

ing the district and opening big joints in the fashionable Wilson avenue district, which is said to be slated as the next "live spot" of Chicago.

Cafes and "summer gardens" are popping up all along that district. And the old bunch are extremely anxious to get in at harvest time.

A mysterious reformat prisoner was brought, handcuffed, to the office of Chief Gleason.

Lieut. Allman asked for a warrant against Ben Stansbury, in whose name Frelberg's license was issued, but later delayed signing of warrants until after conference with Prosecutor Jim McInerney.

Attorney A. D. Hulbert is preparing to file a \$200,000 libel suit against the Tribune on behalf of Private Detective Harry L. Cullett. The Tribune ran a picture of a Jim Colosimo banquet this morning and labeled one of the men at the table as Harry Cullett. The latter denies the picture was of him.

Maurice Van Bever, Chas. Donaldson, Emil Longley and Wm. Leathers arraigned before Judge Williams. Continued to August 4.

The real victims of the present vice war, the persecuted women of the underworld, are desperate. Already the exodus from the Twenty-second street district has begun.

Captain Max Nootbaar has served notice that the women must be gone from the old levee at the end of fifteen days. Neither Capt. Nootbaar nor the newspapers have offered any advice as to where to go. They are to suddenly vanish as birds at the end of the summer.

The winter has been a bad one for women of the underworld. Any one familiar with the working of the so-called "easy way" knows what an extremely hard way it has been for the past year.

In order to hustle they have to work the side streets. And then, after much hard work, they manage to get a few dollars, but they are usually grabbed off by the police, brought to

the Morals Court and made pay a fine of \$10 and costs, or \$16.50 in all.

Never were the painted women as shabby as they have been this year. And it is part of the game that they should dress extremely well.

After the redlight district was closed up by Wayman, the women who had worked down there still stuck in the neighborhood in cheap rooming houses and hotels and took a chance at working the streets.

Most of the survivors of the levee days who were pretty and young at the time of the Wayman crusade have become tired and faded.

They can't work the live joints of the far South Side and the Wilson avenue district. They must scurry along dark highways in search of men and dollars.

They can't do legitimate work. A short space of dissipation and vice; of going to bed at 5 a. m. and getting up at 5 p. m. has killed the working instinct that was once within them.

They must go on with every door closed against them and with the shadow of a policeman's club forever over their head.

Last night in out-of-the-way cafes little bands of underworld women discussed their future.

"I don't know what to do. I'm broke," could be heard. "If I had some money and clothes I'd go over to Michigan and work the summer resorts."

Many of the more fortunate girls, fortunate because they're younger in the game and haven't yet lost the bloom from their cheeks, are being placed in buffet flats on the far North Side and out in Hyde Park, where they can cater to the rich fellows who patronize these flats in search of young girls, new travelers along the primrose path.

There is plenty of talk that far south on Wabash avenue there are a number of flats opening up. Many of the girls are also finding refuge in the East Chicago avenue district.

Mayor Harrison entered the war