near approach of May 1; he was busy at Seliger's house constructing bombs, and at meetings giving instructions how to make infernal machines. His work was never finished, and never neglected. At one time he taught his followers how to handle the bombs so that they would not explode in their hands, and showed the time and distance for throwing the missiles with deadly effect; at another he drilled those who were to do the throwing, instructing them how to surround themselves with friends so that detection by an enemy would be impossible.



GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

Found in Lingg's Room. From a Photograph.

All these things kept him busy, but his whole soul was in the work. He

was not alone a bomb-maker; he also constituted himself an agent to sell arms. He sold a great many large revolvers and rifles. This is shown by a note found in his trunk, addressed to Abraham Hermann. It reads as follows:

Friend: — I sold three revolvers during the last two days, and I will sell three more to-day (Wednesday). I sell them from \$6.00 to \$7.80 apiece.

Respectfully and best regards,

L. LINGG.

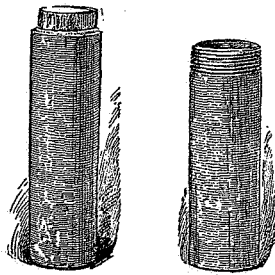
At this time Hermann was the general agent in this city for buying and selling arms to the Anarchists. Engel had been an agent at one time, but the men claimed that he had fleeced them, and he was dropped.

Lingg thus proved himself a very useful man to the order. He could make an effective speech; he was a good organizer; he could make bombs with dynamite whose power had been enhanced manifold through his skill;

he would carry handbills, and he would do anything to help along the cause. In truth, he was the shiftiest as well as the most dangerous Anarchist in all Chicago.

Having been a pupil of Reinsdorf, Lingg was an opponent of all peaceable agitation. He believed in organizing armed forces and conquering everything by main force. He had no love at all for those who talked peaceable agitation; he called them fools and cranks. Of this class were the old-time Socialists, and he looked upon them with haughty disdain. He found better material to work on for helping him in the revolution he proposed, and, although he molded many an Anarchist out of the softer clay of humanity, still he was not satisfied, but complained continually that they did not move fast enough, did not take hold with celerity and failed to develop such heroic qualities as he wished to see. The restless spirit within him, his implacable hatred of society, tinged with the bitterness of his doubtful birth, and his strong impulses manifested themselves in all his

acts and utterances. An illustration of these traits is the impatience he exhibited over the failure of trusted men to come early to the house of Seliger to secure bombs on the evening of May 4, and his departure with the bombs to Neff's Hall to have them speedily distributed. Another example is found in the bitter reproaches he heaped on those who had failed to carry out their part after the inauguration of the Haymarket riot. His hopes, his ambitions, had been set on the successful consummation of that plot. It was to have overthrown all government and all law, which he declared were good enough for



GAS-PIPE BOMBS, WITHOUT FUSE.
Found in Lingg's Room.

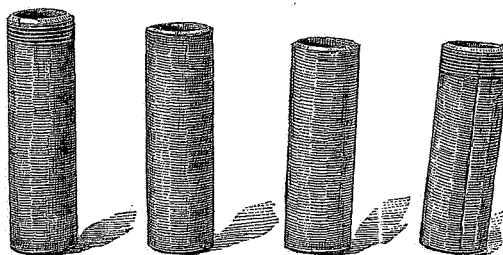
old women to prevent them from quarreling, but needless for men of intelligence and independence.

For four weeks prior to the 4th of May he was out of work, but he was by no means idle. He worked early and late attending meetings and making bombs, so that, the moment the signal for the general revolution was given, every member of the armed sections might be supplied with the destructive agent. He wanted the whole city blown up, every capitalist wiped off the face of the earth; and he and his trusted comrades, Sunday after Sunday, in anticipation of the uprising, practiced in the suburbs with rifles and 44-caliber revolvers. Lingg became the most expert of them all and was looked upon by his associates as a crack shot.

Lingg's money and time were freely given to the purchase of arms and to the manufacture of dynamite bombs. His room at Seliger's became a veritable arsenal, and, the more deadly "stuff" he brought into the house, the more pleased he became, and the more bitter grew the enmity of Mrs.

Seliger toward him. How careful and elaborate were his preparations for the coming day is not only shown by the deadly implements found in his room, but is evidenced in the statements of his trusted lieutenants. These statements—made to me by men anxious to save themselves, prostrate suppliants for mercy, whose every material revelation was corroborative of the others, although given independently and under different circumstances and without knowledge of what others had said—unmistakably pointed to a most gigantic conspiracy. Read any of these statements, and no doubt can exist that, had it not been for the hand of Providence on the night of May 4, thousands of people would have been killed and vast districts of the city laid waste. Lingg expected it as certainly as he believed in his own existence at the time, and his intimate comrades bent all their energy in the direction of carrying out the villainous plot.

But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and the Haymarket riot proved a most bitter disappointment. Lingg was fairly beside himself with chagrin and mortification. The one consuming desire of his life had utterly and signally failed of realization. He clearly foresaw dire trouble in consequence of the attempt, and his mind was bewildered with perplexities as to his future movements. On the night of May



UNFINISHED GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

Found in Lingg's Dinner-Box. From a Photograph.

4, about 11:30 o'clock, when the full truth of the failure of the riot had flashed upon him, he stood in front of No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, not knowing exactly whither to turn for refuge from possible arrest, and, while in this dilemma, he broached the subject to Seliger, finally asking to be permitted to remain at the house over night until next morning, when he promised he would move away. He was without a cent in his pocket, having squandered all his money in the manufacture of bombs, confident of plenty when he and his fellows had secured control of the city. Seliger, knowing his condition, finally consented.

The next morning came, but Lingg manifested no disposition to carry out his promise

"I would move from here now," said he, very adroitly, "but if I do so it would create suspicion."

