Charles Washburn

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

IN MEMORY OF STEWART S. HOWE JOURNALISM CLASS OF 1928

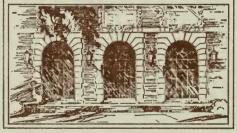
STEWART S. HOWE FOUNDATION

176.5

W27c

cop. 2

I.H.S.





& &

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE
ARISTOCRATIC EVERLEIGH SISTERS
OF CHICAGO

* *

By

Charles Washburn

Knickerbocker Publishing Co.

New York

Copyright, 1934 NATIONAL LIBRARY PRESS

WARE CONTENTS WHAT form

Chapter	cop a	Page
	Preface	vii
1.	THE UPWARD PATH	11
II.	THE FIRST NIGHT	21
III.	Papillons de la Nuit	31
IV.	BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A FIRST WARD BALL	43
V.	The Sideshow	. 55
VI.	THE BIG TOP	. 65
VII.	THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER	. 77
VIII.	Murder in The Rue Dearborn	. 83
IX.	Growing Pains	. 103
X.	Those Nineties in Chicago	. 117
XI.	BIG JIM COLOSIMO	. 133
XII.	Tinsel and Glitter	. 145
XIII.	CALUMET 412	. 159
XIV.	The "Perfessor"	167
XV.	NIGHT PRESS RAKES	. 173
XVI.	From Bawd to Worse	. 181
XVII.	THE FORCES MOBILIZE	. 187
XVIII.	HANDWRITING ON THE WALL	. 193
XIX.	The Last Night	. 201
XX.	WAYMAN AND THE FINAL RAIDS	. 213
XXI.	Exit Madams	241
	Index	. 253



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My grateful appreciation to

LILLIAN ROZA, for checking dates

JOHN KELLEY, for early Chicago history

NED ALVORD, for data on brothels in general

TOM BOURKE

PAULINE CARSON

PALMER WRIGHT

JACK LAIT

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

and

THE SISTERS THEMSELVES

то

JOHN CHAPMAN

of The York Daily News

WHO NEVER WAS IN ONE

PREFACE

THE EVERLEIGH SISTERS, should the name lack a familiar ring, were definitely the most spectacular madams of the most spectacular bagnio which millionaires of the early twentieth century supped and sported. Grandpa could tell you a few things about the Everleigh Sisters if he would. He would call them the Ziegfeld of their profession, if he dared to speak. Instead, Grandpa will fidget in his chair, blush, stammer and carry on something dreadfully if you bring up the subject. It is advisable not to ask him any questions should any details in this book lack clarity.

However, if the reader should forget himself and pester the aging gentleman for a pointer here and there, don't let him get away with the reply, "I wouldn't know. It was before my time." Both the Everleighs were living and both were about sixty years old when this chronicle was written—in the summer of 1936.

Men of the world knew the Everleigh Sisters and boasted of exploits in their resort. But most of the boasting was done in the backroom of the corner saloon—to "the boys". "It cost me a hundred smackers and what did I get?" Grandpa would say. The jolly crowd laughed and some wisecracker would reply: "If you only spent a hundred you were lucky you got a kiss." Those were the happy hours. "Whatever became of those two sisters?" became a common query.

All of which leads up to a problem that confronted the Everleigh Sisters when they decided to shake off an unholy past. They bought a residence in Chicago's West Side, and the neighbors yelped to the skies. They sold it at a sacrifice. Next they moved to New York where they bought another

PREFACE

home, and again the neighbors registered a great hullabaloo. But the sisters fought—and won. A book of verse finally was dedicated to them under their assumed name. It wasn't easy, climbing into a "respectable" bandwagon.

Grandpa, you see, wants no part of a retired madam. Even so, he and too many puritanical disturbers opposed the Everleigh right to live privately among the "nice folks". The fact that the sisters had a million dollars, no mortgages on their residence and a matronly dignity did not prevent the neighbors from lampooning them until time alone healed the breach. It's an American custom and you cannot escape it.

This is mentioned principally to explain why no satisfactory biography ever before has been available. The sisters, having buried the past in 1911 when the Everleight Club of Chicago was bolted and shuttered, had refused to talk about their night life. This is the first time they ever "opened up". And, don't mistake, they wanted no book for at least another five years—never, if possible. They "lived down" their voracious vacation from a tedious treadmill and today tremble at the thought: What would our friends say if they knew? To have been a fallen woman is a blot, but to have been a madam—horrors! Nobody has yet discovered what to do about a retired—or should we say reformed?—madam.

The sisters are at last convinced that sooner or later a report on their share of Chicago's social history was bound to break the spell of silence. We hope and pray that no prying eyes seek them out. They are regenerated souls and they rate secrecy. One cannot say they are sorry for their "first false step" because they are not. They merely did not wish to be bothered; no longer have they the strength to combat further annoyance. Live and let live and keep the hell out is their slant.

PREFACE

The Everleigh Sisters gave more lustre to a shabby evil than all the other madams in this country combined; they uplifted a natural outlet and they paid the penalty of the misunderstood. Madams, we bow and we are sorry—sorry that you retired.

THE AUTHOR.



Chapter I THE UPWARD PATH

"We are a part of all that we have met and we've met them all."

ADA EVERLEIGH

THE MISSES MINNA and Ada Everleigh were born in Kentucky—in the blue grass regions of Kentucky. Benedict Arnold, during the capture of Richmond, Virginia, in 1781, compelled their antecedents along with the governor and legislature to flee beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, but a hill-billy contagion never caught up with the sisters. They were Big City girls from the start.

Their family finally settled in Kentucky. Minna was born on July 13th, 1878, exactly nine days after George M. Cohan first had fire-crackers in Providence, R. I. Phineas Taylor Barnum came into this world on a July 5th and James Anthony Baley, his partner in a noted circus merger, was born on a July 4th. Joyce Heth, an aged freak who paved the way for the Barnum fortune, gave her birth as July 15, and the first Bearded Lady to attain acclaim was hauled into court in July. Minna, one therefore learns without the aid of a horoscope, was destined for the show business on the grand scale.

Ada was about two and one-half years older than Minna, which shall be illuminating to many because the latter always was the ruling force in their enterprises as well as the spokesman. Ada was born in February, 1876.

The name of the home town is of little consequence and is witheld principally because their brother was alive in 1936 and because several of their kin were doing right well down among the magnolias. There is no particular point in embarrassing those who did not interfere with the careers of the sisters.

As a matter of record, the general belief always has been that they came from Evansville, Indiana, and that their southern accent was part of an act. This conjecture emanated from a carboned answer to a common question in houses of ill-repute. A chump never failed to ask:

"What made you enter a life like this?"

The Everleighs had a neat reply competently rehearsed: "The farm in Evansville—we couldn't stand it. The mortgage, or, that mortgage, and the suffering, the hardships."

A few tears; wine for the house. A chump had been admitted into their confidence. Three orchestras, scattered in the various rooms, were bidden to strike-up "On the Banks of the Wabash" (Evansville is on the Ohio)—geography and dull care were obliterated. Two lost sisters were making up for an unhappy childhood! Pop went the corks! Lift that old mortgage, men! The furnishings in the Everleigh Club could lift the mortgages on a half dozen farms. A chump never thought of that.

The Everleigh pater was a prosperous lawyer, affording his two favorite children a finishing school and lessons in elocution. "Born actresses," he used to say, which was nearer to a summary of their talents than he suspected.

Their ancestry was a little mixed—Scotch, Irish and English. There was patrician blood in it and a trace of shepherd, so flighty were their notions. They were tutored privately and properly, emerging as debutantes in a blaze of pulchritudinous and social fireworks. Modistes of Paris and New York created shimmering, mermaid-like gowns for the girls so subtly lined that immediately their slim figures shaped them into precise perfection the eligible males came from miles around.

They were not boy crazy. Two alert girls, they doubted if any husband could make them as contended as they were at home. There were servants to answer their call and

THE UPWARD PATH

their every wish was fulfilled. They had an aristocratic heritage and they live up to it—even in Chicago.

They were devoted to each other. From the time they were able to walk until this was written they were pals. They grew up together and they remained together. After more than fifty-eight years they were willing to die for each Such affection between sisters comes only from a perfect understanding: Ada let Minna do all the talking. Two distinctly different types: Minna the aggressor, Ada the defender. Minna led and Ada followed, and never did their lines cross. It was a powerful combination. On the battlefield or in the quiet retirement of recent years the dominent Minna was the general while Ada, the aide, listened patiently to whatever coup de grace was brewing. Together theirs was a shameless life in a "life of shame." They knew the ropes but they never jumped them. Minna made the rules; Ada acquiesced. Harsh words - never! They couldn't quarrel.

In their coming out days Minna exercised a discreetly feminine nineteenth century wit so graciously that she became the center of every event. She was an unusual personality; a vibrant, forceful character with reddish hair and grayish blue eyes. Her figure was boyish and she had a keen mentality. Down Louisville way she was often referred to as "Kentucky's most intelligent woman." She was a great reader, avoiding fiction for the deeper things; psychology and other cultural studies interested her deeply. Sex subjects and love affairs held no definite attraction.

As for Ada, she had slightly darker eyes and slightly less drive. Minna, to her, was the star turn and she let it go at that. There was the family resemblance in her sweet, round face and a simple charm than men remember. She never weighed more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds—trim and pretty always. Both were southern belies and proud of it.

There were parties and more parties. At nineteen (1897)

Minna was wooed and won by a southern gentleman, whose recommendations were altered en route. She had been warding off marriage for two years. Doubtful of men after dark, she suggested a high-noon wedding.

Continental society had been giving first choice to midday ceremony and the girls respected old formality. Issuing breakfast invitations for one o'clock amused the carefree bride. Late rising was her principal weakness.

Going strong for smart elegance she ordered flossy invitations, a wedding cake and simple refreshments consisting of mushroom and clam bisque, broiled breast of boned chicken, hominy pyramids with cheese, rolls, olives, nuts, ice cream and champagne for the guests.

To assure eternal love, the cake's shape was circular. The mere suggestion of an oblong one shocked her into dismissing the caterer. There were lilies-of-the-valley on the cake to match the bridal bouquet and blossoms carried by the bride's attendants. Extravagant and correct in every detail.

A rose motif was repeated on the damask tablecloth, the rose petal candies, and in the cutting of the crystal goblets. Sentiment and fortune were hidden in the bridal cake.

Under the ornamental icing it was a traditional lady's cake. The first incision was made by the bride herself to insure good fortune. Then, in turn, each member of the bridal party cut his own slice, hoping to find a lucky piece. Under the icing there were two sets of fortune's tokens; for the girl were rings to prophesy the next to be married, dimes to signify the wealthiest (possibly a custom from which John D. Rockefeller, Sr., picked up an idea), a wishbone for the luckiest and a thimble to foretell an old maid. The ushers claimed a similar ring, a bright dime, wee dice for the luck man and a button for a bachelor. Other guests received the leavings.

The bridegroom-Minna checked out his name when

THE UPWARD PATH

she checked him out—had his cake, too, which was dark and rich with fruit. This served for souvenirs, wrapped in paper napkins and enclosed in small, white boxes. There was scarcely enough to go around.

The wedding as a performance received good notices. Minna alone knew on the morning afterward that the show was a flop. Her husband, to demonstrate his prowess in case she wasn't true to him, put his powerful paws around her pharynx and closed in. A playful master! Minna, forgiving soul, acknowledged that men were supreme and that wives were a pain in the neck. Shortly afterward Ada married the brother of Minna's husband. He, too, proved to be a pampered soul.

Minna confided in Ada, regretted her marriage and did her best to please her mate. Her husband was a brute—suspicious and jealous. So was Ada's. There was no saving the matrimonial ships. For several days before Minna's separation the master would awaken first, repeat the choking interlude, and as a gentle reminder, remark: "No other man shall ever take my place." Minna, still flaunting the marks of a warm handclasp upon her pretty throat, finally skipped on a late train. Any Fate, she argued, was better than a silenced windpipe. What she got she still regards was a Fate better than death. Ada joined her several days later in Washington. That was the end of their marital problems—they have remained single ever since.

As far as the forks back home knew, the girls had entered upon a theatrical career, which developed to be partly true. They requested the lamp-in-the-window be extinguished if lit in their behalf.

They never went back.

In 1898, after a year of barnstorming engagements in struggling repertory companies of the "East Lynne" vintage, they drifted into Omaha. They were seeking a city in which to settle down, a congenial community where they could

live happily ever afterward. They had approximately \$35,000, of which only a few hundred had been saved by sheer thrift after trouping through the wayposts from Washington to Waco. The remainder was their share from estates in the south. Thirty-five thousand dollars was a heap of money in those days. In Pennsylvania they had named towns after people with a thousand dollars.

There was an exposition in Omaha; the city was awake and there were heavy spenders ready for the gong. The town needed showmanship.

In fun, an actress friend had once remarked: "My mother would be angry if she knew I was on the stage. She thinks I'm in a den of iniquity." This opened a new line of thought: How about operating a high grade resort? Men were brutes! Make them pay! A form of vengeance with the comedy relief. They saw the drama in everything.

A madam, after all, was the boss of the place. She watched the money roll in. She kindled the fire; others were burnt. The sisters laughed loudly as they contemplated their daring project. The stage, goodness knew, had been remote enough, but a house of ill-repute—there was the limit. However, it must be remembered they were in Omaha and there was little one could do in Omaha.

As show folk, the sisters were invited to several homes, but there were no second invitations. They exuded too much charm to suit the local housewives. They gave a luncheon party and only a few of the invited guests accepted. That was the final blow. If the women wouldn't visit them the husbands would. They quickly went about the details of opening a home away from home. One city was as good as the next in which to experiment. Somebody would pay and pay dearly for slighting them. They chose a location near the fair ground—the stage was set. One good patron led to the next.

"What'll we do about wine?" asked Ada.

THE UPWARD PATH

"Twelve dollars a bottle," returned Minna. "And no beer at any price."

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition illustrating the progress and resources west of the Mississippi River as held in Omaha in the year of 1898 had the added attraction of the progress in bagnios as presented under the able management of the Everleigh Sisters, ex-actresses, ex-home-girls and ex-officio greeters. The fair represented an investment of \$2,000,000 and in spite of financial depression and wartime frenzy returned ninety percentage of its subscriptions in dividends to the stockholders. The Everleigh exhibit paid a net profit of one hundred percentage on the investment. Their \$35,000 had increased to \$70,000 by the time the last out-of-town sporting men boarded the midnight choo choo for Alabam.

"How long has this been going on?" Ada inquired naively as the sisters took stock of their exchequer. And then they prepared for more fertile fields.

In Omaha was a large population of Germans, Swedes, Danes and Bohemians, working men and not given to champagne and ten-dollar admission fees. In the cheaper joints of the day beer sold for 50c to \$1 a bottle, accounting for the famous remark by a cheap sport: "I'll buy a bottle of beer but I won't go upstairs." The local trade wasn't up their street. Without the exposition the town had nothing to offer.

New York, Washington or Chicago struck their fancy. However, they decided to look around. In San Francisco they learned that Tessie Wall was the head madam (Frisco Tessie), but was operating under old lines. This wasn't their notion at all. Belle Anderson in New Orleans offered mirrors and draped dancers, but hadn't quite absorbed the idea. Galena Street in Butte was just a camp; Hurley, Wisconsin, with its sixty-three emporiums in a population of 2,000, was entirely out of the question; Superior, Wis-

consin, with fifty houses built over a swamp on two avenues, was hopeless and Duluth with its St. Croix Avenue and its Madam Gaines, who later left her fortune to a church, had a stench.

All were dives with none of the beauty so essential to a paying clientele. There was "Babe" Connors (colored) in St. Louis, who took credit for introducing the "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Dee-E" to her patrons and who had gone to New York in 1894 to make a fuss about it because it was credited to English music halls; Rose Bailey was in New York City, Rose Hicks in Philadelphia, "Lucky" Warren in Cincinnati, Josie Arlington in New Orleans and Annie Chambers in Kansas City.

Washington had its Mahogany Hall, under various regimes since the Civil War; the House of All Nations, which netted \$1,500,000 for a Spanish madam, was in Seattle; Minnie Stevens in Boston and Belle Stewart in Pittsburgh were doing handsomely minus the carriage trade. Vina Fields (colored), Carrie Watson and Effie Hankins were the headliners in Chicago, coming closer to Everleigh standards than any of the others.

Madams, madams everywhere and not one with a cultural viewpoint. It was quite discouraging to two ambitious uplifters.

What had started out as a silly adventure proved to be a worthwhile industry. All it needed was class. There were too many rowdies contributing to the coarser features and these were gumming the works. Too much graft. Not knowing one iota at the start about the inner machinery of the "profession", the Everleighs learned first hand and asked few questions. Their aristocratic, old world dignity disarmed the hangers-on. They had the faces of princesses and the hearts of business women.

The problem of supply and demand, known as white slavery, was a false issue—this they were sure of. Girls didn't have to be bought and white slavers were unnecessary.

THE UPWARD PATH

Talent, as a matter of fact, came to their door begging for admittance. The difficulty in learning their correct ages and in guarding against minors—a matter of proper casting. The method was to engage them young, but not too young. The police could be handled with smiles as deftly as with perquisites.

Having mastered a new art, they concluded that the surest way to avoid trouble was to avoid contacts with the schemers. They were competently trained for greater conquests. There was no particular hurry.

During the winter of 1899-1900 they arrived in Chicago after seeing Cleo Maitland in Washington, who came nearer to perfection than any of the others. Miss Maitland suggested they consider Chicago, a wide-open town and on the upgrade. She gave it as hearty an endorsement as a Chamber of Commerce secretary. Effic Hankins, who sponsored the resort at 2131-33 South Dearborn Street, was in the market to sell—at a price. "See Effic," Miss Maitland had said. "She'll listen."

The twin-stone building in South Dearborn Street, while in the midst of shambling seraglios, was an imposing structure. Effic lived up to her recommendations.

"It's home to me and all I have," sobbed Effie. "For \$55,000 it is yours even though I hate to part with it. Come, girls, let my guests see how nice you look." The girls lined up.

There would have to be a change in the personnel, ran through the minds of the tentative purchasers. The inmates were too hard for super-prices. But such details could be adjusted.

"Thanks," said Minna, and the staff fell out. "How about the rent?"

"Five hundred a month," informed Effie. "Not high when you consider there are two buildings."

A deal was made. The Everleighs advanced \$20,000 and agreed to pay the remaining \$35,000 within six months.

The house, they were told, had been opened for pleasture seekers during the World's Fair Exposition in 1893 by Lizzie Allen, who, in turn, had sold the furnishings and lease in 1895 to Effie Hankins.

"We have catered only to the best people," insisted Miss Hankins.

"Oh, yeah," said Minna, originating a popular wisecrack of twenty-five years later.

Effie Hankins, to complete the report, went to New York. She was slightly lame and used a cane, should the old-timers have a lapse in memory. She was the creator of an attack that functioned beautifully at the turn of the century. She built up an organization all her own, consisting of head waiters and cashiers in the gay restaurants. These satellites would inform her as to the blades who were on the loose amid the bright lights and then she would telephone the "prospects" directly, reminding them where they had left their umbrellas. "I have a new girl for you," she would coo. It was perfect timing. And everybody took a slice.

All of which was all right for Effie but no dice for the Everleighs. Such antics were of the old school. The new school had its premiere on February 1, 1900, at 2131-33 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, and bore the name of the Everleigh Club.

Christopher C. Crabb, who was said to have counseled Lizzie Allen, the first madam of the Everleigh bagnio, was listed as the owner of the property at 2131-33 South Dearborn Street from May 19, 1896 until October 7, 1924, when it was conveyed to one Isadore Simon. Madam Allen, according to several stories that could not be verified, had been a maid in a Loop hotel who was financed for the original establishment by a Chicago millionaire. The Everleighs, however, paid \$500 a month rent during their regime.

Chapter II THE FIRST NIGHT

"From Minna to maximum."-BATH-HOUSE JOHN COUGHLIN.

THE BIOGRAPHY of the Everleigh Sisters and the history of the Everleigh Club rightfully begins on Thursday, February 1, 1900, the night of the grand opening in Chicago. Minna was 21 years old and Ada was soon to be 24. Until then the sisters had chosen a nom de guerre lacking distinction and were not known as the Everleighs. The new name, they said, figured in an obscure branch of the family and was the prettiest nomenclature they had ever heard, accounting, in a measure, for their appropriation of it. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had browsed around the South, may have been the inspiration somewhere along the line for the last syllable. At any rate, the 'leigh' part intrigued them.

Their grandmother always concluded her letters with "Everly yours," which had left an indelible impression in their memories and which, no doubt, had much to do in clinching a final decision for a popular trade-mark. Actresses at heart, they felt privileged to adopt the most pleasing appellation lying around. Their most painful regret upon retiring was the abandonment of the ever-fascinating, everlasting Everleigh.

The Everleigh Club opened cold in the full meaning of the term. There were no engraved announcements, no passes for the critics, no kleig lights in the street, no advertisements nor publicity in the newspapers and the weather was eight below zero that morning. Telephone operators at the various police stations found it almost impossible to transmit or receive messages over the police wires, owing

to the fact that about nine out of ten of the batteries located in the patrol boxes were frozen solid or so stiffened as to render distinctness impossible. Street car lines were delayed and several men were frozen to death.

George W. Hinman, editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, charged with criminally libelling H. H. Kohlsaat, publisher of *The Chicago Times-Herald* and *The Evening Post*, was called to the stand to testify in his own defense. He was in the witness chair for thirty minutes before the court adjourned for the noon recess. Pleasantries such as this kept the spotlight off of 2131 South Dearborn Street.

Samuel Gompers was starting for Cuba on a month's leave of absence and a dispatch from New York informed The Loop fisticuff fraternity that Terry McGovern and Eddie Santry were ready to battle for the featherweight championship. In Philadelphia, reported The Chicago Daily News, backers were found to support a team to represent the City of Brotherly Love in a new American Association of Baseball Clubs. Adrian C. Anson and John McGraw had held a lengthy conference with several Philadelphians and announced that their efforts had been successful. Other clubs were already organized in Boston, Providence, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Chicago. A headline stated that Alderman Goldzier was urging an underground railway system for street cars.

Julia Arthur was appearing in "More Than Queen" at the Grand Opera House; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were in "The Elder Miss Blossom" at Powers'; the Castle Square Opera Company of Boston was at the Studebaker; there was a stock company at the Dearborn (Garrick); Francis Wilson was appearing in a Victory Herbert and Harry B. Smith production, "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Pauline Hall, Lulu Glaser, William Broderick and a company of sixty at the Columbia and Paderewski announced a recital at the Auditorium for Saturday, February 3rd.

THE FIRST NIGHT

"Quo Vadis" was at McVicker's; "Devil's Auction" at the Great Northern; Digby Bell, Clayton and Clerice, The Harts, Franklyn Wallace and "The County Fair" at Hopkins' and burlesque was thriving at Miaco's Trocadero and at Sam T. Jack's. There was continuous vaudeville, 15-act bills, at the Olympic and Chicago Opera House at ten, twenty and thirty cents. Annie Oakley, the crack shot, was featured at the Big O (Olympic) and Chris Lane, a noted parodist, was among the stars at the Chicago Opera House.

The Alhambra, bowing to the melodrama-minded and located on the fringe of the South Side levee district, was offering "The City of New York." Several of the Everleigh charmers had dropped over that afternoon (matinees daily) and were thrilled by the leading man, whom they couldn't remember. They invited him to the premiere of their resort that evening under the new management. Apparently they hadn't believed that the revised scale of tariffs of \$10, \$25 and \$50 for a pleasant evening would go into effect. A week's salary, about \$40 for actors in the blood-curdlers, hardly served to get even a hero beyond the first sip of wine in the Everleigh Club.

Among themselves, none of the inmates expected their capitalistic employers would get away with it. "Just a bluff," sneered one trampled siren. "Who is going to pay \$50 for a good time? I've heard of Southern hospitality, but not at these prices."

The sisters had changed everything since taking hold. Effie Hankins' white help were switched to colored and Southern dishes and Southern courtesies were observed throughout the establishment immediately after they took possession. The girls were told that they were ladies and when they ceased to be ladies they would be asked to leave. Evening gowns supplanted the abbreviated soubrette costumes worn in other resorts. There were daily drills in conduct, a forerunner of the discipline given cinema theatre

ushers. A library was installed and the entertainers were advised that a little reading would improve their technique. The off-time atmosphere duplicated that of a young ladies' seminary with two strict taskmasters.

"Be polite, patient and forget what you are here for," Minna had said in her final instructions. "Gentlemen are only gentlemen when properly introduced. We shall see that each girl is properly presented to each guest. No lining up for selection as in other houses. There shall be no cry, 'In the parlor, girls,' when visitors arrive. Be patient is all I ask. And remember that the Everleigh Club has no time for the rough element, the clerk on a holiday or a man without a check-book.

"It's going to be difficult, at first, I know. It means, briefly, that your language will have to be lady-like and that you will forego the entreaties you have used in the past. You have the whole night before you and one \$50 client is more desirable than five \$10 ones. Less wear and tear. You will thank me for this advice in later years. Your youth and beauty are all you have. Preserve it. Stay respectable by all means.

"We know men better than you do. Don't rush 'em or roll 'em. We will permit no monkeyshines, no knockout drops, no robberies, no crimes of any description. We'll supply the clients; you amuse them in a way they've never been amused before. Give, but give interestingly and with mystery. I want you girls to be proud that you are in the Everleigh Club. That is all. Now spruce up and look your best."

At eight o'clock several customers sought admittance, but their credentials didn't pass muster and they were turned away. Ada could tell by their startled eyes and their nervousness that they were in the wrong house.

Minna, taking a copy of *The Chicago Daily News*, went into the Gold Room to read. Her attention was focused on a heading: "Rites for P. D. Armour, Jr." She read the

THE FIRST NIGHT

entire account of the funeral services for Philip Danforth Armour, Jr., son of the packer, which were held at his late residence, 3700 Michigan Avenue. Men, whose lives had been spent in connection with the great enterprises built up by the young man's father and carried on in a large part by his son, filed past a coffin almost hidden beneath the masses of flowers, the newspaper reported.

All the packing houses were closed, there was a tribute by Dr. Gunsaulus, a list of the pallbearers and a mention of the burial at Graceland Cemetery, according to the long account.

Minna was so absorbed in the article that she gave little notice to a passing sylph, who slyly looked over her shoulder. The courtesan soon gathered some of the insurgents and confided:

"We've got her all wrong. Minna knows the swells all right. I caught her reading about the Armour funeral and she acted like she had known him. She's been holding out on us."

Minna had scored. Innocent of connivery she had planted the seed of proper connections, which spread to all floors of the twin building. It was a better sales-talk than any she could have devised. Ten minutes later a servant relayed the backstairs' conversation to the madam. Miss Minna laughed good-naturedly.

"I never heard of Armour until today," she said. "Don't tell anyone I told you."

The servants, considering themselves part of the executive side, could be trusted. The pleasure girls to them were like choristers in a play and, as in the show business, there was a dividing line between the stage and the box office. The servitors belonged to the "front of the house," considering themselves members of the family. Colored employees with a Southern mistress were a safe bet, which Minna had known all along.

That first evening, without the aid of ballyhoo, the

Everleigh Club played to a gross business of \$1,000. Of this the girls received approximately \$700 or about \$23 to each of the thirty, quite satisfactory for an evening's lolling about. As a friendly gesture, the house took no percentage of their takings for the send-off. Most of the inmates had been carried over from the former regime and for the sake of the mouth-to-mouth advertising the sisters concluded that the spirit of generosity, early in the game, would travel quickly, resulting in an esprit de corps that would pay larger dividends later. They always thought ahead.

The wine had been contributed for the gala opening by champagne salesmen who were quick to catch on. The dealers in foodstuffs, smart fellows, saw the set-up and they came through with a bundle of steaks, chickens and the fixings. Further, they dressed for the occasion and helped to swell the intake. Several wine merchants, in bibs and tuckers, paid for the very fluids they had donated.

The actual overhead for the opening was estimated at \$200, covering the wages for the colored staff, two four-piece orchestras and the rent. Interest on their investment, possible tribute for protection and laundry bills were overlooked for the Thursday premiere. Their idea was to give a smooth performance in preference to accurate auditing. If the show was good everybody would get a dollar before long. Sound reasoning!

The tips to maids and waiters averaged \$5 each, assuring the colored forces that they had the best jobs on the South Side. The score and ten nymphs, engaged to amuse at a straight fifty-fifty split, were not a liability and the very fact that they had exhibited to \$700 without the benefit of electric signs, red fire or a band in the lobby indicated that a run was in sight.

After the final count-up, with one hundred dollars profit, the Everleighs deemed their debut in Chicago a huge success. Thursday always was an off-night in the show business.

There were fourteen sumptuous sequesteries, an art gal-

THE FIRST NIGHT

lery, a library and a spacious dining room in the double three-story pleasure palace. There were quarters for a few of the servants in the basement and the thirty beautiful boarders were assigned private nooks. Minna and Ada had separate boudoirs.

The numerous parlors were called rooms, bearing the titles of Moorish, Gold, Silver, Copper, Red, Rose, Green, Blue, Oriental, Japanese, Egyptian, Chinese, Music and Ballroom. They were designed for any mood and were burdened with knick-knacks, cushions, divans, incense, sea shells, statuary, expensive rugs—and push-buttons. When conversation dragged there was the bell, properly concealed but never failing to jingle when encouraged.

There were two mahogany staircases, one for each side of the house. These were flanked by potted palms, a stray shell and statues of Grecian goddesses. Heavy matted carpet deadened the footsteps of those inclined to explore the higher arts.

After questioning fully two hundred acknowledged patrons of the club as to what took place upstairs little was learned and not one admitted first-hand experience. One suspects that these clients sat on the parlor floor, admiring the oils, buying wine, reading a detective story or pouting in the corner. And yet the girls did a thriving climb nightly. Certainly more frequenters than confess went for the works. A broad-minded wife should be proud to have won a man whose tasks were diverted from the siren call of the most gorgeous, seductive salamanders in all creation. "But it isn't the wife I'm thinking of," is the defense. "I have a grown boy and what about him?"

Even the newspapermen who so kindly contributed to this chronicle beg that their identities be omitted. The Everleighs loved and still love the reporters. The gentlemen of the press had the freedom of the house and while the sisters preferred that they stay clear of upper-floor

adventure there was no iron-clad rule about it. What was upstairs, anyway?

First, there were boudoirs in which lavishly decorated, marble-inlaid brass beds held a place of honor. In some of the rooms there were mirrors on the ceiling. A gentleman could take a nap if he so desired.

Second, there were assorted baths, showers and a golden bathtub in which one could refresh himself. All very home-like and convenient.

Are those annexes to wining and dining so horrible? Hardly, yet depending entirely upon the viewpoint. Some men are just naturally afraid to be alone in the dark. The story is told that one night a slightly tipsy visitor was asked if he cared to go to bed. "Why?" he inquired. "I'm not sleepy."

Jack Lait, a former Chicago reporter and a champion of the sisters, made an inspection of the premises one day and issued a statement that is never forgotten. He declared: "Minna and Ada Everleigh are to pleasure what Christ was to Christianity."

As for the ornate salons, these were intended for either a tete-a-tete or for a party that did not wish to mingle with the other guests. They were nearly soundproof and were entered through old-fashioned folding doors, which slid back and forth.

Reds and gold, exciting colors, splashed everywhere, making no secret of their mission to stimulate passive natures into carefree, pleasure-loving satyrs.

The Gold, Silver and Copper Rooms, of course, were designed for the gold, silver and copper kings—plutocrats were identified as kings in the 1900 headlines. The decorations in these parlors were similar, excepting for the coloring. There were no silver dollars in the floor, nor pennies, nor glittering eagles. No commonplace come-ons of the honky tonk. Golden chairs and golden hangings, for example, were in the Gold Room. Everything was adapted

THE FIRST NIGHT

to kindle a flame in the coldest of mortals.

The Chinese Room held a charm particularly its own. In this playground was an over-sized brass beaker and adjacent to it were packages of tiny firecrackers. Jolly millionaires had the privilege of exploding the "bing-bangs," something they were not permitted to do at home and which afforded a new betting game. A coy charmer would wager that the pop of a champagne cork would make more noise than a firecracker, offering a kiss if she lost. Her bit for the wine sale made up for the smack—and she couldn't lose because the crackers were constructed for laughs and not for detonation. Clean, boyish fun! "Shoot 'em in the bowl," was the sole request.

"And next week we are contemplating putting in a box of sand for the kiddies," Minna used to say.

There was a golden piano of the midget variety, very expensive (\$15,000) and made to order, in the Gold Room. Somebody always wanted to play. There were other ornate pianos in case the demands were urgent.

As in Omaha, a minimum price of \$12 (a nice, round sum and easy to remember) was asked for champagne; a half dozen brands were available. A little dinner or supper party had no fixed charge. Usually a host would suggest what he had in mind and the number of free-loaders. "A dainty supper, you know, for ten," was the customary preliminary, varying only as to the number of plates and the cost. "Something simple for—say, \$500." These meals never were simple and were the greatest advertising medium the club ever had.

Money was only mentioned when a patron started to depart. He had, usually, hinted sometime during the evening how much he intended giving his bewitching vis-a-vis and this was added to the check. There were no outright gyps; the patron paid what he thought the celebration was worth. Nobody ever expected to get out with less than a hundred-dollar expense and there were many who paid

\$1,000 in a single evening and thought the money well spent.

The Everleigh was an exclusive club for men. Women guests were excluded along with the slumming parties and the sightseers. It took a letter of recommendation, an engraved card or a formal introduction to gain admittance and the slightest gesture of gutter rowdyism was sufficient reason to expel a member. Money wasn't everything, but it helped.

The opening, in comparison with subsequent evenings, was not remarkable. Ike Bloom, who earned lasting fame as the master of Frieberg's Hall, a free-for-all dancing pavillion where the girls worked the floors in Twenty-second Street between Wabash and State, paid his respects and departed early. There were flowers sent by Cleo Maitland in Washington and there were a few telegrams from old friends whom they had met in the west. Vic Shaw and the other madams of the district were not heard from.

"Queer ducks, our neighbors," Madam Shaw told the cop on the beat. "They've a pull somewhere, but it won't last. We're not interested."

There was a jovial party of cattle men, friends of Madam Hankins, who contributed \$300 to the gross; a group of ten theatrical luminaries came in after the play and there was a rich man's son, who was looking for his father, among the merrymakers. Stragglers of no particular standing came and went.

Of that first night all that the sisters recalled distinctly was the fact that Ada's hands were cold. They really were cold and there was no accounting for it. Casually, Ada mentioned this to a Ranch King, who quickly ordered two bottles of champagne. "It'll warm those pretty patties," he said, sympathetically.

Ever after this when the wine business wasn't hot Ada's hands automatically became cold.

Chapter III

PAPILLONS DE LA NUIT

"Girls will be girls. but they should be restrained."

LUCY PAGE GASTON,

Anti-Cigarette Crusader.

"PLEASURE," wrote Balzac in 1834, "is like certain drugs; to continue to obtain the same results one must double the dose, and death or brutalization is contained in the last one." Realizing the truth of this statement, the Everleigh Sisters encouraged adroit schemes of subterfuge to conserve the energies of their clientele as well as those of their nymphs. They knew that their girls, up from the lower classes—in the majority of cases, would cower before the rich and closely watch their tastes in order to make vices of them and exploit them. Gluttony, they observed, was opium to a courtesan and the balm consisted chiefly of allowing absolute freedom in the boudoir—silks and satins to replace drugs and dissipation.

Contemplation of devilment was more satisfactory than the act itself. The build-up, as it came to be known in advertising circles, often excelled the article. The Everleighs believed their wealthy patrons had tastes, not passions or romantic fancies, and that bawdy love-affairs were easily chilled. They sought to keep the ball rolling by the clever ruse of "wait until I know you better," a classic that has stood the test since the world began. Feminine monkeyshines could begin in any one of a dozen parlors, but the deft touch was required when once a couple mounted a mahogany staircase.

This hollow life, this constant waiting for a pleasure that never arrived, this permanent emptiness of mind, heart and brain, this weariness of the great American hurly burly,

was reflected more upon men's features in the Everleigh Club than in any single disorderly palace of the early twentieth century. Impotence grinned hideously, amid the yellow reflection of gold, in too many of the aging faces.

The Everleighs had studied the frantic desires of their guests, the voices of the great men and the caprices of the novices. Supplying substitutes for morphine, cocaine and outright depravity were so cleverly manipulated that none suspected. The mesmerism was largely maneuvered in the boudoir.

The most widely remembered feature of the Everleigh Club was the profound silence in the outer halls, the smell of flowers and the fragrance peculiar to trees and verdure. The air was laden with perfume and one could not avoid noticing the thick carpet under his feet. Phyllis augmented the sweetness of the cove.

Phyllis, in all the glory of a beautiful passionate woman came to the establishment a few days after the opening, having heard, en route from Kansas City, of the Turkish divans, the exquisite tapestries and the golden hangings. News of the Everleigh Club was swiftly reaching the far-flung corners of the continent and the voluptuous Phyllis, who brought glad tidings, was greeted as an old friend.

"I hope you like me," she said, adding simplicity to her other virtues. "The man to whom I was engaged died suddenly of heart failure—I just had to get away from unpleasant surroundings. I have no parents and here I am. It's a strange adventure for me, but I am sure I could learn. My betrothed betrayed me, which brings no regrets. From what I overheard on the train, a life of shame in this adorable house must be the most glorious existence imaginable. May I stay?"

She stayed.

Within a week the wealthy roués were battling over her. And why not? Intuitively she knew more about the

PAPILLONS DE LA NUIT

finesse of illicit romance than any girl in the house. She would, for instance, blindfold a mortal, lead him to her boudoir and then, unmasked, permit him to gaze upon a harmony of colors to which the soul responded by seductive, vague, wavering ideas. There were fresh cut red roses everywhere. Perfume and paradise!

There was a gold and marble mantel in the center of the room. A circular window, partially concealed by hangings of a red material, fluted like Corinthian pillars, with a strip of brownish-lavender silken cloth at top and bottom, was at the head of a genuine Turkish mattress, which lay upon the floor and served as a bed. This divan was covered with white cashmere, buttoned with tufts of black and puce-colored silk, reminding one of a gaudy checkerboard.

There were blue curtains back of the window hangings and several diffused lights gave the setting an amorous hue. There were gilt bracket lamps affixed to the walls above the mattress and shaded so as to throw their rays upon the colorful cot. Silver lights came from a chandelier of silver gilt. The ceiling was dazzlingly white.

The large rug resembled an Oriental shawl, characteristically reddish and of strange design, and the furniture was covered with white cashmere, relieved by black and red carvings. The clock on the mantel was of marble and gold and the one table in the room had a marble top with bright, red legs. Vases and dainty jardinieres, in which the flowers dropped coquettishly, were carefully arranged. The slightest detail seemed to have been the object of a loving anxiety.

Phyllis also knew her Balzac. She had golden eyes in a room to match. The furnishings were of her own selection. Interior decorating was her art and she delivered opulence, which concealed itself innocently, but which expressed the refinement of grace and the inspiration of passion. She made all there is of vagueness and mystery in a man's being come leaping to the surface.

Her golden hair shone brilliantly in the light of her own investiture. Response from her guest was inevitable. Further, there were no bad after-effects. There wasn't a male who would beg for a drug when surrounded with the beauty of Phyllis and the beauty she provided. She became the toast of the club. And the Everleigh Sisters admired her and they lent her \$1,500. Phyllis was doing all right.

There came the day, however, when a millionaire bound for Egypt thought that Phyllis would make a suitable companion, and he spoke to the sisters about his trip, asking permission to borrow her. She was released without a struggle after he had paid what she owed the sisters.

"And you let such an adorable darling leave without a whimper?" the Everleighs were asked.

"Yes, we thought it was the best way," they sighed.

Until 1936 few knew that Phyllis, about once a year, had indulged in a very bad habit. She would become intolerably drunk and while on the bender she would smash the bottom of a water glass against the corner of a table. Taking the rim of the goblet she would point the sharp, cut edges toward the nearest person, usually slashing a victim before he was able to ward her off. Sober, she blamed this unbecoming antic onto hallucinations arising from her first sweetheart's death. She did it to frighten the devil, who was tormenting her loved one, she said.

"Her millionaire keeper died in the Orient in 1906, about a year after she left the club," said Minna. "Phyllis returned to America and kept on slipping until she slipped out altogether—an overdose of veronal. Rather sad case, don't you think?"

Valerie, too, came out of the West. She was very dark of eyes and hair and she clung to everything white. The carpet in her boudoir was white, the coverlet on her bed was ermine and the draperies were white. In the basement

PAPILLONS DE LA NUIT

of the Everleigh Club she fitted up a gymnasium, where she exercised in white bloomers, using white dumb-bells and even a white punching bag. "It's the hospital in me," she would laugh. Her father was a doctor, but nobody ever took time to investigate, nor cared.

Valerie wasn't the type. If she didn't like a man she told him so. The "life" grated against her fine nature and she didn't worry whether she earned her share of the big stakes or not. She could sing in a peculiar husky voice and she was a trained pianist. She belonged on the stage, so the sisters made every effort to get her placed properly.

They knew a vaudeville headliner to whom they introduced Valerie, carefully concealing any identity with their resort. The actor immediately fell in love with her; they were married and soon became internationally known stage stars, the happiest couple in the theatre.

While touring in a Broadway production the dark-eyed beauty adopted a homeless show girl—this befriended child stole her husband.

There was a divorce, the break coming in Chicago. The entire theatrical purlieu was shocked and only the few who knew Valerie of the Everleigh could even conjure a reason for the separation. As a matter of fact, the husband had been too busy thinking of his own conquest to give a thought to his wife. He went his way and she called on the Everleigh Sisters. Valerie's heart was broken; she wanted to die.

"What shall I do?" she sobbed. "I've tried so hard to be clean and good and this had to happen to me. Remember, the white rug and everything? Little purity, that's me, and this is what I'm handed. All right, where's the old room? I'm ready, ermine coverlet and all—the sky's the limit from now on."

She had a good, long cry.

Minna finally convinced her that she was a great artiste,

which she was. "We always said that," cheered the affectionate Ada.

"You'll make 'em all sit up and take notice—alone," Minna comforted.

