

THE  
BOMB

By  
Frank Harris

Published by the Author  
40 Seventh Avenue  
NEW YORK  
1920  
moulin digital editions



2017

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## FOREWORD

*I HAVE been asked to write a foreword to the American edition of THE BOMB and the publisher tells me that what the American public will most want to know is how much of the story is true.*

*All through 1885 and 1886 took a lively interest in the labour disputes in Chicago. The reports that reached us in London from American newspapers were all bitterly one-sided; they read as if some enraged capitalist had dictated them: but after the bomb was thrown and the labour leaders were brought to trial little islets of facts began to emerge from the sea of lies.*

*I made up my mind that if I ever got the opportunity I would look into the matter and see whether the Socialists who had been sent to death deserved the punishment meted out to them amid the jubilation of the capitalistic press.*

*In 1907 I paid a visit to America and spent some time in Chicago visiting the various scenes and studying the contemporary newspaper accounts of the tragedy. I came to the conclusion that six out of the seven men punished in Chicago were as innocent as I was, and that four of them had been murdered—according to law.*

*I felt so strongly on the subject that when I sketched out THE BOMB I determined not to alter a single incident but to take all the facts just as they occurred. The book then, in the most important particulars, is a history, and is true, as history should be true, to life, when there are no facts to go upon.*

*The success of the book in England has been due partly perhaps to the book itself; but also in part to the fact that it enabled Englishmen to gloat over their superiority to Americans in the administration of justice. And now that the Wilson administration has run its evil course, it is impossible for any thoughtful American to dispute the British contention. Badly as the Socialists were treated in Trafalgar Square on one occasion, they were not arrested at night in their beds, torn from their families and deported without form of law or pretence of trial. The Buford is a caustic pendant to the Mayflower.*

*Besides, conscientious objectors were not tortured and done to death in English prisons as they were in American prison and sentences of twenty years for expressing opinions supposed to be seditious are as usual in these United States as sentences of two years in Great Britain. And worst of all, while political prisoners and conscientious objectors have been annestied and set free, months ago, in England and France they are still imprisoned in free America: to keep a man like Debs in prison for things said in the very spirit of Jesus, condemns a government as uncivilized and inhuman.*

*I am afraid the moral of my story is a little too obvious: it may, however, serve to remind the American people how valuable are some of the foreign elements which go to make up their complex civilization. It may also incidentally persuade the reader that tolerance*

*of ideas which he may dislike is the A.B.C. of political wisdom.*  
*FRANK HARRIS*

*“Some showed me Life, as ’twere a royal game,  
Shining in every colour of the sun  
With prizes to be played for one by one  
Love, riches, fame.*

*“Some showed me Life, as ’twere a terrible fight,  
A ceaseless striving ’gainst unnumbered foes,  
A battle ever harder to the close  
Ending in night.”*

# THE BOMB

## CHAPTER I

“Hold the high way and let thy spirit thee lead  
And Truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede”

MY name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886. Now I lie here in Reichholz, Bavaria, dying of consumption under a false name, in peace at last.

But it is not about myself I want to write: I am finished. I got chilled to the heart last winter, and grew steadily worse in those hateful, broad, white Muenchener streets which are baked by the sun and swept by the icy air from the Alps. Nature or man will soon deal with my refuse as they please.

But there is one thing I must do before I go out, one thing I have promised to do. I must tell the story of the man who spread terror through America, the greatest man that ever lived, I think; a born rebel, murderer and martyr. If I can give a fair portrait of Louis Lingg, the Chicago Anarchist, as I knew him, show the body and soul and mighty purpose of him, I shall have done more for men than when I threw the bomb. . . .

How am I to tell the story? Is it possible to paint a great man of action in words; show his cool calculation of forces, his unerring judgment, and the tiger spring? The best thing I can do is to begin at the beginning, and tell the tale quite simply and sincerely. “Truth,” Lingg said to me once, “is the skeleton, so to speak, of all great works of art.” Besides, memory is in itself an artist. It all happened long ago, and in time one forgets the trivial and remembers the important.

It should be easy enough for me to paint this one man’s portrait. I don’t mean that I am much of a writer, but I have read some of the great writers, and know how they picture a man, and any weakness of mine is more than made up for by the best model a writer ever had. God! if he could come in here now and look at me with those eyes of his, and hold out his hands, I’d rise from this bed and be well again; shake off the cough and sweat and deadly weakness, shake off anything. He had vitality enough in him to bring the dead to life, passion enough for a hundred men. . . .

