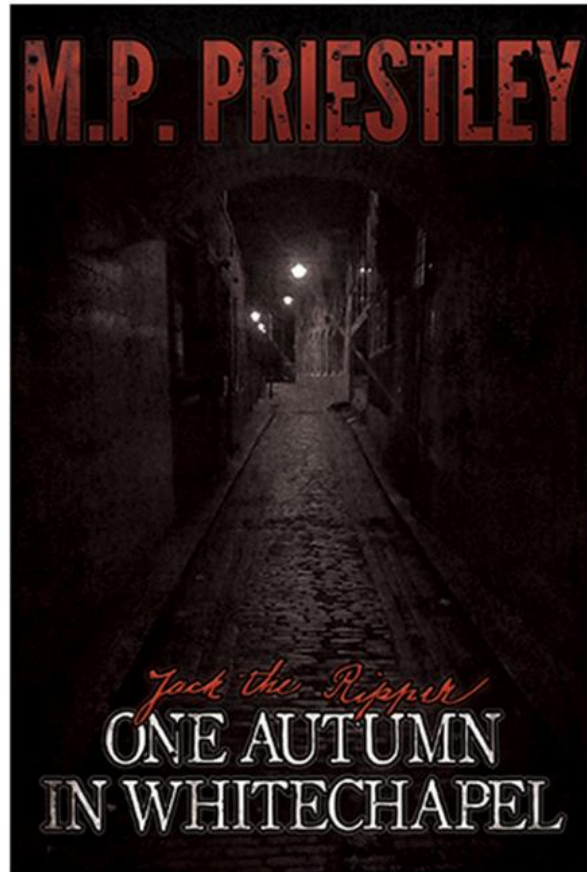


'Elizabeth'

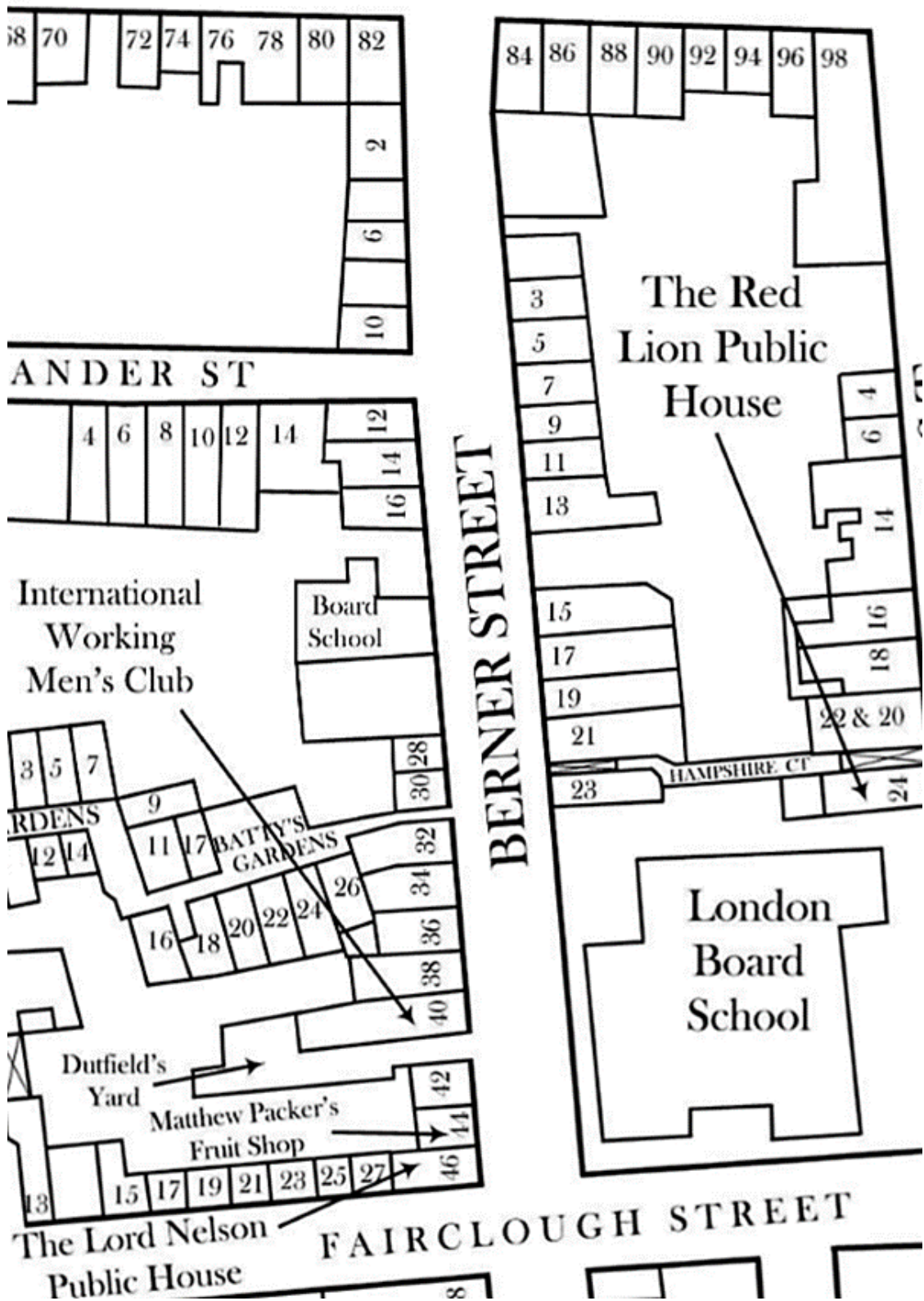
An excerpt from *Jack the Ripper – One Autumn in Whitechapel*
by M.P. Priestley



