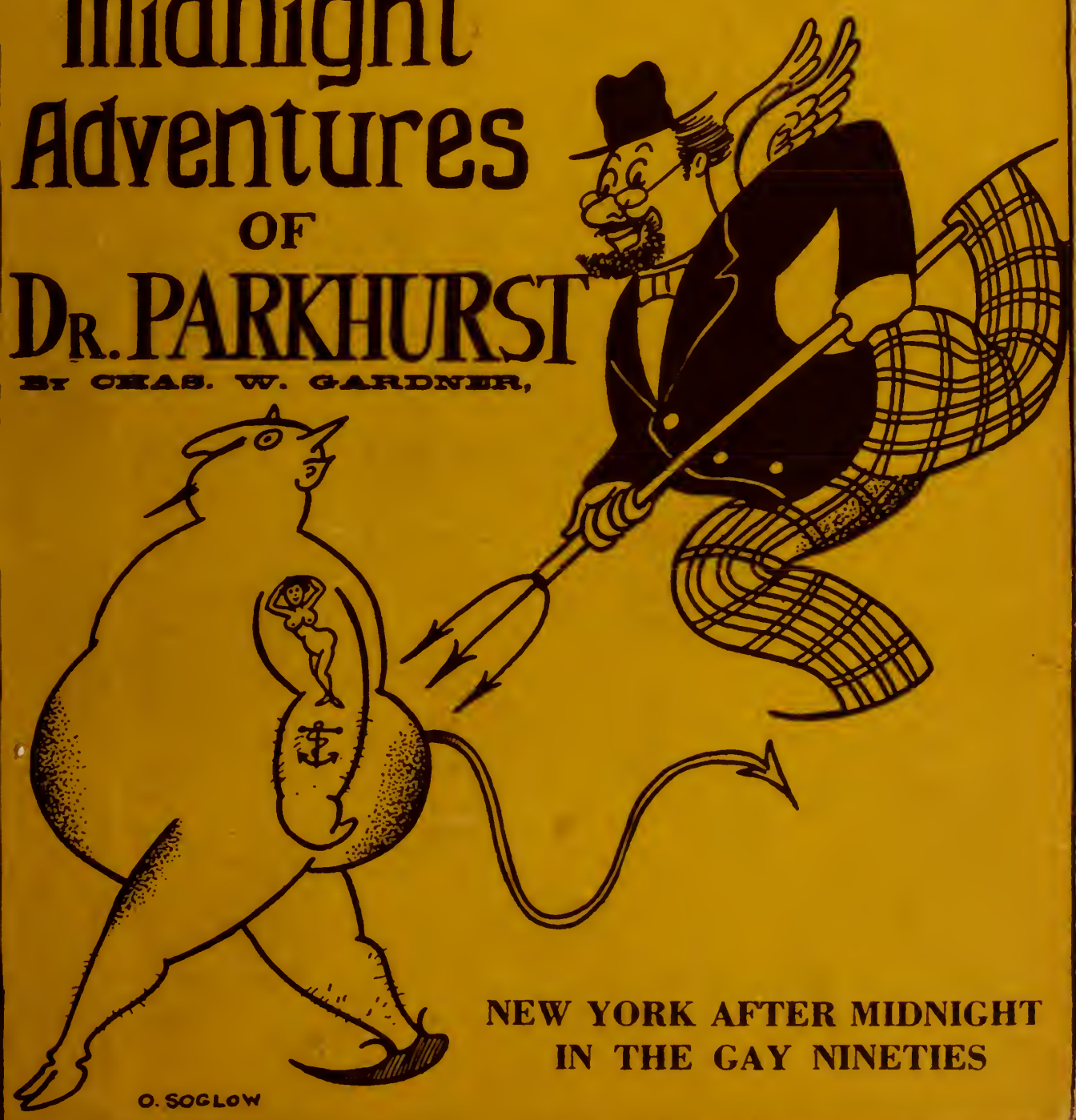
THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVIL, OR Midnight Adventures OF DR. PARKHURST

By CHAS. W. GARDNER,



NEW YORK AFTER MIDNIGHT
IN THE GAY NINETIES

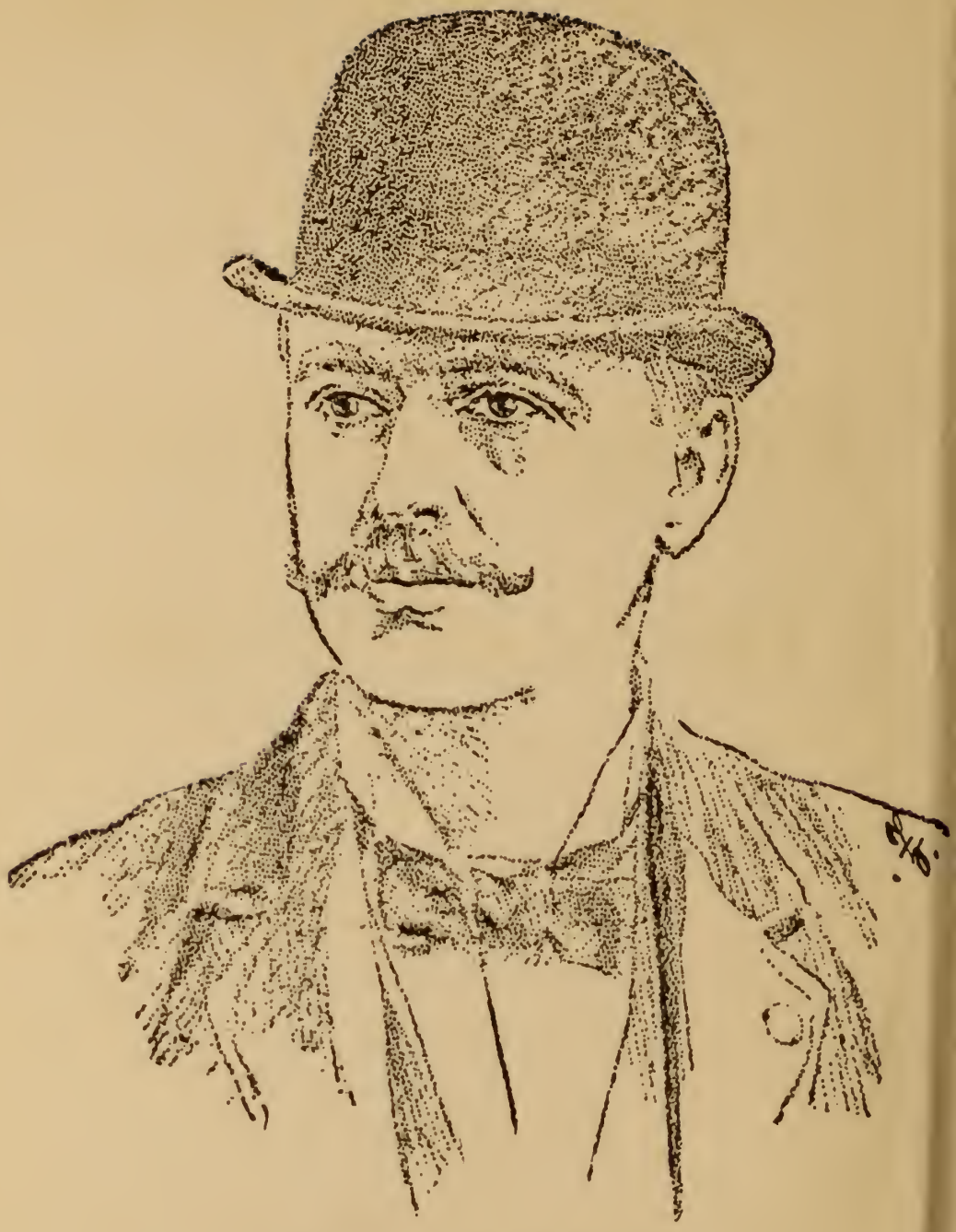
Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

FORT NEW AMSTERDAM (NEW YORK), 1651.

When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."

THE DOCTOR
AND
THE DEVIL



CHARLES W. GARDNER

Ex-Chief Detective of the "Parkhurst" Society

THE DOCTOR

AND

THE DEVIL,

OR

Midnight Adventures

OF

DR. PARKHURST.

By CHAS. W. GARDNER,

Ex-Detective Parkhurst Society.

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THE DOCTOR
AND
THE DEVIL

THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVIL

CHAPTER I

In February, 1892, I was conducting a detective agency at No. 287 Broadway. The agents of Dr. Parkhurst's society not having been enabled for some reason or other, probably incompetency, to help Dr. Parkhurst out of the awkward position his sermon * had placed him in, the late David J. Whitney, then a commission merchant at No. 47 Warren street, and a prominent worker in the ranks of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, wrote to me asking me to call upon him. The letter was entirely unsolicited, and was rather of a surprise to me, although I had known Mr. Whitney prior to the writing of the letter, and had been engaged by him in looking up other cases aside from Society for the Prevention of Crime matters. Mr. Whitney wrote me as follows:

"Office of D. J. Whitney,
"No. 47 Warren street, New York City.
"February 20, 1892.

"Charles W. Gardner, Esq.:

"Dear Sir: Please call upon me at once. I have a very delicate matter which I wish to place in your hands.

"Yours very truly,
"D. J. WHITNEY."

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* See Appendix

I accordingly called upon Mr. Whitney, and he asked me to take charge of Dr. Parkhurst's affairs, which, he said, were very desperate just then.

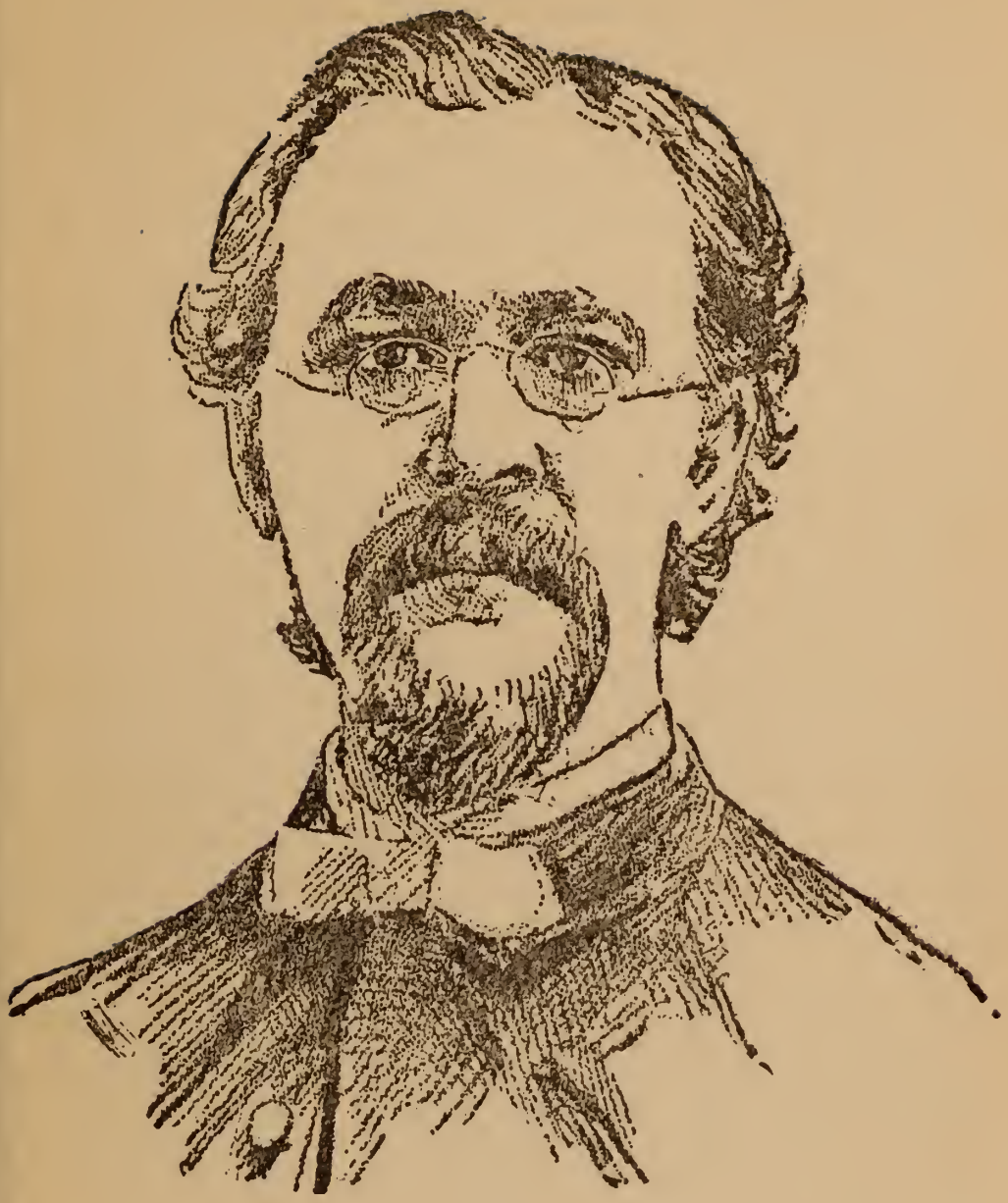
Dr. Parkhurst Seeks to Substantiate His Charges

"The fact is, Gardner," added Mr. Whitney, "Dr. Parkhurst has unconsciously placed himself in an embarrassing situation. The denial of his sermon against Tammany Hall has determined him to substantiate his charges by a personal visit to the haunts of the elephant. Now, I want you to look after this matter. Take the doctor around, but be careful and not shock him too much, as it might sicken him of everything for all his life."

I told Mr. Whitney that I would show Dr. Parkhurst around town if he wanted to go, and would agree that he was shown the heights and depths of New York vice for just $6 a day and expenses. All extra help was to be paid for at the same rate, no matter whether they worked one hour or ten.

"All right," replied Mr. Whitney. "Your terms are satisfactory."

Mr. Whitney then gave me a formal letter of introduction to Dr. Parkhurst, who, by the way, I had never seen up to that time, and I took it to the clergyman's house, 133 East Thirty-fifth street. It was evening when I called upon the doctor. A servant led me upstairs into the clergyman's study. It was a commonplace room enough. It is square in shape and has two front windows in it, which overlooked Thirty-fifth street. At one side is a high case of drawers for the filing of documents; a big desk, square in shape, stands in the centre of the room. Near it is a typewriting machine, which Dr. Parkhurst uses in his correspondence and in writing his sermons. There are a few easy chairs in the room, and a general air of homelike comfort pervades the apartment.



REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.,
President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

Dr. Parkhurst greeted me warmly. He said that he supposed it would be a very difficult matter for me to take him into the society of the vicious while in their lairs, owing to the publicity his sermons had been given in the public press, and owing to the fact that his photograph had also been published. I told the doctor that he must put on a suitable suit of clothes and change his appearance, as he would not be allowed even in a fairly respectable "joint," for clergyman was written all over his face and garb.

"That is a good idea," replied the Doctor. "I had thought of disguising myself. I don't want to if I can help it, but if necessary I am willing to sacrifice my whiskers to accomplish my desire, but as they protect my throat, I had rather not. Still, changing one's clothes I do not consider a disguise."

"If due caution is taken," I replied, "I don't think it will be necessary to harvest your lilacs at present."

Dr. Parkhurst laughed. He is a very jovial man, and appreciates a joke. I must say that as a companion no "rounder" is better company than the celebrated apostle of reform.

We then talked over what places should be visited which could be cited as examples of the moral condition of the metropolis, and also could be used in evidence, and I proposed that our first investigation should be confined to the Fourth Police Precinct.

This precinct is bounded by the south side of Catharine street, Chatham square; east side of Park row to Fulton street, and thence along the East River to Catharine street again. At this time it was a real nice hot-bed of every vice that man and woman ever heard of, providing you can call vice nice. I told Dr. Parkhurst these facts, and from the general conversation we had I soon surmised that Mr. Whitney had put the idea into Dr. Parkhurst's head to go round himself and find out what life in the slums was like. Subsequently I gathered that

the idea was borrowed by Mr. Whitney from a similar tour made by a celebrated Brooklyn clergyman several years ago.

While Dr. Parkhurst and I were arranging details, a tall young man, blond-haired, dark-eyed, and dressed like a Fifth avenue lounger, entered the room. He was introduced to me as Mr. John L. Erving by Dr. Parkhurst, who said that he would accompany us around on our proposed tour. Erving was a young man, it seems, a son of well-to-do parents of social standing, who had offered to aid in the work at hand.

On the evening of March 5, 1892, according to agreement, I called at Dr. Parkhurst's home to start out on the proposed tour. When I reached the Doctor's house I was immediately ushered into his study. The moment I laid eyes on him I saw that he was not dressed according to the requirements of the case. He wore a passe suit of broadcloth. The coat was cut in ministerial fashion. The trousers had the very aroma of the pulpit about them. His collar, even, was the straight clerical collar affected by men of his cloth.

In a chair sat young Mr. Erving. Did you ever see a dandy dressed up in his last year's suit? Well, that is the way Erving looked. His blond hair was parted in the middle, his cleanly shaved face was redolent of bay rum. He looked like a fashion plate of a dead year, just a bit run to seed.

"I think we will do," said Dr. Parkhurst in the most complacent fashion, as I started at the couple.

"Do!" I shouted, "good gracious, sir, clergyman stands out all over you. It sticks out ten feet. Why, you couldn't get into a Bowery lodging house the way you are dressed."

"I won't do, then?" queried Dr. Parkhurst. "I thought no one would recognize me in this garb."

Then I screamed almost with laughter. It was funny to think that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst had such vague ideas of what was necessary to disguise his identity. And when I looked at young Erving I laughed the harder. He was "rigged" out in

a neat business suit, a little the worse for wear, but which was better than the average mechanic wears.

"My, Doctor, those rags won't do," I said.

"But this is the oldest suit I have," artlessly replied the doctor, forgetting that the age of the suit made no difference in the style in which it was made.

"This is really the best I can do, too," put in Erving.

I explained that it would certainly be necessary to change the toggery of the two slummers, and when Dr. Parkhurst in a bewildered sort of way asked what to do, I cut the Gordian knot by asking them to come around to my house at No. 207 West Eighteenth street, where I said I could rig them out in a proper way.

The Doctor in Disguise

We accordingly all went to my house, and I started in to make a real "tough," so far as appearance went, of the Doctor. First I gave him a pair of checked black and white trousers. They were seedy, to be sure, but loud enough in pattern to make a noise in the next block. Dr. Parkhurst is about twelve inches shorter than I am, and when he got himself into the trousers their waist band was about on a level with his shoulder-blades. To get into his hippocket the Doctor would have had to run his hand down the neck of his shirt.

Then I gave the clergyman a shirt which had been worn before, and was not particularly clean. Next I gave him a double-breasted reefer jacket, sadly the worse for wear, and then I looked at him. Somehow or other, he hadn't shaken off the clergyman air. I thought I could make him look a little more worldly by adding a necktie to his apparel. So I ripped out the sleeve of an old red-flannel shirt that I had in my room, and tied it around the clergyman's neck. Still he looked of the celestial rather than of the half world, and I was puzzled to find what was the matter. I got a brown, dirty old slouch hat out, and put it on the Doctor's head. It made him look a

THE DOCTOR AND HIS COMPANION IN DISGUISE

good deal more like a battered sailor, but still there was that pulpit air about my client. It came to me like a flash finally, what I wanted to fully complete the metamorphosis.

"Dr. Parkhurst," I ventured, "I think that hair of yours queers you. Let me fix it for you."

So I procured a bar of common laundry soap and rubbed it on the doctor's luxuriant hair, which curled enticingly down his neck. I never believed much up to then in the theory that dress has much to do with the making of the man, for the liberal application of soap absolutely changed the doctor's appearance in a trice. If ever man looked the "tough," that man was the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst when I had soaped his hair from its natural curl to a sober straightness.

"Why, if I was a 'cop,'" I said, as I critically examined my work, "I would run you in on suspicion."

"Good," replied the Doctor. "I would like that, if I was sure I wouldn't be recognized in a police court the next day."

