

things on both sides. Mr. Walker is the leading counsel on Mr. Carter's side. Here is an extract from the *Tribune* report:

"Mr. Walker closed his cross-examination for the forenoon by asking whether Carter had ever been successful in his attempts to commit an unnatural crime.

For a moment the full import of the question did not strike the witness. Then she realized her dilemma. To deny that her husband had attained his purpose would be to attribute to him a useful persistence in futile attempts, which would be at least improbable. To admit that he had committed the offense would be to admit to a certain extent her acquiescence, her participation in the crime. This would have in a measure justified the charges made by her husband against her. The dilemma was a fearful one. It was far worse than the plight of yesterday. When she had only a lingering sense of shame to overcome; now failure or success, vindication or dishonor, hung on her reply.

She evaded and quibbled and pretended not to understand what the lawyer meant. She was seeking time. Again and again in different forms the query was put, and at last Mr. Walker, in the plainest terms, asked the question. The reply was equivocal.

"You can answer 'Yes' or 'No,'" said the Judge.

"I don't think I can," she said, and in an undertone she added: "I will not."

This was the nearest they could get her to a direct answer, and they gave it up for the time being."

This extract will give a fair idea of the nature of the Carter case. The examination of witnesses and the conversation of interested persons are such that the bums of the five cent barrel houses only talk of it in whispers. The rush of people to get into court is such that one day last week a man had his arm broken in the throng, and several women fainted from exhaustion in their struggles to gain admission. The case is a harvest for newspapers.

Only a week ago a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent investigated the divorce system in Chicago. She signs herself "Nora Marks." She visited several prominent lawyers in quest of a divorce, though she is a single woman. But it appears that a divorce could be obtained without any trouble, provided there was money to pay for it. Witnesses were on hand to prove anything desired.

One of the poets of the *Tribune* is now in the penitentiary. Mr. Beattie was a prominent lawyer here. His specialty was divorce practice. He had a regular staff of hired witnesses. His leisure time was spent in writing poetry for the *Tribune*. Mrs. Gordon read some of his verses while away up in Canada. She admired the verses, and learned from Joe Medill that Mr. Beattie, the poet, was also a divorce court lawyer. She came to Chicago and found Beattie. She wanted a divorce from Gordon, but had no grounds that would stand investigation. Beattie assured her that he would "fix things." He did. He got witnesses to swear that Gordon was living with a woman at a given address in Chicago. Mrs.

Gordon got her divorce and married a man named Wilson. When Gordon found his wife gone he hunted around a little. He found that in the records of the Chicago courts he was an adulterer, a wife-better, a drunkard, a sot and various other things. Mr. Wilson was called on to explain. Much of the swearing was done in her absence from the court, and she was as surprised as Gordon when she became aware of the true state of things. She rounded on Beattie. The poor "poet" is now in Joliet; but Joe Medill is on the tripod still. Of course Beattie is still laureate of the *Tribune*. The penitentiary is no disqualification for work on the *Tribune*. One of its principal writers at present is recently from Joliet. Read the following extract:

"A varied stream of society's outcasts and unfortunates pour nightly into the police stations for shelter. The blighted histories legible in their faces lend color to the belief that some great wrong exists in society which develops so many homeless wanderers. Of the twenty-four sleepers at the West Twelfth Street station one rainy night last week two caught the eye of curiosity. One with bowed form and halting step walked with a cane. Old age and wounds received in fighting his country's battles—like two great crutches—were hurrying him into the next world where, it is believed, there are no battles to fight and where the innocent poor are not compelled to beg shelter with criminals to escape the rigors of rough weather. The old man bore patiently his 75 years of life. The most valuable thing on his person, doubtless, was the 25 cent terra cotta G. A. R. button which gave notice that he had fought for a country which allows its gallant defenders in war to become its miserable tramps in peace."

This is a nice picture of society in Chicago. Contrast this aged person with Joe Medill and ask which is patriot and which is pimp. Here is a man who fought for his country, who went to the front, who slept in the trenches, whose whiskers were singed with burning powder, and who is now 75 years of age, and who has to seek the soft side of a pine board in a police station for a bed. Our pension rolls foot up many, many millions, our pension bureau contains thousands of clerks, all patriots, who never lost a meal, never slept in a trench, but the poor old vag. who deserves a pension and a bed is forced to the roadside.

On the contrary, look at Joe Medill. He is old too. His whiskers are heavy. His hearing is gone. But he owns a house larger than a police station. It is next door to a church, and in close proximity to two or three others. He did not go to the war. He did not fight for any country. He came here from Nova Scotia, a poor, penniless lad, with a tough conscience and an Irish name. He set to work at once and adopted patriotism as a profession. His Irish name, McDell, became Medill, his pockets were soon filled and his conscience became ossified if not petrified. His wife's relatives he sent to the war and then posed as one who bled for his country. He had a nose for of-

fal, and soon all the murders, rapes, robberies, divorces of the whole country were published by him. Finally he stole the Matthew Arnold bogus letter, and then went into his hole. This is a fair type of the anti-Mormon class, the Pigotts and LeBarons of the United States.

JUNIUS.

CHICAGO, April 22.

AROUND BEYROUTH.

Very early on the 22d inst., I left Haifa in company with Elder Charles U. Locander, for Beyrouth. Owing to a heavy gale no steamer was able to make port at Haifa, wherefore, in order to gain time, we had to go overland to Beyrouth. Our road along the coast led us over about 100 miles of the old Phœnician coast. The whole coast, so to speak, is covered with ruins, pieces of carved stone smoothened by the hand of time, and a goodly number of tombs, all showing that the country was once the seat of a high state of civilization. Sur, ancient Tyre—is located about 30 miles north of Haifa. It is now a small trading place for the Arabs, and has only a few thousand inhabitants. It is built on the spur of a sand ridge, and is quite insignificant, nothing of its former greatness, beyond a few rocks in the sea, being visible.

About 25 miles farther north we find old Sidon, familiar to all Bible readers. Its present name is Saïda. This place is somewhat larger than Sur, and its location is far superior. As a seaport it has many advantages above other places on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean; but the prophecies delivered by the servants of God must be fulfilled. Sidon, though sitting like a queen upon the ocean, said the prophet, shall be destroyed, etc. Of Sidon—which in the days of Alexander the Great was an island and carried on a great commerce on the Mediterranean, and which so severely tried his patience and ingenuity to conquer—there is nothing left but a few lonely rocks a few hundred yards from shore, over which the sea gulls and the white foaming breakers of the stormy sea seem to take their respective turns in reigning undisputedly. Saïda is located on a sand ridge, like Sur, and has a high hill upon which an old fortification all in ruins is located. This ruined fortification, together with many others of the kind, is supposed to have been built by the crusaders. The mountains to the east, the foothills of Lebanon, are also terraced, thus showing that the country was once well cultivated.

On our way from Saïda to Beyrouth, a distance of 27 miles, we were accompanied part of the distance by three real "sons of the desert." The three nobles were from Mecca, and although they were from the holiest shrine, according to Mahommedan faith, they felt in duty bound to make a pilgrimage to Shem (Damascus), located a few miles southeast from Beyrouth, where they believe Christ is to come in the last days.