

AND GWENDOLYN LOST HER \$1,500 HAIRPIN!

Three weeks ago Mayor Thompson, the Chicago Tribune and the professional "drys" got together on an anti-saloon campaign. The City Hall crowd "hit the trail on all fours. Strict Sunday closing orders were issued. Together with this, Chief Healey sent to every commanding officer particular instructions that a close watch be kept on all saloons at 1 a. m. to see that no one purchased a drink after hours.

After 12 o'clock midnight exactly 309 uniformed policemen watch over Chicago's 198,996 square miles. With ranking officers, plain clothes men and uniformed policemen there are less than 600 paid officers of the law to protect the city during the hours when crime is most generally supposed to "stalk abroad."

When Mayor Thompson hit the trail he announced that every police captain who permitted 1 a. m. violations would be brought before the trial board. This had one great effect.

Each captain very humanly determined that he would not be the "goat" of Thompson's reform jag. Each one gave ironclad instructions to his men to see that all customers were out of saloons at 1 a. m.

In the Chicago avenue district Capt. Russell has only seven or eight men to patrol the entire district, which includes the greater part of Lake Shore drive. The Hudson av. district, which adjoins, has about six men.

From 12:50 until 2 a. m. these men do practically nothing but watch the saloons on their "beats." They must make a showing. The captain wants his district clean because the mayor wants to make a hit with the "drys."

The Tribune, the News and other papers were quite enthusiastic over this latest stunt of the mayor's. The saloon stories were played big. No attention was paid to the increasing riot of murder, burglaries, hold-ups,

jackrolling and slugging that steadily increased after 1 a. m. until in a bold moment the "closing hour bandits" walked into the Lake Shore palace of Banker Geo. M. Reynolds and walked out again with \$4,550 in plunder.

Then the newspapers let out a howl. The next morning while the coppers were over on Clark st. watching that no one had a glass of beer after 1 a. m. the bandits invaded the home of Millionaire David B. Jones at Lake Shore drive and Astor st., helped themselves to imported champagne and then got away with over \$3,000 in plunder, including, we are pathetically told, "Miss Gwendolyn Jones' \$1,500 genuine amber hairpins."

Sensations came fast after that. It became quite a social stunt, this getting robbed by the "closing hour bandits." There was something eciait about it, like getting operated on for appendicitis when doctors discovered that to be more than a "tummy-ache." North Shore ladies who were not robbed became suspicious of social conspiracies.

The homes of John Borden, Henry R. Durkee, Mrs. Frank Scott, Mrs. Charles C. Barrett, Fred S. Skidmore, Mrs. Michael Cudahy, Chas. McKenna, Frank Damkoehler and the Casino club were all either entered or threatened by burglars. A maid at Mrs. Potter Palmer's, loyally striving to uphold her mistress' social reputation during the latter's sojourn in Florida, discovered a burglar "lurking" in the shadows.

But the big part of all this riot, which the newspapers helped bring on by encouraging Thompson to use his 309 policemen to watch saloons instead of homes and late pedestrians, is that they all happened between 1 and 2 a. m., when the "gold coast" was clear and only Louie Cheromokos and other saloon and cafe owners had anything to fear from the police.

Adam Prochacki, the "chloroform