Then I turned my attention to Mr. Erving. His feet were as small and delicate as a woman's, so I made him put on a pair of rubber boots. Over these I had him draw a pair of trousers, patched in the rear, which did not come within five inches of his feet, leaving a gaunt expanse of bootleg to stare out at the world. I made him don a shirt which had missed an engagement at a laundry two months previous, and then I put a coat on him which was in style when Seymour was Governor of the State of New York. Then I insisted on his mussing up his blond hair, because if he was found to be parting his hair in the middle where we were going, I knew there would be trouble. Then I searched around until I found a red necktie. It was an enormous one of puffed satin, and after I had stuck a brass shirt stud in it, and Erving had put it on, I carefully examined my companions. I was dressed "tough" enough for any one, but they looked ten times harder.

"I say," I remarked, as I led the way out of the house; "your red neckties are a passport into any place we are going to visit to-night. Come on."

CHAPTER II

No one saw us as we stealthily hurried onward.

We took the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad at Eighteenth street and rode down to Franklin square. No one paid much attention to us, excepting a very pretty girl, next to whom Dr. Parkhurst took a seat in the car, and who drew her dainty skirts away from the supposedly contaminating presence of the "tough" who sat next to her.

After leaving the train at Franklin square we walked down the notorious block called Cherry Hill, where so many murders have been committed in the past.

Cherry Hill runs from Franklin square northeast and parallel with the East River. It descends abruptly from Franklin square until it reaches James street, and then it slopes gradually away. The part of the street which lies between Franklin square and James street is the famous Cherry Hill. All of the houses upon it are old and really practically are ruins. But they are places that once were homes of the fashionable people of New York way back during the war of 1812. Nearly all of them are two-story structures, with small panes of glass in their windows, and with green blinds and green fanlights over the doors.

It had been the home of "Beezy" Gerrity, who was killed by a pistol shot, fired by Danny Driscoll, the chief of the celebrated "Whyo Gang." In it are the notorious double and single alley tenement houses; towering piles of white-washed brick, and the sure and certain abiding place of typhus fever, smallpox and other infectious diseases. It is the home of "growler" and "mixed ale" parties; the home of Italians, Negroes, Germans

and Frenchmen—the home of every nationality at once, for that matter.

Slumming with the Doctor

It is a place where, nightly, bleeding men reel out of alleyways and fall senseless in the street, and no one even takes a passing glance at them. Women's shrieks echo through the streets as often as men's songs. And such a little thing as hitting a man over the head with an axe does not even excite passing comment. It really is the fashion to do that sort of thing on Cherry Hill. And yet, after all, the Cherry Hill that Dr. Parkhurst, Erving and I traversed is not anything like the old Cherry Hill of ten years ago, when there was an average of a murder a day in it. But it was tough enough to satisfy Dr. Parkhurst, who looked curiously around at the homogeneous life that could be seen on either hand.

"I suppose this is the slums," queried the Doctor, presently.

"Oh, no," I replied, "this isn't the real slums. We are in a bad enough locality possibly for the average man. But wait until later."

Then I led the party to a saloon at No. 33 Cherry street. It was kept by "Tom" Summers, who really is not half as bad as his customers and the embalming fluid he sells as whiskey. I knew Tom Summers very well, and before we entered the place I explained to Dr. Parkhurst that Tom did a thriving business in buying pawnbrokers' tickets from people who had "soaked" stuff that was not originally bought by them, and which they found had been placed in their pockets by mistake. Probably they had accidentally exchanged nothing with the original owners of the "togs," said owners being temporarily incapacitated from objecting. I don't mean to say by this that Summers had any guilty knowledge of these facts.

As we entered the saloon, which is situated in a two-story building, tumbled down until it is nearly a ruin, the bar is at your right. It is a bar that is pretty fairly well furnished with

glassware, and does not look much different from any of the cheaper saloons of the city.

A partition runs across the rear of the saloon. It is about five feet in height, and conceals a fifteen-ball pool table, covered with dingy green baize, worn bare in spots by the patrons of the place, who utilize it as seats when not otherwise occupied in more questionable avocations.

The entrance of a stranger into the saloon causes intense excitement in the patrons of this rear room. I smiled to myself to see the furtive bobbing up of heads behind this partition when our party entered the place. I do not think that I would care to visit that rear room, in the absence of the proprietor of the place. At least, not unless I had a battery of Gattling guns concealed about my clothing.

"My South Carolina Uncle"

I led the way to the bar. Behind it stood Proprietor Summers, and I introduced the Doctor to him as an uncle of mine, who wanted to buy a watch.

"What are you going to have?" I said to Tom. "Drink with me and with my South Carolina uncle and my cousin."

"Cert, Charley," replied Summers. "Is it wisk?"

At the same time the speaker shoved three glasses in front of us and took a bottle of "Manhattan Club Reserve" whiskey from the back of the bar. He also put a glass in front of himself.

Dr. Parkhurst poured out a good, stiff drink. It was one of those South Carolina drinks, by the way, and then Erving took his turn, following the Doctor's lead like a little man. I had had a little experience in Cherry Hill whiskey, and I took a smaller dram. I watched the Doctor pour down his drink. He did let it go into his inner man like a good fellow. I smiled as I saw the tears start to the Doctor's eyes. He acted as if he had swallowed a whole political parade—torchlights and all.

Young Erving, however, managed to make less trouble with

his dose. He got the stuff down; gave a gasp, and hurriedly poured out a liberal "chaser" of water, a breach of Cherry Hill etiquette that brought a smile of contempt to Proprietor Summers's face. For my part, I mentally registered a hope that I would be alive after taking my drink, and swallowed it as if it were medicine and had to be taken.

"That's good stuff," I remarked to Summers. "Isn't it, uncle?"

Dr. Parkhurst gurgled and sobbed in his throat, and nodded his head affirmatively.

"I think you want to get a clock and slang" (Cherry Hill and Sing Sing for a watch and chain), said Summers, after I had produced forty cents to pay for the liquor.

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Dr. Parkhurst.

So Summers produced from his pockets several pawn tickets, but when I said that my uncle wanted to buy a gold hunting case watch, he said that "the boys hadn't been out of town lately, and that he hadn't any tickets for what we said we wanted, but thought that he might have one at any time."

Meanwhile there was a constant run of customers into the place. Dr. Parkhurst watched curiously little girls and boys not more than ten years of age buy whiskey and beer, in bottles, pans, tin cans and pitchers. If you want to you can buy a pint bottle of what is called whiskey for ten cents. After we had drank another round of whiskey in the place, we left it and continued our journey.

"What a bright man Summers seems to be," said Dr. Parkhurst, as we left the saloon. "He seems too good and too intelligent a man for his business."

I did not tell the celebrated clergyman that Summers might be more of a patron of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church without hurting him a little bit.

As we hurried along, for the night was waxing late, Dr. Parkhurst talked very freely of his methods and his intentions.

"How can you expect that in a city where children of tender

years are allowed to buy liquor," he said, "where men deal openly in goods they must know are not rightly come by, that there can be any respect for law and order? That's the trouble; that's the burning shame here. A civilization is being cradled here. Good God! what will the man be whose babyhood was lived out in this reeking pestilent hole?

"I admit that this is bad enough, but I want to see worse."

I determined to gratify the Doctor's expressed wishes.

"Where next?" continued Dr. Parkhurst, as we strode rapidly forward. "Don't forget to take notes of all that happened in there. I look upon that experience as splendid evidence to present to the Grand Jury."

An Immoral Bath

I led the way to Water street next. You see, I did not feel like plunging Dr. Parkhurst into crime all at once. I wanted to give him his immoral bath in sections. I rather admired the doctor as we hurried along. He had put enough whiskey already in under his belt to stagger a white cruiser sailor, but he carried his cargo like a man who was used to it. Erving wasn't as steady on his "pins" as the doctor, but he was far from being intoxicated, and I really began to feel proud of my company. In fact, I remarked to the doctor that he was as good a drinker as you could meet in a day's walk. Dr. Parkhurst has a remarkable physical peculiarity when a telling point is made. Instead of winking one eye, he shuts both of his at the same time. When I complimented the doctor on his capacity for holding liquor he shut both his eyes quickly and smiled.

I hurried my little party along to Water street, the red flannel necktie of Dr. Parkhurst fluttering in the wind meanwhile like a danger signal just before a blast is to be fired.

"Here is where we bank on your necktie, doctor," I said, as we got to Water street. There were several houses that I wanted the doctor to visit in this street. It was evident that we were getting near to them when in one block we met at least fifteen

women who were manifestly immoral. All were of the lowest possible type of femininity. They walked about clad in shabby-genteel clothing, soliciting the admiration of chance people. Several accosted us as we passed by, but we paid no attention to them.

We halted in front of No. 342 Water street. The building was three stories in height. The first floor had originally been used as a store, but had been turned into a sort of parlor for the reception of callers, although care had been taken not to lose the mercantile flavor of the original place.

In front of the door stood a half dozen women, soliciting people to enter the resort with the same air that a Grand Central Station hackman asks you to "have a cab."

Dr. Parkhurst looked carefully at the women as we passed them, evidently mentally photographing them. And as we were passing, two of the women caught the Doctor by the arm, and before he knew what had happened, whirled him into the place and sat him down in a chair. A big, fat, greasy, and not very pretty woman meanwhile had done the same for Erving. I, too, had been "steered" into the place by a black-haired woman, old enough to have been the mother of Columbus; so there we were, a happy little family party.

The interior of the room was something Dr. Parkhurst had never seen before. I am confident of that. On the floor was a faded rag carpet. On the walls were two cheap chromos. A table stood in the centre of the room, and around it were half a dozen chairs. On each chair sat something that originally had been a woman. That is, we supposed so, as each gaunt figure wore an ancient "Mother Hubbard," and answered to the names of Alice, Maude and Clara; at least, I called them by these names, and they answered to them well enough. The Doctor chatted with the women a few moments, and had no trouble, apparently, in withstanding their blandishments. Erving, too, managed to resist the pleadings of the hags to accompany them into some upper

region, and we then left the house, after we had drank a glass of beer.

"I must say," said Dr. Parkhurst, after we had left the house, "that things are going along swimmingly. I see now that I underrated the situation when I arraigned Tammany Hall and the municipal authorities. The unspeakable horror of that house tells more than I could in a million sermons."

I thought this a good opportunity to sound the Doctor on his views of the fight in which he was involved. From his conversation I gathered that he had not supposed that his former sermon was going to create the excitement that it did; in fact, that he, prior to delivering it, had taken no great pains in preparing it. He had thought so little of it that he had loaned the original manuscript to a morning newspaper reporter, who was a member of his congregation, and who had intended to print extracts of the address, but who had found, when he reached his office, that his employers valued the sermon enough to print nearly all of it.

"If I had not been practically called a liar," said Dr. Parkhurst, "I should not be here to-night. I propose to prove my statements to be true."

In fact, at this time Dr. Parkhurst impressed me with having no thought of a "mission" such as afterward was claimed by his friends to have been the cause for the slumming tour I am describing. Nonsense! Dr. Parkhurst at this time was only a man trying to justify a position into which he had foolishly placed himself. Afterward—but then, I am getting ahead of my story.

Our next step was to some dives that I knew of which were situated in Cherry street. They were all located between James and Oliver streets. Each place was really a saloon. Each was licensed by the Board of Excise.

In A Cherry Street Dance Hall

As we entered one of the saloons at No. 96 Cherry street, Dr. Parkhurst hesitated in a manner that showed that he was

surprised at what he saw. Really, I did not blame him. He saw a square room, with a bar at one side of it. Behind the bar was a most truculent looking ruffian. Over in one corner was a colored man playing a waltz from a wheezy old accordion. Around the floor were whirling half a dozen men and women. And really the women were not particularly bad looking. In fact, some of them were almost pretty in the bold, physical prettiness of an abandoned female. The men were sailors, laborers, thieves, shoe-string gamblers and the class of wretches that live upon the horrible earnings of the women who frequent the resort. Nearly everybody was drunk; males and females smoked cigars and cigarettes as they danced, and all hurried to the bar at frequent intervals.

The Doctor this time needed no prompting. He just walked up to the bar like a thirsty veteran and asked me what I would take.

"Beer," said I.

"Ginger ale," said Erving, at which I nearly had a fit, for such innocuous fluids were not popular in this place.

"I don't think," said the bartender to Erving, when he heard his order. "You get beer, young feller, see?"

And Erving took beer without a protest. So did I. While we were drinking a short, well-developed girl, nineteen years of age I should say, accosted us.

"Hey, whiskers," said she to Dr. Parkhurst, "going to ball me off?"

The puzzled look that came over the face of the Doctor caused me to rush to his rescue, which I did by asking the girl to "have something on me," which she was not at all reluctant to name.

The girl then asked Dr. Parkhurst to dance with her, and I again came to the rescue by telling her that my friend—indicating Erving—could dance splendidly.

"Oh, Blondie," she shouted, "ain't you going to give me a turn?"

THE DOCTOR WATCHES A DANCE IN A CHERRY STREET SAILOR DIVE

In ten seconds later the rubber boots of young Erving and the No. 10 shoes of the belle of the place were tapping the floor. The girl evidently knew her business. She danced—well, I don't think that any of the Fifth avenue friends of Erving ever danced a waltz of that kind. It was a dance in which vice and shame, brazen-faced, tried to thrust itself upon innocence, in the guise of young Erving.

"Baby"

Before any serious results happened I managed to tear Erving away. Meanwhile Dr. Parkhurst had been steered to a chair by two women, who had fixed their eyes upon him. And they were hags, mind you; women whose faces had been pretty years ago, perhaps, but which were besotted and stained with crime then.

While the Doctor was trying to keep himself out of trouble with the two old hags the door opened and a woman came in to sell oranges. Dr. Parkhurst bought one for five cents (I paid for it, out of the funds of the Society for the Prevention of Crime), and calmly began sucking it, while the foul-mouthed crone leered at him; the music squawked a wheezy imitation of the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' waltz; profanity, filthy language, dirt, beer, whiskey and cigar and tobacco smoke, all nearly turned my stomach. But the Doctor not only stuck to his orange, but he said afterward that it tasted good, despite his fearful surroundings.

All this while the two hags had been entreating Dr. Parkhurst to buy liquor for them, and he at last acquiesced. This made one of them, who was a big, fat, 200-pound crone, become enraptured with the Doctor, and she leered at him in the most sickening manner. The second woman watched this "mash," as she considered it, with jealous eyes, and I feared that there was going to be trouble, although Dr. Parkhurst sat in blissful ignorance sucking his orange, and Erving continued to "blow himself" for the beer for his ladi-frend." The 200-pound woman finally drank enough to make her coquettish, and she told Dr.

Parkhurst that her name was "Baby," and that she lived within a block of the den in which we were.

When she gravely asked Dr. Parkhurst to always ask for "Baby" when visiting the joint I almost roared.

This by-play was interrupted by the entrance of a corps of the Salvation Army. All were women, dressed in the funny, old-fashioned hats of the Army uniform, and to the surprise of the Doctor no protest was made to their entrance. The four women Salvation people circulated around the place, offering religious papers to all of the dissolute crowd in it, while the Doctor watched them curiously. One of the corps came up to me and asked me to buy a paper which the organization publishes. I was about to do so, when Dr. Parkhurst gave me a knowing look of protest, and then I led the way out of the place, followed by my companions.

"I do not believe in the methods of the Salvation Army," said Dr. Parkhurst, as we left the vile den. "They do more harm than good, and I do not propose to aid their exchequer by buying their foolish paper. A Grand Jury indictment is the only paper that hole needs to convert it."

Dr. Parkhurst's Affidavit

Now, this may seem like a romance to you, but to show you that the visit was made just as I say, I present one of a trunk-load of affidavits I hold regarding this first famous expedition made by the three actors in the drama.

They are as follows:

City, County and State of New York, ss.;

Charles W. Gardner, of No. 207 West Eighteenth street, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the fifth day of March, 1892, at said city and county of New York, deponent, in company with Charles H. Parkhurst and John L. Erving, visited the premises at No. 96 Cherry street, in said city, kept and owned by one John Doe, real name unknown by deponent,

who was solicited for a purpose; that there were men and women engaged in drinking, dancing, carousing, using vile, indecent and lascivious language and otherwise disturbing the peace.

Chas W Gardner

Sworn to before me, this 12th day of March, 1892.

HENRY FROMME,
Notary Public

City, County and State of New York, ss.;

Charles H. Parkhurst, of No. 133 East Fifty-fifth street, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 5th day of March, 1892, at said city of New York, deponent visited the premises No. 96 Cherry street, in company with Charles W. Gardner and John L. Erving; that the affidavit hereto attached of Charles W. Gardner is true to deponent's own knowledge.

C H Parkhurst

Sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892.

CHARLES W. GARDNER,
Commissioner of Deeds, New York Co.

"City, County and State of New York, ss.:

"John L. Erving, of No. 30 West Twentieth street, in said city, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 5th day of March, 1892, at said city of New York, he visited the premises No. 96 Cherry street, in company with Charles W. Gardner and John L. Erving; that the facts set forth in their affidavits are true to deponent's own knowledge.

John L Erving

"Sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892.

CHARLES W. GARDNER,
"Commissioner of Deeds."

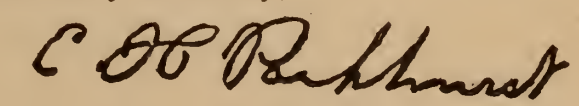
By a slight error in the preparation of these affidavits, young Erving is made to swear to having accompanied himself with me to the dive, instead of Dr. Parkhurst and me. But subsequent affidavits were drawn correcting this error, and they afterward were presented to the Grand Jury.

The fate they met will be told later.

"New York, March 8, 1892.
"No. 133 East 35th street.

"Dear Mr. Gardner—I was very glad to get your letter to-night. You must not wear yourself out with your work. It is queer the way we missed each other last night. All is well that ends well.

"I will expect you at my home to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, at 8 o'clock. Yours very sincerely,



This letter came to me bright and early on Tuesday, March 8, 1892, from the Doctor, and it has a little history which comes later in my story, to be sure, but it was also a signal that Dr. Parkhurst wished to continue his expedition into the depths of degradation and wished me to aid him still further. So then I planned a tour which would throw into the shade, in vile association, the one I have already described, and which I shall now proceed to set forth in full.

CHAPTER III

It was 2 o'clock in the morning, after a most horrible night of storm, when our vice-hunting party, consisting of Dr. Parkhurst, Erving and myself, halted in front of the East River Hotel, on the southeast corner of Water street and Catharine slip.

Here we were in the very home of squalor. It was in this house of vice that George Frank, alias "Frenchy," was alleged to have killed Carrie Brown, better known as "Old Shakespeare," on April 24, 1891.

The hotel in which the murder was committed is a common brick building, but at the time we visited it the moist, fog-laden air and the gently falling rain softened the outlines of the old structure until it assumed an indistinct, but by no means ungraceful appearance.

The entrance to the so-called hotel barroom was on the corner of the streets which the hotel fronts. It was not a masked entrance, where you pass through a storm-house vestibule, making a pretence that this storm-house is a real bona fide front of a saloon. There is, you see, no necessity for any subterfuge about the East River Hotel. When you enter the resort everybody about knows that you are there for vicious purposes, and concealment of vice is an unknown virtue in that part of New York.

Scenes in the East River Hotel

So I boldly opened a door flush with the pavement and stepped in. The doctor followed me; behind him came Erving, and I suppose that his Satanic Majesty was behind us all,

probably wanting to see just how the Doctor was getting on in his search for evidences of immorality and general crime in New York.

The room we entered was low-ceiled, and most unattractive. The floor was grimy with dirt. You could not tell whether you were walking on dirt floors or those made of boards. At one side was a big iron stove. It apparently never had been blackened in its heat-giving career.

The bar was opposite the stove. It was low, covered with dirt, stained yellow along its sides by innumerable quarts of tobacco juice squirted upon it by thousands of customers. It was charred and burnt on its surface by thousands of cheap cigars and cheaper cigarettes.