I learned so much from him, so much; even more, strange to say, since I lost him than when I was with him. In these lonely latter months I have read a great deal, thought a good deal; and all my reading has been illumined by sayings of his which suddenly come back to my mind, and make the dark ways plain. I have often wondered why I did not appreciate this phrase or that when he used it. But memory treasured it up, and when the time was ripe, or rather, when



























































































































































































































































































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heaved the chest, and at each motion torrents of blood poured from the torn palate into the throat. Unceasingly the doctor and his assistants, who had arrived in the meantime, continued to apply the sponge. At last the hand of the unfortunate man moved. It clutched the blanket thrown over his body. His whole frame trembled for a moment, and then he raised that terrible head and the face mangled out of all semblance of humanity. For a moment he opened his eyes and coughed a hoarse, gurgling cough, and with it up came again a stream of blood. It was a horrifying sight. . . .

"The Sheriff at last arrived. His face blanched as he glanced at the spectacle before him, and then he turned away. Hot blankets were brought, and hot water applied to the feet of the fast sinking man. Presently the flow of blood was stopped, and the bandages round the lower part of the face gave the distorted features a more human appearance. Hypodermic injections of ether were given every few minutes. Their bare arms covered with blood, the physicians continued their frightful task. At last they were rewarded for their labors.

"The mangled body gave tokens of life; the signs of returning consciousness were unmistakable.

"Open your eyes,' said County Physician Mayer. Lingg slowly opened his eyes.

"Now shut them,' said the doctor. They closed mechanically almost.

"In the midst of the operations upon him the anarchist raised his hand to the doctors. They paused. He essayed to speak. It was impossible. The tongue, torn at the roof, falls back into the throat. He makes a motion as if desiring to write. Paper and pencil were laid at his side. Slowly, but with a firm hand, he traced the words—

"Besser anlehnen am Rücken. Wenn ich liege, kann ich nicht athmen.'

"Better support to my back. When I lie flat, I cannot breathe.'

"Was there ever such superhuman resolution?

"He slowly turns upon his right side. His eyes become glassy. A pallor overspreads his features. It is evident that the end is near.

"Are you in pain?' asks the physician.

"A nod of the head is the only answer; but not a groan, not a sign of suffering.

. . .

"At half-past two the County Physician went to the telephone in the jailer's office and sent the following message to the Sheriff—

"Lingg is sinking fast; he cannot last much longer.'

"Already there began the stertorous breathing. The pallor deepened. The eyes resumed their glassy stare. A tremor passed through the body. There was a quick and sudden upheaval of the breast. For a minute or so the breathing continued. Then everything was quiet. The doctor looked once more upon the face, and then said—

"He is dead.'

"Jailer Folz took his watch out and compared it with the timepiece on the wall. It was exactly nine minutes to three o'clock. The dead anarchist lay upon the table with his breast bared. The doctors left the room. There were only a turnkey and a reporter to close his eyes. The latter attempted to do it, but they would not close. He finally attempted to do it with some pennies which he had in his pocket, but they were not heavy enough. A policeman at that moment entered the room. It was with satisfaction almost that he looked upon the murderer of his comrades.

"Have you some nickels with you to close his eyes?' he was asked. He fumbled with his hand in his pocket; but presently drew it away. 'Not for that monster,' he declared resolutely.

"Opinions differ as to the means employed by Lingg to end his miserable career. Theories are plentiful; but evidence is scarce. Proof is wholly wanting. One thing can be accepted with safety; it was a high explosive did the work."

This terrible occurrence threw the whole prison into disorder. The jailers ran about like maniacs; the prisoners screamed questions;

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the prison was in an uproar. Parsons pushed, to the bars of his cell and, when he heard what had happened, cried out, "Give me one of those bombs; I want to do the same thing."