And Valerie went back to the stage, climbing to greater heights than before. She died a few years ago and was mourned by thousands. That wreath of white roses and that black card on which was written "Two Lifelong Friends" in white ink was sent by Minna and Ada Everleigh.

Ethel came from an Illinois farm and she chewed tobacco, of all things. She was a born actress, but too lazy to do anything about it. Her big moment, when a party was becoming dull, was to summon Edmund, who was prepared for the surprise with a startling gay raiment of gold and red braid.

"The tray, Edmund," Ethel would command.

The colored lackey disappeared for a moment, returning with a silver tray on which was placed a huge plug of chewing tobacco. Ethel took a big chaw just as a modern girl would take a cigarette, Edmund bowed low as she replaced the plug and the onlookers became hysterical from laughing. The seriousness of the ritual was responsible for its success.

"There really wasn't anything funny about it," said Ada. "We didn't approve of her spitting on the Oriental rugs."

Ethel was married to a nice, fat boy in the oil business and when last heard from was extremely happy. She had two children and an attractive home. The sisters called on her not long abo. The same Ethel! Another Edmund came with the tray but this time there was a black cigar in it, which the servant promptly lit for her.

"You know, my husband put a stop to my spitting around the place—and what could I do?" she said, seriously.

PAPILLONS DE LA NUIT

Myrtle had the knack for stirring trouble. She was from Iowa with none of the one-night-stand influence of Cedar Rapids or Sioux City weighing her down. She held out for metropolitan shooting or stabbing. Rubes, regardless of their financial standing, were exiled from her attentions. She played high, wide and handsome, but only with the city chaps. If her picture was to get into the paper it was to be alongside that of a Lake Shore millionaire or not at all.

One of her hobbies was gathering up small firearms, a quirk that nearly ended in a tragedy one early evening about a year after the sisters took over the club. Proudly she would display these guns to those privileged to hike the mahogany steps with her, telling in what pawnshop she had found a trinket and what price she had paid for it.

"I think I'd be the happiest girl in town if I could find a diamond studded revolver," she told a wealthy caller and he, simpleton, had one made for her.

The sisters gave the firearms no particular thought, knowing that high-class girls either went for horse-back riding, long-distance telephone calls or some foolhardy diversion. It kept them out of other mischief.

Myrtle was dashingly gorgeous and she knew it. Tall and slender, slightly freckled, blue-eyed and crowned with honest Titian hair, she was the girl that aging men like to parade into a restaurant, theatre or ballroom. Her bottom was of the slapping kind and millionaires had a difficult struggle holding themselves in restraint. She had quite a following. Hardly a week passed that some wealthy man didn't ask the Everleighs if it wouldn't be quite all right if they gave Myrtle an establishment (home, they called it) and would \$2,000 be acceptable!

Myrtle always managed to owe the sisters more than \$2,000, believing that sooner or later somebody would bail her out. She had a business as well as a pretty head.

There were five upstanding males ready and eager to

abduct her from the Everleigh Club. And then came the night for the showdown. Each in turn had been taken to her boudoir and each had been told of the other offers. Thoughtlessly perhaps, but nevertheless ajar, was the dresser drawer in which the shooting tokens were kept. Whether the men helped themselves or not isn't known, but it is known that each held a revolver a few minutes after the last swain had stopped off upstairs. Myrtle craved excitement. And her picture in the newspapers. There couldn't be a shooting without shooting irons and wisely she reasoned that her clientele didn't make a practice of carrying revolvers to a festive evening. She should have been a dramatist. She planted everything.

In the celebrated Gold Room there were Myrtle, her loves and quart upon quart of wine. Also sour looks from one man to the other.

"Fight over me, boys, I love it," she encouraged.

That touched off the flame.

"Well, Charlie will never have you again," said a blazing blade. "Nor John, nor any of you. Myrtle, tell them your choice and let's get it out of our systems."

There was some loud talk and the men, who were steamed with alcohol, drew revolvers. Bloodshed seemed inevitable. Minna, hearing the noise, hurried to the Gold Room and, seeing the stupefied and angered condition of the quintette, did the only smart thing she could think of. She snapped out the lights. The sudden darkness stunned the assemblage.

"Gentlemen," she cried in the dark, "you are in the most notorious w....-house in America." Not given to vulgar language, she knew that this was no moment for fine words. "How would it look to your relatives and friends to see your names splashed across the front pages tomorrow morning?"

That was all. She turned up the lights. A certain

PAPILLONS DE LA NUIT

tragedy had been averted. She gathered up the revolvers and left the room. One by one the contestants called for their coats and hats. A month later Charlie was the sole proprietor of Myrtle—as far as he knew. She had an apartment and a dog.

"And what the hell good is all this?" she told one of the girls who visited her. "I wanted my name in the paper. Minna would have to spoil the only chance I ever had to get

anywhere.

Minna Everleigh loved her butterfies. Not alone the spectacular moths who flitted from room to room in her Babylonian temple, but the diamond variety that once were so popular on chatelaine watches. Women were butterfly crazy in the early 1900's. And Minna had butterfly pins of all sizes and all studded with diamonds, which she wore on the front of her gown, graduating from a small brooch at her neck to a seven-inch clasp at her waist. Her dress blinked like a Broadway electric sign.

One evening shortly after the opening a nervous stranger made inquiry for her at the door, saying it was urgent business and that he wanted to see her alone. He was admitted without question. Minna asked him to step into a small alcove near the door, a room that often served as a wardrobe. A robbery was the last thing she ever expected.

"Off with the junk," said the man, losing no motion. The door had been closed and they were alone. A revolver was poked into her ribs.

The hold-up person appeared to be a drug addict and those fellows shoot first and think afterward. Minna started to remove her jewelry when Ada, unconscious of what was going on, opened the door. Quickly she appraised the situation. A scream might end in the killing of her sister.

"I thought you sent for me," she said sweetly. "I'm

sorry." And she left the room. The thief knew he was cornered.

"Tricks, eh?" he growled. "Fitted up like an arsenal, too, I suppose? Well, what are you going to do with me?"

"Let you go, of course," said Minna, adding, "unless you want to stay. We have a friendly house and friendly girls."

The robber put his gun away, was shown to the door and was seen no more. It was a breath-taking experience and to this day Minna blesses Ada for saying the right thing at the right time. The butterflies were safe and so was she.

Word of the attempted robbery filtered into every dive in the district. There were all sorts of versions, but the best one was this:

"Nobody outguesses Minna Everleigh. Can you imagine, a guy tried to hold her up and finished by buying her a bottle of wine."

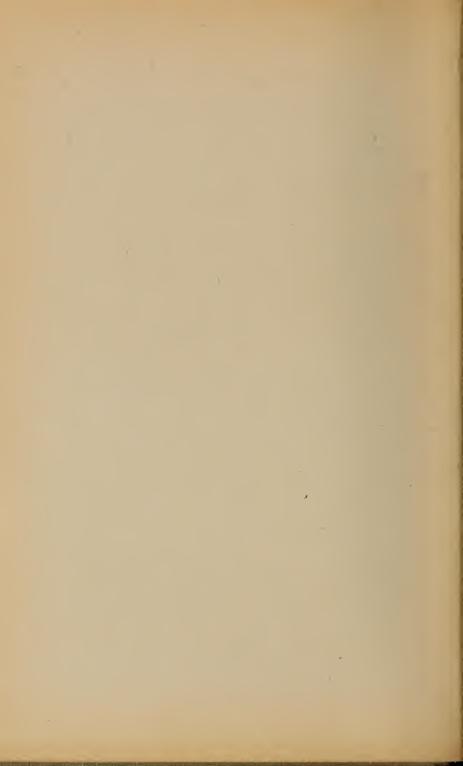
Butterflies in the Everleigh Club were like chorus girls in a New York show in a single respect: Only one out of several ensembles ever stood out. Not that coryphees and courtesans have anything in common, which, of course, they haven't, but few in either walk have that comedy quality or that dramatic instinct which takes them apart from their chosen endeavor. Only one of a hundred in both professions finds her name in lasting print.

The Everleigh Sisters estimate that upwards of 600 girls came and went during their eleven-year reign in Chicago and yet they found it difficult in 1936 to recall more than a dozen who left any sort of an exciting impression.

The comical girls and the villainesses were the featured players. There was no role for the heroine. The ultragood, ultra-kindly and ultra-expert made no trouble and are forgotten. Such is the price of sanctity in a sporting resort.

PAPILLONS DE LA NUIT

"But we loved our butterflies, every one of them," said both Minna and Ada. "Where would we have been without them?"



Chapter IV BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A FIRST WARD BALL

"Whatever the endeavor, make of it a lallapalooza."

HINKY DINK MICHAEL KENNA.

ATTIRED in his green dress suit with lavender trimmings and carrying a copy of his sensational song, "Dear Midnight of Love," Alderman Bath-house John J. Coughlin led the grand march at the annual masked ball given by the First Ward Democratic Club at the First Regiment armory on Wednesday evening, February 14th, 1900, two weeks after the Everleigh Sisters had invaded Chicago with their resplendent Home Away from Home. Following Bathhouse John in the procession came Tom McNally, whose claim to notoriety laid in the charge that he was drawing a large salary from Collector Barnett's office. Every democratic politician in the First Ward attended the ball and their constituents were also present in large numbers.

Dozens of policemen and detectives were on the floor during the evening, ready to suppress any demonstrations which might be made by over-enthusiastic First Ward democratic voters. Their services were not required, however, for not a fight took place while the ball lasted.

Alderman Coughlin was, of course, the leading spirit of the gathering. His evening dress-suit, which had caused so much comment at Saratoga, was the object of open admiration of the crowd. Just as the promenade was breaking up the band began playing his song, to the music of which a waltz was danced.

The Bath was not masked, although everybody else had to wear a domino or keep off the floor, a rule that held good until midnight and then it was a free-for-all. Beer was sold in the cellar and on the dancing floor, while the boxes

in the gallery were reserved for parties opening wine, and these parties kept within police regulations until after midnight.

The ball was a sort of turning out event for Alderman Coughlin, who held the sobriquet of Bath-house and enjoyed the title even though it was a reminder of less fruitful days in a bath-house. It was his turn to line up the First Ward for aldermanic purposes. Hinky Dink (Michael Kenna) so dubbed because of a rather diminutive stature, shared honors as the other councilman in the central bailiwick. It was, in a sense, the opening wedge in the Bath's campaign. He stood near the door, shaking hands with those who entered, smiling cordially. In addition to his green shallow-tail-coat and lavender trousers, he wore a white silk waistcoat, brocaded with heliotrope rosebuds and saffron carnations. His gloves were pink. He said the ball was a brilliant democratic occasion. He was, incidentally, the only person to take chances wearing a silk hat. Others wore their working clothes and carried their money in their watch pockets.

The dancing didn't average up with the wine parties in the galleries, although Waltz Number 11 on the program was composed by the Bath-house in person. It was called "Dear Midnight of Love" and those who did dance gave preference to the "Loving Two Step," a First Ward whirl-around. And those who saw it said it could stand a whole lot of modification.

Most of the feminine element, including the Everleigh group, were late in coming. In fact, it was after midnight before the women arrived in large numbers. They said they could not get there any sooner because the saloons and the resorts did not shut down on their music until that hour. Many of the democratic leaders in the South Town reached the ballroom about the same time. They helped to keep up the interest and spent money all the way from the cellar

BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A FIRST WARD BALL

to the wine sections upstairs. In the language of Hinky Dink the ball "don't never get good until three in the morning." The remark was quoted in *The Tribune*.

Alderman Coughlin bowed politely as Minna and Ada Everleigh entered, welcoming them, so to speak, to his city. He was so effective in his greeting that they suspected, had he been the Mayor, he would have given them a key to the metropolis. He sent up several quarts of wine to their party and made himself quite a character in their estimation. It was their first glimpse of the man. They were, in truth, at the ball only because they had heard so much about Bath-house John, who proved, after a first glimpse, to be more of a leader than they suspected. Later they were to learn exactly to what boundaries his power extended.

The Everleigh party departed early, having paid their respects and feeling repaid for having called.

"An amusing city, Chicago, any way you look at it," said the sisters. "I'm afraid we are in for the time of our lives."

They were.

Alderman Coughlin, poet "lariat" of Chicago, was credited in the months to follow with fifty compositions, which were written by John Kelley, an Erie, Pa., lad, who worked up from a society scribbler to the most famous police reporter in the town's history. Jakie Lingle of The Chicago Tribune, who was murdered during the Al Capone carnival, was a cub compared to kelley. Kelley could write and he could invent, and the coppers, the underworld and the politicians rounded corners to do him a favor. He was the boss of the Harrison Street Police Station as well as in points south of the Everleigh Club.

This writer was well acquainted with Kelly, worked with him and in opposition to him. We were and are warm

friends. Night after night he would stroll from the City Hall, at LaSalle and Randolph Streets, to Hinky Dink's exclusive bar next door to the Princess Theatre in South Clark near Van Buren Street, where we were treated to whiskey that had the quality of olive oil and the bouquet of a roomful of Everleigh filles de joie. The finest Havanas were ours and our money might just as well have been counterfeit; there was none to accept it. Such was the power of the press in Chicago.

Kelly and Walter Howey, later of the Hearst newspapers, but while a budding reporter and afterward city editor of *The Chicago Tribune*, had something in common. They would sit in the Everleigh Club of a newsless evening and when Minna offered a soupcon of amorous relaxation "on the house" both held to the same retort:

"We'd rather listen to the music."

Smart reporters were cautious as well as smart.

Kelley, upon retirement, admitted publicly that the doggerel rhymes attributed to Coughlin, with one exception were his creations. They were widely reprinted, *The New* York Sun particularly relishing each new effusion. "I found solace in writing the ballads," said Kelley. "They took me away from murders, fires and burglaries." Writing for The Erie Daily Times on November 21st, 1932, he stated:

"I do not speak of this in a boastful spirit, but to remove the stigma from Alderman Coughlin. In making this confession I wish to say, not only in justice to myself, but to the alderman, that I was not the author of 'Dear Midnight of Love'. That beautiful ballad was written by Coughlin. Far be it from me to take credit for another's literary efforts. All the other 'Bath-house' productions were mine. I tried to write them in Coughlinesque style, but I'm afraid I never wrote anything quite as good (or quite as rotten) as 'Dear Midnight of Love'."

The hit song of the 1900 First Ward ball was written

BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A FIRST WARD BALL

in the summer of 1899, while Coughlin was vacationing at Colorado Springs, where he had an amusement park. In October of that year it was given its premiere at the Chicago Opera House, sung by Miss May DeSouza, who was making her stage debut. The words of "Dear Midnight of Love" are subjoined, but without the orchestral accompaniment they lose much of their charm. Stand by:

"DEAR MIDNIGHT OF LOVE"

When silence reigns supreme and midnight love foretells If heart's love could be seen, there kindest thoughts do dwell. In darkness fancies gleam, true loving hearts do swell; So far beyong a dream, true friendship never sell.

Dear Midnight of Love, why did we meet?
Dear Midnight of Love, your face is so sweet.
Pure as the angels above, surely again we will speak;
Loving only as doves, Dear Midnight of Love.

When love hearts are serene, can waking be their knell? Were midnight but between, sleep, night, but not farewll. Stars! O, what do thy mean? For you to wake 'tis well—Look, mother, on the scene, for you my love will tell.

Your promise, love, redeem; your gentle words do thrill; Live as the rippling stream, always your friend I will. Now I must bid adieu so cruel, why did we meet? List! What shall we do? Pray, when do we eat?

The alderman and his song were the talk of Chicago. Newspaper correspondents and press associations sent out stories to all parts of the country and three orchestras in the Everleigh Club played it as often as "Stay in Your Own Back Yard," the most popular song in the resort. Having boosted Coughlin's lyric in the *Times-Herald* before it was sung in public, Kelley asked the alderman, after everybody in town was humming the air, if he were going to write any more ballads.

He was too busy, he said, to devote further time to twanging the lyre, and the reporter suggested that he mount Pegasus in his stead, crediting the stuff to him.

"Go as far as you like, Kell," said the alderman. "I'll stand for anything but murder."

That's how it came about. Kelley always tried to write something which the reader would believe was a Coughlin composition. This was not as easy as one might think. If the poem possessed any literary merit the reader would quickly detect the fraud, so the trick was to write as the Bath-house would have written. Kelley fooled even his own office at first. One of the sonnets to which The New York Sun took particular fancy was reprinted with the following comment:

"Of poems with a purpose the most skillful and effective are produced by the Chicago Laureate, the statesman poet, Bath-house John. His muse is trained to high accomplishments. His versifying power is not wasted on the trivialities of life. Love, he disposed of, finally and for good, in one masterpiece. His 'Ode to a Bowl of Soup,' which was dedicated to his friend and co-worker, the Honorable Michael Kenna, will not die. Now as Chicago feels the enervating heat of summer, he gives his faithful followers and the world, 'An Ode to a Bath-tub.' To those familiar with Chicago, the appropriateness of a celebration of the tub appeals with convincing force.

"From The Chicago Record-Herald we learn that Bathhouse John dashed off his latest and best poem after luncheon, while in his office. His method of composition is not uninteresting." Then followed a paragraph from the Record-Herald, which Kelley had written as part of his introduction:

"The thermometer was at the sizzling point, and the alderman, who longed for a plunge in the swimming-hole, seized the pen and paper and gave free rein to his fancy. An electric fan assisted in cooling the alderman's brow, and he made frequent trips to the ice-water tank in the

BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A FIRST WARD BALL

next room." Continuing its pleasantry, the Sun went on to say:

"A method which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will approve without a moment's hesitation. 'The poem,' says Alderman Coughlin, 'is the first I have written that I considered good enough to divide off into cantos.' The poet is too modest. All his productions are worthy of cantos."

Because Minna Everleigh brought up the subject and because, no doubt, there are many others who would like to hear again from "An Ode to a Bath-tub" it is given in full:

"AN ODE TO A BATH-TUB"

Some find enjoyment in travel, others in kodaking views, Some take to automobiling in order themselves to amuse. But for me there is only one pleasure, although you may call me a dub. There's nothing to my mind can equal a plunge in the porcelain tub.

CANTO II

Some go to ball games for pleasure, others go bobbing for eels; Some find delight making money, especially in real estate deals. I care not for ball games, nor fishing, or money unless to buy grub; But I'd walk forty miles before breakfast to roll in the porcelain tub.

CANTO III

Some take a trolley to Hammond, others the boat to St. Joe; Some can find sport on the golf links with mashies and foozie, I know. The trolley and boat and the golf links are not one-two, nie with a rub. Oh, what in the world is finer than a dip in the porcelain tub?

CANTO IV

Some run a dairy for pleasure, others a violet farm; Some turn their minds to bookbinding, and say it is life's dearest charm.

But for daisies and sweet-scented posies, or old books I care not a nub; I pass them all up, thank you kindly, for the little, old porcelain tub.

"Rich in local color," continued The New York Sun's delightful comment. "Thick with Chicago realism, skillfully bringing into relief the habits and customs of patrician and plebian, this is a photograph of Chicago, an epitome of her multiform life. The gifted author calls it 'his best piece of work.' With loving care he points out some of the more obscure local allusions."

In the *Record-Herald*, written by Kelley, covering himself completely as a ghost writer, appeared:

"'In this latest effort of mine you will observe that I have taken a rap at Chicago's 400,' said the alderman. 'The dairies and the violet farms and the bookbinderies are treated in that inimitable manner of mine.

"'It is a satirical poem and undoubtedly will cause a reformation in Chicago society. Whoever Riley thought of writing an ode to a bath-tub? Whitecomb Riley wrote a pretty fair poem about the old swimmin-hole, but he couldn't write a sonnet on a bath-tub if he was paid a million dollars. It comes natural to me—I dash it off before I know it'."

Prefacing each poem there was a stickful or two of matter explaining why and under what circumstances it was written, and following the verses there was an "interview" with the bard in which he never failed to throw bouquets at himself. Those who are familiar with the alderman's ballads will appreciate how cleverly Kelley concealed his ghosting.

There followed "Trumming the Light Guitar," to which the reported prefaced:

"His latest effort shows that the alderman has been devoting much of his time to research into Spanish history. The senoritas and haciendas of old Castle appeal strongly to the bard, and he has written of them in a most charming vein"

Minna would laugh for ten minutes every Monday when one of these poems with the comical introductions appeared. She was one of the very few who knew the true authorship and to her it was the grandest form of spoofing. Kelley to her notion was a mightier man than Mark Twain, or George Ade.

A Kelley stroke of genius was evidenced in the further

BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A'FIRST WARD BALL

"interview" with the Bath-house regarding his guitar number. In the Record-Herald was printed:

"'This is the first of a series I am going to put over on foreign countries,' said the bard, as he plowed his fingers through his iron-gray pompadour. 'I have been soshing up a lot of stuff about Europe, and with the pointers my colleague, Alderman Kenna, has given me from personal observation abroad, I think I will be able to write some lallapaloozas.

"'The reason I haven't done any literary work during the last six months was on account of the street car franchise matter, which required all my time. It is impossible to court the muse and settle the municipal ownership problem at the same time. As there will be nothing doing along that line until after election I shall devote all my spare time to writing the series, which I trust will be received with the same kind of criticism that my past efforts have met. I modestly decline to say what I think of the light guitar. Good wine, you know, needs no bush'."

This little gem, supposed to have been written after a visit to Mount Clemens, was first printed in *The Chicago Tribune*:

Mount Clemens, O Mount Clemens! There people for their health do go, To watch the wavelets ebb and flow. O, if those waves could only speak They'd tell of clandestine retreat Beneath the leafy bowers sweet.

Mount Clemens, O, Mount Clemens! Where lovers wander to and fro Along the beach at twilight's glow, Caressed by gentle zephyrs blow. There dancing sunbeams swiftly glide Athwart the shack where fish is fried, With cabbage salad on the side.

Mount Clemens, O, Mount Clemens!
The fairest spot in Michigan
And that is why I wish again
That I was basking in your smile.
Your sylvan glades and bosky dells,
Where once resounded warriors' yells
Are not surpassed by River Nile.

The nifty, "Michigan, I wish again," was a high spot in a popular song, "Down on the Farm." (No credit was ever given to Kelley.) However, among the best (or rather the least) remembered poems attributed to Chicago's laureate are: "They're Tearing Up Clark Street Again," "The Stove Heated Flat," "Holding Hands in the Moonlight," "I Wish I was a Bird," "On the Return of Two Dollars," "Why Did They Dig Lake Michigan So Wide?", "On Seeing a Robin," "Welcome to the Press," "The First Ward Ball," "She Sleeps by the Drainage Canal," "In the Twilight," "The Night After Christmas," "Under the Moonbeams Kiss the Roses," "An Ode to Spring," "Poetical Musings from an Office Window." "Jessie at the Old Oak Tree," "Ode to a Lower Berth," "Perhaps" and "Auf Wieder Sehn". The latter ballad was written as an expression of the bard's sorrowful feelings when his colleague, Alderman Kane, sailed from New York for a jaunt in Europe.

Usually a' Bath-house ode was "sprung" on Monday morning. There was a reason for this—in fact, a double reason. In the first place, Sunday is a dull day in newspaper offices and any kind of a story looks good to the city editor on Sunday night. The other reason was that the regular weekly meeting of the city council was held on Monday night, and a poem assured an ovation when the bard entered the council chamber.

The "poet lariat" enjoyed those boisterous welcomes as much as any single honor the verse afforded. Kelley used to wonder who derived the most pleasure from the Bath-house productons, the alderman or himself. Hinky Dink knew the source of supply and enjoyed pushing the Bath whenever a jolly crowd of boys were whooping it up in his saloon. Coughlin would retaliate by telling his critics they were jealous because he was "there with the Wiliam Cullen Bryant stuff." Alderman Coughlin still represents the First Ward in Chicago's city council, having held office continuously since 1892.

BATH-HOUSE JOHN AND A FIRST WARD BALL

With Tennyson, of whom he is a great admirer, the Bard of Boul' Mich may well sing: "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

"Whatever difficulties arose, we were told to see Mr. Coughlin," said Minna Everleigh. "He was the final word even though Big Jim Colosimo, who was murdered, and Ike Bloom, who operated Frieberg's Hall, had plenty to say.

'Shortly before the levee was closed and while we were refusing to pay \$40,000 for some sort of silly protection, which we knew could not be delivered, Bloom insisted that we lay our case before Coughlin.

"Besides, he likes you, Min,' empasized Bloom, with sly meaning. Coughlin, however, never was the fellow to give attentions to women.

"We never had resorted to romances, knowing from experience what trouble they bring, and we didn't intend to try our wiles on the alderman. The reformers were catching up to us and we knew that these same reformers were holding the sledge over State's Attorney John E. W. Wayman's head. Wayman would be the boss in the long run, which he was."

(Wayman killed himself after the promised shut-down. The details of the raids, the kindly state's attorney's death and the Everleigh side shall be reserved for a later chapter.)

"We packed up and went away for six months," continued Minna. "Upon our return Bloom again told us to chase ourselves down to Bath-house John's office. He said we were acting like a couple of loons. 'John's a set-up for you girls,' encouraged Ike. But we didn't go.

"We had been outcasts in the scheme of things, anyway, always defying the petty grafts and we decided to stand pat."

Ada, who has been sitting quietly during Minna's recital, summed up the mental working for both sisters tersely:

"What would we have accomplished? How could we

talk cold business to a man who was the most amusing character in town. His very name made us laugh. And there was the danger of his reciting 'An Ode to a Bath-tub'."

Chapter V THE SIDESHOW

"A good side-show often earns the expenses of the entire circus."

JOHN RINGLING

THE GREAT FEARLESSO, who accomplished a loop-the-loop on bicycle after a sixty-foot ride down a narrow incline, was for many years a circus headliner. But he could only be found, excepting for the two minutes it took him to perform his act, in the "kid tent"—the sideshow. "The freaks are an important adjunct to amusement," he would say. "Without the freaks there'd be no show." Laughs and the cook-house (dining tent) were all the counted. He had a jolly life.

Fearlesso has spoken, so therefore, ladies and gentlemen, let us step into "The Everleigh Congress of Freaks"—there is plenty of time before the big show begins. One admission takes you all the way through. The band plays, the little lady dances for you and there's the box office. Let's hurry and get it over with.

The Everleigh sideshow was second to none. It was never out and never over, in the language of the spieler if there had been a spieler. There was, for instance, Clarence Clay, a gentlemanly cracksman, who would dart down to the Cort Theatre in Dearborn near Randolph Streets, blow open a safe, take out the contents and return to the club as though he had slipped away for a chocolate soda.

The girls and the reporters knew what Clay was doing, but the police, apparently, were in another city. Clarence never carried a revolver and he never hurt anybody. He was mild, handsome and a free-spender.

He would tell the police reporters in advance what jobs were in sight; they never betrayed him. They were grate-

ful to get the story without the trouble of covering police stations.

His platform in the Everleigh sideshow was empty one night and not until the main tent was going full blast did he put in an appearance. Breathlessly, like an actor missing a cue, he dashed into the back room.

"They nearly had me," he apologized. "In a getaway I left a set of tools and some soup (nitroglycerine) so they tried to hang the job onto me. I've been in a police station for hours. The cops asked me to identify the junk, insisting it was mine, which it was."

"And how did you escape?" asked one of the girls.

"I told 'em I never had a set as good as that," beamed Clay.

A good time was had by all. No business giant with a mahogany desk, brow-beaten employees and a phony, puritanical prissiness who robbed widows and orphans by day and then raised hell at the Everleigh Clnb by night was half as respected as Clarence Clay. The sisters knew how Clay earned a living. They weren't sure about many of the lacecurtain customers.

The bearded lady of the freaks was not half so exciting as the bearded men in the Everleigh sideshow. Nightly, especially early in the week when business was less brisk, the nymphs would make a pool, each contributing 50 cents. It wasn't the amount but the fun involved.

The winner took all. And the winner was the lassie who had snared the man with the longest beard. A chap with a close shave didn't have a chance until the pool was won. If you question the facial adornment of the period and if you think the walrus mustachios that blended into a Van Dyke weren't fur rugs of side-splitting design just take a glance into a work called "Men of Illinois." copyrighted by Halliday Witherspoon of Chicago in 1902.

Never was a parlor contest more spirited-more laugh

THE SIDESHOW

proviking. Often a siren, popular among the bewhiskered entries, would lose the stakes because, from laughter, she was unable to compete in the stable of bearded beauties. The expression, "he's my jockey," meaning the choice in any sort of competition, is said to have originated at the whiskers' game. Jockey was the sly word the girls used as they escorted a possible winner up the steps to a boudoir, thus calling attention to their selection in case there was a doubt later as to the length of the man's beard. The male players never suspected their important roles in this hilarious pastime.

The girls had rulers in their rooms with which to measure the face-pieces, paving the way to ward the actual lineage with such remarks as: "Daddy has such a lovely beard. Mind if Tootsie measures it? Tootsie loves long beards." After that a chump would shave if the girl asked him.

There was a score-marker chosen, an outside buddie who tabulated the hirsute trappings. Only one chance was allowed each girl. The winner was given a rousing cheer after which the evening progressed along the familiar lines of wine, repartee and music.

False whiskers were introduced at Christmas when some clown usually dragged in a corner Santa Claus with hair below his knees. Poor Santa was immediately taken into one of the parlors, stripped of all his clothes and shorn of his Hepner disguise. It was his lesson for intruding on a sociable frolic. The perpetrator of the hoax was forced to buy champagne for the crowd.

The whiskers' game, you see, was on the level.

Another offshoot attraction was Lucy Page Gaston, a wizened little woman obsessed with the idea that cigarette smoking was the curse of the devil. She represented The Anti-Cigarette League and made regular calls to the houses in the levee. She was treated more respectfully at the Everleigh Club than anywhere else. Everybody in the

establishment felt sorry for her and attempted no embarrassing tricks, such as smoking in her presence.

Lucy difinitely belonged to the sideshow. She had the quaintest "sayings". One night she entered excitedly, her eyes bloodshot, her face flushed.

"There is something you must do," she shouted to Minna. "You alone can stop your girls from going straight to the devil."

"What is it?" inquired the obliging Minna.

"Make them stop smoking cigarettes," blurted the crusader.

Charlie Johnson, a high-grade police reported for The Chicago Examiner (afterward Herald-Examiner) who enhanced his fame by inventing the Black Hand murders in Chicago, a little ruse to give page-one punch to an ordinary Sicilian or Italian killing, was always a welcome Everleigh visitor. Charlie, to establish his greatest achievement for posterity, discovered that "wop" murders were becoming too frequent in the surrounding levee district to arouse a city editor—an Italian father slaying his daughter's lover because they couldn't come to terms seemed to lack the necessary Chicago charm in murder mystery. Innocently, because he had never read much and knew nothing of the Mafia, he planted a straight flush of spades in a victim's lifeless hand. He had his own ideas of building up a paragraph.

"It's a big story," he cried over the telephone to a rewrite man. "Not one of those regulation love killings. The dead man must have been cheating at gambling or something. In his right hand was found a spade flush—king, queen, jack, you know what a straight flush it . . ."

"Maybe it's a Black Hand murder," vouchsafed the rewrite man. He too, knew the makings of front-page copy.

"Ain't that what I'm telling you?" shot back the un-

THE SIDESHOW

tutored police reported. "That's what he had in his hand—a black hand. Boy, that's a story."

"I'll say it is," said the rewrite man, who knew his Mafia. The Black Hand was on page one the next morning.

Charlie Johnson received all the credit. For the next ten years every cheap Italian or Sicilian shooting, on a dull evening, turned into a Black Hand murder mystery. "I used to thing Mafia was some kind of a mixed drink," Charlie would laugh. "Well, a fellow is bound to learn something as he goes along."

There was no keeping a chap like Johnson out of the Everleigh menagerie. He was good for one laugh per visit. The girls were very fond of him, buying him cravats and seeing to it that a silk handkerchief adorned his upper coat pocket. Charlie was a sweet human being, unspoiled by culture—the perfect police reporter.

One Christmas Eve there was a celebration for the reporters, much drinking, phonograph music and a little gift for each of the guests. Charlie drank plenty of wine and was pretty far gone by the time the gifts were distributed. A millionaire host gave each of the boys a hundred-dollar bill. "I cannot take your money," said Charlie. "Put another record on the phonograph and I'll be happy." Those were the days when nothing was as soothing as a the scraping strains from a morning-glory horn.

"Let's have music and wine, but no greenbacks," stammered the reporter. "Money is degrading. What good is it when we have all the girls we want and plenty of records for the old machine?"

Toward morning the wealthy gentleman again asked him to accept the gift. "A token of our old friendship," he implored.

"If you dont' mind," staggered Charlie, throwing the banknote to the floor, "I'd rather have some of those old phonograph records instead."

There was the diamond-studded George Bowl, a waiter in a Wabash Avenue resort. He gave perfume to the girls; he asked no favors. He had discovered, without the aid of charts, that water was a commodity useful at certain times. In the cafe where he worked water was supposed to be free—the only thing that was. But George, wise fellow, tacked on a dime for every guzzle, a grand graft. On a busy night \$10 was added to his other net income.

He would tip the Everleigh staff doubly for water, his favorite drink; he would recite poems having to do with water and the girls he liked the best he called Laughing Water.

"He has water on the brain," said Ada Everleigh.

George Bowl was a bright highlight in the sideshow. He contributed to the laughs and his water trust was a standing joke. When he died from drowning everybody had a good cry.

Ike Bloom had begun a practice of giving two-dollarand-a-half gold-pieces to his cronies—lucky pocket pieces. His folowers grew to such numbers that he switched to silver dollars. However, when Ike gave a coin to a friend he did so from the heart. A superstitious soul, like all denizens of the South Side levee, he felt that money was lucky and, considering everything, he wasn't far wrong.

He had no compunctions about publicity. A stabbing or a fight meant nothing to him. His Frieberg's Hall thrived on its bucket-of-blood notoriety—it was part of his show. And Ike was often a part of the Everleigh sideshow. He was an overlord, a dead-faced head-man of the district, but when he breezed into the "kid tent" everybody laughed.

One afternoon he came storming into the dining room, where most of the insiders congregated. He flaunted a newspaper and he was cursing, raving and tearing at his nearly bald head.

"Now see what they done to me," he exploded. "They've

THE SIDESHOW

changed my name. It says here in the paper that I am Ike Blossom—what's that, a rosey-posey? And why? I'll tell you. Last night a dame from one of Monkey-Face Charlie Gencker's Morgan Street joints drove a hat pin into a gent's stomach. He ain't going to die or nothing, but he has some kind of a pull. Look, here it is in the paper."

He passed around an afternoon newspaper to the gather-

ing. The headlines:

FRIEBERG'S CLAIMS ANOTHER RICH VICTIM

GIRL STABS WEALTHY MAN

Ike Blossom, as Usual, Maintains Silence in Latest Underworld Affray

"Dont' think I didn't bawl out the editor," ranted Bloom.
"I gave him a piece of my mind. And what do you think he told me?"

The courtesans doing their utmost to suppress laughter, nodded negatively. Ike continued:

"He said they didn't want a libel suit. Who would I sue? I never sued anybody yet. My name is Ike Bloom and the next time anybody turns it into Blossom I'll smack a house down—it's defamation of character. Have I got a claim, or haven't I? I wish I knew an honest lawyer."

He tossed out a silver dollar to each of the girls.

"Now you know where you stand with me," he grinned. "Any time you want anything come over to Ike Bloom. In case I ain't sure who you are, flash, the cart-wheel on me."

As he started to go, one curious elf halted him.

"Why did the girl stab the man?" she asked, innocently.
"Because he wouldn't give her a quarter for luck," snapped
the proprietor of Frieberg's Hall. "I'm going back and
give her a silver dollar for luck if she'll try again tonight.

It'll be printed Ike Bloom in the paper or I'll know the reason why."

And out he went.

There were others, but inasmuch as they doubled in the Main Show, they shall be included in the review of The Big Top. First, let us say a word about the street parade, which, in those days, was a necessary feature to every circus.

Several times a week the sisters would call their carriage, drawn by two splendid dappled gray horses, and sally forth into the great open spaces of Chicago. There was a richly garbed coachman. And sitting with the sisters was always one of the beauties out of a choice of thirty. They didn't need a band nor cages of wild animals to attract attention.

'There they go. Aren't they grand?" said the onlookers. "I'm saving up for the day when I can call on them."

When the sisters halted at the bank, where huge sums were deposited to their credit, the stunning siren would remain in the carriage, permitting longing males to gaze and comment upon the excellent taste in beauty that distinguished the Everleigh Club.

That was first-rate ballyhoo, later copied by the cinema to herald rube pictures and stunt stuff. The sisters were symbols of the gilt that can be spread over the show business, even though the reformers shouted, "flaunting their sins," therein failing utterly to appreciate that in the amusement world you cannot do business without a band or its equivalent. "They've bought their freedom," insisted the disturbers. "They're paying somebody."

The Everleighs had nothing to conceal. They laughed at the cries of police protection. They were to their racket what the Artists and Writers Club of New York was to prohibition—a place where decent men wouldn't have to mingle with the rabble. They didn't need protection. And

THE SIDESHOW

who knows? Maybe they loved dappled horses, a carriage and a nice girl seated beside them. A parade, too, was a generous gesture because it gave many a sly peek without the wear and tear of a gala evening.

Now step forward to the reserved seat wagon. The grand concert is over and the musicians are preparing for the grand entree. The girls are in their finest form, perfumed and draped to the king's taste—devastating butter-flies eagerly awaiting their turn to amaze the throng in a series of life-defying twists. The person who named the acrobatic exhibitions, as presented in the Everleigh Club, A Circus, only said the half of it. The whole enterprise was a circus and the delightful part of it was that the spectator didn't have to indulge in peanuts, popcorn or pink lemonade.



Chapter VI

THE BIG TOP

"Patience excels science."—IKE BLOOM

A PATRON of the Everleigh Club wasn't compelled to wander into the gilded regions and yet almost every man who frequented the place has that guilty twinkle when questioned. In short, he begs off. One would think he had narrowly escaped the small-pox. Or that it was a secret order. The pew-holders, even to this day, shroud a greater mystery about the interior of the notorious institution than they did in its hey-day. They seem to think the populace will point fingers of scorn if their identities are revealed.

It is devastating to think of the hullabaloo that is bound to arise should it, by any chance, slip into these pages that "Bet-a-Million" John W. Gates, his son Charlie, a newspaper editor, almost every actor appearing in the Chicago theatres, drama critics at large and in New York, Courtney Burr and a hundred notables out of the Social Registers often sat in the reserved section.

The Everleigh Club was, in the lingo of the Broadway ticket brokers, a "hot ticket." The show was a bonafide hit, running twice as long as "Abie's Irish Rose" and exhibiting to four times the gross. As in the case of "Abie", many came more than once. It also had the same Romeo and Juliet quality that motivated "Abie". It must have been the neighborhood.

"Playing around" was forbidden fruit before prohibition. Now nobody knows what it is, although column-crashing seems to be the ultimate goal of the players. Men over forty everywhere boast of an exploit in the Everleigh Club—but print their names? Heaven forbid! "Don't say

I told you," "keep me out of it," and dozens of unanswered letters were the rewards of constructive research.

The Everleighs were peaceful with the world as this was written, asking no favors and as harmless and unfortified as a child with a flint-sparking toy machine gun. Because they were in Chicago doesn't mean they ever had anything to do with Al Capone, the high-jacking or the massacres. Nobody is in danger because he contributed to this book. There is no arsenal aimed to fire at those who "opened up."

The Great Fearlesso of the circus frequented the club and his wife, a former wire-walker, considers him a leader among men because he was permitted to enter. However, imagine the screams of a certain newspaper editor if his name and the incidents concerning his flight down a fire-escape were made public. In the theatre one chooses the nearest exit in times of stress and thinks nothing of it. If the meanies in the police department felt a little matter like a raid woud appease the reformers, an adventure on a fire-escape ought to be something to hand down to the grandchildren. It would establish the dexterity of grandpa and to what lengths he had to go to make his life memorable. Children ought to be taught that even pleasure has its handicaps.

There was the round-the-world flying pioneer, who owned an automobile that couldn't be started if he wanted to go home, but when somebody suggested the Everleigh Club it found its way to 2131 South Dearborn Street without the labor of steering. I have not seen him recently, but it is a safe wager he would prefer that nothing be said about his well-trained chariot, the car with a heart and soul. Today, if he owned such a marvelous contraption, the columnists would spread the the news, everybody would have a one-day laugh and forget it.

The sorry part, one presumes, is that the Everleigh

THE BIG TOP

(because of its location on the edge of a very depraved section of Chicago) stood for promiscuous unchasity, something that seems to have been prevalent in all civilized countries from the earliest times, and used to be subject in America to a lax form of regulation. In Christian countries attempts have repeatedly been made to suppress prostitution without success. Its ultimate basis lies, we are told, in the two most elementary attributes of living things—the will to live and the instinct of reproduction. The one represents the interest of the individual, the other that of the race.

In practical language, unchasity was the magnet that drew the patronage into the Everleigh Club, but the wining, dining, music and congenial associations did much to keep the audiences from walking out on the performance. Observing the Babylonian theory that some degree of high jinks was compulsory to complete an orgy, the sisters permitted their myrmidons to freely worship the goddess Mylitta.

They knew that the French criminal law took no cognizance of prostitution and that the subject was omitted from the criminal code drawn up by the first Republic, and was never restored, although many attempts were made to introduce legislation, on account of various disorders. Parisian code seemed to suit their modus operandi, which consisted of forbidding, favoring or facilitating the debauch of maidens under twenty-one years of age (if girls were above eighteen at the Everleigh there was no complaint). "If they are big enough they are old enough," said Minna. The sisters would have no dealings with slave-selling parents, guardians or other persons in a tutelary position. As in Paris, the regulation of vice in Chicago was entrusted to the administrative authorities, the prefect of police. The preservation of public tranquility was too much for a police chief. If he couldn't do anything about it, neither could the Everleighs. They ignored the chief, they avoided procuration and they saw to it that the health of their girls was

safeguarded. They made their own criminal code. The Everleigh Club in many respects, as their clientele testified, was tout a fait Parisienne.

Girls came of their own volition and when the quota was filled the equivalent of the No Casting Today sign of the theatrical office was posted in the outer hall. There usually was a waiting list. In jest, Minna and Ada often discussed the feasibility of putting out a road company, but never got around to it.

