

A REMARKABLE CRIME.

THE MURDER OF DR. P. H. CRONIN,
OF CHICAGO.

A Deep-Laid Plot—The Network Weaved—
The Physician Lured to His Doom—
How the Body Was Found and Identified—
The Men Engaged in the Conspiracy.

Mr. Conklin summoned Dr. Cronin and saw and heard what took place between the two.

R. CRONIN'S murder, which occurred in the city of Chicago on the night of May 1, 1890, was one of the most remarkable crimes on record. Although months have elapsed since the horrid tragedy was enacted, it is still a subject of keen interest and heated discussion and recrimination on both sides of the Atlantic. That it will continue to be so for many months to come seems, from present indications, entirely probable. There can be no doubt that it will have a baneful influence on the Irish cause for a still longer period.

CHAPTER I.

DEEP-LAID PLOT.

It was a remarkable crime both in its conception and in its execution. The conception showed great shrewdness and forethought. Every detail was carefully planned and executed with remorseless precision. Still more remarkable was the far-reaching and elaborate machinery set in motion to cover up the crime and to blacken the character of the murderer.

That it was the work of a conspiracy directed by men of brains and having great financial resources at their back has been made perfectly plain by the evidence so far secured. They had a strong following among the membership of Irish societies, were able to command the services of a portion of the press, and had resolute

te after 7 p. m., a man in a covered buggy drawn by a white horse drove up to the door and rang the bell violently. Mrs. Conklin opened the door and let him in. She got a good look at him, and, owing to his flurried, nervous manner, took particular notice of him.

He was a strongly built man of five feet eight inches, with a sallow face, flushed with excitement, a dark mustache, and a pair of small, furtive eyes. He stumbled nervously at his hat as he sat waiting for the Doctor, and spoke

ended and the public tired of the whole Cronin mystery, when an accident led to the discovery of the body. This in turn stirred up the police.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BODY FOUND IN A CATCH-BASIN.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 22, a decomposing body, hacked and marred about the head, and tightly tied about the neck with a towel, was fished out of a sewer catch-basin at the corner of Evanston avenue and North Fifty-ninth street. This man-hole, or catch-basin, is about a mile north of where the bloody trunk was found shortly after the Doctor's disappearance.

The same roadway leads directly to the catch-basin, and the place where the trunk was found is but a few feet away from it. The same road leads almost directly to O'Sullivan's ice-house, whence the Doctor was summoned by the mysterious messenger who led him away from his home on the pretense that one of O'Sullivan's men had been injured.

No trace could be found of the murdered man's clothing.

On the previous day reports were made to the Board of Public Works in Lake View that the sewer at the corner of Evanston avenue and North Fifty-ninth street seemed choked up, and that foul air in that neighborhood was beginning to be a nuisance.

Nicholas Rosch, the foreman of the sewer gang, with John Finegan and William Michaels, his assistants, repaired to the place indicated and found the ditch at the east side of Evanston avenue partially filled with water, which was constantly escaping from a damaged fire-plug. About twenty feet north of the fire-plug is a catch-basin into which the water from the ditch should flow, just as it flows into them from gutter sections that are paved. At this point, however, the sand had rolled down from the roadway into the open ditch, damming up the water so that it could not escape into the catch-basin.

The men set to work with shovels to throw this moist sand out, wondering as they dug, what could cause the terrible stench that pervaded the atmosphere. This catch-basin, it should be explained, is circular, built of brick, with a heavy wooden top on a level with the street. About two feet below the top an opening is made in the side of the brick wall to the

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Dr. Cronin, believing it was a case of life and death, abandoned his office patients for the evening, snatched up his case of instruments, put on a soft felt hat and started off with the man. As he took his seat in the buggy his friend, Frank Scanlan, came up, and while having a moment's conversation with him, got a look at the strange man. Cronin in his hurry forgot the revolver which he always carried at night.

The Doctor was never seen alive again. It is now known that the message about the injured iceman was a decoy, that he was driven to the Carlson cottage and there murdered. The details of that murder have yet to be learned. That there was a short, sharp struggle between one unarmed man, who was probably stunned by a blow on the head as soon as he entered the door, and three or four armed cowards who left the marks of their hideous butchery behind them, is shown by circumstantial evidence alone.

CHAPTER IV.