Seliger saw the force of the argument, and, being implicated also in the manufacture of bombs, shrewdly concluded to let him remain until matters quieted down. Lingg accordingly remained until the 7th of May. On this date officers began to appear in the vicinity, looking into the haunts and

resorts of Anarchists. This startled Lingg, and, lest they might pounce down upon his room, he decided to speedily vacate the premises. He did move, but with such haste that he left his implements of destruction and nearly all his personal effects behind him. When the house was finally searched the "bird had flown."

I sent out eight good detectives, and kept them working night and day looking for the bomb-maker, but no one could furnish a clue. It was learned that Lingg had a sweetheart, and her movements were closely watched. The houses of his known friends were also watched, and all his acquaintances shadowed. Anarchists who had hopes of saving their own necks if he could be found were pressed into the service, and decoy letters were sent out. Money was even held out as an inducement to divulge his hiding-place, but all to no purpose.

These expedients were kept up until the 13th of May, when I sent for Mrs. Seliger to ascertain where Lingg had last been employed and secure the addresses of all his friends. Nearly all the places she mentioned had been visited, but she spoke of one place that seemed to me to hold out some promise of a successful result. Mrs. Seliger stated that there was a place near the river, where there was a bridge that she had heard spoken of, and that Lingg had said to her husband that he would call on a friend of his near that place, on Canal Street. This place I at once recognized as being only a few blocks from the shop where Lingg had worked. Mrs. Seliger further stated that her husband had told her that this shop was only a few blocks from a Catholic church. All this I regarded as a good clue, and Officers Loewenstein and Schuettler were promptly detailed to follow it up—first going, however, to a planing-mill on Twelfth and South Clark Streets to ascertain if Lingg had ever worked there.

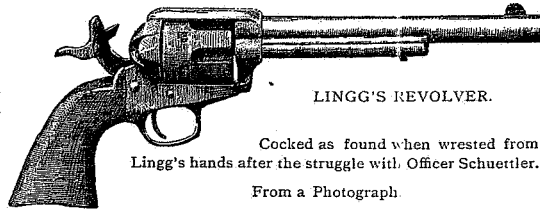
The officers carried out these instructions, and a few hours later they returned to the office, their faces wreathed in smiles. They informed me that they had secured a clue, that only a few days before Lingg had sent there for his tool chest, and that they had learned of a man who had noticed the number of the express wagon that had carted it away. But this man, they said, they would be unable to see until the next day.

Bright and early the next morning the officers started out with new instructions and visited the house of the person who had so singularly taken note of the express number. They found him, and he gave them all the information he possessed. About eleven o'clock the officers found the residence of the expressman, whose name was Charles Keperson and whose wagon was numbered 1,999. He lived at No. 1095 Robey Street. The officers rapped on the door, and a little girl about ten years of age answered. On being asked after her father she informed them that he was not at home. They inquired if her father had not brought in a trunk. She replied that her father had brought no trunk into their house, but he had hauled a tool

chest from down town, which he had taken to a house on an adjoining street. She pointed out a little cottage at No. 80 Ambrose Street, and on being asked if she had seen her father take it there she answered :

"Oh, yes, it was a gray-colored box, and I heard my father say it belonged to Louis Lingg."

The officers went over to the cottage and learned that a family named Klein lived there. Schuettler knocked on the door, and Mrs. Klein responded. He asked if Louis was at home. She replied that he was not and that he had gone out with some gentlemen about nine o'clock. She inquired what he desired to see Louis for, and Schuettler told her that he owed Louis \$3 and had come to pay him. He further informed her that they were good friends, both carpenters, and belonged to the same union. She inquired after his name, and Schuettler responded that it was "Franz Lorenz." Lorenz was a well known Anarchist, and it was thought the name would prove effective in winning the woman's confidence. She said that her father lived only a short distance from the house, and she would step over and ask him if he knew where Louis had gone. This conversation had taken place in a rear room of the house. The woman excused herself, and ostensibly started for the house of her father. She passed into the front room and slammed the outer door.



LINGG'S REVOLVER.

Cocked as found when wrested from Lingg's hands after the struggle with Officer Schuettler.

From a Photograph.

Loewenstein stepped out of the back room to see if she had really gone, but he saw no Mrs. Klein. At the same time he noticed Lingg's chest standing on the rear porch, covered with a piece of carpet. Loewenstein returned, and he had hardly joined Schuettler when Mrs. Klein stepped in. She said she had seen her father, but that he did not know where Louis had gone. The officers were suspicious, of course, but they said nothing, simply withdrawing with the assurance that they would call again and see Lingg some other time.

After leaving, the officers walked for two blocks and talked over the mysterious actions of Mrs. Klein. They concluded to go back and search the house. They secured entrance from the rear, and, while Loewenstein guarded the front door, Schuettler entered the rear room. There he found a man smoothly shaven. Lingg had been described as having chin whiskers. Schuettler stepped up to the man, however, and asked his name. In an instant Lingg—for it was none other—whipped out a 44-caliber revolver, which he had had concealed in front inside his trousers, and, with the glare of a tiger held at bay, he turned on the officer. Schuettler saw the movement, and, quick as a flash, sprang on Lingg and seized the weapon.

They clinched, and while the one was struggling to save himself and secure his prisoner, the other was bent upon killing the officer and effecting his own escape. Both were strong, muscular and active, and the cottage shook from foundation to rafters as the bodies of the contestants swayed in the equal contest. Lingg quivered with rage and aroused himself to his utmost to vanquish the foe. He realized that the result meant life or death. At one moment his revolver was pressed close to the officer's breast, and with a superhuman effort the Anarchist tried to send a bullet on its fatal mission. But Schuettler had a firm grasp of the cylinder and wrenched the weapon aside. In another second, while the mastery was still undecided, Lingg, by a quick movement of his hand, brought the revolver square into the officer's face. At that moment, however, Schuettler managed to get Lingg's thumb between his teeth. The Anarchist made a sudden dash to release his thumb and succeeded in breaking loose.