A general view of the whole subject suggested no hopeful conclusions to the sisters. Prostitution they found, after a wide study, to be inseparable from human society in large communities. In different countries it was, in turn, partonized and prohibited, ignored and recognized, regulated and let alone, flaunted and concealed. They would polish it up and, when they had their fill of making it a business, forget it, which they did.

The theologians have repeatedly and systematically attacked the vice with a scourge in one hand and a balm in the other, but the effect has been trifling and transient. The elementary laws on which prostitution rests are stronger than the artificial dogma imposed by moral teaching, conventional standards or legislations. It survives all treatment. The Everleighs cashed in on the scrim of secrecy, adding a new mise en scene every time the show dragged.

They faced, like other madams, the scandal of blackmail levied by policing systems in the United States, which was a constant source of profound corruption. After years of defiance word went out that all of the South Side dives would have to contribute a certain amount for which they would be granted the privilege of operating "full blast"—the sisters were no exception. Information was to the effect that the police chief "had been fixed." Ike Bloom ordered six of the biggest saloon and resort keepers to send their coin to the City Hall. Sim Tuckerhorn's dive was

THE BIG TOP

closed and so was Jack Johnson's, despite the fact that each had paid \$1,000 a month to a relative of a police official, who, in turn, was to reach the head of the police department for protection.

Whatever was gained by regulating vice in public decency was counter-balanced by attendant evils, and corruption was the worst that the Everleigh Sisters encountered. It was Ike Bloom who brought about the closing of several resorts and it was Ike Bloom who assumed the role of Levee King. Previously, George Little, an election handyman for the First Ward aldermen, was the levee czar. According to Minna Everleigh, Alderman Kenna fought Bloom on his imperialistic aspirations, but before long Little was entrained to Columbus, Ohio, where he stayed. Bloom proved to be a stronger man than Little, no one disputed his authority and Solly Friedman, his manager, bullied the resort-owners.

Vice in Chicago may have had police supervision, but Minna Everleigh named Alderman Hinky Dink Kenna and Bath-house John Coughlin as the heads from whom all orders in the district issued.

With his brother, Solly Friedman conducted a grocery, meat and liquor store at State and Twenty-second Streets, where dive-keepers were commanded to do their shopping. Minna declared that the resorts feared Bloom more than the Twenty-second Street police captain or any police inspector placed in charge of the district. She sidestepped him.

The Everleighs were rebels against the restrictions on general principles, and only because of their tremendous profits and their blue-blooded clientele were they able to defy some of the minor rulings. The command that they do business with Friedman for whisky, groceries and clothing was a mild chuckle, and the edict that insurance had to be issued by Coughlin's company was a loud roar. When a proclamation instructed that all inmates of the Everleigh

Club, either during or after regular hours, should not be seen in any place with the exception of Frieberg's dance hall, they went to a matinee in The Loop and dismissed the order along with more weighty problems.

When the final closing order came from Mayor Harrison, Chief of Police John McWeeny ignored it for twelve hours, which gives a hint as to hidden wire-pulling in the background.

The other great torment in the cause of unchastity was no concern of the sisters—the boy friend. The souteneurs of France, the louis of Germany and the cadets of Chicago were eliminated entirely. These criminals who found their way everywhere then as in 1936 were a dangerous menace that kept clear of the Everleigh Club. The girls at 2131 South Dearborn Street did not find it necessary or convenient to have the cover of a man for baffling purposes, a dodge that continues to keep the cadets plying their racket. Protective services of a sham husband were banned and. if a girl did contribute to the support of one, she did so without boasting about it. For long spells, as a matter of fact, the club thrived without even the services of a bouncer. The huskies in the kitchen, should occasion arise, which it rarely did, could give the bum's rush to an obnoxious guest. The sisters feared the day when they would have to bounce a bouncer so they left the post open.

The Everleigh Club could take good care of itself, its staff and its patrons. Parasites and corruptionists were persona non grata.

The politicians, the professors, the failures, the cranks, the visionary theorists, the unpractical experimentalists, the police and the organized reform societies were all ready to tell the able and alert Everleigh Sisters how to run their elysium. Each had a different solution to an age-old problem (what to do about fallen women) and each had an ax to grind. They concentrated on the Everleigh Club be-

THE BIG TOP

cause it stood out from all other resorts and because it was news. Think of the feather for a half-baked crusader to have been able to shout:

"The Everleigh Sisters have succumbed to our way of thinking. Realizing the error of their ways, they no longer permit their inmates to participate in their former sins. A Sunday school atmosphere now pervades what was once the hell-hole of the city. The world is at last a better place in which to live."

All reformers harped on making "the world a better place in which to live." Lucky for them the world never made such headway, or where would their jobs be?

To get back to the silence among men who helped to make a soft million for the sisters, it is partly explained by the fact that there were no Walter Winchells, Ed Sullivans, John Chapmans, Louis Sobols, Sidney Skolskys, Marcus Griffins, Hollywood commentators, O. O. McIntyres, Lucius Beebes, Mark Hellingers nor any one of a dozen more noted columnists to record the spice of the day. Had any one of the present-day scouts made it fashionable to be seen in the Everleigh the secretaries and the publicists of the gay blades would have been instructed to relay the details of a gala evening; the bands at the club would have clamored for a mention and a new entertainer would have had her picture in the paper. Most likely the photographers would have been called every time a new oil painting was unveiled, and, reading from left to right, the names of the art enthusiasts.

The year 1900 was a long while ago. Silence was the watchword and a trip to a casino was gossip only for the corner saloon.

The Everleighs courted no publicity. But that was because they were thinking in the terms of their patrons. Had there come a string of dull nights, such as there always are in any form of the show business, they, like any night club in New York, would have called in a high-pressure

exploiter—if the era had been thirty-six years later. The Everleighs were patient, give them that. A dull Monday or a light Thursday brought a profitable week-end. Their patience was their success. Their patience and their enemies! The enemies kept the hive buzzing.

Grandpa, to some degree, shall be protected. He was an old-fashioned codger, anyway, and if he thinks it injures his standing to have cried "whoopee," "bring on the girls" or "we won't go home until morning" he shall be masked whenever possible.

The most sober clients had the strangest quirks, proving, perhaps, that alcohol cannot be called the cause for going wrong. After all, immoral orgies flourish even more in the abstemious countries than in the most drunken.

The locked doors for special parties, and there were hundreds who craved proprietorship for an evening, never bolted on a more eccentric rounder than Uncle Ned, who never took a drink. He had special notions about sleigh rides.

Once every winter, usually after the first snowfall, Uncle Ned would drive up to the club, write a check for several thousand dollars and ask that activities be directed in his behalf for the evening. He was assigned the Music Room, where one of the girls would "play him on," establishing to Uncle Ned that he was the central attraction. A baby spotlight was focused upon him. He would order wine for the girls, and, for himself, sarsaparilla in a tall glass, mixing it with a half pint of vanilla ice cream. One report has it that he said "goody, goody" as he downed the concoction.

It was Ned's night and anything went.

Having enjoyed his exhilarating beverage, he was now ready for his peculiar thrill. With the authority of a straw boss, he would order two buckets of chopped ice, demanding that the pieces be not over two inches square.

The ice was promptly deposited in front of the big

THE BIG TOP

chair in which he was seated. Two girls, one for each foot, were requested to remove his shoes and stockings. During the undressing interlude one of the sylphs would gently play "Jingle Bells" ("The One Horse Open Sleigh") on the piano, while the other girls stood at attention, draped around the side of the room like chorus girls taking a bow after a fast-stepping routine.

A maid would approach with jingle bells, which were placed in his left hand, and a male servant brought a miniature hair mattress, placing it conveniently on a tabouret to the right. Uncle Ned then plunged his bare tootsies into the buckets of ice, grasped the bells in his left hand, rattling them gleefully, and putting his right hand into a torn niche in the mattress, would shout: "There's nothing to equal an old-fashioned sleigh irde."

"A nut, but how can you get angry with him?" Phyllis used to say.

After this debauch there was nothing left but to put him to bed, where he could sleep it off.

A private party given by a celebrated minstrel show is another pleasant memory. In fun, an actor told Minna to charge everything to the tight-wad in the gathering. When the bill came through the victim of the prank, tight in more ways than one, nearly collapsed. A hearty laugh, and the host took the bill—about \$1,500, covering everything, which wasn't excessive considering there were at least fifteen merrymakers.

The payer-off asked for a blank check, wrote in the name of a New York mutual bank and bade good-night. He was in a hurry to catch a train. Quite by mistake he had omitted the second u in Mutual; the check bounced. It was made good immediately. But Minna, to point a moral to her tales, remarked:

"It was the first and only I O U that I ever saw without the necessary U."

A hundred Broadway celebrities still talk about that party, citing details as though they were present.

Bad men from out of the West, North, South, or East had a knack for creating itching palms. Braggards, they would flash their dishonest spoils to the voluptuaries, instilling ideas of arson, larceny, murder and lighter crimes into the pretty heads.

"He got it easy, why shoudn't we?" was the sound reasoning. "To hell with him."

Further, there was less chance of a boomerang from a robber's passing than from anybody else. And the added remuneration of a possible reward rated a thought.

The Everleighs' proud boast, however, that only one-fifth of their courtesans were beyond redemption against the customary third out of a hundred in statistical reports held the ladies in check.

"Honesty is its own reward," Minna would tell her flock.
"Never have any black marks on your record. What would your future husband say if he suspected you had mistreated a man? Keep on being good girls, even if it hurts."

The message had its moral effect.

But there was something else that Minna was thinking of. First, she knew that any sort of a crime would damage the standing of her institution and second, that Vic Shaw and other jealous madams were slyly encouraging her nymphs into vicious pathways.

Despite precaution, there cropped in an occasional bad egg. One of these was Daisy, who woudn't tell what was ailing her. She was wild about greenbacks, especially those of large denomination, and she kept her secret well guarded. Minna would have suspected that Daisy's overtures to the bandit type were more harmonious than those to a banker, but a busy madam couldn't watch everything.

A terribly bad man came to the club one night, won

THE BIG TOP

over Daisy and boasted of his satchels full of stolen banknotes.

Teasing the rought customer, Daisy, in the privacy of the boudoir, said she had never seen a thousand-dollar note.

"Send for either one of the two satchels checked downstairs and I'll show you," said the brigand. "They're filled with big bills."

Daisy sent for the satchel thereby making an error. A servant suspected foul-play in the making, called Minna and together they went to Daisy's room. The robber was lying on the bed while the girl was in the act of removing a powder from her dresser as Minna entered.

"What's up?" cried the bandit, upon seeing Minna. "The law ain't tailed me here?" He arose from the bed.

"No, you're safe—now," returned Minna, significantly. "Excuse Daisy for a few minutes, please."

Out in the hallway, where none could hear, Miss Everleigh laid down what used to be called the law.

"No knockout powders in this house, you know that," she said. "And I'll give you ten minutes to get your friend off the premises. We do not cater to his kind. He's nervous and suspicious. He'll go quietly. Tell him anything." Daisy returned to the boudoir.

The servant guarded the satchels and a few minutes later the robber was on his way out, giving a passing glance into each bag.

"Honest injuns," be beamed.

Several days afterward Daisy disappeared. It was suspected tht she had had a rendezvous with her bad man. At any rate, he was found dead in an alley up the street—a blow over the head from a hammer. Few paid any particular attention to the crime.

When the police asked Minna if she could throw any light on the case, she replied:

"I do not know of any hardware dealers among our patrons."

Daisy and her kind were definitely taboo. One false move and they were given their walking papers. Usually this species drifted into the cheapest resorts, going completely to pieces, but always, after a fourth drink of straight whisky, flaying the Everleighs for their strait-laced principles.

"I was too fast for 'em," the Daisys would offer as a plausible reason for expulsion. "They wanted it all and I'm not that kind. How about another snifter of rye?"

To return to the more amusing side of the Big Top. One more episode and then into some of the Page One occurrences.

A bank clerk, son of a wealthy man who was learning the money business, used to sob out his petty worries to Minna Everleigh. One night, after the third bottle of wine, he said he had had an argument with a vice-president and was gathering courage to continue the battle at the banker's home.

"Why go to his home?" said Minna. "You've been leaning against him for half an hour."

Chapter VII THE PRINCE AND THE SLIPPER

"We are policemen—not poachers."—Chief of Police John McWeeny.

EARLY in March, 1902, on the occasion of the launching of a yacht built for him in America, Kaiser William II (Freidrich Wilhelm), king of Prussia and German emperor, sent his brother Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States as his representative. The visit was of international importance because of the kaiser's official attitude and because of his gifts to the American people, one of which was a statue of Frederick the Great. Upon arriving in New York Prince Henry was reported as having asked for the Everleigh Club as one of the "sights" he desired to see.

Whether the prince had an inkling as to the nature of the place isn't known, but the fact remains that he lost little time in getting out to Chicago. There was something said to the effect that he wanted to visit a German Village, Milwaukee, which is near Chicago and which made a western jaunt most plausible. He laid a wreath on Lincoln's monument in Lincoln Park in Chicago and he attended a ball in his honor during his two-day ramble in and out of The Loop. The newspapers carried pages.

Quietly, there was a celebration in his behalf given at the Everleigh Club, an orgy that brought about the greatest symbol of unrestrained gayety this country ever knew—drinking wine from a lady's slipper. What part the prince took in the proceedings and whether he was actually there the sisters refused to say. The party, however, included the most brilliant assemblage of the year and exceeded in ceremony any Dionysiac orgy in modern history.

The courtesans were clad in fawn-skins, or a mighty

good imitation of them, their hair was dishevelled and they worked themselves up to a state of mad excitement, swinging the tryrsus and clanging the cymbal. Maenads or Bacchae in their palmiest days never put more ecstatic enthusiasm into their wild dances. Minna Everleigh, a fool about mythological revelry, had given carte blanche to go the limit. She figured on using torches, but in the rehearsal she found that they "smoked up the room" so she dimmed the lights instead. Nobody upbraided her for this missing rite in the worship of the deities, Dionysus and Bacchus.

There was a cloth bull, which was torn to pieces by the women as Dionysus-Zagreus had been torn, and the bellowing of the animal, to make the scene authentic, was supplied by one of the male onlookers. The celebrants ripped the poor critter with their teeth, tossing the fragments of cloth all over the room. As eating raw flesh was part of the original ritual and as muslin wasn't exactly digestible, servitors entered with large silver platters of uncooked sirloins into which the thirty frenzied nymphs clamped their jaws.

The lights went up; champagne for everybody. The climax to the orgy was yet to come.

The revelers then prepared for the feast. While Minna and Ada were showing the strangers the various attractions of the club, the girls vanished long enough to make a quick change into evening wraps. Some, it was whispered, took an anxious male to a boudoir, just by way of making it clear that there were other features in the establishment besides the ornate parlors. Further, it was nice to have somebody around to hook up the back of a gown.

The dinner took on the appearance of a royal banquet. There were toasts to the kaiser and to the prince. Chicago, credited with being the sixth largest German city in point of population, was compared to Berlin and the Everleigh Sisters became frauleins. Minna as a name smacked of

THE PRINCY AND THE SLIPPER

the Rhine; Ada, who never cared for beer, gulped down a tall shell of Pilsener.

"Hooray for Bismarck," said a local Hans. "Let's build another monument in his honor."

There were three rousing cheers, but it was years afterward before Bismarck became the name of a leading hotel in Chicago. True, the old Bismarck at Wells (Fifth Avenue) and Randolph Street was a landmark in those days, but nothing compared to the stately structure it is today.

The table was cleared for a dancing surprise, something that Minna felt would lend a modern touch to the entertainment. One of her sirens, obsessed with terpsichore to a degree that made her almost useless for her stipulated rovings, was lifted to the table, the stringed orchestra struck up a two-four time and the girl went into a schottische. During the dance her slipper flew off, hit a glass of wine at a far end of the room and spilled some of the champagne into the pretty shoe.

"Boot liquor," said the gentleman within whose reach the shoe had fallen. "The darling mustn't get her feet wet." With no further comment he drank the wine from the slipper, tossing the bootie to the girl as though nothing of history-making proportions had happened.

"On with the dance," somebody called.

"Nix," intercepted a guest. "Off with a slipper."

He lifted his partner's leg onto his lap and removed her silver shoe. "Why should Adolph have all the fun?" he added. 'This is everybody's party."

As though by magic the entire group arose, each man holding a slipper into which the waiters poured champagne.

"To the prince."

"To the kaiser."

'To beautiful women the world over."

A custom soon to gain momentum across the land was dedicated. Wine was sipped from a slipper for the first time in America.

It was the only interlude ever to be broadcast from that celebrated revel. In New York millionaires were soon doing it publicly, at home-parties husbands were doing it, in back rooms, grocery clerks were doing it—in fact, everybody was doing it. What? Drinking wine from slippers! It made a more lasting impression on a girl than carrying her picture in a watch. No wonder it became so popular.

Now, nearly thirty-five years later, there arises a controversy over which prince rates the credit for the colorful facet first reflected from Everleigh mirrors. Jack Lait, familiar with the episode, states it was Prince Henry of Battenberg for whom the orgy was given, while other informants declare it was a tribute to Prince Henry of Prussia.

A Prince Henry of Battenberg died on January 20th, 1896, and from several sources came word that a prince bearing the same title visited New York City and Canada early in the 1900s, but there was no official record of his sojourn in Chicago. As for the Everleighs, they say it was a party for a Prince Henry and they let it go at that. Of course, nobody admits attending the event.

Lait, a good reporter, claims the visiting prince was a brother of the kaiser, so it is a certainty that the party was given for a Prince Henry regardless of lapsing memories. Wine, however, actually was drunk from a slipper, the Everleigh Club rates the credit and it was in honor of a prince. Too many people know about it to cause any doubt.

The official program in Chicago for Prince Henry of Prussia on Monday, March 3, 1902, follows:

6:30 a.m. Arrived at Union Station.

7:00 p.m. Banquet at Auditorium Hotel.

9:00 p.m. Choral festival at First Regiment Armory.

10:30 p.m. Grand Ball at the Auditorium.

THE PRINCE AND THE SLIPPER

For Tuesday, March 4th

2:00 a.m. Left ball for apartments in hotel.

8:00 a.m. Breakfast in apartment.

11:00 a.m. Governor Van Sant of Minnesota presented an engraved address on behalf of the people of Minnesota.

11:30 a.m. A visit to Lincoln Park.

Noon Luncheon at Germania Club.

1:00 p.m. Reception at Germania Club.

1:20 p.m. Party left for Union Station.

2:00 p.m. Departure for Milwaukee.

Midnight Party passed through Chicago, returning East.

There was a Mister Dooley verse in which the prince was said to be "imminse"; Henry was hailed as a good fellow.

He did not dance at the ball, nor did he attend the buffet supper prepared for him. Some newspapers stated that he retired to his apartments at 12:20 after an hour in the ballroom, while others reported that he remained until 2 in the morning.

If he didn't go to the Everleigh Club it is a sure bet that he was sorry he didn't. There were vacancies in his schedule and in those days nobody thought about sleep with a real prince to entertain in a wide-open town.



Chapter VIII

MURDER IN THE RUE DEARBORN

"I've been a bad girl all my life,
I've drank my share of booze,
But you've got to give me credit, boys,
I never wore white shoes."

-Pearl's epitaph.

WILD WEST in the drawing room. Shots rang out in the afternoon, champagne bottles smote craniums, a millionaire died of heart failure and a skeleton was found under an alley. A thousand redlight imps bit their lips. But they held their tongues.

The Everleigh Club was present at numerous parties regardless of no invitation. There was no way to stop the innuendos.

Marshall Field, Jr. (II) was innocently dragged into the mire, Nat Moore died from a weak heart, State's Attorney Wayman took his own life and the skeleton in the alley might have belonged to one of a dozen prominent men.

Bertha of the \$100,000 diamonds was found dead in New Orleans with her jeweled hands severed at the wrists and Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes in a New York divorce action was accused by her husband of having been a former inmate of a resort—the Everleigh of Chicago.

Big Jim Colosimo was murdered eight years after the closing of the elysium—another excuse to resuscitate the Everleigh. Let anybody, even today, twenty-five years after the luxurious sinnery bolted its front door for the last time, find the remnant of a corpse anywhere in South Dearborn Street, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second, and somebody is sure to cry "Everleigh victim."

The most celebrated, well-ordered disorderly house in America was class and class will tell, turning a small item ordinarily relegated to page fifteen into first-rate, first-page stuff good for a column. You could hardly blame the editors when they had a leg to stand on. Often, however, good Everleigh stories had to be ditched because of unreliable tipsters.

One of these stories was the death of Nathaniel Ford Moore, the son of a Rock Island Railroad magnate. The Field myth was and still is dangerous territory; no two versions match and those who claim to know deny everything when asked for an affidavit. The whole truth, and I've been following the trail for almost thirty-one years, is that young Field was accidently killed at home, that it wasn't a suicide and that the whispered reports of a night among the flesh-pots were definitely designed against the Everleigh Sisters to discredit them and to drive them out of the levee. Mr. Field was the victim of the most dastardly plot in Chicago's history.

As for Nat Moore some of the facts are right out in the open. He was found dead in Vic Shaw's resort. Here, too, the Everleighs entered into the picture, but in a most daring piece of villainy. It was planned to place Mr. Moore's body in the Everleigh furnace—the final curtain for the sisters had it worked.

First, to clarify the Field case for all time. At five-thirty on Wednesday afternoon, November 22nd, 1905, Marshall Field, Jr., was found shot while alone with the servants in his Prairie Avenue residence. It was a big story. The staffs of the Chicago newspapers were dispatched to the Cottage Grove Avenue Police Station, to the Mercy Hospital, where the wounded man was attended, and to the Field home.

Frank Carson of The Chicago Inter-Ocean (he was on The New York Daily News in 1936) and Tom Bourke of The City Press Association, a local Associated Press ser-

vice (he was active in amusement and race-track circles in Chicago in 1936) received a hot tip through the underworld grapevine that the millionaire had spent Tuesday night at the Everleigh Club, departing from there at nine o'clock in the morning.

Carson and Bourke kept on the Everleigh angle for two days without sleep, using lighted matches and straws to keep their eyes open. They learned nothing that was safe to print. In fact, no major newspaper has ever printed an Everleigh connection with the case and it is only mentioned in these pages to forever spike the false rumors.

The sisters, Minna and Ada Everleigh, cordial but close-mouthed, denied any knowledge of the tragedy. To a prying world they were skilled in being hazy about the shindigs of their clients. They would open a bottle of wine, but they wouldn't talk. Carson and Bourke were grateful for the champagne.

There was evidence of a mystery about the shooting, brought about solely because of the conflicting tales that reached the journals. The location of the wound on the lower left side, the two-way stammerings of the employees, the hushed tone at the hospital and the ugly rumors of a night among the resorts confused sound reporting. The prominence of the family was no help, either.

The Fields erred in hushing the only puzzling point: where, for instance, was the millionaire prior to the shooting?

While the story was still hot the proletariat insiders such as the nurses, police and servants assumed an attitude of knowing something, which further served to brew a mystery.

One police reporter clung to the theory that Mr. Field had been pierced by a paper knife—a tip from a nurse. He still says, "A religious girl wouldn't tell a lie." But who did the piercing? And why? There was no answer. There never was and never will be.

The Everleighs, as always, were in the middle. All blind alleys in a levee mystery led to their door. If the young man had been on a lark the night before where, was the question, would a man of his standing go unless it was to the Everleigh? That was the 1905 reasoning of idle gossips. Scandal was at its all-time peak.

Every bartender of the underworld, whenever a wine customer needed coaxing, told an eye-witness confession which included the Everleighs, but which, in truth, was nothing near the truth. In 1905 the rich were getting richer the poor were getting poorer and how the mob enjoyed a millionaire off watch.

Through the years the Everleigh Sisters kept silent. It was nobody's business. Aristocrats, the Everleighs had no contact with the rabble; they were as conspicuous as any name in the social register.

The madams were openly accused of either knowing about, participating in, or instigating the tragedy. It was quite unpleasant for them. In desperation they consulted their landlord, Christopher C. Crabb, and he suggested they put a private detective named Hunter on the scent.

The Hunter report:

"Marshall Field, Jr., was shot in his home. It was an accident."

It took a good sleuth three months to make this enlightening revelation. You see how far he got—and he had nothing else to do.

To refresh the minds of those who only remember the details vaguely it doesn't seem out of order to look back into the newspaper files. The press was honest, fearless and not afraid of losing any department store advertising as was the cry.

Every effort was made to verify the various rumors. John Kelley, of *The Chicago Tribune*, after forty years of news chasing, mostly police, was never able to verify a

printable report. On November 7, 1932, writing his reminiscences in The Erie Daily Times, he remarked:

"A report was circulated that the young man was shot in the Everleigh Club, a notorious resort in the old red-light district, and that the newspapers suppressed the story because his father was one of the biggest advertisers in the city. There was no foundation for such a malicious story, but it spread to all parts of the city, and even to distant states. If such a thing had occurred in the Everleigh bagnio all the millions which the young man's father possessed could not have kept the 'boarders' from blabbing."

The reporters were unable to mount the barricades; always a blind alley. Plainly, as one looks back, it is apparent the first press reports were accurately covered.

On Thursday, November 23rd, 1905, The New York Herald printed the first account on page one. More than likely every important journal in the country did likewise. The Chicago Daily Tribune presented the story on the same day in three columns with pictures of the family. The Tribune heading and the lead paragraphs follow:

MARSHALL FIELD, JR., SHOOTS HIMSELF

Accidently Discharges Automatic Revolver,
Bullet Entering Abdomen and
Perforating Liver

CHANCES OF LIFE ARE SLIM

Accident Happens in Dressing Room in Prairie
Avenue House While Pondering Over
a Hunting Trip

Marshall Field, Jr., was shot through the abdomen at 5:30 p.m. yesterday by the accidental discharge of an automatic revolver which he had been testing in his dressing

room at his residence, 1919 Prairie Avenue.

The bullet entered the left side just below the ribs, by some wonderful chance missed the stomach and intestines, plowed through the edge of the liver, perforated the spleen, and stopped within a hair's breadth of the spine.

With the utmost haste the wounded man was hurried to the operating table at Mercy Hospital, where, within an hour after the accident. Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, assisted by three other surgeons, did all that his skill could suggest to save the life of the only son of Chicago's merchant prince.

The most encouraging statement of the surgeon after the operation had been performed was that Mr. Field had a chance of recovery. A perforation of the liver is one of the most serious of all gun-shot wounds and makes Mr. Field's condition decidedly critical.

In an adjoining room Mrs. Field was keeping an allnight vigil, as was Dr. G. W. Post.

On Friday, November 24th, The Chicago Daily Tribune headline revealed: "Death Hangs Over Field's Bedside." His father arrived in the city and was forced "to undergo brutal ordeal of cameras." On Saturday the wounded man was reported as gaining and on Sunday there was "a ray of hope." A bulletin on Monday stated that Mr. Field's condition was unchanged and that his pulse and temperature were nearly normal. At 4:55 that afternoon he died.

The burial was at Graceland Cemetery on Wednesday, November 29th. The ceremony was brief and simple and there were no honorary pall-bearers. Both the wholesale and retail branches of Marshall Field & Company in Chicago and all branches of the firm all over the world were closed for the day. The Field Museum, of which Mr. Field was the second vice-president, was also closed.

Coroner Hoffman decided that no autopsy would be necessary.

Mr. Field was 37 years old and was born in Chicago at the old Field homestead at 1905 Prairie Avenue. The New York Herald stated that he was a graduate of Harvard University; that he was married in 1891 to Miss Alberdine Huck, daughter of Thomas Huck, and that his widow and three children—Marshall Field, 3rd, eleven years old; Henry, nine, and Gwendolyn, two—survived him.

The Everleigh Sisters declared thirty-one years after the tragedy that the young master never paid them a visit. Having refused to reward a jehu for bringing them a customer and cognizant of the petty jealousies of the neighboring madams they were able to trace the source of the rumors. They were the Angels of The Line, and, as angels, hated and persecuted. Their luxurious parlors were copied and dupes were robbed and beaten in those spurious "dens of vice." Plainly a frame-up.

As a result there were cries of mistreatment at the hands of the Everleighs, who were unorganized in the most thoroughly organized levee district in the country. Only because of their smart clientele were they able to weather the protests and, even so, it is amazing that they were able to stand pat as long as they did—for eleven years. The villains of the levee never stopped spreading the false accusations.

If anything important happened to anybody important that would be the end of the Angels—but something tangible had to happen, an oversight on the part of the plotters. When crime lurked in the district the sinister cafes rejoiced. Another opportunity to blame the lily-pure sisters. But early schemers left too much to chance. Tying victims to railroad tracks was outmoded in 1905 even though Chicago charlatans didn't know it. The "ride" treatment for unwelcome intruders was yet to be heard from. And, strangely enough, it was invented by the pupils of the crude workers

who plotted against the Everleighs. Even a villain isn't to be "foiled" forever. Al Browns, who won fame and misfortune as Al Capone, sprouted among the thwarted weeds. He profited by the mistakes of his elders and he might still be a leader among men if he had filed his income schedules.

The mystery thriller, still needing a good third act, enlisted the arch-knave, one Pony Moore, a colored hanger-on. Pony had spunk and Pony had ideas. His job was to get Nellie, one of the beauties of the Everleigh Club, to confess tht she had seen Minna do the shooting. A pool from the sworn enemies was quietly subscribed. Only a lynching could top this master devilment.

On a bright afternoon about a month after the tragedy the telephone in the Everleigh Club rang for Nellie. She had been receiving strange calls that had upset her; Minna was suspicious, so Minna listened-in. Connections to the phones, of course, stretched forth into the private rooms.

"Come right over," said a voice to Nellie. "Bring along Phyllis and the \$20,000 is yours."

Pony Moore was speeding his dirty work. Nervously, Nellie and Phyllis asked to be excused for an hour. Minna, burning up, but assuming a pleasant smile, granted the time out.

Hardly had the girls left the club when she called the Twenty-second Street police Station, requesting a police sergeant who shall be known as Bryant. The Everleighs, wise souls, occasionally gave a thousand dollars to be divided among the boys instead of paying the "higher-ups." This encouraged direct service. One doesn't normally tip the proprietor. Sound reasoning, they argued.

Bryant met Minna at the Twenty-second Street corner and together they went to Pony Moore's in Wabash Avenue, near Twenty-first Street. The detective banged down the door to the office before a warning could be issued.

Nellie and Phyllis were seated in the laps of negroes. A celebration was about to begin.

"What do you want, you murderer?" cried Pony, properly intoxicated and waving a finger at Miss Everleigh.

"We didn't do anything, Miss Minna," whined Nellie, rushing to her employer. "Honestly, we didn't do anything. Pony said he wold give us \$20,000 if we said you did it. I owe you some money and I thought this would be the easiest way to get it. I'm sorry, Miss Minna. I'm sorry. Take us home, please take us home."

Pony leaped through a window and Bryant fired one shot at him.

"Let him go," begged the madam.

Bryant accepted the command, adding: "Why bother. He'll get his. Come on, let's get out of here."

This put an end to further annoyance on that score. Later Nellie vanished completely. Pony was reported killed.

Nathaniel Ford Moore was a guest at the Everleigh Club on the evening of Saturday, January 8th, 1910. He seemed to be plentifully supplied with cash and he ordered champagne freely. Minna suspected that he was likely prey for some of the more vicious of her voluptuaries and stopped him from drinking.

A denizen of the underworld, who supplied morphine to the addicts, had asked at the door for one of the girls—a danger signal. Morphine dropped into champaigne slowed up the heart, too often slowing it up forever. Minna, psychic as well as alert, suspected the drug was delivered for a "rolling" (robbery)—a safe substance in the event of an autopsy. A coroner's jury seldom deliberated over heart failures. If Mr. Moore was to be a victim, she would halt the plot well in advance.

There were hot words between Minna and a courtesan named Katie.

"So damned suspicious," stormed Katie. "You and your holy manners. Who the hell are you to tell any of us what is right and what is wrong?"

"I want no stains on this house," replied the madam.

"As though it hasn't got plenty already," raved the wild girl. "To hell with you and your lily-white bunk. If a girl cannot sleep you think she wants the stuff to snooze off a stiff shirt. I should lay awake nights because of you."

Fiery words. Minna had heard them before.

Morphine was a common opiate and among the inmates of resorts, serving to induce sleep as well as forgetfulness. But, in a bagnio that catered to wine buyers, it was as dangerous as dynamite. Wine guzzlers, too, had been known to suffer from sleepless nights.

However, Mr. Moore left the Everleigh Club about 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, January 9th. The fille de joie who had quarrelled with Minna Everleigh had slipped out of the house about a half hour before. The young man—he was twenty-six years old—was requested to go home. He was put into a cab.

As for Katie, it developed that she found employment with Madam Vic Shaw immediately after leaving the Everleigh menage. She should have turned to pocket-picking, so deft was she at removing watches and wallets. But she was beautiful and she enjoyed the flimsy raiment of the parlor.

At 3 o'clock that Sunday, less than fifteen hours after she had been dishonorably discharged, Katie, hysterical with rage, telephoned the Everleigh Club. To Minna she bellowed:

"They're framing you. They've got a dead body at Shaw's and they're going to plant it in your furnace. It's Nat Moore. Yes, he's the one. They've got it all fixed. You must stop 'em. It's a dirty trick and I won't let 'em do that to you."

She disconnected.

Katie, the tyrant, was loyal. It was one of those inexplicable traits that the majority of misguided Katies have.

A trusted lientenant of the club dashed up the street to Madam Shaw's, where a more excited levee group had not gathered in years. The "brains" of the Everleigh haters were there en masse.

"What's going on her?" demanded the Everleigh envoy.

None of your g—— d——ned business," shrieked Vic
Shaw.

"Nix on that. What's up? Who's the victim—murder, eh? I can see it written all over you."

Several of the girls screamed. Madam Shaw knew there was no way to conceal her secret. Katie had saved the day—for the sisters. There was nothing left to do but to call the police.

On the morning of Monday, January 10th, 1910, Chicago awoke to read of a millionaire's strange death in the levee. But Chicago knew nothing of the undertow, of Katie, of the villainy. Pearl Dorset hogged the space. She, too, had been a former Everleigh inmate, but she talked of epitaphs and funerals and the sisters were forced to get rid of her. The heading and a portion of the account as printed in The Chicago Examiner on that Monday morning follows:

NATHANIEL MOORE, SON OF RAILROAD CHIEF, FOUND DEAD IN LEVEE RESORT

BODY IS SECRETLY HURRIED TO YOUNG MAN'S HOME IN PRIVATE AMBULANCE

CALL WEAK HEART CAUSE

Woman Finds Corpse in Bed; Mystery Will Be Investigated at Inquest

Nathaniel F. Moore, son of James Hobart Moore, the millionaire Rock Island Railroad magnate, was found dead yesterday afternoon in a resort at 2104 Dearborn Street, owned by Vic Shaw.

Heart disease is supposed to have caused the death of young Moore, who was one of the best known men in Chicago. Some mystery attaches to the demise. An inquest to determine the cause of the death will be held at 10 o'clock this morning.

So far as the police have been able to learn, Mr. Moore, unaccompanied, entered the resort about 1:30 o'clock Sunday morning. He was last seen alive by one of the women inmates. His body was found about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Young Mr. Moore apparently was known in the resort. Every effort was made to keep the news of his sudden death from being made public. A private ambulance was called even before the Coroner had been notified and the body of the young millionaire was taken to his residence at 1104 Lake Shore Drive. The police report on the death of Mr. Moore is brief. It follows:

"Nat Moore, twenty-six, married, capitalist, 1104 Lake Shore Drive, died suddenly, 2104 Dearborn Street, Sunday morning. Removed in private ambulance to his home."

Immediately upon the death of Mr. Moore being reported to the police, Lieut. Kelleher of the Twenty-second Street police station began an investigation.

One thing that will cause the police carefully to investigate the circumstances surrounding the death of Mr. Moore is the fact that only \$2.50 was found on the body. Mr. Moore was known to his friends as a man who always carried large sums of money.

Pearl Dorset, an inmate of the Vic Shaw resort, was the

last person, so far as the police have been able to learn, to have seen Moore alive. She could throw no light on the death last night when questioned by the police.

"I found the man dead,' 'she said. "That's all I know about it."

There are ugly rumors affoat in the south side levee district about the death of Moore. One which the police are investigating very thoroughly runs to this effect:

Vic Shaw, the keeper of the resort in which young Moore died, knew him well. Two weeks ago, according to a report circulated, Moore gave her a check for \$1,500. Saturday night she heard young Moore was in the district. She sent a chauffeur, who is best known under the cognomen of "Big Fitz" out to look for him. Moore was not in the district but was finally found at the College Inn.

There was mention in the newspapers about young Moore's \$20,000 dinner to chorus girls in New York and of his lavish entertainments in the underworld of Chicago. Also, there were hints that he had been drugged. The sisters, luckily for them, were out of it.

The widow was the former Miss Helen Fargo, daughter of William Congdell Fargo, to whom Moore had been married in 1905.

It is quite possible that, after leaving the Everleigh Club, the millionaire had gone downtown, where, according to Vic Shaw, he was found at the College Inn. The Chicago Examiner on January 11, 1910, told of paid agents who were on the search for Mr. Moore for more than a day. The woman's agent was said to have brought the wealthy man to her resort. The fact that only \$2.50 was found on the body and the mystery enveloping the circumstances before the death was responsible, and rightly so, for the suspicion of foul play. According to Vic Shaw, Moore was dragged into her place,

"apparently under the influence of more than a spree." A sly thrust at the sisters.

The Chicago Examiner's second-day account:

FIND NAT MOORE DIED OF HEART DISEASE AND NOT DRUGS

Physicians Hold Post-Mortem Examination Over Victim of Levee Debauch

FATHER NOT TO SEE BODY

Railway Magnate Wires from California He
Will Not Attend Funeral

James Hobart Moore, man of millions and a member of one of the most powerful groups of financiers in the country, will not see the body of his only son, "Nat" Moore, who was found dead in the Dearborn Street resort of Vic Shaw on Sunday afternoon, laid in the grave. From his palatial winter home in Santa Barbara, Cal., the elder Mr. Moore telegraphed the widow of the young man, whose excesses were responsible for an untimely death, that he would not be able to come East at the present time.

The mystery surrounding the death of Nat Moore was cleared up yesterday. He died from heart disease. A coroner's jury rendered a formal verdict to this effect in the afternoon. The young man who was heir to all of his father's vast wealth, interests in the Rock Island System, in the Naional Biscuit Company and other great corporations, died as the result of a prolonged debauch.

The body lies in a darkened room in the luxuriously furnished apartments of the Moores at 1100 Lake Shore Drive.

It is clad in a long robe of purple in response to a request made by the young widow. Mrs. Moore, scarcely more than a girl in years, is prostrated and refuses to be comforted.

All the facts were not brought out at yesterday's inquest. It was told how paid agents of the keeper of the resort, Vic Shaw, had searched for young Moore for more than a day. The woman had heard that "Nat" was on one of his "sprees", and was spending large sums of money. She wanted some of that money for herself. Young Moore was practically carried into her resort early Sunday morning. The woman's agent had brought the man of money to her.

Pearl Lilian Moore, otherwise known as Pearl Dorset, told her story:

"I first met Moore about six months ago," she said. "Sunday morning, was the second time I had ever seen him. He came in about 1:30 o'clock and bought champagne for me and the other girls. Later he went to a room on the second floor. About two o'clock in the afternoon I awoke. I went out for coffee. I asked Moore if he did not want some. He did not answer. I tried to arouse him. I put my hand on his face. It was cold. Then I knew that he was dead. I called Vic Shaw and some one went for a doctor."

"Moore had no drugs in my place," Vic Shaw testified. "All he had was wine. He had no money, but he could get anything he wanted without money. He always paid me what he owed. Several times he paid his bills with checks of the First National Bank of New York. Once his check was for \$1,500. There have been others of large amounts."

The incident was closed and would be forgotten and probably deleted from this report if it wasn't for the fact that through the years there have been rumblings that Moore received mistreatment in the Everleigh Club. The truth is: He was such a fre spender that the other madams vied for his patronage. Whenever word went out on the levee that Mr.

Moore was in the Everleigh, Vic Shaw moved all the lines at her command to bait the millionaire on her hooks. Pearl Dorset disappeared and some say she is dead.

The Everleigh Club accepted any accusation without a whimper. It was bound to be blamed, sooner or later, for almost anything.

In The Chicago Herald-Examiner of September 21st, 1923, twelve years after its closing, was a headline:

EVERLEIGH CLUB PLOT CHARGED BY MRS. STOKES

WIFE OF MILLIONAIRE SAYS HE TRIED TO SHOW SHE WAS FAMOUS RESORT INMATE

Could it have been possible that W. E. D. Stokes of New York had intimated that his wife, in divorce proceedings, was familiar with the Everleigh Club, which was always sure of an editor's attention?

The Chicago American of December 12th, 1923, printed the following headline:

FIND PART OF SKELETON AT ADDRESS OF OLD EVERLEIGH CLUB

The story went on to say that part of a human skeleton was found in an alley at the rear of what was once the notorious Everleigh Club at 2129 South Dearborn Street (actually one door north of the Everleigh). The discovery was made by F. P. Cronican, 6428 Ingleside Avenue, city alley inspector.

The bones of the feet and hands and a part of a leg composed the find. The police were notified as they always were—too late. Another unsolved mystery. It was a standing joke among levee police reporters that all murder stories

should start with the phrase, "Mystery surrounds another death attributed to the Everleigh Sisters."

Poison needles and death tunnels! Verbiage of reformers, but vibrant, nevertheless. When the crusaders tacked on the Everleigh Club, the crimes in the Rue Dearborn flashed across the continent.

There were so many murders placed at the door of the sisters that Ada was aroused to remark:

"We are a funeral parlor instead of a resort."

Four houses in the district had duplicated some of the Everleigh parlors for what was known as the "needle" trade. The needle meant only one thing: mistreatment by means of mixing morphine and beer, or morphine and champagne. The deadly concoction put people to sleep but left no traces of malicious intent—an improvement on the old-fashioned hypodermic injection of the nineties although still carrying the original nomenclature. It was easier for denizens of the underworld to devise new knockout drops than to think up appropriate labels. They had their own language and they understood each other; they were not advertising a commodity. In fact, they wanted no advertising. Outlaw cabbies would take a tipsy or a total stranger to the traps.

