

# Ill-Gotten Gains Are of Small Avail in Days of Misfortune

## Retributive Fate that has overtaken Members of the Clark Street Gang of Gamblers and Bunco Men of which Mike McDonald was Chief.

Chicago. — The papers announce that "Mike" McDonald, millionaire retired gambler, is on the verge of collapse from the effects of the trouble that has come to him in his old age. His third wife is in jail for the murder of Webster Guerin, the lover whose coldness drove her to insane jealousy and desperation. His second wife, according to the news dispatches, is dying in New Jersey. Traveling on the shady side of 60, McDonald faces physical breakdown and old age in which his ill-gotten dollars must be his only comforter.

Not long ago "Al" Adams, millionaire policy "king" of New York, committed suicide after serving a term in prison for robbing the poor through his policy games. He still had a fortune, and his family, who suffered the social taint of the father, continued to live in a brownstone palace. But his dollars gave "Al" Adams cold comfort in his old age.

Twenty-five years ago there flourished in Chicago the "Clark street gambling gang," with McDonald at its head. This crowd made a chapter of history, but it is not the kind of history that is written into books recording the city's growth. Instead, it is to be found in the records of the police, and in the memories of men whose business, legitimate or otherwise, brought them into contact with the members of the gang.

### Misery in Polluted Cash.

Not only was McDonald the member of this lot who retired from gambling with the most money, but he was the one whose career after he had quit gambling seemed to refute the argument that money which is not only tainted but thoroughly polluted cannot bring happiness. Now that the tragic chapter of the murder of her lover by his wife has been added, even the seeming refutation of McDonald's career has been destroyed. The fate of the rest of the crowd gives abundant evidence that the mills of the gods grind just as fine in these days as of old.

John Deming, one of the well-known Clark street figures in the days when that street was known from coast to coast on account of its vice, became a pauper and died.

"Bob" McCune, alias Keister Bob, is now a tramp in New York, a plain va-

pered financially except McDonald himself, was Patrick Casey, who had charge of the bar. Casey saved his money and died a few years ago fairly well off.

### Others Pursued by Fate.

James Papes, who was a thief as well as a gambler, broke into the treasury of Springfield, Ill., and died after fleeing to Canada to escape the penalty of his crime.

"Jimmy" Carroll, another of the crowd that alternated gambling with stealing and who made the police a world of trouble, continued his outlaw career until he died, seven years ago, in abject poverty.

Joseph Lewis, alias "Hungry Joe," is said to have renounced his former ways, is making an honest living and is doing better from the material standpoint than most of the men he formerly associated with.

"Jimmy" Hoey, one of the most notorious denizens of Clark street in the "wide-open" days and a gambler who stole, got into a fight with Al Walters, a barkeeper in the saloon of "Count" Riley in Clark street, and shot and killed him. He was tried and acquitted.

Most of the gambling men who committed murder in Clark street in those days were acquitted, in fact, owing to the strength of the pull of the entire gang with the police and the courts. Hoey afterward married Mollie Holbrook, the widow of "Buck" Holbrook, a burglar, who was killed at Hennepin, Ill. Hoey and his wife went to Europe and have not been heard of in Chicago since.

### Reign of the Bunco Men.

Clark street became as infamous for the bunco game in the days of the McDonald crowd as for gambling. The bunco steers were gamblers, and the gamblers, or many of them, were bunco steers. Harry Lawrence was one of the best known of the bunco men. Before McDonald became known as the gambler king of the city he was strongly interested in the bunco game.

In brief, the bunco game was operated in this way: The steers, well-dressed and suave, sought their prey in the hotels principally. Steerer No. 1 accented the stranger, called him by any name that happened to occur to him. The prospective victim eyed the stranger with suspicion and told him

stranger's town, and told him a string of boyhood happenings that never happened, but which the prospective victim could not dispute.

"By the way," steerer No. 2 would say, "I bought a ticket in a lottery the other day. Let's drop into the lottery office and see if I won anything."