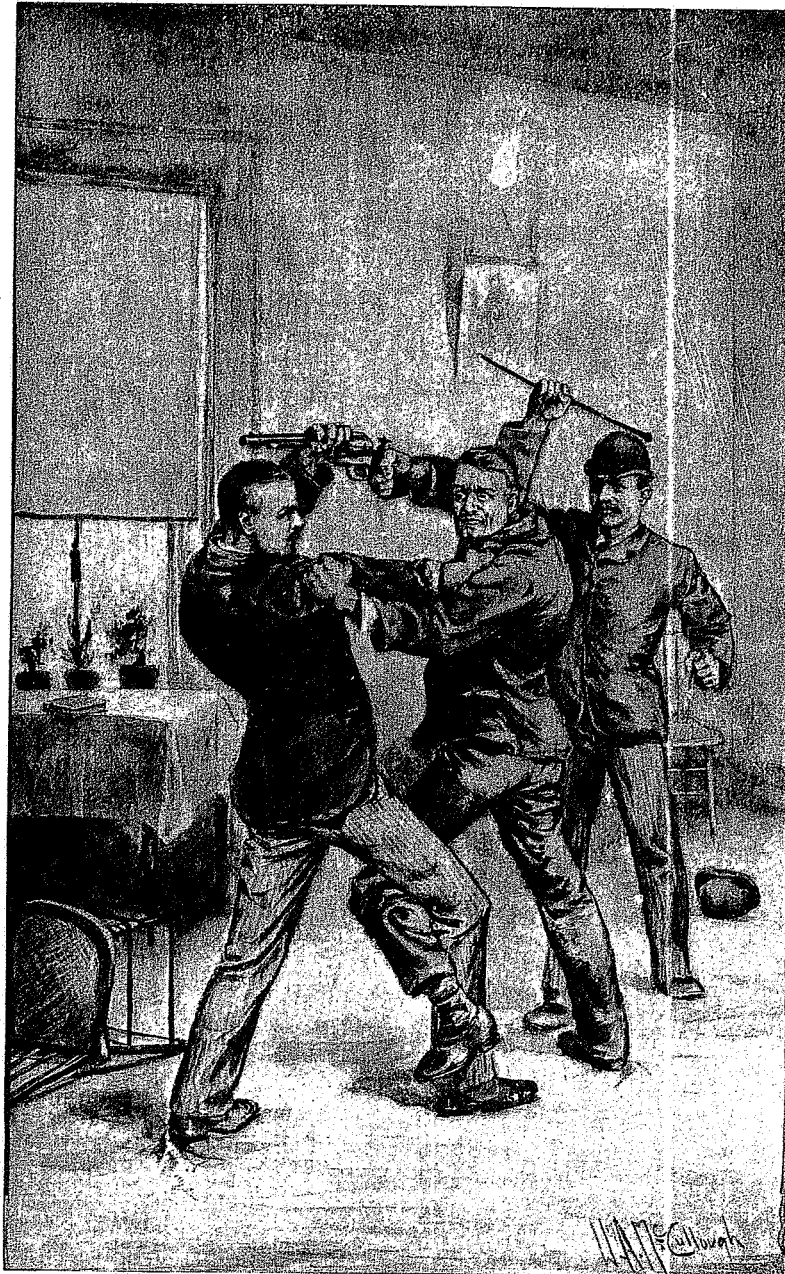
All this took place in less time than it takes to tell it. The moment Lingg was foot-loose, Schuettler found time to shout for his companion, who had stood on the outside in front of the house, all unconscious of the short but desperate struggle within. Loewenstein did not stop a moment to determine what was wanted, but sprang into the room. He entered just at the moment when Schuettler had bounded after Lingg on his release and found him holding Lingg tightly by the throat with one hand and the revolver with the other. Loewenstein saw the situation at a glance, and, raising his loaded cane, brought it down on the Anarchist's head. This stunned Lingg, and he was overpowered. The revolver was wrenched from his hand and placed on a table, and the officers adjusted the handcuffs. These had no sooner been placed in position than Lingg made a sudden dash for his revolver. But the detectives were too quick for him.

Lingg's teeth gnashed with rage, and his eyes fairly bulged from their sockets with savage scorn. The arch-Anarchist looked the picture of desperation. He had been vanquished, however, and he saw that further resistance was useless.

Mrs. Klein had meanwhile been an excited spectator, but before she could collect her thoughts and decide what course to take under the circumstances, Lingg was in the power of the law. Seeing this, she hurried out. It was not long before the whole neighborhood heard of what had happened, and, as the officers started to take their prisoner to the Hinman Street Station, a true-hearted Irish-American came up, accosted them and said :

"My dear boys, your lives are in danger here. Nearly every one who lives about here is an Anarchist. Wait for a minute, and I will give you protection."

He disappeared, but meanwhile the street had become crowded with an excited populace. He soon returned with a double-barreled shot-gun, ready for action in case of emergency. No sooner had he placed himself at the



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE. LOUIS LINGG'S ARREST.

disposal of the officers than a loyal Bohemian-American came running across the street, and said :

"Officers, I will also protect you against this mob."

He had in his hand a large navy revolver, and he showed that he was ready to assist the officers, even at the cost of his own life.

