NEW YORK'S TERRIBLE PROBLEM
CORRUPTION OF THE POLICE

Rotted With Politics to Begin With—General Bingham Estimates the Value of Graft and Blackmail at $100,000,000 a Year—Police Captains Who Make Fortunes.

[From the Nation, London, England.]

A litle over three months ago the Tammany mayor dismissed Gen. Theodore Bingham, the commissioner of police. Gen. Bingham is a veteran of the civil war, a man of blunt tongue, rigorous ways, and quite unconquerable pluck; and in the three and a half years that he was at the head of the New York police he did much, in the face of incredible difficulties, to discipline the force, reform its methods and increase its efficiency. Naturally, the machine politicians fell foul of him at once. They tried to bribe him he was offered altogether $1,000,000 in his first year of office and he would not be bribed. They tried to protect their criminal allies of the under-world and he would not listen to their pleadings. They tried to make him "play politics," and he insisted on doing his duty—so far as the Tammany-appointed magistrates would let him. But at last they had their way. On a pretext, which deceived nobody, the mayor last July removed Gen. Bingham, and installed a pliant Tammany henchman in his place. The reasons for his action were quite simple. First, the denizens of the underworld, cheated of the security which they thought they had purchased from the politicians, their whole livelihood menaced by the honesty and energy of the police commissioner, threatened revolt at the polls. Secondly, the police being a legal part of the electoral machinery of the city, and of the utmost use to the politicians in enabling "floaters," non-residents, and impersonators to record the votes to which they are not entitled, their complete control was essential to Tammany's hopes of success in the recent contest. A Tammany that cannot protect its friends, and that is deprived of the power of "making" the elections, is a Tammany pear rire.

The police problem in New York was stated a moment ago to be insoluble. And so, under present conditions, it is. The administration of the force is rotted, to begin with, with "politics." Every member of it has got into the habit of looking for promotion, not to the official head, but to the Tammany "leader" of his ward or district. Nothing more astonishes an Englishman in New York than to find the transfer of Constable X from one beat to another discussed by the entire press of the city as a matter of the first political moment. Again, its organization seems deliberately designed to make effective discipline impossible. It sounds incredible, but it is the fact, that the police commissioner, commanding some ten thousand men, has no fixed tenure of office whatever, and may be dismissed any minute by either the mayor of the city or the governor of the state, without reason assigned. That is a fundamental weakness, the effects of which are felt all through the ranks the entire force begins speculating as to how long he will remain, who are behind him, how he stands with the political authorities of the day, and who will be his successor. If he starts a reform, those on the force who do not like it will give it only a faint obedience, knowing that its author is likely to be removed before it has become effective. The more radical and honest he is, the less probability is there of his staying in office. Vested interests band together for his overthrow. All who live by vice and crime join with their business and political allies to bring daily and almost hourly pressure upon the mayor to remove him; and in the end he goes. But even if he is permitted to stay, the consciousness that every day of his official life may be the last, paralyses his authority, and his ludicrous inability to dismiss any policeman without an appeal to the civil courts—which nearly always decide in favor of the offender and frequently reinstate him in the force—still further reduces him to impotence.

All these restrictions on his power are the result of laws and ordinances passed by the politicians in their own interests. In the same way the politicians exact statutes—statutes, for instance, forbidding gambling and Sunday drinking—that it is impossible to enforce, that are meant to be broken, and from the violations of which Tammany draws a large part of its revenue. In the same way the politicians keep in their hands the appointment of the thirty-two police magistrates who preside over the lower courts, well knowing that if any of their friends are arrested it will need no more than a word from the local Tammany statesman to get them off. In the same way the politicians block every attempt to improve judicial procedure, and every law that threatens, for example, to make bribery a provable offence — at present nobody can be convicted of bribery unless two witnesses are forthcoming who have actually seen the money pass—or to bring pawnbrokers and other receivers of stolen goods under stricter control. General Bingham since his dismissal has stated that in his belief 80 per cent of the New York police are honest men, and that the unscrupulous grafters among them number no more than two thousand. At the same tim he estimates the money value of graft and blackmail in New York at not less than $100,000,000 a year. This is exclusive of the handsome percentage levied by the politicians and their friends on every contract, franchise, and concession given out in the city's name, a percentage which is probably far in excess of $100,000,000. The sum mentioned by General Bingham is merely the amount paid by the proprietors of saloons, pool-rooms, disorderly houses, gambling dens, and so on, for police protection and immunity. To follow its distribution among constables, police captains and inspectors, city employees and officials, politicians and lawyers, high and low, would be to understand something of the multitudinous ramifications of Tammany's power.