There were a number of these "offices." A prosperous looking man sat at the desk, and the walls were covered with fake lists and reports of lottery drawings. In front of the man at the desk was a big, glittering pile of gold coin. The ticket was presented. Baiting the Sharp Trap.

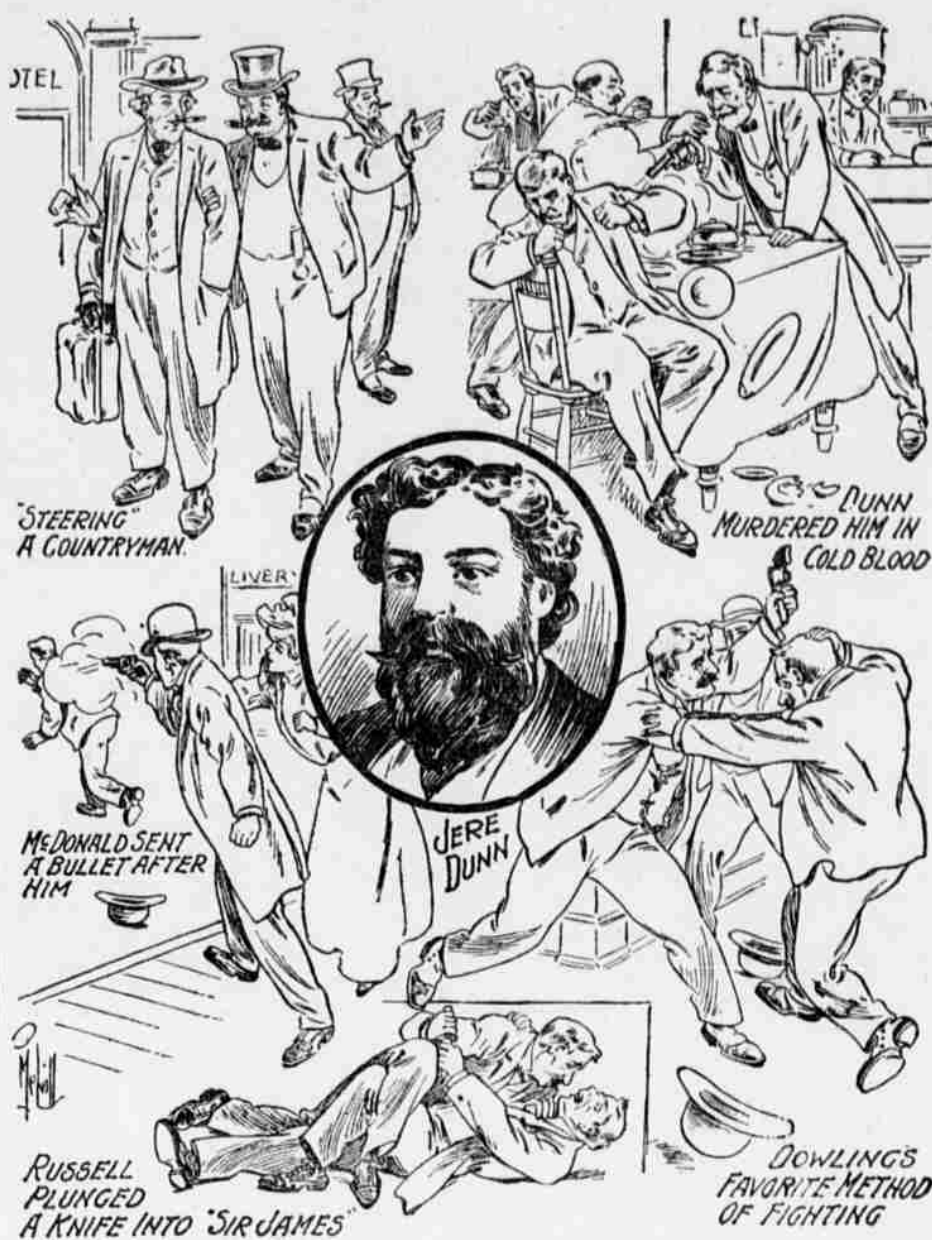
"You are lucky," said the man at the desk to steerer No. 2. "You have won \$2,500."