To get a signed copy of the book for £11.99, head over to Ripperworld.Net – or, alternatively, they're available at Etsy.Com too!

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COMMERCIAL ROAD



Saturday, 29th October 1888

As 8:30pm drew near, a debate was about to begin on the first floor of the International Working Men's Educational Society. A 'political', socialist 'club used principally by Russians, Poles and Jews', the Educational Society stood at number 40 Berner Street; 'a narrow, badly-lighted, but tolerably respectable street' running south from Commercial Road, crossing Fairclough Street, and heading 'down to the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway'. Berner Street 'consisted mainly of small houses', and recent construction had seen the development of a board school; 'a fine new building', on the north-eastern corner of the Fairclough Street junction.

Between Commercial Road and the board school, a gas lamp stood outside a stables on the east side of the street, and two more stood opposite each other roughly outside number 34. Four more stood, one on each corner, on the junction with Fairclough Street. The Lord Nelson pub stood at number 46, on the north-west corner of the junction, and a chandler's shop, owned by a man named Henry Norris on the south-west at number 48. The Educational Society stood opposite the board school, near the junction, and was 'domiciled in a private house.'

The building was three storeys high, and accessible through a single-berth door on Berner Street. The front room of the ground floor was used as a dining area, and the kitchen was to the rear. In the hallway stood 'a staircase half-way along leading to the first floor', where the function room was, with a stage at one end and 'plain backless benches which could just about seat 150 people' at the other. Private rooms for those staying at the club were on the top floor.

The kitchen door led out into Dutfield's Yard, which lay at the side of the building and was also accessible by two 'large wooden gates', eighteen feet from the door, which opened into the yard from Berner Street. Across the gates, in white paint was written 'W. Hindley, Sack Manufacturer. A. Dutfield, Van and Cart Builder.' Dutfield no longer worked in the yard, having moved to a premises on nearby Pinchin Street in 1886, but it was still known by his name. The yard was 'about ten feet wide' at its entrance, and ran between

the club and the building next door ‘for a distance of eight or ten yards’ (30feet/9.1 metres), passing the kitchen door, before the width increased ‘by two feet or more’ to accommodate ‘four small houses’ on the left-hand side, which were ‘set back a little’ and ‘occupied by Jewish families’. From the gates to the rear of the yard was ‘30 yards’ (90 feet/27.4 metres), and there was no exit at the far end. Two outhouses stood opposite the kitchen door, and Hindley’s Sack Manufacturer stood by the houses, on the western side. ‘None of the street lamps’ lit the yard, and by night only the dim glow of ‘the lights through the windows at the sides of the club and of the tenements opposite’ were visible. With the sun gone, it was ‘as dark as Erebus’.