SLANDER COMES TO THE MURDERERS' AID.

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and unscrupulous adherents on the Chicago police force.

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The one thing lacking to make it outdo the wildest conception of the novelist is the presence of a woman. In spite of very determined efforts on the part of the murderer's friends the "woman in the case" is missing. The crime was purely political.

What was the motive of this most extraordinary murderer and what is the inner history of the conspiracy?

The answers to these questions can only be given under oath at the trial of the murderers. At present they are largely a subject of conjecture, or of conflicting partisan opinion. But the facts of the murder and the events which immediately preceded and follow it throw a flood of light upon both.

CHAPTER II.

WEAVING THE NETWORK OF MURDER.

Dr. Cronin was an unmarred man, having no relatives in Chicago. He lived with a native American family, named Conklin, in a large flat in the Windsor Theater Building, on North Clark street. There he had his office and received his patients morning and evening.

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The story most persistently circulated was that Cronin was a friend of Le Caron. The latter was said to have a list of three or four of his American assistants, which, by some means, had come to the knowledge of certain Irish leaders. These statements were always made anonymously, but were occasionally fortified by pretended interviews with Le Caron himself, cabled to this country by the Associated Press. The responsibility for Le Caron was finally fixed in the most public manner on Cronin's bitterest enemies, and it was proved that all these stories were the inventions of the murderer's friends.

CHAPTER V.

CHICAGO'S QUEER DETECTIVE WORK.

The most astonishing feature of the case was the action of the Chicago police. Two days after the mysterious disappearance, Patrick Danan, the livery-stable keeper, whose horse and buggy were used to drive Cronin to the slaughter, and who recognized him from the published description, called on Captain Schaeck, at the Chicago avenue police station, and informed him that his detective, Daniel Coughlin, had hired them. After hearing this the Captain put Coughlin in charge of the case.

Coughlin's enemies were confined to two things. He endeavored to frisk Mrs. Conklin, in giving up to him Dr. Cronin's papers, to enable the police to "find out a motive for murder," and he circulated the report that the Doctor was alive. On the Lake View end of the case Captain Schaeck put Detective Whalen, a brother-in-law of Iceman O'Sullivan.

Naturally, no progress was made in the search for the body, and the public began to believe that the outcry of Cronin's friends throughout the country was the result of prejudice or malice. It is a notable fact that all the Irishmen since indicted for the murder, and all those reasonably suspected of complicity, belong to the faction of the Can-na-Gael.

Simonds is described by Throckmorton, the real estate agent's clerk, as a man about 5 feet 7 inches in height, stoutly built, with dark-brown hair, brown mustache, a nose that was almost Roman, blue or gray eyes, pleasant address and a slight English accent.

Two days later Simonds bought some furniture of Revell & Co., and ordered it delivered at the rooms at No. 117 Clark street. He told Hatfield, the salesman, he wanted the cheapest things he had, for temporary use only. He paid other visits to Revell's, buying a large trunk and a leather strap.

Simonds' room was found to be vacant March 19, and the occupants of the house could give no information concerning him. After the discovery of Dr. Cronin's body a Swedish expressman named Martinson was found who had been hired to take care of the house at No. 117 Clark street to the Carlson cottage in Lake View where the murder was committed.

A few days before this a man giving his name as Frank Williams, and having an alleged brother, rented the Carlson cottage in Lake View. The furniture from No. 117 Clark street was moved in, but the cottage was never occupied and an "invalid sister" who was to keep house for the "Williams Brothers," never appeared. Mrs. Carlson and Frank Williams in family conversation with P. O'Sullivan, the iceman, whose house was a few yards away, more than once.

P. O'Sullivan, the fee-

man, who employed only five or six men, was brought to Dr. Cronin in his down-town office May 1 by Justice of the Peace Mahony and made a contract with him for \$50 a year to attend any of his men who might be injured. The presentation of Sullivan's card was to be the token that the messenger summoning the Doctor was all right.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOCTOR LURED TO HIS DOOM.

Dr. Cronin was engaged with a patient in his office at his residence on Saturday, May 4. A lit-

tle after 7 p. m., a man in a covered buggy drawn by a white horse drove up to the door and rang the bell violently. Mrs. Conklin opened the door and let him in. She got a good look at him, and, owing to his flurried, nervous manner, took particular notice of him.

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