The cash was paid over to steerer No. 2, while the eyes of the countryman bulged at the sight of so much "easy" money. That was the beginning. The victim was told there were drawings every day. Usually he bought a ticket, but no matter whether he did or not, the steerer stuck close to him and spent money on him, principally for liquor. They would return to the "lottery office" and after some talk between the manager and the steerer the latter would agree to bet against a card game. Always he was lucky and sometimes he won large amounts. It became a comparatively easy matter to draw the farmer or country merchant into the betting. As soon as he had lost all the bunco man thought he had with him he was steered out of the place and the "lot-

ter" finish came quicker than that of many of his associates, for he was stabbed by George Russell, alias White Pine, a bunco man. Russell acquired his alias from the fact that he came to Chicago from White Pine, Nev. He was a fighting man of the western type, but was acquitted in his trial for the stabbing of Sir James. Jere Dunn in the Street.

But best known of all, not excepting McDonald himself, was Jere Dunn, slayer of "Jimmy" Elliott, the heavy-weight prize fighter. Clark street during the reign of McDonald was the Mecca of many crooks, gamblers, confidence men, "bad" men and other classes of disreputables, but no figure ever appeared in the street who, by force of his all-around wickedness, commanded the attention that Jere Dunn got. Even Dunn's friends did not claim for him any degree of morals. Some of them say that he was "square" with his partners in crime, but his history disproves even that contention. One of the men who knew him best says that Dunn never knew what physical fear was. If this was true it is about all the good that can be said of him, even after his death. Dunn died in New Jersey last year of malignant cancer. Wherever he went he made criminal history and some of it is worth re-telling in any narrative of the Clark street crowd.

This notorious character made his appearance in Clark street in the early '80s. The vicious atmosphere of the



## HOME VS. THE CITY

THAT IS WHAT THE HOME-TRADE PROBLEM AMOUNTS TO.

### WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

If You Are Sending Your Dollars to the Mail-Order Houses You Are Battling Against the Home Town.

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A far seeing, provident business man will not pursue a policy which is subversive of his best interests. He will not destroy his own house, neither will he jeopardize his business. He will observe the golden rule, not only in theory, but in practice, and its practical observation was never more needed than at the present time. Men dream about the "Golden Age" and yet, oftentimes pursue a policy which renders the dawn of that age an impossibility.

Within the horizon of every country resident there exists an evil which is yearly assuming greater proportions. We refer to the mail order business which last year amounted in money sent to Chicago alone to \$200,000,000. Two hundred million dollars diverted from its legitimate channel. Two hundred million dollars sent out to enrich those who were not needy, while those at home sorely in need of support were passed by coldly; the local trade was impoverished just to that extent. This golden trade reviving stream should have remained within its own channel, thus enriching its own soil, and causing desert places to bloom and blossom.