The topic of the debate that night was ‘Why Jews Should Be Socialists’, and ‘from ninety to 100 persons’ were in attendance as ‘young man’ Morris Eagle opened the discussion at 08:30pm.

Meanwhile, 23-year old City of London PC Louis Robinson was on duty on Aldgate. Having previously worked as a coachman for a mail-order company, Louis had joined the police at the age of 21. He stood 5’9” tall, with ‘dark brown hair’ and ‘hazel eyes’, and as he made his way along the street, his attention was drawn to ‘a crowd of persons outside no.29’. He approached, and discovered that they were surrounding Catherine Eddowes, who ‘smelt very strongly of drink’ and was ‘lying on the footway’. Louis ‘asked the crowd if any of them knew her or where she lived, but got no answer’. He then ‘picked her up and sat her against the shutters, but she fell down sideways’. He called over nearby City PC George Simmons, and as ‘no one in particular’ seemed ‘to be in her company’, the pair lifted Catherine to her feet and ‘took her to Bishopsgate police station’. Arriving there at 8:45pm, she stood ‘supported by two constables’ before 40-year old Station Sergeant James Byfield, who saw her to be ‘very drunk’ and ‘asked her name’.

“Nothing”, she replied. She was ‘placed in a cell’ to sleep it off.

Around an hour then passed, and at 9:45pm, amongst other police officers, City PCs Edward Watkins, 43, and James Harvey, 33, left Bishopsgate police station to begin their beats. Watkins had joined the police force at the age of 26, and upon reporting for duty

that evening had 'been informed by his beat Sergeant to work left-handed'. This 'meant that instead of his usual right turns, Watkins had to make left turns'; a measure introduced to confuse 'criminals and prostitutes who may have been timing and watching a policeman's beat'. 34-year old PC George Hutt, gaoler at the station, arrived to look over the prisoners held in the cells. Hutt had been reprimanded a number of times since joining the City Police in 1879; for 'not reporting information received' and 'being absent from beat and lying' in August 1880, being 'drunk on duty' in July 1883, and 'drunk off-duty' in April 1885. He had served seven years in the British Army Infantry, and had previously worked for the Great Northern Railway.

Looking into Catherine's cell as he passed, he found her to be asleep. She was wearing a 'dark green chintz skirt', and a pair of men's boots with mohair laces. The right boot had been damaged, and repaired with red thread. She wore 'a black cloth jacket' with 'two outside pockets', 'trimmed around the collar and cuffs with imitation fur,' and a 'white calico chemise' (a dress hanging straight from the shoulders) underneath. An old white apron, and a man's vest, probably John's, with buttons down the front, were underneath that. She also had a 'black straw bonnet, trimmed with green and black velvet and black beads'. It was worn on the head by 'black strings' that tied underneath the chin.

At 11:00pm, Elizabeth Stride was with a 'respectably dressed' man at the Bricklayer's Arms on nearby Settles Street, off Commercial Road. 'They had been served', and had made their way to the door. 'It was raining very fast, and they did not appear willing to go out' when John Best arrived with friend John Gardner, and found the man 'hugging and kissing her' in the doorway. The pair were 'rather astonished at the way he was going on with the woman, who was poorly dressed' and "chipped' him, but he paid no attention'. She wore 'a flower in her jacket', and whoever the man was he stood 'about' 5'5". He was wearing a 'black morning suit with a morning coat', a black 'billycock' (bowler) hat, and had a 'thick black moustache and no beard'. He 'was no foreigner; he was an Englishman right enough' and had 'rather weak eyes...sore eyes without any eyelashes'.

“That’s Leather Apron getting round you”, Best told her, and asked the man “Why don’t you bring her in and treat her?” He made no answer, and ‘threw sidelong glances into the bar, but would look nobody in the face’. Best was suspicious of him; ‘if he had been a straight fellow he would have told (them) to mind (their) own business, or he would have gone away’. He was ‘certain that something was up’, and ‘would have charged him’ had he seen a policeman, but none were around. The rain would then appear to have cleared up, and ‘when the man could not stand the chaffing any longer he and the woman went off like a shot soon after eleven.’