Behind the bar was a narrow shelf, on which were bottles labelled in a mockery of the truth, "whiskey," "gin," "brandy," and so on. At one end of the bar was a big keg of stale lager beer; the kind you buy for 50 cents an "eighth keg," as that part of a barrel is called by brewers.

A stale cloud, violet in color and choking in its strength, hung in the room, made by the smoke of tobacco, puffed from the lips of the patrons of the place. Through this, pungent and sickening, could be detected the almost indescribable odor of long worn wet clothing, upon dirty bodies. Faugh! It was beastly.

At the bar, in full uniform, were standing two big policemen, pledging "free rum," I fancy. The Doctor clutched me by the arm, and whispered in my ear to take the numbers of the two men to be used as evidence. I did so. Their numbers were—but then, what is the use of reporting two poor, $25-a-week policemen, when certain captains, inspectors, and police commissioners we know of still hold office? At all events both numbers are in my possession.

The bartender of the "hotel" was a short, typical Fourth Ward drink dispenser. His bullet-head was covered with short-cropped hair. His face had the sallow tinge born of late hours,

bad air and bad liquor. He chewed tobacco, and so his lips were stained with a faint yellow, which made his mouth prominent and hideous.

By this interesting group I led the Doctor and his satellite.

We made our way rapidly to what is known in that hotel as the "stalls." This means that a portion of one end of the barroom had been partitioned off, into a space about twelve feet square, I should say. No chairs or tables were in the room. Not a decoration of any kind was on the plain board walls. The women customers of the place and the depraved men they lured to it were accustomed to stand up and drink until senses gave way. Then they were at liberty to fall down on the filthy floor and sleep their intoxication off.

We walked into the room where there stood the most disreputable looking lot of women I think I ever saw. Women were there, once of the East Side middle class world, but now hopelessly lost. Dirty; I never saw such dirt. It was caked and crusted on hands and faces. Hair tangled and matted around bloated, rum-flushed faces. Clothing scant, soiled, ragged and ill-smelling, half covering gaunt bodies.

Eyes gleaming with the madness of delirum tremens, or faded from potent drugs, masqueraded in alcohol as liquor. Women lost to everything in the world, except a mere love for liquor.

Two men, as we entered the "stall," who had gained entrance to the main barroom as we crossed it, started to dance a sailor's hornpipe. One man played upon a violin, which was wretchedly out of tune, and the other one, to the air of "Bonnie Doon," danced a clumsy, ungainly jig.

The women in the "stall," despite their ill-favored unsightliness, greeted us with all signs of positive welcome. They fancied that we would buy them drink, something which I did at a cost of eighty cents for sixteen people.

Yes, it was five-cent whiskey that we drank; that is, the Doctor, Brother Erving and I. Our guests drank everything

from stale beer to blue vitriol. Did you ever drink any five-cent whiskey? If you never did, you are a happy man. It is a drink that is simply awful. It tastes like a combination of kerosene oil, soft soap, alcohol and the chemicals used in fire extinguishers, I fancy, although I never have touched a drink of that particular kind of brew.

There was no untoward amount of curiosity on the part of the women as to who we were. They were all so debased, so deadened to everything except the charms of drink that, excepting the making of a revolting proposition to us, nothing was said while we were in the "stall."

Yet if the Doctor said nothing, his eyes expressed volumes. Disgust, pity, horror and conjecture flitted over his face. He was disgusted with his horrible surroundings; was filled with pity for the wrecks of life around him, and was filled with wonderment as to how any person could become so utterly depraved as the vile creatures around him.

He expressed these sentiments to me after we left the fetid hole and had issued once more into the hardly less foul, rain-swept streets. It was now after 3 o'clock in the morning. There was a suggestion of the coming dawn in the east, a gray darkness flashing out of the black night around it. From the near-by docks that line the East River could be heard the sound of men beginning their daily toil. Dr. Parkhurst stopped suddenly.

"Here is a city," he said, as if the sound of awakening commerce had brought the idea to his mind, "which is now waking up to begin its daily toil for millions of dollars. Just one tithe of the money and energy to be thrown away to-day in this race for wealth would turn this hell-hole we are in into a decent place. How many of these seekers for wealth know, or care, that the Excise laws of this city, the laws of moral health, all laws, in fact, are broken right here in this part of town? And, mind you, this saturnalia of crime to-night is going on right under the eyes of the police. They are cognizant of it; their

superior officers at Police Headquarters are aware of it, yet they dare to say that I am guilty of bearing false witness against my neighbors because I put my finger on the sore and say to the police, cure this spot and you are doing your city the duty you owe it, as its servants."

The Doctor in Five-Cent Lodging Houses

Despite the incoming dawn we decided to pay a visit to a couple of 5- and 10-cent lodging houses for men only.

We had seen how vice spent its waking hours in the Fourth Police Precinct, and we wanted to see how vice and poverty rested itself.

I hurried our steps to a 5-cent sleeping place at No. 223 Park row. The place is over a 5-cent whiskey saloon, or "dead house," as the poor wretches who frequent it call it. It is reached by a pair of dirty, grimy stairs; stairs that are a daily violation of the laws of the Board of Health. Still, such a little thing as violating the laws of the city does not count down among Park row lodging houses.

We climbed the narrow stairs, which trembled under our tread, up to a loft one flight from the street. A little square box of plain boards had been built at the head of the stairs. It was something like a ticket box at a theatre, but was made much stronger, so that the lodgers as they passed by could not rob the man who took their nickels for a night's lodging, that little pleasantry being a not unusual thing here.

I did not say a word to the occupant of the ticket box. Just laid down three 5-cent pieces and hurried by. Through a doorless space we ushered ourselves into an inner room, absolutely partitionless. The room was oblong in shape, about thirty by eighty feet, to be nearly accurate. At each end two windows might have served to give light in the daytime had it not been for their being covered over with the filth of fifty years, probably, for the building was about that age, and I am

confident the walls had never been swept or the windows cleaned since the building was finished.

For the purpose of giving some light, however, here and there was suspended from the ceiling the cheapest kind of a hanging lamp. Each emitted a horrible odor, which made the atmosphere unspeakably unhealthy.

As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the semi-light in the place, we saw ranged all down the room a procession of cots, each of which bore the sleeping form of a lodger. The cots were made in the simplest manner. A frame of soft wood formed the sides and cross pieces; then to each end was tacked square pieces of timber, thus raising the cot about twelve inches from the floor. No mattress was thrown on the canvas cover. You were expected to go to bed right on the canvas, which made part of your cot. How about bed clothing, do I hear you ask? Bless your unsophisticated life, there was none. Two gigantic sheet-iron stoves at each end of the room were sending out volumes of furnace-like heat. It made the temperature of torrid intensity.

Strange as it may seem to you, the heat was really bed clothes. Every lodger, as he entered the room, was supposed to strip off his clothing until he was entirely naked. Then he laid his weary bones down on the canvas of his cot and went to sleep. The heat of the room was supposed to keep him warm, so bed clothing was not necessary.

The reason why it was the fashion for lodgers to undress was three-fold. Firstly, because it was the style to use the sleeper's clothing for his pillow; next, because with his clothes under his head he escaped nameless visitants, and, lastly, because the next man to each sleeper was liable to wake up at an inopportune moment and decamp with a fellow-lodger's clothing.

Dr. Parkhurst gazed around, with handkerchief to his nose, for the smell was that of a charnel house.

"Have we a Board of Health?" he asked. "I should fancy not, to look around here. The law is being clearly violated,

Gardner. More human beings are occupying space here than the law allows. It is a dreadful shame and disgrace upon civilization. My God! To think that people with souls to save live like this!"

In the half-light shed by the sickly, ill-smelling lamps, we saw dozens of naked forms stretched in slumber. Here was a face dark and swarthy, which transplanted you in mind to Italy. There was the fair hair and blonde beard of a German; Irishmen, Englishmen, Americans, Scotchmen, Scandinavians; the cast-off scum of all Europe and America snored and dreamed in that awful forcing room of crime.

"Yet," Dr. Parkhurst said, "from just such sad places at election time comes a host of men to cast their ballots."

The political leader and "owner" of the district in which the lodging-house in question is situated is Police Justice Patrick Divver.

"I feel like revolting against my generation," added the Doctor, "when I think that from just such lodging-houses are built up political careers. How are you going to root them out? Why, the men whom they put in power are sure to protect the lodging-house keepers."

Next we visited the ten-cent lodging-house at No. 219 Park row. Except that this place was not quite so filthy as the previous one, it did not in any important way differ from it. Dr. Parkhurst and his accompanying devil hunter, Erving, looked curiously around and made many mental notes. At least the Doctor did for he has often spoken of the political "pull" which can be worked through a cheap Bowery lodging-house. He full well understands that from such places along about election time are registered thousands of "repeaters" and "fictitious voters."

"And they all vote," adds Dr. Parkhurst, "for Tammany Hall and municipal corruption."

These lodging-houses are running still. If you think my picture overdrawn, go and see for yourself.

Faint blushes of the coming sun were gilding the east when we left the last lodging-house and hurried to our homes. I fancy that Dr. Parkhurst slept the sleep of the just when he reached home, and awoke, as Erving told me afterward he did, with a taste in his mouth, "as if he had accidentally swallowed a morgue." I know that is the way I felt, too.

CHAPTER IV

I made up my mind at this time that I had been doing pretty fairly well as a dive impresario for my clerical employer.

In fact, I still flatter myself that I whirled him from the pinnacle of a church leader to the depths of criminal New York at a pace never taken by any other man.

The Doctor in Chinatown

Our next night of devil chasing had for its early scenic effect the vicinity of Mott, Pell and Doyers streets, and the labyrinth of adjacent streets that make up the Chinese quarters of New York. We changed our costume for this tour a little. That is, the Doctor raked his whiskers out, and I left Erving behind to get his constitution toned up for another later pull.

Prior to starting out I had arranged to have Lee Bing, a Chinese interpreter, who has a cousin who to Chinatown is what Delmonico is to swagger New York, help us about a bit, as of recent years I have forgotten my Chinese, and cannot speak the language as fluently as I could once.

The "Chinese Delmonico's" is situated at No. 11 Mott street. You pass up a pair of stairs into a large square room, with deep windows overlooking Mott street. The walls were papered in that quaint kind of tea-chest style, with impossible Chinamen standing without any apparent perspective. Several big round tables stood in the room.

At one of them sat Lee Bing. He, by the way, spoke ex-

cellent English. He is about five feet in height, and is yellow skinned and really attractive looking. He wore traditional Chinese clothing.

"This is the friend I want you to show about," I said to Bing. "He is interested in the habits of Chinamen living in New York."

"Belly good, suh," replied Bing. "Will you not eat the Chinese dinner before we start?"

"Can we go it?" I queried of the Doctor.

"Rats?" he replied, interrogatively.

I was thunderstruck. To hear the clergyman talk what sounded like slang took me off my mental feet. I guess I looked my astonishment, for Dr. Parkhurst hastily told me that he did not mean the word in a slang sense, but referred to a dish supposedly a popular Chinese one. I then explained that we would not get rats in this Chinese restaurant, but something far better.

Our first course was boiled rice. It really was delicious. The restaurant was scrupulously clean. In fact, that is the beauty of the entire Chinese quarter. Around us smooth-shaven, pig-tailed waiters, with slippers without heels, which flopped as they walked about, made it a picture of the Orient in the greatest city of the new world. They served us with the rice heaped on a quaint bowl of Chinese make, and then laid a couple of long, thin, but rounded "chop sticks" in front of us.

Now a chop stick is the hardest thing in the world to use. They are about ten inches long, flattened at one end. You are supposed to hold one stick between the two middle fingers. Then you hold the other between the index finger and the middle finger of the right hand. Thus, you have a sort of pair of plyers. By working the thumb as a rudder, for instance, you get a small portion of rice grasped between the flattened end of the chop sticks. Then, with a graceful, easy swing of the arm, you deposit the rice in your mouth.

Dr. Parkhurst got along very nicely with his chop sticks and his rice until he tried to find his mouth. Then he missed his mark by a foot, and deposited his rice on his shirt bosom.

"Looks easy, hey?" he said. "But it isn't, I find."

But after a little we both managed to do pretty well with the chop sticks. In fact, the Doctor soon became quite an expert, and asked for a pair to take home with him, a request which was immediately granted.

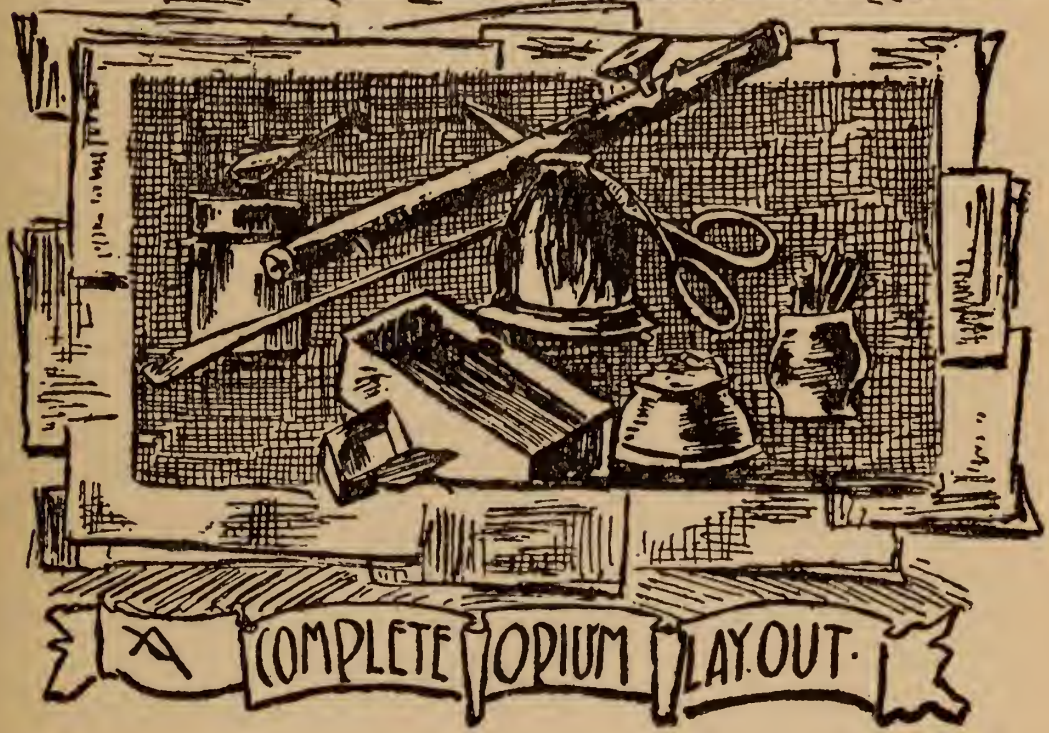
We then were served with bits of chicken, pressed in the forms of ducks, cats and dogs. This was followed by sugar-preserved Chinese nuts, pork soup, sun-dried flounders and a little glass of Chinese whiskey, made of Chinese rice, an aromatic and fiery dram that did not cause a murmur against its strength from the Doctor. His throat was spirit proof, he whispered, after drinking five-cent whiskey.

We then, led by Lee Bing, paid a call at the "Joss House," at No. 16 Mott street. The basement of this house was then and is now occupied as a Chinese sporting resort. On the second story is another Chinese restaurant, and on the top floor is the Joss House, a place gaudy with a hideous-looking statue, supposed to be worthy of worship. This joss house is called the Jong War Gong Show Temple, and here merchants and gamblers worship; at No. 20 Mott street, four doors away, is the Quong Gun Temple, where all the Chinese laundrymen worship. As we passed into the home of Jong War Gong —I suppose that is his name for short—a "tyler," or sexton, made the Doctor pay 50 cents to see the interior of the temple. It was amusing to see good Presbyterian money vanish into the pouch of Confucius.

The temple was gaudy with Chinese decorations. We paused before the shrine of Joss and looked upon his shrivelled, uncouth face. And then we left him and started to take a peep at a Chinese opium joint.

"It has been said that there are 30,000 men and women in New York," remarked the Doctor, "who are slaves to the


JOINT
SCENES
IN · MOTT · STREET


A COMPLETE OPIUM LAY-OUT

opium habit. I am quite anxious to see for myself how the Chinamen use the drug."

"Don't you want to hit a pipe?" I asked, a trifle maliciously. Dr. Parkhurst replied that he did not think it necessary for him to go further into vice than to gaze at it, and dashed my hopes of initiating him into the mysteries of "dope" to the ground.

An Opium Joint

Lee Bing led the way to a half tumbled-down building in Doyers street, where, after we had stumbled along a dark hallway, we gained admittance into an inner room, after he had muttered what was possibly a password to a tall Chinaman who had answered his knock.

The room was in semi-darkness, and when our eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw we were in a room about thirty by sixty feet in dimensions. The room was quite well fitted up. On the floor, which was uncarpeted, were a couple of dozen rugs and pillows. I noticed that each pillow was as white as the falling snow. Here and there were cots, also rug covered, and with pillows on them. But what struck Dr. Parkhurst the most was the absolute silence in the room. We stood perfectly still, and there was absolutely no noise.

Do you know what is meant by no sound? It means appalling silence, silence that you can feel; silence that wraps itself around you until you want to shout, scream, yell; do anything to make a noise. It was the silence of the stupor that opium brings in its wake.

At last Dr. Parkhurst moved and broke the spell. A cloud of acrid blue smoke hung about us and made our eyes smart. Through its feathery sheets we could see a dozen forms, all stretched out upon the rugs in careless abandon. They were in the thrall of the opium demon. In the immediate foreground of this strange picture lay a startling group. One was a Chinaman, flat on his back. His pale copper skin was thrown

into quaint relief by the dark colored rug on which he lay. On his smooth shaven face was a smile. His half-open eyes were lustreless. But he was happy as any king, for he lay drowned in the sensual sloth of a terrible narcotic, that takes the senses in its grasp and with iron hand dulls them.

Pillowed with her head on the Chinaman's shoulder was a white woman. She was young, black-haired and quite prepossessing. She, too, was in an opium stupor. On the other side of her lay a Chinese lad, not more than eight years of age, I should say. He, too, was drowned in the fumes of the drug. The trio were all one family, I learned. The Chinaman is the head of a Chinatown mercantile house, and the woman is his white wife. The lad was their child, and the family was enjoying an evening of pleasure, just as you would take your wife and boy to a theatre.

A Chinaman, just back of this pleasant family gathering, was freely getting his opium "jag." He was smoking from one of those long, queer-looking pipes used in burning the sticky brown, black "dope," and was inhaling the intoxicating smoke with the pleasure you and I would take in a glass of rare old wine. Near by an American lay. He, too, was a "dope" fiend. But the funniest sight of all was a fat woman, a freak from a Bowery museum, who lay on her tremendous back, her 300 pounds of flesh just tingling with the ecstasy of the drug.

As soon as the Doctor had seen all he wished of this place we left it. The Doctor was very anxious to be the possessor of a complete "lay-out" for smoking the drug-lamp, "yen-hop," "hop-toy" and all. I promised to get him one.

"I would like next," said Dr. Parkhurst, as we halted in a shadow of Doyers street, after leaving the "joint," "to see a specimen of Chinese gambling."

We peeped into a room where there were fifteen or twenty Chinamen playing "fan-tan." The room was in a tenement

in the rear of a high block, a few doors from Mott street, on Pell street.

"Except that it shows how all races are filled with the desire to make money without adequate labor," said the Doctor, as we issued from the dark alley-way leading to the lair of the Chinese tiger, "I did not see much that interests me there."

The Doctor, as we left Chinatown, summed up the feeling I had regarding our experience in it cogently. He said that the Chinese kept their vices restricted to themselves, something that no other race did, in cosmopolitan New York. For this reason Chinatown was better than he had imagined, he said.

"I am now going to take you to Italy," I said to Dr. Parkhurst, as we shook hands with Lee Bing, and walked down Pell street, toward the Bowery. "We have just left China, you know."

A Sketch from Chinese Life

The street was filled with women and men, and the Doctor looked curiously at the women, for they were all white. The men he noticed, too, were all Chinamen.