Celebrities arriving from New York would often ask for the Everleigh Club before seeking the object of their mission and in many circles the sisters were credited with causing the fast train service between Gotham and Chicago.

All this had a tendency to attract imposters seeking some of the silk-hat business, but much of this connivery was obstructed by the very fact that a visitor to the city was ushered to the club by somebody familiar with the genuine article.

"Rich millionaires" from all over the world knew and respected the sisters. They cheerfully paid the fifty-dollar fee to sequester a lonely sybarite; they gave \$1,500 to

\$2,000 dinner parties and they came back for more. The Everleigh Club had no duplicate, even in Paris. One had his choice of the art gallery, the library, the dining room or any of the dozen parlors. In case he felt himself slipping he could always find a book.

There were always thirty of the most lovely courtesans in all creation from whom a guest could take his choice. Perfume, flowers, soft strains from stringed orchestras! Wealthy dodoes forgot home and mother. And they would always have to be pretty far gone to mistake any resort posing as the Everleigh.

The club was distinguished, its clientele aristocratic and its proprietors cultured patrons of the arts. Blue-grass madams with blue-blooded gentlemen friends.

The money rolled in and the crimes piled up. Yet, with all the hysteria, few arrests were made. Strange city, Chicago, between the years 1900 and 1912. And, stranger still, is the fact that the talented Everleigh Sisters came through it all in flying colors. As they say in the circus, they never lost so much as a spangle. It cost them plenty, they earned plenty and they had plenty of run.

They complained, naturally, to Chief of Police John Mc-Weeney about the false accusations, about the imitation resorts and about the "vile destructionists" all around them. Couldn't he do something about it?

"Listen," said the head of Chicago's gendarmes, "the sooner you get it into your pretty heads that it takes a little killing and a little stealing to make a levee you'll do less worrying."

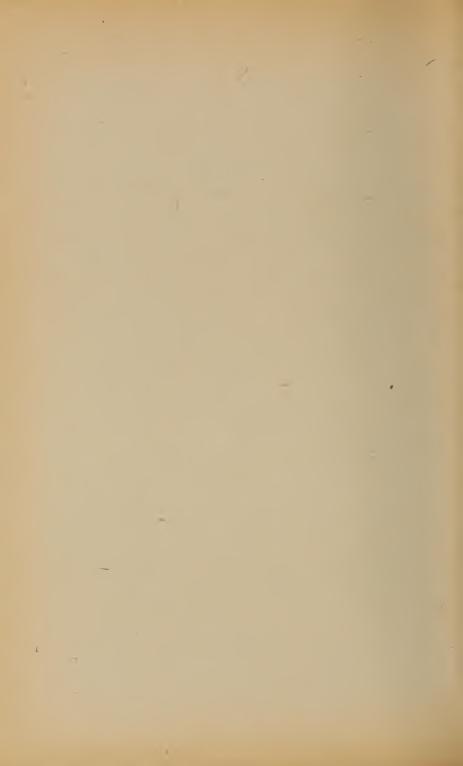
"You mean that many a man with rubbers on gets his feet wet?" interposed Ada.

"Well, that's the general idea," said the policeman.

The sisters looked out of their windows. Their bitterest rivals operated the resorts to the right and to the left of them.

These were Big Ed and Louis Weiss. Aimee Leslie, Big Ed's sweetheart, was in charge of 2129 South Dearborn Street to the right and the brothers in person conducted the dive at 2135 to the left. They had steered clients away from the Everleigh and they never stopped thinking up ways and means to embarrass the Angels.

"They have us in the middle," laughed Minna. "But they've yet to get us in a corner."



Chapter IX

GROWING PAINS

"It is the courtesan who incarnates this fascination of the city."—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

MINNA and Ada Everleigh were convinced that their boarders represented the charm of the big city because they had sacrificed their so-called honor in the effort to identify themselves with it. The girls unbridled their feminine instinct, they were the mistresses of the feminine arts of adornment, they could speak to the stranger concerning the mysteries of womanhood and the luxuries of abandonment with an immediate freedom and knowledge the innocent country lass cloistered with only an occasional traveling man would be incapable of.

The sirens appealed to metropolitan advancement because they were expert in the art of feminine exploitation, leaders in feminine appeal, and not because they were able to gratify the baser natures in them. There are psychological reasons, too, why they belonged to the city. Their uncertain social position made all that is established and conventional hateful, while their temperament made perpetual novelty delightful. The big city needs surprises, novelties. The Everleigh girls were cosmopolitan conquerors, maintaining the nervous pulse yet concealing it. They gave to city men the relaxation that made the builders able to go forward to bigger and greater achievement. They exuded freedom of speech, the spirit of the city. While they appealed to the country youth as the embodiment of many of the refinements and perversities of civilization, on the many more complex and civilized men they exerted an attraction of almost the reverse kind. They appealed by their fresh and natural courseness, their frank familiarity

with the crudest facts of life; and so lifted them for the evening out of the withering atmosphere of artificial thought and unreal sentiment in which so many alleged civilized persons are compelled to spend the greater part of their lives. "The girls may have been vulgar," declared Minna, "but they weren't hypocrites." "They knew what kind of lives they were leading," she said. "The visiting firemen never got our slant."

As the "forces for good" were gathering in numbers, the sisters were quick on the trigger in defending their institution and what it stood for—Progress in the Big City.

"A girl in our establishment is not a commodity with a market-price, like a pound of butter or a leg of lamb," insisted Minna. "She is much more on the same level with people belonging to professional classes, who accept fees for services rendered; she charges in accordance with the client's means. She doesn't 'sell herself' as these egg-heads keep shouting. Such statements are unfair and unjust. As for the moral and the aesthetic standpoint—who knows! They write books about it, but get nowhere.

"The plain, commercial, fish-face reformer, from the time of Charlemagne onwards, has over and over again brought his hooks into the evils of our generous catering to nerve-wracked males and he has always made matters worse. It is only by wisely working around the issue that we can hope to lessen its sorrier side. A saner and truer conception of womanhood and of the responsibilities of women is the only way I know of that we can expect to take the sting out of 'slipping'."

Minna was always the one to avoid the uglier words.

"Don't forget," she would say, "entertaining most men at dinner or in any one of our parlors is more tiring than what the girls lose their social standing over."

She told of a well-publicized muck-raker, who, to better judge conditions, decided to gather first-hand experience. Known to the girls, but giving a phony pseudonym, which

GROWING PAINS

fooled nobody, he quietly asked for attention one night. "How much for a little party?" he inquired. "Special price of \$25 to you," said his consort. He offered a \$50 bill and was told he would get his change. Weakening, after climbing the staircase to the boudoir, he asked the girl if it would be all right if he just sat and talked. "In that case," said the siren, "you don't get any change."

There was the circus press agent with the fancy passes on which were pictures of animals and quite ornate. "Supposing I give you these passes to the show instead of money?" he argued. Finally, after an hour, a deal was made to accept the ducats. Later he gave his partner \$10. "You are beautiful," he said. "I'm sorry I tried to bargain with you."

What about the early days, long before the Everleighs enlivened a drab profession? There may be some who would like to know into what kind of a town two aristocrats had plunged themselves. If it bores, just skip a chapter or two. But the records, must, in any event, be complete.

Historically, sinful night life in Chicago followed the evolutionary course that any great industry might have followed. It began in a scattered, individual way with women practicing the oldest of professions and keeping the rewards for themselves. It flourished because it grew with the city.

Free handed men, coming into the new center with carloads of cattle and hogs, shiploads of grain and lumber, collected the rewards of their labor and demanded wild flings at elementary pleasures. Drink and women were their desires.

Demand created supply—concentrated. Saloons began to gather women for the convenience of the traffic in lust. Through the 1860s and '70s and '80s the city's underworld passed through an intermediary stage. Rows of saloons grew up on certain streets, each with its vice resort upstairs or around the corner.

It was a system so subversive of good order, so inconvenient to the police, that segregation was suggested. So, in 1903, the recognized resorts were concentrated into four districts.

One was on the west side, one on the near north side, one in South Chicago, and the fourth on the south side. The last one was the real levee, the most populous and the wealthiest, and the Everleigh Club was the house the visitor talked about.

The police asserted that there were only 1,012 women in the city known as scarlet women. A citizens' group estimated the number at 5,000!

Any lively night the scene along the levee's streets would have had its resemblance to a tawdry orgy. Noise blared from the pianos. The red lights gleamed. Men, young and middle-aged, reeled from saloon to bawdyhouse. Girls led their customers from the dance halls to the ever ready hotels. The situation called for stern action by decent men and women.

It was characteristic of Chicago, and perhape of all America, that the movement to eradicate the red-light district was started and carried through by private citizens. The political powers sat on the sidelines and said it was no use trying—if they were corrupt—or were openly hostile.

After 1905 clergymen constantly preached a crusade against tolerated vice. A veteran police captain, now retired, said the Everleigh Sisters bore the brunt of abuse. "Ironical that the best should spoil the apples," he sighed.

On October 18th, 1909, the English evangelist, Gipsy Smith, made a dramatic sally against the South Side levee. He led a parade. His cohorts assembled at the old 7th Regiment armory, and the number was variously estimated from 2,000 to 12,000.

GROWING PAINS

"A man who visits the red-light district at night has no right to associate with decent people in the daylight," shouted the evangelist. "No! Not even if he sits on the throne of a millionaire!"

His words fired his audience. Then, singing, the thousands moved off toward Twenty-second Street. A Salvation Army band blared at the head of the column. The theme song of the march was "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" Many of those in line were so young they knew of commercialized vice only by hearsay twice removed. But about them must have been real fervor. The levee received this army—in silence. No piano played. No women left the houses. Every window was shuttered, every door closed. Not a red light gleamed. To Evangelist Smith's young crusaders it must have seemed that vice was a deadly dull trade.

Still, they had come for a purpose and they carried it out. They knelt in the street in front of the Everleigh Club, and they prayed. They sang more hymns. And then they went away.

Along with Gipsy Smith's earnest marchers had come another throng. If he had 6,000 at an estimate, the scoffers and idlers who went along just to see his show numbered five, six, perhaps eight times as many. Prayers and laughter, hymns and mockery, psalms and sneers were mingled in that sordid haven of harlotry. Religion in the red light sector was funny.

It did seem so at the time. After the marchers departed, the levee was a different place—its real self. Doors swung open, lights gleamed, music resounded. In the Everleigh Club a toast was drunk to the evangelist.

The night turned itself into the busiest one, by all odds, that the district had ever known. Old-timers commented on the number of very youthful men who seemed to be making their first contact with vice on the grand scale.

"I am sorry to see so many nice young men coming down here for the first time," commented Minna.

Perhaps she was ironic. But Gipsy Smith had a clearer vision—or at least made a better guess—about the results.

"My experiment," he averred, "was worth while. Great good has been done."

Many observers were inclined to look upon the marchers as an assemblage of cranks attacking a fortified stronghold with feather dusters. The observers were wrong. The march was a manifestation of an awakening civic conscience. The sisters had only two more years to reap their harvest. The red-light district, as such, was to be crushed forever, three years later by State's Attorney John E. W. Wayman.

On the night of Gipsy Smith's bold foray, the police raided a few resorts on the West Side, carting their inmates in patrol wagons to jail. That was the old and futile, tongue-in-thecheek manner of handling vice.

Mayor Fred A. Busse on March 5th, 1910, appointed thirty persons to act on what was designated a vice commission. Dean Sumner was made temporary chairman. Exactly four months later the city council passed an ordinance, giving the commission official status and appropriating \$5,000 for its expenses during the year 1910. Five thousand for a year of snooping? Farcial! Dearborn Street in one block played to more than that in a single evening.

Dean Sumner became permanent chairman, United States District Attorney Edwin W. Sime was made secretary, and George J. Kneeland was chosen executive in charge of investigations. The commission opened offices on July 15th and went to work.

Detectives went into nearly every resort in the city, into practically every flat used for immoral practices. They laid bare the evil of segregated vice in all its ugly aspects. They showed how the saloon had "painted women" for

GROWING PAINS

its handmaiden, how girls were lured into lives of shame and exploited by vicious employers.

When the commission, on April 5th, 1911, presented its report to Mayor Busse, it required a book of 399 pages to hold the information. That book was so stinging in detail, despite its coldly scientific tone, that the United States government barred it from the mails.

Although the report decreed the fate of the levee and the three smaller red-light districts, the resort keepers laughed it off. They were rather proud when they read that the proceeds of their traffic were so great that the profits ran to \$15,699,499 a year.

Rentals of property and profits to keepers and inmates ran to \$8,476,689, said the report. Sales of liquor in disorderly saloons reached a total of \$4,307,000, and in houses and flats to \$2,915,760.

Kneeland and his assistant investigators even estimated the value of a young woman engaged in the business of prostitution. She could earn, they said, at least \$1,300 annually and if capitalized at 20 times her earnings, her worth as a chattel was \$26,000. On the same basis of figuring, an honest working girl would be worth only \$6,000.

The more Machiavellian madams showed the girls that bit of statistical work to prove how well off they were. The Everleighs dismissed it by saying, "You cannot compare a star to a chorus girl."

In the Club a young millionaire gave a gala party. He "bought out the house" for a group of friends. The evening cost him \$1,400 and he gave Ada Everleigh his I. O. U. for the amount.

A few days later the millionaire sent an agent to the house with \$1,400 in currency. This agent was a stranger to the sisters. When he proposed to redeem the I. O. U. they politely informed him there was no I. O. U. and that the millionaire had never been in the club. The millionaire had to redeem his own informal note.

The sisters never failed to protest the indiscretions of their clients.

About this time Ada granted an interview in which she told how she recruited the young women who decorated her household.

"I talk with each applicant myself," she asserted. "She must have worked somewhere else before coming here. We do not like amateurs. Inexperienced girls and young widows are too prone to accept offers of marriage and leave. We always have a waiting list.

"To get in a girl must have a pretty face and figure, must be in perfect health, must look well in evening clothes. If she is addicted to drugs, or to drink, we do not want her. There is no problem in keeping the club filled."

They were amused at the report of the vice commission:

"The [X523], at [X524], [X524a] Dearborn Street. This is probably the most famous and luxurious house of its kind in the country. The list received from the general superintendent of police August 16th, 1910, did not give the address of this house, nor of 11 other similar places on the street."

Those code numbers meant the Everleigh Club at 2131-33 South Dearborn Street. They appeared so well protected the Chief of Police did not care to mention them.

Commercialized vice became a Chicago torment in the 1850's. In at least one instance it was dealt with vigorously. On April 20th, 1857, a deputy sheriff accompanied by thirty policemen, descended upon a district known as The Sands, where vicious men mixed gin and women. The showing of force was overwhelming and the inhabitants, who had the reputation of being belligerent, were awed. They offered no resistance.

"A large number of persons, mostly strangers in the city, have been enticed into the dens there and robbed,"

GROWING PAINS

asserted *The Chicago Tribune*,* to whom we are grateful for the greater part of this early history, "and this is but little doubt that a number of murders have been committed by the desperate characters who have made these dens their homes. The most beastly sensuality and the darkest crimes have had their homes in The Sands, so famous in Chicago police annals."

The police detail summarily ordered the occupants of five of the houses—which were shacks of rough boards—into the sandy streets. The houses were demolished.

By late afternoon a crowd had gathered. Available accounts show that this mob had a merry time. It procured buckets of water and poured them on the unfortunate women inmates who were forced out. The sense of humor in early Chicago was not delicate.

Buildings were burned by the "settlers", who declared, in spite, that the police did it. It was the end of the district.

The Sands was north of the river on the lake front where sand from Lake Michigan gave the squatters an ideal camping ground. There were no legal rights in the matter.

In 1857 William B. Ogden, the wealthiest citizen of the rapidly growing city, purchased the rights of some claimants to the land and ordered trespassers off. The squatters defied him. He persisted in his plans and purchased the rights of such as would sell reasonably. For those who declined offers he figured out the more drastic action.

Long John Wentworth was mayor. He agreed with Mr. Ogden that The Sands constituted a challenge to good order, and he furnished the policemen for the sensational raid. The deputy sheriff carried a court order for the demolition. He was accompanied to the scene of his task by Mr. Ogden's real estate agent.

^{*} The Chicago Sunday Tribune ran a series for several Sundays on the Everleigh Sisters, starting Sunday, January 19, 1936

In those days, and for decades afterwards, dealing with after-dark sins a civic problem followed a pattern of expediency. Since vice could not be abolished, reasoned the city fathers, it was best to hide it where it couldn't be flaunted.

If wickedness kept to the background the police could be the judges of its rights and of its morals. This loose rule prevailed until the red-light had its final shutdown in 1912.

It was not to be expected that the looting, the mobbing, and the burning of The Sands would reform the women or drive to work the men they supported. They simply moved to other places, other houses. Chicago still had to contend with them.

The Sands was one vice section. There were others. One was in the heart of the city, The Loop.

Along Wells Street was a row of resorts that became so notorious the legitimate business men, to get rid of the implications, had the name changed to 5th Avenue. Later, when the houses ceased to exist, the name Wells Street, was restored.

In Civil War times Conley's Patch at Adams and Franklin Streets was the haunt of Negro nymphs bossed by a burly black woman called the "Bengal Tigress," who seemed to enjoy raiding parties. They gave her a chance to show her animal strength. She would bite and scratch the raiders.

At 219 Monroe Street was Lou Harper's house, the most lavishly furnished then of the city's vice dens, and as such the forerunner of the Everleigh Club. Men of wealth went to this place for their indiscretions.

Roger Plant's terrible "Under the Willows" at Wells and Monroe Streets, doubled its saloon with a bagnio. On the window shades in gold letters was the suggestive message, "Why Not?" It was a famous advertising slogan.

GROWING PAINS

The streets of the downtown section at the end of the Civil War were the hunting grounds of women solicitors. The Chicago Tribune estimated there were 2,000 of these "chippies" constantly plying their trade in the business district—among them many "war widows."

Their living arrangements were as interesting as they were peculiar. Numerous four-story office buildings had been built by the city's leaders, but they had no elevators, and business men were averse to climbing three flights of stairs for business. The idle top floors were rented to the women of the streets. Paraphrasing a clothier's slogan, it was a case of walk up and spend \$10.

Carrie Watson, whom you shall hear about later, had as her "man" one Al Smith, a saloonkeeper, and he furnished the money with which she built a house that eclipsed Lou Harper's. It was burned in the great fire of 1871, but Madam Watson built another and grander one at 441 South Clark Street.

Carrie bridged a historical gap from the Civil War up to the turn of the century. During the World's Fair of 1893 her establishment achieved great notoriety. It was ten years later when she was forced to move by edict of Mayor Carter H. Harrison.

"I moved against her," he wrote in his book, "Stormy Years," which was recently published, "from a wish to protect the passengers in the Clark Street cars, compelled to use this transportation to get downtown from Englewood and the stockyards."

It required forty years for the public and the city's administrations to reach the point where Carrie Watson could be told to move from the immediate vicinity of the loop.

Her Clark Street house had five parlors and a billiard room. There is even a legend that there was a bowling alley in the basement. Certainly great quantities of wine

were sold in this resort at high prices, and this, with her other activities, built up a large fortune for Carrie.

In her more mature years she had a "man" whose name was Christopher Columbus Crabb, whom former Mayor Harrison described as "an imposing looking rooster." This Crabb, an alert business man where his own interests were involved, died in 1935 at the age of 85.

When Carrie Watson died Crabb became the consort of Lizzie Allen, she who built the Everleigh Club at a cost of \$125,000 long before it was leased to the Everleighs. It was Crabb, as proprietor, who aided in the final battles waged by the sisters.

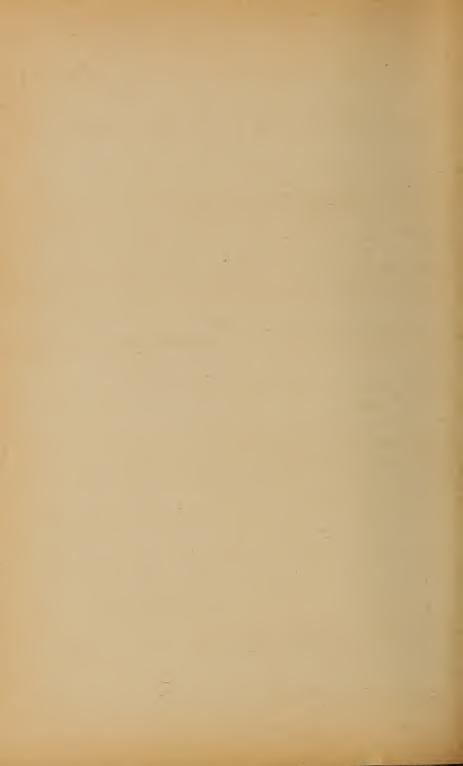
Lizzie Allen died in 1896, and it was discovered that she had left her estate of \$300,000 to Crabb.

Chicago, from 1857 to 1894, had little time for the solution of sinister evils. There was the fire of 1871, the population was rapidly increasing and the police were too busy with the strange influx of foreign-born settlers to give undivided attention to sin and shame. Serious-minded men ond women made an effort to check the rowdy element without making any particular headway. Opium dens and gambling houses, too, were up and at 'em. Vice was operating high and wide in scattered sections, which wasn't so good either because no central force could keep its eyes everywhere. The shabbier dens were on the West Side, where there were The Black Hole, Hell's Half Acre and Coon Hollow—nice places. On the North Side was a Bowery that thrived until well after 1900. The street solicitors were the curse of the outlying districts away from the South Side.

White slavery became an issue when statements from investigations were to the effect that agents met the trains for country girls. Actually, the bordellos gave such fireside comforts to the wayward lassies that they were unwilling to leave when found. During the thirty-six years from the raids at The Sands to The World's Fair in 1893

GROWING PAINS

the scarlet profession grew and thrived with only slight interference. The Fair brought heavy spenders to town, a boon to the underworld. And the overworked sirens took to absinthe. "It was a monotonous routine," said one of the old-time inmates. "What else could we do?" Morphine came in later years. Faster action. Chicago never was a slow town.



Chapter X

THOSE NINETIES IN CHICAGO

"On with the dance, let joy be unrefined."
—CARRIE WATSON, star madam of the World's Fair.

INASMUCH as Carrie Watson, whose resort was the showplace of the 1890's in Chicago, was sweetly southern and never bitter toward the Everleighs for picking up where she left off, and because of the colorful period during which she sat upon the first levee throne, it shouldn't be out of order to devote a single chapter to Chicago's night life for a few years prior to the opening of the Everleigh Club. To Jawn Kelley (Bert Leston Taylor's sobriquet for him). whose identity has been previously established, the writer is greatly indebted for the accuracy of details.*

Carrie Watson's was located in South Clark Street, a few doors south of Polk, and was noted for its grandeur of furnishings and its lovely girls. William T. Stead, a London editor, visited Chicago during a winter of tremendous suffering and hardship in 1893, following the closing of the World's Columbian Exposition (World's Fair). Among those to receive his special attention was Madam Watson. Carrie was coy and Carrie was cultured. She could write articles for the papers, she was garrulous and she never was lost for an explanation as to why girls went wrong, citing the familiar dodges of drunken fathers and the longing for "nice things." The reformers appreciated Carrie; so did Mr. Stead. The London reporter gave her a puff in his "If Christ Came to Chicago."

(Mr. Stead was one of the 1,517 persons who lost their lives by the sinking of the steamship Titanic on its maiden

^{*} John Kelley was a celebrated police reporter, now retired on a pension by *The Chicago Tribune*. He lives in Erie, Pa.

voyage on April 15th, 1912. There is a copy of his "If Christ Came to Chicago" at the New York Public Library).

There were two outstanding social functions in the '90s. One was the testimonial benefit to Lame Johnny and the other was the First Ward Democratic Bal-Masque.

Lame Johnny, who had only one leg and walked with a crutch, thumped the piano in Carrie Watson's resort, a levee temple that was known from coast to coast for its luxuxious appointments. All of the levee dives had red glass in the transoms over the front entrance; hence the name "red light district."

A parrot in its cage hung from the side of the portal of the house and was taught to speak the name of its mistress—Carrie Watson. The bird repeated the name over and over again to the fond delight of the slumming parties. Lame Johnny's favorite song was "The Palms" and his singing it a dozen times a night always brought a generous response when one of the boarders passed the hat.

Hundreds of men and women of the underworld attended Lame Johnny's yearly benefit. Resort keepers vied with each other in the purchase of champagne and the popping of corks, which began at midnight, continued until along after daybreak. Johnny stood at the door and greeted the guests as they arrived. When the party was well under way he would sing "The Palms" with more than his customary gusto. At the last one of these celebrations a policeman was shot and killed by another policeman. (Louis Arado, a detective out of the Armory Station, was the one killed.) That put an end to Lame Johnny's annual benefits.

About this time the ball of the First Ward Democratic Club, otherwise known as the Kenna-Coughlin organization, was inaugurated and for a dozen years was an annual event. (The last First Ward Ball was held in the Coliseum in

1908.) No other city ever witnessed such a stupendous terpischorean turn-out. From 15,000 to 20,000 persons attended these revels. Many of the guests came from a distance—New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco being represented. Boxes around the entire arena were occupied by some of the city's leading business and professional men. Enough champagne to sink a battleship was consumed by the occupants of the boxes and great quantities of beer and booze were dispensed by more than two hundred waiters, who were kept on the jump from ten o'clock at night until the festival broke up at dawn.

The levee of unsavory memories was between Van Buren and Twelfth Streets and from State Street to Pacific Avenue. Within the boundaries of this small district there were more than two hundred dives, ranging from low brothels to extravagantly furnished palaces. Saloons were run in connection with many of the places.

The block in Clark Street, between Harrison and Polk, was notorious for its "panel houses" no less than twenty-seven of these going full swing during the World's Fair (1892-93). To the uninitiated, a panel house was a robber's rendezvous. Women and sometimes men garbed in female attire lured the victims inside for their confederates to frisk. A secret panel in a door or on the side of the room through which a hand was thrust was what gave the dive its name. Inmates saw to it that coats and often trousers were placed conveniently near the panels.

Near Polk Street, in the east side of Clark, was the saloon of Hank North. Above the saloon was the St. Lawrence Hotel, of which North also was the proprietor. It was in Hank North's saloon that Mr. Stead gathered much of the material for his book. Here it was that the London journalist made the acquaintances of Edmund Browne, a levee character better known as "The King of the Bums."

Several of the chapters were written in a stuffy little room of the hotel over the saloon, which was occupied by Browne.

After his return to England, Mr. Stead occasionally wrote to North. The last letter he received was framed and stood on the sideboard of the bar. In concluding, Mr. Stead said:

"I shall send you next week a copy of my new annual on 'The Americanization of the World,' which I hope you will receive safely and accept as a reminiscence of my gratitude to you in the old days when I used to spend so many hours in your saloon with our old friend, 'Father Jones' (Browne), who is with us no more. I have always said and I stick to it that I learned more of the inside track of American city politics in your saloon than anywhere else in the world."

"Stead was a man we are sorry not to have known," said Minna Everleigh. "He was just a little before our time. So broad-minded."

There was a wide diversity of attractions on the levee. Other than the resorts there were drug stores, blacksmith shops, oyster bays, barrel house saloons, free-and-easies, livery stables, gambling joints, dance halls, Chinese laundries, pawn shops, flop houses, basement barber shops, tin-type galleries, second-hand stores, undertaking establishments, hot tamale stands, voodoo doctors, "fooey" lawyers (shysters), penny arcades, fake auctions, shooting galleries and newsstands selling obscene books.

The Pacific Garden Mission was at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Van Buren Street, where Billy Sunday accepted religion, quitting baseball to become a notorious free-and-easy.

A block west of the mission, in Clark Street, was the Workingman's Exchange, a saloon in which "babies" (16-ounce glasses of beer) could be had for a nickel and where \$65 a day was spent for free lunch by Michael Kenna, the proprietor. There was 400 loaves of bread cut up daily,

which gives an idea of the drains on the provisions. And cut by hand, too. The reformers said that the bar was properly named because workingmen exchanged their good money for foul drinks there. During the lean months following the World's Fair the Exchange was a godsend to many a poor duffer. Nobody was ever turned down for a meal. "Pitch in," was every bartender's greeting to a stranger who hesitated over the free lunch. And legend has it that Hinky Dink Kenna discharged a bartender because he asked that the mahogany be decorated with a nickel before a customer tackled the fodder.

Cocaine addicts would congregate in the drug stores and used the "gun" (hypodermic needle) openly. Often a half dozen "coke" fiends would meet in a levee drug store, "shooting" the drug into their arms and thinking nothing of the gaping audience. These pharmacies also sold a mixture called "luck" to negro purchasers. Packages of the stuff came in three sizes, 25c, 35c and \$1. The superstitious women took the powder to their rooms, where they burned it in a pan, believing it would bring good-luck.

Chinatown, with its gambling and opium dens, was the most respectable, or rather, the least disreputable, part of the original Chicago bad-lands. Every basement in Clark Street between Van Buren and Harrison, was a hop-joint, and the stench of opium in its cooking process assailed the nostrils of the passerby. Tong wars in Chicago were unheard of in those days. The Hep Sings and the On Leongs played fan-tan and lived together in peace and harmony.

Sam Moy was the "mayor" of Chinatown and his word was law. He spent \$15 a day for whiskey over the bar. His favorite haunts were Kenna's, Rafferty's, Lomax's, Lawler's, and Kavanaugh's. The day Sam Moy was buried thousands of curious persons flocked to the levee. His white widow rode alone in a carriage behind the hearse, on the driver's seat of which sat a Mongolian flinging

bits of paper to the wind. It is the Chinese belief that the devil follows a corpse to the cemetery, and that he must gather up every little bit of paper strewn along the way—in so doing, perhaps, he is liable to lose track of the deceased, especially on a windy day.

After the South Side levee of the Everleigh regime was closed, Chicago's Chinatown moved (in 1912) to the former resort area, abandoning its former haunts entirely. It is today a home-loving and business settlement.

It was in Chicago's downtown levee that Pat Crowe began his career of crime. He robbed "Swede Annie," an inmate of one of the houses, of jewelry valued at several thousand dollars. Crowe soon afterward became notorious as a train bandit and as the abductor of Edward Cudahy, for whose return \$25,000 was paid. He finished on the Bowery in New York.

At Harrison Street and Pacifice Avenue was the Armory Police Station, more famous than the Bow Street Station of London, or the Mulberry Street Station of New York. More than five hundred men and women were frequently brought into that coop in a single evening. Today office buildings and mammoth printing establishments occupy the sites where vice once held sway, and nothing remains to tell the wayfarer of the vileness that polluted the air.

The South Side segregated district had been, of course, running quietly as early as 1893, but the more depraved element kept to the southern skirts of The Loop, as the central portion of the city is known. There were dives west of Halsted Street in Morgan Street on the West Side; and, on the North Side, from the Chicago River to Chicago Avenue, to the west, and east of North Clark Street were nondescript sinneries. These dives on the North and West portions of The Loop were lowly, cheap resorts with none of the glamour that was attached to South Clark Street and later to Twenty-second Street.

The South Side levee actually took on momentum with the arrival of the Everleigh Sisters in 1900. They gave new life to what was becoming a lost cause. The South Side levee began on the north at Archer Avenue, a diagonal thoroughfare, and extended south to Twenty-second Street, about four blocks. The western boundary was South Clark Street and the eastern deadline was Wabash, a matter of three blocks. Frieberg's dance hall was in Twenty-second Street just below State Street. In it were 119 houses with This district, the most a total of 686 women inmates. celebrated of all Chicago's vice sections, was approximately two miles as the crow flies from the heart of The Loop, State and Madison Streets, the latter diving the north and south sides.

The levee in the 90s, as in the 1900, had its sorrows and its pleasures, its smiles and its tears. One of the saddest incidents was the suicide of a fifteen-year-old boy. He was a waif of the street and the only name by which he was known was "Red Top" on account of his hair. Where he came from nobody knew and cared less. He eked out a miserable existence by running errands for the inmates of the Clark Street bagnios.

Saving his nickels and dimes until he had \$3, he spent it for toys, which he gave to the children in the neighborhood. The next day he hanged himself in a woodshed. The police found a note in his pocket:

"They ain't no fun living this way and I'd sooner be dead. I never had no father or no mother or no home. I don't owe nobody nothing and I don't want nobody to cry after me. So good-bye."

The note was written on a piece of wrapping paper and signed "R. T."

The suicide of "Red Top" caused profound sorrow among the women for whom he ran errands and they decided to give him a "swell funeral." Carrie Watson's generous offer

to defray all expenses raised a storm of protests. As "Red Top" was known and liked by all of the landladies in Clark Street, they thought all should be given an opportunity of helping to pay the funeral bill. It was agreed that no one be allowed to chip in more than \$5 toward the fund.

The body lay in a white plush casket, and loving hands smoothed the carroty hair. There was a protusion of flowers, and women's tears fell upon the bier.

The superintendent of the Pacific Garden Mission came to the chapel and held a short service of prayer, after which he sang, "In the Sweet By and By." It had been years since many of the women mourners had heard the beautiful old hymn, and, as the thoughts of happier days came rushing back upon them, their suppressed sobs could be plainly heard.

Hank North, who in his younger days played the cornet with a circus, obliged with "Nearer My God, to Thee" in true virtuoso style. Della Mason, a Negress entertainer at Vinie Fields' establishment, sang "Gwine to Get a Home Bimeby," because it was deemed appropriate for the occasion. By the request of all present Lame Johnny sang "The Palms."

Miss Eva Lowry and Miss Mollie Monroe, resort keepers in Fourth Avenue, arrived at the chapel while the services were in progress. Speaking for herself and her companion, Miss Lowry apologized for what she termed "butting in," but she felt (as did also Miss Monroe, who bowed with becoming dignity) that the decedent belonged to all, and that Clark Street ladies should not monopolize the "sorrowful occasion."

When she sat down she whispered to Miss Monroe: "I guess that'll hold 'em for awhile."

One of the boarders at Madam Ellison's house sang "Au Revoir" to a banjo accompaniment played by a Negro character known as "Banjo." Before the lid was fastened

down upon the casket the motley crowd took a last lingering look upon the face of the dead. Several hackloads of mourners followed the white hearse out to Oakwoods Cemetery, where poor little "Red Top" was laid to rest.

Lawyers, whose practice was confined to police courts, were mostly shysters. But a shyster, knowing the ropes, could often win a case for his client, whereas, if a client was represented by a highbrow attorney he would be found guilty.

One morning a highbrow mouthpiece was at the Armory court to represent a girl who was charged with clouting a man over the head with a croquet mallet. The case was about to be called and several witnesses, who were to prove an alibi for the levee lady, had not shown up. The highbrow attorney was running here and there looking for his witnesses when a shyster asked him what was the matter.

"My witnesses are not here," he said, "and my case is the next on the call."

"Don't get excited, brother," said the obliging shyster.

"I've got a half dozen witnesses here in a street car accident case. Take mine."

An opium joint in a Clark Street basement was raided one night and a score of Chinamen were carted off to the Armory station nearby. It was not positively known who was the keeper. Before the case was called the next morning one of the reporters suggested to the captain of police that those arrested be sworn according to the Chinese custom.

A policeman was sent to South Water Street for a live chicken. Upon his return the captain explained to the judge, before whom the case was called, that the only way to drag the truth from a Chinaman was to make him dip his fingers in the blood of a freshly killed chicken.

The judge demurred at what he termed a "heathen travesty," but the reporters, looking for a colorful story, induced him to let Sam Moy, who was delegated executioner of the chicken, proceed with the Oriental custom of administering an oath.

One of the "pipe hitters," whom the police suspected of being the keeper of the den, was the first to be called to the witness box. Holding the chicken by its legs, Sam Moy, assisted by a policeman cut off its head. The oath was administered and the judge said to the interpreter:

"Ask him if he is the keeper of the resort."

The witness sat pigeon-toed in his chair with his hands buried in the sleeves of his jacket. Ranged in front of him, around the judge's bench, were half a hundred of his countrymen, gazing in slant-eyed awe.

The witness began to chatter, and as he progressed he swayed back and forth. His Celestial listeners were expressionless. To the other spectators it seemed as if he were saying something like this:

"Bow wo fung. Kwang he fat toy. Wah poor san toy. Ing goo hip lung. Tom kee moy ging. Mong soo yet lee"
—and more.

After spilling enough words to fill a book, the witness ceased abruptly. Although the scene was one to provoke laughter, no one grasped the humor of it. Addressing the interviewer, the judge asked: "What did he say?"

"He say no," was Sam Moy's reply, at which the court-room burst into an uproar.

Now you know the origin of this standard bit of radio repartee.

Sam Moy, as interpreter of the Armory station, used the phrase, "putting in the fix," should there be those to doubt that certain expressions used herein were not of the 1890 period. He was, in short, the fixer as well as the

interpreter and the 'Mayor of Chinatown." His smile as described by Bret Harte in one of his poems, was "child-like and bland." Those were the days before John Chinaman cut off his queue or adopted "Melican" dress. His garb consisted of a loose fitting brocaded blouse, baggy trousers and sandals. His "pig tail" hung down his back. He had a habit of getting into trouble and he earned a lucrative living in the levee district.

Another expression that gained momentum during the speakeasy days in America was "shakedown," a synonym for graft. However, in Chicago in 1890 there was a levee character known as "Bad Jimmy" Connerton, whose principal weakness was saloon brawls. He had risen up from the three-shell game (you know, guess which shell the pea is under) and went into the newspaper business. His paper was called The West Side Siftings, and was written for the West Side underworld, but carried enough South Side gossip to boost a Loop circulation. The sheet was nicknamed, The West Side Shakedown, shakedown being a common noun in the 90s, although it was abbreviated to "the shake" in prohibition years. The gambling-house keepers claimed Jimmy was "shaking" to suppress items.

I mention this because in a previous chapter I had quoted Ike Bloom for using the expression "pancy," denoting effeminate manners in a man. I changed the word to "rosey-posey" to satisfy the doubters, but as far back as 1903 I heard Bloom say pansy for a pansy and we all seemed to understand what he meant. Yes, he said rosey-posey, too, to indicate queer people.

There should be a word about newspapermen who arose from the mire of early Chicago to lasting time. Among these were Brand Whitlock, war-time Minister to Belgium; Willis J. Abbott, Samuel Travers Clover and James Keeley, vice-president of the Pullman Company. These four died

within two weeks in 1934. Whitlock was the first to go, dying in France on May 24th; Abbot died in Boston, Clover in Los Angeles, and Keeley in Chicago.

Brand Whitlock went to work on the old Chicago Herald in 1890 as a cub reporter for Charley Chapin, afterward the autocratic city editor of The New York Evening World, the Simon Legree of Park Row who earned a salary of \$25,000 a year and who went to Sing Sing for the murder of his wife. (Chapin died in prison at the age of 72). Whitlock covered general assignments, including the Clark Street levee. "The Kid from Tillyido," the Loop characters called him—he had come, as you know, from Toledo. Upon visits to Chicago in later years he never failed to visit the scribes at the South Clark Street Police Station.

Abbot was former managing editor of *The Chicago Times*, afterward an editorial writer for Hearst in New York and Chicago and from 1921 until he died he was an editorial writer on *The Christian Science Monitor*. Sam Clover, born in England, began newspaper work by making a trip around the world in 1880 when he was 21 years old. In the 90s he conducted a column called "The Omnibus" for *The Chicago Herald* and for the twelve years prior to his death he was editor of *The Los Angeles Saturday Night*.

Keeley (known to hundreds of newspapermen as "J. K.", the initials affixed to all his notes) was a former London newsboy who, after ambling about America, started in Chicago as a North Side police reporter. Keeley secretly cherished the idea that some day he would be the "main squeeze." His first desk job was reading copy. Three years later (1892) he was appointed night city editor. Going up! In 1898 he was made managing editor, and from 1910 until 1914 he was the general manager of The Chicago Tribune. He left The Tribune in 1914 to merge the Inter-Ocean with the Record-Herald, two morning newspapers, calling the com-

bined papers The Herald. The World War heavy costs of operation caused The Herald to suspend publication, merging with Hearst's Chicago Examiner. That was the end of Keeley's newspaper career.

You have heard of Chapin. Other famous journalists who knew the town were George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Charles B. Dillingham, Eugene Field, Ring Lardner, Percy Hammond, Jack Lait, Franklin P. Adams and Frank Adams. The last named should not be confused with Franklin Pearce Adams, columnist on the New York Herald Tribune. Frank Adams was a police reporter for the City Press Association who, as co-author, wrote several musical comedies which were produced at the La Salle Theatre.

E. S. ("Teddy") Beck was a copy reader on the old *Herald*, the same Beck who today is managing editor of *The Tribune*. He is recognized as one of the outstanding figures in American journalism.

Others of importance in early reporting and later high in executive positions were Robert Peattie, Edgar Sisson, Tiffany Blake, Arthur Sears Henning, Mark Watson, Fred Hall, William Hard and C. W. Taylor ("Old One Hundred"), a humorist of the old school who wrote "In a Minor Key."

In the spring of 1890 a young man wearing a low crowned "dicer" of the Weber and Fields variety made his way into the reporters' room of the City Hall. He was about 25 years old. He smoked a pipe and he said he was not adverse to light wines and beer.

"My name is Ade," he said. "And I'd like somebody to introduce me to Hinky Dink." John Kelley, then on the old *Herald*, took the young man in tow.

"I'm on the Morning News," said young Ade.

On the way to the Harrison Street Police Station, called the Armory in those days, George Ade told his new friend that he had learned how to be a reporter by watching him

jot down notes on several assignments, but was timid about making an introduction. They dropped off at Hinky Dink's place in Clark Street. Two of those tall, cool ones were passed over the bar as Kelley introduced the proprietor.

"You don't mean to tell me that this mild, little party known far and wide as Hinky Dink is the person of whom I have been reading all these years?" said Ade.

The "little fellow" enjoyed the observation as much as Kelley.

Such was George Ade's first contact with the exciting side of Chicago in the '90s. Nobody predicted a brilliant future for him, but when he struck his gait with "Stories of The Street and of The Town" even Hinky Dink as well as all of the underworld began to sit up and listen.

There are no initials better known in newspaperdom than F. P. A., which stand for Franklin P. Adams of New York. Mr. Adams was a clerk and solicitor in a Chicago insurance office when he was hired by the *Journal* to conduct "A Little About Everything." Bert Leston Taylor had quit the *Journal* for *The Tribune* and the "colyum" was edited by various persons, including Barrett Eastman and Billy (W. A.) Phelon. While Eastman was in charge, one of his contribs was F. P. A. His identity was not known.