At 11:30pm the debate at the International Working Men’s Educational Club came to a close, and ‘the bulk of the members’ left the building through the front door into Berner Street. The gas lamps outside were lit, and at ‘between half-past eleven and quarter to twelve o’ clock’, Morris Eagle left to take his ‘young lady’ home.

At number 64 Berner Street - on the same side as, but around a block south of the club, a man named William Marshall was standing at the front door. The rain had stopped, and looking up the street at 11:45 he saw Elizabeth standing ‘on the pavement, opposite no.58, between Fairclough Street and Boyd Street’. She was dressed in black, with a ‘small black bonnet’, and ‘was standing talking to a man’, who stood around 5’6”.’ He appeared ‘middle-aged, wore a ‘round cap, with a small peak’, and had ‘the appearance of a clerk’. He was also wearing ‘a black cutaway coat, and dark trousers’, but the nearest lamp ‘was at the corner, about twenty feet off’, on the junction with Fairclough Street, and so Marshall ‘did not see the face of the man distinctly’. The pair were ‘standing there for some time’. Both appeared sober, were ‘talking quietly’, ‘and he was kissing her’ with ‘his arm round her neck’.

“You would say anything but your prayers”, the ‘mild-speaking’ man told her. ‘She laughed’, and the pair headed south, passing Marshall from his left to right and heading ‘away down the street, towards Ellen Street’. The man would appear to be a different individual to the one Gardner and Best had ridiculed in the Bricklayer’s Arms. ‘It was not closing time when they passed’, and as such the pair may have been visible to anyone drinking in or standing

outside the pub at number 68, which had a lamp outside, as they passed it. It was Saturday night, and whoever had killed Martha, Mary Ann and Annie may well have been out too, blending in unnoticed having spent the three weeks since his last offence entirely undetected.

Midnight approached, and 27-year old Albert Bachert was in the Three Nuns Hotel at 11, Aldgate High Street. Bachert was 'the London-born son of German-born parents', and lived nearby at number 13 Newnham Street, Goodman's Fields. As he stood in the bar 'an elderly woman, very shabbily dressed', entered, approached him, and asked if he wanted to buy some matches. He refused, and the woman left. A man then turned to him, and remarked 'that these persons were a nuisance'; 'to which (he) responded 'Yes.'"

The man was 'about 38 years of age', and stood 5'6"-5'7". He wore a dark coat, with 'a black felt hat' and 'black tie', and was carrying 'a black, shiny bag'. He asked Bachert 'to have a glass with him', but he refused, as he 'had just called for one' himself.

He asked if he knew how old the women soliciting outside the pub were, and 'where they usually went with men'. Bachert told him that he 'knew, or thought' that 'some who looked about 25 were over 35', and that they only looked younger 'on account of the powder and paint'. 'Some', he 'had heard', 'went to places in Oxford Street, Whitechapel, others to some houses in Whitechapel Road, and others to Bishopsgate'. The man then asked him if he 'thought they would go with him down Northumberland Alley, a dark lonely court in Fenchurch Street'. He told him that he didn't know, but 'supposed they would', and at that the man left the bar, went outside and spoke to the woman with the matches. He 'gave her something', then returned inside. He bade Bachert goodnight, and left.

Whatever the man had told her, Bachert believed she was waiting for him when he left the hotel.

“She shouted something like ‘You’re fucking useless.’ I suddenly felt myself seething with rage...I wanted to hit her to pay her back for the insult. I went to her and said ‘Hang on a minute, don’t go off like that’...she turned and came back to me. She said something like ‘Oh you can fucking manage it now can you?’ She sounded as though she was taunting me.” – **Peter Sutcliffe**

'Elizabeth'

"Last night a correspondent furnished us with another strange story of an incident occurring early on Thursday morning, near to the scene of the four murders. He states that early in the morning a woman was sitting sleeping on some steps in one of the houses in Dorset-street, when she was awoke by a man who asked her whether she had any bed to go to, or any money to pay for a lodging. She replied that she had not, upon which he said he had money, and then gave her what she thought was two half-sovereigns. She went with him down a passage, and when there he seized her by the throat and tried to strangle her. A scuffle ensued between them, in which she screamed and got away. The next morning she found that what he gave her was two farthings machined round the edge like gold coins. She described him as being a man with a dark moustache, and dressed in a rough frieze blue overcoat." – **Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, Sunday, 30th September 1888**

Midnight

The majority of those who had attended the debate at the International Working Men's Educational Club had now left and gone elsewhere, and as Saturday became Sunday some 'twenty to thirty' remained on the first floor, some continuing the debate, some merely drinking and singing.

