THE

Evening World.

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

SUBSCRIPTION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, $3.50.

THE OCTOBER RECORD.

Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of October, 1887,

8,479,330.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH,

273,526 Copies.

October circulation during the past six years compared:

October, 1882	981,650 Copies
October, 1883	1,362,060 Copies
October, 1884	3,501,201 Copies
October, 1885	4,907,476 Copies
October, 1886	6,327,150 Copies
October, 1887	8,479,330 Copies

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Agate Measurement.)

Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Advt.": First page, $1.50 per line; Fourth page, $1.25 per line; Inside page, $1 per line.

The rates for advertising in the Daily WORLD do not apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

IT WAS NECESSARY.

Enough has been developed in Chicago, and even in this city, to show that the hanging of four of the Anarchists was necessary.

The very fact that there is in this country an utterly alien element, unappreciative of our liberty, open enemies of our institutions, who would substitute bombs for ballots, license for law, and Anarchy for order, and which holds that the instigators of the Chicago slaughter committed no crime, proves that it was as needful as it was just that the law should take its course.

The terrible object lesson of the four-branched gallows-tree may teach those who will learn in no other way that in a government by the people there is neither pretext for violence nor immunity for crimes against the state.

OPEN THE DOORS TO THE TOILERS.

Gen. DI CESNOLA, director of the Metropolitan Museum, personally favors the Sunday opening. But he says additional expense is involved. Why so? What's the matter with closing the Museum on a week day in order that it may be opened on Sunday, the only day on which the working masses can attend?

Open the doors to the toilers.

Yet the people would gladly pay the additional expense. There is a standing offer under express sanction of law of an increase of $5,000 in the city appropriation on condition of Sunday opening. This would be made larger if necessary.

Open the doors to the toilers.

The public desire for the Sunday opening is now much stronger than ever. It is to be hoped that the trustees may see their way clear to action in accordance with the general sentiment.

Open the doors to the toilers.

GERMANY'S WARLIKE PRINCE.

No one can foresee the full significance of the accession of Prince WILLIAM to the German throne, an event very likely to occur in the immediate future.

That a radical change in the policy of Germany will follow seems to be unquestioned. Prince WILLIAM is young and impetuous, the idol of the German army and eager for distinction on the battle-field. While Emperor WILLIAM does not wish his last years disturbed by war, he is said to look with indifference on the moribund Crown Prince's pacific intentions, but with marked favor on his grandson's ambitious spirit.

France will have no difficulty in provoking hostilities with Prince WILLIAM on the throne. A hasty word, a blow, and ill-fated Europe will feel again the scourge of war.

LOOKING TOWARDS '88.

On the morning after election THE WORLD said that the Democratic victory in this State settled two things:

(1) That President CLEVELAND would be renominated by the Democrats. (2) That Mr. BLAINE would not be renominated by the Republicans.

This morning THE WORLD gives to the public ample proof of the soundness of the first opinion. In response to its solicitation the Governors and prominent editors and politicians of a majority of the States have telegraphed their interpretation of the effect of the election.

The Democrats are a unit in saying that President CLEVELAND'S nomination is assured. The Republicans are divided as to BLAINE. But the logic of the situation will soon satisfy them their favorite is out of the race.

"Consequences are unpitying."

A GOVERNMENT OF LAW.

Gov. OGLESBY tempered justice with mercy in commuting the sentence of two of the condemned Anarchists to imprisonment for life.

The real responsibility was with the law—the people-made and people-approved law. But the Governor met the appeal made to him to interfere in the operation of the law with calmness, consideration and courage.

His action will be commended by the sober sentiment of the country.

BY THE PEOPLE.

The cry against "the governing classes," raised by the Anarchists, is an utterly false one.

The "governing classes" in this country are the people, and the whole people. If every citizen does not have a share in the actual government it is his own fault. The 5,000 Socialists who voted in Chicago the other day were among the "governing classes."

The rule of the majority is not oppression. It is the most perfect form of government the world has seen.

Those who oppose it want no rule but that of their ungoverned will.

NOW FOR TAX REDUCTION.

There is one thing more needed to put the Democratic party in a proper and hopeful condition for the Presidential election.

The Democratic House must pass a bill to *stop the surplus by reducing the needless war taxes.*

And it should do it "straightway."

FREE BALLOTS.

Free ballots and fair voting are the first conditions of decent politics and honest government.

To secure these, the State should supply the ballots. At present, especially in our large cities, the nominations are made by a close corporation of office-holders; the ballots are in the hands of paid party agents; the elections are often a mere choice between machines.

The effect of this is to create a government by office-holders for office-holders, to encourage corrupt deals and trades, and to render elections both costly and farcical.