One day after the reporters and copy readers had left the office a young man applied for the position. Billy McKay, managing editor, told him there was no vacancy. The caller was persistent. He wanted a newspaper job and he wasn't particular about the salary.

"Young man," said McKay, "if you were Horace Greeley, Joe Medill and Charles A. Dana all rolled into one I couldn't put you to work. The payrool is up to the limit."

The visitor was not going to be bluffed so easily. His life's ambition, he said, was to be a newspaperman and he was sure he would make good if given the chance.

"What do you think you would like to do on a paper?" said McKay, in a kidding sort of way.

"I'd like to run that column 'Little About Everything'" was the reply.

"Do you think you could sustain a column like that?" queried the managing editor.

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure I could." answered Adams. "I've been a contributor."

"All right," said McKay, "come around in the morning at 7 o'clock and bring your tools with you. The column closes at 10:30 on the dot."

The young man was at the Journal office before the janitor finished dusting off the desks. When McKay arrived he found him grinding out his column, too busy to look up. At 10:15 he walked over to the managing editor's corner and laid a wad of copy upon his desk. He had used a fountain pen and green ink the chirography was small and neat.

McKay read the first page of stuff and before he was halfway into it began to chuckle. He was laughing aloud when he got to the bottom of the page. The stuff was great. At the bottom it was signed F. P. A.

Adams sat behind the Everleigh Sisters during the 1933-34 New York theatrical season at a play called "Mahogany Hill", which aimed to tell thrilling drama behind the walls of Washington's most popular bagnio. The sisters had been the invited guests of your reporter. But they requested incognito. Dozens of former Chicagoans were in the theatre that night and the word oozed through the house that the Everleighs were there. Walter Winchell, in fun, had spread a telephone report that a noted New Yorker, once of Chicago, was "to be exposed." Unfortunately, the play wasn't up to the billing, yet an electrical spark of impending danger kept everybody straining their necks, either to get a peek at the famous sisters or to listen for an exposure upon the stage.

Nothing happened. The play didn't click and nobody recognized the Everleigh Sisters. Had the Everleighs been discovered the show might have been a hit. Somebody surely would have forgotten the demerits of the drama for the merits of the sisters.

A press agent would have given his heart's blood to have had either Minna or Ada cry out:

"Take me out of here. It's too real, it's too real. I can't stand it." Such antics might have landed in the news columns.

Instead, the Everleighs quietly left the theatre. The "fast play" laid in a fast house turned out to be pretty slow stuff. There wasn't sufficient action. Even the sisters were disappointed.

The next day F. P. A. asked the writer:

"Where were the Everleighs sitting?"

"Right in front of you."

"Why didn't you introduce me?" he said.

He was the first old-time Chicagoan out of the first hundred old-time Chicagoans questioned to admit he didn't know the celebrated sisters. Conducting a Chicago column, evidently, left little spare time for gallivanting.

Chapter XI

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

"Circumstantial evidence is the best kind of evidence, because you cannot manufacture circumstances."

-LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS, noted old-time Chicago lawyer.

CHICAGO always favored pet names for its pet characters. From the "Mocking Bird", who was Billy Whelan, Hinky Dink's predecessor as a member of the city council from the First Ward, up to the time of Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson all gentlemen with an ounce of sporting blood in their veins relished a pseudonym. Even this writer, whose only claim to high-pressure was his passion for surveying the front of the Everleigh Club after collecting some rents for his grandmother in the colored settlement at Twenty-sixth and South State Streets in 1903, was called "Smolon" by the other kids in the neighborhood. Smolon Peterson was the big sporting man in our precinct, a Swedish contractor with plenty of visible cash, who won his way to new business by treating purchasing agents to a night in the Everleigh Club.

"I tank you better go home," as uttered by Minna Everleigh, burlesqueing the accent of Smolon, on many a sun-up long before Greta Garbo established the better portion of the phrase.

There were, for instance, "Izzy, the Rat", "Lovin' Putty", "Monkey-Face", "Anixter", "Mike de Pike" Heitler of the West Side, the "Blonde Boss", who was United States Senator William Lorimer (charges of buying his seat in Congress was a national scandal and the "Blonde Boss" was unseated), "Appetite Bill", "Docs" for dudes wearing Prince Alberts and plug hats, "Big Steve" Rowan the stage door bouncer at the Chicago Opera House), "Scrappy" Hogan

and "Big Jim" Colosimo among the politicians and levee celebrities. There is still a "Sport" (U. J.) Herrmann of the better-known Loop inhabitants. He had owned the Cort Theatre (now demolished) and rates an entire book—"From Billposter to Millionaire."

Long before Colosimo, a dictator in the Everleigh days, came into power he was noted for popularizing quaint expressions. "Betsy", meaning a revolver, was one of these and his "Remember the Maine", which meant to watch your step, were picked up far and wide. When reporters went on out-of-town assignments, managing and city editors would often conclude a telegram of instructions by saying, "Remember the Maine". Both Minna and Ada Everleigh, even to this day, say the three little words as warningly as a mother telling her child to be careful in crossing the street.

Chicago loved its own language and its own Who's Who.

Charley Chapin dubbed the old First Ward alderman the "Mocking Bird" because he had a singsong accent and because he unconsciously mocked the last person with whom he had been talking, picking up whole sentences and strange words as though they were his very own.

There are some who are hazy about "Mocking Bird" Whelan and many, perhaps, who may be concerned as to what ever happened to him. Briefly, he was murdered. Back in 1890, during the Everleighs' debutante parties in Kentucky, the "Mocking Bird", who had been drinking heavily, was eating an early breakfast in Matt Hogan's all-night saloon. George Hatheway, a faro dealer in a nearby gambling house, entered. He walked over to the table where Whelan was seated and spoke to him, but the "Mocking Bird" was in a quarrelsome mood and made an insulting reply. Wishing to avoid trouble Hatheway walked away. He was followed by Whelan, who attempted to strike him with a cane.

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

"Drop that cane or I'll kill you," said the gambler, whipping out a Betsy from his pocket.

With the cane raised above his head as if to strike, Whelan advanced toward the frail gambler. Hatheway pulled the trigger and a bullet struck the "Mocking Bird" in a vital spot. He lived a few hours.

It was a page story. When Hatheway was brought to trial, the lieutenant of police who handled the case tried to suppress the fact about Whelan threatening to strike his adversary with a cane. He had put the cane into the vault at detective headquarters and "forgot that it was there."

Kelly of the old *Herald* knew about the stick and tipped off Hatheway's lawyers. The cane was produced in court and it probably saved Hatheway from the gallows.

The Everleigh Sisters had often overheard the old-line reporters talking about the Whelan shooting and appropriated a moral from Exhibit A. If a stick could save Hatheway it might, on occasion, save them. They planted a cane in each of their twelve parlors for emergency purposes.

"Good to knock a Betsy out of a hand, my dear," was Minna's comment.

Big Jim Colosimo (quotes around Big Jim are unnecessary because he never was known by any other name) was 49 years old when he was murdered in his famous spaghetti restaurant at 2126 South Wabash Avenue at 4:25 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, May 11th, 1920. The assassin had hidden himself in the checkroom at one side of the entrance, where the killing occurred.

Big Jim had come in a few minutes before the shooting, going directly to his office in the rear of the cafe, where Frank Camilla, the bookkeeper, was busy with the receipts of the night before. Together they had called the restaurant's attorney, Rocco de Stefano. Unable to connect with the lawyer, Colosimo walked out of the office, giving

a few curt orders to his waiters and pantrymen. He then went to the front of the cafe, passing through the swinging door into the entryway.

The assassin fired twice, the first bullet missing its mark. Big Jim wheeled around for flight, but a second slug cut through an artery in his neck and buried itself in his brain.

It was Camilla who found him lying on the floor, speechless and death only a few minutes away. The murderer had already fled, stepping over the body and fleeing downstairs to the basement and out through a rear entrance. An open door leading into the alley told the story of this nimble flight from the death scene. The report: "They've got Big Jim," spread through the former red-light section. Seven years had passed since he issued orders to the madams, but he was still a boss when killed.

The widowed bride, Miss Dale Winter, afterward the Irene in one of the many companies playing "Irene", a musical comedy, had been married to Big Jim more than three weeks before, on April 17th, at Westbaden. On March 31st Colosimo obtained a divorce from his first wife before Judge John P. McGoorty in the Circuit Court in Chicago. His home was at 3156 Vernon Avenue, the funeral was on May 15th and he was buried in Oakwood Cemetery.

The last friend the Everleighs had had in the old vice district was dead. Big Jim of the "paper suits", so-called because they were so thin that one could almost see through them in the summer time, was a decent sort. Minna could cry upon his shoulder, when in difficulties, and Jim loved it. A mammoth man, as his name indicated, he had but to push against a locked barrier and the bolt snapped. For a girl or a madam in trouble he stopped at nothing. A powerful man—and kindly. Breaking down barriers was only one of his attributes the other was cooking. His enemies feared him and his associates loved him. And he never complained when tears stained his seersucker suits,

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

often plain white and subject to the mascara blotches from sobbing sybarites taken under his wing.

In the boom days of the levee he could be found at almost any hour of the afternoon or evening at the southwest corner of Twenty-first Street and Armour Avenue, his resort, which boasted of a long bar, a back-room where the maidens could be had or left alone and with all the accommodations upstairs of a first-class dive. There was a kitchen, equipped to cook the finest viands. At heart, Big Jim was a restaurateur. Cooking a meal or spaghetti often was his way of cheering a wayfarer whose outlook seemed hopeless. Filled with the Italian dish, as he prepared it, banished any torment. The "red ink" he served was the best.

Whenever Minna telephoned him that she was coming over to see him about, for example, the reduction of protection fees, he would frequently tell her to "sit tight," adding "forget it, I'll be along in a few minutes." He was three blocks away, and, as the saying goes, he made it in nothing. Armed with boxes of spaghetti, a jar of tomato sauce of his own mixing and with plenty of grated parmesan cheese, he would rush through the portals of the Everleigh Club, going straight to the kitchen.

"Draw up a couple of chairs," he would beckon to Minna and Ada. "Where's them big boilers? Never mind, here's one."

A spaghetti meal was under way.

"What's up?" he would ask, donning an apron. "Ike Bloom been bothering you again? What's eating Ike, anyway? I always said he goes too far. McWeeny (the police chief) has got Ike bluffed. I'd like to see the gent who could bluff me. I think you'll like this sauce—I dug up a guy to raise mushrooms for me. Can't beat 'em."

Pleasure and business.

"What's the squawk now?" Big Jim would ask.

"A \$40,000 shake to keep open," Minna said at one

spaghetti session in the last days of the line. "I don't think Bloom has anything to do with it. We want your advice."

"That's what I'm here for," replied Colosimo, unconscious of the grotesqueness of his remark. "I'll tell you how to handle it. Tell the collectors that you'll give 'em the dough in monthly payments of \$5,000 a month. Stall 'em. After all, Johnny Wayman (state's attorney) will be the guy in the big clean-up of the levee if there is one. The idea is to get a fat pool together to square the North Side (the state's attorney office). But why should you ladies be the goat for the big end? Pardon me, for looking at the clock. This stuff shouldn't be cooked over nine minutes."

With his own lily-white hands, Big Jim would arrange the plates, doing all the honors of serving his Italian paste, which was eaten in the kitchen, sans linen and trimmings.

"Pitch in," he would say. "That's a stiff touch—forty thousand. Them are numbers that Bloom don't know, you can bet your bottom dollar on that. Forty thousand—that's a hunk of money, any way you look at it. Now where the hell is Joey with the wine? I sent him home for it."

Within a few minutes the rear bell would jingle; Joey was as prompt as could be expected. He delivered the Chianti, chilled properly and ready for consumption.

"Good boy, Joey," Big Jim would say, handing him a dollar even though he was on the regular payroll. "Taxi fare," he always grinned, knowing that the boy had walked.

"Five thousand a month or nothing, that the ulti, ultimat—that's your ultimat—"

"Ultimatum," said Ada, coming to his rescue.

"Take it or leave it, tell 'em," Big Jim went on, eating ravenously regardless of the hour although these get-togethers were usually about four in the afternoon. "It may be tea-

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

time in Boston but it's spaghetti time in Chicago," he once remarked. "This is my idea of living."

His business and his pleasure finished, he would excuse himself and depart.

In the matter of the \$40,000, the sisters did exactly as Big Jim told them to do. It didn't work as well as expected, but as the levee was doomed the sisters maneuvered a huge saving even though they did have to choke down a dish which they didn't particularly enjoy.

"And spoil our dinner, besides," Ada said.

Big Jim Colosimo went from scarlet to pink to black. His rise from a ragged water-boy and street-sweeper, climbing gradually through the lurid labyrinth of the underworld to a cafe owner of international acquaintance, a power in politics, a collector and fixer in the levee district and a friend of others of the arts and professions, is unrivalled in Chicago's mining-camp growth.

Big Jim is dead now and his remarkable life for the first time is an open book, printed and reprinted thousands of times in the sixteen years since a murderer, still unknown, shot him down. His career was crowded with things scarlet that gradually turned to the pink of romance with pretty Dale Winter, his cabaret girl, whom he had married three weeks before he was killed.

One of the most gripping pages is devoted to Mrs. Victoria Moresco Colosimo, who is credited with having given Big Jim his start in life, the woman he divorced six weeks before the murder.

Together Victoria and Big Jim worked for years, making their business address the center of the old levee. Throughout the days of the open district and down through a more vicious era their new resort flourished, but their romance paled. In 1913 Jack Lait, then a Chicago reporter, "discovered" a young and vivacious girl singing in a church choir. He told of his "find" to Big Jim and soon afterward

the newspapers blazed forth with the story of a church oriole working in a notorious cafe. Dale Winter had made good both in the choir and on the floor of Colosimo's, as the cafe was known. Big Jim fell in love with her, sincerely and secretly. For seven years he debated his problem.

There was Victoria who had warmed him to levee life and it was Victoria who owned the dive at Twenty-first Street and Armour Avenue. Even though Big Jim was foreman of her plant, an institution of diversified pleasures, he was a faithful husband.

However, to start from the beginning, Colosimo made his first appearance in Chicago lugging a water pail to quench the thirst of fellow countrymen section hands on the railroad.

He was too big to remain a boy, so he strolled into the First Ward when it was in its bloom and got a job pushing a broom and cleaning the streets. He was now a "white wing" with a white, if not a clean, suit. The other sweepers grew to like him, resulting in an organization of cleaners for political purposes. He met Hirky Dink and Bath-house John; they helped him. He helped them.

Gradually, the sweepers grew in a union with Dago Mike Carrozzo as the head. Carrozzo went to jail for the alleged complicity in the Mossy Enright murder, a labor case. Colosimo refused to hold office and was made a boss of the sweepers. He blossomed into flashy clothes, but sticking to white whenever the weather permitted. The next step was the Everleigh Twenty-second Street country-side. He met and impressed the sisters, who predicted a glorious future for him. Victoria came next. Here was a manager, a fixer, a personality and a likely bet for a permanent mate rolled into one. Such men were hard to find then and still are. Needless to say that he made a fortune in the resort—a dollar house, but always crowded.

After the levee was closed Mr. and Mrs. Big Jim opened

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

their Wabash Avenue cafe, which soon attained fame, the underworld denizens giving way to a high-class patronage until, at the time of the murder, men and women of prominence visited it.

They liked the strains of the music, the songs and Big Jim's highly-seasoned foods. They liked him. They came back in such large numbers that men had to be employed to take care of the automobiles parked along the curb.

Big Jim went to the opera and the opera stars went to Big Jim's. Galli-Curci, Caruso, Tetrazzini, Campanini and many others made Colosimo's their rendezvous while in Chicago.

It was a popular restaurant with a popular proprietor. Who wanted Big Jim killed? It remains as big a mystery at ever. Jack Lait once laid it to the mobs coming into strength with prohibition, saying Colosimo owned a secret formula for making much bootleg whiskey from a little genuine whiskey. His refusal to divulge his prescription was given as a motive for the killing. If so, who did it? There was no answer.

Al Capone was a budding hanger-on, ignored and unknown in those days. His power took on strength with the death of Colosimo. He was considered too friendly with the cafe owner to be openly accused of having anything to do with the crime. He went to prison for income tax evasions and not for his skill with a shooting-iron. The rumblings of an inner battle for the supremacy in the new evil, bootlegging, which was getting a firm toe-hold in 1920; soon dwindled into a mild flash of heat-lightning.

There was a fight over the estate, Dale Winter asking for nothing. This brought forth another angle. Why didn't Miss Winter demand her widow's share? Death threats? She said as much. One headline from a Chicago newspaper in May, 1920, stated:

WIDOWED BRIDE BARES DOUBLE DEATH THREAT OF COLOSIMO'S DIVORCED WIFE

TOLD US SHE WOULD KILL BOTH

Similar intimations held the news columns for a month. But these, too, drifted off into nothing tangible.

The Everleighs were questioned, but what did they have to do with the crime? They had been away from Chicago for eight years in 1920; they were in retirement and entirely out of the local social life. Big Jim, to be sure, had been their favorite counsellor and their most amusing chef, but that was all. They could not hazard a guess as to the probable murder and they didn't try.

"It surely wasn't a disappointed spaghetti eater," said Minna, which was as near to a deduction as she could make.

Big Jim's private business affairs, it came out, were too numerous and too involved for run-of-the-mine levee sleuthing. He owed a legitimate debt to his divorced wife, who had staked him to prominence and wealth, and her claim for a share of his estate sifted down to a matter of an honest deal. One by one the "leads" banged against blank walls. As for Capone, his connection with the murder was a bit ridiculous. His mob were never known as marksmen who killed in two shots; they sprayed with a battery.

Colosimo was a levee character, going the way of the majority of levee characters. He had plenty of "sorehead" acquaintances, as he would have called them. He was ruthless, iron-fisted and strong-willed. He had a domineering drive that could have induced any one of a hundred drug addicts to take a pot-shot at him.

It was, after all, just another typical levee killing. And the wise reporters, as usual, had the first sentence memorized in advance:

"Mystery surrounds the latest levee slaying."

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

The text had been staple for thirty years. And, being an Italian shooting, some of the news-chasers dragged out another old standby—Black Hand murder. It was a sure-fire "mystery surrounds" follow-up, good for all editions.

Arnold Rothstein, just before he was killed, summed it all up by saying:

"The only way to beat the rap is to quit the racket." But he didn't quit soon enough.

The Everleigh Sisters beat Rothstein as well as other underworld leaders to the punch by saying nothing and walking out. They lived happily ever since they quit in time.



Chapter XII

TINSEL AND GLITTER

"Gambling diverts men faster than lechery."-MINNA EVERLEIGH.

ALL that glittered in the Gold Room of the Everleigh Club may not have been the precious metal, but the gold-rimmed goldfish bowls and the shiny cuspidors were 18-karat and no questions asked. Every year the room itself was done over in gold-leaf and every day it was polished like the handles of the big front door. On one redecorating a guest accidently botched up a panel while the gilt was still soft.

"Come, I'll show you where a man put his hand last night," Minna told a painter.

"If it is all the same to you," replied the dauber, "I'd rather have a glass of beer."

He fixed the panel, but he had to go to the corner saloon for the beer.

As for the piscatory globes, these enhanced police language with the term, Goldfish Bowl, a sweat-box where prisoners were blackjacked into confessions.

"What chance has a goldfish?" a detective winked at Minna. "Well, that's what we figured. The reformers think the name is cute."

The gold gobboons, too, came in for a bit of heralding. These were the envy of the levee, costing \$600 each, which was an inside price from a jeweler who sold trinkets to the girls. There were four of these darlings invitingly arranged around the cove. Minna vehemently denied they were serving as an advertisement for a chewing tobacco, declaring she and her sister couldn't think of linking commercial schemes with a social and artistic endeavor.

"Another false rumor," she would say. "Gentlemen

came to our club to forget the outside world. Imagine how silly it would have looked seeing an inscription such as 'Chew Mail Pouch and Spit Straight' engraved on our lovely floor-all pieces. Banish the thought, my friend."

Jack Johnson, the colored pugilist, opened his Cafe de Champion in Chicago, making more fuss over his gold-plated pots than he did over the quality of his liquor. Far and wide it was printed that the boxer's catch-alls (when the aim was good) were a sight for dim eyes. The list price of the Johnson buckets was given as \$57.

"The rims on ours cost more than that," said Minna, jealously. "I'm sorry we didn't know a way to protect the

novelty."

The Gold Room, however, succeeded despite the copyists. Its richness, especially when swarmed with beautiful maidens who had no equal anywhere, dazzled the confirmed roues and first-timers alike. That golden piano, a titian-haired lassie, a glass-inclosed case filled with nude statues and the added touch of a magnum of champagne were a pellbinding combination, taking a fellow back more than a few years.

When the other eleven parlors failed to register, there still was the Gold Room. Sour-faced pilgrims, obsessed by sex to a degree far beyond that which is observable in the thoughts of even the lowest, loosest-thinking practicer of perversities, waited in line for a crack at the glistening parlor. It paid for the investment four-fold.

"We discovered," said Minna, "that the scrupulously strict were correspondently keen to discern suggestions of sex where nobody else would think of looking for them. Such men snorted whereas strong men were amused. We played right into the tracks of unsound minds. We had the girls in red gowns and we dimmed the lights—for the sanctimonious persimmons. Such trade thrived on teasing. We gave 'em 'the works' as it afterward became known, and it worked satisfactorily.

TINSEL AND GLITTER

"But none of the exciting elements was necessary for the downright hungry male. He accepted his dish where he found it, making no complaint. He paid promptly, which is better than I can say for the mealy-mouthed."

Both sisters concluded there are only two kinds of men, depraved blue-noses and regular fellows. Each caused his share of trouble, but with entirely different gestures. The witch-burners lied too much and the stalwart shot too straight. Somebody was sure to get hit, especially as alcohol in continuous doses brought out the coarser natures in both groups. Keeping a happy balance even among mild-mannered regulars with too much aboard never was an easy task. Wine jags, it is generally conceded, are the most provocative—and only wine belonged among the Everleigh Club's gaudy garnishings. A blue-nose argued about the cost and the regular doubled his fists.

It took two vocabularies to handle the assorted guests; oil for the fanatics and hard words for the others. Ada was expert at smoothing the conniptions of the "holier than thou," exerting her sweetest and churchiest charms in a treatment replete with expurgated denunciation. It was the heat, an inferior grade of champagne—the wrong year, or a girl's lack of refinement—never the man himself. She helped him on with his stiff cuffs, straightened his bow tie and pulled down the tails of his Henry Clay coat. And off he toddled, his head bowed low—until he was safely outside the levee district. Then he talked to himself.

Minna talked turkey to the hard-boiled. What kind of a man are you? Brace up, pardner, you're not that sort, and we are sure you can lick any man in the house, soothed the he-man. Such palaver seldom failed, unless, of course, the patient was too far gone. Then she had him put to bed to sleep it off.

Had they discovered a method to suppress tantrumtempted tarts there would have been very little of a dis-

tressing element in the enterprise. Nobody, it appears, has yet learned how to baffle a woman headed for the warpath.

"Real men, we found, would rather gamble any day than gamble with women, which isn't as paradoxical as it appears," said Minna. "Admitting that women are a risk, which accounts for them getting away with so much, I still say that men prefer dice, cards or a wheel of fortune to a frolic with a charmer. I have watched men, embraced in the arms of the most bewitching sirens in our club, dump their feminine flesh from their laps for a roll of the dice.

"We never took any share or engaged in any of those little impromptu diversions because, usually, they were entered by our best spenders. Nevertheless, once the dice started rolling the girls were abandoned by the players.

"Men had to be coaxed; that is, well-balanced men did before warming up to a romance. Even if this fact was well established—through history and literature we find Delilahs doing their utmost to fascinate men—it always amused me to see potential Don Juans, who had deliberately visited our club for biographical expression, becoming inarticulate except for such phrases as 'come seven, baby needs a new pair of shoes.'"

She saw to it, she said, that no gambling interlude lasted for more than a half hour. Besides, there was a law against it.

"There was only one thing to me worse than games of chance," interposed Ada. "That was the ring from a champagne glass on our gold piano. It was a happy day when we conceived the idea of using rubber washers from Mason jars on the bottoms of the glasses."

Tinsel and glitter! The Gold Room was certainly a caution!

It is doubtful if Minna and Ada Everleigh ever forgave the brutal treatment they had received from their husbands;

TINSEL AND GLITTER

theirs was a stored-up bitterness toward all males from which they could not escape. Even though they refused to admit it, their every action indicated a score to be settled. The way they studied men, their insight into the whims of men and their determination to make men pawns in their parlor were the antics of the spider and the fly. Their web was spun to their liking; it was luxurious because they were born to luxury—it was their home. They were entertaining themselves all the while, and yet the millionaires were caught in the entanglements without suspecting a net had been set for them.

The sisters were not vicious; they were not greedy. They were, simply, red-blooded human beings with a sore spot that wouldn't heal. Fortunately, they were endowed with a side-splitting sense of humor; otherwise their conduct might not have been so exemplary.

They were hospitable southerners always and they were proud. They had been raised to sleep as long as they liked and they ate generous meals of very good foods. They had been taught that honor must be spotless, for honor counts a tremendous lot when one has long, empty hours to brood in. It would not be hard, if one was inclined to worry, to be worried into madness by a slight.

And money came so easily, so easily it was hardly worth thinking of, there in those twelve parlors that reaped in a \$1,000 harvest nightly. It reminded them of the South; the "slaves" did the work. Their house ran to palace size, like their old home, and, like the planters of their childhood, they sent to Europe for whatever they wanted.

They longed for a photograph of Bernini's famous masterpiece, Apollo and Daphne, which they were unable to find in America. They learned that the original Bernini statue was at the Villa Borghese in Rome—they sent a photographer to Italy.

The picture, as described in a lecter to a friend, "shows Daphne transformed into a laurel tree. The Greeks con-

strued Apollo's loss of Daphne as symbolizing that all mortals shall be denied the Heart's Desire, ever the unattainable."

The friend, a retired actress, indicated a fondness for the photograph and the sisters presented it to her. They gave mementos unreservedly not so much to impress as to give pleasure. Of all their trophies, Apollo and Daphne was their favorite, typifying their own lives, the lives of their frustrated clientele and the lives of everybody they knew. They were positive that Heart's Desire was unattainable; they weren't so sure that others were cognizant of that fact—the photograph belonged in circulation where all could see it.

Bernini's statue had consoled them for many years; it was an inspiration in their darkest as well as their brightest hours. Well they knew that there was a thorn in success, romance, fame. They had met the successful, the famed and yet neither was thoroughly contented. Romance had failed them. They did not need words to convey thoughts; why did those who were supposed to have everything worth having come to the Everleigh Club?

It must be remembered that they were married in 1897, in a decade filled with illusions and to have had the mirrors shattered was a shock not easily dismissed. But they never discussed their marital woes and to many they were only a couple of "rebellious old maids" out for no good. Men who came to their palace of sin were too busy trying to forget to listen to the Everleighs even had they been inclined to tell about their "deep sorrow."

Every time the political and police powers clamped down restrictions they could not help thinking of the strong hands that once embraced Minna's snow-white neck. History repeating itself? No, men up to their baser mischiefs. However, such language of the melodramas of the period as "foul beasts", for instance, wasn't for their lips. They were tolerant, with an understanding of the Jekyll-Hyde

TINSEL AND GLITTER

natures of a large portion of their clientele, seeing a Dr. Jekyll side up to a given point and then, when wine uncovered Mr. Hyde, they moved every wile at their command to restore a "gentleman" back into a gentleman.

Considering everything, the sisters were the most patient and forgiving madams in the country. They had poker faces in time of direful stress. They "took it" bravely. Their demeanor, even on the closing night, is a lesson in conduct; their constant attempts to avoid rough-house and their veneer of gayety when their hearts were most heavy are masterpieces on how the well-mannered woman should behave in all crises.

A wealthy packer's son, who made no bones of his profound thinking once told the sisters, quoting Balzac: "Women have no minds—all they can do is dance." How little he knew, with all his wisdom.

And talk about calmness! When daggers were being hurled at them from all sides, this reporter called one day. Where do you think he found Minna? She was in her library, reading a Life of Balzac. "I was curious to know how the great interpreter of the human comedy lived and loved," she said. "Honore descended, you know, on his father's side from a line of common day-laborers. His name was Balsa, but he changed it to Balzac, obviously for social reasons. Later, for similar reasons, he completed the evolution by prefixing, without license, the royal particle, de."

"Mayor Harrison threatens to close your establishment," was the rude interruption. "Let's get down to earth."

"When do I do that," smiled Minna, "I'll encourage a raid. What do you say if I change our name to d'Everleigh? I think Ada would approve."

No bitterness, no raving. This was in October, 1911, a few days before the final shut-down, which Minna anticipated and though she must have been boiling over within, she appeared cool and comical. Rumbles of a dispossess

notice from the police and the dismantling of a \$200,000 investment did not cause her to bat an eyelash.

Did you ever see big business men facing calamity? They have been known to jump out of windows, tear their hair or slip out to Greece. John J. Garrity, for many years general manager for the Shubert theatrical interests in Chicago, turned all colors when he was told that actors were going on strike and that his theatres would be darkened. You know a hundred other examples of the distraught male.

"Funny thing," said Minna that October afternoon, "but there are a thousand volumes of fiction, most of which I haven't read."

"In event they do close you up, then what?" came the query.

"Don't be so serious."

"But you are the greatest in this industry," said the caller. "Your associations? You cannot forget them easily. You've built a notable name because you are a student of personal associations. Aren't you just a little worried over the possibility of losing—all this and more?"

"My friend," drawled Minna, "greatness is an illusion. I am not a student of personal associations. That is a phrase that might be used with sense in reference to a philosopher like Schopenhauer, an observer of life like Montaigne, a psychologist like William James, but not to me. I am a student of tinsel and glitter—nothing more. I have nothing to lose and nothing to gain. When the band stops playing I'm alone at the stage-door. I am no more a student of human nature than is the wily politician who schemes for votes or the actor with a sure-fire role. I know certain formulas bring certain results—where the laughs are, for example."

"You'll need plenty of laughs to get out of this mess," vounteered the visitor.

"Come, I have something newsy for you," she said,

TINSEL AND GLITTER

taing the reporter's hand. "Ada has had a love affair. I just heard about it. She's dying to talk about it."

There was a wealthy young man, a frequent caller at the Everleigh Club, whose business suddenly summoned him to New York. Secretly, he was wildly infatuated with Ada Everleigh, coyly holding her hand whenever he called and going through the lovelorn motions of an 1890 romance. Ada had her suspicions, but in a den of love, true love seemed grotesque.

Now it must be born in mind that neither of the madams engaged in the affairs to which the club was dedicated. A kiss on the cheek was the best the best customer ever received—a good-night curtsy and that only for a favored few.

Ada's man had that longing look in his eyes, that nervousness of the bashful swain with honest desires. He brought her flowers, which was like bringing a glass of water to a lake; he gave her a three-karat diamond ring even though she had one necklace alone worth well over \$100,000. He gave her candy and he wrote love notes. Ada was impressed.

But the young man went to New York. He wrote her a long letter, inviting her East and promising weddingbells. Ada replied, saying she was tempted to accept his offer. To her, it was a wholesome adventure.

However, she kept putting off the trip. Finally, the wooer wrote to a newspaper friend, inclosing a copy of Ada's missive. The newspaperman, now prominent in New York, rushed to the Everleigh Club, putting in a strong plea for his friend.

"Our letter to him plainly indicates how you feel," he said. "I never read such a charming note. It's literature; it's sentimental—it's everything. What's the matter with you?"

As Ada afterward said, she was tempted. The news-

paperman, a scholar whom she respected, had almost convinced her that romance, regardless of one crash, was still the big thing in life. Twenty-five years after the Everleigh Club was closed, Ada still thought of her "lover" and spoke kindly of him.

"I really don't know why I didn't go to him," she said. "I wasn't afraid and I liked him very much. He was nice, the nicest man I ever knew."

Minna said that her sister had felt the touch of tinsel and glitter and would not have felt easy in soft surroundings. "That wasn't the reason," came the quick response.

"Maybe you didn't care to leave your sister?" was the obvious question.

"I don't think it was entirely that."

"There must have been some tangible reason?"

"There certainly was," stamped Ada. "My sweetheart took a terrible dislike to our gold piano. He said it was feverish and unbecoming. I couldn't forgive him for that. I would have sacrificed my diamonds, anything, but not the gold piano. If you only knew how I loved that beautiful instrument."

She sighed deeply. She still has the gold piano.

Nobody cares what became of the gold cuspidors; there were no tears when they were sold at auction.

You know unsuccessful marriages motivated the destiny of the sisters; you know they did everything on a lavish scale; you've heard about some of the inmates and you shall hear about a few more; you know Minna and Ada were outcasts in an outcast society and you know they fought side by side in every battle. But you haven't heard a most interesting phase of their interesting lark—when did they eat and what?

How does a madam, for instance, keep her trim figure trim and how does she avoid wrinkles, crow's feet and gray

TINSEL AND GLITTER

hairs? Does she have supper when others are having breakfast and is a late dinner her principal meal?

First, dinner to the Everleigh Sisters was dinner at the appointed hour, except that it was served usually at eight o'clock. Chicken was Minna's favorite dish and vegetables were Ada's. There was always a little light wine, brandy for a topper with the customary soup and salad courses. Occasionally Ada deviated from the vegetarian diet.

They enjoyed having guests at mealtime; they often sat over dinner until after ten o'clock, and then arose only because they were needed in the front rooms. They observed Southern customs, serving fruits, salted pecans and bon bons. Cigarettes, cigars and liqueurs were at the disposal of all.

Instead of a damask cloth, the table coverings were of Spanish drawn-work with napkins to match. The glassware was gold-rimmed crystal.

To be a guest at the Everleigh table was considered by many to be the equivalent of breaking bread with royalty, except that nobody ever thought of bread or royalty.

A birthday, especially Minna's or Ada's, an inmate's betrothal, the return of a stray crony or word that one of the Everleigh kin wasn't asking for a remittance were enough excuse for an epicurean orgy. But this wasn't all. Sometimes as often as five times a week some millionaire would sponsor a celebration. And you wonder why twenty-six servitors were necessary? Not now you don't.

Incidentally, the inmates normally had their meals served earlier than the sisters, usually at six o'clock, which allowed time for primping before the nightly performance. The six o'clock dinners were gay, biting affairs—the nymphs were themselves among themselve.

For the special celebrations the host invited the courtesans he wanted and, as this came under the heading of business, those excluded seldom felt slighted. In the long run

those who missed out in one special party made up for it in another.

Breakfasts were served at two in the afternoon, often consisting of iced clam juice and an aspirin. However, for those inclined to nibble at food there was the choice of eggs, benedictine, kidney saute, clam cakes with bacon, planked white fish, shad roe, breast of chicken with ham under glass, buttered toast supreme and Turkish coffee. Minna and Ada came downstairs for breakfast and the girls had their choice of sitting at the table or having their breakfast served in their rooms.

As the Everleigh Club thrived before the common usage of tomatoe juice, the girls would ask for iced canned tomatoes. Some would just ask for a can of tomatoes and gulp down the entire contents. Baked apples and plenty of applesauce were consumed. Sliced oranges, stewed fruits and canned peaches also were in demand.

The Everleighs appreciated the value of vital nourishment long before the late Alfred W. McCann attended to our vitamin needs. They talked of safer containers for canned goods, and the whole grained cereals appealed to them as protective foods. They ate the skins of the baked potato and, like the French, saw to it that the water from cooked vegetables was never wasted.

Whether this had anything to do with their good health is open to debate, but the fact that they lived a strenuous life and came through well and strong is ample testimony that proper eating did them no harm. Further, as you shall hear in the next chapter, two of the girls well over forty were discovered in 1936 in China and still up to their old tricks—they were kind enough to give credit for their virility to the Everleigh Sisters' menus.

Of the many hundred persons who ate at their table there was not one who failed to tell of the exquisite flavor of the dishes—and I mean dishes.

TINSEL AND GLITTER

Neither Minna nor Ada has the stereotyped physiognomy expected of a woman who had lived through eleven years of the fastest life in the fastest house this nation ever supported. They both looked stunning in evening clothes in 1936.

As for those dinners, supreme of guinea-fowl, pheasant, capon, broiled squab, roast turkey, duck and goose—a cold bottle and a hot bird (quail on toast) were Minna's weaknesses. Au gratin cauliflower, spinach cups with creamed peas, parmesan potato cubes, pear salad with sweet dressing, artichokes, stuffed cucumber salad, asparagus, carrots candied and plain, browned sweet potatoes, lettuce of all species and celery coerced Ada.

Cheese dishes and plain cheese delighted both sisters; they could eat ice cream four times a day and did.

The suppers served after midnight included fried oysters, Welsh rabbit, deviled crabs, lobster, caviar plain except for a dash of lemon juice and scrambled eggs and bacon.

"In our day a quail was the equivalent of chippy," said Ada. "Often when a guest asked for a quail we thought he meant a girl instead of a bird, which may account for the term 'hot bird' to avoid confusion."



Chapter XIII

CALUMET 412

"Success depends upon knowing the right (telephone) number."—JIMMY DURKIN, Chicago Tribune Office Boy.

LET them deny it, but the fact remains that off-duty reporters on The Chicago Tribune used to go to Stillson's, across the street from The Tribune offices at Dearborn and Madison, after eleven o'clock at night. Stillson's was a saloon with a good restaurant. However, there was a closing law in Chicago, which darkened honest places at one o'clock. And then where did some reporters go? You guessed right the first time—to the Everleigh Club.

In the summer of 1904 the writer, aged fourteen, became a copy boy on The Chicago Tribune. James Aloysius Durkin, an orphan who grew into manhood as the most famous of all Chicago copy chasers, was the perpetual office boy. E. S. ("Teddy") Beck may have been the city editor, James Keeley may have been the managing editor and Edgar Sisson may have been the day chief, but Durkin gave the orders to the boys. The highest honor for a youngster learning the "Newspaper business" was to relieve Jimmy on his night off. Your reporter fell heir to this role shortly after joining the staff.

Jimmy explained the duties quickly and ungrammatically. "You answer all them phones on the copy desk; you tell reporters calling up about stories where to get off at; you listen for the bells on the fire alarm, count 'em and then look in this little red book to see where the fire is; you pick up the copy from them copyreaders and you put it under a hunk of lead on Mr. Beck's desk; after Mr. Beck

okays it you send it up them pneumatic tubes to the composing room," said Durkin.

"About ten-thirty to eleven Mr. Beck bids good-night to the reporters which means they can get the hell out of the office. They've been working since one o'clock in the afternoon and their day's work is over. But you stick around until three-thirty in the morning when the city edition goes to press."

He gave me the key to his locker.

"A couple of rewrite guys hang around late if anything breaks," he continued. "The police reporters phone in their stuff. That's all there is to it."

He started for the door, turning suddenly. As an after-thought:

"If a big yarn breaks after one o'clock and Mr. Beck goes bugs asking for you to dig up some scribes call this number—Calumet 412."

"Calumet 412, what's that?"

"The Everleigh Club, son, a w—— house," snapped Jimmy, and away he went, whistling.

On The Tribune in those days were Julian Mason, a copy reader who afterward became editor successively of The Chicago Evening Post, The New York Herald-Tribune and The New York Evening Post; Walter Avery Washburne, also a copy reader who became city editor of The Chicago Evening Post; Hugh S. Fullerton, Joe Davis and George Siler.

One early morning there was a big fire in a warehouse near the South Side levee district. First reports said several were trapped in the burning building and that the flames were spreading. A 4-11 alarm was sounded, calling out all apparatus within five miles.

Mr. Beck yelled for reporters. The substitute copy boy looked from *The Tribune* windows; the lights in Stillson's

CALUMET 412

were dark. He grabbed the telephone and called Calumet 412.

"There's a 4-11 fire over at Wabash Avenue near Eighteenth Street," he cried into the receiver. "Any *Tribune* men there?"

"The house is overrun with 'em," said a sweet voice. "Wait a minute, I'll put one on."

Needless to say the story was properly covered.

The next day Durkin asked his understudy how he was doing.

"You saw the paper this morning?"

"Yep, the fire story, you mean? Where did you find a staff?"

"Calumet 412."

"It never tailed yet," hummed Durkin.

They kept books at the Everleigh Club instead of using brass checks, a customary method in resorts for calculating a girl's earnings. Whenever there is bookkeeping there is always somebody to outwit the system. Nellie of many quirks not only had a good figure but was good at figures. She devised some sort of an erasure combination that resulted in the inmates getting more than they earned. And she was caught at it.

"What are you going to do to me?" asked Nellie, defiantly. "Nothing," said Minna. "If you had done to a church or to a bank what you've done to me they'd have you locked

up—2 horrible example. One of our girls had a father in St. Louis who went to jail for helping himself to a collection box in a church. They called it embezzlement and it was a terrible disgrace. And you, Nellie, have brought disgrace upon this house, but we won't go into legal bosh. Please leave

as quietly as possible."

Nellie went.

The other girls who had participated in the false entries were forgiven.

Several months later Nellie's body was found floating in the river. In her purse was a brief message. It said:

"I've made mistakes all my life and the only persons to forgive me were two sisters in a sporting house. Kindly tell, for me, all psalm-singers to go to hell and stick the clergymen in an ash-can. That goes double for all the parasites who talk a lot but don't do a damn thing to help a girl in trouble. Call Calumet 412. I'm sure of a decent burial if you do."

Nellie, who had laid to rest those in whom she found nothing, was laid to rest in style—by the Everleigh Sisters.

One received action by calling Calumet 412.

An alderman, showing the sights to a dapper stranger insisted that Minna dance with his friend. It was a friendly party, but after the councilman and his chum departed the madam discovered that her diamond breast-pin was missing.

Several hours later the telephone rang; the alderman wanted to speak to Minna.

"My friend stole your pin," he said. "I told him he couldn't do that to you. It'll be along in a few minutes by a special messenger. Sorry, but mistakes will happen."

He gushed a bit and then added:

When can I see you again?"

"Any time," laughed Minna. "Call Calumet 412, but don't bring a pal."