Schuetzler and Loewenstein, under this volunteer escort, marched Lingg to the Hinman Street Station, reaching there about twelve o'clock. Sergeant Enwright was in charge of the station that day, and, lest any attempt at rescue might be made, he called in all his officers and gave them instructions as to what should be done to protect the station. He also ordered out the patrol wagon, and detailed five officers to accompany Schuetzler and Loewenstein to the Klein residence to investigate the premises. They made a thorough search, but could discover nothing except a lot of cartridges. They also investigated the houses at Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 on the same street, all occupied by Anarchists, but they found nothing. The presence of the police, however, speedily cleared the street, and all the low-browed, shaggy-haired followers of the red flag hunted their holes. Schuetzler and Loewenstein then sent for the Chicago Avenue patrol wagon and transferred Lingg to new quarters at that station. On the way Lingg continually ground his teeth, and, looking savagely at Schuetzler and turning slightly towards Loewenstein, hissed out :

"If I had only got half a chance at that fellow, he would be a dead man now."

The officers of the Hinman Street Station did not relax their vigilance over Ambrose Street, and one day some molds made of clay were found in the alley in the rear of the Klein residence, proving that Lingg had not abandoned hope, but was getting ready to prepare a new supply of bombs for a future attack.

When Lingg had been ushered into the office of the East Chicago Avenue Station, the shackles were removed from his wrists, and he was given a chair. He became quiet in his new surroundings, and grudgingly answered a few simple questions. His thumb giving him considerable pain, some liniment was procured from a neighboring drug store, and the wound dressed. He was then assigned to an apartment below, and left to his own thoughts.

In the afternoon he was brought up to the office.

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Lingg," curtly replied the prisoner.

"Ah, yes ; but how do you spell it?"

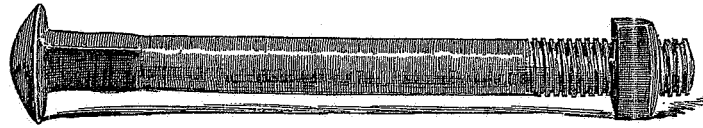
"L-i-n-g-g," came the spelling.

"Yes ; but give us your full name."

"It is Louis or Ludwig Lingg. I am twenty-one years and eight months old."

He was asked a great many questions. Some he refused to answer, and

others he answered promptly and with pleasure, especially when they touched on killing capitalists and capitalistic editors, as he called them. He had no use, he said, for these people, and thought that if they could be taken away suddenly the world would be satisfied and happy. He remarked that he did not blame the police very much, because they were workingmen themselves, but there was one officer, he said, that he perfectly despised. It was John Bonfield. If he could have blown him to atoms, he thought, he might become reconciled to a great many things as they then existed. He finally gave to me and to Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, in the presence of Officers Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman, a brief account of himself and his movements, but he said that he would rather die than give information against any one. He did not deny what others had stated about him, but further he would not go. He was informed by Mr. Furthmann how strict the law was against conspiracies, but the only answer he vouchsafed was that the laws would not remain in force much longer; that the working people would make laws to suit themselves, and they would not allow any higher power to dictate to them. For



IRON BOLT FOUND IN LINGG'S TRUNK. From a Photograph.

Designed, according to Lingg's own statement, to connect the halves of a composition bomb weighing twelve pounds. "The Haymarket bomb," said he, "killed six. The one which I was going to make with that bolt would kill six dozen." Four such bolts were found.

his own part, he could work and was willing to work, he said, but he wanted his share of the profits. He thought the police had made fools of themselves in the movement the Anarchists had inaugurated. If they had only known enough, he said, to have held back, the capitalists would have been forced to submit; but now the police had spoiled their own chances for gain for years to come. They would be sorry for it, he added. If the Anarchists had won in Chicago, he further stated, all the other large cities would have fallen into line, and wretchedness and poverty would have been banished forever.

After Lingg had been taken away from the Ambrose Street house, Gustav and Kate Klein became anxious about their friend. They traced him to the Chicago Avenue Station and called there later in the day, after his arrest. When they reached the office I questioned them, although they were not under arrest, and they answered without hesitancy. They stated that Lingg had come to their house on the 7th of May, and had remained indoors nearly all the time up to his arrest that day — May 14. He had only been out twice to secure books from some neighbors, and he had felt measurably safe in the locality. This section, it was found, as already

stated, was a hotbed of Anarchy, and as the neighbors knew the man, they were anxious to protect him. It had even been whispered in the locality that he was the one who had thrown the bomb at the Haymarket, but, knowing that he was a man not to be trifled with, and out of sympathy for the cause, none would betray him. He could not have selected a better place for concealment. Mr. Klein had known him for some time and had noticed a great change in him since the Haymarket bloodshed.

"He was always cheerful," he said, "up to that time, but since then he acted very strangely. He would not converse with any one, but always sought to be alone. Whenever any one came near the house he was uneasy."

"I noticed that too," interposed Mrs. Klein. "He always used to fool and play with me before the Haymarket event, and was good company, but since then he was a changed man altogether."

Mrs. Klein described the scene of Lingg's arrest, and told how at first she had regarded it simply as fun between two friends, and how frightened she had become when she discovered that it was a serious affair. She also described the terrible look which came over Lingg's face when he found himself powerless to fire the revolver.

I subsequently thought it best to bring Lingg face to face with one of his former comrades, who had furnished information about him, and this was accordingly done. The moment he was brought into the presence of the informer his face assumed a terrible scowl, but he remained obstinately silent.

One day Lingg was again brought into the office, and I questioned him as to the real strength of the Anarchists in the city and country.

He smiled and said:

"Don't you know that yet? This I cannot answer, but I will tell you that you only know the noisy fellows. The real Anarchists in this city or country you do not know yet, because they are not ready to take hold, but you will be taken by surprise unless you die soon. I only hope that I will live long enough to see this hidden power show its strength."

