

of thousands that he was not elected by the people, but was counted in by fraud.

If the recount shows that Hoyne was honestly elected, he will have a clear title to the office. If there is no recount, his title will be clouded and thousands will believe he got into office through fraud.

But that isn't all. There should be a searching inquiry into this fraudulent count by a special grand jury, and the entire machinery of the law set in motion to punish and make an example of the crooks who did the crooked counting.

Judge Baldwin isn't a tool of Hearstism, and the people may fairly look to him to see that justice is done and a recount ordered for every precinct in Cook county.

Whoever the people of Cook county elected state's attorney last year is the man who ought to be on the job.

If Maclay Hoyne as a lawyer and citizen doesn't stand for an honest ballot and an honest count he isn't fit to be state's attorney of Cook county.

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## PHILADELPHIA HAS ONE JUDGE WHO THINKS HUMAN BEINGS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PROPERTY

### Special Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Feb. 28.—Philadelphia has a lot of extra punk judges. For instance, there's Magistrate Jim Carey, of the Bloody Fifth ward, tool of Boss McNichol, and little better than a thug.

But Philadelphia also has a few judges it can be downright proud of, and one of them is James E. Gorman, magistrate of the night court, leader in wholesome things, and full-sized man.

The other day, Gimbel's big department store had John Culebra, a pale-faced Italian, sickly from under-feeding, dragged before Gorman on a charge of theft.

Culebra, it seemed, had worked in the kitchen of Gimbel's store, and been caught with some bits of food hidden in his shirt.

A store detective arrived in court with Culebra, bearing a message from the superintendent of the store, demanding that Gorman "make an example" of Culebra.

Gorman did—but not the kind of example the big store wanted.

The judge looked at the stunted, starved Italian. He looked in his hunted eyes, and saw there no light of crime. He did a little questioning.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-six," said Culebra.

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Three."

"What hours do you work?"

"From 8 a. m. to 5:30 p. m."

"How much do they pay you?"

"Six dollars a week."

"Discharged," said Judge Gorman, and waved aside impatiently

A store detective arrived in