The State should supply the ballots. Election expenses of candidates should be strictly limited and subject to publicity. And the political "bummer" and Boss should go.

POINTS FOR JOHNNY BULL.

The education of England is proceeding auspiciously. We are about to export for J. Bull's further enlightenment an enormous cyclorama of Niagara Falls. This will enable our transatlantic friends to get a conception of a real waterfall.

A three years' course in yachting has already been given with satisfactory results. The instruction in the mysteries of bison, cowboy and redskin has been well received. Just at present London is gathering some very valuable points about the manly art from the only JOHN L.

It seems not unreasonable to entertain the hope that in the course of a few years J. Bull will realize that there is quite a little settlement on this side of the water.

THE CASTLE GARDEN CRISIS.

Affairs at Castle Garden are evidently coming to a crisis. The Satraps have about reached the end of their rope. Enraged at Secretary FAIRCHILD'S withholding of funds, they threaten to sue him.

It is to be hoped that the needed reform at Castle Garden may be accomplished with the least possible temporary hardship to the immigrants. Secretary FAIRCHILD is doubtless giving the matter the most careful consideration.

But is it not about time to hear from Mr. OKEY's report? Winter is near at hand, and, if a change is to be made, it should be made quickly.

The Satraps need summary measures.

BOODLE TRIALS POSTPONED.

District-Attorney MARTINE has announced that no more Boodle trials will be had until after the 1st of January, when Mr. FELLOWS will assume the direction of the office.

With the recent verdict of the voters upon these prosecutions, as interpreted by a great majority of the people, it is no doubt considered that it would be a waste of effort to send a case to a jury at present.

Satrap STEPHENSON says Secretary FAIRCHILD should not treat him and his Castle Garden confreres as "ordinary criminals." If the Secretary is doing it, it is probably due to the fact that the conduct of the Satraps has been extraordinary.

That funny FORAKER fulminates the assertion that he and Ohio are solid for SHERMAN. Why, certainly. So was GARFIELD for SHERMAN in 1880, but somehow the wrong Ohioan was nominated.

If there are any angels or even fallen angels about, it would be well for them to apply to Mayor HEWITT, as there is to be another vacancy on the Park Commission.

The fatal signal at Chicago will be heard around the world. It means that there is no place for Anarchy under a free government in the nineteenth century.

Has it ever occurred to people who don't like this country, its institutions and laws, that steerage passage to other lands can be got very cheap?

That "strange Eastern bird," Massachusett's Mugwump, plumes his feathers and softly croaks: "I'm a good deal of a rooster, I am."

When the classes have six days at the Metropolitan Museum, why can not the masses have at least one?

Dr. REID wants the fist outlawed as a deadly weapon. He will have the support of JOHN L.'s rash competitors.

Even the "tears from the sky" were frozen to snow as the hour of the Anarchists' doom was struck.

SQUIRE says he has come home for a vindication. This is a great year for vindications.

Liberty and Order—always and forever dependent upon each other.

First Snow of the Season.

New York had its first snowstorm of the season this morning. Flakes began to fall just before noon, and this preliminary skirmishing was suddenly followed by a blinding cloud of snow from the northwest, which drove many pedestrians to seek shelter in doorways. The blizzard lasted only twenty minutes, and then the air was clear again.

Steel Manufacturers in Council.

An executive session of the Steel Manufacturers' Association was held to-day at the Hoffman House to discuss the interests of their business.

HANGED!

Continued from First Page.

such an emergency had been taken, and the blockade was soon dispersed.

THE SCENE AT THE GALLOWS.

The scene at the gallows was strongly impressive. There were about two hundred witnesses to the tragedy and these were seated on long benches fronting the gibbet. Just behind this, but higher, was a large window, and through it shone the noonday sun, gilding the bars.

The roof of a wing of the jail was visible beyond, and a cluster of police was seen, their Winchesters giving an ominous gleam.

A long wait ensued. The witnesses were admitted at 10.55, and it was 11.50 when the little procession appeared. Spies was first, Fischer second, Engel third, Parsons last.

They were dressed already in their shrouds, calmly they walked to their places under the dangling ropes. Spies was marble white, but firm. Ever and anon he gulped down his strong emotion. Fischer stood stolidly erect and unmoved. Engel looked entirely willing and smiled. He turned to the Rev. Mr. Bolton, who stood behind him, and whispered to him laughingly. The reverend gentleman nodded, smiling back. Parsons was very nervous, and only by a tremendous effort kept himself in control.

There was a delay of several minutes while their feet were being pinioned, and then another in the deliberate adjusting of the ropes.