During the time Lingg remained at the station his hand was regularly attended to, he was treated very kindly, had plenty to eat, and was made as comfortable as possible. All these attentions somewhat mollified his bitterness against us.

Some time after the other interviews, I visited him and asked him if he entertained any hostility towards the police. He replied that during the McCormick factory riot he had been clubbed by an officer, but he did not care so much for that. He could forget it all, but he did not like Bonfield. If it had not been for Bonfield, he said, the street-car men, in their strike in the summer of 1885, would have had things all their own way, and that would have changed everything all over the city in a business way.

"If I could only kill Bonfield," he vehemently declared, "I would be ready to die within five minutes afterwards."

Lingg was a singular Anarchist. In every act and word he showed no care for himself, but he always expressed sympathy for men who had families and who were in trouble. He showed that he was a man with a will, and that if he set his mind to the accomplishment of an end he would bend all his energies to attain it.

There was another peculiarity about Lingg which distinguished him from the rest of his associates. Although he drank beer, he never drank to excess, and he frowned upon the use of bad or indecent language. He was an admirer of the fair sex, and they reciprocated his admiration, his manly form, handsome face and pleasing manners captivating all.

On the 27th of May, Lingg and Engel were taken in a patrol wagon to the Harrison Street Station, where the "art gallery" of the Police Department was kept, to have their photographs taken. On the way, Loewenstein remarked to Lingg:

"Louis, you want to look your prettiest, so that you will make a good picture."

"What difference does it make whether a dead man's picture looks good or bad," was the reply, uttered in a most serious manner and in a strong tone of voice.

From the gallery the Anarchists were driven to the County Jail, and that was the last time they ever saw the streets of Chicago or breathed the air outside of prison walls.

From the day Lingg entered the jail he became surly and ugly to all the officers, but he implicitly obeyed all prison rules. He held himself aloof from everybody except his fellow Anarchists, and would have nothing to say to any one except his friends or his sweetheart.

Lingg was very fond of children, and when those of Neebe, Schwab or others called at the jail he would play with them and seemed to extract much amusement from their little pranks and antics.

Mrs. Klein often visited him and always brought a baby, in which Lingg seemed to take a special interest. Lingg and Mrs. Klein conversed freely together, and he seemed to enjoy her visits greatly. Whenever she called she brought him fruit of the season and choice edibles with which to vary his prison fare.

Lingg and his associates proved quite a drawing card, and Anarchists from all parts of the country called at the jail. But while his fellows appeared pleased to hold receptions, so to speak, Lingg did not desire the company of strangers. He gave his time only to the few ladies who called on him and to his nearest friends. He disliked being gaped at by curiosity-seekers, and when he had no good friend to keep him company he traveled the corridors of the jail beyond the reach of public gaze. He also whiled

time away by cutting pretty little carvings out of cigar-boxes with his jack-knife, and in this he displayed considerable ingenuity. Tiring of this diversion, he would pick up a book or a paper; but, however monotonous prison life at times became, he never thrust himself before the visitors' cage to pose before the idle throng. Many callers came to sympathize with Lingg as well as to admire his handsome physique, and, as he would not allow his hair to be cut after his incarceration, his flowing, curly locks added to his picturesque appearance.

But there was one visitor he always welcomed. It was his sweetheart, whose acquaintance he had made before his arrest, and who became a regular caller. She invariably wore a pleasant smile, breathed soft, loving



LINGG'S SWEETHEART.

From a Photograph.

words into his ears through the wire screen that separated the visitors' cage from the jail corridor, and contributed much toward keeping him cheerful. This girl had lived at one time with a family on West Lake Street, in the heart of an Anarchist camp, but, for some reason, while her lover was at the Chicago Avenue Station she never paid him a visit. The second day after he had been locked up at the County Jail she promptly made her appearance, however, and became a regular visitor. She simply passed with the jail officials at first as "Lingg's girl," but one day some one called her Ida Miller, and thereafter she was recognized under that name. She was generally accompanied by young Miss Engel, the

daughter of Anarchist Engel, and during the last four months of her lover's incarceration she could be seen every afternoon entering the jail. She was always readily admitted until the day the bombs were found in Lingg's cell. After that neither she nor Mr. and Mrs. Klein were admitted. While it has never been satisfactorily proven who it was that introduced the bombs into the jail, it is likely that they were smuggled into Lingg's hands by his sweetheart. She enjoyed Lingg's fullest confidence, and regarded his every wish.

It is not known whether Miller is the real name of the girl, but it is supposed to be Elise Friedel. She is a German, and was twenty-two years of age at the time, her birthplace being Mannheim, which was also Lingg's native town. She was robust in appearance, with fair complexion, and dark hair. She had quite a penchant for beer, and could sit in a crowd of her Anarchist friends and drink "schnitts" with the proficiency of a vet-

eran. She always entertained hope of executive clemency, but when Lingg died at his own hands she somewhat surprisingly failed to evince great sorrow. Perhaps the consciousness of having aided him in escaping the gallows had prepared her for the worst.

Lingg's terrible death did not perceptibly change her demeanor. She was seen at several dances shortly afterwards, and seemed to enjoy herself as much as anybody. She even danced with detectives, unconscious of their calling, and, in jesting with them, her laugh was as hearty and ringing as though she were bent on capturing a new beau.

During all the long, weary days Lingg remained in jail his demeanor was the same as during the trial—cool, collected and unconcerned. No special trouble apparently burdened his mind. His constant companions—whenever they were permitted to be together—were Engel and Fischer. They appeared to believe that their fellow prisoners and co-conspirators would turn on them to save their own lives.