The news of the explosion quickly spread beyond the prison walls, and a crowd collected demanding information—a crowd which was soon swollen by reporters from every paper in the city. The news got out in dribbles, and was published in a dozen prints. The city seemed to go mad; from one end of the town to the other, men began to arm themselves, and the wildest tales were current. There were bombs everywhere. The nervous strain upon the public had become intolerable. The stories circulated and believed that afternoon and night seem now, as one observer said, to belong to the literature of Bedlam. The truth was, that the bombs found in Lingg's cell and his desperate self murder had frightened the good Chicagoans out of their wits. One report had it that there were twenty thousand armed and desperate anarchists in Chicago who had planned an assault upon the jail for the following morning. The newspaper offices, the banks, the Board of Trade building, the Town Hall, were guarded night and day. Every citizen carried weapons openly. One paper published the fact that at ten o'clock on that Thursday night a gun store was still open in Madison Street, and crowded with men buying revolvers. The spectacle did not strike any one as in the least strange, but natural, laudable. The dread of some catastrophe was not only in the air, but in men's talk, in their faces.

In no part of America has anything ever been seen like the spectacle Chicago presented on the morning of the eleventh of November that year. For a block in each direction from the jail, ropes were stretched across the street, and all traffic suspended. Behind the ropes were lines of policemen, armed with rifles, all the way to the jail the sidewalks were patrolled by other policemen armed to the teeth; the jail was guarded like an outpost in a battle. Lines of policemen were drawn round it, and from every window armed policemen looked forth; the roof was black with them.

At six o'clock in the morning reporters were admitted to the prison; after that, entrance was denied to every one. From six till close upon eleven o'clock some two hundred reporters stood there, cooped up in the jailer's office, waiting. Wild stories were whispered from one white face to another, stories that tried the strongest nerves. Two of the reporters fainted under the strain and had to be taken outside. "In all my experience," writes one of those present, "this was the only occasion on which I ever saw an American reporter break down under any punishment, however terrible, to be inflicted on somebody else."

"It is hard," says the same eye-witness, "now to understand the power of the infectional panic that had seized upon the city and the jail; perhaps some idea of our feelings may be gained from the fact

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that while we waited there a Chicago newspaper issued an extra, seriously announcing that the jail had been mined, and at the moment of the hanging the whole structure and all in it were to be destroyed.”

Lingg’s forecast of the result of the second bomb was more than realized.

Some time afterwards this same honest reporter and eye-witness gave a description of the judicial murder which should be read here.

“The word came at last; we marched down the dim corridors to the courtyard appointed for the terrible deed; we saw it done; we saw the four lives crushed out according to the fashion of surviving barbarism. There was no mine exploded; there was no attack; the Central Union did not march its cohorts to the jail or elsewhere; no armed or unarmed anarchists appeared to menace the supremacy of the State. In all men’s eyes there was something of the strain and anxiety that made all the faces I saw about me look drawn and pallid; but there was nowhere the lifting of a lawless hand that day. It sounds now a horrible and cruel thing to say, yet visibly, most visibly, all men’s hearts were lightened because those four men’s hearts were stilled in death.

“One other strange scene closed the drama, for who that saw it can ever forget that Sunday funeral procession, the black hearses, the marching thousands, the miles upon miles of densely packed and silent streets; the sobering impression of the amnesty of death the still more sobering question whether we had done right? Lingg’s self-immolation and the astounding courage with which he had borne his horrible sufferings had brought every one to pity and to doubt. The short November day closed upon the services at the cemetery; in the darkness the strangely silent crowds straggled back to the city. There was no outbreak at the graves or elsewhere; everywhere this silence, like a sign of brooding thought.”

And so the long tragedy came at length to its end. I can never tell what I felt on reading these reports. How I could see it all! How well I understood Lingg and the reason of his desperate act. What the four bombs were for I could not imagine at the time, though I was soon to learn; but surely he had used the bomb on himself in order to get the terrorizing effect he wanted without hurting any one but himself. Think, too, of his courage and iron self-control! How he found perfect words to prevent Osborne from suspecting him, and how when called back to life and exquisite torture by the surgeon’s skill, not a groan escaped him, not a cry. Tears poured from my eyes. Such power lost and wasted, such greatness come to so terrible an end! There was something dreadful to me in the idea that even the policeman could speak of Lingg, lying there dead, as a “monster.” All he had to do was to ask the death-watch, Osborne, and he might have got a fairer opinion of him, for Osborne after the catastrophe was not afraid to speak the truth. This is what he said of Lingg: “I have the highest opinion of Louis Lingg; I believe him to have been misunderstood; as honest in his opinions as it is possible for a man to be, and as free from feelings of revenge as a new-born babe. I only wish that every young man in America could be as strong and good as Louis Lingg, barring his anarchism.”