Spies's neck was first to receive the embrace of the hemp. Almost tenderly it was placed over his head. His white face grew perceptibly whiter, his lips were compressed and ashen, and shudders he could not repress passed through him from head to foot.

Slowly and carefully the hangman drew the knot. It was tight in its grasp upon the rope, and he had to use considerable force in slipping it down.

One, two, three, ten seconds of this dreadful ordeal before it reached its place under the ear. Spies winced, and as he felt the cruel clutch at his throat swayed slightly, and recovered himself by a mighty effort of will. It was rough in its embrace, and he twisted his neck from right to left in a circular sweep to make it more comfortable.

Meantime Engel and Fischer stood calmly in their places, the former staring fixedly upward, the latter smilingly whispering to Mr. Bolton.

When the hangman had fitted Spies with the noose, he turned to Fischer and found the adjustment easier. Fischer inclined his head to receive the fatal circle, then stood stiffly while it was being tightened. Engel accepted his with stolid indifference. Parsons shuddered when his turn came, but bit his lip until he had regained his self-possession. He, too, twisted his neck slightly as if to relieve it from the pressure.

The end was close at hand. The executioner placed the white cap over Spies and shut his last glimpse of earth away. Simultaneously the assistant drew the mask over Engel. It took but a few seconds to fasten the strings, and two misshapen dummies stood in the place of what had been two men.

The faces of Fischer and Parsons were next hidden.

While the caps were being adjusted on these there was a movement of Spies's cap, and in weak, but clear tones, he exclaimed: "My death is more powerful than my life."

Then Engel exclaimed: "This is the happiest moment of my life."

A moment later all the caps were adjusted. The executioner led the four forward. They stepped out firmly and stood erect.

Then Spies cried out: "Hurrah for Anarchy!"

"Hurrah for Anarchy!" replied Fischer.

"This is the happiest moment of our lives," reiterated Engel.

The executioner took a careful survey of the awful group standing there like so many sacks of corn and slipped quietly behind the wooden screen.

DIED WITH THE SENTENCE UNFINISHED.

Parsons's lips moved: "Hear, O men of America," he exclaimed, in low, quivering tones, "and know that the will of the people"——

The sentence was never finished. There was a dull blow as of a hammer falling upon hollow wood, a sinking of the great trap upon its hinges a lurch forward and downward of the four shapes, a drop and a sharp jerk which made the stout beam tremble.

The wages of sin had been paid in death.

There was a clash of body against body and a swinging as of four pendulums, then the bodies of the murderers were still—still only for a moment, and then Spies's death struggle began. His convulsions were strong, rapid and continuous from head to feet. His arms strained at the muscles, his chest heaved and his legs were drawn up and down, up and down, like the working of some grotesque mechanical figure.

Engel's movements were not so many or violent, but the powerful frame refused to easily surrender its strength.

Fischer's neck must have been dislocated with more violent shock to the brain, for, with a few feeble twitchings, he was at rest.

Parsons's struggles were slight, but continued at intervals for twelve minutes.

LISTENING PHYSICIANS.

The instant the drop fell the doctors pressed forward to listen to the heart and feel the pulse. Exactly why this is done I cannot understand. Medical science has investigated the phenomenon of hanging long ago, and there is nothing of value to be gained. Surely in the case of criminals upon the gibbet the doctor can do no good, and why they should be permitted to carry on their horrible proceedings and listenings I cannot fathom.

They are present to certify to death and it would be sufficient to allow their approach say five minutes after the last movements have ceased. But to admit of their seizing a dying man and gratifying curiosity during his agony is brutal, unnecessary and utterly without excuse, even in the name of science.

The moment the drop fell most of the witnesses involuntarily started to their feet.

LAST NIGHT IN THE JAIL.

What Was Done and How the Condemned Men Passed Their Time.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The last death watch on the prisoners began at 8.10 last night. Two guards sat in front of each cell, looking directly into it all the time, and never taking their eyes off the prisoners. Parsons seemed to be easier in mind than any of the others. He paced to and fro smoking a cigar as calmly as if he had the opportunity of consuming a hundred boxes.

Ex-Sheriff Hanchett came into the jail about 9 o'clock, and after looking through the cells held a short conference with Sheriff Matson. The discussion was in regard to the details of the execution, but its result was kept secret.