At 12:10am, 27-year old William West left the club by its kitchen door and entered Dutfield's Yard. West had been born Woolf Wess in Vilkomar, Lithuania, but had moved to London in 1881 to avoid compulsory military service. Secretary of the club, he also worked as a typesetter for *Freedom* newspaper, which had a printing office in one of the buildings further into the yard, that consisted of two rooms; 'one for compositors and the other for the editor'. West had been 'in the printing office during the day, and in the club during the



evening', and before heading home wished to 'leave some literature' in the office. Anyone on the first floor could have seen him leave had they wished, from any of the three windows in the function room upstairs that looked out into the yard itself. He met *Freedom's* editor, who was 'in his room reading', and returned back to the club a few minutes later, hearing singing from upstairs, and noticing 'lights in the two first-floor windows' of the tenements standing opposite the club door. The yard gates, standing eighteen feet from the door, were wide open, but there didn't seem to be anybody about. There was nothing on the floor of the yard, either, although West was 'a little shortsighted', and noticing nothing unusual he re-entered the club, found his brother and friend Louis Stanley, and left by the front door on Berner Street to make his way home.

At 12:30am, 22-year old Charles Letchford then passed down Berner Street, on his way home to number 30. Everything seemed 'to be going on as usual', and he noticed nothing out of the ordinary.

At 'about half-past twelve or twenty-five minutes to one o'clock', 26-year old Metropolitan PC William Smith made his way south along the street, heading from Commercial Road to turn left into Fairclough Street. A five-year veteran of the police force, Smith had joined H Division in 1886. His beat that morning took him through Berner Street and the area immediately to the east, and took him around 'twenty-five minutes or half an hour to go round'. 'There were but few about', though on his way past the club he saw Elizabeth Stride to his left, standing 'with a man, opposite Dutfield's Yard.' She was wearing 'a long black jacket trimmed with black fur', 'an old black skirt', 'side-spring boots', a 'black crepe bonnet', and had a single red flower pinned to the jacket. Whoever the man was, he stood 5'7" tall, and wore a 'hard felt deerstalker hat' with 'a dark overcoat and trousers'. He looked around 28 years old, had a 'small, dark moustache', and appeared 'respectable'-looking. He was carrying a newspaper parcel in his hand, 'around 18in. in length and 6 or 8in. wide'. The couple appeared sober, were not acting suspiciously, and so Smith passed them by, overhearing no conversation as he did so and made his way into Fairclough Street.

48-year old Frances Mortimer, 'a clean, respectable-looking

woman', then made her way to the front door of her lodgings at number 36 'to lock the bolts', and would stand 'nearly the whole time between half past twelve and one o'clock' by the front door. Looking outside into the street just after PC Smith had left, she 'did not notice anything unusual'. All was quiet, and 'there was hardly anyone moving about, except at the club. There was music and dancing going on there.'



Joseph Lave then left the club and entered Dutfield's Yard. Russian-born Joseph was a printer and photographer, had recently arrived in London from the United States, and was staying temporarily on the top floor. 'Feeling oppressed by the smoke in the large room' he descended the stairs, passed out through the kitchen door and entered the yard 'to get a breath of fresh air'. He 'passed out into the street, but did not see anything unusual'. Instead, 'everything was quiet'. Some, perhaps, had been put off by the weather, although the rain had mostly cleared up by around 11. Lave 'walked about in the open air for five minutes or more' before returning to the club at around 12:40am. It was so dark in the yard that he had to feel his way along the

wall to the kitchen door. Nobody, he would later state, entered the yard during the time he was outside.