Even his jailers were won by him to pity and to reverence.

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### CHAPTER XIV

MY long task is nearly done, and I am not strong enough to linger over the last sad happenings. Ten or twelve days after I received at Cologne the telegraphic news of Lingg's death, I got the newspaper accounts of the whole occurrence, which I have used in the last chapter, and with the same post a long letter from Ida, containing four leaflets covered with Lingg's clear script. He had written them and given them to Ida to be sent to me on her last visit on Saturday, the fifth November, just before the bombs were found in his cell. Here is the letter—

“DEAR WILL:

“You have followed my lingering illness, I know, and will be glad as I am that the doctors are going to allow me to get up within a week. I have suffered and must still suffer; it has taught me that no one should inflict suffering who is not ready to bear it cheerfully; I am ready. Our work's nearly finished, Will, and it is good work, not bad, as you once feared. The First Factory Act passed in the State of New York, preventing children under thirteen being worked to death, is dated 1886. The only thing that remains for one of us now is to do what Jesus did with the cross, and by sheer loving-kindness turn the hangman's noose into a symbol of the eternal brotherhood of men. My heart burns within me; we won the Children's Charter and it was cheap at the price; good work, Will; never doubt it.

“It is good, too, that you and I got to know and love each other. Be kind to Ida; marry Elsie; get on with your great book, and be happy as men are happy who can work for themselves and others.

“Your loving comrade to the end,

“JACK.”

I don't wish to put too high these hasty lines scribbled in jail almost at the last minute; but it is impossible to read them without recognizing the noble courage and generous thought of others which breathe through them: “out of the strong came forth sweetness.”

So far as I was concerned this letter lifted me out of the slough of despair. Determined to do as Lingg asked me, I got work on the papers in Cologne and did my best to take up again the burden of life.

Ida's letter to me explained everything, and I read it with tears dropping from my eyes. She forced herself to give me Lingg's last thoughts:

“Tell Will,' he said, ‘that it seemed to me wrong to strike subordinates or instruments more than once, and I was prevented striking principals or the court as I had intended.

“Besides, we were being misunderstood: men of the baser sort said we struck out of greed or hate: it was necessary to prove that if we held the lives of others cheap, we held our own cheaper. Men do not kill themselves for greed or hate; but for love, and for an ideal. My deed will teach the wiser among our opponents that their police

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are of no use against us; authority must be one with right and love to win a man's reverence.'

"He was mad, Will," Ida wrote on, "as those are mad who are too good to live. I begged him for my sake not to touch the thing; but he got me to bring it in on my fingers and in my hair, bit by bit; he wanted enough for the others as well as himself—'the key,' as he called it, 'of our mortal prison.'"

The rest of her letter was very simple and very touching; it was evidently written after the final scene and the quiet burial. Mrs. Engel had been very kind, she said, and had insisted that Ida should go to live with her. They were together now in the shop, Ida helping to take care of the three children. The youngest is just like Engel himself, Ida added, so chubby and kind and strong; and then she went back to Lingg:

"He told me not to think of the past, and I am trying to do as he wished; but it is very hard; often I forget, and Johnny pulls my dress and says, 'Don't twy, Auntie Ida! don't twy.'

"Elsie comes to see me every day; she is loyal and true. Write to her; she is prettier than ever, and in her mourning looks angelic. Write often, Will; we must draw closer together now—ah, God! . . ."

I wrote by return to Ida telling her of my loving sympathy, and begging her to let me know if I could help her in any way, and inclosed a letter to Elsie, asking her if she were willing to marry me. She replied that she was willing to come to Germany or France, and marry me at once; might she bring her mother? The letter was all sweetness. The dear baby phrases in it were as balm to my heart. "I wish I were with you, dear, to nurse you; you'd soon get well. You have taught me love; I am a better woman for having known you, and so proud of my boy. I am longing to start, and yet the thought of meeting you makes me very shy. . . ." The sweetheart!

I wrote back that I hoped for nothing better on earth than her companionship, and that I would begin at once to get a house ready and would send for her as soon as possible.