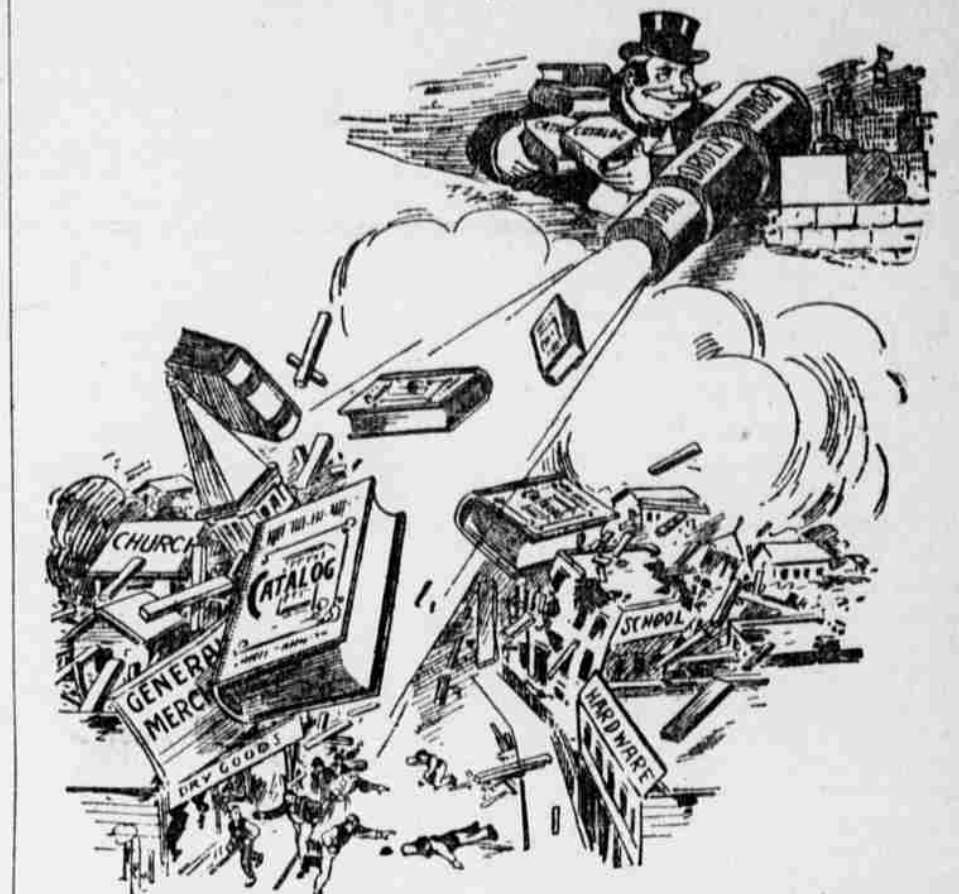
Many unemployed would have been engaged at living wages, households

In a certain rural community, this official order and warning was issued: "Unless bad roads are fixed there will be no rural delivery at all." It is impossible to put roads in repair without money. This lack of means cannot be traced to poor crops, for the harvest just gathered in has been superabundant. Men cannot support and build up business concerns in distant cities without sacrificing the local good. Is it fair to establish the city by depriving the country of its just support?

Many hold forth the idea that the country is the feeder of the city. This is only partially true. That doctrine has been preached till the text is threadbare. It would be much wiser for men to get a new text and talk and work the country up, then allow the city, including its mail order Octopus, to work its own problems awhile. This, instead of being selfishness, would be the finest order of common sense. A more marked feeling of brotherhood interest is sadly needed in the country on this particular point.

The rural population complain of lack of facilities and conveniences; in order to obviate this, let \$200,000,000 this coming year be disbursed among country merchants, among the humbler storekeepers, then observe what will follow. The improvements would be marked. Social conditions would be greatly ameliorated. A new order would maintain in the home and over the broad acres of the farm and best of all, the social spirit of brotherhood would be felt as never before.

Listen to these thoughtful words from Gov. Folk, of Missouri: "We are proud of our splendid cities, and we want to increase in wealth and population, and we also want our country towns to grow. We wish the city merchants to build up, but also desire the country merchants to prosper. I do NOT BELIEVE in the mail



The batteries of the catalogue houses are carrying destruction to the smaller cities and towns. Are you helping in this work of hurling destruction at the local schools, churches and industries? Are you assisting in the distribution of mail-order literature and sending ammunition in the way of home dollars with which they will continue the campaign?

would have been cheered and hearts warmed; but no, it went to swell the dividends of surfeited, boastful city concerns.

The live and let live doctrines was overlooked; its old-fashioned wholesomeness was utterly disregarded.