"I don't understand this," remarked the Doctor. "Who are all these women? Are they common women? They don't seem to speak to us as we pass, the way they did in Catharine street."

I told the Doctor that these women were the companions of Chinamen living in the near-by tenements. They were their wives, some of them regularly and legally married; in other cases they were not legally wedded to their mates.

"I wish I could talk to one of them and find out something of her previous history," suggested the Doctor.

"That's easy," said I. "Come on and I'll introduce you."

I led the Doctor into the saloon of ex-Roundsman Schuyler West, for many years a trusted police officer of the metropolitan force, at the corner of Pell street and the Bowery. We went into the rough "private room" of the place, a mere box, where

you had to stand up and get your drink, and I ordered beer for the Doctor and whiskey for myself. The Doctor tackled his glass, which held pretty nearly a quart, in a thirsty way, and after he had put away half of it, began talking with a really pretty young woman, who was buying a pail of beer when we entered the place. She was about twenty years of age, tall, and well-formed. She was well-dressed in a blue tea gown, and had a little scarf of dark-blue yarn thrown over her head. In her ears were a pair of diamond earrings, worth probably about $100. She was not at all averse to talking to the Doctor, when he had accosted her, and she made no bones at telling us that her name was Mrs. Lee Chung, and that her husband was a Chinese gambler.

"I am a Western girl," she said, "and was betrayed by the man I was engaged to about five years ago. I came to New York and began a life in the Tenderloin which I suppose was no different from any other life led there by women of the half-world. But I couldn't stand it. It was too tough for me, so I got to smoking opium. Then I got to be a chronic pipe-hitter,' as they call slaves of the opium drug. That brought me down to Chinatown, and here I met my man. He treats me well; gives me all the money I want; doesn't care whether I smoke 'dope' or not, and is never jealous. I live twice as well as I did when I was in the Tenderloin district. I tell you, I'd rather be living with a 'Chink,' as the Sixth Warders call Chinamen, than be a woman of the town in New York City, any day."

The Doctor, in commenting upon these words as we continued our journey, remarked that it was a fearful commentary upon the condition surrounding the social evil in the Tenderloin District, as the Nineteenth Police Precinct of New York is known, when a woman would rather live with a Chinaman than be a belle in its giddy whirl.

Ward Detectives Farrington and Liston, of the Sixth Police Precinct, stood on the corner of Dovers and Pell streets

as we passed. I knew them both, and they hailed me. Dr. Parkhurst held down his head and hurried by them, but I stopped and shook hands with them.

"What are you doing down here, Charley?" asked Farrington.

"Why, I've just got a slumming party along," I replied.

"Why didn't you come to the station-house before starting out," returned one of the detectives. "Don't you know Parkhurst has been raising h—l, and you ought to have seen us about this matter before running around here."

How the Doctor laughed when I told him of this conversation.

We then dropped into "Jim" Lavelle's and Assemblyman "Mike" Callahan's saloons, for the purpose of allowing the doctor to see specimens of typical Bowery "gin mills." In the latter resort I had arranged with Giuseppe Doningi, an Italian interpreter, to take us about the Italian quarters of the city. We had to await his arrival for a few moments, which Dr. Parkhurst passed in watching a game of fifteen-ball pool, played by three young Bowery "fakirs," on a table in a rear room of the saloon.

CHAPTER V

We hurried eventually to Mulberry Bend, that crooked turn in Mulberry street, one of the most foul plague spots in the city. It is here one finds the blackest and most abject of human misery. I think that one could ransack the crowded parts of the cities of the whole world and not find such a state of affairs.

Italian Life in Mulberry Street

The street is narrow; so narrow that in portions of it you can almost stand in its centre and your outstretched fingertips will touch the grimy buildings on each side of you. All the buildings are rickety, low, dirty and hideous in their second-hand style of architecture. They are filled from cellar to roof with people. Every inch of room is used by a tenant. Even the halls are used nightly as sleeping places.

As we passed along the street our progress was very difficult. There was absolutely no place, no spot, no inch that was not occupied by a man, woman or child. Leaden-eyed, pale-faced men, wildly talking and gesticulating in the patois of all Italy, made part of the mass. Haggard, dirty and uncomely women paced the narrow way. Babies, mere bundles of rags and dirt, lay on the filthy pavement, sprawled out in infant helplessness. Half-clad girls in the bitter March air shivered with cold. The crowd moved and swirled, like a human cataract, hither and thither, with a babel of sound bewildering to the ear. The pavements were slippery with garbage and filth. The air was one awful wave of pollution, and as we passed along the smell became more intolerable. But we continued our journey.

Our guide threaded his way by push carts, peanut stands, banana vendors' wagons, and by dint of an insinuating shoulder pressed a pathway for us through the crowd. In front of No. 39 Mulberry street he halted. Then he led the way down an alley that ran along one side of the building, dark and dangerous looking, which seemed to be all steps and crooked turns, until he disappeared, it seemed to me, into the bowels of the earth.

I was glad to learn, however, a second later, that Doningi had only walked down three steps to reach a basement door. I assisted Dr. Parkhurst down the steps, and then we all passed into the foulest spot, so far as dirt is concerned, that we had yet visited.

The Doctor Visits a "Stale Beer Dive"

We found ourselves in a cellar about twenty-five by forty-five feet in dimensions. The dingy hole had a dirt floor. A bench ran around three sides of the beams that made foundations for the tenement house above, as well as walls for the cellar. Along the unbenched part of the resort was a plain board counter, which answered for a bar.

Seated on the dirt floor, four men were playing cards. They were Italians from Calabria, swaggering brigands, with gold rings in heir ears, ready to cut your throat for a shilling. On the benches sat swarthy ruffians from Lombardy, scowling at our intrusion. The spawn of the criminal world of all Italy hated representatives of free America instinctively, it seemed.

Here and there sat a woman. I would not have believed that they were women had I not looked twice at them. They were all from forty to sixty-five years of age, distorted beings, whose lives had been a steady progress from gilded vice to the lowest haunts of depravity. Poor souls! They had no home but this stale beer dive. They were nearly naked, and perchance if they staggered out into the streets they were immediately arrested as vagrants, for the police never allow the poor

"IN A MOMENT THE TWO VILE CREATURES WERE ENGAGED IN COMBAT"

creatures the right to walk the pavements of New York. They are too poor and vile to be "protected." So the foul harpies were compelled to live day and night in that noisome, filthy cellar.

The proprietor of the place, a low-browed Italian, named Pietro Falvali, was busy serving his customers. God save the mark! A can of beer was sold for two cents. The can was one once used to hold tomatoes, and the beer was the vilest brew you can imagine. It was the drippings left in barrels by Bowery saloon keepers; the leavings of glasses of Avenue A dive keepers; the floating scum of thousands of saloons, all over town, bought for a mere pittance or begged by Falvali, and then sold to his debased patrons.

Whiskey in this hell hole cost two cents a glass. The glass was really an earthen cup, filched from some garbage barrel. And the fluid it contained was so indescribably vile that I shall not try to describe it, except to say that five-cent whiskey is nectar to that sold in a stale beer dive.

A Horrible Fight for Drinks

I ordered three cans of stale beer, at two cents per can, and also asked the "ladies" in the place to drink with us. The way they filed up to the bar was startling on account of the haste with which the invitation was accepted.

One of the grewsome creatures in her enthusiasm ran up to the Doctor and tried to embrace him.

"You'll treat me again, wont you, petty?" she said with a horrible grin, which showed her red, scaly, toothless gums.

"No, he won't," yelled a second vile crone, with a horrible oath. "He'll buy me another drink first."

Hardly had she spoken when the first crone grasped her by the throat and in a moment the two vile creatures were swaying back and forth in fierce combat for the favor of Dr. Parkhurst. The Doctor backed away from them in dismay. I was a little rattled myself, because the women were yelling and

there was so much noise that I was afraid any moment a big policeman might cart us off to the nearest police precinct, thereby suddenly ending our tour.

I grabbed the Doctor by the arm just as quickly as I could, and hurried him out of the place, leaving the harpies fighting and tearing each other with their talon-like hands. The Doctor's face was white when we finally reached Mulberry street.

"That was a narrow escape," said the Doctor. "It was horrible, horrible! I had no idea such places could exist in a civilized city. Death and disease are stamped all over this section of the town. Oh, what a misgoverned city!"

CHAPTER VI

There has been a great battle waged by the Society for the Prevention of Crime in the Eleventh Police Precinct.

The district in question is bounded by the north side of Division street, east side of the Bowery, south side of Houston street and the west side of Suffolk street. It is a precinct in which crime is open, flaring and blatant, and has not changed much since the Doctor and I visited it. There is not a block in the precinct which is not infested by a disorderly house connected with licensed saloons; cigar stores masquerading as such, but really houses of ill fame; cider mills of the same character, gambling rooms, policy and "crap" games, faro banks, coffee house dives and houses of assignation without number.

Erving accompanied us on this expedition, and as we were simply going to visit the vicious, and not the unspeakably vile, no disguise other than a common business suit of clothes, of non-clerical cut, was assumed by the Doctor. Erving and I were similarly attired, and after meeting at the foot of the Third avenue elevated station in Chatham square, we directed our steps up the Bowery.

A Bowery Concert Hall

At No. 27 Bowery was situated "The Windsor" Concert Hall. Its exterior was glittering with light, while a big, burly man stood in the wide open doorway and hoarsely invited people to enter.

"Walk in, gentlemen," he shouted. "Walk in. No charge at all, gentlemen. Walk in."

The gutters to the Bowery, and the sidewalk, too, were cluttered by a sign-board, on which was posted a lithograph of a popular singer on the comic opera stage, who never, I am confident, sang in this Bowery concert hall.

"There is a violation of the law," remarked the Doctor, as he pointed at the sign-board. "The corporation laws against obstructing the streets are certainly being flagrantly violated."

"If the law is violated no worse than that," I exclaimed, "tell me later."

"I can easily believe you," he replied, "but we will see what we can do shortly to enforce these laws."

Then we entered "The Windsor." We saw stretching away before us, a big hall, easily 35 feet by 100 in dimensions. A green blind screen ran across the entrance end of the hall, so that people in the street could not see anything going on inside. The left of the hall proper was devoted to a small, short bar, behind which stood a bartender with "tough bloke" written all over him.

In the extreme upper end of the hall was a good-sized stage. It had no furniture save a curtain with a badly painted woodland scene upon it. There was a door leading from the side of the stage, and the serio-comic singers and painted, brazen women of the town who were the "actresses" of the place were in the habit of singing a song on the platform and then passing down to try their blandishments on the patrons of the dive.

Dr. Parkhurst, Erving and I sat down at a table, one of dozens in the hall where liquor was served to patrons. A woman of about thirty years of age sat at this table. She was not homely, nor was she handsome. Her features were regular. Her hair and eyes were brown, but her complexion had been bought at a drug store, and had been applied to her face in liquid form by a fire engine, I should judge. She wore a waterproof, but we saw that beneath it was a blue satin skirt, which reached to the woman's knees only, and that

her dress waist was cut so low as to be absolutely of no value as a concealment of her buxom personality. Her limbs were encased in flesh-colored tights, and on her feet were white satin slippers.

At many of the other tables sat other women, all dressed in the same manner. They were the "performers" in the dive. After singing or dancing on the stage they were in the habit of occupying tables in the main hall. They were always an incentive for the buying of drinks by people visiting the place, and they thus practised their avocation, which was that of a common woman of the Bowery, more than that of a stage favorite.

Of course I invited the "actress" at our table to have a drink.

"Brandy," said she, tersely, to a waiter who had mysteriously appeared.

"Three brandies," I said. The Doctor had drunk beer and whiskey up to this time, and I thought that I would introduce him to Bowery cognac, just for luck.

Immediately three other fallen women hurried to our table to be in at the plucking of a trio of victims, I surmised. I did not ask them to drink, but the waiter brought them more of the logwood called brandy we had drunk, and turned to me for payment. The stuff cost 25 cents a drink; an excessive price of course, but I paid it without a murmur. It was worth all the money to see the Doctor dispose of it.

The waiter attended to his business all this while. No sooner did one drink vanish than absolutely without orders another "round" would be set in front of us and payment would be demanded. If I had refused to pay, I would have had a visit from the "bouncer" of the establishment, a fellow once a prize fighter whose business was to beat and eject any customer who refused to pay this highway-robbery-like demand.

The drinks came so fast that Dr. Parkhurst tried to throw the contents of a glass under the table in a furtive way, but I whispered to him that he would certainly get into trouble if

he tried to do so, as there was nothing that so enraged a Bowery dive "bouncer" as to see any one throw away his liquor.

You see, I did not want the Doctor to lose any chance of experiencing how one feels after consuming a quantity of Bowery brandy, beer and whiskey, because, as long as the liquor was paid for, he really didn't care whether we bolted it or drank the stuff.

While we were drinking the girls at the various tables would one by one leave them and hurry back to the stage, where they would sing in strident tones a popular ballad and hurry back to make love at so much an affection to the men they thrust themselves upon. Coarseness was everywhere. The girls sat upon the laps of men, and in no way rejected any advance, no matter how vile it was. Everybody smoked. The men puffed cigars, while the girls sent out into the fetid air volumes of cigarette vapor. The doctor was almost suffocated by the smoke. He coughed, and his eyes got red, and he looked as if life was a burden.

We refused all invitations, liberally given us, to make up a merry party in a house of ill fame around on Bayard street, between the appearances on the stage of the women—about an hour apart—and left the dive, as I wished to show Dr. Parkhurst a "tight house," in Bayard street, a place where vice runs rampant, and nakedness is as common as oaths.

At the "Tight House"

We next dodged into the "Tight House," as it is called, one of the most notorious resorts of the city. It is situated on the north side of Bayard street, a few doors from the Bowery.

Outwardly it is a house of apparent respectability. It is a three-story brick house, with green blinds, and, if it was not for the red shades over the front door transom, would attract no great attention. The fact, too, that bold-faced,

painted women hung out of the windows and chirped merrily as crickets to passers-by made the house belie its looks.

We were ushered into a large square room, where there was a set of cheap furniture. On the walls were several risque photographs of supposedly comic scenes in the life of a young girl. By one of those incongruous situations which life constantly presents, next to this photograph was a framed illuminated text, which bore the words, "God Bless Our Home."

The resort was a favorite one for United States soldiers. There was a party of the soldiers from Fort Hamilton there and they were dancing with a bevy of girls dressed in tights, such as the fair page wears in the latest opera at a theatre.

I asked one of the girls why she wore such a costume.

"In case of fire," she replied. "There are no fire-escapes on the house, and it wont take me long to dress."

After I "bought a round of beer" for $1, we left the "Tight House," which gets its name from the fleshings all its inmates must wear, and "sneaked" (that's Bayard street for left the place), and went to a German house on Forsyth street.

The Tenement House Evil

These places are locally infamous. We passed into a little room about 10 by 15 feet in dimensions. At one side was a cigar counter, behind which was a woman. I planked down 15 cents for three cigars, and Dr. Parkhurst put his in his mouth and chewed it, while I made a "bluff" to light mine, and Erving calmly but firmly dropped his on the floor. The store was on the ground floor, and above it was a towering tenement building, swarming with the children of respectable parents. The contamination of the cigar store could be easily communicated to these little ones.

"It's pretty cold out," said the woman who had sold us our cigars.

"It is," replied the Doctor.

"Won't you step inside and smoke?" continued the speaker.

"I don't mind," I said as I led the way through a door in a partition in the rear. Inside was the same wretched story of vice. The woman introduced us to five girls, whom she described as her daughters. They were "all twins," she insisted, and spoke five languages. They apologized for the scarcity of their clothing, making the remark that the running expenses of their household were so great that their mamma could not buy them better costumes.

One young girl danced up to Erving, and tried to get him to contribute to some charity fund and was rewarded with 25 cents.

"This is too disgusting," said Dr. Parkhurst aside, and so I led the way out, passing a child who was buying some tobacco for her father. She was a slip of a girl, sixteen years of age or so.

"She, too, may be drawn into this maelstrom of vice," remarked the Doctor, with a melancholy smile.

We then wended our way to the Bowery again, where we visited the well-known cheap restaurant of "Beef Steak John." After we had "tackled" a lunch of oysters and pie—mince pie, too, which the Doctor said he was very fond of, and if he had his way at home would eat it at breakfast in New England style—we started for a glimpse of vice right within the shadow of the grim stone building that makes up Police Headquarters at No. 300 Mulberry street.

CHAPTER VII

We found that vice had not escaped the Tenth Police Precinct of the great city of New York when we reached the place.

In the Shadow of Police Headquarters

This precinct is bounded by the south side of Hester street, east side of Broadway, south side of Bleecker street and the west side of the Bowery. We found that around Police Headquarters at that time, situated as it was at the northern end of the district, was the most vicious of the entire district. Vice there flaunted itself as it did in no other part of the precinct. In Bleecker street we were accosted by no less than fifty women strolling about the thoroughfare. If we had cared to do so, from the point where most of these women accosted us we could have thrown a stone clattering upon the steps of Police Headquarters, down which daily walk the Police Commissioners, the Superintendent of Police, the chief inspector of the Detective Bureau and other high officials.

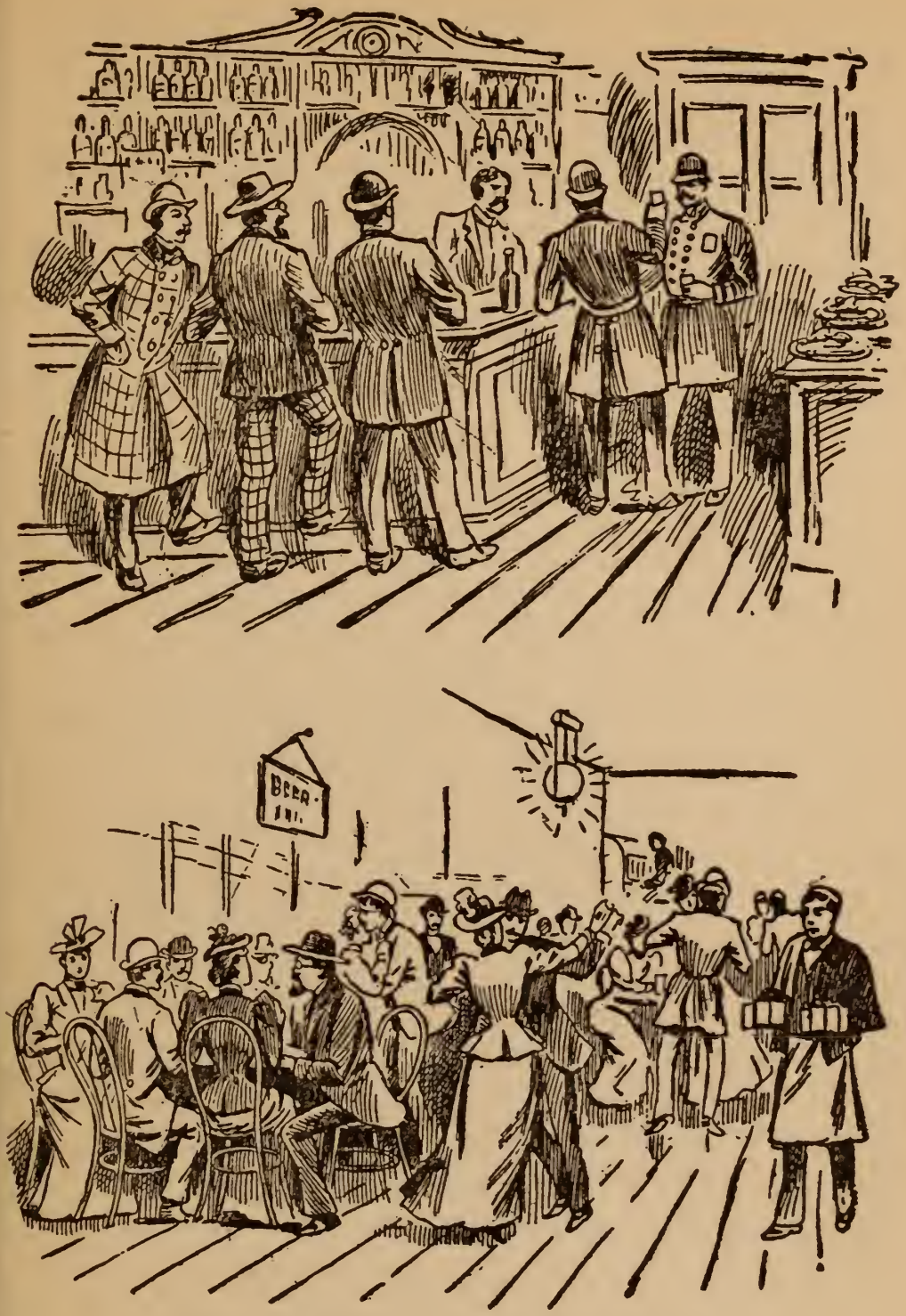
"I suppose," remarked Dr. Parkhurst, "that none of the police officers in yonder building know what is happening on this street."