The people of New York quite understand the state of affairs, but they are powerless to alter it. They do not trust the police; they suspect them. Of all things English the Londoner's confidence in and respect and affection for the Metropolitan police are to a New Yorker the most inconceivable. Almost the last thing a New Yorker of means and position would think of doing would be to call in the police to investigate a burglary in his house. He would know too well that the police would simply find the thief for the purpose of pocketing half his profits. He would go instead to one of the many private detective agencies that flourish on the deficiencies of the regular force. There is reason enough in the official reports of the various committees that have sat upon the New York police to justify this mistrust. It has been proved again and again that they and their allies in politics and on the bench are in league with thieves, crooks, swindlers and even murderers; that they levy tribute on drinking saloons and gambling dens; that they blackmail prostitutes, street peddlers, push-cart men, and all the petty traders of the slums; and that corruption and graft have been their first thought and their main occupation. There are many New York policeman, says General Bingham, drawing from $1,200 to $2,000 a year in salary who own country and city homes that cannot be maintained under $5,000 a year. This miracle of finance is performed by parcelling out the entire city among criminals, by taking toll of every vice and weakness and privilege—the privilege even of the man with the newspaper stand and the Italian ice cream vendor; until, instead of a force safeguarding the public against crime, New York finds itself tyrannised over by a force safeguarding crime against the public.

Everything, in short, conspires to convince an honest policeman that virtue in New York is indeed its own reward. On Manhattan Island all the vices seem to be syndicated, marshalled, drilled and employed in the service of men who have grown rich on the frailties of their fellows. And these men can afford to pay liberally for services rendered, just as their many-linked chain of influence makes them fatally dangerous enemies. The problem of decent police government would be difficult enough even without them, for New York attracts all the scoundrels and hooligans of the country, and is fed by an unceasing stream of European criminals. With them it is, as we have said, insoluble—or soluble, if at all, only by a revolution in the whole form, spirit, and theory of American municipal government.

Walking Around the World

Henry Wellington Has Already Travelled 73,500 Miles—Interviewed in Old London—A Ten Years' Journey.

London Daily News Nov. 27: When Henry William Wellingworth left San Francisco, in February, 1903, for his tramp round the globe, he was a youth of 20; when he reaches home again he will be a man of 30, with a knowledge of the world and its beauties that few possess. Already he has covered 73,500 miles, and he has some trying experiences in front of him, for his programme includes a journey from Sierra Leone to Cape Town, and thence overland to Cairo. After traversing Europe he will make his way along the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostock. He has already covered a large part of North America, and has travelled in Japan, China, India, Persia, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Egypt, Ceylon, Sumatra, Australia, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Brazil, and the West Indies.

Mr. Wellingworth carries with him a book in which official seals and stamps from places in five continents attest the genuineness of his remarkable journey, during which he maintains himself by lecturing and selling short accounts of his tour. He is a vegetarian, and he told a Daily News representative yesterday that he had been free from serious illness so far. He has, however, had some exciting experiences. In Brazil a friend and he were chased by fierce wild pigs, and had to spend a night in a tree, with the boars—five of which they shot—making a terrific noise of tusk-clashing at the foot. Though they escaped the pigs, they were almost eaten alive by mosquitos. In Mexico he was knifed by a native, sustaining a deep wound in his arm, while in Alaska he was lured out of a town by a man who held him up and robbed him of everything he had.

London, Mr. Wellingworth finds a very homelike place, which contrasts favorably with the coldness of New York and San Francisco. The Metropolitan police have won his heart by their helpfulness, and he has been struck by the way in which the children rely on them when crossing busy streets.