Having escorted his 'young lady' home, Morris Eagle then arrived back at the club, found the front door to be locked, and so entered Dutfield's Yard to re-enter the building through the kitchen. Nobody was in the yard, nor was anybody standing by the gates. There were

people 'about' in the area, but nothing caught his attention, and nothing lay on the floor of the yard. From outside, he could hear a friend of his 'singing in the Russian language', 'in the upstairs room of the club', and so climbed the stairs to the first floor and joined in the singing.

At 12.45am, a man named James Brown made his way east along Fairclough Street, on his way home to number 35 after visiting Henry Norris's late-night chandler's shop for supper on the corner of Berner Street. Walking 'in the road just by the kerb', he passed Elizabeth Stride and a man in 'a long dark coat', 'that came very nearly down to his heels', standing 'near the wall' and talking. They were standing to his left, against the wall of the board school, and the man 'was leaning with his hand on the wall'; 'she was inclined towards his arm, facing him, and with her back to the wall.' He seemed reluctant to let her leave, and Elizabeth told him "No, not tonight. Maybe some other night". This attracted Brown's attention, and he turned to look at them. The man had his back turned, but he and Elizabeth both appeared to be sober. He stood around 5'7", and 'appeared to be stoutish built.' James continued home. At 'ten minutes to one' Charles Letchford's sister stood in the doorway of number 30. Looking into the street, she 'did not see anyone pass by'.

Standing by the front door of number 36, Frances Mortimer then watched a 'respectably dressed' man walking 'very fast' along Berner Street from Commercial Road, carrying a 'black bag in his hand'. Passing the club, he looked up at the windows, made his way past the scene, and turned left into Fairclough Street. At around 12:55am, 37-year old Metropolitan PC Henry Lamb passed by the northern end of Berner Street, on his way along Commercial Road, and saw nothing unusual. The streets were quiet.

At one o'clock, 26-year old Louis Diemschutz, a steward at the working men's club, then entered Berner Street with a pony and cart from Commercial Road, having spent the day selling 'cheap jewellery' at Westow Market in Crystal Palace. Louis and his wife lived together 'on the third floor' of number 40, and he had been away since 11:30 that morning. Passing a baker's shop at the end of the street he noted the time on a clock to be 'exactly' 01:00am, and made his way south

towards Dutfield's Yard, to leave his unsold goods at the working men's club before stabling his pony on nearby Cable Street. Had anyone left the yard as Louis approached it, 'it was light enough' that he would have seen them. The wind was blowing, but the rain had stopped, and nothing seemed out of the ordinary as he made his way towards the darkness of the yard.

Meanwhile, Catherine Eddowes was being released from custody at Bishopsgate police station. When PC Hutt had passed by her cell at 12.30 she had 'asked when she would be able to get out'.

"Shortly", he told her.

"I am capable of taking care of myself now", she had replied, and had then been taken from the cell at 12:55am. She asked him the time, and he replied that it was 'too late for (her) to get any more drink'. She asked him again, and he replied that it was 'just on one'. She would 'get a damn fine hiding' when she got home, she told him, and Hutt replied that it served her right, as she 'had no right to get drunk'. She now stood again before Station Sergeant James Byfield, who refused to let her leave without first taking her details. Catherine gave her name as 'Mary Ann Kelly' and her address as '6, Fashion Street, Spitalfields', before Hutt 'pushed open the swing-door leading to the passage' and led her 'along the passage to the outer door', which he asked her to close behind her.

"Alright", she replied, "Goodnight, old cock". She 'pulled the door to within a foot of being closed', and walked out onto Bishopsgate. She turned left 'towards Houndsditch', and was gone.

Back on Berner Street, Frances Mortimer had gone back inside number 36, and 'was preparing to go to bed' when she heard the pony and cart pass over the cobbled street outside.

'It was dark in the gateway, but not so dark further in', and upon passing through the gates Louis was surprised when the pony 'shied at some object on the right', kept 'too much to the left hand side', and 'seemed determined to avoid the right-hand wall'. Something was lying on the floor of the yard, by the club wall, 'three yards from the gateway'. He 'looked to see what the object was and observed that

there was something unusual, but could not tell what'. He stepped down from where he was sitting, stood by his pony in the yard, and approached the 'dark object' on the floor. He 'touched it' with his whip handle, and 'was able to tell that it was not mud'. He lit a match, but 'it was rather windy', and he 'could only get sufficient light to see that there was some figure there'. It was a woman, dressed in black, and she was lying with her face 'not more than five or six inches away from the club wall', with her head towards the kitchen door and her feet towards the gates.