Then he laughed.

I replied that their unfamiliarity with the map of New York City made it impossible for them to detect the exact condition of affairs.

The Doctor at the Olympic

We next dropped into Byrnes's Olympic Concert Garden, at No. 340 Bowery, where we had the same experiences as we



THE DOCTOR AT THE OLYMPIC

had gone through in the Windsor Garden. On a stage at one end of the hall was a man who had a performing dog. Of course, there were women there; the poor lost women of the Bowery. They flocked to the table at which we had seated ourselves, and when I ordered drinks for all hands, poured the beastly liquid down their throats right merrily. Possibly they wished to stifle remorse, for I find that there may be remorse in the hearts of even the most abandoned.

While we were drinking, one of the "lady guests" we were treating proposed that we "go behind the stage," and meet some of the performers. I gave Dr. Parkhurst "the office" (that's Bowery for a hint), and as he understood what I meant he sat still with two of the women, while I hurried back behind the scenes, accompanied by the houri who had invited me, and who was, I then learned, one of the "actresses" in the place.

Behind the scenes several young, airily-attired women—they were young by courtesy—insisted on my "blowing in" some of the money I carried belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Well, I spent the necessary cash, and was rewarded by an invitation to accompany my companion to Elizabeth street.

"What kind of a place is that?" I asked.

"A boarding-house for the most respectable policemen in the city," replied my acquaintance. Then she laughed.

I thought that this was a good "game," and so I rejoined the Doctor and suggested that we pay a parochial visit to this new parish. He was not at all averse to the proposition.

The Elizabeth street place was filled with the degraded women that make the Tenth Precinct's haunts so utterly debased. I suppose that they were talking over the tariff or some other equally knotty subject, for they did not stop chatting away when we entered.

I will simply relate one or two episodes. Of course, there were the usual rounds of beer, whiskey and cigars ordered and consumed by us. I hope that you will not think that all we

did was drink. But I will tell you one thing, and that is that my wrists were beginning to be chafed. This was due to my constant reaching into my trousers pocket for money to keep the expedition going.

But one of the crowning events of the visit to Elizabeth street was the athletic attempts of one of the "girls," a woman thirty-five years of age evidently, who stood on her head, and, while in this uncomfortable position, smoked a cigarette. She informed us that she had other acrobatic feats in her repertory, and asked Dr. Parkhurst if he wanted to view them for $3.

The Doctor refused dryly, and we left the house.

We next hurried over to Bleecker street. I knew the man who kept this saloon, and knew that whether he was there or not I should be able to show the Doctor a sight or two that he had never seen before. When we went into the place we saw something hardly ever seen out of London, namely, women drinking at the bar of the dive just like men.

Of course, we had another round of drinks in this place, and when we issued forth and walked around into Third avenue we decided, as we had had such a multitude of mixed drinks, to walk up to the Doctor's home. I nearly always accompanied him, after every expedition, to his threshold.

It may have been the sights we had seen, or it may have been the unaccustomed overloading of his inner-man, but at all events the Doctor was taken violently ill. I told him that a soda cocktail would help him very much, and then he amused me very much by asking what that drink was.

"Never mind," I said, as I hurried my charges into the saloon at the corner of Third avenue and Nineteenth street, and ordered the necessary drink.

In the saloon was an elderly man, who had been a fellow student at Amherst College with the Doctor, and who had been drinking heavily. He recognized the Doctor. He in-

sisted on talking of college days, and then introduced the bartender to the clergyman.

"Good God, are you Parkhurst?" shouted the saloon keeper. "Here, take your —— —— money. I'll have none of it."

I had laid down a dollar bill in payment for our drinks, and the man turned around to his cash drawer, and as he grasped a handful of silver he leaned forward, with his eyes blazing with wrath.

"What the —— hell do you mean by coming in here?" he shouted. "I'll have none of your money. Take it back."

You see, it was long after closing hours.

Then he dashed a handful of silver in our faces, which he had grabbed from a change tray behind the bar. During the silver shower which fell on us I saw the Doctor putting for the door. I followed him, but not before I had picked up about a dollar in silver. The saloon keeper did not want the cash, evidently. If he did not I could make it useful for the prosecution of our work.

When I got outside of the saloon I looked around for Dr. Parkhurst, but could not find him. He had disappeared utterly. I waited for him for a half hour, but as he did not appear I started for home. This missing of the Doctor occasioned his writing to me under date of March 8, when he said that it "was funny how we missed each other that night." I suspect that after that silver shower the Doctor ran all the way home.

CHAPTER VIII

The Fifteenth Police Precinct of the City of New York years ago was the real Tenderloin precinct of the metropolis.

The Old Tenderloin

But so far as its fashionable character is concerned it has lost its prestige and few of the old-time "panel games," "badger workers," "confidence games" and pastimes of that ilk existed when Dr. Parkhurst and I visited it. The Fifteenth Precinct is bounded by the south side of Fourteenth street, west side of Sixth avenue, Carmine street to Bleecker; north side of Bleecker street to the Bowery, and the west side of the Bowery and Fourth avenue, back to Fourteenth street.

Most of the vice in this big precinct is to be found in the settlements in it known as "Coontown" and "Frenchtown." That is, in these particular districts people live who are of the colored and French races.

The colored settlement occupies a large portion of Sullivan, Thompson and Macdougal streets, while the French quarter is principally confined to Wooster, Greene, West Third and West Fourth streets. The upper part of the precinct, too, holds a number of faro banks and houses of assignation, all of which are run on money-making principles, of which addition, division and silence is no mean part.

I had shown Dr. Parkhurst the depths of common vice, and the unique portion of it as shown in Chinatown and the Italian quarters, and I now proposed to show him something of the worst vice that New York holds.

So I led the way to the "Golden Rule Pleasure Club." This dive was then situated in West Third street, in a four-story brick house. We entered the resort through the basement door, and as we did so a "buzzer," or automatic alarm, gave the proprietors of the house information that we were in the place. The proprietress, a woman known as "Scotch Ann," greeted us. She was quite a pretty woman, tall, black-haired and of graceful form.

"Good evening," she said smilingly. "Won't you come in?"

The basement was fitted up into little rooms, by means of cheap partitions, which ran to the top of the ceiling from the floor. Each room contained a table and a couple of chairs, for the use of customers of the vile den. In each room sat a youth, whose face was painted, eye-brows blackened, and whose airs were those of a young girl. Each person talked in a high falsetto voice, and called the others by women's names.

* * * * *

I explained. The Doctor instantly turned on his heel and fled from the house at top speed.

"Why, I wouldn't stay in that house," he gasped, "for all the money in the world."

The Doctor saw worse sights later, but his nerves had become more accustomed then to scenes even more degrading.

We hurried along until we reached a house well over on West Third street. The house was two stories in height, and was reached by a flight of stone steps. When we entered the house we found ranged along in a file in the hallway six young women. They were all pretty, but were painted and powdered and dissipated looking.

Each girl wore but a single garment, over a pair of stockings and shoes. This garment was in the form of a sleeveless Mother Hubbard, cut low in the neck. All spoke broken English, as they were of French birth. The Doctor began talking

with them in their own language, and they replied to him merrily. I do not speak French, but whatever the Doctor said seemed to please the women immensely, as they laughed and chatted like a lot of magpies.

We were ushered into a neatly furnished parlor, and the moment the Doctor sat down in a big arm-chair one of the girls, the plumpest and best looking in the lot, sat down on the Doctor's lap. He gave me an appealing glance, and I saw that he wanted to be relieved of his burden, so I called the girl over to me. She came quickly, and urged me to buy a "round" of drinks. Of course, I did so, and we all drank beer, the Doctor having told me when we started out that he preferred to drink beer if possible, because the effects of it were not so harmful, he found, on the following day. We left there without a long delay.

The Doctor at Marie Andrea's House

Our next visit has, since then, become a very famous one. For it was paid to the resort kept by Marie Andrea, where was enacted a performance which has become historic under the name of "Dr. Parkhurst's Circus."

The house of Marie Andrea was then situated on West Fourth street. It was one of the most infamous resorts in New York City at the time the Doctor and I visited it.

I knew this fact, and so I insisted that it would be as well for us to be accompanied by one other witness besides the Doctor and Erving. So I summoned William H. Howes, a private detective in my personal employ, to go along with us.

Marie Andrea's house was a three-story brick structure, with a basement. As we passed up the steps to it we heard a girl whistle to us from an upper window. In fact, this was a favorite manner of attracting custom to this house. The unfortunate women who lived in it, were stationed at one of the open windows both day and night, and used to attract the attention of men passing by whistling to them.

A big policeman was standing right at the steps as we ascended them, swinging his club, and apparently not caring whether there was vice about him or not.

When I rang the door bell Marie Andrea herself answered it.

"Are you all together?" she queried as she saw four forms before her.

"Yes," I replied.

"All right," she returned. "Come in."

She motioned us toward a parlor at the left of the door, and as soon as we entered it she asked us if we had come to the place to see a "French Circus."

"How much is it going to cost?" I asked.

"Five dollars each," she replied.

I thought that the Society for the Prevention of Crime had spent quite enough money that night, so told the woman that we would not pay more than $4 each.

"Well," she said, "all right."

At a signal from her, two servants hurried into the room and stretched a yellowish crash cloth over the carpet. Then, with a rustle of drapery, or lack of it, possibly, a bevy of young and decidedly pretty French women trooped into the room. All of the women wore the Mother Hubbard costume, of silk and gay satin, with stockings and shoes.

"Pick out your ladies," said Marie Andrea, adding further information.

I waited for the Doctor to take his pick first.

In a dazed sort of way he pointed to a thin, scrawny and consumptive-looking girl, but she turned out to be one of the most active performers in the subsequent "circus." Then Erving, Howes and I made a pick.

The women, accompanied by those we had not selected, hastily left the room, and almost immediately those we had picked out returned.

* * * * * * *

I cannot tell you what happened. It is a part of the history of the Criminal Courts of New York. And no matter what you may think personally about Dr. Parkhurst's Society, you would agree with me that it has done a splendid work in clearing New York of this place alone if you had seen what I did, what Dr. Parkhurst saw in that infamous home of vileness.

And the Doctor never quivered. I must say I admired his nerve.

Here are the extracts from the affidavits which I hold about these cases. They will give you an inkling of the unspeakable horror of it all:

City, County and State of New York, ss.:

Charles W. Gardner, of No. 207 West Eighteenth street, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that on the 11th day of March, 1892, at the city and county of New York, deponent in company with Charles H. Parkhurst, William H. Howes and John L. Erving visited the house, No. — West 4th street, in said city, kept and owned by one Jane Doe, real name unknown; that deponent was solicited * * * that said Jane Doe sold deponent a certain malt liquor, namely lager, and solicited deponent to pay her $16, for which she would show deponent four women * * * that deponent paid the said Jane Doe the sum of $16 in lawful money and witnessed * * * in deponent's presence at direction of said Jane Doe, who received money from deponent.

CHAS. W. GARDNER

Sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892.

HENRY FROMME,
Notary Public, New York County.

City, County and State of New York, ss.:

Charles H. Parkhurst, of No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street,

being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 11th day of March, 1892, he visited the premises No. 42 West Fourth street, in company with said Erving, said Gardner and said Howes; that he has read the affidavit of Charles W. Gardner of March 11, 1892, and that the statement therein contained is true to deponent's own knowledge.

C. H. PARKHURST.

Sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892.

Chas W Gardner

Commissioner of Deeds, New York County.

After the debasing performance the women bowed and smiled like a successful lot of ballet dancers, not even caring for the expression of non-appreciation of their efforts which our faces must have borne. They left the room on a signal from the Andrea-like automata.

It did not, apparently, affect the Doctor as it did me, nearly to nausea, for he looked through his glasses all during the "circus," and did not even make a murmur of protest. He sat in a corner with his feet curled under his chair and blandly smiled.

After the "circus" I ordered drinks for the party. The girls were thirsty after their performance and they eagerly drank beer. So did we all.

Dr. Parkhurst signalled me that it was time to leave, and despite appeals we filed out of the house.

"What did you think of it, Doctor?" I asked.

"Think of it?" he replied. "It was the most brutal, most horrible exhibition that I ever saw in my life."

* * * * * * *

I remember reading once a thrilling chapter written by a celebrated American novelist and latter-day historian about a man who was confined in the city of Vicksburg during its

tremendous war experiences. Shot and shell were falling through the city like hail. Men were being killed by the dozens, and this man kept a diary of all these fearful events.

On the first day of the terrible bombardment of the fated city he had written eight close pages in his diary; the second day, five; the third, one—loosely written; the fourth, three or four lines; a line or two on the fifth and sixth days; seventh day, diary abandoned, life in terrific Vicksburg having now become commonplace and a matter of course.

So it was now with Dr. Parkhurst. Sights in these torrid, vitiating, crime-infested haunts of New York had become commonplace to him. He was rapidly getting past the shocking point.

CHAPTER IX

Strange as it may seem to you, all of this tour was not a pleasure to me. To the outside world I have been represented as a man who rather enjoyed the fun of taking a prominent clergyman around on a "slumming tour."

But I did not. In the first place not only did I have to keep the Doctor from trouble, but he was a very hard man to satisfy.

"Show me something worse," was his constant cry. He really went at his slumming work as if his heart was in his tour.

And aside from this craving for seeing everything to be seen there was the question of the attitude of the police to be considered by me. Of course the police learned that Dr. Parkhurst was at work on a new line of business, shortly after we had started out on our tour. They knew, too, that the Doctor had made visits to certain disorderly houses. As a result, I feared traps would be laid to raid houses in which the Doctor and our party would be and the utmost care had to be taken to elude the police, who were rushing around after us right merrily.

A Police Plot

One day a young man called on the Doctor and said that he was greatly interested in the work of purging the city of its criminal classes.

"I will give all my spare time," the young man said, "to the society and will not charge it a cent. Here are a half dozen places which you ought to visit."

The Doctor blandly smiled, and thanked the young man. I easily found out that the visitor was a Police Headquarters detective, and you can rest assured that we did not visit the resorts furnished by this self-sacrificing young man.

Our arrangement prior to visiting Hattie Adams's place at No. 29 and 31 East Twenty-seventh street was to meet at the Hoffman House, and then start in for our journey. I had no intention of visiting her place, but had marked the "French Madame's" in West Thirty-first street, where I had arranged for an entertainment as the scene for this night of ribald amusement.

Fate, however, and incidentally the police, saved the "French Madame." I reached the Hoffman House a little ahead of time and found Erving there, but not the Doctor. So, while I was waiting the arrival of Dr. Parkhurst, I suddenly noticed that a couple of men were furtively watching me. I did not appear to notice the fact, but walked around, finally leaving the hotel with Erving by its side entrance. The mysterious strangers followed us.

"Ah, my bold detectives," I said to myself, "I think I will give you a run for your money."

I hurried to the Twenty-eighth street station of the Sixth avenue elevated railroad, taking care not to tell my scheme to Erving. We bought tickets and jumped on a car, closely followed by the detectives, who, however, took a car just behind the one we boarded. Erving and I waited a moment until the train started. Then I slammed open the gate amid a howl of protest from the elevated road guard, and as the train was moving left it along with Erving, while our detective friends hurried up town.

I sent Erving over to Dr. Parkhurst's house to tell the Doctor to meet us in an hour at the St. James Hotel, instead of the Hoffman House. Meanwhile Erving and I went to "Nigger" Johnson's colored dance house, in West Twenty-seventh street, where the lost of the colored and white races nightly congre-

gate. The den was on the ground floor of a house which once had been an aristocrat's home. A bar was doing a thriving business.

Fifteen and sixteen-year-old white girls were dancing about with "coons" to the strains of a waltz, played by an orchestra composed of a piano, harp, violin and piccolo. Colored girls of tender years danced with white men, too, and as all danced in a lascivious way the scene was a startling one.

The Doctor at Hattie Adams' House

After spending a few moments in this place, Erving went to the St. James Hotel, where he found the Doctor awaiting him, and I, with another man, called on the festive Hattie and made arrangements for the show.

Then I went after the Doctor and Erving. It was about 11:30 o'clock at night when we reached the place, and we were met in the hall of the house by Hattie Adams herself, a scraggy, thin, little woman, with hay-colored hair and colorless light eyes.

She led the way to a rear parlor and then she called seven or eight young women into it. Dr. Parkhurst sat near the door and smiled when the girls came in.

"This is rather a bright company," he said blandly. He talked, you see, just about in the manner in which he would speak to a Sunday-school full of young ladies, not knowing any worse.

I arranged for the subsequent "dance of nature," as it was called by Hattie Adams, of five girls, at a cost of $15, or $3 for each gymnast dancer. Each girl was dressed in the usual garb of a Mother Hubbard gown, so fashionable in the circles we were in.

The story of the disrobing has been told in court and need not be reproduced here.

I meanwhile blindfolded "the Professor," as the broken-

down musician who sat in the parlor to furnish music was called, as the girls refused to dance before him.

Then the five women, to a lively jig played by the "Professor," danced the "can-can."

"Hold up your hat!" shouted one of the girls, a tall blonde. I grasped the Doctor's black derby hat, and held it up. The girl measured the distance with her eyes—I held the hat about six feet from the floor—then gave a single high kick, and amid applause sent the hat spinning away.

As I could not dance, and the Doctor, of course, would not if he could, Erving was forced to do the dancing for the visitors. It was a unique sight to see a young man in a business suit dancing in that company.

Then came that celebrated "leap-frog" episode, in which I was the frog and the others jumped over me.

The Doctor sat in the corner with an unmoved face through it all, watching us and slowly sipping at a glass of beer.

Hattie Adams was quite anxious to find out who Dr. Parkhurst was. I told her that he was "from the West," and was "a gay boy."

Then Hattie tried to pull Dr. Parkhurst's whiskers, but the Doctor straightened out with such an air of dignity that she did not attempt any further familiarities.

Immediately after the dance was over the girls left the room and we left the house, after drinking some beer.

"Come again!" said Hattie Adams, smilingly, as we left.

I concluded that it was not safe for the Doctor to engage further that night in the pastime of devil chasing. He agreed with me when I related how narrowly we escaped going into and being arrested in the French madame's house.

"I think, though," said the Doctor, "that you and Erving had better continue."

So, with our party reduced to two of the original persons who started out on this long journey among the dissipated, we continued our quest.

New York, March 18, 1892.
133 East 35th street.

My Dear Mr. Gardner.

Will you kindly receipt and return the accompanying bill? I think I have put into your hands $224.00, which, if I figure correctly, is $5.85 in excess of the bill. Yours very sincerely,

C. H. PARKHURST.

The foregoing letter will give you an idea how much all this was costing, but then, as up to the date I began to look after the Doctor I found out that the Society for the Prevention of Crime had expended about $17,000 with the most meagre results, so far as abolishing crime is concerned, I think that this sum was not excessive. I should add, however, that as nearly as I can remember I spent on our "little rackets" for "wine, women and circuses," about $500. And I think it cheap at the price.

