

... The arrest of Rudolph Schauboldt, Schwab's brother-in-law, might be mentioned in this connection. Tuesday night he was one of the prominent figures on the speaker's wagon on Desplaines street. His long, black beard, unkempt hair, and "specs" giving him the unmistakable air of a conspirator, thereby adding to his importance in the eyes of the cowardly curs who were looking upon him. Yesterday Detective Palmer visited the machine-shop at No. 224 Washington street, where Schauboldt has been working ten hours a day for several months, and placed him under arrest. But it was not the figure which stood before the admiring mob Tuesday that the officer confronted. It was a small sized, smooth shaven man, with closely cut hair, whose sallowness seemed shrunken with care. This bold dynamiter immediately upon his escape from the crowd, visited a barber's shop and had his luxuriant growth of beard and hair removed in order to disguise his identity. When he was arrested he grew as pale as his sallowness would permit, and when he was informed that he would be required to walk to the Central Police Station his fears knew no bounds. He evidently imagined that a mob would be in waiting to tear him from the officer and hang him, as his followers would have done with Officer Casey last Monday night. He was greatly relieved to get within the precincts of the City Hall in safety. To the officers who examined him about his connection with the riot he stated that he attended the meeting merely as a spectator, but had by request taken a position in the speaker's stand. He saw the police leave the Desplaines Street Station, watched their maneuvers while they were forming companies, and then waited expectantly for them to march upon the position of the anarchists. Just after the head of the line

passed Randolph street he slipped off the wagon, elbowed his way out of the crowd, and put as much distance between himself and the scene of the meeting as he possibly could...

Parsons is still at large. The police have made every possible effort to find him, have followed every clew, and have visited every one of his known haunts, but he has so far managed to elude their vigilance. Yesterday Officer Duffy went to LaGrange, where it was understood the fugitive anarchist was concealed in the house of a woman who has been a devotee to his principles of blood and thunder. The officer searched the house from cellar to garret, but Parsons could not be found. Other places were searched by other officers, but with the same lack of success. The police do not believe Parsons has left the city. They do not think he could have got away because information was sent everywhere to arrest him and his wife. Mrs. Parsons was found in the city on Wednesday, but was turned loose by the police, because it was thought she might lead detectives to the concealment of her husband. Everywhere she has gone her steps have been dogged by officers.

Every house she has entered has been searched by these same officers, and so the thing will be kept up until Parsons is safe under lock and key. The detectives who have been following Mrs. Parsons have had some funny experiences not only with her but with her anarchistic friends whose abodes they have invaded. She has made every possible effort to throw her "shadows" off the track by dodging into untenanted houses, running through buildings, and walking through back yards, but wherever she goes she finds her Nemesis as inseparable as if he were tied to her skirts with a rope. The search for Parsons will not be given up for an instant until he is safe behind the bars with his confederates.