Louis's first worry was for his wife, as she was 'of weak constitution', and may have been frightened by the idea of a stranger, either 'drunk or dead', lying mere feet away from where she was sitting in the kitchen. He left the woman in the yard where she was, and entered the club through the kitchen door. He found his wife 'sitting downstairs', went into 'the front room', 'got a candle', and told 'some of the members of the club that something had happened in the yard'. He asked a man named Isaac Kozebrodsky to go back outside with him, and Morris Eagle followed. Upon reaching the yard he 'struck a match', and saw that 'there was blood in the gutter for a distance of five or six yards', running 'as far as the kitchen door of the club'. The woman lay 'about one foot from the club wall', 'lying on her back with the head against the wall', and her right hand lying across the right breast. The left hand was lying on the ground, and the feet were 'close to the wall'. Louis's wife stood 'just by' the kitchen door and saw the body herself. 'The face looked ghastly', and upon seeing it she 'screamed out in fright'; attracting the attention of the club members on the first floor, who then 'rushed downstairs' and out into the yard. Diemschutz and Kozebrodsky ran immediately out into the street to find a policeman, running south upon leaving the yard. Morris Eagle ran in the opposite direction, heading north to Commercial Road.

Frances Mortimer 'heard a call for police', 'and immediately ran out, thinking that there was another row at the Socialists' club'. Passing out into the street, she 'saw some two or three people standing in the gateway', and was informed 'that another dreadful murder had been committed in the yard adjoining the club-house'.

She walked through the gates and saw the figure lying in the yard, ‘with her throat cut across till her head seemed to be hanging by a bit of skin’. ‘The body was lying slightly on one side, with the legs drawn up as if in pain’, and Frances would seem amazed that someone could have gotten in and out of the yard unnoticed. ‘If a man had come out of the yard before one o’clock (she) must have seen him’, she thought; ‘It was almost incredible...that the thing could have been done without the steward’s wife hearing a noise, for she was sitting in the kitchen.’

Diemschutz and Kozebrodsky ran east along Fairclough Street, ‘calling out ‘Murder!’ and ‘Police!’”, and passing Providence Street, Batty Street and Brunswick Street. On the corner of Christian Street, outside The Beehive pub at number 71, they passed a man named Edward Spooner, who after visiting a pub on Commercial Road had ‘walked quietly to the point named’ with his ‘young woman’ after it had closed at midnight. James Brown, having returned home to number 35, heard the noise and ‘opened the window, but could not see anyone and the screams ceased.’

The pair ran as far as Grove Street before turning back, when Spooner ‘stopped them and asked what was the matter’. The men ‘thereupon proceeded down Berner Street’, where upon arriving at the yard Spooner ‘saw a woman lying just inside the gate’. ‘About fifteen’ people stood at the scene, ‘standing round’ the body. Someone lit a match, and Spooner put his hand ‘under her chin when the match was alight’. The blood was ‘still flowing’ from her throat, and ‘running down the gutter’. Diemschutz stood by and saw that ‘her throat was fearfully cut. There was a great gash in it over two inches wide’. Morris Eagle, meanwhile, had made it to Commercial Road, and having failed to find a policeman, Kozebrodsky ran north to join him.

The pair found PC Henry Lamb walking west ‘between Christian Street and Batty Street’, around fifty metres from the north end of Berner Street, and called out “Come on, there’s been another murder!” 23-year old PC William Gunner, of H Division, was standing nearby. Lamb called him over, asked the men where the trouble was, ‘and as they got to the corner of Berner-Street they

pointed down and said "There". He 'saw people moving some distance down the street' and ran towards the scene, arriving in the entrance of the yard and seeing 'something dark lying on the ground on the right-hand side'. There were now 'about thirty people in the yard', and more were arriving. He turned on his lamp, and 'found that the object was a woman, with her throat cut and apparently dead.' Her clothes 'were not in the least' disturbed, and 'she looked as if she had been laid quietly down'. "The right arm was across the breast", and putting his hand on her face, he felt it to be 'slightly' warm. He felt her wrist, and could find no pulse. The crowd 'gathered round', and Lamb 'begged them to keep back, otherwise they might have their clothes soiled with blood, and thus get into trouble.' He blew his whistle for assistance, sent Gunner to find the nearest doctor, and sent Morris Eagle to run for Lemn Street police station. PC Smith, having walked again around his beat and noticed nothing unusual, then turned obliviously back into Berner Street. Seeing policemen amidst the crowd gathered by the gates he ran to the scene, saw the body, and then left immediately to get an ambulance.