Erving and I then decided to take in a few resorts on our own hook. So I laid our course toward gambling houses, uptown. First we went into a place on Seventh avenue, where Erving "ran up against" red and black, hazard and roulette. But let him tell his own story of this visit in an affidavit which I hold in my possession, and which is as follows:

City, County and State of New York, ss.:

John L. Erving, of No. 30 West Twentieth street, in said city of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 11th day of March, 1892, deponent visited the gambling house, No. 584 Seventh avenue; that he saw money wagered on the games of black and red, hazard and roulette.

JOHN L. ERVING.

Sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892.

CHARLES W. GARDNER.
Commissioner of Deeds.

The visit to this place wasn't very pleasing, as we dropped some $25 between us, in wooing fickle fortune.

From this place we went to another gambling den at the northeast corner of Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street. A certain gambler who was going along with us as a "steerer" did the playing here, and he also "blew in" about $20 more.

By this time I felt that I had better tackle the tiger, because if some one did not win soon, our tour would have to be discontinued on account of a stringency in the money market. Accordingly, at a place in West Forty-first street, "Eddie" Dee's old place, I tried my hand at faro along with forty-eight other players. Things came my way, and I soon had about $75 of winning in my pockets.

Now don't tell the Doctor, please, because I didn't let him in on this.

But all the while we were busy on other lines, which will be found mighty interesting by the public and the police. They can read it in what is to follow.

CHAPTER X

But this was only a tithe of the work that was going on. We were all busy getting evidence against houses of ill fame, especially in the Tenderloin and adjacent precincts.

Erving and one of my employes alone visited twenty-five houses in these districts in twenty-four hours. I quote from affidavits now in my possession, made by Erving and his companion, that these houses were visited: Nos. 109, 110, 111, 114, 116, 117, 118, 120, 122, 126 West Thirty-first street; Nos. 107, 109, 110, 111, 113, 117, 134, 135, 152, 143, 140, 136, 138 West Thirty-second street, and Nos. 147 and 149 West Sixteenth street, a flat house, by the way.

Fighting the Devil

What do you think of that? The Tenderloin Precinct is part of the parish of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. For ten years or so the Doctor had been fighting the devil from his church pulpit. And he did not seem to have got the best of the combat, judging from this array of friends of his Satanic Majesty.

In addition to the gathering of this evidence I was instructed by the Doctor to get all the facts I possibly could regarding the illegal sale of liquor in the metropolis on Sundays.

"There are more than 8,000 saloons in New York," remarked the Doctor. "I fancy that the law is violated in seven-eighths of them. If there is in existence a law closing saloons on the Sabbath day, let us have it enforced. If it cannot be enforced what is the use of having such a law on our statute books?"

So I started at the herculean task by dividing the city into two districts, just as you would split a map of the metropolis in half. Then I sent out a corps of four detectives. Each man had $50 in ten-cent pieces in his pocket, and each was instructed to work in couples, so that the evidence they gathered would have ample corroboration.

"You will pay particular attention," I told each man, "to obtain the correct street number and exact location of each place you visit, and the full name of the owner of it as it appears on the signs of each place. Be sure, too, to note whether the bars are exposed or covered, and in any place you visit note the appearance carefully of any police officer you may meet, and quietly get his number.

"Take care to make sure of the identity of any public officer you find in saloons, and in case any trouble happens while in a drinking place, note its extent and duration."

By referring to copies of the confidential reports I made to Dr. Parkhurst of the work done in this matter, I find that we secured evidence against 254 saloon keepers who were flagrantly violating the law. In these saloons we found 2,438 people whiling away Sunday.

Now you must remember that there were only four men engaged in this work. We had no time to do more than graze the edges of the main thoroughfares, and if we had put forty men to work I suppose that we would have forty times the number of law-breakers on our list that we had.

Dr. Parkhurst was very jubilant over these results. He made the point that we four men had certainly sharper eyes than the 3,000 policemen or so in the city, who had not detected that the places in question were open in direct violation of the law.

* * * * * * *

The field was now ready for the reaper. Dr. Parkhurst had threaded his weary way through filth and dirt, and now was

prepared to prove to the members of the February Grand Jury, of 1892, that they scoffed like children when they told him his charges that vice and crime reigned unchecked in New York City were untrue.

Dr. Parkhurst's Second Sermon

We are now come to Sunday morning, March 14, 1892.

On the previous day Dr. Parkhurst had announced that he would return to the charges he had made that the city officials were in power of a rum-besotted, Tammany-debauched town, and would add some facts to them.

The Doctor took for his text the eighth verse of the twelfth chapter of Psalms:

"It will be well for us—you and me—to come to a full and frank understanding with each other at the very threshold of our discussion this morning," began the preacher, "as to the true scope of the campaign in which we are engaged, and in which, unless all signs are misleading, the hearts of increasing numbers are day by day become enlisted."

And then the Doctor sailed into Tammany Hall in his characteristic way. He pointed out that from beginning to end the entire city was filled with pollution. He cited the fact of the arrest by a policeman on Division street on the previous Sunday of a grocer for selling three cents' worth of soap, and then he got into his subject with a vengeance.

"But while the three-cent soap transaction was happening," he continued, "there were a good many other things happening, and I return to the experience of my five detectives. (There were only four, by-the-bye.) I have here the results of their day's work, neatly typewritten, sworn to, corroborated and subject to the call of the District-Attorney. There is here the list of parties that last Sunday violated the ordinance of Sunday closing.

"One of these covers the East Side, and the other the West Side of the town. These names are interesting, some of them

especially so, from one cause or another; in some instances on account of their official position, either present or recent; in other cases because of the family connection or intimacies with the powers that be."

The Doctor then read the text of an affidavit, but he did not read the name of the liquor dealer in it, but "came down to cases," as the boys say, when he said that he had the evidence that he told the truth.

I was seated in the gallery listening to the Doctor, and remarked softly to myself that while his sermon was creating a splendid sensation, I could preach one that as a sensation maker would knock the spots off that of the Doctor.

An inkling of what I could say was given by the Doctor, however, later in his discourse after he had said that gambling resorts were open all over town. I knew he was right when I thought of the $75 I had won.

"Leaving the gambling houses for the present," added the speaker, "I must report to you what was discovered in a region of iniquity that in this presence will have to be dealt with with as much caution and delicacy as the names of the subject will allow. I have here a list of thirty houses, names and addresses. All thirty places were visited by my friend, or my detective on the 10th and also on the 11th of March, and solicitations received on both dates.

"One of these places I spent an hour in myself, and I know perfectly well what it all means, and with what entire facility such houses can be got into. That house is three blocks only from the spot where I am standing now."

"So it is, Doctor," I thought. "You are giving them facts by the basketful."

The speaker then said that the town was rotten with a rottenness that is unspeakable and indescribable, and a rottenness that would be absolutely impossible except by the connivance, not to say the purchased sympathy, of the men whose

one obligation before God, men and their own conscience is to shield virtue and make vice difficult * * * .

"The obligations of our Police Department to enforce law are distinct, and their failure to do it just as distinct. I am not making the definite charge that this proceeds from complicity with violators of the law, but I do make the distinct charge that it proceeds either from complicity or incompetency, They can take their choice.

"With the backing then of such facts legally certified to as have been presented this morning, we insist in behalf of an outraged public that the Police Department from its top down shall, without further shift or evasion, proceed with an iron hand to close up gambling houses, houses of prostitution and whiskey shops in illegal hours. If this is what they will not do, let them stand squarely on their issue and be impeached according to the provisions of the code."

"Hot shot, Doctor," I remarked to myself, when the organ in the loft of the church began playing softly, "and an admirably aimed one. You have got things so that you have made the enemy believe that you have a great deal of information that you have not. And you have hinted at a great deal without saying anything definite."

While I was talking to myself in this way, along came an usher bearing a contribution box, which he thrust at me as if he meant it. I remembered that in Hattie Adams's "joint" she had given me a fifty-cent counterfeit silver piece, and it flashed upon me that here was a good chance to get rid of it. So I firmly and quietly laid it down on the plate, and the usher walked away, apparently satisfied.

I told the Doctor afterwards of my little confidence game, whereat he laughed heartily. But he said he had heard no complaints from any of the ushers of having counterfeit coin foisted on them, and I often wondered what was the fate of that coin. And I would like to know how it got out of that contribution box!

I suggested that the Doctor had better put a patent bell-punch on the pulpit of his church and make all of his congregation register the amount they contributed to running matters. But the Doctor only smiled.

Now you have seen one side of the drama that was being enacted. For up to the moment that Dr. Parkhurst ascended his pulpit on that eventful day, this drama, I firmly believe—I know—was a serio-comedy in the mind of Dr. Parkhurst. But while he was preaching that sermon there flashed over him that widening of the mental horizon which often comes to men who have been unwittingly made to take a position and have intellect enough to see the possibilities surrounding it.

The Doctor saw that when he started out upon his tour of the dives of the metropolis he had misconceived the situation. Instead of thinking that the subject in hand was greater than he supposed, he had underrated it. He had only wished to prove the truth preached in a sermon, based—well, not on facts.

In substantiating his charges, he had brought himself face to face with a magnificent, limitless possibility. He saw that, as a Crusader against Vice, he could make a grand name for himself.

The Real Crusade

And right here really began the great Parkhurst crusade.

You haven't the slightest idea how I chuckled when I read the New York morning newspaper reports of that sermon, which was published on March 15, 1892.

For they nearly all of them, in their comments, spoke of the position of District Attorney De Lancey Nicoll, after the Doctor had fired his blast. I quote from one morning paper of influence and accuracy.

"You see," the paper makes Mr. Nicoll say, "I think Dr. Parkhurst has a wrong conception of what my duties really are. It was stated editorially the other day that it was not my busi-

ness to go about the streets at night through the slums of the city in search of violations of the Excise law, and do detective work of that kind; that it was my duty to attend to the business of my office and not allow the more important duties to be neglected for the purpose of procuring evidence in cases of a less important nature.

"I have detectives in my office, but Dr. Parkhurst seems to think that as soon as there seems to be a possibility that a saloonkeeper has made a violation of the Excise law, it is my duty to rush out and procure evidence against him. It is the duty of Dr. Parkhurst's society to do that work, and it was especially organized for that kind of work. The proper thing for Dr. Parkhurst to have done would have been to take his proof before the proper Police Justice and swear out a warrant."

Then the sapient District-Attorney said that he should bring all this matter before the Grand Jury on the following day. This caused me to laugh in my sleeve, for to a Parkhurst detective it seemed to me a foolish idea for Mr. Nicoll to deal with another Grand Jury. He had, it would seem, enough trouble from his deal with a former one.

Hattie Adams Decides to Call

While Mr. Nicoll was getting all ready to "knock out" the Doctor again, Hattie Adams had a revelation. She had heard, in common with all New York, of Dr. Parkhurst's reference to a house near his church. Then, of course, she saw the pictures of Dr. Parkhurst published in the New York daily newspapers.

"What! That is the old guy from the West," she says to herself; "I'll bet he saw a circus in my house to make trouble for me."

To be sure of the truth of her surmise Hattie Adams decided to call upon the Doctor at his home, No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street. She insisted that one of the young lady acrobats who had assisted at the pleasant game of leap-frog in her social resort should accompany her, and in company with this

pleasant type of uneasy virtue which Dr. Parkhurst had been thundering against, called upon the clergyman.

"Is the Doctor in?" asked Hattie of the smug servant girl who answered the bell at the home of the Doctor.

"Yes," was the reply, as the proprietress of shamelessness was ushered into the home of virtue and saintliness.

When Dr. Parkhurst was summoned he immediately saw who his visitors were, but Hattie Adams was for the moment puzzled. She claimed that she had called upon the Doctor for the purpose of enlisting his aid in the placing of a mythical old lady in a Presbyterian home in which he was interested, but the Doctor was too "fly" to be caught that way, as he recognized his visitors, and after listening gravely to their tale, said that the matter was one that his wife always attended to.

"I will send her to you," said the Doctor, as he arose and left the room.

Mrs. Parkhurst entered the room a few moments later, and, after she had heard the woman's story, told her that in case the old lady who needed care was thoroughly respectable she could easily be taken care of in a Presbyterian institution, especially as "Mrs. Adams," as the visitor described herself, said that her acquaintance had some money upon which to live.

I fancy now that I can hear the jolly laughter of Dr. and Mrs. Parkhurst after this little episode, for they were hand in glove with each other, and no one supported the Doctor in his crusade more enthusiastically than Mrs. Parkhurst. But Hattie went home and then notified the police of her identification of the Doctor as the bad old Western man.

Some Interesting Letters

Right on time District-Attorney Nicoll called the Doctor before the March Grand Jury of 1892, and asked him to bring forward his evidence. Dr. Parkhurst was willing, and wrote as follows regarding our appearance before that body:

"New York, March 15, 1892.

"My Dear Mr. Gardner: The plan which I have in regard to our appearance before the Grand Jury is to submit my papers to their inspection, if they wish to examine them, but to invite especial attention to five or six cases among those there set down. I think I shall particularize the two French houses, and I would like it if you and your witnesses would lay the stress of what you may have opportunity to say upon two or three excise and gambling houses.

"From what I hear in regard to this jury we shall find them a courteous company of gentlemen to get along with. I have written to Mr. Erving, requesting him to refresh his memory on the French houses, and also on Mrs. Adams's establishment and on one or two gambling houses. I had a talk with Mr. Moss this afternoon, and he is of the opinion that a course something like that which I have just outlined will be the wisest. Yours very sincerely.

C. H. Parkhurst

The Mr. Moss spoken of by the Doctor in the foregoing letter is Frank Moss, an attorney at No. 93 Nassau street, the attorney for the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and who, with Thaddeus D. Kenneson, No. 35 Wall street, and the Doctor, form the Executive Committee of the organization.

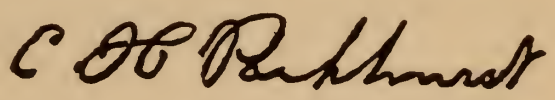
Ten days later the Doctor again wrote me, as it was necessary on the following day to appear before the Grand Jury. He wrote:

"New York, March 25, 1892.
No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street.

"My Dear Mr. Gardner: De Lancey Nicoll has written me, desiring that I should send him the affidavits that I produced in my pulpit a week ago Sunday, and that those parties whose

names are appended in signature should be on hand at the Grand Jury room to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock. I have written to Erving, and shall have to request you to do the same thing to the other witnesses.

"It is exceedingly annoying to have the fellow delay his information till 5 o'clock at night and then expect us to send out notifications. Things being as they are, however, I cannot well do otherwise than carry out his instructions. Yours very sincerely,



And the Doctor, Erving and I appeared before the Grand Jury with our evidence. As a result, Hattie Adams, Marie Andrea, Jennie Laurent and Eliza Huston were indicted, the four women having been selected by Dr. Parkhurst as maintaining the worst forms of the vice he was trying to suppress.

Funny as it may seem to you, all this time the police had allowed the houseowners to continue business, I am told. They knew they were running, but the Doctor, by his careful wording of his sermon, had misled them, and they thought that he did not know as much as he did. It was another case of "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," I suppose.

CHAPTER XI

But when the District-Attorney's office caused the arrest of four women the police were surprised. I verily believe that up to this time they had not thought there was going to be much trouble over the Doctor's revelations. I suppose, to quote somebody else's words, that they were like the people in Noah's time when the flood began booming, and who said that "it was not going to be much of a shower, and they couldn't bother about building a boat, anyhow."

And the force was still more greatly surprised, too, when all of the Metropolitan Police Inspectors were summoned before the Grand Jury. The present head of the department—who, it is claimed, is only nominally its chief, by certain people—and all his fellow-Inspectors were told to appear before the Grand Jury. One day they were all in the Grand Jury room, when one of them edged over to me and engaged me in conversation.

Attempted Bribery

"Come up some day to Police Headquarters," he remarked smilingly. "After this thing is over I would like to have a little talk with you about my district, as I haven't many friends in the department."

I told the genial Inspector that I feared from what I knew there was too much malaria around Police Headquarters to venture up there.

"Say, old fellow," added the speaker, "I am a poor man, and there isn't any money in my district. I can't talk with you here, but wish you would come up. Where can you be found?"

"At my house," I replied, "any time you let me know."

On March 27, 1892, the Inspector's roundsman called on me at my residence. I was not a home, so he left word that he would call on the following night. I thought that this might be one of those beautiful marked bill schemes for which the New York police have so much reputation in unearthing when it is necessary to stop any particular man who is annoying them, so I asked Dr. Parkhurst what to do, at the same time explaining the matter to him.

"It would probably be as well," I suggested, "to have some one overhear our conversation, Doctor.

"Most assuredly so," he replied. "How many men do you want to overhear you?"

"I should like two," I returned.

He told me to see Mr. Erving, and also two other gentlemen in his congregation, who probably would not object to crawling under a bed in my room and acting as amateur detectives. And I was considerably amused when the Doctor handed me two letters of introduction to two very popular young men in his charge. Each letter read:

"New York, March 28, 1892.
"No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street.

"Dear Mr. ——:

"This will introduce to you Mr. C. W. Gardner, who has been of great assistance to me in the work in which I have been engaged during the past four or five weeks. There is a service which he would very much like to have you render him. I suggested your name to him, and the thing that he would like to have you do you can do without any compromise of character, and the aid which you would render may prove in the issue to be most valuable. Yours very sincerely,

C. H. Parkhurst

The first gentleman I called on was out. Erving, however, and a second gentleman I had a letter to agreed to attend to this "non-compromising matter" for me. This latter gentleman was and still is a prominent official of a very wealthy Broadway bank.

Erving and the other assistant reached my house, at No. 207 West Eighteenth street, along in the dusk of the evening of the date on which the call was to be made, about half an hour before the roundsman was to visit me.

What One of the Doctor's Congregation Overheard From Under a Bed

The only available place in which to hold the meeting was in my bedroom, and absolutely the only place to conceal my amateur detectives was in under the bed.

"I say, Erving," I said, "you will have to get in under this bed."

Even our banker friend smiled at the comical situation, when Erving kneeled down, took his hat off and disappeared under the bed.

But, unfortunately, the young man's legs were too long, and his feet and several inches of his legs stuck out.

"Pull in your feet, Erving," I shouted.

"Can't," replied a muffled voice from under the bed; "I've got 'em reefed as much as I can."

Try the best we could, we could not place Erving so that his feet would not show, unless we doubled him up in the middle like a pantaloon at the circus, and he refused to be doubled. So we finally decided to place our banker friend under the bed, as he was shorter than Erving. The second attempt was a success, as Mr. Banker fitted nicely.

Arrangements were made with another friend to be placed where he could see the messenger of the Inspector, so that there would be no question as to an identification of the man, when he called.

Promptly on time the ambassador from Mulberry street rang the door bell of my house. He was requested to send in his card, as I wished to get sure evidence all around concerning the visit. The card of the caller was sent to me. I received it, and I have it now among my papers.

"Hello, there, Charley," said the roundsman when he entered my room; "how are you?"

"Pretty well," I replied; "what's up?"

"The Inspector wanted me to come and have a talk with you. You've worked yourself into a d—d good job now. They are all scared of old man Parkhurst. The Inspector is a good fellow, and he thinks a good deal of you. There are only a few 'good people' in our district who are friends of the Inspector, and he would like to have 'em looked after."

The speaker then said that it was understood that I had secured evidence against one of the places his principal wanted left alone.

"Now you and I can do a nice, quiet little business together," added the roundsman. "I do the old man's collecting, and we will fix it up so you will get a 'bone' out of it, without taking any chances. I'll collect the stuff, and you won't have to do any business yourself."

"I see," I replied.

"Yes," continued this Police Headquarters roundsman, "if you work your points right, you can get out of this business in a year with more than a police captain has. Why, Charlie, there is a brownstone house uptown in this for you!"

I told the roundsman that while the Society for the Prevention of Crime's agents might have evidence against the man he wished "protected," who, by the way was a wealthy backer of faro banks in this city, that I had none.

"I know where some of the society agents," returned the roundsman, "are backing faro up in Harlem."

I afterward ascertained this to be true, I may as well inform you.

