

even give a suggestion. It scolds and blames and blusters, but throws no light whatever upon the subject. A prize is offered for the best solution of the problem, to be paid *after the election in August*. That is all.

And what is there in all this abuse of the People's Party to induce any members of that party to change fealty and vote for those who thus malign them? The idea that voters can be won from the People's Party by blaming the party for unavoidable difficulties, and by saddling upon the whole party the mistakes of a body composed of persons from both parties, is very brilliant, and if it gains a vote for the "Liberals" in August, will operate in the reverse direction from that which accords with the teachings of experience.

Now we ask our readers, what has all this to do with the election immediately before us? It has no bearing whatever upon it. Good men and true have been selected by the People's Party as candidates for certain territorial, county and precinct offices. There is no city official to be elected. The city election does not occur until next February. Do not permit the two issues to be involved and confused. Let the members of the People's Party all determine to do their best to elect their own candidates in August. We have no objection to the "Liberals" doing the same thing, if they will abstain from trickery and fraud.

We have been accused of saying some hard things against the whole body of "Liberals." We have done no such thing. We have cited some facts and figures in regard to "Liberal" doings. We know they are correct. We have not maligned any "Liberal," nor intimated that all members of that party are bad. On the contrary, we have stated that there are many conservative gentlemen, *bona fide* residents, honorable men in that party who vote with and for it and we had nothing to say against them. But we are and expect to be opposed to illegal methods, untruthful expressions and all the tricks and quirks which have been resorted to by persons in the Liberal party, and if this calls down upon our head the anathemas and vengeance of such persons we will endeavor to bear them as best we may.

We want an honest and fair election, whatever may be its result. We will do no man an injustice willfully, no matter how much we are opposed to him in politics. And all we ask in the discussion of any

question, is a fair statement of the proposition or of the facts, and then let truth come uppermost and right and justice triumph. For these only do we live and labor.

WHITECHAPEL.

A CABLE dispatch to the Boston *Herald* contains a detailed and graphic account of the latest Whitechapel murder, together with a general description of the locality and its surroundings. If that which is horrible, disgusting, repulsive, can be called interesting, then the story may be classed among those which are of absorbing interest. The correspondent says Whitechapel is quiet, there being no outward visible signs at the East End that last year's series of fiendish outrages has been renewed. This is the seventh transaction of the kind in Whitechapel, presumably by the same person; and a diagram, with a cross where each murder took place, and numbered in its order, accompanies the sketch and lends a little additional ghastliness to the situation.

The scene of murder No. 7 is a sort of court, not very wide, and approached from the Whitechapel road by a covered passage, so narrow that it is with some little difficulty that two persons can pass each other in it. The further end is approached through a narrow lane just wide enough to admit of a small wagon passing through it. Policemen were hovering about the scene at the time the correspondent wrote—the morning after the tragedy—who were in a kind of listless condition and not even trying to keep spectators away. Has it come to such a pass that they have become indifferent through familiarity?

The fact that the victims of "Jack the Ripper" were fallen and depraved does not greatly mitigate the horrors of the case. If such a condition could be because of such premises, the Whitechapel fiend might in one sense be considered as only a scavenger and not a blood-thirsty wretch, for the murdered creatures and the class to which they belonged are described as being offensive to every sense. They are hopelessly abandoned. They are not only desperately poor, but they are desperately wretched in habit, language and surroundings. Most of them are homeless, friendless, absolute outcasts, living in whatever shelter they can find, and when temporarily well-to-do, spending a sixpence

or eightpence for a bed at a registered lodging house. Their idea of luxury is a squalid room, for which they pay six shillings a week. They are frequently intoxicated. Some of them, like the last victim, smoke pipes, and all array themselves in "flimsy gauds, soon tattered and disheartening to look upon."

The name of the woman murdered last week was Mary Mackenzie. She was 40 years old. But for the manner of her taking off, it would be a pleasing reflection, for her sake and the world's, that she no longer lives. Some years ago she left her husband and children in a northern town and came to London. She earned something as a charwoman. For the last six or seven years she lived with a laborer named McCormack. When intoxicated, as was not infrequently the case, she was no more faithful to him than she had been to her husband. She and McCormack was so poor that, when they could not raise eightpence to pay for a night's accommodation at one of the registered lodging houses common in the East End, they had to spend the night in the streets, but she often spent in drink what would have procured a day's comfortable shelter. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of East End women are like her in this.

"It is difficult," says the writer, "to devise an effective plan for stopping these crimes and catching the criminal. Whitechapel is one of the most dismal spots on the earth, and the most dismal part of the vast East End. The East End is separated from greater London by the old city, the business quarter of the metropolis. Greater London has almost no knowledge of this remote, yet teeming, section, in which 1,000,000 people struggle for daily bread. Of this 1,000,000 more than 100,000 are the very poor, who have never enough to eat or wear, who rarely touch money and scarcely know the meaning of the word 'home.' Two hundred thousand are classed as poor, their incomes seldom being more than \$5 a week, their rent being one-fourth or one-third that sum. These wage earners are worse clad and worse fed than convicts or workhouse inmates. Above them in the scale are something less than 400,000 artisans and small shopkeepers and 20,000 clerks. The rest of the million are at the very bottom of the middle class, and, like all the rest, have to pinch ceaselessly to make both ends meet.