From the great cell-house nothing could be heard except the occasional cough of a man, the sound of a prisoner's moan or groan in his sleep and the rattling of the heavy keys in the lock, wielded by Charles Gross, the strongest and biggest deputy on Sheriff Matson's force. The keys rattled often, too, and every time the harsh, grating noise went with a resounding echo through the vast building. The frequent clangings of the heavy grated door leading to the cage were caused by the numerous changes made in the death watches and the requirements of deputies and carpenters employed upon the ghastly work of completing the gallows. Seth Hanchett, the ex-Sheriff, supervised the putting of the machinery of death, running to and fro between "death's corner" in the northeast corner of the jail and the jailor's private office where Matson held forth. The great good-hearted Sheriff was visibly moved, though he tried very hard to appear calm and collected.

NO MORE FAREWELLS.

"Will the relatives of the doomed men be admitted to say farewell before the execution?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the weary reply; "I think they said good-by this evening. It would be to no purpose to repeat the sad scene unnecessarily."

Mrs. Parsons stood in the outer hall of the Criminal Court building, the very picture of disconsolation and despair. She did not attempt to get admission for a look at her husband and naturally she was not invited. After standing around for ten minutes between the police officers and the guards she left, having spoken no word to any one. Her every move was watched with argus eyes by the officers, who knew the determined and desperate character of the woman. She was silently shadowed when she left the building, disappearing in the direction of Charles street.

In the outer jail office there was a scene of restless activity. A full score of reporters were squatting in every conceivable position on the chairs, the floor, and even on the scales, reducing the observations on the doings of the doomed men to more or less graphic accounts. All the old-time deputies Cleveland, Kilday, Hubbard, Gleason, Morgan, Hildebrand and others were on hand and beguiled time by relating incidents of former executions in Cook County. Occasionally a laugh would be raised at some ludicrous episode, but it quickly died away in the sombre surroundings.

August Spies was the first one to retire. He threw himself upon his couch at 10.30, clad in the flannel shirt which he has worn of late and a pair of trousers. He turned his face to the wall, so that his features could not be observed by the guards. Up to midnight he never move, but the irregular movements of his chest indicated that he did not sleep. What his thoughts may have been after that tearful parting from his aged and grief-stricken mother and his passionate, unwedded bride, are conjectural.

TALKING UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

Parsons, Engel and Fisher brought their chairs close to the grated doors of their cells and chatted with their guards. At midnight they had not yet retired. What they said nobody but the men they talked with know, because the death line for everyone but officials was drawn at the door leading to the cage. An exception was made in the case of Lieut.-Gov. Smith, who came in shortly before 11 o'clock. This dignitary was accompanied by Gen. Fitzsimmons, Commander of the First Brigade; Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clarke, Inspector of Rifle Practice; Lieut.-Col. Buchanan, Commissary; Lieut.-Col. Potter, Quartermaster, and Lieut. Lovejoy, Aide-de-Camp, the latter four of Gen. Fitzsimmons's staff.

"Simply looking over the ground. There is nothing else to say," was the General's reply, given with military briefness and promptness, when he was asked as to the purpose of the night visit.

The affable gentleman and brave old soldier was in citizens clothes like his retinue, but his short a yle of answers made it apparent to those who knew that he meant business.

Lieut.-Gov. Smith was equally uncommunicative, and it was, of course, useless to ask the officers ranking under the commander of the brigade.

Incidentally it was learned that both regiments of infantry, as well as Major Toney's battery, will be at their respective armories with daybreak, ready for action.

Lieut.-Gov. Smith has full power to act delegated to him by Gov. Oglesby for this occasion.

During the night Engel was cheerful and contented, and at times even witty. When Sheriff Matson told him of the Governor's decision he merely said: "I did not expect more. I am satisfied and I will go to the gallows as fearlessly as I have been in the habit of going to be hung."

THE DREADFUL STORY OF BLOODSHED.

How the Policemen Died Who Fought Anarchists in Chicago Streets.

The workingmen of Chicago were now steeped in excitement. The atmosphere of the great city was pregnant with the promise of trouble. For forty-eight hours following the simultaneous strike of 80,000 men and women the streets had been the scene of little gatherings of angry people. Speeches were being made on every corner, from every horse-block and in every saloon. The speeches were pitched in a key of discord. The speakers were in the main born agitators, men and women born and reared in discontent, generally, like the birch-Anarchists, shiftless, lazy mortals, little removed from beasts. They fed and grew fat on agitation.

MURDERED OFFICER BARRETT AND WIFE.