The statement Lingg made, on the 14th of May, omitting the part pertaining to his occupation, age and residence, was as follows:

"Whenever I did any work at home [Seliger's house] I did it as carefully as possible, so that no one could see me. I did make dynamite bombs out of gas-pipe, and I generally found the gas-pipe on the street. Finding them two or three feet long, I would cut them into pieces. After cutting them about six inches long I would fill them with dynamite and attach a fuse to each. I then would call them bombs."

"Who showed or taught you how to make those bombs?"

"No one. I learned it from books."

"What books?"

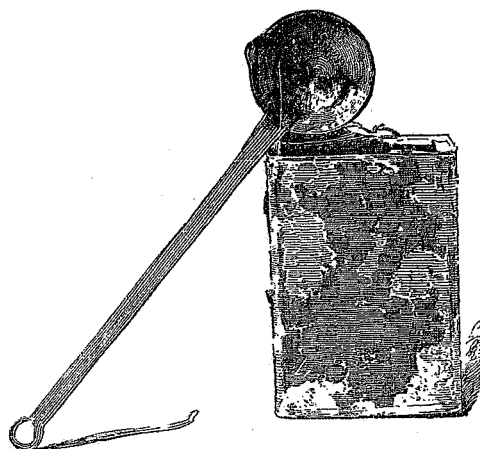
"I read it in a book published by Herr Most of New York. It explains how to make dynamite and other articles used in war. I once had four bombs in my dinner-box—two were loaded and two empty. I bought two pounds of the stuff on Lake Street, near Dearborn. I also bought one coil of fuse and one box of caps at the same place, and that is all I bought. I paid 65 cents for the box of caps, 60 cents for two pounds of dynamite, and 50 cents for the coil of fuse."

"Did you work all the material into the bombs?"

"No, there is some of it left in my trunk. I do not deny making bombs. I made them for the purpose of being used in a war or a revolution during these workingmen's troubles. The bombs found in my room I intended to use myself. I have been at August Spies' office several times, and I have known him for some time. I always received the *Arbeiter-Leitung*, and I like to read it. I made some of those round lead bombs. I made the molds myself and cast the bombs. The iron bolts I used to connect and hold them together I bought in a hardware store. I bought five small ones and two big ones. I could only use the molds to cast bombs with a few times; then they would be useless. At the time I bought the dynamite I was alone. On Tuesday night, May 4, Seliger and I were on Larrabee Street, between Clybourn Avenue and the city limits, and we remained there until about ten o'clock. We then went home and had several glasses of beer. We did not meet any one we knew. We were on Larrabee

Street all the time. When we came home Mrs. Seliger was abed. I was at the meeting held in the hall at No. 71 West Lake Street, Monday night, May 3. I saw there the circular which called the workingmen to arms and to seek revenge on the police because they had killed six of our brothers at McCormick's factory on that day. I also attended a meeting the same night, at No. 54 West Lake Street, which was held by the armed sections. I was out to Lake View and tried one of my dynamite bombs to find out what strength it had. I put the bomb in a tree between two limbs. I lit the fuse; the bomb exploded and split the tree, damaging it considerably. I had my hair cut, and mustache and whiskers shaven off, about May 8th or 9th. I want to say right here to you men that I did make dynamite bombs and intended to use them. I am down on capital and capitalists. I knew that if we sought our rights—I mean the workingmen—they would turn out the police and militia against us with their Gatling guns and cannon. We knew that we could not defend ourselves with our revolvers, and therefore

turned to the adoption of dynamite. For one, I was not going to get hurt. I made bombs of lead and bombs of metal, and I made them with the two materials mixed. I tried both the lead and gas-pipe bombs, and I found that they could do good service. If you cut the fuse ten inches long and light it you can run away forty steps before the explosion takes place. The armed men of the so-called International Group of the North Side always met at Greif's Hall, No. 54 West Lake Street. We used to go to the Shooting Park in Lake View and shoot at targets on Sundays.



CAN OF ENGLISH DYNAMITE AND LADLE.
Used by Lingg in Casting Bombs. From a Photograph.

I have been there about ten times. I admit that the two Lehmans came to see me at my room at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, and I will confess that on Tuesday, May 4, six men came to my room to see me."

At this interview there were present, besides myself, Furthmann, Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman. On the 17th of May, Lingg again remarked to Officer Schuettler that he regretted that he had not had a chance to kill him.

On the 24th of May Lingg and Hubner were brought together, and Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann asked the latter if he knew the bomb-maker.

"Oh, yes, I was at his room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, helping him to make dynamite bombs, and what I stated in my affidavit is true."

Lingg scowled furiously, and emphatically denied the statement. All

he could be made to say in explanation of the affair, however, was that he "had been a Socialist all his life and ever since he could think."

ERNST HUBNER was arrested by Officers Schuettler and Whalen on the morning of May 18, at six o'clock, while he was on his way to his work. He is a German by birth and a carpenter by trade, and worked for a man by the name of Schombel, on the corner of Clybourn Avenue and Larrabee Street. He was about forty years of age, married, wore very shabby clothes, and lived, at the time of his arrest, at No. 11 Mohawk Street, in three small and dirty rooms. His house was searched, and the officers found one breech-loading rifle, one large 44-caliber Remington revolver and half a pailful of ammunition for both guns. While they were searching the house, Mrs. Hubner, a sickly, delicate woman, said to Officer Schuettler:

"My dear man, if my husband had gone more to his shop and to work instead of running to meetings, you would not find my house in this shape. I am all broken up. I am sick, and now he is arrested. I suppose this is the last of our family."

The search still going on, Mrs. Hubner crossed the room to a closet, saying to Schuettler:

"Here, officers, take this devil's print out of my house. This is what my husband prayed with night and day, and what got him into trouble. If you don't want to take it, I will throw it into the stove. I don't want any more families made miserable by it."

The officer opened the bundle, and the first thing he saw was a picture of the burly face of John Most. This led to the exchange of a few pleasantries between the officers.