The country merchant would have been engaged in his daily struggle, instead of battling at long odds against ostracism, adversity, big bills and meager receipts.

Think of \$200,000,000, ye who cause the catalogue houses to flourish as the cedars of Lebanon, and the green bay tree; remember that their prosperity is at the expense of your brother, the local merchant, and local progress. Then ask this pertinent question: Can we afford to play the game longer; can we longer stultify local interests?

This great evil affects every farmer, teacher and work hand, every home, every school, every church in every country community. It also touches the interests of the physician, preacher and pedagogue. It really robs the country merchant before his eyes, in a heartless way. He sees the freight yard crowded with consignments to individuals from great catalogue houses, and sadly does he look at his country store with its stock accumulating, for want of trade, and thus decreasing in value every day.

Sadly too does he look at the refuge of bankruptcy hourly being hastened because his townsmen prefer the catalogue house with its ubiquitous circulars. Those train loads of goods were bought with money that should have found its way into the honest hand of your local merchant, who has the good of your locality at heart, and who is expected to contribute liberally and continuously to very moral and benevolent institution in your midst. Then likewise remember this, that of all the millions thus sent to swell the coffers of houses in great cities, not one cent will ever return to bless your community; to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry or to educate the ignorant!

This is certainly a misguided, ill-advised policy; if self preservation is the first law of nature, the fact just stated should cause lovers of this country to think. Continue this policy and what follows? The value of real estate decreases, local improvements cease, material progress stops, the whole country suffers.

The money of a community represents in a business sense just so much possibility, and every honest occupation is injured in proportion as that is withheld or sent elsewhere.

order citizen. If a place is good enough for a man to live in and to make his money in, it is good enough for a man to SPEND HIS MONEY in. Patronize your own town papers, build them up, and they will build your town up in increased trade and greater opportunities.