There was a feeling of insecurity among the law-abiding people of Chicago and an uneasiness which increased momentarily. There were all sorts of rumors afloat, and it was generally believed that trouble would begin and violence follow threats at the Haymarket meeting. The Chief of Police prepared as best he might for trouble. Strong and strongly armed details of police were secretly placed hard by the place of the meeting. At 8 o'clock a large crowd had gathered in the Haymarket in a dimly lighted place, near a number of trucks, and August Spies started the meeting with a speech from a truck. His speech had been a rambling talk about the labor problem for a long time. Then suddenly he shifted. He said:

"What means this display of Gatling guns, cannons, bayonets, patrol wagons and clubs? What means the calling out of the militia? Is it an entertainment for you, gentlemen? There are 25,000 or 30,000 families in Chicago suffering starvation to-day because husbands and fathers are not men enough to stand up for their rights."

Loud cheers followed this speech and cries of "The lake!" and "The rope!" were heard from hoarse throats.

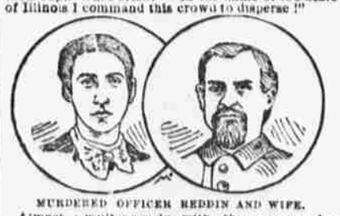
MURDERED OFFICER HANSEN AND WIFE.

Parsons followed in a rather moderate speech, and Sam Fielden made the third and last address. He was loud, blatant and reckless in his utterance. He said:

"We who come here to address you are Socialistic rebels to the law. Legislation will never help you, men. When the rich man unsers ands that it is not healthy to live among a lot of discontented workmen we shall be able to get legislation, and not before."

Fielden's speech, like the others, seemed to be largely to consume time, for it is almost an axiom that the midnight hour is pregnant with wickedness. It was 10.20 o'clock when a squad of 150 police officers left a near-by station and passed near and in view of the speaker. The first line halted opposite the wagon on which he stood. They were headed by Inspector Bonfield and Capt. Ward. The police marched into the crowd, sweeping to the pavement and pressing it before them.

A halt was ordered near Fielden's wagon, and then Capt. Ward cried: "In the name of the State of Illinois I command this crowd to disperse!"



MURDERED OFFICER REDDIN AND WIFE.

Almost simultaneously with this command a spluttering spark of fire described an arch in the dense black air from the opening of an alley end over the speakers' wagon. The flight of the spark ended directly in the middle of the street between the first two double columns of police. The instant it struck the ground it exploded with a terrible sullen roar.

It was the bomb. It did fearful work. Twenty-nine men fell to the ground, mangled and groaning from horrible wounds. A Gatling gun could not have cut a wider swath than did this awful weapon in the police lines. A scene of horror too terrible for description followed. The police recovered quickly. No orders were needed to fire. In an instant every revolver was out and every man shot to all.

The crowd seemed paralyzed for a moment, but with pistol-shots cracking like the tatoo of a drum and bullets singing in the air, the mob gave one wild yell and plunged into the darkness, running in all directions, yelling with rage and fear. Men were knocked down and trampled under foot, and those that were nearest to the police received the fire of the revolvers.

In thirty seconds the streets about the scene of the explosion were cleared, save for some sixty men who had fallen wounded to the ground. The centre of the street was full of writhing, groaning men. Wounded men had run half a block, a block, three blocks, and then fallen down. Others dragged themselves into alleyways. Trails of blood leading from the battle-field in all directions told of wounded Anarchists who had crawled off to their dens, desperate from the loss of blood and deadly fear of arrest and vengeance from the police. The police station to which the wounded were removed looked like a veritable slaughter-house.

The excitement following this practical test of the teachings of Anarchism spread from one end of the world to the other. After some delay six men, including Fielden, were arrested and Parsons voluntarily surrendered. Schnaebele, the man who is supposed to have actually thrown the bomb, escaped.

SKETCHES OF THE ANARCHISTS.

Only One of Them Native Born, and He Was from Massachusetts.

The events which have just culminated in the execution of the Anarchists date back for several years. But the awful tragedy by which seven policemen were horribly mutilated and lost their lives and sixty persons were wounded by a bomb thrown in the midst of an immense throng of people—the Haymarket riot—occurred May 4, 1886.

For two years previous to this wholesale homicide Michael Schwab, August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Adolph Fischer, Louis Lingg and Oscar Neebe had been constantly under the eye of the police. They were all foreign importations to America except Parsons, who is a native of Massachusetts.

