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## A Walk in Whitechapel.

A Photographic Description of the World's Central Horror.

While an immense amount of matter has been cabled over concerning the Whitechapel atrocities, there has been a curious poverty of detail. The ghastly diabolism of these crimes and the grotesque horror of their execution has confounded the solemn respectability of the British reporter and he has not been equal to the occasion. If a race of devils exist, the public want to know their street and number, and as far as descriptive details are concerned the murders might as well have occurred in Belgravia's aristocratic periphery or in front of the Langham Hotel.

As a matter of fact, they were committed within twenty minutes' walk of the Bank of England.

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By E. B. W.

It is the hottest kind of a July day, and the place is a remarkably quiet New York law office. Two or three blocks away, in the only direction of the road of Broadway drags that. The exceeding sultriness of the air and the shrill chant of "second Post" which comes up from the seething street, tell that mid-noon has arrived, and the office boy has sunk peacefully off to slumber in his little dark anteroom. Mr. Blake can see him nodding painfully over a dime novel, but finds him more exciting than his knowledge of law. This is an interesting work on "Notes and Bills." So Mr. Blake again applies himself to "Notes and Bills" for about three minutes. At the end of that time his eyes wander, he thenceforth gravely on his feet, and he then opens his eyes, and as his head drops forward with a jerk. The young man shakes himself, yawns frightfully, and gives up reading as unprofitable and tending to stupefy.

When one passes this celebrated institution he has on his left the historic Mansion House and on his right the Corinthian colonnade of the Royal Exchange. He stands in a square, and back of him debouch a dozen thoroughfares, for this is the heart of London, from which radiate the pulsing arteries that minister to the vitality of the metropolis.

The strategic centre of the universe, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson quaintly calls it, "within earshot of the most continuous chink of money on the face of the earth."

Within twenty minutes' walk of this focus of civilization six women were disemboweled.

There are several ways of reaching the spot, but it is best to take Lombard street, one of the thoroughfares entering the square from the southeast. It is an ancient highway, and for some distance is given up to banking houses, solicitors' offices and other serious and respectable vocations, but, advancing, one is conscious of a subtle deterioration.

Solid fronts give way to showy plate, overglazed gin palaces grow frequent, together with handsome closed houses that might be anything and on a business street always wear an