

Those arch counselors of riot, pillage, incendiarism, and murder, August and

Christian Spies, Michael Schwab, and Samuel Fielden, are now in the hands of the law and secure behind strong iron bars in narrow cells at the Central police station. But one other man composing this galaxy of blood-preaching anarchists is at large. This fiend, who for months past has advocated the torch and dagger, the husband of a negress, and a most arrant coward withal, is named A. R. Parsons. Since his ignominious flight from the scene of blood in Haymarket square on Tuesday night he has not been seen. He may be shot, but it is feared he is not.

The capture of the Spies brothers and Michael Schwab, the owners and editors of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the organ of the anarchists, was effected in the editorial rooms of their office at No. 107 Fifth avenue. At 8:30 o'clock Detectives Costello, Duffy, Wiley, Slayton, Marks, Meyer, and Bonfield entered the office quietly and proceeded to the editorial rooms. There they found the three editors in earnest consultation, reviewing the work done by their followers on Haymarket square. As the officials were clothed in citizens' dress the conspirators did not know them, and for the moment thought they were a committee of some labor organization. They were speedily disabused of this idea by Detective Bonfield, who, in a firm, clear-spoken tone, asked the fiend nearest to him if his name was not August Spies. Instantly the three fellows sprang to their feet, greatly excited, intuitively feeling that they were face to face with the minions of that law which they, by word and pen, have so frequently violated. With a grimace meant to be a smile, in which a row of white, wolfish teeth were shown, a small, blonde-looking man about 35 years of age answered that he was August Spies, the proprietor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He tried to look pleasant

and unconcerned, and in his blandest tones asked what he could do for his visitors.

"Get yourself in readiness to accompany us," replied the detective; "we are officers of the law and now place you under arrest."

At this the faces of the cowering wretches, whose utterances and writings have caused so much misery and recent bloodshed, paled to the color of ashes. They made no reply and offered no resistance, first because of cowardice and secondly because they were shrewd enough to see that the slightest disobedience would result in their being shot in their tracks. The only one who showed a balky spirit was Christian Spies, who asked Detective Duffy by what right he was arrested. A significant move of the detective toward his pistol was the answer he received. Without more ado he fell into line, and the three were then escorted to police headquarters and for the moment locked in a room with the chief officials and State's Atty. Grinnell. The prisoners were submitted to a close search, during which they uttered not a word. Their pale lips were tightly compressed and their eyes were kept constantly on the floor. Michael Schwab, an editorial writer, trembled like an aspen and could hardly button his coat. This office was performed for him in no very gentle manner by the justly incensed officials. These latter, filled with thoughts of their dead and wounded companions, glared at the anarchists and looked the deep hatred they felt for their prisoners.

August Spies, in a Prince Albert coat and neatly-fitting pantaloons, seemed the most self-possessed, although he, it was easily seen, forced his seeming unconcern. His eyes were red and inflamed, giving him the appearance of a man who had slept uneasily or not at all. The search being over, they were unceremoniously hustled down stairs to the cells, where the strong bolts were closed on them, and they were left to their own thoughts.

One hour later Detectives Ryan, Costello and Slayton marched proudly into headquarters, having in their midst that despicable,

blatant coward, Samuel Fielden. He had been captured at his home, No. 110 West Polk street, roused out of bed and compelled to limp to the Central station. Unfortunately he was but slightly wounded at the Haymarket square riot. A spent ball hurt the knee cap somewhat, just enough to make it extremely painful. He is a villainous-looking fellow at best, of heavy, stocky build, shoulders broad and slightly stooped, large hands, and muscular arms. His head is covered with a thick growth of frowsy rat-colored hair, and his face is almost hidden in a mass of whiskers resembling moss-hair. The expression of his countenance as a prisoner was in great contrast to that as a murder-preaching devil. He it was who made the last speech to the socialist crowd on Tuesday night. Then, mounted on a platform, his face contorted in a most fiendish shape, he harangued and urged his listeners to pillage and kill. He was in his element and felt safe in his backing. Yesterday, however, his visage was one of extreme despair and fear. The brutal look had given place to one of fearful anxiety, and as he was led into the secret room of the police he cast his little ratty eyes about from face to face looking in vain for a friendly countenance. A few moments' search of his sweaty, sticky clothes disclosed nothing but a dirty handkerchief and numerous circulars appealing to the workingman to take up arms, etc. He whined and groaned with fear and pain when locked up next to his brother villains. Turnkey Figg said, on coming up-stairs from the cells, that he never in his life turned a bolt with so much satisfaction.

At noon Mayor Harrison, States Atty. Grinnell, and a number of detectives visited the office of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, where a general search of the premises was instituted. . . .

While making the search a Mr. Oscar Niebe stepped into the office and inquired for August Spies. He was immediately taken in hand by Mayor Harrison, who asked him to give an account of himself, his honor thinking that the man was concerned with the office. The reply was that he was a friend of Spies, but was in no way interested in the paper. He, however, would get out the morning edition of the paper if no objection were offered.

"I promise you, sir," he said to his honor, "that nothing of an incendiary nature will be published."

"That there won't I can assure you," significantly replied the mayor.

Fifteen minutes later it was decided to arrest everyone connected with the office, from the devil to the foreman. Niebe, who claims to be an employe of a brewery, was not found when a return was made to effect the arrest. It is not known that he is wanted, for that matter.