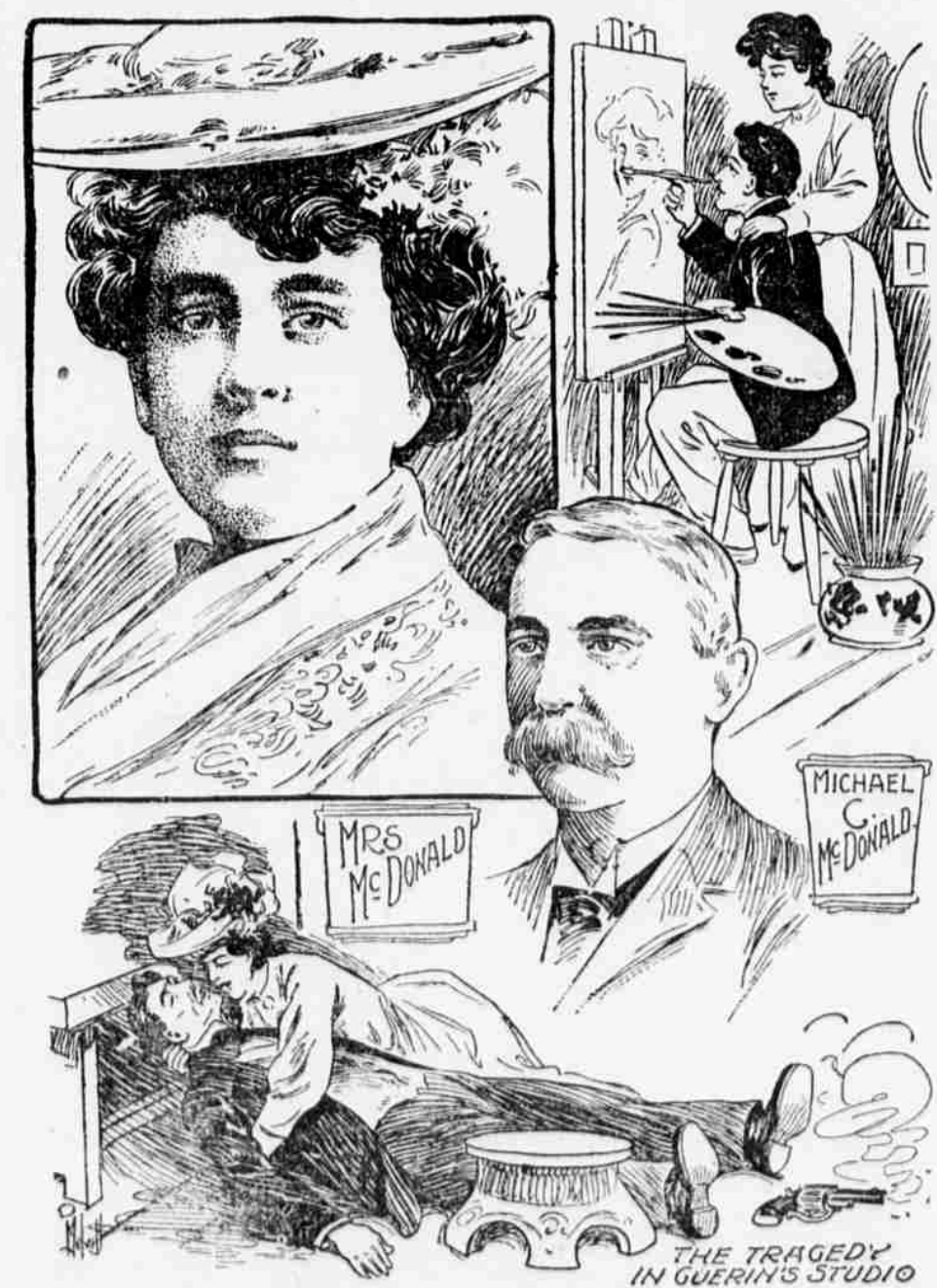
These are the words of wisdom and foresight from a prudent, patriotic man. As it is to-day, these words are expressive of the opposite of what should be in many a country district. The mail order citizen may think he is gaining; the truth is he is sawing off the limb upon which he sits. Disaster only can follow. The mail order citizen makes his money locally and scatters it abroad in a field where it is not needed; this is unfair to both the town and to its merchants. This shortsighted citizen complains of the size and character of his town paper, at the same time he pursues a policy which tends to destroy both. Then, publishers ought to be careful how they exploit and give publicity to the mail order houses; even if they are paid well for the space, it reacts disastrously on the town's best prospects.

Let men stand by the local merchant, let them protect his interests, for they thus further their own. The town that made the man should be made by the man. This is fair to all. Let men ponder well this truth, that we are all interdependent; that the vein of brotherhood underlies the entire social and commercial fabric. That together we stand or fall; that the good of the country demands loyalty and practical cooperation.

ARTHUR M. FROWDEN.

### Fortunate Men of Prominence.

Admirers of great, rich or famous people often bestow their wealth upon the objects of their regard. The German emperor heads the list of lucky ones so favored. His receipts in money and real estate during the last ten years would, it is said, make a millionaire envious. Following precedent, a Hamburg merchant prince left more than \$1,000,000 to the emperor's chancellor, whom Kaiser William immediately created "Prince" Buelow. William Jennings Bryan recently came by wealth in the same way. In England Lord Alerton has received \$100,000 from an admirer of his public career and Dr. Jameson inherits a sum one-fifth larger under the will of Mr. Beit. Queen Victoria was very fortunate in her admirers, of whom the wealthiest was Niel, who bequeathed to her the sum of \$1,250,000.



grant, glad to be able to beg the price of a bed in the cheapest lodging house.

Cliff Dehority, another of the old-time faro dealers, is living in New York, but is said to have managed to keep his head above water since he left Chicago. About the only man who was intimately associated with the McDonald gambling house who pros-

pered financially except McDonald himself, was Patrick Casey, who had charge of the bar. Casey saved his money and died a few years ago fairly well off.

