

value of real estate here. It had no such effect. A piece of real estate sold for \$7,500 per front foot, the highest price paid for property of this kind anywhere in the United States outside of New York.

As to making a sensation here, it might have done so if we had not on our hands something so horribly sensational that for the time we forgot all about Washington. The fact is five of our police officers were committed to the criminal court by Judge Altgeld just about the time the Baltimore cinder sought a resting place in General Harrison's eye. Our policemen are accused of falsely imprisoning Julia Perry and her three brothers, John, Thomas and James. If the charge against the police can be substantiated it will show that Chicago has the meanest specimens of humanity that ever walked. Pigott and McCaron are gentlemen compared with them, if what is charged be true. The police took Julia Perry out of bed, and would not let her dress. Jimmy Donovan, aged 14, testified that Julia stood in the yard with only a nightdress on; that he brought her a dress to put on, and that "de copper jerked it out of my hand and hung it ou de fence." Mrs. Clara Klebenon testified to seeing Julia almost naked in the hands of the police, and remonstrating with the officers, but she was threatened with arrest herself. Laurence Laughlin testified that he heard Julia asking "for God's sake to get her some clothes, as she stood half naked up to her ankles in snow." John Perry testified: "Julia stood in the station waiting to be booked, almost naked, for her nightdress was torn half off her. The policemen who had brought her and others in the station stood around making fun of her and pulling at her chemise."

If you can find anything to beat this in Russia, or in Turkey, or even in Utah, on the part of "constituted authorities," we in Chicago would like to have the facts. A cinder in General Harrison's eye may be a troublesome affair, but the case of unfortunate Julia Perry reduces American citizenship to the level of bush life in Australia. Of course, the police charge the Terrys with drunkenness, etc. But even drunkenness does not warrant such tyranny as this. Four of these policemen were put on the force by the influence of the saloonkeepers; the fifth is the protégé of a divorce court lawyer. A local report of the matter concludes thus:

"The officers were before the police board two weeks ago and discharged. The Woman's Protective agency took up the case of Julia Perry and presented it to Judge Altgeld, who issued bench warrants for the arrest of the policemen."

"It should be remarked that these policemen are new men on the force and all appointees of Mayor Roche. Kilty has been on the force two months, Jnngs nine months, Stahl eight months, O'Connell nine months, and McDermott two years. They were all able to give bonds last night."

There must be something in the case. Though the petty judge fined the Perrys in the police court, yet

the Woman's Protective Association took up the matter, and the policemen have been committed by Judge Altgeld. It appears that Julia Perry is housekeeper for her three brothers, who are respectable workmen, and own some property where they live. One Sunday evening some time ago they had a visitor named Sullivan, who conducted himself in such a manner that the Perrys ejected him from their house. Sullivan shortly after called at the police station and reported that the Perrys were "killing each other." A number of police started at once, broke into the Perry house, and arrested the inmates.

The Clarke murder, which is now agitating the police and public, is another of those strange crimes which have marked Chicago of late as a very unsafe city for human life. Mr. Clarke owned and conducted personally a large drug store in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of this city. A few evenings ago a pistol shot was heard in his store. Neighbors rushed in and found Clarke dead with a bullet through his heart. The police took up the matter at once. Captain O'Donnell, a very old and energetic police officer, entered into the case with a zeal more than official. Through letters found in the desk of Mr. Clarke, a Mrs. Smith and her husband were arrested. Circumstances point strongly towards the Smiths' complicity in the murder, but the more the case is investigated the more mysterious it becomes. It is another of those cases which demonstrate the unsound condition of our society. Mrs. Smith is accounted a good-looking woman, about 28 years of age. Her husband is a railroad man, and one who was considered respectable. He held the position of claim agent for the Eastern Illinois road. It was at first supposed that he shadowed his wife to Clarke's drug store and, finding her and Clarke in a compromising situation, shot him. When the woman's history became fully known to the police this theory appeared weak. Though passing as decent, in a supposedly decent locality, where she lived, near Lincoln Park, she was really a woman of doubtful reputation. She frequented dago shops, beer-gardens, night dances, etc., and all this was known to her husband. He certainly would not be jealous of Clarke. Even the child which she has, and claims as her own, is found to be either a foundling or an abducted baby. This family passed as moral, decent, orderly, attended church, and yet this is their history, divested of all romance.

The case of Mrs. Macaulay is a peculiarly tragic one. On December 24, 1887, she shot and killed her husband William Macaulay. For some months previously she had noticed an estrangement on the part of her husband, but on that day she had learned that her husband was supporting another home-establishment outside of hers. What aggravated her most was the fact that the woman in the matter was her own brother's wife, a Mrs. Mackin. Mrs.

Mackin had left her husband's house a month or two previous to the murder, and was installed in another provided by Macaulay. During the search for Mrs. Mackin, Macaulay pretended to be indignant and surprised at turns at Mrs. Mackin's disappearance. When the true history came out, Mrs. Macaulay was so enraged that she shot and killed instantly her husband, William Macaulay, and after committing the act asked her brother, Harry Mackin, why he did not proceed at once and kill Mrs. Mackin. Mrs. Macaulay was acquitted both by the coroner's jury and by public opinion, but it appears her troubles had only commenced. Mrs. Mackin disappeared altogether, no one knew where. Mrs. Macaulay settled down among her relatives. On Sunday night last, when retiring to rest, she attached a rubber tube to a gas jet in her room, and conveyed a flow of gas right into the bed where her two children and herself had lain down to sleep. They did sleep—that sleep which knows no waking on earth.

This is one of those cases which tells its own story. A very small amount of self-restraint, or even a slight consideration of the feeble nature of the act which Mrs. Mackin and her brother-in-law Macaulay first committed would have averted this terrible work. In this case lust, license and madness have done their work, but Mrs. Mackin has not been heard from.

The Henry Sharon divorce is not yet ended. The history of this man reads like a romance written in Hades. His proper name is Steen. He belongs to a theological family. His brother is or was a teacher in an Illinois seminary. In this seminary his first escapade commenced. He took away a beautiful young girl from it to St. Louis, lived on her money and jewelry while it lasted, then forced her into the street to get money for him. In all, he is charged with having married five young women and compelled the whole lot to go on the streets. He used to board at the biggest hotels here in Chicago. In several cases he compelled his wife to blackmail rich guests at these hotels. He used to play the panel game. He dresses splendidly, sports a flowing blonde moustache, and is resplendent in jewelry.

He compelled one of his wives to go into a bagnio in this city, and then introduced men to her. It was proved in court here that he forced her to give up the proceeds of her shame to him. This man still flaunts his presence on the public streets, and with most unabashing front frequents business places and markets. Some of his victims are still alive, others in lunatic asylums, but the few that are alive and sane are so much ashamed of their positions that they can't muster courage enough to tell what they have experienced. There can be nothing in human form much viler than this wretch, yet that does not entirely absolve the women or rather the girls in the case. It shows a defective moral training, and a lack of decisive character in critical periods. They could, at least, have