Mamie Sherwood was a good girl, one of the best of the lot. Her weakness was newspapermen. A simple soul, she would confide in Minna, telling of the quaint traits of the writers she had met.

"Do they have to do that?" she asked one day.

"Do what?"

"Take strong drink to inspire them. Is writing so difficult?

CALUMET 412

Harry always seems so exhausted after a hard day at his typewriter. I caught him taking a hypodermic injection, but I cured him of that. I wish you would excuse me for a few weeks because I intend to watch over him."

She did and the man became a noted essayist without the stimulants of drugs and drinks.

"How did you do it?" Minna inquired upon discovering a new man in Harry.

"Very simply," said Mamie. "I told him that whenever he felt himself slipping to call me at Calumet 412."

In the summer of 1936 two former inmates of the Everleigh Club were located in China.

Their names are Margaret and Alma and they were found at 473 Kiangse Road, Shanghai. They looked as gay and chipper as when climbing the mahogany at 2131 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"Thought we'd take a trip around the world," said Margaret. "This is the only way to see the sights."

They laughed over the "old days," said a word of praise for the Everleigh diet and admitted that nowhere were conditions as pleasant as they had been "out in Chicago."

"Drop in again sometime," they said. "Our telephone here is 12779. Not half as easy to remember as Calumet 412."

Miss Margaret (Kennedy) gave the visitor a calling card on which the new telephone number was printed. She was no fool.

* * * *

George Warren, for many years manager of McVicker's Theatre in Chicago and later a dramatic critic in San Francisco, faced the problem of all theatre managers—how to fill a house for an attraction that was slow to catch on. Giving away passes never was an easy task because everybody expects a catch when given something for nothing. Warren solved the torment satisfactorily.

"Where did you get all these people?" asked a visiting producer one night, seeing McVicker's packed to the doors.

"I called Calumet 412," said George, quietly, as though the whole town knew the terminus of that line.

Incidentally, the theatre was a commodity that was relished by inmates and madams alike. The denizens of the levee district went after theatre tickets, even when paid for, like throngs to a dirty play in Boston. The bartenders had families and the corner grocer was willing to take a night off—for a pass.

Whenever Warren had fifty or a hundred tickets to give away it was no problem for the Everleighs to find takers for them. Their recipients were good boosters and that was all Warren cared about.

However, the sisters themselves, even to this day, prefer matinees, which brings to mind the afternoon in the lobby of the Studebaker Theatre in Michigan Avenue when two well-dressed women drove up in their carriage. They went directly to the box office and asked for two tickets.

Willie Newman, company manager for the show, was standing alongside the box office wicket and, seeing two "class' customers, approached the women.

"Beg your pardon," he said, "but I am the manager for this production. It is a Frohman show and you know Mr. Frohman is very careful to keep everything clean and respectable. You could safely bring the children to this play."

"Thank you," smiled one of the women, asking for two more seats. They returned to their carriage.

After they were out of hearing Newman scolded the theatre treasurer.

"See, what I did," he boasted. "I told 'em the play was clean and they bought four tickets instead of two. Why don't you do that? And what the hell are you laughing at? We want that type of patron for this play—Frohman's orders. Stop laughing, will you. What's so funny?"

CALUMET 412

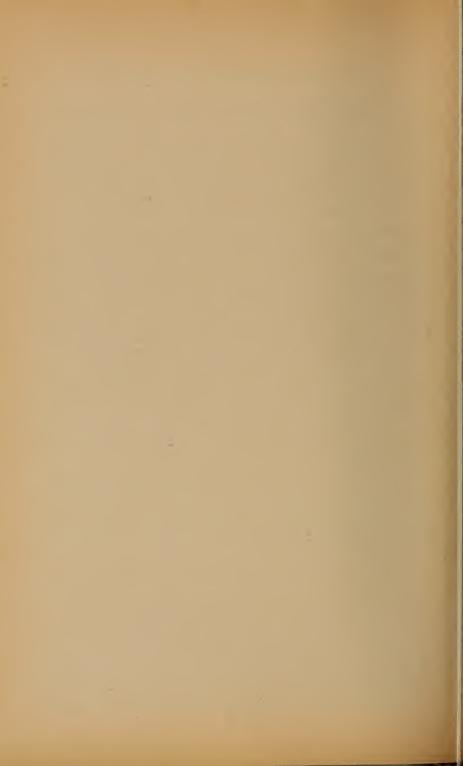
"Call Calumet 412 and you'll find out," said the box office boy.

Diamond Bertha had two inhibitions—sparklers and headcracking. She could wear a handful and a gownful of diamonds as graciously as she could wield a champagne bottle over a gentleman's head. The Everleighs had to get rid of Bertha, not because she used a bottle as a billy but because her jewels were attracting a bad element—robbers.

So Bertha packed up and went to New Orleans. Six wealthy roues, whose heads had been bandaged at one time or another, but who were forgiving souls, saw her to the train. She flaunted her gems all over the sleeper.

She had ben an inmate of the Everleigh Club for six years, but she was hardly in New Orleans six months when her body was found, her hands and diamonds missing. Clues led to Chicago. The Everleighs were questioned and several wealthy men who had not done so well in the stock market were under suspicion. While nothing came of the investigations, the number Calumet 412 kept bobbing up; it was found in the dead girl's note-book, on her calling cards and penciled on several hotel envelopes.

The following year, 1910, Calumet 412 for the Everleighs was missing among the listings in the Chicago telephone book. Ada Everleigh, after whose name the number had been given, concluded it has served well and long enough.



Chapter XIV

THE "PERFESSOR"

"How about a little something for the professor?"
—Old apothegm.

VAN, Van, the piano man, played the ivories as nobody can. His name was Vanderpool, probably Vanderpool Vanderpool, and he was the professor at the Everleigh Club. He gave vitality to a keyboard, churning symphony out of chopsticks; he had wavy hair, jolly ways and a tuxedo that happened to fit him, but he was "a fly on the wall" in the opinion of the madams—a necessary adjunct, nothing more, to a resort.

"Those artistic souls think they are too good for a house and that cramps their style," vouchsafed Minna. "I cannot imagine any of the girls falling in love with a professor," a statement that was verified in Charles Robinson's play, "Mahogany Hall," in which the pianist of a resort was the "love interest." Audiences refused to accept the character as a hero, man, or beast and the play failed.

The girls and the proprietors of the Everleigh Club had very little time for the "perfessor". He was amusing and he was fairly reliable, but he seemed to lack stability; that is, he never had any money.

"A bagnio pianist learns to play 'Poet and Peasant,' like a vaudeville xylophonist, without stopping for twelve minutes, and that about lets him out," said Ada.

Harsh words, yet ringing with truth. Eve so, Van was a good sort. He did his best to cheer up the depressed sirens, borrowing a ten-spot if a grievance was devastating enough.

"Start worrying about getting the ten back," he would grin. "It'll take your mind off your other troubles."

Van was Van to everybody; well, almost everydoy. It seems that he once placed tissue paper instead of bills in a girl's stocking after she had granted him an evening and to the insiders he answered to the name of "Tish" ever afterward.

"Tish is a gag," he alibied. "Minna told me to do it for a laugh. I've been framed. Nix on that Tish stuff. Whatdaya say. Chopin or tinpan alley?" He was off.

He had a Satanic sense of humor. One of the best jokes of the club was his. There was an oil painting of a threequarter figure of a man in the vestibule. Always somebody was asking as to its identity.

"That," said Van on one occasion, "is a painting of the man who came here for an old-fashioned entertainment."

While a piano-player was a part of every brothel in folklore, he was only a fill-in in Chicago. Banjos were the favorite instruments in the South Side levee although the Everleigh leaned toward stringed orchestras, embracing a violin, cello, piano and harp. Van, the handyman, helped out between numbers.

He would breeze in and out of any of the rooms as silently as a ghost, play a few bars and, if not encouraged, would disappear as stealthily as he had entered. He knew his place. Some liked his music and some didn't. Besides, he had been told to make himself scarce unless requested.

When overboard from a strong drink and when inclined to moan that he would be happier in a more rowdy resort, the sisters would lose no motion in telling him to take his hat and go. But Van, suspecting they meant it, had the proper reply.

"How man I leave the gold piano?" he sobbed. "It inspires me; I love the little, gold piano. It's all I have in the world."

Knowing that Ada favored the glittering music-box, he was secure in his job. Invariably he wound up with a drink supplied by the house—all was forgiven.

THE "PERFESSOR"

He kept his cigarettes from burning the pianos, he had beer mats for his classes and he was possibly the tidiest professor "on the line."

"Comes from my mother making me wash the dishes when I was a kid," he explained. "And think of the hell I'd get from the sisters if I burned these works of art. Then they would fire me."

Among the professor's confidents was "Diamond Lil" (long before Mae West created the role) over whom a police lieutenant shot it out with another admirer in her apartment one night. This was early in Lil's career, shortly before the Everleigh Club opened. The sisters had forbidden the girl to mention the subject, but it was the high spot in her otherwise newsless existence and whenever the coast was clear she would burden Van with all the details.

Mina caught her in the midst of telling "before I came here" one evening and there was such a rumpus that Van immediately provided what he called "music cues." In other words, he said it with songs, like a code, serving as a warning as well as tipping off secret information. The expression, music cue, he appropriated from the theatre, the snapper that put an orchestra into action.

Here are some of the songs with their hidden definitions: "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You"—Be careful, Minna or Ada is coming.

"I'm a Jonah Man"-Watch your step.

"I'm on the Water Wagon Now"—Hint to girl to encourage her friend to buy the professor a drink.

"Just Because She Made Dem Goo Goo Eyes—Keep your eyes open; your friend has his eyes on your jewels.

"Lazy Moon"-Everything is "hunky dory."

"Mansion of Aching Hearts"—Fourflusher.

"More Work for the Undertaker"-Danger.

"Oh, Didn't He Ramble"-Pass him up; waste of time.

"On the Banks of the Wabash"-Go the limit.

"Rip Van Winkle Was a Lucky Man"—Flattery, he is a good spender.

"She Was Bred in Old Kentucky"—Minna or Ada in a bad mood.

"Tell Me, Pretty Maiden"-Change the subject.

"Under the Bamboo Tree"-Rush him while he's hot.

"When It's All Going Out and Nothing Coming in"— Lend me \$10.

"Just a nut," said the courtesans who needed no help from Van. "He never was right yet about anything."

"This is what I get for being a good fellow," he would carry on. "Nobody appreciates me." He was right; nobody did.

Occasionally a new girl would be intrigued by his devilishness, but finding him taken "with a grain of salt, by the regulars she soon passed him up.

In a huff he quit one night, going to a colored resort. He was the life of the party among the sepia lasses, who seemed to be fascinated by his dinner clothes, his clean shaven face and his gentlemanly manners. All the inmates sought his attention. But he brushed them aside.

"I'm a showman," said Van. "Baby, I've played for the best of 'em."

"Well, then you ought to like me," cooed the sepia siren. "I'se got show blood. I have a sister in the Williams and Walker big colored show, 'In Dahomey'."

Two night later Van was back at the Everleigh Club.

There was no glamour to the role of professor. Van tried to write in a better part for himself, but with little success. He slinked into the club and he slinked out; there were no high-powered cars waiting for him in his later days

THE "PERFESSOR"

and there were no liveried coachmen at the turn of the century. He wasn't even permitted to live in the house.

Desperate attempts were made to locate a full-fledged professor in after years for the simple reason that it might prove interesting to know what becomes of a resort pianist. It is all right for a neighborhood dentist, who is studying piano, to say that a "perfessor" takes up dentistry. But what does he really take up?

One fellow became a hotel clerk and another became a bus driver, but both refused to tell about their early exploits. They, too, were thinking of the wife and kiddies.

The chap on the buss summed it up tersely:

"I knew every Gilbert and Sullivan score by heart. And what did it get me? Nothing but sore wrists. Whenever I came to the rescue of a dame in a fight the best I got was a bump on the ear. Tough racket. Too many good pianoplayers on the radio. A professor wouldn't have a chance these days."

Many vaudeville musicians used to tarry for a week in resort, while appearing in a town, but these good-timers must not be confused with the full-time key thumpers. The stage Pans were thrifty schemers, trying to save a week's room rent.

The madam and her girls in the cheaper dives would attend the Monday matinee performance of a new vaudeville bill and if they took a fancy to a pianist, saxophonist or any instrumentalist they would invite him to "live" at their house during his stay in their city. This kindness served two purposes: first, it supplied a free entertainer and second, it encouraged a few parties from the theatre.

One vaudevillian asserted with a straight face that this taking musicians to resorts was the ruination of vaudeville. "It brought about the five-a-day programs," he said. "It killed the good, old two-a-day. What happened? A piano player would play for the matinee at the theatre, then he would go to a joint and give another show after

which he played a performance at night in the theatre. After the night frolic he would hop back to the dive, giving two more encores—five performances daily, any way you figure it. The vaudeville managers heard about it and they argued that if a guy could do five turns scattered about he could do five in one place. It makes me sore when I think about it."

However, the Everleigh Club never engaged in this sort of connivery. They paid the professor \$50 a week and his "cakes"—the food. He rang the time-clock at ten at night and he was often compelled to pound away as late as seven in the morning. The best he received from the house itself was his weekly wage and a well-tuned piano for which he was grateful.

There were prequisites, of course, and other than the tips from patrons the most generous sums came from the music publishers. Van was paid liberally to plug "After the Ball" among the tear-jerkers, and the majority of the numbers in his code system were "royalty" songs.

One publisher offered to reward him handsomely if he could persuade the sisters into allowing illustrated songs to be shown in one of the parlors. These were quite the thing in those days—colored slides projected upon a screen from a magic lantern as somebody warbled the refrain.

"Nothing doing," chorused the sisters. "We have too many pictures in the club now."

Van sulked and may still be sulking. The professor was a thing apart from the world in which he toiled. When the curfew rang he disappeared completely.

"Forget the professor," said Minna. "What made you bring him up in the first place?"

We're sorry.

Chapter XV NIGHT PRESS RAKES

"God watches over you, but he won't cash checks."
—"Pop" FAYE, Chicago newspaperman.

THE late Victor Lawson, a great editor, a founder of the Associated Press and publisher of *The Chicago Daily News*, was a lover of Jesus and denouncer of the devil; he gave to missionaries, churches and theological seminaries and he shouted the word of God with an abandonment and ease that would cause those of the Fourth Estate with a whisky breath to hide behind desks. He paid salaries to his brilliant editorial staff, including Eugene Field, on Tuesdays so that they wouldn't spend it over the week-end. Worst of all, he paid off in checks. But woe to the man whose vouchers were cashed in a saloon.

"Aunt Hattie," the power behind the financial throne and somewhere around ninety years old in the summer of 1936, checked up on the checks and when the indorsements were those of a grog shop the reporters were called upon the carpet. But to no avail. "Aunt Hattie" clung to forms and lectures. She was a stern creature, holding fast to the bible and complicated auditing systems, having little understanding of the stuff geniuses of journalism are made.

Newspapermen either go to the top or to the gutter and saloons, in few cases, neither hinder nor improve their standing; they are practical men, knowing that a story must be written, a picture must be photographed and that headlines depend upon hard work. They are loyal Pucks, Godfearing and God-loving as a rule, with fewer illusions and more spunk than many of the half-baked accidents in commercial endeavors. As for accepting a Higher Being, they do so without boasting about it, having seen too many

Dowies, revivalists and the hip hip hoorey men of God in action to take evangelists seriously.

"Aunt Hattie" and Victor Lawson overlooked the weekly pleasure of turning slips of paper into money and all attempts to make them aware that bar-rooms were havens in need proved just so much waste of oratory. Old-timers recall that a nickel would cash a check in the shop, but many preferred the gayer jingling of coins over the mahogany.

The reporters were loyal to "Pop" Charlie Faye, their news editor, and they were grieved to see him taken to task for the errors of his crew. Hardly a week passed that Faye wasn't summoned to answer for "more of this saloon business" as the cancelled vouchers came back. He would gather his staff and request that they "try a lunchroom for a change. The Old Man is hot under the collar."

Ben Atwell, afterward editor of *The Chicago Journal* (now *Times*) and later wed to a creature called Publicity, gathered seven of the reporters one Tuesday afternoon to outline a plan to stop further pay-aches. "We'll cash 'em in the Everleigh Club," he said.

Mr. Faye spiked this bit of fun." "You'll all be fired and then what'll I do about the Tome Edition?" he stormed. "Stay away from the South Side." They did—for a few weeks.

The checks continued, but for several weeks the staff hunted up respectable cashers—for Faye's sake.

However, they drank as they pleased and they worked faithfully as loyal journalists always do. Malcolm McDowell and Amy Leslie were among the "names" that kept "innocent fun" spicing up the routine. There was a mild hub-hub in the executive office when it was called to "Aunt Hattie's" attention that a madman in the levee had appropriated Amy

NIGHT PRESS RAKES

Leslie's name to flaunt her nefarious profession, except that she changed it to Aimee to avoid a damage suit.

"It's a madam's way of getting even because we threatened to take our checks to the Everleigh Club instead of her place," said Atwell, suppressing a smile. "Aunt Hattie" said something to the effect that the devil would get him and Madam Leslie. But Aimee Leslie of the levee, who gave no thought to Amy Leslie of *The News*, went merrily along regardless of the devil.

"Bring your checks down any time and I'll see that they clear without any incriminating marks," said Minna Everleigh. "My lawyer will put them through his bank. Now what else can I do for you?"

The climax to "Aunt Hattie's" sorrows came on Thanksgiving Eve. Turkeys were to bring more high blood-pressure into the front offices than any single unholy action in the history of *The News*.

It seems Lawson gave Thanksgiving turkeys to members of the staff. Neat little blessing-cards were attached to each of the birds and a little blah about "we have so much to be thankful for" went with each gift.

The hard-boiled of the editorial room, especially the single men, openly declared they didn't want a turkey, that the glassy eyes and the long necks of the dead fowl gave them the creeps and that, even if they didn't mind carting one through the streets, they had no use for it.

"Lawson's orders," was the command. "You must accept it."

"Give 'em to the kneeling morons in Asia," said one insurgent.

But to keep peace he took the turkey. There was mischief in his eyes, however, as he called two of his mates.

"Turkeys for the chickens," he chirped. "A chicken for a turkey, if we get away with it. Let's go."

Carrying the birds under their arms, and holding their hands over their mouths to conceal the fumes of rum as they encountered Lawson in the elevator, three sturdy scribes representing the paper with the "better-class circulation" were enroute to circulate themselves in the Everleigh Club.

A cab took them to their destination, where a maid grinned broadly as they entered.

"Meet Eenie, Meenie and Moe," chorused the mirthmakers, patting their prizes.

"Birds for a gilded cage," laughed Minna.

"Throw 'em a party," said one of the boys. "They were all right when they had it. But they got it in the neck."

Unconsciously, Minna placed a hand to her own throat; for a second she was thinking of what might have happened to her in her godly days as a true and loyal wife.

It developed into a wild evening. The reporters put the heads of the turkeys between the legs of the girls, they danced, appropriately, to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" and they frightened the side-line fogies by sticking the heads under their chins.

Somebody removed the "blessing cards" and when the mail was placed before Lawson on the following day there was a letter with a Twenty-second Street district postal mark on the envelope. Inside were the cards. Whether there was a mention that they had been picked up at the Everleigh Club or not was known only to th publisher, but everybody on the staff was in stitches over the revelation. The corridors were buzzing with the latest Everleigh scandal.

"Aunt Hattie's" brother, a policeman with a god-like face and a little whip with which to frighten newsboys in the alley below, had heard about the satanic revelry in God-deserted territory, and, if encouraged, would have knelt down to offer a prayer for the healing of three scorched reporters.

NIGHT PRESS RAKES

The paper might just as well have printed an extra; is was a bigger and more amusing story than any in type.

There was hell popping in the front office. Faye was sent for and somebody telephoned the Everleigh Club. Faye was no detective and the sisters slammed down the receiver.

"What do you know about this, Faye?" shouted Lawson.

"Nothing, except what I overheard in the hallways," calmly replied the editor.

"What did you hear?"

"That three men on a holiday went off on a lark."

"You have no control over the men," raved Lawson.

"Can I help it if the men don't like turkey?" answered Faye, heatedly. He had stood for just about enough of these foolish inquisitions. "I cannot understand the reason for all this commotion. I'll fire the first man I discover in on it."

Ben Atwell, to save the day, made a confession.

"What is it?" demanded Lawson of Atwell. "The News or the Everleigh Club?"

"If you want to know, Mr. Lawson, its the *Journal*," said Atwell. "I'm quitting. You do God's work and I'll continue to be a newspaperman."

Minna Everleigh was still laughing over the frolic two years later when Atwell met her in Paris.

"You know, Ben," she said, "we cooked those birds and they were great eating. I wanted to call you but I didn't have the heart. But for a joke I did telephone Lawson, inviting him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he seemed on edge."

Victor Lawson, looking down from his grand stand seat in heaven, may be justly proud of his graduating class. No doubt he has long since told the angels that "boys will

be boys." It is likely that he and Eugene Field have talked things over. Field, who had a limitless capacity for enjoyment, has probably made it clear that the good men of the Fourth Estate are at heart pixies, having seen the phonies from all angles and therefore free from shackles that prevent jolly times and happy moments. "Aunt Hattie" (Dewey), too, looking back over a long and honest career, must condone the sins of her scribes. Her "boys" are not on relief, they have made outstanding niches for themselves and they have proven to be good citizens. Few papers in fifty years have contributed so many creative minds to the literary progress of the nation as has The Chicago Daily News, a grand and fearless newspaper. I trust the present regime isn't offended at the turkey story. It was part and parcel of the Everleigh legend.

Henry Justin Smith, who gave a free hand to Ben Hecht in the writing of "1001 Afternoons in Chicago" in the early 1920's, is a fair sample of the brilliant editor who knows his staff. Lloyd Lewis, its current sports editor, is a novelist and a scholar, a critic and a grand person. Richard C. Burritt, of the alumni, is in New York with a convention bureau. He had been Samuel Insull's press agent for the Chicago Opera Company, but when Insull built a new opera house alongside the river, Burritt took it on the run. "I knew that wouldn't do," he said, getting out before the crash. The training on The News instilled men with a farseeing viewpoint.

Offhand and with no attempt to record the vast number of important contributors to the paper come these names: George Ade, Malcolm McDowell, Carl Sanburg, Harry Hansen, Bob Casey, Junius Wood, Poul Scott Mowrer and Charles H. Dennis, its longest editor. It was *The Chicago Daily News* that cracked the Loeb-Leopold case. Jim Mulroy and Alvin Goldstein fished the typewriter from the Jackson Park lagoon

NIGHT PRESS RAKES

upon which the boy criminals had written notes. For this they were given a Pulitzer prize for good reporting.

Eugene Stinson, music critic, is remembered in Chicago for his attack on Insull's dictatorial direction of grand opera made at the height of Insull's power. Meyer Levin, as a reporter, started the movie interviews at railroad stations. This has become a Frankenstein monster. But don't blame Levin; he's a swell guy. Paul Scott Mowrer received the first Pulitzer prize ever given for foreign correspondents in 1927. His brother, Edgar Mowrer, took the same prize in 1934 for an expose of Hitlerism. Germany banned him. And Malcolm McDowell, dating back to the '93 World's Fair, and now nearing eighty, did the grand job of covering the recent Century of Progress Exposition (1933). There is Kenneth Harris and there is Sterling North and ever so many more.

Walter Strong took over the paper after Lawson's death and its current owner is the progressive Colonel Frank Knox, one of the most popular Republican publishers in America. Even the Democrats on the staff love him. One of his stars (Lloyd Lewis) wrote me recently declaring Knox to be "the most generous, warm-hearted and likeable mortals alive." It was Colonel Knox who gave free rein to the paper's columnist, Howard Vincent O'Brien, permitting, in "All Things Considered," to say why he was for President Roosevelt. O'Brien scored a bull's-eye for frankness. A fearless unbiased paper with an unbiased staff made thousands of friends for the Republican nominee.

Lawson and those who succeeded him, without question, did more in modern journalism to develop foreign news agencies than is generally known. With Melville Stone, for many years head of the Associated Press and once his partner, Lawson saw the need of world-coverage in news leaving nothing unturned to accomplish this end.

Ogden Reid, publisher of the New York Herald-Tribune, is also the proud possessor of a roomful of Pucks, whose pri-

vate shindigs are no concern of his. If the boys cared to sip tea with the Everleighs, the chances are he would laugh it off.

With the closing of the Everleigh Club the sisters took stock of the unpaid accounts and, among debts totalling well over \$25,000, not one penny was owed to them by newspaper men. After the turkey episode it could be that reporters stayed clear of the place.

Chapter XVI FROM BAWD TO WORSE

"Everything that is unknown is taken to be grand."

—CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS.

AFTER spending ten years in Chicago's levee without so much as passing the time of day with their neighbors the Everleigh Sisters decided to cruise around their bailiwick. Surely there must be some interesting sights or why would the reformers be up in arms? Further, one should know his own hunting-ground. After all, visitors did come to inspect the treasures at the Chicago Art Institute, sightseers in New York made bee-lines for Grant's Tomb and in Boston life wasn't complete unless it included a ride in a swan-boat in The Common. Here on the South Side were thrilling sights right under their noses and yet they had passed them by during the years that strangers were paying sound money for railroad fares just for the privilege of rubber-necking. They had but to cross the street or stroll up the block and the world was theirs.

Wasn't the South Side vice area a showplace? Didn't it measure up to Paris by Night? Why be so exclusive? The sisters were beginning to think they had missed something. But how to make an inspection? They were generally known, from the bestial bouncers to the miserable madams, and they were generally disliked, principally because of their uppishness and not for any direct injuries. For several days they pondered, and, as they pondered, they became all the more curious. Certainly they had experienced every known counter-attack in their profession and now to be thwarted on how to go to places disturbed them no end.

They talked of the tour at breakfast and they went to

sleep thinking of how it could be accomplished. Finally they consulted a detective friend from the Twenty-second Street Police Station. He solved the problem swiftly and without mincing words.

"Where you are not known you are policewomen from the chief's office," he said. "Where you are known you are making a little visit as a favor to the chief to clear up some false impressions he has received. Simple?"

"Quite simple," said Minna.

Diagonally across the street from the Everleigh Club was a notorious establishment known as The Jap House, which attracted the sex-seekers not only by its Oriental inmates but with the ballyhoo of a huge Japanese lantern over its portals. From the Everleigh windows the sisters had often speculated as to what went on within those walls; they had heard strange tales and they had heard a heartless set of rules prevailed. The Jap House would be their first stop.

A colored woman admitted the detective and the sisters. As the Everleighs were not recognized, the officer presented them as policewomen, saying, "They're okay. Just looking around."

Two bottles of beer were served the trio. The glasses were "snits", four-ounce shells. Ast for the beer, it was a brand that could be had in cases of twenty-four bottles for 90c. The Jap House charged \$1 a clip for it. The lager side-issue was the sure source of revenue. Nobody was permitted to speak to any of the Oriental sirens until he had purchased two bottles of beer, one for himself and one for his mate.

"Clever, these Japanese," nugged Minna.

"I'll say," returned the copper. "And it's \$3 to go upstairs, so the joint is good for a \$5 gyp per chump."

The girls were heavily dressed, causing Ada to suspect that they also wore underwear. She learned, however, that they never seemed to get warm and that the only complaints

FROM BAWD TO WORSE

The Jap House received were from males who opposed love-making in a fur coat.

A trip through the resort left one impression—a Chinese restaurant with Japanese trimmings. The whole place was gaudy in a cheap fashion. And rather dull.

The next stop was The House of All Nations, up the street and only a stone's throw from Everleigh Club. The charm of this dive lay in its two entrances, one for the \$5 clientele and one for the \$2 yaps. The slummers entered, of course, through the expensive door. They were recognized, greeted warmly and were served with champagne. The police escort was a popular fellow and the Everleighs were royalty.

Other than being a commonplace dive, The House of All Nations did leave a lasting lesson in business acumen. Regardless of what entrance a patron entered he had the choice of the same courtesans. If the \$2 side had a number of visitors and the \$5 side had virtually none, the girls from the \$5 side would run over to the bargain counter and vice versa.

The "all nations" was partly true; Polish, Bohemian, Swedish girls and a motely assemblage, mostly American born in the Chicago environs. And there was drama.

A pretty Polish lass recognized Minna, asking permission to say a word or two. Minna listened attentively. The poor dear, is seems, had been "working" the \$5 side almost exclusively; she was engaged to be married to the janitor of a church and "the life" was about to be banished when she stepped into the \$2 parlor only to be met face to face by her future husband. In fact, the incident had occurred that very evening. And the child was in tears.

"What made me do it, what made me do it?" she sobbed.
"Getting into this hole?" said the unimpressed, coldhearted detective.

"No, no, not that," cried the miss. "Crossing over there." She pointed to the cut-rate parlor. "My first mistake. And I've tried to be so careful."

Minna and Ada were deeply sorry for the misguided nymph. Ada gave her a sip of wine from her glass.

"Maybe he'll forgive you," she consoled. "After all, he is as guilty as you are."

"What if he is?" said the girl, tears streaming down her face. "He said it was off—our marriage. He slapped me in the face and he called me a dirty tramp. He said I had ruined two lives. He never wants to see me again. He wants to die. He'll kill himself, I know he will."

There came a shout for girls as a party of five entered the full-price parlor and the Polish faun adjusted herself hurriedly—the entertainment must go on.

The Everleighs were not curious about the boudoirs, preferring the night air to further adventure in the smoke-laden House of All Nations.

"She'll get over it by morning," said the detective, as they were leaving. It was evident to him that the Everleighs had been moved by the recital. "We need a laugh." So the detective took them to Freiberg's Hall, where the laughs, if any, were tragic.

Ike Bloom, the proprietor, was seated in a corner near the entrance. He bowed, returned to his chair, and a waiter escorted the party to a table about midway down the hall. A huge dance floor occupied the center space, where couples wiggled in the wildest fashion. The women were scarlet of the deepest hue and the men were bozos fogged with alcohol.

The sisters were curious to know the methods employed by Bloom, the accredited "master mind," and it would be interesting to learn if he could protect himself as securely as he aimed to protect contemporary dive-keepers. They soon discovered that he had always to "get" his.

FROM BAWD TO WORSE

Between dances there were entertainers, whose popularity depended upon how many coins were tossed at them. Bloom saw to it that the singers were made popular by tossing silver dollars onto the floor in order to start an avalanche of money ringing in the ring. This tribute was gathered by female entertainers in little baskets and then placed into what was called a strong box on top of the piano. All of this cash went to Bloom, about \$1,500 nightly.

"What do you get?" the officer asked Ray Hibbeler, who styled himself "one of America's popular song writers" but who sang at Frieberg's for inspiration.

"A weekly salary," answered the singer. "We do not share in the pick-ups."

With his "end" from the refreshments and a split from the girls, who dashed in and out of the hall all evening with their quarry, Ike fared very well.

It was just a dance hall with inducements and the Everleighs welcomed the chance to get away, slipping through an exit before Bloom could annoy them with insincere compliments.

"All amateurs so far," sighed Ada.

The California was a pretentious dump in the heart of the levee, parading fifty "mamas" and conducted on the one-arm lunch-room principle—keep moving. It was the next stop.

The California was rigged for speed, prices were a dollar top, and they rushed 'em in one door and out another. The inmates lined up, wearing the thinnest and fewest garments of any place in the district. A big colored woman kept shouting, "Take a baby. Don't be glued to your seats, boys."

"No wonder the reformers are after our hides," said Minna.

To her it was like cattle going to the butcher in the stock-

yards. Within ten minutes the group was out of The California.

Drunks were being waylaid in hallways and, in one resort, they witnessed a waiter hitting a man over the head with a beer bottle.

"Why did he do that?" asked the detective.

"He's been here all night drinking one bottle of beer," came the reply. "He's been sucking up our heat."

That was enough. They were ready for home and sorry they had ventured into their own realm. Poor peasants! Simple folk! They saw a simpleton with a big diamond horseshoe pin in his tie ready for the slaughter. No law and no order. The chump would have a bruised head in the morning, no pin and be back for more punishment within a month.

"There's no way to regulate this thing," confided the guide. "Saps are saps and to hell with them. Hope you enjoyed the sights. Good-night."

It was heavenly to return to the Everleigh Club. Here were gentlemen in evening clothes, an air of refinement—the levee seemed far away.

Two mornings later the sisters were startled when they read in the paper that a Polish janitor and a Polish girl had committed suicide in the basement of a church. Gas hoses were in their mouths. In Polish, two notes were found. Translated, the one written by the man said: "We discovered each other's sins before it was too late." The girl's: "Please destroy my photographs at the House of All Nations." Her picture in the paper showed the enterprise of some reporter, who had overtaken the police to the levee.

Chapter XVII THE FORCES MOBILIZE

"A Broad at Home should be your title."
—BILL HOUGHTON of the N. Y. Herald Tribuns.

"UPON what meat did the crusaders feed that they could call us insurgents and witches?" Minna said recently. "They not only filled us with embarrassment and shame, but they made fools of themselves. In 1910 Chicago was, we admit, a vice-ridden city, yet, while apart from the vile element, we were heralded as the real instigators of all that was wrong. It was like a gourmand lifting the ceiling and swearing to never again touch caviar because his hamburgher sandwich was bad. Our feelings were hurt.

"We gave little resistance to the rebels. Truthfully, we were open to offers. We believed we could have adjusted an age-old problem if given half the chance to supervise its operation. We weren't consulted. In fact, we never were consulted about anything constructive. It was a personal crusade against us. We were touted as the forces of evil invading a God-fearing community to lure the innocent to perdition. Give the weeds a chance and destroy the flowers seemed to be the hymn—hallelujah!

"We were solvent and we were experienced in the finer shames, exactly what it takes to conduct a going concern. The agitators, if they gave it a thought, kept it to themselves. Our sweeter side was a deep secret. Nobody praised us for such noble gestures as donating our Sunday nights to old-fashioned romance. We made Sunday 'Beau Night,' permitting our girls to see their sweethearts as they would have seen them had they lived in homes. It was a glorious sight to see them holding hands and gushing terms of endearment. How proudly the swains entered our house, bringing

candy, perfume and flowers. You cannot imagine the heavenly atmosphere that pervaded our home on Sabbath evenings. I'm afraid we were misjudged on many counts. How about another helping of chicken salad?"

Minna enjoyed her reverie. So many years had passed since, in 1910, the storm broke with a mighty clash. In that year Mayor Fred A. Busse went out of office as the report of the vice commission came in. The data was ready for the police. Mayor Carter H. Harrison stepped into the chair, focusing a direct shaft at the underworld to begin at the Everleigh Club. The commission was said to have accomplished its task more fully than anybody expected, recommending ways and means for vice alleviation.

"No house of ill-repute in the world is so richly furnished, so continuously patronized by men of wealth and slight of morals as the Everleigh Club," reported an investigator. "It is so well protected that the police do not carry it on their lists. It seems to be above the law. It is so well advertised."

Ada and Minna, apparently, had made the mistake of getting out a brochure, which stressed "steam heat throughout in the winter and electric fans in the summer." The booklet irked the invaders beyond endurance.

"They had little fountains squirting perfume in the various rooms," declared a warrior, "but the aroma isn't sufficient to remove the moral stench from the nostrils of a law-abiding city." Harsh words, those.

Not to digress for more than a paragraph, but, in the winter of 1934-35, this writer witnessed as low a dive as ever existed in the heyday of the Everleighs within a block and a half from the City Hall (heart of the town) in North Clark Street. They had no fountains of perfume, which may have been the reason for immunity. However, let's return to the more hysterical era of 1910.

The vice commission, appointed by Mayor Busse, had as its chairman Dean Walter T. Sumner of the Cathedral

THE FORCES MOBILIZE

of SS. Peter and Paul. Among its members were Julius Rosenwald, the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus; Prof. Graham Taylor, head of Chicago Commons; Chief Justice Harry Olsin of the Municipal Court, and Dr. W. A. Evans, who for many years was health editor of *The Tribune*. United States District Attorney Edwin W. Sims was chosen secretary of the body.

In July 1st, 1910, the city council granted the commission \$5,000 for its work. Later another \$5,000 was appropriated. George J. Kneeland was engaged as chief investigator, and the work of investigation started in mid-July.

Few inquiries into social waywardness have been so searching. The commission held 98 special meetings. They interviewed prominent citizens, representatives of reform organizations, police officers and patrolmen, keepers of resorts, and women of the streets. Facts were placed in the record just as they were. No names were mentioned, but code numbers denominating persons and places were keyed. The commission, which insisted that it was not a prosecuting agency, kept the key—to prove, its chairman said, that the instances quoted were actual truth, not guesses.

The estimate of 5,000 engaged in illicit love was the commission's guess against the police number of 1,880. It's a better guess that both were wrong. Also, the police number of recognized resorts was half of the actual count. However, all side-line clandestine romancing was professed to be known to both commission and police. The love affairs in the flats, as apartments were called, confused sound compiling. There were also Turkish baths, massage parlors and manicuring establishments with a doubtful side. Three excursion boats were under suspicion as were dance halls, saloons and a girl with an eye affliction that caused her to wink despite herself. It all intended to prove that segregated districts were the parent plants scattering seeds of sin over the waters of Lake Michigan as well as to all corners of the metropolis.

Incidentally, the commission was assured that resorts were a profitable business, that the madam came in for from \$100 to \$500 per week. The commission came near to a good survey by giving the Everleigh Club \$100,000 as its yearly share. The right number was \$120,000—and net, my dears. Mind you, there weren't income tax laws those days.

The gross intake in most cases wasn't even estimated, but the total profits from dens of shame was cited as \$15,000,000 annually. Four-cent beer was sold from 25c to a dollar, champagne brought a 400 per cent profit and the average age of the girls was 23 years. The best leg the commission had to stand on was that children were debauched, considering that messenger boys, newsboys and delivery boys were daily brought into contact with the brothels. As for the inmates, it was declared they were recruited from the ranks of domestics, waitresses, store clerks and saleswomen. No mention was made of the girls who wanted "nice things."

The report went on to say:

"That there must be constant repression of this curse on human society is the conclusion of this commission after months of exhaustive study and investigation—a study which has included the academic with the practical; moral ideals with human weaknesses; honesty of administration with corruption; the possible with the impossible. . . .

"We believe that Chicago has a public conscience which when aroused cannot be easily stilled—a conscience built upon moral and ethical teachings of the purest American type, which when aroused to the truth will instantly rebel against the social evil in all its phases. . . .

"We may enact laws; we may appoint commissions; we may abuse civic administrations for their handling of the problem; but the problem will remain as long as the public conscience is dead to the issue or is indifferent to its solution. The law is only so powerful as the public opinion which supports it."

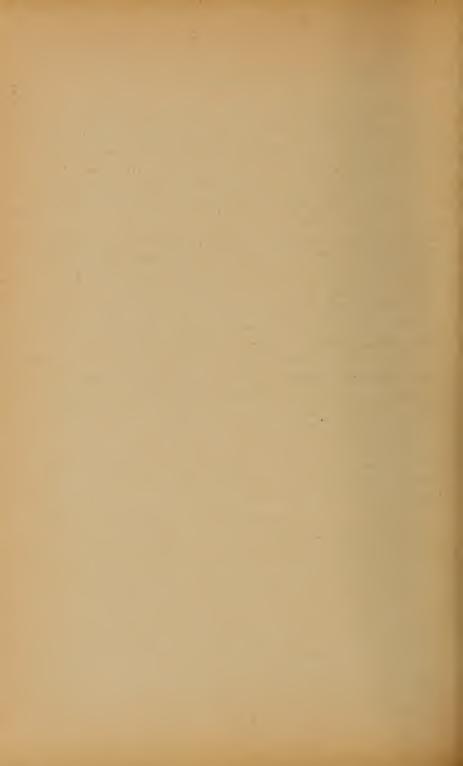
THE FORCES MOBILIZE

The vice commissioners were intellectually honest men. They declared that they had considered segregation as a solution and had discarded it solely because as a method it was wholly ineffective.

Mayor Harrison handed the report over to the city council, which treated it with respect—and reserve. Nothing so forthright had been expected.

A resolution was passed ordering the report placed on file. The vice commission was empowered to remain in existence until June 1st, 1911, and to print and distribute copies of its report, provided this would cost the city nothing.

The commission had laid the problem of vice squarely in the hands of public opinion. Politics had little to say inasmuch as the press gave columns to the many-sided issues. Summertime came and Ada drove about town in a carriage with a parasol shielding her from the sun, unmindful of reports and investigations. Meanwhile Minna improved the advertising brochure by urging visitors to see the stock-yards, another great attraction.



Chapter XVIII HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

"Silence is louder than a brass band."-MADAM VIC SHAW.

IN October, 1911, there occurred an "accident" on a railroad train near Chicago, that sent powerful emissaries gunning for the sisters. There was no visible reason for this scampering, nothing openly tangible. Important people seemed to be aroused—and the listeners listened. Besides, it was a propitious moment to "cover up" an obscure reason for a raid. The newspapers had just mentioned the brochure issued by the Everleigh Club, a nifty pamphlet that rubes in neighboring cities were saying made Chicago a modern Babylon—a good excuse to close in. Here was perfect timing. Nobody suspected deeper motives.

The booklet, as matter of fact, was no more harmful than an illustrated travel guide. There were pictures of the various parlors, the hallways and the front of the building—nothing Frenchy. But it was 1911; nudist magazines were unknown on the newsstands.

The Mayor, it so happened, had attended a banquet out of town. While talking to a towner he was shown the Everleigh booklet.

"Looks like you have Babylon in its wildest days in your city, Mr. Mayor," beamed a local boy yet to make good. "Pretty snappy town, yours isn't it?" Most likely he said "ain't", forgetting English entirely while in ecstasy over the scarlet women of an early twentieth century Apocalypse.

The story went the rounds. Gossip spread to the effect that thousands upon thousands of the brochures had been distributed far and wide as an advertising medium. Actually, only a few hundred were in circulation. The Everleigh Club,

said the godly, was giving Chicago a bad name. Speaking plainly, there was hell to pay.

About this time a wealthy man died on a train. An effort was made to keep the death a secret. No one knew the identity of the dead man at the station except a friend, and he was so grief-stricken he refused to talk. Heart failure was given as the cause.