But it was not to be. One evening I had wandered about trying to coax myself to hope, or at least to work; but in vain. All my thoughts turned to melancholy brooding and sadness. It seems to me now, looking back, that something in me broke when Elsie left my room on that fatal afternoon in May. I was not strong enough for such tremendous, conflicting emotions; something else snapped when I threw the bomb and realized what I had done, and the last strand that bound me to life gave way when Lingg died. Nature treats us as we treat stubborn children. We cling to the bough of life as long as we can, and Nature comes and strikes our fingers one after the other, till, unable to endure the punishment any longer, we loosen our hold and fall into the void.

My punishment had broken my will to live; it had probably undermined my strength also, for a simple wetting brought me down.



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Next morning I could scarcely breathe with bronchitis, and was ill. I wrote to Elsie and told her that I had caught a bad cold; begged her to wait for me, I should soon get better; but I knew even then that I was more likely to get worse.

I continued to work at my book feverishly, determined to finish my task; but at the end of ten days in bed, the kindly people of the house called in a doctor, who looked very grave and advised me to go to Davos Platz, and when pressed, told me that I was in a consumption, and that both lungs were affected. The truth was, I suppose, that my frame was too weak to resist any attack, and I looked forward to the end with a sigh of content; one gets so weary of this hard, all-hating world! I redoubled my efforts to finish the book. As soon as I had had two fair copies made of it, and had sent one off to Ida and one to Elsie, I felt considerably better; only this short, last chapter remained to be done. Somehow or other I thought that if I could get back to the air of my native Alps again, I should get quite well, so I came back to Munich and then here to Reichholz, close to the homeland, for a visit; it will be a long one.

Before I even began to write this chapter yesterday I wrote long letters to Ida and Elsie, taking an eternal farewell. I think, I hope, I shall get a reply from Elsie; and if I do, I will add it to this last chapter, and the whole book shall be sent off to her after my death to do with as she and Ida may direct.

And now, what is the end of the whole matter? I went out into the world and fought and labored in it, and have come back to my birthplace. A journeying and fighting—a sweet kiss or two and the clasp of a friend's hand—that's what life has meant for me. One starts out with a certain capital of energy, and whether one spreads it over threescore years, or exhausts it in three, matters nothing. The question is what one has done and achieved, and not whether one suffered or enjoyed, much less how long it took one to do the work.

There is something in our case, I feel sure, to the credit side. As Lingg said, the bomb thrown in the Haymarket put an end to the bludgeoning and pistolling of unarmed men and women by the police; it helped, too, to win the Children's Charter, and to establish "Labor Day" as a popular festival. The effect of Lingg's desperate self-murder was prodigious. Chicago took his teaching to heart; such a death has its own dignity and its own virtue. In some dim way the people in Chicago came to recognize that Lingg and Parsons were extraordinary men, and all confessed in their hearts that there must be something very wrong in a social state which had driven such men to despair.

One fact exemplifies the change of feeling. Near the spot where the policemen fell in the Haymarket, a monument was erected in memory of them with a statue of a policeman on top. But after a very short time it was removed on some convenient pretext to be erected again, miles from the scene of the unhappy event, in a wooded park,

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where no one sees it or knows what it commemorates. Somehow or other it was generally understood that the police were not the heroes of the occasion.

In the same way, I remember, after Marat was killed in the French Revolution, he was given a gorgeous state funeral; his body was interred with all ceremony in the Pantheon; men and women went mad over him, wore Marat hats and Marat ties and Marat coats to do him honor; but in a year it was found that Charlotte Corday was justified, that she was a great woman and not an assassin; and so before the months had run full circle, Marat's body was taken out of the Pantheon, his coffin broken open, and his dust scattered to the winds. Justice has its revenges.

The outcome and the result in our case is perhaps uncertain. Was the work well done? Is revolt best, or submission? I'm afraid the more I seem to have paid in pain and misery for what I did, the more certain I feel that we were right.

One thing is past doubt. Louis Lingg was a great man, and a born leader of men, who with happier chances might have been a great reformer, or a great statesman. When they talk of him as a murderer, it fills me with pity for them, for in Lingg, too, was the blood of the martyr: he had the martyr's pity for men, the martyr's sympathy with suffering and destitution, the martyr's burning contempt for greed and meanness, the martyr's hope in the future, the martyr's belief in the ultimate perfectibility of men.