"I have got him," shouted Schuettler.

When Officer Whalen got a glimpse of the portrait, which was printed on the cover of a pamphlet, and not knowing what the title on the cover had reference to, as it was printed in German, or whom the picture represented, he facetiously remarked:

"I see the face of a Scotch terrier."

"You fool," replied Schuettler, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is Johann Most."

"Well," retorted Whalen, "if that is the great Anarchist, he ought to have two more legs. He'd make a fine ratter."

In the bundle were found a number of Communistic, Socialistic and Anarchistic documents, and a complete collection of hand-bills of all the meetings that had been held for years past. Hubner had been an active worker at all times. He would post bills, carry hand-bills and do any kind of work for the "good of the cause." No meetings were ever held too far from his home. He was well known in all the "groups" and to all the leaders. He attended all the picnics and parades. Nothing

delighted him more than to carry the big banner belonging to the International Carpenters' Union No. 1. How he strutted and flaunted that banner as he passed churches, police stations and the residences of the wealthy. Next to Most's book, that banner was his principal source of inspiration. He would even neglect his meals for the sake of bearing aloft that crimson standard. Whether this was the cause of his emaciated look at the time of his arrest is problematical, but certain it is his appearance, when brought before me, indicated want and starvation, and his voice was weak and husky.

"From what I can hear about you," I said, "it appears that you are one of the 'boys.'"

"Oh, well," drawled Hubner, "you may hear a great deal."

"Yes," I replied, "I hear so much it keeps me busy thinking."

"Have you been thinking any of me?" queried Hubner.

"I have, and I think you are the worst I have heard of yet."

"Ah, but you have got others far more dangerous than I am."

"If you want to give credit to any one else, name the parties."

Hubner finally stated that only on the evening previous, at a meeting of the Carpenters' Union, a member had said that their attorneys, Messrs. Salomon & Zeisler, held that there was no law to convict any one, and that they would secure the release of the "boys" as fast as the police locked them up. They advised all to "keep their mouths shut," and that, in the event of an arrest, the police could not hold them longer than two days.

"Do you want to try that and see how it works?" I asked.

"That's what I want," responded Hubner, bent on an experiment.

"Well, I guarantee you," said I smilingly, "that you will remain here with us as long as we like your company. When we get tired of you we will send you to the big jail. Officer, take this man and tell the lockup-keeper that he will probably stay with us a week."

Hubner was escorted down stairs, given a good cell and allowed to metaphorically wrap "that banner" around him as he lay down to dream of Anarchy. Things got monotonous, however. The very next day he sent word that he desired to see me. He was brought up and made a long statement. He assured me that every word was true, that he would face any of those mentioned and defy them to contradict his assertions. He told the day and date of almost every transaction. He said he would swear to everything he had stated.

"I don't believe in a God," he added, "but when I swear, I understand that if I should tell a lie or an untruth I can be punished for it. I am disgusted with the way things are now. There are no more brave men."

After a few days he was released by order of the State's Attorney. Before leaving, he promised that he would testify in court in accordance with his statement, and afterwards, for a time, he was on hand whenever sent for.

The parties arrested were required to report regularly. At the commencement of the trial, they were all kept in a large room in the station, where ten officers guarded them night and day. They were taken out for exercise every evening, but were not allowed to talk to any one. Their wives had the privilege of seeing them, but an officer was always present to hear what was said.

Hubner after a time showed signs of weakening. He had been seen by the attorneys for the defense and changed his mind. He also began talking to others, urging them not to testify. He finally said he would not take the stand, and, as he was not wanted to testify, he was again released. After the trial he went back to his comrades, attended some of their meetings and talked for the cause. When the time approached for the execution, he suddenly left the city, and subsequently sent for his family. He has returned to Chicago, however, and is working on Division and Clark Streets, in a little carpenter-shop.

The following is his statement, to the correctness of which he would have testified had he not been a poltroon and a simpleton. It fully bears out the truth of the witnesses who appeared for the State during the trial as to the conspiracy and the parties thereto:

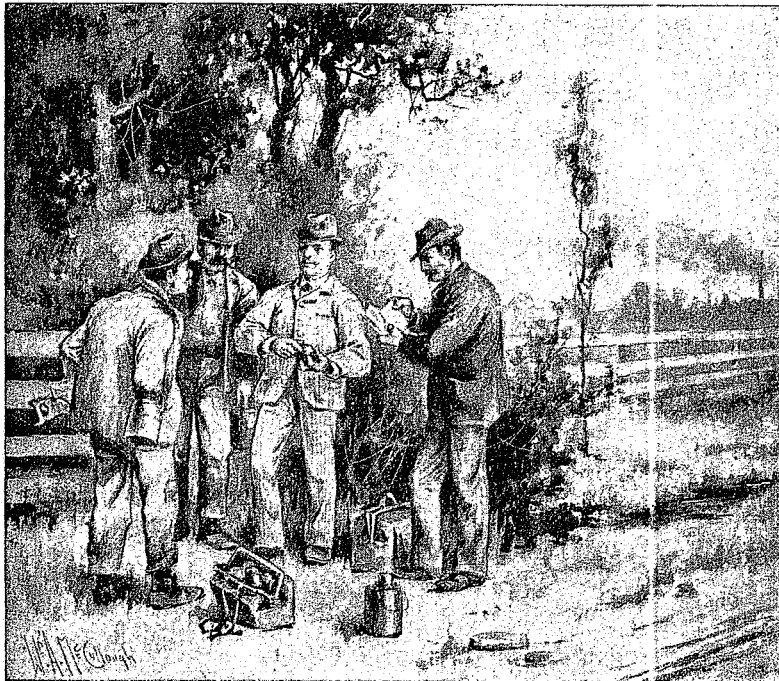
"I know Gottfried Waller. I belong to the armed men. I know George Engel. At one time he published a paper called the *Anarchist*. I know Louis Lingg. I was a Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, Monday afternoon about five o'clock. I left there at nine o'clock and got home at eleven the same night. I read and saw a circular that called for revenge and to arm ourselves. I saw August Spies in the hall, and he told us that the police had been shooting our workmen at McCormick's, and we should be ready with our arms. Then Rau came into the meeting, very much excited and said that a number of our people had been shot at McCormick's by the police. He called us to arms. Then Rau and Spies left the hall together. Both were much excited. The speech and talking of Spies in the hall happened in this way. Spies would catch a man alone and talk about the shooting, or when he saw a crowd of four or five standing together he would talk to them to excite them and urge them on. The effect of his talking to us brought our temper to such heat that I and others were ready to take revenge on the police officers and the law. And we would have done almost anything to get revenge. If Spies and Rau had there and then started out and we had had our arms with us, we would have followed them to do harm at once."