August Spies, the leader of the Anarchists, is a German. He came to this country when sixteen years of age, and is now thirty-two. He has had little schooling, but has always been a student after his own fashion. At twenty he had learned and discarded the trade of saddler and tramped for two years through the West and South. At twenty-four he returned to Chicago and assumed the role of politician, and, as a leader of the Socialists, delivered many speeches and built up that party so that they polled over 10,000 votes for their candidate for Mayor, Dr. Ernst Schmidt. There was no Anarchistic party then, and Spies became manager of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the organ of the Socialists, which had a large circulation and great influence with the workingmen. Spies gradually moulded the paper into an Anarchistic sheet after the style of Herr Most's *Freiheit*. Most and Spies were bosom friends and composed a mutual admiration society. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* printed Most's instructions as to how to make dynamite bombs, and advised the "toiling masses" to arm themselves against their enemies, the "wage-slave drivers" and to "spare no one; nor wife nor child in the great struggle for freedom," which was about to occur. This course destroyed the influence and decimated the circulation of the paper, but brought many converts to the Anarchistic idea and bore its legitimate fruit in the Haymarket tragedy. Spies's hatred of the police was intensified by the killing of his good-for-nothing younger brother, William Spies, by a policeman in 1884. William was a leader in a fight two months before his death in which a farmer near Chicago was killed, but Spies was acquitted of the crime. He was shot while resisting arrest and August vowed vengeance upon the police. The outcome is now a historic blot on the history of Chicago. Spies of late years has managed to dress well. He is an expert shot with the pistol, but is so big a coward that he almost faints at the sight of blood. He was a single man, unless his proxy marriage to Nina Van Zandt counts.

Parsons is forty-five years old. He edited a paper called the *Alarm* at one time. In it he gave directions for the manufacture of explosives and how to throw bombs, and advocated the destruction of society. He was at one time a scout in Texas and is a "dead shot." He has never overburdened himself with work, but is a born agitator. His life is quite as ardent in anarchism, and has addressed audiences in this city within a year on behalf of the condemned Anarchists of Chicago. She has negro or Indian blood in her veins. She is a good speaker, is an earnest denunciator of society and makes vague appeals to arms.

Sam Fielden was a native of Lincolnshire, England, forty years old. He worked in a cotton mill from his ninth year till he reached his majority. He joined the Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a Sunday-school superintendent at eighteen and afterwards a preacher. He came to America in 1866, lived three years in Cleveland, and since 1869 in Chicago. Fielden was the brightest of the Anarchists and had a woebegone little wife, who suffered terribly during the strain of the past month.

George Engel was born in Cassel, Hesse, in 1839, and came to America in 1872. He has always been a Socialist of the violent type and was business manager of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

Michael Schwab was a native of Bavaria, thirty-four years of age. He was fairly well educated, and learned the bookbinder's trade in Germany, becoming a German Socialist in 1869. He inflicted himself on America in 1879, living a year or two at Milwaukee and since at Chicago, where he, too, was a writer on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

Adolph Fischer, twenty-nine years old, has lived in America fifteen years. He was a printer on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He is married and has two children.

Oscar Neebe is also a German. He is now serving a fifteen-years' sentence in the penitentiary for his connection with the Haymarket riot.

Louis Lingg, the dynamiter, paramount of all, who fittingly ended his life with a fulminating dynamite cap yesterday, was the youngest member of the fraternity. He was only 23 years of age. He was born in Baden, Germany, where he received a common school education. He came to America three years ago, and has been identified with the Anarchists ever since. He is thought to have been insane.

THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION.

Every Effort Made to Obstruct the the Process of the Law.

The trial of August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Louis Lingg and Adolph Fischer was commenced before Judge Gary in the Criminal Court of Chicago, June 21, 1886, and the work of selecting a jury consumed four weeks. The jury was sworn July 18, and on July 30 the prosecution rested. It took the defense till Aug. 10 to get in their testimony, and the closing addresses and the charge of Judge Gary were not completed till Aug. 19, when the case was given to the jury. They returned a verdict of murder in the first degree against all the men the next day, and Judge Gary imposed the death sentence upon them Saturday, Oct. 9, the time between having been consumed by argument on a motion of the counsel for a new trial for the prisoners and the remarkable speeches of the men in reply to the question, "What have you to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?"

Spies read a manuscript charging that the jury had been organized to convict; that the principal witnesses for the prosecution, Malvern M. Thompson and Gilmer, were the accomplices of the State Attorney and Inspector Bonfield, who were guilty of a conspiracy to commit murder. He defended Socialism and shrieked:

"I shall die proudly, defiantly, for the cause of justice. There is Socrates, there is Galileo, there is Christ—the number cannot be estimated of those who have trodden in these paths, and we are ready to follow them." Schwab, Neebe and Fischer made similar addresses. In spite of the caution of Mr. Solomon, one of their attorneys, Schwab admitted his connection with the "Revenge" circular, calling the Haymarket meeting. At the conclusion of a fierce speech Lingg said: "I die willingly on the gallows with the same contempt that I have for your laws."