What had that to do with the Everleigh Club? Nothing. A girl of the house had said she was going away on a visit, but no mention of the girl's name was made openly. The Chicago police, however, were put on the scent. They pestered the sisters with questions such as:

"Did one of your girls hit a guest with a champagne bottle? Had a certain patron promised to take one of your inmates away with him? What's been going on here that we don't know about?"

"We do not know what you are talking about?" said Minna.

"Who were your prominent guests the last few nights?" ranted a detective.

"We do not know the names of our guests," replied Minna, calmly.

The next warning came when they were told by Chief of Police John McWeeney that he had received instructions "straight" from the Mayor to shut their house "because of an unpleasant happening." They told the police chief to "jump into the river" and "to mind his own business."

"Pretty flimsy threat, this one," said Ada.

"I'm afraid they mean business," returned Minna.

However, with no further danger signal, the Mayor issued a mandate to close the Everleigh Club on Tuesday, October 24th. The brochure was given as a satisfactory excuse—the sisters had over-reached with their "unssemly" literature. "Such folders are a blight on our fair city," said a sober secretary.

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

A sword of Damocles had been dangling too long over the heads of the Everleigh Sisters for them not to appreciate the insecurity of the pleasures of their kingly estate, but to have the single hair severed over a work of art was just too ridiculous. They kept a stiff upper lip, bearing up bravely and trying hard to laugh.

"What does the bad bandit say when shot to death?"

asked Minna.

"'They got me, pal'" chuckled Minna.

"Let's say something different when they get us," joked Ada, gaily.

"We could say that we did it all for our little brochure," clowned the other. "Who shoots these old titian heads dies like a dog." She burst into song.

If the sisters felt omens of disaster they didn't show it.
The telephones rang when the afternoon closing reports reached the street. Cheerfully the madams told the callers that "you mustn't believe all you read in the papers. Come on over tonight and see for yourself."

They were going to play to a capacity house on the last night regardless of what happened. Showmen to the very end.

The club had earned a net profit, just as regularly as clock-work, of \$10,000 a month. No matter what it had cost to operate there was still \$120,000 "velvet" every year. They were in a position to pay and pay dearly to remain open. But paying was getting beyond control. Committees of Fifteen were being organized, suffragettes were becoming militant and crusaders were harping on vice conditions. Not alone Chicago, but everywhere in the country a war was being waged to wipe out the red-light districts. The Everleighs were reconciled to defeat well in advance.

At Springfield, Illinois, the capital, the solons were talking of wiping out the red-light districts of the state in a bill to be introduced in the Senate by Senator Lundberg.

The bill declared all persons who owned buildings used for immoral purposes guilty of maintaining a nuisance, permitting the State's Attorney (the equivalent of the District Attorney in New York) to begin action by seizing the furniture and contents of such buildings and selling them at public sale. A perpetual injunction against the owners of the place could be issued, restraining them from operating within the court's jurisdiction. A violation of the injunction would lay the violator open to a fine not exceeding \$2,000. This bill afterward became a law.

Meanwhile there was a general clean-up. Hotels were also hit as the reformers were gradually getting the upper hand. From the *Record-Herald* of October 13th, 1911, we find:

BEGIN WAR ON VICE IN MICHIGAN AVE.

Police Acting Under Direct Order of the Mayor Warn Disreputables to Move

HOTELS MUST "CLEAN UP"

Women of Evil Repute and Their Companions
Already Seeking Other Locations

Michigan Avenue from Twelfth to Thirty-first Streets is in the midst of a "house-cleaning", as a result of a secret order sent out by Mayor Harrison to the 22nd Street and Cottage Grove Avenue Police Stations.

"Move all disreputable women from Michigan Avenue at once and close all disorderly flats," was the order sent out by the Mayor.

Acting on this command and with speed greatly accentuated by the activities of the civil service commission, the police are carrying out the order.

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Three days ago a "census" of all the inhabitants between Twelfth and Thirty-first Streets in Michigan Avenue was begun by police investigators.

Detectives from the 22nd Street and Cottage Grove Avenue Stations were sent to the "avenue" district last night to give orders and assist in the hurried moving of undesirables.

Hotels along the avenues as well as the disorderly flats, received orders.

Among the places ordered to "clean up" were:

THE ARENA, notorious disorderly house operated under the guise of a hotel at 1340 Michigan Ave.

NETHERLAND HOTEL—22nd St. and Michigan, where many of the "red-light" district characters live.

NEW MORTON HOTEL—18th and Michigan, which houses numerous women of evil-repute.

NEW BRADFORD HOTEL—30th and Michigan, where live many women who frequent the 31st St. "red-light" and 22nd St. districts.

Even the Lexington Hotel and other of the more respectable hostelries along the avenue were given instructions to take a census of their patrons.

For three years frequent complaints have been made by the many property owners along the avenue regarding the encroachment of the South Side levee upon that thoroughfare.

At present the avenue is honeycombed with disreputable dives. The police estimate that no fewer than 1,000 women of evil-repute at present live between 12th and 31st Sts.

From 11 o'clock until the early hours of the morning the electric piano music mingles with the more raucous shouts and screams of the persons who patronize the dives.

The police orders are said to extend to a former notorious South Side resort-keeper who maintains a white-stone front mansion at 25th and Michigan. This woman, who is reputed

to be a close friend of an influential alderman, formerly was president of the "Friendly Friends", a "red-light" organization composed of women who operate illegal places in the restricted districts.

On Sunday, October 22nd, the Catherwood Block, a building owned by the wife of the head of the Civil Service Commission, was caught in a gambling raid. In the Record-Herald of Monday, October 23rd, appeared the story and also one with the following headline

OUSTING OF McWEENY RUMORED

Chief of Police McWeeny is to be requested to resign and failing will be removed and a man who can be depended upon to keep the lid on the gambling appointed in his place. Such was the rumor circulated last night after it became known that the Civil Service Commission has held a secret meeting in the Brevoort Hotel.

On Tuesday, the day Mayor Harrison ordered the Everleigh Club bolted, the newspapers bunched the gambling and vice stories. The Council Finance Committee recommended an additional appropriation of \$15,000 for the Civil Service Commission's work; a gambling squad arrested a number of handbook makers and players; Thomas J. Howard, lieutenant of the Lake Street Police Station, was questioned by the Commission as to vice conditions on the West Side and the saloon license of Mike de Pike Heitler, a picturesque levee character on the West Side, was revoked by the Mayor.

The news of the day bristled with levee activities. On the surface it seemed as though there were more reformers than there were underworld habitues.

When the foes of evil could not think of anything else

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

they lampooned the First Ward Ball, a dead issue because those festivals had been abandoned several years before. "Stop further First Ward Balls, which have been a disgrace to the city," shouted Gypsy Smith, a "scientific investigator."

"Reports" by reform bodies were being issued thick and fast.

One committee declared: "No class is overlooked. Houses of prostitution by the lowly are closed at various times for various reasons, but the golden palaces of sin patronized by the wealthy are immune from punishment, even to the extent of being saved the humiliation of appearing upon a police list."

"Wipe out the levee" was the universal cry. Arthur Burrage Farwell had his Chicago Law and Order League, The Committee of Fifteen was working overtime and none other than Mayor K. M. Woszcznski of West Hammond, Illinois, a border town, was making a "vice inquiry." It was a banner day for both the sincere and silly saviours.

Mayor Harrison and Chief of Police McWeeny were charged with being responsible for vice conditions by Mr. Farwell and the Mayor replied: "Mr. Farwell would say anybody was responsible, everybody except himself."

State's Attorney Wayman was accused of neglecting to investigate the levee situation on one side and was "white-washed" on the other. Such headlines as "Wayman Starts Own War to Rid Chicago of Vice" and "All Dives Must Go Is Answer to Reformers' Charges" hogged the news.

There was a "tissue of lies" hurled by the state's attorney's assistants when Louis Weiss, charged with harboring a girl under age, was assailed for having arranged "a fix." Charges and counter-charges!

The Everleigh Sisters read between the lines. They were well aware that the end was drawing near; there were too many slumming parties to suit them. On the night that Lucy Page Gaston and Arthur Burrage Farwell were en-

snared in a levee raid, Mr. Farwell cried: "Don't be afraid, Lucy, I'll protect you." It was amusing but not good for the district.

"Fools," shouted Minna Everleigh. "But fools win these battles."

The sisters saw the handwriting long before the other madams. They refused to "kick in" toward the pools to fight the reformers and they kept the militant crusaders out of their parlors.

"I guess you don't like me," said Mr. Farwell. There was no answer a proper lady could give.

Then in October 24th, 1911, came word from the Twenty-second Street Police Station that a closing order was definitely on the way. "Only the Everleigh," said a sympathetic voice. "The others are immune for the present."

Chapter XIX THE LAST NIGHT

"Farewell to arms-and legs."-RICHARD WATTS, JR.

THE order closing the Everleigh Club furnished the South Side vice district with the biggest sensation that had been exploded there in years. It was supposed to be immune from police interference.

Although Mayor Harrison's order, issued before noon on Tuesday, October 24th, 1911, called for immediate action, the institution was still wide open and crowded at midnight. Lights blazed in every parlor, music rang through the richly tapestried corridors, wine popped in all the rooms.

Minna Everleigh, the "speaking" partner for the sisters, had been notified, however, that she could expect to have her establishment closed without notice.

"Yes," she said, "I know the Mayor's order is on the square. When my maid brought me the afternoon papers I got Captain Harding of the Twenty-second Street Police Station on the telephone and asked him if the report that my place was to be closed was correct.

"He said the command had not come to him from the Chief of Police, but that he expected it every minute. Ordinarily when orders affecting the Twenty-second Street Police Station are issued from police headquarters in the afternoon, they reach the district before eight o'clock in the evening. It is after that hour now, so it may not come to me until morning."

Minna did not seem to be depressed by the knowledge that the Mayor had decided to drive her out of business.

"I don't worry about anything," she continued, when queried on this point. "You get everything in a lifetime."

She invited old friends to share champagne with her. "Happy days," toasted a newspaperman.

"Happy nights," corrected Ada. The group raised their glasses and drank heartily.

Couples were dashing up and down the mahogany staircase, the stringed orchestras were playing louder and the crowd was more boisterous than ever.

"It may be their last chance," said Ada. "Let 'em go as far as they like. More wine for the reporters, Dora."

Minna, jewelled from head to hem and smoking a goldtipped, perfumed cigarette, drew up a chair.

"Well, boys, we've had good times, haven't we," she smiled. "You have all been darlings. You've played square. And we thank you sincerely. Just think—our last night."

There was a silence for a few seconds. The reporters knew the resort was doomed, but they were not the ones to break the news. They could see that Minna had hopes ef remaining open; the delayed raid was giving her false courage.

"Of course, if the Mayor says we must close, that settles it," she went on. "What the Mayor says goes, so far as I am concerned. I'm not going to be sore about it, either. I never was a knocker and nothing the police of this town can do to me will change my disposition. I'll close up the shop and walk out of the place with a smile on my face."

"Do you mind if I call the Mayor from here?" asked an old friend.

"You know the place is always yours," replied Minna. "Help yourself."

At ten o'clock an effort was made to reach Mayor Harrison by telephone in an attempt to learn whether his order was to be carried out.

"It's only ten," the servant was told. "Perhaps the Mayor hasn't gone to sleep yet."

THE LAST NIGHT

The maid was gone a minute or two; then she returned to the phone, saying:

"Mayor Harrison is sound asleep, I don't want to take the responsibility of waking him up."

The reporter returned to the Moorish Room, where the press-men were assembled. He imparted the information about the Mayor being in slumberland. Up to midnight Chief of Police McWeeny could not be located.

"So far so good," cheered Minna. "No reason for any of us around here to be worried," waving a hand, literally coruscated with diamonds, toward the Gold Room, from which came sounds of music and bursts of laughter. "If the ship sinks we're going down with a cheer and a good drink under our belts, anyway."

At one o'clock on Wednesday morning, October 25th, 1911, several squads of police served the closing order on the Everleigh Sisters.

"From downtown," said a lieutenant. "Nothing we can do about it."

"We've been expecting it," returned Minna. "What would you advise us to do?"

"Clear out the house. Get rid of all the guests."

There was no confusion; the patrons had been fore-warned and they departed quietly. Great crowds hovered in front of 2131-33 South Dearborn Street, some booing the police. Cabs and carriages were lined up like they are a few minutes before a play rings down in New York; the cabbies, too, had read the afternoon newspapers. Silk-hatted gentlemen lingered over farewells, but, in truth, they never believed that the final night had come.

"You'll be going strong within a week," was the usual parting.

Minna was not so optimistic. She knew that stronger chains than the thin links of a levee raid were joined to put her out of the running.

She telephoned to Ike Bloom. If she had to pay and he could offer sound proof that there was even a slim chance of continuing she would wage a last stand.

"Go away for a few months," consoled Ike. "There's a nasty rap against the place and it may take six months for the smoke to clear. Nobody else was closed, which is the tip-off—they were gunning for you and they've clipped you. Nothing we can do this morning. It's one of those things—what the hell. We stalled the order all day, didn't we? I did all I could. I'm licked on this one. Call me in the afternoon. But make up your mind it will cost you forty g's. Worth it, ain't it,—what good are them oil paintings if the joint is shut? Hock one of 'em if you're short. Things aren't as simple as they used to be. Now go to bed and forget it."

But Minna couldn't go to bed. Her nymphs were crying and the servants were like so many lost sheep.

"What do you think?" she was asked fifty times.

At one-thirty the lights were out, the first time in eleven years that the lights in the Everleigh Club were dimmed before eight in the morning. Two policemen were stationed at the front door.

"Let's go to Europe," said Ada, as the servitors and the girls huddled in a rear room.

"What about us?" cried a courtesan. "Where can we go?"

"There are plenty of houses," answered Minna.

"Not like this one."

"I'm afraid there never will be one like the E. C.," said Minna, slowly. "You all have a little money due you, enough to last a month or two. I would suggest that you clear out from the levee entirely. It has nothing substantial to offer. The reformers got us and within a year they'll get the others. Find a job, a husband, anything, but don't depend upon this life for a career. It's washed up as we

THE LAST NIGHT

used to say in the theatre. It's done for, good and done for. I've felt it coming for several months."

The laughter and the music were gone. The Everleigh Club had become a crypt within an hour. Nobody wanted a drink; nobody wanted food. Everybody wanted to cry, everybody except the sisters. Minna wanted to laugh. If her business was breaking the law, why weren't other similar businesses closed? She hadn't committed a crime; there was no warrant for her arrest.

"We'll go to Europe and forget it," she told Ada.

Minna laughed softly. She rambled:

"In this town they have been known to rob a man of thousands of dollars, toss his body into the lake and forget it. We get into a little mess and they call out the cops. You figure it out. I'm going to get some sleep."

"Supposing we take a little walk," offered Ada. "The

morning air will cheer us up."

"Not me," smiled Minna. "The law on the door-step might not let us back in. I'm taking no more chances."

Their powdered and painted faces, streaked from tears, were now dry. The first shock had subsided and now they were inwardly blaming their employers for letting the police wreck their "old Kentucky home." One girl tore her dress from her shoulders. "Why not?" she blurted, when one of the others gave her an ugly glance. "I won't need it any more. A hell of a manicurist or a waitress I'd make in this get-up." She became hysterical, tearing her gown to shreds. Nobody made any attempt to stop her. "And neither of you did a damn thing to stop 'em," she screamed, pointing a finger first at Ada and then at Minna. With that she picked up a drinking glass, throwing it against the wall. The crash brought a policeman from the front of the house.

"Want me to lock you all up?" said the bluecoat with the gusto of a man who couldn't lose.

"Brave, ain't you?" cried the raving girl. "Who do you think you're scaring, you big bum?" She grabbed a bottle and was about to throw it when Minna took her into her arms.

"Poor kid," said the madam, motioning to the policeman to leave the room. "Leave her to me, please."

The officer grumbled and strolled away.

The girl sobbed on Minna's shoulder. "I'm sorry," she said.

"We're all nervous and unstrung," soother Minna. "I understand just how you feel. It's a terrible shock to all of us. And there is nothing any of us can do about it. I think we better all start packing."

One by one the girls slipped away to their rooms; the funeral services were over.

The sisters went to Ada's boudoir to discuss an attack. First, they concluded there was little chance for succor from Bloom; second, it was best to go away for six months. Meanwhile they would pull down the shutters and let the establishment remain intact. They took stock of their belongings—almost a million dollars in cash, diamonds estimated in the market-place at \$200,000 and possibly \$150,000 invested in books, oil paintings, tapestries, Oriental rugs, statues and general furnishings. Their clients owed them \$25,000 and still do.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when they called for a cup of coffee. They were wide awake with no thought of sleeping. Several reporters from the afternoon newspapers dropped in, sharing breakfast with the sisters.

"Have you a statement to make?" asked a youngster.

"We never make statements," returned Minna.

"Aren't you going to put up a battle? It isn't fair that they make you sisters the goat. You could lick 'em in the courts. What are your plans?"

"Well," said Ada, simply, "we were seriously thinking of going to a matinee."

THE LAST NIGHT

It was a busy morning; girls were writing letters and sending telegrams. Several trunks were removed before ten o'clock.

Some had offers "up the street," which they accepted. Grace Monroe, always a staunch defender of the Everleigh Club, was one of these. She went to a dive at 2034 South Dearborn Street, operated by Zoe Millard.

"Until I get something better," she apologized.

The majority of the filles de joie, however, were no hurry about securing other employment. Telegrams were already coming from out-of-town, offering choice berths for those "trained for the better houses."

Actually, the scene now reminds one of the night that William Randolph Hearst bought The Chicago Herald. On that occasion there came telegrams from the Omaha Bee and other papers stating that they could use a good reporter or an excellent copy reader. In the case of the Everleigh Club the wires guaranteed positions for "two French blondes," "can use two all-around brunettes," "best five-dollar house in New Orleans with positive security and hundred dollars weekly for five girls under twenty-five stop will advance railroad fare" and "can use three good-lookers." Some of these messages, of course, needed decoding to become understandable.

The telegrams were passed around for all to read.

"Don't they need no maids?" inquired a colored servant. If they did they were not wiring for them.

At nine o'clock Minna began reading the newspaper accounts. The Chicago Record-Herald's obituary was complete. It follows:

HARRISON ORDERS LEVEE DIVE SHUT; McWEENY IGNORES

CHIEF HOLDS UP 12 HOURS MANDATE OF MAYOR TO CLOSE EVERLEIGH CLUB

INVESTIGATORS IN MOVE

Demand Vice Papers of Police and Question Witnesses on Conditions in City

Mayor Harrison issued an order to the General Superintendent of Police yesterday afternoon to close the Everleigh Club, the most notorious dive in the South Side levee.

The order was ignored by the Chief of Police until 12:45 o'clock this morning, when the place was closed and a policeman stationed in front of the building.

The failure to carry out the Mayor's order is up to Chief McWeeny personally.

Last night the Everleigh Club was open as usual. The lights were as bright as ever and the sounds of revelry within could be heard on the street. The proprietors had no official knowledge of the closing order.

Neither had the police of the Twenty-second Street Station, although it was common report all day yesterday that Mayor Harrison had doomed the dive.

CHIEF SENDS ORDER

It was not until early this morning that Chief McWeeny finally awakened to the force of the Mayor's mandate and ordered the dive closed.

He telephoned the Twenty-second Street Station from his home over the police wire at 12:45 o'clock to send detectives to 2131 Dearborn Street to shut the place. This was almost 12 hours after Mayor Harrison issued his order.

The tardy action of Chief McWeeny was coupled with the statement of Minna Everleigh, last night, when asked if she had been ordered to close the

THE LAST NIGHT

"club." She replied she had received no order but believed it would come the first thing in the morning.

It is thought that Chief McWeeny planned to withhold the issuance of the closing order until today.

The chief, exasperated by frequent inquiries why he had not obeyed the Mayor's order, finally transmitted it. Capt. Harding was not at the station. The lieutenant was also absent and the sergeant sent detectives to enforce the mandate.

MC WEENY IS ANGRY

Chief McWeeny was tired and angry when called out of bed at 1 o'clock this morning to answer questions.

"Ever so much obliged," he said in a sleepy voice when he finally answered the phone.

"Why hasn't Mayor Harrison's order to close the Everleigh Club been obeyed?" he was asked.

"That's just what I'd like to know and I'm going to find out in the morning."

"Mayor Harrison ordered the place closed many hours ago and the women running the place say they have received no instructions to that effect yet."

"Well, I intend to find out why in the morning," was all McWeeny would say, and he hung up the receiver.

While the police waited, habitues of the "red-light" district celebrated. Every dive in Armour Avenue and Dearborn Street was wide open. Women stood at the doors.

No inkling of the Mayor's action was presaged, although he said during the day that for several months he had considered closing this dive.

"Vice in Chicago can exist only under the most stringent regulations," the Mayor said. "The Everleigh Club has been advertised far and wide. I am against

this advertisement of Chicago's dives and intend to close up all such places."

"Proprietors of dives must remain in certain restricted districts. They will not be permitted to move into residence portions of the city. It is my wish that the general public notify me of any such attempts. The information will be treated confidentially and I will see that these persons are forced back into the restricted districts."

DIVE WAS LANDMARK

The dive ordered closed by the Mayor was a landmark in the South Side underworld. It was on South Dearborn Street and was conducted by two sisters. Thousands of dollars were reported to have been spent in furnishings. Rich tapestries and costly paintings made it the "show place" of the vice district.

"I had planned," the Mayor said after issuing the order to close the place, "to begin first in the outlying districts to improve conditions. That would have a tendency to drive all undesirables into the restricted parts. Then I intended to take drastic action toward all flaunting of vice in the segregated districts.

"The more I heard of the Everleigh Club, however, the more I realized that it must be done away with without waiting longer. The place will not be permitted to re-open either by the present proprietors or other persons."

HOTELS UNDER FIRE

Mayor Harrison admitted that he had private investigators report general vice conditions to him. He mentioned the names of several proprietors of dives whose activities shortly will be curbed. Several hotels also are under suspicion and will be required to cater to patrons of an entirely different character than at

THE LAST NIGHT

present or will be closed. These are on Michigan Avenue, the Mayor said.

A feeling of uneasiness spread throughout the South Side vice district when the denizens were informed of the Mayor's action. Because of the Everleigh Club's apparent immunity from police molestation, its closing was regarded as significant by proprietors of other dives.

Shortly after the Mayor's action another shock was given the city's vice districts. This occurred when N. W. Wheelock, special counsel for the Civil Service Commission sent for the police department's records of dives and questionable hotels and their inmates.

John McWeeny, General Euperintendent of Police, testified before the commission that such records are kept in all police precincts.

On Thursday, October 26th, the Record-Herald cleared up the delayed police order:

FAULTS OF POLICE VICE BOOMERANG

Mr. McWeeny Shifts Blame

John McWeeny, General Superintendent of Police, demanded an explanation from John Wheeler, inspector in charge of the Harrison Street Station as to why Mayor Harrison's order to close the Everleigh Club Tuesday was not transmitted to the Twenty-second Street Station until yesterday morning.

McWeeny got a report from Wheeler which apparently places the entire blame on John Martin, lieutenant at Wheeler's headquarters.

Martin received the order about 7 o'clock Tuesday night. Instead of notifying his superior of the importance of the mandate, he placed it in Wheeler's desk, where it remained until Wheeler arrived yesterday.

"The place was not closed until I called up the Twenty-second Street station at 12:45 o'clock Wednesday morning," McWeeny said. "I have Wheeler's report regarding the matter, but will investigate further."

"I think the delay was due to the 'red tape' methods of the department," Mayor Harrison said. "I don't think it was intentional."

Within a week the Everleigh Sisters had cleared out every "living soul". The furniture was covered and they were prepared to depart for Rome, Italy. Their old friend, Big Jim Colosimo, assured them they would "be going strong" upon their return; Ike Bloom promised to "work on" Bath-house John and two millionaires determined to "fix things with the Mayor."

"Do the best you can, boys," shouted Minna from the observation platform of the Twentieth Century as the train pulled out of Chicago. "We wish you luck. We've had ours."

Chapter XX

WAYMAN AND THE FINAL RAIDS

"Have patience, my friend, for sooner or later you, too, will get sore at everybody."—State's Attorney WAYMAN.

THE Everleigh Sisters quietly returned to Chicago after six months in Europe. They arranged to buy a home in an exclusive section of the West Side and they concluded to make a "final stab" toward re-opening their resort. It was late in August, 1912, when they were asked to subscribe \$40,000 toward the pool to not only re-light their own club but to forestall the raids in general. Ike Bloom was in complete charge of the details, saying that he was "acting on orders from Chief of Police McWeeny."

The sisters, having read the newspapers, were doubtful that anything could be done to save the levee, regardless of the price they paid. On all sides they were blamed for the hullabaloo, madams and their emissaries cursing them for starting the reform wave.

"If there had been no Everleigh Club there would have been none of this," said Zoe Millard, reputed owner of a dive at 2034 South Dearborn Street. "The Everleighs were too damned exclusive even to be nice to the reformers."

Grace Monroe, an inmate of the place who had come there after the Everleigh Club was closed, defended the sisters. "They are clean and good," she insisted.

There was foul language and Grace was bardly beaten. Madam Millard and a neighboring madam almost tore the poor girl to pieces. Minna, of course, heard about the attack and went to the rescue of her former courtesan with the result that more black eyes followed, but not for Minna. Word of this reached Captain Ryan, commanding the Twenty-

second Street Police Station and on Thursday, September 5th, 1912, Chicago awoke to read in *The Record-Herald* that Madam Millard's resort had been closed because of the brawl.

All of which wasn't in favor of the Everleigh Sisters. The "line" was more bitter than ever, demanding their extermination for all time.

"We're getting nowhere," boomed Bloom, when Minna sought his further advice. "You have the knack for making everybody sore. I'm surprised somebody hasn't taken a shot at you. The levee has it in their minds that your obstinacy is the reason for the clean-up. Why don't you see Bath-house John, make a deal, be a good fellow and play ball with the rest of us? We're all in the same boat. We've got to organize our forces. Supposing I call a meeting? You make a speech, say you're sorry—anything. They'll be tickled to death to find you a regular. C'mon, what do you say?"

Minna laughed.

"I could throw a party for some of these law and order leagues," she said. "But as for the levee, I'll go my way and the rest can go hang."

She left Bloom swearing to himself.

The Friendly Friends, as the society of madams called their unit, held a meeting, but there were no Everleighs present. And the largest pool they could subscribe was \$30,000.

"Pikers," said Ada, when told about it. "It'll take a million to grease the ring-leaders against vice."

On Wednesday, September 25th, 1912, five dive-owners were indicted among whom was A. E. Harris, Democratic precinct committeeman of the First Ward, upon evidence gathered by the Committee of Fifteen. It was the second victory of the committee in its campaign of six weeks to rid the district of girls under age. Mayor Harrison was asked to revoke the saloon license held by Harris, the

"right bower" of Alderman Hinky Dink Kenna of the First Ward.

There followed a general vice inquiry; subpoenas were ordered issued and served for those interested in reform. The move was heralded as a surrpise for State's Attorney John E. W. Wayman. He was quoted as saying: "The grand jury took up the matter itself at the request, I think, of various reform organizations."

On Friday, October 4th, came the first definite blow to wipe out the levee entirely. The crusaders had made it so unpleasant for Wayman, who plainly had been fencing with the issue, that he decided to defy the city police in a positive drive to rid the town of "stink pots." Warrants were issued for one hundred and thirty-five resorts.

Minna and Ada Everleigh, now in retirement for almost a year, but still in their armored suits, refused to further discuss the payment of tribute to anybody. The newspapers were giving too much space to the "clean-up"; the town was too much aroused. The ship was swiftly sinking. They were planning an auction sale to dispose of the furnishings of the club and all cajoling from Bloom and Colosimo went into one ear and out the other. They alone had come through without a scratch.

The Record-Herald on October 4th told too much for the sisters to even think of loading their rifles. The heading:

> WAYMAN STARTS OWN WAR TO RID CHICAGO OF VICE

Declaration All Dives Must Go Is Answer to Reformers' Charges

GETS WARRANTS ON ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE

State's Attorney Promises to Prosecute

Property Owners with Others

"Looks like we saved \$40,000," said Minna as the sisters read the morning papers.

Chicago's underworld was to be wiped off the map; segregated districts are to go and downtown dives closed forever.

Such was the edict issued by Wayman.

The warrants for the dive-keepers were sworn out in Municipal Judge Jacob Hopkins' Court and more were threatened. Owners and agents of the property in which houses of prostitution were running were to be arrested within the week.

Chicago, declared Wayman, is to be raked from exclusive Edgewater to the more prosaic "strand" in South Chicago and from Oak Park to the lake. "The City will be under a strick blue-law rule and the effacement of all vice, gambling and saloon violations is to be a repetition of New York's famous municipal clean-up," he asserted.

Such was Wayman's answer to the reform element of the city. Smarting under the imputations cast upon his administration regarding vice prosecutions, the state's attorney "passed the buck" to the police and the reformers by starting proceedings which he intended to include every dive-keeper and every owner and agent of property where alleged disorderly resorts are situated.

" will go as far as the courts will go and the courts, I have no doubt, will go as far as the public will sustain them," was the ultimatum.

To "go the limit" the state's attorney held a levee "court" from 9 to 10 o'clock each morning at his office in the Criminal Courts building. Each man or woman who had knowledge of the name of a keeper of a house of prostitution or the name of the owner or agent of the building was heard. They were asked to swear to complaints to be filed in the Municipal Court. The state's attorney agreed to prosecute.

The state law under which the prosecutions were brought

WAYMAN AND THE FINAL RAIDS appeared under the heading "disorderly conduct." It fol-

appeared under the heading "disorderly conduct." It follows:

"Whoever keeps or maintains a house of ill-fame or shall keep a common ill-governed and disorderly house to the encouragement of idleness, gaming, drinking or other misbehavior, shall be fined not exceeding \$200. A similar penalty is fixed for agents and owners of buildings occupied by the disorderly resorts."

There was pandemonium in the red-light district when the police began serving warrants. The work was not started until after darkness had fallen. It was near midnight on October 3rd when the full import of the state's attorney's order was realized by the dive-keepers. With the grand jury adjourned they had felt secure from molestation.

Electric pianos jangled away their tunes up until 1 o'clock and then things in both the North and South Side levee districts were paralyzed. Numerous dive-keepers and inmates who escaped arrest prepared to leave the city before morning, fearing that the next batch of warrants would include them.

The blow to the vice districts fell unannounced. For two weeks Wayman had been battling admittedly to head off the "runaway" September grand jury, which was bent upon investigating vice. Carl A. Waldron, attorney for the Committee of Fifteen, and numerous others made charges reflecting on the prosecutor's sincerity.

Wayman declared the jury could not investigate vice; that it was a city problem, not a state one. He had said that the only way he could proceed was by information filed in the courts, based on previous investigation.

To show his sincerity, the state's attorney had the 135 warrants drawn up and shown to the grand jury. With these warrants as proof of his determination the jury and Wayman reached an amicable understanding and the jury adjourned. "Mr. Wayman promised us," E. Percy Warner, the foreman, said, "to 'prosecute all vice to the limit."

The reformers, however, were not satisfied with Mr. Wayman's mere promise. The Committee of Fifteen and also the Chicago Council of Federated Churches had openly announced they would petition a court before the week had ended for a special grand pury to investigate vice and possibly for a special state's attorney.

To checkmate such plans, the prosecutor took the burden of "cleaning-up" Chicago upon his own shoulders. He said that his action was premeditated, and that for the last three months he has had a force of investigators raking the city fore and aft for evidence.

The investigators were directed by Nicholas Hunt, former police inspector and in charge of the Detective Bureau, a close friend of Wayman. They were said to have collected evidence against more than 350 dive-keepers.

In spite of the secrecy there was a "tip off" in the South Side levee district. Only ten alleged dive owners of the hundred or more were found and placed under bond during the night. Six plainclothesmen were scouring the district for those wanted. They were confused because of the large number of "John Doe" and "Mary Doe" warrants issued and the wrong addresses and misinformation in the warrants. Detectives said that the information was inaccurate and that much of it was misleading.

"We are doing everything in our power to find the people wanted, but most of them seem to be under cover," said Lieutenant William Russell of the Twenty-second Street Station. "They apparently were tipped off by someone."

Big Jim Colosimo, Roy Jones, Vic Shaw and Ed Weiss were the only widely-known persons named in the warrants. Some surprise was occasioned when Ed Weiss was dragged into the net. He and his brother, Louis, were the men whom Carl A. Waldron charged Assistant State's Attorney Charles V. Barrett with having tried to protect.

Harry Kizick, alias Harry Cusick and Leo Bernstein

were also named in warrants. They, with Weiss, had been arrested at the instigation of Mr. Waldron on charges of harboring girls under age.

The Chicago Record-Herald on Saturday, October 5th, flaunted:

ALL LEVEE FLEES AS POLICE START RAIDS UPON DIVES

Instead of the prosecutor wiping out the tenderloin, the tenderloin wiped out itself—momentarily. More than a month was yet to pass before the district was to be totally vacated.

Madam Vic Shaw was visited on the night before by a patrol-wagon loaded with police, driving up unannounced to her parlors at 2014 South Dearborn Street. The bluecoats scrambled out of the conveyance and soon twenty young women and one lone man shoved into the bus.

Almost coincident with the raid the mysterious grapevine of the underworld started working. "The district is pinched," flashed the word. Within a few minutes, Armour Avenue and Dearborn Streets, from Twenty-second Street to Archer Avenue became one scene of wild disorder. Only another Johnstown flood, the approach of an invading army or a plague might have caused a similar havoc. In front of a few of the more pretentious establishments automobiles suddenly appeared. Women soon crowded into them and the cars raced away.

The second invasion was at Annie De Muncy's, 2004 South Dearborn Street, where sixteen women and twenty-five men, a majority of the former still in their 'teens, were put aboard patrol-wagons and taken to the South Clark Street Station downtown.

Up and down the levee streets a dozen police patrols jogged, the thousand or more sightseers tagging along be-

hind. At 2129 South Dearborn Street, a dive conducted by Madam Amy, ten girls were found hurriedly packing their belongings for the getaway. They were hustled into police wagons.

Then the police gave up. It was the first time in the history of the South Side levee that "not a wheel turned." At one o'clock news of the raids had spread to other parts of the city, causing a rush of slumming parties for that section. The streets were crowded with men and parties in automobiles darted hither and thither to see the sights. On the corners more than 500 men were congregated, the police being unable to induce them to "move on."

The Chicago Record-Herald said on October 6th:

WOMEN OF DIVES EJECTED; PARADE IN BEST SECTIONS

VICE BROUGHT HOME TO RESIDENCE DISTRICTS
IN WAY NEVER KNOWN

TWO THOUSAND APPLY FOR ROOMS

Dressed in Gaudy Attire and Painted, Levee
Denizens Shock Housewives

Something more for the reformers to worry about. When Wayman was asked what he intended doing about homes for the fallen women he evaded the question by saying: "I'm going the full route." He might better have said: "Well, you asked for it."

At Thirty-fifth Street and Michigan Avenue an astonished woman saw six scarlet damsels stop and light cigarettes—right on the street. She called a police station. Scores of other women reported they had been insulted by strange females.

Into the rooming-houses several miles from the levee

streamed an assemblage not wholly composed of the silken dress, willow plume variety. From the lower dives came former inmates who, for months, had not been on the streets in daylight. Some wore only walking skirts pulled over a flaring colored kimona with a scarf for headgear. Wrapped up in a piece of cloth they carried their belongings. Without money, clothes or a place to call home, they were in a plight. Michigan Avenue had never witnessed such a sorrowful parade.

The outlying neighborhoods refused to harbor the "sports" and the old "life" was barred to them. The police came into action by deciding to drive the fallen ones back to the dives; the undesirables were more confused than ever. The reform forces, too, were a bit dazed. While the mighty police machine was planning to route the vice army out of the residence sections the state's attorney clean-up was continuing the onslaught. Three thousand persons watched the raids nightly while three million natives were denouncing the police, Wayman, the reformers and the town in general.

Miss Kate Adams, a welfare worker, was authorized by the Vigilance Committee to accommodate all the ladies of the evening who applied at her "home", 2119 Calumet Avenue. She wasn't overburdened with requests. The outcasts were not asking for charity and certainly not for lectures.

Wayman, well aware that the closing of the resorts had brought other cares, passed the buck to Chief of Police McWeeny. "I've closed the levee; let the police keep it shut," he declared.

Owners of the resort property arose in protest, some seeking immunity from arrest and others defying the whole shebang. They just couldn't get-together. Then the realty men in the residence sections began a fight to prevent undesirables from invading their domain. Finally two groups of realtors organized to open two levees, one in South Mich-

igan Avenue and the other in Clark Street's downtown Chinatown, a portion of the old badlands of Carrie Watson's day, but for many years law-abiding. Nothing came of this.

However, the old levee was replete with "cappers", telling prospective customers where to go. "Buffet flats" in quiet quarters were opened over night.

Print-crazed clergymen had the time of their lives. Five "city leaders" charged graft before a crowd that packed Orchestra Hall, the sanctum of symphony concerts and where Theodore Roosevelt became the Bull Moose candidate for president. A Dr. Boynton stated that \$5,000 to \$30,000 a month was "paid to city authorities or someone else in political power" as vice tribute. He and the others just talked, saying little to back up their statements. Who collected the money? Who got it? That would have been hotter than hysterics. Most vice reformers are about as hazy when it comes to actual facts as the denizens of the underworld are at a murder trial. Ike Bloom collected the money. Why didn't Dr. Boynton say so? He didn't know. Why didn't he come right out and shout that the city authorities and the county authorities clashed over the spoils -hence the raids. The reformers, taking bows, were as fanatic and as selfish as they always are and always will be. In plain language, they wanted their names in the paper. They were "the ones". And they had won for the same reason that an opposing political party wins when the logical winner is divided into two factions.

One has only to read the headlines to realize that the police (the city authority) and Wayman (the county authority) were not pals.

Here are three samples:

From the Record-Herald of October 15th, 1912-

COUNCIL FIGHTS VICE

Mayor Names Committee of Nine Headed by Emerson to Make Inquiry

WAYMAN GIVES UP

It seems there was a Vice Commission's report and Wayman sought to obtain the "key" to it by a motion for a subpoenas duces tecum before Municipal Judge Cottrell. The motion was later withdrawn.

And in The Record-Herald of October 18th:

WAYMAN REFUSES PLEA TO OPEN VICE DISTRICT

Tells Aldermen of Investigating Committee That Dives Must Remain Closed

In short there were raids by Wayman and yef many of the resorts kept open. The police department in one swoop could have closed and kept closed the entire South Side area if it had so desired. It was all confined to a few blocks. The heading in *The Record-Herald* of October 7th shows how much harmony existed between the "North Side" (Wayman's office) and The Loop:

POLICE PREPARE TO DRIVE WOMEN BACK TO DIVES

Everybody was plain mad. As has been said previously: the levee was to close itself. It ought to have laid down its own law, attempted to operate without crime and have fixed a definite payment to those contributing services, whether the administrative powers or the police. It needed a leader. And maybe it wasn't a sound business; those engaged in it proved they were unsound. The Everleigh Sisters had found that out years before. Too many mitts for the spoils!

A month and a half was taken to barricade a small cluster of dives; rather farcical when one looks back to those hysterical hours. The poor, misguided habitues gave little battle, they ran like rats from a sinking ship. But the opposing forces of the law, the owners of the property and a stray vice overlord kept the guns loaded.

During the remainder of October these headlines appeared in *The Record-Herald*. On October 21st:

*WAYMAN SEES AS BOON BLOW STRUCK AT VICE

STATE'S ATTORNEY, SPEAKING IN PULPIT, DECLARES
CRUSADE WILL REVIVIFY CITY

Prosecutor and Pastors Assail Council for Ordering
Second Investigation

(Again in that last bank we find evidence of friction between the county and city powers).

On October 28th:

DISTRICT OF VICE FINDS ADVOCATE IN ONE MINISTER

REV. FREDERICK E. HOPKINS OPPOSES SCATTERING OF EVIL IN CITY

DECRIES OPEN AGITATION

How Much Good Has Been Accomplished by All Discussion? He Asks

On October 29th:

GIRL DISAPPEARS—PASTOR MENACED IN WAR ON VICE

Rev. E. L. Williams Tells of Many Death Threats Received by Him

WOMAN'S CASE A MYSTERY

Maid at Church Home Vanishes, Leaving Bank Book, Money and Clothing

On October 30th:

PARTISANS WAGE ALL-DAY BATTLE ON SEGREGATION

BITTER CHARGES AND ATTACKS MARK SESSION
BEFORE COMMITTEE OF NINE

KATE ADAMS MAKES STIR

Asserts "Vice Truts" Is to Raise \$30,000 to Boost Favorable Legislation

There came the month of November and, despite all the agitation, Bloom told the Everleigh Sisters to prepare for a Grand Re-opening. Fortunately for them, he reminded, they had not appeared in the current fireworks display. "We'll make everything clean and respectable," said Bloom. "We'll give the whole line your treatment. How's that? Who is that guy, O, yes, Dr. Hopkins, the preacher? He's on our side. We're a necessary evil. We'll line up a few more ministers. It's a cinch." The sisters only shrugged their shoulders.

"It can't be done," insisted Minna.

"The hell it can't," pursued Bloom. "We'll give generously to the churches; we'll make all the gals say their prayers and sit in them god-damned pews. Don't tell me it can't be done. Preachers got to be greased the same as bulls. What dy'a say? What the hell—you and I will go to church ourselves."

"Ike, you're getting hot, but not hot enough," said Minna, amused. "To square the bible brothers will take more cash than you'll ever be able to subscribe. The idea is gorgeous but the cost is prohibitive. I'm auctioning off the stuff for sure now. And in the future you'll find me in a little, gray home in the West—over in the West Side."

They parted for the last time. Ike Bloom was plainly crestfallen.

"You're sure you won't fight it out?" he called after Minna.

"I'm through," came the reply. "It's a garden and a private home from no won. I want trees in the backyard and sunshine—mostly sunshine. S'long, Ike."

Bloom continued his Frieberg's Hall in some fashion for several years afterward. He died on December 15th, 1930. The hall was known in later years as The Midnight Frolic, was the scene of many fights, and finally was torn down. Bloom suffered a painful end; both his legs were said to have been amputated and that diabetes ultimately destroyed him. Poor Ike. He never quite got the right idea.