PC Gunner ran to 100, Commercial Road, on the corner of Batty Street – medical practice of Dr. Frederick Blackwell, 36. He met assistant Edward Johnson and alerted him to the situation, who then woke and informed Dr. Blackwell, who was in bed at the time, before following the policeman to the scene himself. There was 'very little' light, but by 'the policeman's lantern' Johnson found her hands to be 'quite cold', and noted that the wound to her throat 'had stopped bleeding'. He unfastened the top of her dress 'to see if the chest was warm', which it was, and noted that 'very little' blood remained near the neck. What had flowed into the gutter was now 'all clotted'. "The bonnet of the deceased was lying three or four inches beyond the head on the ground". It appeared that nobody had moved the body, or stepped into the blood. "The onlookers seemed afraid to go near and touch the body".

PC Lamb closed the gates, sealing those that had gathered inside with the deceased and completing the darkness at that end of the yard. He 'put a constable at the gate' to ensure nobody could leave, before he 'entered the club' and 'examined the place', 'starting from the front

door'. There were '15 to 20 persons' on the ground floor, and Lamb turned his lamp back on to examine 'a number of their hands and also their clothing', though he 'did not take up each one's hand'. He then 'went into every room', including the function room upstairs, and searched behind the stage. Nobody stood 'in charge of the front door', which was locked, but he 'did not see anyone leave by that entrance'. He went back out through the kitchen and searched the outhouses that stood in the yard, but there was nobody hiding inside. He began knocking on the doors of the cottages, waking their tenants, who were 'all in bed' at the time and 'seemed very much frightened and wanted to know what was the matter'. One 'partially dressed' man answered the door and invited him inside, but nothing was to be found in the cottages, nor in the dustbin or the 'dung heap' he then searched in the yard. Whoever had committed the crime seemed to have 'got away before (he) got there, and not afterwards'.

At 01:16am, Dr. Blackwell arrived in the yard. It was 'very dark', and on making his examination by lantern-light he noted that 'the right hand was open and on the chest', 'was smeared with blood', and he 'could not ascertain whether the bloody hand had been moved'. The body was lying as Annie Chapman had been on Hanbury Street. The left hand was 'partially closed', was 'lying on the ground', and 'contained a small packet of cachous (mints/cough drops) wrapped in tissue paper'. They 'were wrapped up in unmarked paper', and 'there was nothing to show where they were bought.' 'Some of the cachous were scattered about the yard', and 'there were no rings, nor marks of rings, on her hands.' 'The mouth was slightly open', and the 'deceased had round her neck a check silk scarf, the bow of which was turned to the left and pulled very tight'. The edge of the scarf was frayed, 'as if by a sharp knife', and the injury to the neck 'exactly corresponded with the lower border of the scarf'. 'There was about 1lb of clotted blood close by the body, and a stream all the way from there to the back door of the club.' Someone had now trodden in it, leaving footprints on the floor of the yard.

'The neck and chest were quite warm, as were also the legs', and he believed the woman had still been alive 'between twenty minutes and half an hour' before he had got there, suggesting that the

crime had taken place at some time between 00:46 and 00:56am. ‘The incision in the neck commenced on the left side, 2 inches below the angle of the jaw, and almost in a direct line with it, nearly severing the vessels on that side, cutting the windpipe completely in two, and terminating on the opposite side 1 inch below the angle of the right jaw.’

Morris Eagle had now made it to Lemman Street, and Dr. Phillips had been sent for. Inspector Edmund Reid was then alerted via a telegram to Commercial Street police station at 01:25am, and began to make his way to the scene. People continued to descend upon the yard, but whoever had killed her was nowhere to be found. It began to rain again.