The Anarchists had depended on the belief that no legal liability would attach to anybody who did not actually handle the murderous instrument. Great was their consternation when Judge Gary ruled that all who were connected in acts consciously and designedly leading to the killing were alike guilty of murder. It was for the jury to decide whether the act of the accused led up naturally and by design to violence and the murders. The secret preparation of bombs, the mutual exhortations to kill the police, and the chain of conspiracy, from the midnight meetings of the assassins down to the tragedy in the Haymarket square, were brought to light, and it was made clear that if such acts could be committed and no one punished except the person who actually did the killing—the mere tool in the hands of the conspirators—then society would be at the mercy of the disciples of Herr Johann Most.

ALL APPEAL WAS VAIN.

Leonard Swett, Capt. W. P. Black and Sigmund Zeisler, counsel for the Anarchists, argued for a reversal of judgment and a new trial before the Supreme Court of Illinois at Ottawa, March 17 and 18 last, George Ingham, Attorney-General Hunt and State Attorney Grinnell opposing for the State. Three printed volumes of argument were also submitted. On Sept. 14 the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the lower Court and ordered the execution of the men, Nov. 11. The Court held that peaceful assemblage was always lawful, but that these men had been clearly proven to be leaders of the "Red Flag;" that they were all present at the Haymarket meeting, and that that, like the other Communistic meetings led by them, had not been lawful.

On Oct. 21 Gen. Roger A. Pryor, who had been enlisted on behalf of the condemned men, made an application to the United States Supreme Court for writs of error, relying on points involving Federal questions which would give this court jurisdiction in the cases. They were that the law of Illinois renders it possible to try prisoners with prejudiced jurors, and that it was done in this case, which was obnoxious to the Constitution; that the prisoners were compelled to testify against themselves, and that criminating evidence was obtained from their private desks without search warrants, in violation of the constitutional provision that a man shall not be deprived of life, &c., without due process of law.

Arguments were made by J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, and Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. Attorney-General Hunt and State Attorney Grinnell, of Illinois, opposed, and Nov. 2 Chief Justice Waite delivered the decision of the full Court denying the application, and all hope for the condemned men was abandoned, though strenuous efforts were made in their behalf to obtain pardon or commutation of their sentences to imprisonment for life from Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois. Petitions have been sent to Gov. Oglesby by the bushel, and hundreds of people have journeyed to the capital to plead with him personally. A silly sympathy has been generated by the tedious process of the law, and many people who should know better have talked against the execution of the seven murderous conspirators as a legal or political murder, assuming that the death penalty was inflicted for meeting to express opinions varying from the accepted ones.

OPEN THE DOORS.
The Voice of New York to the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum.

Nina's Foolish Infatuation.

One of the wierd circumstances in this most famous case of the century was the insane infatuation which Miss Nina Clarke Van Zandt professed to have conceived for August Spies while the trial was in progress. She was one of a curious crowd in court one day, saw Spies, and says she loved him on sight. She insisted on marrying him, but this was not permitted by the authorities, so she obtained a proxy from a justice for her lover, naming Ferdinand Spies, a married brother of the prisoner, as the person who might act as the proxy of August. On January 20, 1887, Nina Van Zandt and Ferdinand went through the performance of being married, only that Ferdinand answered for August, and the justice who performed the ceremony, said at its close, "Now, I therefore make you, August Spies and Nina Van Zandt, lawfully wedded husband and wife."

Fielden's Record in Pittsburg.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Nov. 11.—Much indignation is felt here over the commutation of Fielden's death sentence. In February, 1885, he attempted to work up an Anarchistic revolt in the city. On Washington's Birthday a meeting of Anarchists was held in a Pennsylvania avenue saloon to listen to Gemuch and Fielden. They made an inflammatory harangue. Fielden was asked if he would use dynamite and he replied in the following words: "We will not hesitate to use anything when the time arrives. A revolution is near at hand. It must come. We want to abolish the present system of government. Some one must suffer in every reform. Lives must be sacrificed. I am in favor of the quickest means for the accomplishment of our purpose." At this meeting ten Anarchist groups were organized, but there are not now twenty Anarchists in the city.

What Gen. Pryor Says.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 11.—Gen. Roger A. Pryor was seen by the EVENING WORLD representative this morning. When asked as to the justness of the fate of the condemned Anarchists he said: "The Supreme Court was in error in not considering all the evidence. The Attorney for the Anarchists desired them to, but they only considered the points of law. This country is no place for Anarchists," he said, "but I do not believe the men were guilty, as no conspiracy was proven. I am as much opposed to bomb-throwing as any one, but I do not believe they threw any. If they did they should hang."

Newark Anarchists Mourning.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, Nov. 11.—The Anarchist group of Newark is celebrating the Chicago hanging in silence. There is no evidence of anything unusual save that the two saloons frequented by them are closed and draped in mourning. This evening they will hold a mass-meeting in Union Hall.