"Look here, Charlie," urged the roundsman, "you can easily find out whether the Parkhurst gang have got any evidence against this friend of the Inspector. If you do, call me up on the telephone at Police Headquarters, and let me know. You can say 'all right' if no evidence has been found, and say 'it's going to rain,' if they have, and I'll know what it means and can give the fellow the usual 'office' (slang for warning him), so that he can lay low. Then next week I'll 'shake the boys down' (slang for squeezing blackmail money out of the gamblers) for you."

Then we changed the conversation, because the roundsman kept questioning me as to what the Doctor did at Hattie Adams's.

"I'd have given a hundred to have been there," he laughed. "On the level, Charley, what did the old man do?"

But I wasn't telling tales out of school.

During the conversation I lay across the bed, smoking a cigar. I turned over when we had got about this far to assume an easier position, and in so doing loosened a bed-slat, which went tumbling down on the back of my concealed amateur detective.

"Ough!" I heard him grunt. Then I talked loud, and had a fearful attack of simulated coughing. Had the roundsman not been big, fat and jolly, and utterly wrapped up in trying to find out what had happened at Hattie Adams's "joint," he would certainly have seen that all he said was being overheard.

This conversation did not end in my agreeing to take tribute money from the vicious. So I escorted the roundsman to the sidewalk.

When I returned I found my amateur detective seated in a chair, a little scant of breath and a little bit angry over the bed-slat episode.

"Did you hear all of that conversation?" I queried.

"I did," was the reply. "I would not have believed it if I had

not heard it. Why, it was an invitation for you to blackmail the gamblers by police aid."

There are two little points to be made here, let me add. In the first place, this was the first case where Dr. Parkhurst had any real evidence of police blackmail; in the second place, it showed that the police were really frightened at a shadow, for up to that time we only had suspicions that they were "shaking down" people.

I took pains the following day to instruct a friend to telephone to Police Headquarters to the roundsman that "it was going to rain," although I had no earthly idea whether the Parkhurst agents had any evidence or not against the Inspector's friend. And I was not surprised to hear that the "office" had reached him that the Parkhurst men had been after his scalp.

CHAPTER XII

The very next bomb that burst in the great crusade was in the famous presentment of the Grand Jury made March 31, 1892.

It was the crowning point of the career of Dr. Parkhurst as a crusader, for had the Grand Jury not made the presentment favoring the Parkhurst charges, the whole affair would have dropped into oblivion right here. But the presentment made it imperative that Dr. Parkhurst's charges be investigated.

Presentment Against the Police

Briefly told, the Police Department of New York was arraigned by the jury of which Henry M. Taber was foreman for allowing gambling places to exist in defiance of the law; for allowing disorderly houses to run without suppression, and in allowing the sale of liquor in saloons at unlawful hours.

"The present situation certainly warrants the condemnation of the Police Department in the matter above mentioned," adds this Grand Jury; "the force is paid liberally for the work of enforcing the law. They do enforce the law in many respects in a superior manner, but if they be permitted to discriminate in favor of certain forms of crime for reasons well known to themselves there is no telling where the same course will lead them to, or leave the interests of our city. Circumstances and testimony offered have tended to show financial considerations in cases of lax administration.

"Indeed, the publicity with which the law is violated and the immunity from arrest enjoyed by the law-breaker is inconsistent with any other theory. It is obvious that when a confession by a law-breaker of payment for protection would subject

him to penalties not only for his acknowledged crime, but also for bribe-giving, it is extremely difficult to collect trustworthy evidence in direct proof of such charges.

"It has been thought best at the present to go no further than to make this general presentment, so that the courts and residents of our city may be properly informed and warned against the dangerous evil that is in the midst of us."

The bomb hoisted the District-Attorney's office and Police Headquarters about a mile and a half high. When both institutions reached the earth again and the dazed officials had regained a bit of their shaken wits once more, they began to look about to see what they could do to make the public believe that they took their little lesson to heart. So they decided to transfer police captains from police precinct to police precinct. The then Chief of Police resigned and was succeeded by the present nominal incumbent.

Two police captains did not wish to be transferred from their old stands, and having, by hard daily labor and self-denial, accumulated enough money, which, added to their police pension, when they left the force, would make a fair income, decided to resign. This they did, and now are facing the cold, cold world with only a few hundred thousand dollars apiece between them and starvation.

A "Fake" Shake-up

A general shake-up followed. This captain in a downtown precinct was sent to an uptown one; that captain on the West Side was transferred over to the East Side, and so on.

"There," said the officials, as they proudly pointed to their work; "see, dear public, how we have met these charges."

But the public was only being hoodwinked. If you will take a list of the police captains prior to the "shake-up," and a list of the positions they occupied after their transfer, you will find that policemen affiliated with Tammany Hall had been

sent to the "fat" precincts, such as the Tenderloin (Nineteenth Precinct), Fourth (Oak street), Sixth (Elizabeth street), Tenth (Mulberry street), Eleventh (Eldridge street), Fifteenth (Mercer street), Fourteenth (First avenue and Fifth street), Eighteenth (East Twenty-second street), Twenty-first (East Thirty-fifth street) and the Twenty-second (West Forty-seventh street).

Dr. Parkhurst was not gulled by the checker-board "shake-up," for it was the same old board, mind you, and the same old checkers.

"What difference does it make," he said to me one day after the transfers, "whether Captain 'Tom' is over the Tenderloin Precinct, or Captain 'Bill?' Does not the same soil exist in the Tenderloin? Don't you suppose that the snakeroot, when transplanted, soon has its tendrils rooting just as firmly as ever in the new soil? I am not deluded, even if the public is, by this silly piece of business."

Unfortunately the March Grand Jury meanwhile had not attended to 500 cases besides those of the Andrea, Adams, Laurent and Huston women, which I had gathered undeniable evidence in. They left the cases to the jury which was to follow them, only, however, for lack of time. In the meantime all the disorderly resorts ran right along, but more guardedly.

The police gave the "office," as usual, and District-Attorney Nicoll contended himself with writing to property owners complained against that they rented certain of their houses for disorderly purposes.

These notices naturally caused the property owners notified to hurry to the District-Attorney's office. For years, although clearly violating the law, property owners had been receiving rental far in excess of the legitimate value of the property rented, because it was occupied by disorderly people.

The District-Attorney's office was nonplussed. Aside from efforts of certain subordinates to engage legal "aid" selected

by these subordinates, the District-Attorney was in the habit of sending all of these property owners to me.

Just what I had to do about the matter I failed to understand. However, I used to receive a half a dozen subpoenas a day summoning me to appear at the various civil courts in the city as a witness in dispossess suits brought by property owners against their disorderly tenants.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime did not care to assume the expense of paying me for the time occupied in testifying in these civil cases, and I was not at all anxious to spend months on the witness stand at the munificent salary of 25 cents a day.

Dr. Parkhurst's opinion of the situation just then is told in a letter I received from him in regard to this matter. This is it:

"(Dictated.)

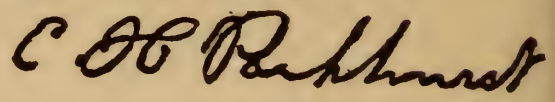
"No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street, New York.
April 14, 1892.

"My Dear Sir: I have received your note written to-day. It seems to me that the District-Attorney's office is imposing upon our good nature in setting us at work to secure evidence in regard to the cases that we have on hand. The District-Attorney is assisted by men who are receiving $7,500 a year. If they want to turn half of that money into the treasury of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, we will go to work and help them, but let the people do the work that get the money for it.

"I have no special interest in those suits, anyway. Nicoll has, or ought to have, means of their own for securing evidence, and if he has not he might be allowed to go on and poorly prepare his cases and get another scoring from Recorder Smyth. However, act your own pleasure in the matter. I have not personally

sufficient confidence in Nicoll to make me disposed to wear myself out in the interests of the Attorney's office.

Yours, very sincerely,



"Mr. C. W. Gardner, No. 207 West Eighteenth street."

The result of this state of affairs was that nearly every disorderly person remained in business as if no Dr. Parkhurst lived. The mighty hand of the law they were violating kept them from coming to harm.

CHAPTER XIII

The Society for the Prevention of Crime then took a new tack.

It gathered a vast quantity more of evidence against brothel keepers, saloon owners and gambling house maintainers. Then it presented the facts to the District-Attorney's office and was told to go to the Police Justices of the city and get warrants.

As the Police Justices, with three exceptions, were all Tammany men, every possible impediment was placed in the way of the society's agents. After three months' work of these agents, all that had been accomplished was in securing the revocation of the licenses of three saloonkeepers, at an outlay of a great deal of money.

And what seemed queerest of all to Dr. Parkhurst was that there appeared to be an underground channel between the Police Court employes and disorderly people, for whenever a society agent procured a warrant for the arrest of a criminal, the offender always received information of the fact in advance.

So Dr. Parkhurst called me in to see if I could not accomplish what the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Crime failed to do.

I found that the three anti-Tammany Police Justices then in office were the only ones to be depended upon to grant warrants to us. But they were not presiding over districts where most of the offences had been committed; in the making of Police Justice assignments Tammany Hall having apparently taken great care to send their own justices where there was danger of our agents wanting warrants, and sidetracking the

three anti-Tammany Justices over districts where we should not want to get warrants.

A Queer Case

To substantiate this point, let me tell you a little incident. I had procured evidence against Warren Lewis's concert hall, at No. 352 Eighth avenue. The place had been licensed by the Mayor of the city under the concert laws, and in addition its proprietor, Lewis, was hand and glove with many prominent Tammany Hall leaders.

On May 5, 1892, accompanied by three of my employes and two other witnesses, I visited Lewis's place. We remained there between midnight and 2 o'clock. We found that the Excise law was violated, and that the concert law was violated by women who sang on the stage boldly walking around the hall and soliciting patrons of the place to buy drinks for them.

On May 14, 1892, I again visited Lewis's place and found the same condition of affairs existing. In company with one of our agents I sat at a table, drinking, and was again solicited by women to "treat," and also to accompany them to places near at hand. Lewis, the proprietor of the place, knew me, and when he stopped to speak to me I showed him a copy of a newspaper containing an account of my first visit to his place.

"I don't give a d— about the papers," he said; "you know how Lavery stands with the powers. Of course, if you people want to make trouble for us, you can; but you are a friend of Lavery's, and if you want any stuff, all you've got to do is to ask for it."

In company with five other persons I again visited the place on May 28, 1892. I saw Lewis downstairs in the basement, where is the bar at which his waiters procure drinks for customers of the concert garden overhead. Over the bar hung a Board of Excise license dated in February, 1892.

One of my companions accompanied a woman, at her re-

quest, whom he met in the garden, to a house at No. 223 West Thirtieth street, kept by Catharine Moore.

On May 30, 1892, another agent of mine repeated this performance, which made me believe that the Catharine Moore house was the favored spot.

On Sunday, June 5, 1892, two of my employes bought whiskey in the garden, and then I ascertained that the owner of the premises occupied by Lewis, according to the records at the office of the Receiver of Taxes, was William Simon. I corroborated this bit of evidence at the Title Guarantee Company. I also learned that Charles C. Cromwell owned the house No. 223 West Thirtieth street, occupied as a house of assignation by the Moore woman.

I then called at the District-Attorney's office and asked Mr. Nicoll to write to these property owners that their premises were being occupied by disorderly persons. On the same day I applied to a Police Justice then sitting in the Essex Market Police Court for warrants for the arrest of Lewis for violation of the Excise law and for keeping a disorderly house. I also asked for a warrant for the arrest of Catharine Moore.

"As these houses are in the district where Justice Grady sits," said the then Justice Kilbreth, to whom I applied, "it would be a better course for the society to go before Judge Grady and apply for the warrants. If he refuses to grant the warrants without just cause, I will grant them."

When I called upon Justice Grady he told me to come again with my witnesses, and if he found I had secured sufficient evidence he would grant the warrants. Justice Grady at the indicated time heard the evidence, but refused to grant a warrant for the arrest of Lewis on a charge of keeping a disorderly house, but granted one upon a charge of violating the excise laws.

On Tuesday, June 7, 1892, I appeared at Jefferson Market Police Court, where I learned that Lewis had been arrested by Police Captain Westervelt, of the Twentieth Precinct. Jus-

tice Grady adjourned the case for several days, bail being furnished for Lewis by John Lavery, ex-Deputy Sheriff, the man whom Lewis had told me had a "pull."

The Moore woman was also arrested, but she was discharged, and the Lewis case was settled by Justice Grady reserving his decision in the excise case. I never could find out whether any decision was made, although I applied to Clerk Farley, of the Jefferson Market Court, several times for information.

I later asked Justice Grady to issue a warrant for the arrest of Lewis on a charge of keeping a disorderly house, but the Justice said he would consider the matter and give me an answer some other time. I never pressed the matter further, as I did not think his attitude fair to the society.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime in this matter appealed to the General Term of the Supreme Court, upon the claim that Justice Grady's ruling refusing them permission to be represented by counsel when Lewis was arraigned was illegal. The General Term handed down a decision finally, upholding the justice of the society's claim.

I next took the matter of the violation of the Excise law by Lewis to the Board of Excise, but one of my main witnesses was drugged while on business for the society and laid in the street. A policeman carted him to a station-house, where it took a police surgeon twenty-four hours to resuscitate him. Subsequently he was arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court, where after he told his story he was discharged.

The other witness also mysteriously disappeared. Afterward I located him at work at a cigar stand at Coney Island, directly opposite to a concert hall conducted by Lewis's brother. He was out of the jurisdiction of the Board of Excise, you understand.

So when the case of Lewis came up before the Board of Excise one of my main witnesses was incapacitated from attending the trial, and the other one was missing. I withdrew the

complaint with the best grace possible, and Lewis and I went out and got a "ball" together, thus ending the duel.

But now to return to the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

He, as well as myself, had been called in a Civil Justice's court to give evidence in dispossess proceedings begun against Hattie Adams. The Doctor wrote me as follows:

"New York, April 5, 1892,
"No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street.

"Dear Mr. Gardner: I MUST see you to-night or to-morrow morning before half-past 8 o'clock, without fail. Yours very sincerely

C. H. PARKHURST.

"Please bring your notes of the visit we made to Hattie Adams's house."

I called, according to the request, and the Doctor said he wanted to compare notes regarding the visit we had paid. I refreshed his memory as much as possible, and the Doctor afterward appeared in the Sixth District Court, before Justice Lachman, and guardedly told the story of the orgies at Hattie Adams's. But he did not tell what I have already told you, as legal objections from the attorneys engaged in the case barred the press from that story.

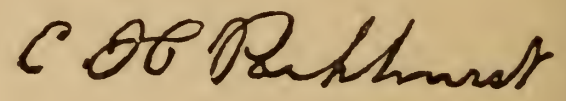
As soon as the Doctor had testified he left the courtroom without my seeing him. For this reason I received the following explanatory letter from him:

"New York, April 6, 1892.
"No. 133 East Thirty-fifth street.

"My Dear Mr. Gardner; The enclosed letter I opened by mistake, not noticing from the exterior that it was not intended for me.

"I am going out of town this noon, if nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent. My 'week' has been pretty badly cut into. I hope you had a good time on the witness stand yesterday. Was sorry I couldn't remain and see you through. I thought it pos-

sible that I might get irritated by the counsel for the defendant, but the ridiculousness of the performance, especially with that little 'squirt' of a lawyer questioning me and expounding to me my duties as a minister of the Gospel, all of that was so amusing that it would have been impossible for me to have been irritated even had I been otherwise disposed to be so, which I was not. Shall write you while I am away. Yours, very sincerely,



"That little squirt," by the way, was rather a good way of putting it. But the Doctor always is epigrammatic.

The news of the result of the dispossess proceedings—which ended in the Adams woman being found not guilty—caused a jubilation at the District-Attorney's office, and thinking, I fancy, that the Civil Court case was a "pointer" as to how the cases at the District-Attorney's office would end, Dr. Parkhurst was served with notices of trial in the Adams, Andrea, Laurent and Huston cases, just as he was on his way out of town, as he wrote me.

It was as follows:

"Lakewood, N. J., April 7, 1892.

"Dr. Mr. Gardner: I have just come here for three or four days. Have already a typewritten letter which I will mail you from here.

"I write to say that while I have a pretty accurate idea as to our visits on Third and Fourth streets, I wish you would at once send me your memoranda of those visits, that I may compare with my own.

"Please answer the following questions: What was the date of our visit at No. 138 and at No. 140 West Third street, and at No. 42 West Fourth street? What was the time of our visit in each case? How long did we remain? How many girls

in each? I think we had nothing but beer. How many times did we have beer? Please answer these questions at once and direct to me as on the opposite page. Yours very sincerely,

"C. H. PARKHURST,

"Care F. P. Freeman, Lakewood, N. J.

"P. S.—I wish you would not communicate to any one the fact of my being here. C. H. P."

Since I received the Lakewood letter, to my mind there is a nice field for speculation in the fact that the President of the United States has a great fondness for Lakewood, and that he is very friendly with the Freeman family. Dr. Parkhurst was visiting the Freemans, and we all know that there is no love lost between Tammany Hall and Grover Cleveland.

But then I am not to try to speculate in this little history of the Parkhurst crusade, but must move on to more stirring events.

The Doctor as a Witness

On April 12, 1892, the trial of Hattie Adams began in the Court of General Sessions.

Dr. Parkhurst had returned from Lakewood and was placed on the witness-stand. Erving and the writer also had to testify. The defence was a desperate and a dirty one, as, while it was acknowledged that the evidence we had would not give the Adams woman a faint chance of escape, it was hoped that the evidence would curb the Doctor's usefulness as a reformer.

The trial ended in the conviction of Hattie Adams and her sentence to the New York County Penitentiary for six months' imprisonment.

The trial of Marie Andrea quickly followed. The Doctor and all the engineers of his campaign met at the office of the society's attorney, Frank Moss, prior to the trial, and talked over matters. It was decided to fight all attempts to show that the Doctor had witnessed French vice, for fear that the

District-Attorney, if it was freely admitted, would try to bring out the point that we were committing a misdemeanor in witnessing the exhibition.

At the Andrea trial she, too, was "knocked out," and was sent to the Penitentiary for nine months. During her trial happened the sensational attack of nervous prostration which overcame my friend Erving.

Erving is a member of New York's bluest-blooded aristocracy. He is descended from Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patron of Albany. He is a society man, too, a graduate of Columbia College, a member of the Calumet Club and a thorough good fellow.

He became interested in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Crime while a member of the Doctor's church congregation, and readily assisted him when requested in the work at hand. I suppose that his refined sensibilities, which had stood the "racket" when with us on the slumming tour of the Doctor, could not stand the telling of what he saw. His unfortunate sobriquet of "Sunbeam" was saddled by Dr. Parkhurst upon him, who said that he was as pure as a "sunbeam or a dancing ray of light," or something like it, at all events.

Jennie Laurent, when called for trial, pleaded guilty and threw herself on the mercy of the court. She presented a certificate of marriage, contracted after we had visited her house, and as she had closed her resort and was said to be leading a quiet life, the Doctor offered no objection to the application of her counsel for a suspension of sentence.

Eliza Huston closed her resort and left her bondsman in the lurch by running away to Europe. I have never heard, however, that her bond was forfeited.

Next in the sequence of my story comes the celebrated mass-meeting of citizens at Cooper Union on the evening of May 26, 1892, under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Such well-known men as the Rev. J. N. Hallock, ex-Judge William H. Arnoux, ex-Judge Noah Davis, Rabbi

F. de Sola Mendes, the Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, Frank Moss and Robert Blissert, secretary of the Central Labor Union, spoke to a vast crowd.

The members of the Society for the Prevention of Crime feared that Dr. Parkhurst would be assassinated at the meeting, and they instructed me to guard the Doctor on his way from his house to Cooper Union, and during the session. So I had ten private detectives distributed throughout the audience—not a bad thing for me, as I was being paid $6 apiece for each of them for a night's service, and was paying them at the rate of $4 a week—to see that no tragedy happened. None did, I am happy to say.

Now really I did not think that there was much danger to the Doctor, except that he might have got "accidentally" clubbed by a "copper," had he tried to walk to the meeting, but I escorted him from his house to Cooper Institute, along with another detective. We both had big clubs, and we placed the Doctor between us on the back seat of a carriage. There was no attack made on us.