What have I to say more? Nothing. He that has ears will hear, and the others do not matter. Nearing the end I begin to see that the opinion of one's fellows is not worth much, and another saying of Lingg's comes to help me here.

"The law of gravitation," he used to say; "is the law of the ought; it would be easy to put oneself in perfect relation to the centre of gravity of this world; it would be easy and safe and pleasant. But, strange to say, the centre of gravity, even of our globe itself, is always changing, moving towards some unseen goal. Stars beyond our ken draw us and change our destinies. And so Mr. Worldly Wise comes to grief. Our only chance of being right is to trust the heart, and act on what we feel."

One word about myself. Here at the end I am fairly content. I have not had much happiness in life, except with Elsie; but through knowing Elsie and Lingg, I came to a fuller, richer life than I should ever have reached by myself, and whoever has climbed the heights is not likely to complain of the cost. I am only sorry for Elsie and Ida; I wish, I wish—but after all, even the roughest men do not trample on flowers.

I cannot believe that in this world any unselfish deed is lost, that any aspiration or even hope dies away without effect. In my own short life I have seen the seed sown and the fruit gathered, and that is enough for me. We shall no doubt be despised and reviled by men,

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at least for a time, because we shall be judged by the rich and the powerful, and not by the destitute and the dispossessed for whom we gave our lives.

## AFTERWORD

### TO "THE BOMB," WRITTEN IN 1920

FLAUBERT exclaimed once that no one had understood, much less appreciated his "Madame Bovary." "I ought to have criticized it myself," he added "then I'd have shown the fool-critics how to read a story and analyze it and weigh the merits of it. I could have done this better than anyone and very impartially; for I can see its faults, faults that make me miserable."

In just this spirit and with the self-same conviction I want to say a word or two about "The Bomb." I have stuck to the facts of the story in the main as closely as possible; but the character of Schnaubelt and his love-story with Elsie are purely imaginary. I was justified in inventing these, I believe, because almost nothing was known of Schnaubelt and as the illiterate mob continually confuse Socialism and Free-love, it seemed to me well to demonstrate that love between social outcasts and rebels would naturally be intenser and more idealistic than among ordinary men and women. The pressure from the outside must crush the pariahs together in a closer embrace and intensify passion to self-sacrifice.

My chief difficulty was the choice of a protagonist; Parsons was almost an ideal figure; he gave himself up to the police though he was entirely innocent and out of their clutches and when offered a pardon in prison he refused it rising to the height of human self-abnegation by declaring that if he, the only American, accepted a pardon he would thus be dooming the others to death.

But such magnanimity and sweetness of spirit is not as American, it seemed to me, as Lingg's practical heroism and passion of revolt. In spite of Miss Goldman's preference for Parsons, I still believe I chose my hero rightly, but I idealized Lingg beyond life-size, I fear. No young man of twenty ever had the insight into social conditions which I attribute to him. I should have given him less vision and put in a dash of squalor or of cruelty or cunning to make the portrait life-like. But the fault seems to me excusable.

The whole book is probably too idealistic; but as all rebels—socialists and anarchists alike—are whelmed in these States in a flood of furious and idiotic contempt and hatred, a certain small amount of idealization of the would-be reformers is perhaps justified. On the whole I'm rather proud of "The Bomb" and of Elsie and Lingg.

In a pamphlet published by the police, shortly after the execution

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of the Anarchists, it was stated that “Lingg’s father was a dragoon officer of royal blood, but he only knew his mother for whom he always showed a passionate devotion. Four years after her liaison with the handsome officer, his mother wedded a lumber-worker named Link. When Louis was about twelve his foster-father got heart-disease through exposure and died. The widow was left in poverty and had to do washing and ironing in order to support herself and a daughter named Elise who had been born of her marriage.

“Louis received a fair education (I continue to give the gist of the police record) and became a carpenter at Mannheim in order to help his mother. In 1879 he was out of his apprenticeship and went to Kehl and then to Freiburg.

“Here he fell in with free-thinkers and became an avowed Socialist. In ’83 he went to Luzern and thence to Zurich where he met the famous anarchist Reinsdorf to whom he became greatly attached. He joined the German Socialist society “Eintracht” and threw his whole soul into the cause.