Pomeroy Again Tries to Escape.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—Jesse Pomeroy, who is locally known as the "boy fiend," and who some time ago tried to escape from prison, made another attempt at escape to-day. He caused an explosion of gas in his cell. The shock created a panic in the prison. Pomeroy was stunned, but not otherwise hurt.

A Bucket-Shop Man on Trial.

Elliot W. Todd, the alleged manager of the big bucket-shop in Broad street, was put on trial before Judge Cowing to-day, on a charge of violating the Gambling act. The case will determine the legal status of bucket-shops. John A. Husson, a real-estate agent of No. 21 Beekman street, described operations in the bucket-shop, and said that Todd got a commission if the speculator won, and took everything if he lost.

Soda and Blackberry Brandy.

Policeman Gibson, of the Charles Street Squad, was put on trial this morning before Commissioner McClave on suspicion of being drunk while on duty. This suspicion was aroused by the fact that Gibson spent an afternoon drinking soda and blackberry brandy, sent his uniform to the station-house by a messenger and went home in a cab.

Horse-Dealer Carroll's Stables Afire.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 11.—The extensive stables of James Carroll, a New York horse dealer, in this city, were partly destroyed by fire this morning. Fifty horses were taken out unhurt. Carroll's loss is over $5,000.

Major Way Escapes Again.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Nov. 11.—Major A. M. Way, the defaulting Empire Loan Secretary, has again escaped and has gone to New York. He had been at his home five days and no attempt was made to arrest him.

Not an Anarchist in the Morning.

Hieronymus Dreesigacher, who was arrested on a charge of shouting "Let's go for the police!" and proclaiming himself an Anarchist as the procession went by last night, denied that he had done either to-day at the Jefferson Market Court and was discharged. He is a furrier at 40 Howard street.

May Be He'll Marry the Girl.

The examination of Dr. C. W. Goff, of New York, charged with having abducted Kitty McKernan, will take place before Justice Vaugh, at Stapleton, this afternoon. Dr. Goff hinted to a reporter this morning in his cell that he was willing to marry Kitty if she would consent.

His Fate Still a Mystery.

No tidings have yet been had of Meyer Brower, of Mamaroneck, who started in a boat last Friday to go to the residence of Alexander Taylor, the banker, of this city, on the Sound, near by. A hurricane struck Brower's boat and probably capsized it and drowned him.

Suspected of Burglarious Designs.

Policeman Carter arrested Jacob Lang, of 138 Eldridge street, at Fifth avenue and Twentieth street last night and found in his pockets a lot of tools suitable for breaking into houses. Lang was committed for six months at the Jefferson Market Court.

Failure in the Cotton Exchange.

Mr. Baum, a large cotton broker, assigned today. He gave several preferences amounting to $6,000.

A BAD DAY FOR BEARS.

More Than 103,000 Shares of Reading Traded in Up to Noon.

The bulls had things all their own way this morning and made it hot for the shorts. Over one hundred and three thousand shares of Reading were traded in up to noon, and the stock jumped 2 points to 67¾. This movement carried up everything, and some of the specialties jumped 2 to 4 per cent. The bears were thoroughly disheartened, and fairly scrambled over each other to cover.

THE QUOTATIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Closing.
Canada Southern	57	57¼	57	57¼
Canadian Pacific	53⅛	53⅛	53⅛	53⅛
Central Pacific	30⅞	31⅜	30⅞	31⅜
Cleve., Col., Cin. & Ind.	54	54¼	54	54¼
Chesapeake & Ohio	9	9	9	9
Chic., Bur. & Quincy	128⅛	129	128⅛	129
Chicago & Northwest	108⅜	109⅞	108⅜	109⅛
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	73⅞	74⅞	73⅞	74⅞
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac.	112⅛	113⅜	112⅛	113⅜
Col. & Hocking Val	23⅜	25⅞	23⅜	25⅞
Colorado & Hocking Coal	30	31	29⅞	30⅞
Colorado Coal & Iron	35	35	35	35
Consolidated Gas	74⅛	74⅛	74⅛	74⅛
Del., Lack. & Western	128⅛	130⅛	128⅛	130
Delaware & Hudson	103	103⅛	103	103⅛
Denver & Rio Grande	23⅞	23⅞	23⅞	23⅞
Denver & Rio Grand pfd	58⅛	58⅞	58⅛	58⅞
E. Tenn., Va. & Ga.	11⅛	11⅛	11⅛	11⅛
E. Tenn., Va. & Ga. 1st pfd	63