As a vegetarian, he is surprised at the cheapness of fruit here. He has bought Canadian apples at a lower price than he would pay for them where they are grown. Cothes, food, and lodging are all much cheaper than in the United States, notwithstanding the fact, which he points out, that our products are more durable and better finished than American articles.

He aims at seeing as many of the natural and architectural beauties of the world as possible, and is recording his experiences with pen and camera. Since landing at Heysham he has visited the Lake district, followed the course of Hadrian's Wall, seen Durham and York, and traversed the coast from Cromer to London, which he has explored from the Cupola of St. Paul's to the depths of the great sewers. Now he is off again to Land's End, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

Testing Her Speed
A SHORT STORY

Mr. Truelove was a fluent dictator and was proud of it. It was gratifying to his self-esteem to watch the frantic struggles of his lady stenographer to record the steady flow of his eloquence, and when, as often happened, she was obliged to interrupt and beg him to moderate his speed he would comply with an air of patronizing condescension.

But in the course of time this young lady left the omce, and another and a smarter operator supplied her place. This was a self-possessed and somewhat hauty damsel, and Mr. Truelove found to his annoyance that, so far from being flurried and confused by the readiness of his diction, she took his letters with a bored, indifferent air, and whenever he paused or hesitated would glance up with an inquiring, almost impatient look.

All this was, of course, very wounding to Mr. Truelove's vanity. One day, in the privacy of his own room, he remarked to his confidential clerk:

"There's a letter from those people down at Southend. I intend writing them a good long letter showing clearly that they have no claim upon us. It will have to be carefully worded, and I wanted to consult you about it. In fact, I think it would not be a bad idea for you to write it down briefly from my dictation. I shall have to be very careful with my facts, and I need your assistance."

Now, the room which Miss Carter, the young lady under discussion, occupied had formerly been part of Mr. Truelove's room and was separated from it only by a thin partition. Miss Carter had nimble ears as well as nimble fingers.

"Then," Mr. Truelove went on, "when we have got it satisfactorily arranged, I can use your notes to test Miss Carter's speed and see if she is really worth the excellent salary which I pay her."

"Indeed," said Miss Carter to herself.

And she took her note-book and pencil and stationed herself against the thin dividing wall.

The letter completed and other business matters discussed, Mr. Truelove entered Miss Carter's room with his usual air of importance to dictate his letters. Mr. Noble also strolled into the room, ostensibly for the purpose of speaking with his employer about some trivial matter, but in reality to witness the humiliation of the young woman who was cheeky enough to earn a salary nearly equal to his own.

Mr. Truelove started by giving out a few letters at his usual rate of speed. Then he pulled out his watch.

"By George," he said, "it's later than I thought. I have one more letter for you, Miss Carter—a long one—and I want you to take it down as quickly as you can, please, as I am pressed for time."

And he straightway started off with a speed of utterance which it would have taxed the powers of even a first-rate reporter to follow. Miss Carter, however, sat at her table in the most careless attitude she could assume and even occasionally glanced out of the window to see if it had stopped raining.

Mr. Truelove was puzzled, not to say annoyed.

"Am I going too fast for you?" he asked presently. "Sure you're getting it down all right?"

Miss Carter raised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise.

"Oh, dear, yes, Mr. Truelove," she replied. "I can go much quicker than that if you like. In fact, I should prefer it. I find I am getting out of practice in rapid writing."

With an incredulous snort Mr. Truelove braced himself up for a fresh effort. Still she sat unmoved and composed.

Mr. Noble could scarcely believe his own eyes and ears. He grew quite excited and, going over to Miss Carter and leaning over her chair, watched with absorbing interest the wriggling, scriggling forms as they flowed rapidly yet smoothly and easily from her pen.

Had he understood stenography he might have noticed that only about one word in six was being recorded, but as he did not, all he could do was to look on and wonder. At length Mr. Truelove stopped, quite out of breath.

"Miss Carter," he said, fixing her sternly with his eyes, "I hope you can transcribe your notes. It's a most important letter, you know. One incorrect word might spoil the whole thing."