“In August 1884 Mrs. Lingg married a second time, one Christian Gaddum, in order, as she said, to find support for her daughter; she herself being in poor health; she asked Louis to return home if only for a visit.

“But Louis had now reached the age for military service and as his whole being revolted against German militarism he decided to emigrate to America.

“After the wayward boy had taken ship at Havre he and his mother corresponded regularly. All her letters breathed encouragement; she sent him money often and concluded invariably by giving him good counsel and urging him to write frequently.

“That Lingg had a great love for his mother is shown by the fact that he kept all her letters from the time he left home till he killed himself.

“His illegitimate birth appears to have annoyed the youth; he worried his mother to give him his father’s name. In one letter she says: “It grieves me that you speak of your birth; 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 Hessa and as he had no real estate he could not marry me in Schwetzingen according to our laws. He left and went I don’t know where.”

“A little later Louis appears to have asked her to get him a certificate of birth, for a later letter from her satisfies this request. I reproduce it word for word as characteristic of their relations:

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

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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 (the first husband) 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 about a letter or card from you, but we had to be contented with the thought that perhaps you did not remember us. Now it is all past. . . .

I was very much troubled that it has taken so long (to procure the certificate), but I could not help it. 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 read as follows:

### CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

No. 9,681.

Ludwig Link, legitimate son of Philipp Friedrich Link and of Regina Von Hoefler, 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.

"One 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. He must have changed it shortly before leaving Europe or just after reaching the United States. The thought of his illegitimacy (according to the police report) helped to make him in religion a free-thinker, in theory a free-lover, and in practice an implacable enemy of existing society. His mother's letter's show that she wished him to be a good man, and it was no fault of her early training that he subsequently became an Anarchist.

"No sooner had Lingg reached Chicago than he looked up the haunts of Socialists and Anarchists. . . . 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.

"Lingg had not been connected with the organization long before he became a recognized leader and made speeches that enthused all the comrades. While young in years, they recognized in him a worthy leader, and the fact that he had sat at the 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. . . .

"His work was never finished, and never neglected. At one time

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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. . . . He was not alone a bomb-maker; he also constituted himself an agent to sell arms. 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.

“In truth, he was the shiftest as well as the most dangerous Anarchist in all Chicago.

“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.” (Here occurs the police account of his arrest which I have reproduced in “The Bomb.” I now continue it):

“During the time Lingg remained at the station his wounded thumb was regularly attended to; he was treated very kindly, had plenty to eat, and was made as comfortable as possible.

“One day I 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 much for that. He could forget it all, but he did not like Bonfield. He would kill Bonfield, willingly, he declared.

“Lingg was a singular Anarchist. Though 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.

“There was one visitor he always welcomed. It was his sweetheart, who became a regular caller. She invariably wore a pleasant smile, breathed soft, loving words into his ears through the wire screen that separated the visitor’s cage from the jail corridor, and contributed much toward keeping him cheerful.

“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 the 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

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She enjoyed Lingg's fullest confidence, and obeyed 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 tall, well-made, with fair complexion, and dark eyes and hair."

Here ends the police account so far as it concerns us or throws light on the characters of "The Bomb." It is informative and fairly truthful but plainly inspired by illiterate and brainless prejudice. Still it proves that in my story I have kept closely to the facts.

FRANK HARRIS.

<sup>1</sup> This workman was right. The illness of men working in caissons, which was formerly over 80 per cent in every three months when the air supplied was about 1,600 cubic feet an hour, has now dropped to 8 per cent since the fresh air supply has been increased to 10,000 cubic feet an hour.—Editor's note.

<sup>2</sup> The workman was right. The Belgian Government has since offered a prize for a harmless substitute, and one was found almost at once, in the sesquisulphide of phosphorus, which is now generally used. Think of the hundreds of deaths, of the human misery that might have been avoided if some government had seen this obvious duty forty or fifty years sooner; but of course no government cared to interfere with the blessed principle of *laissez faire*, which might be translated, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Note of Editor.

<sup>3</sup> It is curious to notice here how even careful observers are often utterly mistaken on important points. The writer of the above sketch declares that Lingg was "slightly under average height"; the truth is that Lingg was rather above the "average height," being nearly five feet eight in his stocking feet. Schaack, the police captain, stated afterwards in print that Lingg was "tall."—*Note of Editor.*