November, 1912, came with a succession of headlines concerning the levee, which, despite the Wayman raids, went merrily about its sinful business. To add to the South Side torments the election commissioners, in a decision, disfranchised every man claiming residence in the tenderloin. The commissioners ruled: "No voter can claim legal resi-

dence in a place of known ill-repute, because such a place is illegal and contrary to the law."

Underworld denizens were further irritated when the police card-index lists of the chippies in the district were placed in the hands of election commissioners by Captain Michael Ryan of the Twenty-second Street Police Station. (There were constant changes, one will notice, in the commanders of the police district.)

On Election Day, Tuesday, November 5th, the male denizens of the redlight district, many of whom were listed by the police, were challenged by representatives of the Election Board. As the disorderly houses were accused of harboring hundreds of dummy voters in past elections and inasmuch as these dummies were said to have helped swing an election the First Ward aldermen, the Bath and Hinky Dink, were reported as doubtful of another victory. Whoever of the two was running won hands down and probably laughed at the monkeyshines of an Election Board.

Woodrow Wilson was elected President of these United States that same day. The Bath and Hinky Dink, Democrats, had to think of Wilson. They did.

An excited preacher named E. L. Williams was saying the "commercialized" social evil should be treated as murder, thus crashing the news-columns, instead of the comic section, with the heading: "To Stamp Out Vice."

On November 9th, one Louis M. Quitman, who withheld a "mystery man" from the town because that was the surest way of landing in print, was accused of having levee-backing to assure the continuance of the district. He was supposed to be the friend of the down-trodden, but the reformers were dubious. The Record-Herald banged out this classic:

"MAN OF MYSTERY" NOW FACTOR
IN VICE FIGHT

"I WILL TELL NAMES OF ALL MY BACKERS BUT ONE," IS QUITTMAN'S REPLY TO REFORMERS

EXPLAINS POLICE GUARD

Says He Was Bluffing Dive-Keepers in Listing
Women and Needed Protection

Louis M. Quitman of the Woman's Protective League will disclose the names of all the men but one back of his undertaking on Monday, if the person to whom he gives the names will hold them in confidence. Quitman was accused of being in league with the "kings of the levee," and of providing false to the anti-vice commission when he gave testimony before the aldermanic committee that he favored segregation of vice. . . .

On Sunday, November 10th, The Record-Herald stated:

VICE "MAN OF MYSTERY" REVEALED BY QUITMAN

SECRETARY OF WOMAN'S PROTECTIVE LEAGUE GIVES NAME OF "PHANTOM PHILANTHROPIST"

EMERSON TO KEEP SECRET

Chairman of Council Committee Convinced That Movement Is "On the Square"

Quitman was maintaining rooms at 108 West Twentysecond Street. The closing of the district took much work away from the League, but its room remained open.

On Tuesday, November 12th, The Record-Herald declared:

PRODUCE QUITMAN NOTE IN "VICE KING" CHARGE

REFORM WORKERS SHOW ALLEGED LOAN OF \$100 FROM MIKE DE PIKE HEITLER

"FORGERY!" CRIES THE ACCUSED

Last Day of Council Hearing on Segregation
Marked by Dramatic Climax

An all-day battle between forces for and against segregation of vice culminated yesterday afternoon in a fresh attack upon the integrity and good faith of Louis Quitman, secretary of the Chicago Protective League for Women.

It has been repeatedly charged by persons opposed to segregation that Quitman has been using the league's institution to further the intersts of the "vice kings" of the levee district rather than to assist fallen women. One of the strongest arguments used against the young secretary was the fact that he has fought consistently for the re-establishmen of the segregated district.

While the aldermen were suggesting laws to regulate vice and while they were asking for a moral commission, Quitman slipped out of the news and out of the picture. Mike De Pike of the great West Side again stepped forward and was found guilty as a Vice King. He was fined the large and handsome sum of \$50, a pretty small dish with which to annoy a King.

"You wanted the West Side levee open?" he was asked.

"Yes, I made money when it was open," said the frank Mike De Pike.

"How?" interrogated a brilliant lawyer.

"By collecting money from Barney Grogan for police

protection," said the simple Mike De Pike. "That is, I collected money from resort-owners so that they could run without interference from the police." He admitted the "takes" ran from \$50 to \$150 a month for each "joint". Further, the madams came to his saloon to make the payments.

"You don't think I'm goin' to tucker myself chasing a lot of skirts, do you?" he added.

He said he was paid commissions as the collector and that he split with a police official.

The noose was drawing near. On Tuesday, November 19th, this glaring tid-bit appeared in *The Record-Herald*:

DIVES RUN WIDE OPEN, DEFYING REGULATIONS

INVESTIGATORS FIND DISREPUTABLE LEVEE RESORTS BOLDLY DISREGARDING POLICE ORDERS

NOTORIOUS PLACES BUSY

Tip to Women That Return to Vice Dilstrict Is Safe; Report Sent Broadcast

VIOLATIONS ARE REPORTED

Twenty women were arrested in Big Jim Colosimo's, Bux-baum's and in the Weiss Bagnios. All had saloons in connection with the other conveniences.

On Wednesday, November 20th, The Record-Herald reported:

HARRÍSON INSTRUCTS POLICE TO PUT LID ON LEVEE BUT MEETS DEFIANCE

LIGHTS BRIGHT AS EVER

Women Arrested on Streets, but Noisy Drinking Places Operate in Safety

There followed:

Chicago's underworld flung a challenge at Mayor Harrison last night.

"The South side 'red-light' district must be closed and kept closed until further notice," was the Mayor's order to Chief of Police McWeeney.

It was the first time in the history of the city that a Mayor had issued such an order.

The Chief of Police called in Captain Michael Ryan of the Twenty-second Street Police Station and repeated the order to him, with instructions to enforce it.

DIVES WIDE OPEN

The Frisco—a notorious dive at 1915 Armour Avenus was running full blast, with a woman singer entertaining.

The Casino-Armour and W. 21st St.

Dreamland-W. 19th St. and Armour Ave.

The Mint-2004 Armour Ave.

The Bon Ton-2006 Armour Ave.

Rosenben's-W. 19th and South Dearborn St.

The Capital—Ed Weiss' dive at W. 12th St. and South Dearborn St.

On Thursday in The Record-Herald:

VICE DEFI STIRS MAYOR—WILL ORDER AN INQUIRY

Police Chief McWeeney Is to Investigate Re-opening of the Segregated District

WAYMAN DODGES QUESTIONS

State's Attorney Found in New Offices (Criminal Court Bldg.) Refuses to Make Any Statement

And on Friday in The Record-Herald:

LEVEE WIPED OUT IN FIVE MINUTES WHEN POLICE ACT

Order by Mayor Starts Move on Dives
AND DENIZENS FLEE

VICE DISTRICT DESERTED

Five minutes of real police activity, which gives a rough idea of how such matters can be handled when they want them handled, wiped out the South Side levee district in Chicago. It ceased to exist as if by magic, not because of enforcement of the law but because of the apprehension of it.

A few minutes before six o'clock on Thursday evening policemen began nailing the doors of Tommy Owen' "cafe" at 2033-35 Armour Avenue. They were acting on the orders of Mayor Harrison, delivered at last in an unmistakable manner. Echoes of the blows of their hammers hard hardly died away before the entire district was deserted. By six o'clock not a woman was to be found in it.

Frieberg's Hall and some of the cafes on the fringe of the segregated territory escaped, but the levee itself was darkened for all time.

The Chicago Daily Tribune on Friday, April 18th, 1913, shocked its readers with the story of Wayman's death. The headline and the lead to the account follow:

EXTRA JOHN E. WAYMAN DEAD FROM SHOT SELF-INFLICTED

FORMER STATE'S ATTORNEY PASSES AWAY AT 1:30 A.M. AFTER HOURS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

HIS WIFE SUMMONS HELP

Was Confined to Residence Under Treatment for Nevous Breakdown

WEAPON USED IN PREVIOUS TRAGEDY

John E. W. Wayman, former state's attorney of Cook County, shot himself twice below the heart yesterday afternoon at his residence, 6832 Constance Avenue.

He died at 1:20 o'clock this morning.

At midnight he awakened from a short sleep, his lungs congested and suffering from internal hemorrhages.

At 12:15 o'clock Dr. W. K. Murray issued the following bulletin.

Mr. Wayman is sinking rapidly and may die at any moment. He is unconscious and is suffering from an internal hemorrhage. His lungs are filling with blood.

Dr. W. K. Murray.

An hour of suspense followed. Then the physician emerged to say: "He is dead."

"SAND IN MY GEAR BOX"

The paralysis which followed his self-inflicted shot had the effect of leaving Mr. Wayman conscious and comparatively free from pain, although knowing that he might die any minute. Consequently he discussed his injuries and how they were received in a calm, dispassionate manner with those who visited him.

"Boys, I guess I must have had a little sand in my gear box when I did this thing," was the quaint way in which he answered the questions of Attorneys Otto Schram and Claude F. Smith, former assistants, who were permitted to visit him for a minute.

"I am sorry. I hope I will live," he said to Mrs. Wayman.

UNDER GREAT MENTAL STRAIN

Mr. Wayman had been under a terrific mental strain. In winding up his career as state's attorney, so that his office might be turned over to his successor in an orderly manner, he had labored days and nights with but little sleep. He went out of office after closing the vice districts of Chicago, a work to which he devoted his heart and soul.

His campaign as a candidate for the governorship nomination had sapped his vitality. He had opened a private office to again practice law and was flooded with clients he attempted to serve in spite of advice from friends and physicians that he needed a long rest.

INVENTS APPENDICITIS SUBTERFUGE

Finally in a heroic attempt to force Mr. Wayman to rest, Dr. E. C. Williams, the family physician, invented the subterfuge of appendicitis. The patient was told he must cease mental and physical exertion in order to premit of a successful operation. He went to Excelsior Springs, but stayed only a short time.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Wayman was told the condition was so grave he must be taken to a hospital. He went to the Streator Hospital, spent a part of the day, and left it. He was taken for an automobile ride and back to the hospital again. Again he insisted upon leaving, saying that if he had to be operated on he preferred to be at home near his wife and babies.

With Mr. Wayman at the time of the shooting were Mrs. Wayman, the three children, Annajane Wayman, 6 years old; John E. W. Wayman, Jr., 4 years old; Calef, three years old, and two maids.

J. C. Wayman, a brother, had had luncheon with the family at 1 o'clock and smoked a cigar with the former state's attorney after the meal. The brother left at 2 o'clock and Mr. Wayman went upstairs, saying that he was tired and would rest. At 3 o'clock he told Mrs. Wayman that he was going to retire and went into the bedroom.

It was while the children were playing with roller skates and tricycles in front of the house and Mrs. Wayman in the rooms below, believing her husband to be peacefully asleep, that the shots were heard.

About twenty minutes before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the maid from the Wayman home rushed into the residence of Mrs. J. C. Farwell, 6848 Constance Avenue, the next house.

"Come, quick, Mr. Wayman has tried to shoot himself," was the maid's message, according to Mrs. Farwell, who had as guests a number of women friends.

"I ran across the yard with the maid," said Mrs. Farwell. "Mrs. Wayman was in the front room on the first floor. She was crying and wringing her hands. She said: 'Get help quick.'

"I ran out on the front porch and saw a man driving to bring a physician quickly, as Mr. Wayman had shot him-

self. Then I told some of the men over at the house to go over and see if they could be of any assistance."

Within half an hour after the shooting, Dr. W. O. Krohn, a specialist in nervous diseases, arrived and made an examination of the wounds. He had been treating Mr. Wayman for nervousness. At 5 o'clock he emerged and made this statement:

"One bullet entered an inch and a half below the apex of the heart. Its course was downward and to the back. In passing out at the back it severed several principal arteries controlling the lower limbs and organs. The arteries were severed near the spine. I found him paralyzed below the arms. The other bullet entered about three inches below the heart with the same course as the first. It lodged in the back, not quite an inch from the surface. We extracted it. Mr. Wayman suffered from internal hemorrhages."

Dr. James L. Hively, a chiropractor, said he was the first physician to arrive at the Wayman residence. He said that Mr. Wayman was lying partly in the closet.

"Mr. Wayman was conscious," he commented, "and was able to talk. He remarked: 'I was a fool for doing it. I don't know what made me do it. What are my chances of living, doctor? I am sorry, old man, if I have caused you any trouble'."

George C. Bour, a real estate man living at 6840 Euclid Avenue, asserted he was the first man to arrive at the Wayman residence.

"I was walking along the sidewalk when Mr. Farwell ran out to stop a man in an auto. I ran in and met Mrs. Wayman in the front room on the first floor. Together we ran upstairs. Mr. Wayman was lying in the clothes closet. The pistol was on the flood beside him. We lifted him up and put him on the bed."

Dr. E. C. Williams, the family physician, and Dr. Carl Langer of the Englewood Hospital, were hurriedly sum-

moned, the former from the Chicago Beach Hotel and with Dr. Krohn of the Hotel Del Prado and Dr. Murray, they worked over the unconscious man and succeeded in stopping the internal hemorrhages.

The weapon used was an automatic Colt, carrying a magazine with seven shots. It had a "hair trigger" so adjusted that the pistol would empty itself with one long pressure on the trigger. It was not necessary to press the trigger for each shot. The weapon would repeat as long as the trigger was pressed and cartridges remained in the magazine.

Tom Marshall, law partner of Mr. Wayman, said the revolver was the property of Dr. Charles Lund, 3167 Pine Grove Avenue, and was the same used in the fatal shooting of Edward Paul of 1739 Addison Street.

"Dr. Lund came to Mr. Wayman for advice after the Paul shooting," said Mr. Marshall. "Mr. Wayman advised him to leave the revolver with him and then give himself up to the police. Dr. Lund did so. Mr. Wayman was retained to defend the doctor.

"Dr. Lund explained the circumstances of the shooting to Mr. Wayman, declaring he had pointed the pistol for the purpose of threatening, and not with the intention of firing it, when the sensitive weapon was discharged. He explained how easily every shot could be fired unintentionally.

"Mr. Wayman took the pistol home with him on Tuesday and I told him to be careful of it. He carried it in his overcoat pocket. He had thoroughly decided upon Dr. Lund's defense. It was to be that of accidental discharge of the pistol."

Dr. Krohn issued a second statement to the effect:

"Mr. Wayman has told us how it happened. He says that when he got undressed and had donned his pajamas, he felt better, and decided to work up his defense on the Dr. Lund case. He says he went into the closet, where he had placed the automatic pistol on a top shelf to keep it out of the way of the children. He took the gun down,

holding it in his right hand, and intended to examine the mechanism so that he could build the defense on facts.

"It was while holding the gun in his right hand, he said, that his finger accidentally pressed the trigger and the first shot was fired.

"This shot must have gone wild. He thinks the recoil from the first shot pulled the barrel of the pistol around in such a manner that it pointed at his body. The second and third shots followed in rapid succession and entered the body. It all happened to quickly and all with one pressure of the trigger."

John Eucell Wilson Wayman was born on a farm near Glen Easton, West Virginia. He was 41 years old.

At 36 Mr. Wayman entered the lists in the contest for the Republican nomination for state's attorney of Cook County. His principal opponent in the primary was former State's Attorney John J. Healy. Mr. Wayman won to the surprise of his opponents, and probably of himself. Healy demanded a recount, was beaten, took it to court, and was beaten again.

He was looked on as the United Societies' candidate and the dry and religious elements lined up against him in his campaign for re-election. But these foes were quite as staunchly opposed to his Democratic opponent, Jacob J. Kern. Again Wayman won, and the young criminal lawyer who had been unknown a year before became the principal prosecutor of the Middle West.

During his term Wayman prosecuted and convicted Police Inspector McCann in a protracted battle, in which he estranged many of his old friends. He prosecuted Lee O'Neil Browne, but in a second trial Browne got an acquittal. He sought to have the jury system changed, and vehemently attacked the parole system. His last big feat was the closing of the South Side levee district.

Reformers who had assisted materially in the police regulation and improvement of social conditions declared the levee could not be closed. Mr. Wayman did not order the places to bolt their doors. He had the inmates and patrons arrested and taken to the nearest stations and booked. As fast as the houses filled up he had them raided again. Whether the closing was wise or not the reformers could not agree, but Mr. Wayman demonstrated it could be done and left his successor and the police the job of keeping the district dark. He made an unsuccessful campaign for governor, in the spring of 1913. On the expiration of his term as state's attorney he entered private practice with his former assistant, Thomas Marshall. He continued to make public addresses and was scheduled to speak on the night after his death at the dinner of the Sons of St. George. Burial was at Mount Greenwood.

The levee was done for; Wayman was dead. A scandalous epoch had rung down its curtain. Wayman had needed money, which he could have received from the very resorts he closed, but he played on the level. He was an outcast same as the Everleighs were outcasts. The reformers knifed him; the police knifed him. He sat on a keg of dynamite. Had he taken one cent of tribute somebody would have heard about it and somebody would have belched to the limit. Wayman died an honest man. That was his greatest mistake in an era of corrupt inner political machinery. He was too busy fighting his enemies to relax long enough to figure out a way to beat the game, a game that has been better played since he passed on. Had Wayman had sufficient oil and a radio voice he would still be a headliner. The Everleigh Sisters appreciated his faults and were, outside of the immediate family, his most sincere mourners. They had won; Wayman had lost. And they alone understood.

Chief McWeeny retired; Mayor Harrison was in the Internal Revenue Service; Bath-house John was still alder-

man in the First Ward and Hinky Dink was a ward committeeman in the winter of 1936.

Chapter XXI

EXIT MADAMS

"If it weren't for the married men we couldn't have carried on at all and if it weren't for the cheating married women we would have earned another million."

-THE EVERLEIGH SISTERS....

IN the spring of 1913 there loomed upon the theatrical horizon a gimcrack called "Little Lost Sister," which was made from a series of episodes purporting to expose Chicago's lost levee district and which had appeared in The Chicago American. The author was Virginia Brooks but the fellow who wrote the articles was Arthur James Pegler, father of Westbrook and Jack of The American. Charles Michelson, afterward prominent in the Democratic National Party, was then an editor of The American and he not only concocted the title but made possible a stage property that ultimately brought home enough bacon for one of the producers to buy the private home of the Everleigh Sisters.

Miss Brooks had been a crusader against Wayman; single-handed she had fought vice in West Hammond, Illinois, a town bordering on Hammond, Indiana, and she had figured in various battles against Chicago's underworld. She was in the news, but she couldn't write. Pegler's series of exposures ran in double-column measure on page one of *The American* and bore such chapter headings as "Queer Fish in the Depths," "The Poison Needle" and "The Death Tunnel." It was hot stuff, but not the material of which plays are made—no continuity. Pegler, no doubt, and rightly so, saw little in it for the rostrums and accepted a flat sum of \$500 to fashion the stage work. Paul Armstrong wanted to do it, but disappeared

while the producers, Frank A. P. Gazolo and Robert Ricksen, were eagerly planning a premiere.

The Pegler version was dumped after the spring try-out and Edward E. Rose, long identified with Charles Frohman as a "play doctor," did the re-write with a little help from this writer. "Little Lost Sister" made a fortune; five companies toured in it during the season of 1913-14. It is still played on the show-boats, according to Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York Herald-Tribune.

So much for the history of the play, except that Mr. Michelson, while seeking a title for the newspaper series picked up a copy of the book, "My Little Sister," lying on his desk, remarking: "If we can get Little Sister into a title we have something." He added the Lost, a stroke of genius and befitting the era.

The show officially opened, with the Rose flourishes, at the beginning of the 1913-14 season at the Lyceum Theatre in Detroit. It sold out at every performance. It was the first of the "white slave" plays, timely, open-faced, and popular-priced—one dollar for the best seats. It had cost, actually, counting the scenery and the printing (printing was the biggest item), less than \$3,000 to produce. The actors received \$40 salaries and a stage carpenter portrayed one of the four villains, also hogging the mash notes. It exhibited to \$6,800 in its first week in Detroit, almost clearing in profit the cost of production. For publicity, there was police interference, local exposures by Miss Brooks, and there was the "dirty play" furore.

It had the greatest third act opening of all "white slave" dramas. The scene began with the villains talking over the "protection" for their new dive; the scene was a cabaret and there were red lamps on the tables. Off-stage a girl was heard screaming. There was the crack of a whip and another scream.

"What's he doing to the gal, Martin?" growled a villain.

EXIT M'ADAMS

"He's beatin' her and he's goin' to keep beatin' her until she gives in to him," "hissed" his companion.

Another crack of the whip; another piercing scream from the off-stage heroine. How could the play fail?

And when the innocent courtesan, who was engaged to the millionaire's son, called off the wedding by saying to the boy's father:

"I'm giving you back your son, John Boland, I'm not selling him to you," as she tore up the check, nothing could halt the line at the box-office wicket.

It was gallery stuff. A maid from the country had been lured in Act One to the Big City, where she was betrayed. She went the route in Act Two. But when "the devils in human form" tried to make her a "bad girl" out of her sister in Act Three she rebelled, resulting in a fiery climax. There was the lamp-in-the-window in Act Four for the final curtain; the fallen heroine was embraced by her country-boy sweetheart. Happy ending. It was all show, all 1913, all chambermaid.

"The Traffic" and "The Lure" came shortly afterward. Miss Brooks died in 1929. Frank A. P. (Apple Pie) Gazzolo, the enthusiastic sponsor, along with Robert Ricksen, had "mopped up." Gazzolo, having risen from "On the Bridge at Midnight" of the 10-20-30c melodramas and having longed all his life for a real theatrical hit, was now ready to purchase a home for his family. He heard that at 5536 Washington Boulevard in Chicago's West Side was a residence in which the Everleighs were living, but which could be had "for a song" because some of the residents were suspicious.

Gazzolo bought the house and has lived there ever since. However, the sisters later preferred not to mention the subject. They had tried to live privately in Chicago, but their past trailed them, causing so much unpleasantness that they finally migrated to New York, where they have remained ever since.

A letter from Gazzolo in 1934 stated:

"It being generally understood that the E. S. owned this building (5536 Washington Boulevard) I will relate our experience. There were no irregularities practiced around here and the neighbors never got through telling us what ideal persons they were. You never could convince anybody in Chicago except the nearby neighbors that both the E. S. did own and had planned to erect this place for an ulterior motive. I can say truthfully that this is just idle talk. They came here to rest and to enjoy a quiet, peaceful life. I can testify and so can my wife that all of us have certainly enjoyed what is going on to 21 years of residence in this household and I don't know what any of us would do if dispossessed. I thank the E. S." Mrs. Gazzolo died in 1935.

Both sisters refused to enter into that episode in their lives, if true that it was an episode. Even so, it is somewhat ironic to find the profits of a play exposing levee conditions paying for the property of levee queens.

On July 25th, 1914, almost three years after the Everleigh Club was abondoned, *The Chicago Examiner*, using pictures of the sisters, came forth with the headline:

HOYNE WILL USE EVERLEIGH DAŢA FOR GRAND JURY

How Ike Bloom Displaced Little as Levee Ruler Is Told in This Installment

The Examiner, it seems, had received letters from Minna Everleigh, "former queen of Chicago's underworld," which went on to say that a 'certain amount of money from the resorts would permit them to go on in full blast without fear of the police" because a certain official could be fixed.

EXIT MADAMS

Part of one letter:

'Ike Bloom ordered six of the biggest saloon and resortkeepers to send in their coin to the City Hall . . . Ike began to assume the role of levee king."

There was talk of "sweeping investigations"—but the boat had sailed. The City Hall could mean anything because police officials as well as underlings had offices there. State's Attorney Macley Hoyne was gathering evidence against divekeepers, corrupt politicians in the First Ward, crooked attorneys and bondsmen in an effort to clean up a dirty mess for all time. He did very well, considering that nothing is ever tangible in underworld revelations. Either important persons are involved in scandal and, to protect them, much is thrown out or the testimony is unreliable and more often untruthful. Minna had no desire to return to Chicago at that time. What for? She was courting peace and retirement. She was sorry for having written letters.

At a quiet fireside in 1936, the sisters sit back and, like the late Wil! Rogers, all they know is what they read in the papers. They've made up a game. What do favorite newspaper writers look like? What kind can they be? It is good fun, whetting the imagination and embarrassing nobody.

Often they've declared that some of the boys would consider breaking bread with them, but when the time came to issue invitations they backed out. They intend to continue playing a lone hand, painting mind pictures, living in dreamland. Many of the writers have confessed a loiging to meet them on equal ground, which pleases the sisters but has yet to break down the barriers. Here are some of their mental pictures of outstanding New York reporters:

Stanley Walker, wiry cuss who does as he pleases; Alva Johnston, in the city for fun and in the country to work; Richard Watts, Jr., blue-blood in a blue shirt; Alexander

Woollcott, roly poly and not ashamed of it; Brooks Atkinson. enjoys puns but isn't sure what to do about 'em: Burns Mantle, still has Chicago in his hair; Westbrook Pegler, gay dog with Chicago slant on modern hokus pokus; John Anderson, happy days are here again; Geoffrey Parsons, who likes to sing; Harry Staton, it's still the cook house with the circus and not the cook tent; Walter Winchell, exhausted from seeking shorter and funnier gags; Lewis Nichols, Broadway is a fake; Ed Sullivan, like the Boston Irish, a friend established can do no wrong; Louis Sobol, handsomest of all; Howard Barnes, will be back in a minute; Arthur Folwell, get a joke in the first paragraph; John Harkins, get a joke at the finish; Lucius Beebe, what's wrong with a sleigh ride in Central Park; John Hutchens, soft, sociable and secure; Charlie McLendon, don't come back without it; Skipper Williams, hates to be called kipper; Beverly Smith, everybody can't be crazy; Eddie Angly, authors are nice people; Ned McIntosh, politicians aren't always wrong; Jack Malloy (Boston American), throw out the bed first as a soft place to land on in case of a raid; Dick Reagan, reported with a commodore's hat; Sidney Skolsky, is it true what they say about Broadway; Herbert Drake, look out for illusions; Ward Morehouse, actors and actresses are lovely people, especially actresses; Whitney Bolton, a diamond watch; Gilbert Gabriel, how's your last act; John Chapman, a country gentleman; Richard Lockridge, neat, little man; St. Clair McKelway, O, to have been a trick cyclist; Robert Coleman, southern accent and side-burns; Mark Hellinger, mark for the pals; O. O. McIntyre, odd by name and odd by column; Robert Garland, brown coat and white pants; Bill Rich, air pistol champeen; George Ross, young and wide-eyed; John Mason Brown, Broadway is pretty good; Bosley Crowther, the theatre is trying; Sam Zolotow, don't give me that; Jack Pulaski, nothing you can do about Broadway; Wilella Waldorf, it isn't sure until you get the first week's salary;

EXIT MADAMS

Hank Senber, spangles on his nose; Grafton Wilcox, a good guy from Chicago; Douglas Gilbert, the world's a stage; Nunnally Johnson, there's still New York—and so on endlessly.

They don't say much about the New York sports writers, due, perhaps to the association of the word Sports to their former curriculum. However, the sisters say they've never met any of those in their How-Look game. They sometimes think they'd like to know George Abbott, Philip Dunning and George S. Kaufman among the town's showmen. Ardent play-goers, they respect good theatre. Heywood Broun never has been defined in their minds; Dick Maney, a publicist, is pictured as a Montana pixie on the loose.

Meet the boys? No, we think we better not.

The Everleigh Sisters say their rebirth started with the World War in 1914; what happened before is forever buried. Minna claimed she had destroyed the brochures and all the data concerning the club. For the records, they want it known that the Everleigh Sisters are dead.

Their astrals, for lack of a better term, are as happy as it is possible for astrals to be. They own a home in New York, free and clear; they have many kindly friends and at least one person to whom they may confide about the past. All they ask for the remainder of their lives is a roof and one quart of champagne a week.

They still sleep in the brass, marbled-inlaid beds of the early century; they still have many of the oil paintings and upwards of a thousand volumes of fiction in an extensive library. The gold piano is as pretty as it ever was.

There is still a small statue of Bernini's Apollo and Daphne and a large statue of the same Apollo among their possessions. Pictures of old friends adorn their boudoirs; also pictures of the girls they liked the best. There are no ceiling mirrors and there are but few men callers. In the dozen times this reporter dined with them the tele-

phone only rang once, and that was on Mina's birthday; the door-bell never rang. It reminded one of visiting his wealthy maiden aunts—a colored maid but no males anywhere about the premises.

In Ada's room are the same easy chairs upon which the gay millionaires of thirty years ago used to sit—and a radio the one false note. She enjoys the playlets that come through the ether, comforting reminders of the days when she and Minna longed to become great actresses—upon the stage.

Leading up from the vestibule is a staircase that would bring fond memories to the carefree blades of yesterday. It is nearly a duplicate of the staircases in the by-gone club, except, as Ada put it, it is rosewood and not mahogany.

The paintings are in the parlor but which isn't the parlor in the sense that such retreats would be identified with the Everleighs. This is a large front room. Adjoining is the dining sanctum, replete with a buffet containing the finest of brandies and liqueurs; there is a round table covered with doilies and a vase of pink roses. There are roses everywhere.

Their notion of a perfect evening is dinner at six with an old friend, the play and a light supper afterward. Unless it is a special occasion they go to the matinees exclusively. They read the drama criticisms religiously, finding as much fault with the critics as the average Broadway producer. Having traveled widely, they are intersted in foreign affairs and are as conversant with European intrigues as the participants themselves. They could go from Hitler to Ike Bloom and talk intelligently about both.

They have given liberally to many they once employed and they have been swindled with a great majority in "giltedged" securities. Their diamonds aren't as numerous as they used to be and the long sparkling necklace belonging to Ada went with the crash of 1929.

They continue to hold their heads high as they see the beautiful in all things. There are no creditors knocking at

EXIT MADAMS

their door, no interest on a mortagege falling due and still enough diamonds to startle the ordinary mortal.

The story in a newspaper telling of a moldy cucumber in the iceless ice-box of a family who saw their dead mother carted to the potter's field brings tears to their eyes; their loss of several hundred thousands of dollars in realty bonds makes them smile. The whole world is topsy turvy and they are well aware of it. Human and understanding, they do what they can to make it easier for those around them. Bitterness has flown from their souls and, in its place, has come a tolerance and a sympathetic note for the frailties of every race.

They would like to see some of the old friends, a certain famous actor, a certain famous dramatic critic and a certain famous novelist, but do not know how to go about inviting them to their table. Dozens of millionaires have begged for a chance to "talk over old times." They want no contacts with the millionaires. They would like to see old friends—not old customers.

Besides, the newspaper crowd has an appreciation or a humorous slant that wasn't noticeable in the heavy spenders; they aren't offensive and they would accept the sisters as real people. But in more than twenty years the ex-Everleighs have received but two former Chicago cronies—Jack Lait of the Hearst papers is the other. Sensitive beings, the sisters realize that the married actor and the married critic, both with families, cannot very well announce they are dining with the Everleigh Sisters. How would it look?

Once a madam always declasse is the common belief. The fact that a former madam can be a grand person, laughing and toying with a crazy existence, is overlooked entirely. And that she could toss off the life of madaming just as easily as she adopted it never enters into the reasoning. All of which is easily explained: There never was and there never will be another Everleigh Sisters. The

COME INTO MY PARLOR

buildings at 2131-33 South Dearborn Street were demolished in the spring of 1933.

Vic Shaw was still operating a resort in Chicago as this was written; all of the others, if alive, were doing likewise somewhere. It isn't in the cards for a regulation madam to bow out gracefully. She may have intentions of doing so, but there comes a financial blow or a man and she hurls herself back into the racket. It's the old case of the easiest way.

The Everleigh Club was the hardest way. It had no precedent, it established no safe rule. In a sense, it was a failure as far as pointing the way to segregate the "social evil" and in freeing it from corruption. The sisters, pioneering, creating and devising ways and means to take the curse off of a doubtful profession never quite completed the formula. Some agree that had they been less obstinate they might have solved the age-old problem of handling licensed sin, perhaps similar too the licensing of liquor. In their hearts they were certain there was no assured method by which houses of iniquity could be conducted because the rough element would shatter any honest rules of playing the game. Besides, they didn't care.

The Everleigh Club stood for uplift just as much as the honest reformer stood for uplift. Finding that its stock in trade was taboo in decent circles it could only be better than the rest and when the pins were crushed under it the Everleigh Sisters ceased to exist. They had been over-publicized; they couldn't slip back into the fold like Vic Shaw had done because they had been branded as demon headliners, were a source of news and couldn't operate under cover.

The sisters were always out in the open. They were not boot-legging women and they wouldn't lay themselves open to grafting forces. They were merely curious as to how other extremes live, upper and lower; as you have already discovered, they were in the middle. In 1899 they were

EXIT MADAMS

catapulted into an amusing circumstance from which there was little sense in turning. They made themselves comfortable and they had a good time even though Madam Shaw will tell you that they were failures as madams. They didn't like the show and they walked out on it. What was wrong in that?

Right now there are hundreds who suspect that the Everleighs are running a chain of resorts, either in Paris or New York. There is not the remotest excuse for such suspicion other than "what else could they do?" When the Everleighs quit they quit—that is all there was to it. Give them credit for going while the going was good.

From 1914 until 1936 they never montioned the levee except among themselves and to one or two old friends. They weren't seeking further risks even if they had been inclined to "ply their nefarious trade." They had learned all the angles of corruption and they were thoroughly disgusted. Long since they had ceased to see the fun of battling the nitwits in law enforcement. They felt entitled to a vacation.

They wanted to laugh, laugh about leading a clean life, the meaning of which never was quite clear to them. Could it be a bath and a child-like trust in governmental affairs? They weren't sure. Who is?

Divorces, scandals, murders, bank-failures, poverty! Plenty to take one's mind off the Everleigh Sisters, but let them step one foot into the brothel business and the papers will issue an Extra.

They are dead, but they cannot die.

Their longing for one quart of champagne a week was no idle jest. A friend dropped in one night while the maid was out. He fondled a bottle of wine, chilled and ready to pop, which he placed upon the table.

"Here the first contribution of one-a-week in your new deal schedule," he beamed.

COME INTO MY PARLOR

"Thank you," answered Minna. "Let's crack it and celebrate."

The caller made no attempt to remove the cork.

"Would you mind opening it, please?" said Minna. "Funny, but I've never opened a bottle of champagne in my life."

THE RND

INDEX

Abbot, Willis J. 127
Adams, Frank 129
Adams, Franklin Pearce 129ff
Adams, Kate 221
Ade, George 50, 129
Allen, Madam Lizzie 20, 114
Anderson, Madam Belle 17
Arado, Louis 118
Arlington, Madam Josie 18
Armour, P. D., Jr. 24
Atwell, Ben 174, 177

Bailey, Madam Rose 18
Beck, E. S. 129, 159
Beebe, Lucius 71
Blake, Tiffany 129
Bloom, Ike 30, 53, 60, 65, 68, 69, 127, 184, 212, 244ff
Bourke, Tom 84
Bowl, George 60
Brooks, Virginia 241
Browne, Edmund 119
Bryant, Sergeant 90
Burr, Courtney 65

Camilla, Frank 135
Capone, Al 66, 90
Carrozo, Dago Mike 140
Carson, Frank 84
Chambers, Madam Annie 18
Chapin, Charley 128, 134

Busse, Mayor Fred A. 108, 188

Chapman, John 71
Colosimo, Big Jim 53, 83, 133ff, 212, 218
Colosimo, Mrs. Victoria 139
Connerton, Bad Jimmy 127
Connors, Babe 18
Coughlin, Bath-House John 21, 43ff, 69
Coughlin (His Sonnets), 47, 49, 51
Crabb, Christopher C. 20, 86,

114

Cronican, F. P. 98 Crowe, Pat 122 Cudahy, Edward 122

Davis, Joe 160
De Muncy, Madam Annie 219
DeStefano, Rollo 135
Dewey, Aunt Hattie 173ff
Dillingham, Charles B. 129
Dorset, Pearl 93ff
Dunne, Finley Peter 129
Durkin, James Aloysius 159

Eastman, Barrett 130 Ellis, Havelock 102 Ellison, Madam 124

Fargo, Helen 95 Farwell, Arthur Burrage 199 Fay, "Pop" Charlie 174ff

INDEX

Fearlesso, The Great 55, 66 Field, Eugene 129, 173, 178 Field, Marshall, Jr. 83ff Fields, Madam Vina 18 Friedman, Solly 69 Fullerton, Hugh S. 160

Gaines, Madam 18
Garrity, John J. 152
Gaston, Lucy Page 31, 57, 199
Gates, Bet-a-Million 65
Gates, Charles 65
Gazzolo, Frank A. P. 243
Griffin, Marcus 71

Hall, Fred 129
Hammond, Percy 129
Hankins, Madam Effic 18, 19,
20, 23, 30

Hard, William 129
Harper, Lou 112, 113
Hatheway, George 134
Harrison, Mayor Carter H.
70, 113, 151, 188

Heitler, Mike De Pike 198,

Hellinger, Mark 71
Henning, Arthur Sears 129
Herrmann, Sport 134
Hibbeler, Ray 185
Hicks, Madam Rose 18
Hogan, Matt 134
Hogan, Scrappy 134
Houghton, Bill 187
Howey, Walter 46

Johnny, Lame 118 Johnson, Charlie 58, 59 Johnson, Jack 69, 146 Jones, Roy 218

Keeley, James 127, 159 Kelley, John 45, 86, 117, 135 Kenna, Hinky Dink 43, 44, 48, 69, 120, 215

Kennedy, Margaret 163 Kneeland, George J. 108, 189

Lait, Jack 28, 80, 129, 139 Lardner, Ring 129 Lawson, Victor 173ff Leslie, Aimee 101, 174 Little, George 69 Lorimer, William 133 Lowry, Madam Eva 124

McDowell, Malcolm 174
McKay, Billy 130
McNally, Tom 43
McWeeney, Chief of Police
John 70, 77, 100, 194ff

Maitland, Madam Cleo 19, 30
Mason, Della 124
Mason, Julian 160
Michelson, Charles 241
Millard, Madam Zoe 207, 213
Mills, Luther Laffin 133
Monroe, Grace 207, 213
Monroe, Madam Mollie 124
Moore, Nathaniel Ford 83, 84,

91ff

229

INDEX

Moore, Pony 90 Moy, Sam 121, 126

Newman, Willie 164 North, Hank 119, 124

Ogden, William B. 111

Peattie, Robert 129
Pegler, Arthur James 241
Peterson, Smolon 133
Phelon, W. A. 130
Plant, Roger 112

Quitman, Louis M. 227

Red Top 123ff Ringling, John 55 Rothstein, Arnold 143 Rowan, Big Steve 133

Shaw, Madam Vic 30, 74, 92ff, 193, 218, 219

Sherwood, Mamie 162
Siler, George 160
Simon, Isadore 20
Sims, Edwin W. 108
Sisson, Edgar 129, 159
Skolsky, Sidney 71
Smith, Al 113
Smith, Gipsy 106ff
Sobol, Louis 71
Stead, William T. 117.
Stevens, Madam Minnie 18
Stewart, Belle 18

Stokes, Mrs. W. E. D. 83, 98 Sullivan, Ed 71 Sumner, Dean 108 Sunday, Billy 120

Taylor, Bert Leston 130 Taylor, C. W. 129 Tuckerhorn, Sim 68 Twain, Mark 50

Vanderpool, Tish 167ff

Wall, Madam Tessie 17 Warren, George 163 Warren, Madam Lucky 18 Washburne, Walter Avery

Watson, Madam Carrie 18, 113, 117, 118, 123

Watson, Mark 129 Watts, Richard, Jr. 201, 242 Wayman, John E. W. 53, 83, 108, 138, 213ff

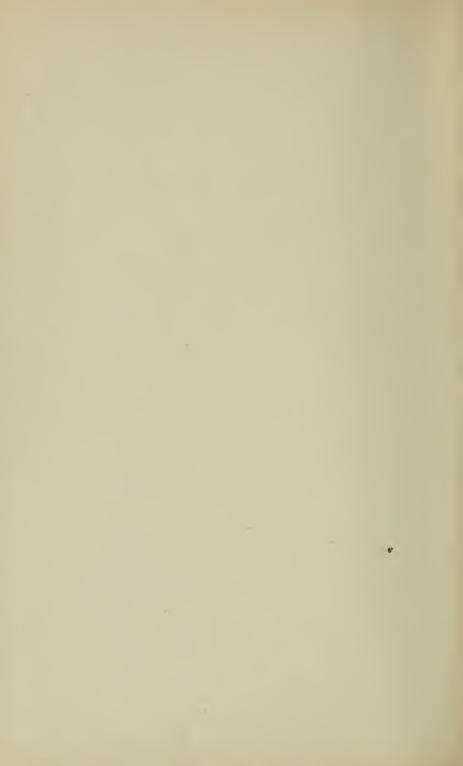
Weiss, Ed 101, 218
Weiss, Louis 101, 199, 218
Wentworth, Long John 111
Whelan, Mocking Bird 133,
134

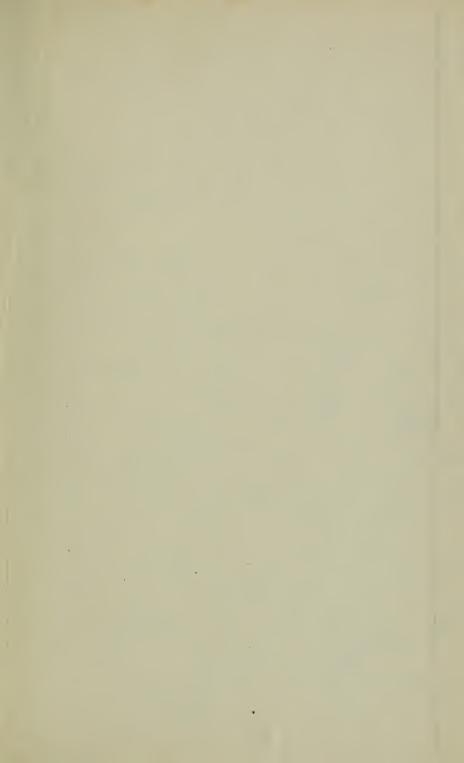
Whitlock, Brand 127 Wilhelm, Prince Friedrich

Winchell, Walter 71 Winter, Dale 136, 139 Woszczynski, Mayor K. M. 199









UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
176.5W27C COME INTO MY PARLOR; A BIOGRAPHY OF THE

3 0112 025275238