"Oh, yes; I fully understand that," replied Miss Carter, with a half smile. "You will excuse my saying it, Mr. Truelove, but I wish you would always dictate at that rate. It exercises my fingers, you know."

Mr. Truelove felt himself beaten. Indeed, his feeling of annoyance now began to give place to one of pride in having secured the services of such a marvellous young woman.

Not so Mr. Noble. He still clung desperately to the idea that perhaps after all Miss Carter had made a hopeless muddle of it in her determination not to own herself beaten.

"I would suggest, if you have time, sir," he said, with an assumed carelessness, "that it might be well for Miss Carter just to read over the letter as it stands. It is possible that some amendment might suggest itself to some of us."

Without any of the hesitation and confusion which they expected she took her book and turned back—right back to the neatly and accurately written notes she had taken before they came into the room. Then quickly but clearly and distinctly, and with all due regard to punctuation and accentuation, she read off the letter from beginning to end without one slip or stumble.

"That will do," said Mr. Truelove, and he put on his hat and went out, while Mr. Noble returned to his desk crestfallen and bewildered.

"I don't think they will want to test me again just yet," thought Miss Carter as she sat down to her typewriter.—The Stenographer.

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Relief in Five Minutes Awaits Every Man or Woman Who Suffers From a Bad Stomach.

Nothing will remain undigested or sour on your stomach if you will take a little Diapepsin occasionally. This powerful digestive and antacid, though as harmless and pleasant as candy, will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you can eat.

Eat what your stomach craves, without the slightest fear of Indigestion or that you will be bothered with sour risings, Belching, Gas or Stomach, Heartburn, Headaches from stomach, Nausea, Bad Breath, Water Brash or a feeling like you had swallowed a lump of lead, or other disagreeable miseries. Should you be suffering now from any stomach disorder you can get relief within five minutes.

If you will get from your pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin you could always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and your meals would taste good, because you would know there would be no Indigestion or Sleepless nights or Headache or Stomach misery all the next day; and, besides, you would not need laxatives or liver pills to keep your stomach and bowels clean and fresh.

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You couldn't keep a handier or more useful article in the house.

THE TIPPING EVIL IN PARIS HOTELS

System of Exortion That Drove American Woman Out of a Hotel.

An ultra fashionable hotel in Paris lost one of its wealthiest American patrons, a woman, this year because she was tired of being expected to scatter a small fortune in tips at the end of each visit.

The hotel is much frequented by royalties, and for anybody else to stop there costs real money. The American woman had made it her temporary abode for many years, but this year she didn't go there. Instead she went to a big house she had bought.

"To tell the truth," she said the other day, "I bought that big house for no other reason than to get away from the tipping evil. Of course it meant a big outlay, especially as I spend only six weeks of the year in Paris, but you have no idea what a satisfaction it was to go to Paris this year and not be held up for tips at the end of my stay.

"The tipping evil over there instead of abating has grown worse and last year my experience was such that I determined I would never submit to it again even in Paris. Just before leaving the hotel I had made liberal presents to everybody I thought could possibly lay any claim to having done anything for me, but as I was about to go away my maid said:

"'You have forgotten the carpenter.'

"'The carpenter!' I exclaimed. 'Why, what has he ever done for me?'

"'Why, he mends things about the house.'

"'But has he ever mended anything for me?'

"'No, madame, but he expects a tip.

"This got on my nerves and I declared that I should not tip Monsieur the Carpenter nor anybody else; but in the last I was mistaken.

"I drove to the railway station in a great state of indignation, but with the firm determination that I would never go back to that hotel. Judge of my surprise when upon reaching the station a boy wearing the uniform of the hotel ran up and took off his hat.

"'Madame has forgotten me,' he said.

"'Who are you?' I demanded.

"'I am the elevator boy at the hotel,' he said.

"'But I tipped one elevator boy,' I said in perplexity.

"'I run the other elevator, madame,' he informed me.

"'But did you ever take me up or down stairs?'

"'No, madame, but I ran the other elevator.'

"'Then how in the name of common sense can you expect a tip from me?'

"'Oh! Madame has tipped everybody else in the hotel, why should she not tip me?' he rejoined coolly, and I was so dumbfounded at his nerve that I simply took out a five franc piece and gave it to him."