Dr. Parkhurst was in fine shape at the meeting, and he scored the police for their veniality unmercifully.

"We are in the cleansing business," he concluded. "When a man contemplates washing himself he washes himself with the water with the single purpose of getting the dirt off. The object of this movement is to remove that increment which rests upon us as a civic body."

Immediately after this meeting the Society for the Prevention of Crime decided that they had no further use for the then superintendent of their society, and his gang of baseball detectives. There was no formal discharge of anybody. Vice-President Whitney simply went early one morning to the society's rooms at No. 923 Broadway and put a new combination lock on the door, shutting out all the organization's old agents forever and ever.

On June 1, 1892, Dr. Parkhurst and Mrs. Parkhurst sailed for Europe to summer, as they usually do, at Vevay, on Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. The Doctor's stateroom was filled with beautiful flowers. I presume that none of the police sent him any of the floral tributes.

CHAPTER XIV

Under the reorganization of the Society for the Prevention of Crime I was asked to accept the position of its chief detective, the office of superintendent having been abolished.

Thaddeus D. Kenneson, as secretary of the society's Executive Committee, signed an agreement with me to this effect. It had one unique clause in it, which I will cite.

"It is agreed between the parties to this agreement," it reads, "that the party of the first part (the society) shall have the right to terminate the contract at will. And it is further understood and agreed that the salary of the party of the second part shall cease upon the termination of this contract, and if this contract shall be terminated before the end of the month the salary shall be apportioned to be paid to the date of the termination of this contract and not thereafter."

I never could make out what rights that contract gave me. But we will let that pass.

Mr. David J. Whitney, as acting president in the absence of Dr. Parkhurst, talked over the scope and plan of the reorganized society with me. I suggested that the society ought not to waste its funds and its strength in securing evidence against a lot of poor "snipe" liquor dealers, but ought to fly for higher criminals, nearer to the powers that reigned. Mr. Whitney coincided with me.

Then, in order to relieve myself of any possibility of being charged with using my official position for my personal aggrandizement, I caused to be inserted in our contract that I was only to do work under the supervision of the society's Executive Committee. Afterward I regretted this step.

I found the records of the society in a disgraceful condition, but after some work introduced a system of numbering and filing cases so that we would know where all of our records were. I was very much handicapped in getting good, first-class men to do the society's work, as the organization would not pay large enough salaries. In fact, the organization had "detectives" in their employ before I became connected with it who received only $1.50 and $2 a day.

I wrote to Dr. Parkhurst and requested him to employ his own staff, as I could not get the men that I wanted for the salaries the society wished to pay. He replied that he knew of no one that he cared to recommend, and that I had better secure my own detectives.

I started finally in an office at No. 943 Broadway, with a force of three agents and a clerk. With that staff I was expected to turn the town upside down, while my esteemed president was "shinning" up Alpine peaks.

Hardly had I got fairly to work when death snatched from me my staunchest friend, the late vice-president of the society, David J. Whitney. Mr. Whitney was succeeded in the society's Executive Committee by Frank Moss, who immediately after sailed for Europe, in search of inaccessible Alpine peaks, too. This left Thaddeus D. Kenneson and me to do up "Tammany Hall."

By this time large quantities of complaints—many anonymous—had been filed with the society. A large number of these referred to the Fifteenth (Mercer street) Police Precinct, and I determined to pound away in that district until there was some radical change.

I proposed to give the police all the opportunity they wished to work in harmony with me, as the head of the department some time before had written a letter to Dr. Parkhurst saying that if any agent of the Doctor's society would call on the police they would assist him in the work; a statement, however, that I very much doubted.

I had complaints about this time to the effect that No. 210 Wooster, No. 230 Wooster, No. 17 Bleecker, Nos. 225 and 227 Wooster street, and other places were run as disorderly houses.

Experience With a Police Captain

The captain of the Fifteenth Police Precinct, when I had secured warrants in the courts, after getting evidence against these resorts, always professed to be willing to serve them. We worked in perfect harmony until some ten houses had been raided. Then he got weary and asked me to transfer my labors to some other field.

I asked him particularly to stop the open soliciting of pedestrians from windows of immoral places. He did so, with the exception of Nos. 243 and 245 Wooster street, which were run by Alice Carroll, alias Madame Moran. This woman also conducted two other houses on Greene street, in this precinct.

I procured evidence against these resorts, and gave the warrant to the captain to serve, as I had done before, taking the precaution to place two of my own men to guard the house before I did so. I instructed my men not to leave until the police came, to prevent a "tip" being sent to the house, and to "shadow" any man whose pedal extremities indicated by their size a policeman.

The captain said that he did not need a squad of men to do the work, but would "pull" the house himself. He left the station-house, and in a few moments returned escorting an ancient colored crone, Madame Moran, and one dilapidated inmate.

While the captain and I were talking, in rushed one of the agents of the society, whom I had placed on guard at the house. He said that a man had entered the house, and that when he did so seven inmates, whom he had counted by entering the house while I was at the station-house, ran out by the basement door and disappeared down the street. In a few

moments my second agent came in and corroborated the first man's story.

In the police court on the following morning Madame Moran was held for trial and the two inmates were fined.

After this I had all my warrants served by officers connected with the police court squads, and when I got through with this precinct there was the silence of the tomb among its disorderly houses for the next six months.

The absence of the usual amount of red tape wound about the society by the departure of the Doctor and Mr. Moss for Europe was the basis for a vast amount of work. When these two members of the organization were at home, they, with Mr. Kenneson, made up the society's Executive Committee, which met every Monday at the society's offices.

I had to run out a picket line of agents during these meetings, for the Executive Committee was very much afraid that Tammany Chieftain Croker or Police Chieftain Martin might be listening at the door. The agents used to call this meeting the "chin of the Committee of Public Safety."

After everything had been cut and dried in executive session, I would be instructed to go and find evidence against a liquor dealer, for instance. After I had succeeded I had to present my report to the next week's meeting of the Executive Committee, and then they would tell me to go ahead and get the warrant out for the arrest of the saloon keeper.

As a result, when I applied for a warrant, the Police Justice to whom I applied would ask me why I did not wait a year before asking for it. Time was, therefore, wasted by this method, and time is money.

Then, for another illustration, I would be instructed to begin a campaign against the poolrooms. I would get evidence against one or two places, at a cost of $3 or $4, and this would so use up the Executive Committee that they would decide "not to prosecute the work in that direction further."

"Instead, Mr. Gardner," I was told one day, "I want you to investigate this anonymous complaint."

I found that some one had written to the society, claiming that there was an "opium joint" in a certain uptown flat, because "he smelled the smoke coming up the airshaft."

I found this building to be in a highly respectable locality. It was eight stories high, and there were four flats on a floor. I was expected to run the "odor of opium" to earth in one of these thirty-two flats.

Mr. Kenneson, however, was more practical, and while Dr. Parkhurst and Mr. Moss were in Europe he and I had no red-tape meetings, but we just went to work and shook things up. When it was too early in the day to work among the disorderly houses we were getting evidence against the policy shops.

In the night we gathered evidence against gambling houses and disorderly houses, and by putting in eighteen hours a day did more actual work at less cost during the absence of the Doctor and Mr. Moss than we did before or after.

At this time I got all my warrants from the Yorkville Police Court, as I always could get them upon application to either Justice Taintor or Kilbreth. I also received valuable services from Sergeant Fuller, of the Yorkville Police Squad, in serving the warrants.

Among places to which our attention was called was the saloon of Hugh Slevin, at the northwest corner of Fourteenth street and Seventh avenue. It was alleged that the wife of a police official owned the building in which Slevin ran the saloon. A search of the records of transfers of property by me apparently showed the correctness of this statement.

Our agents visited Slevin's saloon on a Sunday and secured evidence that his bartender, Vincent Meo, was illegally selling liquor. I secured a warrant for the arrest of Meo, which was placed in the hands of a policeman for service. When the policeman called with a society's man to arrest Meo, he had dis-

appeared from Slevin's saloon. So, of course, the warrant couldn't be served.

I was satisfied where the "leak" came from, and really did not blame the policeman for not wanting to "buck up" against the place. I had known Slevin for a long time, and so he called on me at the society's office and candidly told me that he had received a "tip" that a warrant had been issued for his bartender, Meo.

"He is no longer working for me," continued Slevin. Then he smiled.

I saw that practically I was beaten on the case for the present, so I agreed with Slevin that if he would surrender the bartender I would withdraw the charge, rather than to have the bartender escape me.

Slevin agreed to this proposition. The bartender was surrendered in Yorkville Police Court the following day, and after I had related these facts to Justice Taintor, he discharged Meo, after I had endorsed my reasons on the back of the warrant.

On the very next Sunday I got evidence against Slevin's Fourteenth street saloon, and the saloons he was supposed to own in Bleecker street and in Waverley place, and caused the arrest of the bartenders in charge of them.

A few days later three of the policemen connected with the Yorkville Court, who had been invaluable to me in the foregoing case, were transferred to patrol duty, for "the good of the force." And Sergeant Fuller was summoned to Police Headquarters.

Then in a few days the head of the police force wrote a letter to the head of the Board of Police Commissioners, objecting to "irresponsible persons" serving warrants. The head of the Board of Police Commissioners accordingly wrote to the Board of Police Justices in reference to this question, and finally Police Justice Grady offered this resolution for adoption at a meeting of the Police Justices.

"Resolved, Warrants shall only be issued to peace officers, and in the district in which the offence is charged to have been committed; search warrants in the district in which the place to be searched is situated."

Plainly speaking this resolution meant that warrants could no longer be given to our agents, and wiped out my custom of getting warrants in the Yorkville Court for offences committed in the Tombs, Jefferson Market or Essex Market Courts districts.

The resolution was adopted, only Police Justice Taintor opposing it. Justice Kilbreth explained his vote for the resolution by saying that he bowed to the wishes of the majority of the Board of Police Justices.

After this, when I asked Sergeant Fuller to serve a warrant for me, he refused, because he had been "called down" at Police Headquarters, and told not to receive any warrants from me. I stated these facts to Justice Taintor, who summoned Sergeant Fuller and stated that if he refused to serve warrants he should call upon the Sheriff to perform the duty.

The result was that there was a grand consultation all around among the powers that be, and finally Sergeant Fuller agreed to accept warrants sworn out by me from a Justice's hands, but not from mine. This was a most amusing way of crawling out of the little end of a horn. I was perfectly willing that the police should carry warrants of mine, for in so doing they assumed the responsibility of arresting the prisoners, a responsibility hitherto resting on my shoulders.

Now you have seen how the Society for the Prevention of Crime gathered its evidence; you have seen how it got its warrants; you have seen how it prosecuted its cases in court.

You have also seen how the police acted in regard to the serving of the warrants; you have seen how they gathered their evidence, but you have not seen them in the courts engaged in testifying to their own evidence against alleged keepers of dis-

orderly houses. So now let me quote an official record of the court. Here is an affidavit that should be read:

Samples of Police Swearing

"First District Police Court.

"City and County of New York, ss.:

"Otto Richmann, of No. 4 Police Precinct street, in said city, being duly sworn, says that at the premises known as No. 2 James street, in the City and County of New York, on the 15th day of July, 1892, and on divers other days and times, between that day and the day of making the complaint, John Doe did unlawfully keep and maintain, and yet continues to keep and maintain, a house of assignation.

* * * * * *

"Deponent therefore prays that the said John Doe and all vile, disorderly and improper persons found upon the premises occupied by said John Doe may be apprehended and dealt with as the law in such cases made and provided may direct.

"OTTO RICHMANN."

"Sworn to before me this 18th day of July, 1892.

"P. DIVVER, Police Justice."

You can see by this affidavit that the policeman swore that he personally, on "one and divers occasions," visited the premises of John Doe, who, presumably, was a male, and from his own knowledge, and not belief, had gathered evidence against the prisoner. Upon this affidavit, therefore, a warrant was issued, and Lizzie Paul, a woman, was arrested, and the policeman identified her as the man he had named in his affidavit, securing the warrant on a second affidavit of identification.

On September 28, 1892, Lizzie Paul was arraigned in the Court of Special Sessions for trial. She pleaded not guilty.

The following transcript of the testimony of Policeman Richmann when the case came up for trial, taken from the stenographer's minutes of the Court of Special Sessions, should be carefully compared with the Police Court proceedings in this case:

Question (by the Court) Officer Richmann, on the 15th of July did you visit the premises No. 2 James street?

Answer. Yes, sir.

Q. What are the premises used for?

A. On the evening of the 15th of July I went inside; there were several men and women sitting around there. A woman asked me to go upstairs.

Q. You went up there?

A. Yes, sir; I came out again.

Q. Is that the only time you visited the place?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you know what this woman's connection with the place is?"

A. She is the lady proprietress.

Q. How do you know?

A. From one of the neighbors around there.

Upon this splendid bit of evidence, very properly, the woman was discharged.

During the following month Officer Charles Stripp, of the Fourth Precinct, another little boy in blue, again swore out a similar warrant before Police Justice Thomas Grady, for the arrest of Jane Doe.

Jane happened to be the same fair Lizzie Paul. The case came up for trial in Special Sessions on October 14, 1892, and Policeman Stripp then swore that he only visited the place on one occasion, and when asked if he knew anything about the defendant, swore that he did not. Accordingly, Lizzie was once more discharged.

I also hold in my possession evidence in forty-three similar

cases, where the defendants were discharged upon just such elastic testimony.

Now I want you to tell me, please, what you think of the question as to who was the "irresponsible party"—the Society for the Prevention of Crime agents or the police?

The Author's Work

And before I was regularly employed by the society I obtained evidence in 359 cases of violation of the law by disorderly house keepers, poolroom runners, policy dealers, gambling house proprietors, liquor dealers and other violators of decency.

And after I became chief agent of the society I prosecuted 181 cases, out of which five were discharged, and the remainder indicted. I also turned in $3,500 in fines into the city treasury. I did this work, mind you, with a force of only three men.

During the same length of time the police with more than 3,000 men on the force arrested 141 criminals of the same character, aside from Excise arrests, out of which forty-three were discharged.

My work cost the Society for the Prevention of Crime about $3,000—this includes salaries and all expenses of running the organization—while the police spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to achieve with their large force the most meagre results.

It took just five months to achieve these results in face of the combined opposition of the entire municipal government.

Now, I ask you again, Who were the "irresponsible parties?"

I soon began to find myself more hated and feared than even the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

His personal work had only resulted in a temporary fillip of excitement, and no end of pulpit oratory. My work closed up resorts and sent people to jail, and I was further credited with manufacturing all the bombs that the Doctor exploded.

The criminal classes were beginning to become disgusted. My records show that at this time there were more than 1,000

policy-shops, more than 500 disorderly houses, more than 100 poolrooms, about 50 faro banks, some 200 "envelope games," and fully 350 disorderly flats flourishing in New York City.

In addition, something like 8,000 saloon keepers were doing business in town, and about nine-tenths of them were violating the law.

If, therefore—mind you, I say if—policy men paid $20 a month to be allowed to remain undisturbed by the police; disorderly houses $100 for the same purpose, poolrooms $250, "envelope games" $100, disorderly flats $50, and saloon keepers $5 each month, you can easily see that there are thousands of dollars "put up" monthly.

And if the people who paid for protection growled about the raids I made, and threatened to stop paying for what the Society for the Prevention of Crime made it impossible for the police to give them, it was necessary to put a stop to the society's work by putting its chief agent out of the way, as it was impossible to reach its president.

Accordingly I was arrested for attempted extortion.

No, I am not going into the history of my trial, conviction by the courts of New York, and subsequent triumphal vindication by the General Term of the Supreme Court of the Empire State. I was, when arrested, labelled and ticketed for State's prison by the usual quick route.

But I will say that I thoroughly understand; yes, I know, every concealed bit of fact connected with that affair, and when the proper time comes, I shall act.

APPENDIX

On October 27, 1890, Dr. Parkhurst, from the pulpit of his church, delivered a scathing arraignment of the manner in which the political hands of Tammany Hall elected rulers of the city, accepted hush money from the vicious and depraved, little comment was excited by his remarks. Politicians smiled and said that Dr. Parkhurst was again battling for the old People's Municipal League.

Yet when, in 1892, he practically made the same arraignment, he was immediately called upon to prove that Tammany Hall politically ran a rum-besotted city, honeycombed with immorality, as he claimed.

This is how the Grand Jury of New York County accepted the Parkhurst challenge. They defied him to prove his charges, and on February 29, 1892, made the following presentment:

"To the Court of General Sessions of the Peace of the City and County of New York, to the Hon. Randolph B. Martine, Presiding Justice:

"During the present term of this court there was published in the journals of this city as the accounts of a discourse delivered from the pulpit of one of our churches certain accusations against the character and fitness of the officials charged with the duty of administering our municipal government. The imputations were not limited to any particular branch of the city government, but in sweeping terms condemned the entire body of officials, in language so lacking in specifications, however, that with one exception no cognizance could be taken of them.

"One assertion was sufficiently specific as to warrant attention

by this body, namely, the declaration to the effect that the District-Attorney (De Lancey Nicoll) had in November, 1891, refused to supply, although it was in his power to do so, evidence required by the Grand Jury then in session, for the purpose of founding a prosecution against a notorious and disreputable resort, the proprietor of which has since been convicted and is undergoing the penalty of the law, and that by such refusal and neglecting to proceed against the proprietor of such resort, the District-Attorney had encouraged him in its conduct and maintenance.

"Soon after the publication of these statements the District-Attorney (Mr. Nicoll) requested us to send for the author of them and ascertain their truth or falsity, a request which we were not slow to grant, inasmuch as the District-Attorney (Mr. Nicoll) is the legal adviser of the Grand Jury, and necessarily brought into daily association with it.

"We thereupon caused to attend and be examined before us the author of the statements in question, and all other persons who could throw any light upon their truth and falsity, and after a thorough investigation desire to present to the Court as follows:

"WE FIND THAT THE AUTHOR OF THE CHARGES HAD NO EVIDENCE UPON WHICH TO BASE THEM, except alleged newspaper reports, which, in the form published, had no foundation in fact.

"We find that no request was ever made to the District-Attorney (?) to supply the Grand Jury with any evidence in the matter named, and that upon the trial of the indictment the District-Attorney presented to the court evidence collected wholly by himself, and that a conviction was obtained by him without reference to the testimony taken before the Grand Jury.

"We desire further to express our disapproval and condemnation of unfounded charges of this character which, whatever may be the motive in uttering them, can only serve to create a

feeling of unwarranted distrust in the minds of the community with regard to the integrity of public officials, and tends only to hinder the prompt administration of justice. (Signed)

"HENRY S. HERRMAN,
Foreman of the Grand Jury.

"D. W. O'HALLORAN, Secretary.
"Dated, New York, February 29, 1892."

So here was the basis for the duel in which Dr. Parkhurst and the municipality were about to engage. Had DeLancey Nicoll, then District-Attorney of New York County, treated Dr. Parkhurst's 1893 sermon the way other officials treated his 1890 sermon, there would have been no row between Dr. Parkhurst and the police.

"They put me on the defensive," said Dr. Parkhurst one day, in speaking of this affair to me. "I had, to quote one of your sayings, either to put up or shut up."

The Doctor always appeared to believe that De Lancey Nicoll acted under orders from the Tammany Hall leaders in forcing this unwise presentment from the February ('92) Grand Jury. It was thought that thus could be killed the reform movement.

The Grand Jury of February, 1892, had hit nearer the exact state of affairs than possibly they really knew at the time they said that Dr. Parkhurst had made unfounded charges.

I happen to know that while Dr. Parkhurst was, at the time he preached his preliminary sermon-bomb, in possession of some evidence to substantiate his grave charges, that he by no means had all necessary data by him. He found this out when he looked over his documents immediately after the gauntlet he had thrown down had, metaphorically speaking, been dashed in his face by the opposition. He saw that while he had some affidavits, and some general facts, he had no artillery to train upon his adversaries and crush them at a blow. All his strength was in his flying cavalry.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVIL,

OR

Midnight Adventures OF Dr. PARKHURST