Steerer No. 1 then imparted the right name and address of the farmer to steerer No. 2. The latter did his work well. He formerly lived in the

tery" headquarters were switched to another room.

### Tragic Finish of the Hankins.

Jeff and Al Hankins opened a gambling house at 125 Clark street. Al afterward bought a stock farm in Indiana, expecting to settle down and get away from the life he had led. Not long afterward he was found suffocated to death in a folding bed. An investigation was made, but it was stopped when it was found that to pursue it would destroy at least one reputation. Jeff Hankins dropped dead of heart disease about ten years ago. No name was better known in Clark street in the "wide-open" days than that of Hankins. George was the prey of all the boodling politicians in the county—and there were more of them then than now—and was intimately associated with the boodling ring in the county board. He is said to have furnished the largest part of the fund of \$190,000 which was futilely spent in trying to have passed a state law legalizing pool selling on race tracks.

### Garritys Were Fighting Men.

Then there were the Garrity brothers, John, Hugh and Mike. They were an especially tough trio and known as fighting men. They were guilty of numerous assaults, some of them of the most serious character. It was John Garrity who bit an ear off of Alderman James Peavey, who was also a gambler. The men had engaged in a fight and in the absence of more deadly weapons Garrity used his teeth on the part of the alderman's anatomy that was most convenient. Hugh and Mike Garrity are dead, having fallen into poverty, and the same ill fortune that pursued most of their fellows. On one occasion, also, the Garrity brothers, in the course of a gamblers' feud with John Dowling, who ran a rival establishment proceeded to beat Dowling up in frightful fashion. Dowling was one of the characters of the old Clark street that was at once one of the best and one of the worst. He was brutal and often beat men with the butt of the big revolver he carried, for no stronger apparent reason than a desire to see them fall. At the same time he was generous to the unfortunate, and as a result had many of the most bitter enemies and a great many staunch friends. Dowling lost his money after Clark street was closed to the big gamblers and died of paralysis five years ago.

One of the picturesque characters of the street was James Watson, alias Sir James, alias the Big Englishman.

street was incense in the nostrils of Dunn. In 1883 he got into a fight with "Jimmy" Hoey, a thief and gambler, and shot him in the groin. Hoey refused to appear against Dunn when the case came up for trial.

### The Killing of Elliott.

Elliott, with the professional ornamant Plaided, was in "Appetite Bill" Langdon's place on the evening of March 1, 1883, when Dunn entered. From this point in the story there is a wide divergence in the alleged facts. Dunn, always vain and always boastful, gave a version to the effect that he was attacked by Elliott and fought him single-handed for half an hour after everyone else had fled in terror. Elliott was more than six feet tall and a giant in strength. Dunn claimed he shot his enemy only after the latter had forced him to the floor and was holding a cocked revolver against his breast. The other side of the story is that Dunn entered the place, found Elliott sitting at a table and, without warning and without giving Elliott any chance for his life, shot him in cold blood.

### Acquitted of the Crime.

Luther Laffin Mills was state's attorney, and the trial was of unusual interest. But the jury acquitted Dunn on the ground of self-defense. Afterward Dunn went east, became interested in race horses through the gift of an interest in a horse by a friend, and soon became of some prominence on the eastern turf. He virtually was driven out of Chicago because the authorities, who in those days tolerated almost everything that was bad, decided that Jere Dunn was too disreputable and dangerous for even Clark street to harbor. In his advancing years he fell back on his power over women and married one much younger than himself who had money enough to support him.

Thus has death or poverty overtaken most of the old Clark street crowd. In many cases it was both. In some instances, as in the case of McDonald, health and fortune have been left, but fate has played him tricks even less acceptable than death or destitution.

In this later day misfortune seems to follow the men who have accumulated vast fortunes of "tainted" money. The old Clark street money was polluted, and the misfortunes of the old crowd seem greater than those of the owners of tainted money.

Does money bring misfortune in proportion to the depth of the taint it carries?