Several years ago a New Yorker was doing Belgium and France in a very modest way, and among other places he visited was a little village near the battlefield of Waterloo. He had luncheon at one of the local hostelries, and as he left the hotel he handed out a few coins to expectant persons on the outside; but there was one man holding an outstretched hand whom he could not quite place.

"What did you do for me?" the American inquired.

"Why, monsieur," replied the other, a tall, cadaverous individual, "it is I who pointed out the spire of our little church as you entered the hotel."

In front of the Carlton Hotel in London a few years ago the writer was a witness to the absolute helplessness to which some American travellers are reduced when facing tipping time.

A tall, husky American who was departing with his family, had just had his luggage placed on the tops of two fourwheelers. For a moment he stood by the door of one of the cabs looking about with an expression in which bewilderment and despair were mingled. Then he began to hand out money to everybody in sight in uniform, o.

Next he went over to the other carriage and continued the process of distribution. No sooner had his back turned than the porters, messengers, pages and waiters who stood about the first carriage sneaked over and joined the second group. Most of them come in for a second tip.

CHEAP FARES IN OLD LONDON

The Encroaching Motor Car and the Last Rally of the Hansom.

With the advent of the public motor car, which starts with an initial charge of 16 cents to cover roughly one mile of travel, the hansom cab, for a very long time the popular means of reaching a destiation, has been less and less used.

To meet the new competition 2,000 hansom cabs and four-wheelers (the number, it is stated, will be increased very shortly) have been placed on the London streets, in which two persons can travel a mile for 12 cents. The reduction in fare promises to a certain extent to revive the use of the hansom cab, although the greater speed of the motor car is decidedly in its favor. The interesting fact is that hansom cabs and four-wheelers can be operated profitably for the very low fare of 12 cents a mile.

Nothing impresses the American abroad more than the disparity in the charges for cabs and carriages in his own and foreign countries. Low fare greatly multiplies the use, and so profit is possible. To show how common is the use of motor cabs, a paragraph appeared recently in one of the London papers stating that 1,500 experienced chauffeurs were required to run new public motor cars that were necessitated by the demands of traffic.

Another feature of transportation in London to which attention can well be called is the practice of designating by a number the route of an omnibus. The number consists of large numerals conspicuously displayed above the driver's seat and at the rear of the omnibus. The advantages of this simple mode of designation are quite evident.

In American cities of considerable size there is frequently some central junction point which practically all the street cars pass. At certain hours in the morning and evening they pass in very great numbers, and there is more or less anxiety and confusion in trying to determine which is the car to take. There may be several streets or places mentioned on the same car, and this may prove misleading. The uncertainty increases late at night as the traveller tries to remember the car he wishes to use.

In the London system all omnibuses traversing the same route use the same number, and it is the number almost inevitably that is mentioned when one asks which omnibus goes to a certain place. Might not the same system be adopted to very great advantage in American cities?—From a United States consular report.

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CHARACTER TESTS.

"Play cards with a man for an hour and you will know him better than if you had met him in the drawing-room every evening for a year," says a German writer. But "Sonia," in a recent number of Figaro, suggests another character barometer. A never-failing test is the hotel room. The way a man arranges his room in a hotel shows whether he has been well reared, what his ideas of propriety are, whether his bump of order has been developed, whether he is methodical or slovenly, and one may even know by the way wearing apparel, ornaments and baggage are disposed of in a room which the occupant knows he will remain in only a few days, whether he is thoroughly or superficially educated. "If I had a daughter for whom a young man sued," says "Sonia," I would have him go to a summer resort where I could surprise him in his hotel room. In less than fifteen minutes my verdict would be rendered on the basis of the room's appearance."—New York Tribune.

Manslaughter in Second Degree.

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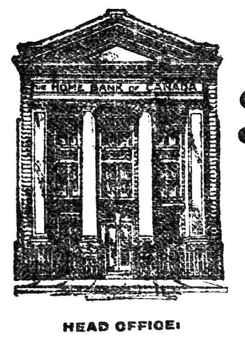

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