Such was the confession the brave Hubner first made to the police. On the 18th of May he made a second statement, as follows, adding a few further details as to the conspiracy:

"On Tuesday, May 4, about 4 P.M., I went to the house of William Seliger, at 442 Sedgwick Street, and there I found William Seliger and Louis Lingg. I had been in Seliger's house the day before, and I took along with me when I left three bombs—that is, three empty shells. Lingg also gave me the dynamite with which to fill them. Not knowing how, I

was afraid to fill them, and I brought them back to Lingg to fill them for me. When I got there, Seliger and Lingg were working, filling bombs or shells with dynamite. I went to work and helped them and got the bombs ready for use. They had some of them filled when I got there, but in all they filled and finished twenty round lead or metal bombs and about fifteen or eighteen long ones—that is, I mean to say, made of gas-pipe, about six inches or more long. I saw there a lot more of dynamite and fuse. As I went away from there—Seliger's house—that evening, I took along with me four long bombs, but before I left we had all the bombs finished, ready for use. I saw about six men at 5 p.m. in Seliger's house, and when any one came Lingg always went to the door and waited upon them. That evening, May 4, at eight o'clock, I went to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, and when I had been there only a few minutes I saw Lingg, Seliger and a little stout man, who carried a heavy satchel with a gray cloth cover. They came in together in Neff's Hall and placed the satchel in a little hallway leading to a 'gents' closet.' I was sent to Neff's Hall to see and report if there were many of our armed men in the hall who were waiting for bombs. As I had not been there long enough to find out and report back, Lingg and Seliger got tired of waiting at 442 Sedgwick Street and brought the satchel filled with bombs to Neff's Hall themselves. When Lingg saw me he came up to me and found fault with me for not reporting back sooner. He said there might have been lots of people there who failed to get bombs or shells. After that I went to supper, since Lingg was in the hall to look after things himself. The men I saw there were Hageman and Hermann. On Monday night, May 3, I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, up to ten o'clock, and afterwards I also went into the saloon. There were about forty men sitting and standing around the bar-room. Some one called out that the so-called armed sections should go down into the basement, as there would be a meeting for them. Then forty of us went down, and we decided to hold a meeting there. This was about nine o'clock in the evening. Gottfried Waller was chosen president. George Engel was one of the speakers and originator of the plan then and there given to us to shoot and kill people and destroy property. He told us what to do and began in this way. He asked us if we knew about his plan. The majority said 'no.' Then he began to tell us that his plan was to call a meeting for the next evening at the Haymarket, and there draw out as many police as possible, so that the outside parts of the city would not be strongly protected by the police. The signal for action would be given, and they should set fire to buildings in several places and in all parts of the city. One building at Wicker Park was mentioned, and as soon as they saw it on fire, then they should attack the police stations, throw dynamite bombs into the stations, kill the police officers and destroy the stations. In case a patrol wagon came, they should throw a bomb among the policemen, and if that did not stop them, then they should kill the horses attached to the wagons with their revolvers or guns. After that they should destroy all the property they could. The circular that called for revenge and to arms I saw at the Monday night meeting in the basement, 54 West Lake Street, where Engel spoke and gave us the plan of revolution. The lying of Engel about the killing of six of our brothers at McCormick's factory started me so that I was ready to do anything desperate. The speech of Engel in the basement that evening worked on me so that I went to Seliger's house on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, and helped to finish the bombs,

as I stated before. George Engel told those that had no arms to stay at home away from the Haymarket meeting, and that men who had arms but no courage should also stay at home. In that meeting there were present Adolph Fischer, Gottfried Waller, George Engel, Breitenfeld, Schnaubelt, John Thielen, Abraham Hermann, Herman Hageman, the two Lehmans and Hubner. Waller told us to go ahead and do our work, that he would be with us. The meeting lasted from nine o'clock to eleven. Fischer and others agreed to have the circular printed calling the meeting at the Haymarket for Tuesday night, May 4. After all the plans had been explained to us Fischer said 'That is the one'—meaning the murderous plan—'that we



MUNTZENBERG PEDDLING BOMBS AND BOOKS.

adopted in our group meeting.' Every division group were to make their own arrangements. The North Side armed men should meet Tuesday evening, May 4, at the foot of Webster Avenue and Lincoln Park, at the Schiller monument. I went there. I could not find enough of our people there, as the night was dark and those present were scattered. I got tired of waiting for others. The four bombs I had with me that night I took to the North Avenue Pier and threw them into the lake. Then I went home and went to bed. This was about ten o'clock. I did not hear anything of the shooting or the explosion of the bomb or the killing of the policemen at the Haymarket until the next morning when I got up. I went home so early on that evening because I had a headache from the smell of the dyna-