

UNDERWORLD OF CAPITAL LIES ATHWART DARK STRAND THAT TWISTS THROUGH NEIGHBORHOODS WHERE CRIME IS UNKNOWN

NO. FOUR PRECINCT HARBORS VICE DESPITE ALERTNESS OF POLICE

Contraband Whiskey Pillar of Outlawry That Lurks in Fearsome Places—Night Spent With Desk Sergeant Is One Long Pageant of Characters That Blot Part of Most Beautiful City in World—Nearly Two Thousand Arrests Have Been Made in Three Months

"NUMBER FOUR!" Curious things—words! Arbitrary arrangements of letters, such as they are, meaning so many different things to so many different people in so many different places!

Say "Number Four" to the average citizen of New York or Chicago or London or Paris—and the citizen will perhaps think you just a bit balmy, smile, and pass on. But say it to a Washington policeman. Say it to someone who is familiar with the noisome and nauseating and crime-invested docks, commons and lonely reaches of the southwestern portion of the Nation's Capital, and it conjures in their minds all of the things that the Bowery in its prime did to the New Yorker or that Whitechapel did to the wise dweller in London town.

Number Four is the dark strand in the warp and woof of the Nation's Capital that twists the fate of crime diseased men into the life of the world's most beautiful city. It stands for darksome deeds, for the proving of the naked physical truth of man's inhumanity to man. Number Four is a large territory. Officially it is the fourth of the city's police precincts. All of it is not dark and crime-infested. Some of it—much of it—is peopled with happy, contented, law-abiding citizens dwelling and doing lawful business on brightly-lighted and quite attractive streets.

There is only a part of it here and there that has acquired the right and title to be known as the underworld of Washington. And this part of it makes up in its enthusiasm for what the police call pure cussedness what it lacks on area and population. The center of Number Four is the police station. Situated, curiously enough, in one of the most highly respectable of all the streets in the city; surrounded by the residences of happy, well-to-do, or fairly well-to-do, citizens within half a block of one of the largest and oldest Catholic churches in the District. Number Four yet presents to anyone who will take the trouble to visit it of an evening, especially of a Saturday evening, a cross section of the underworld of the Nation's Capital—and a cross section of underworld sordidness and activity not unlike that of every other metropolitan center in the world.

Desk Sergeant Baker leaned back in his chair and blew a thick cloud of tobacco smoke toward the ceiling. "Things are a bit slow yet awhile," he muttered, "but you just stick around and there'll be something doing later on. Lieutenant Bremerman and Sergeant Green are scouting around in the shadows and Detectives Mansfield and Berry, disguised as rumhounds, are floating around in the bottoms. When these boys are in the field you can look for action."

The hour was 8 o'clock of a Saturday night. The scene was the Fourth precinct on E street southwest. A Washington Times representative had drifted into the station with the double purpose of watching the sordid little drama that is enacted nightly, at "Number Four," and escaping the chill winds that were romping around in the vicinity. The soft strains of sacred music from the organ in the little church up on the corner floated in through the half open windows and mingled with the wild yells of three drunks, back in the cell rooms, who were calling upon the universe to bear witness that they had not done a blamed thing to get "pinched" for.

"You should have been down this way early this morning," and Sergeant Baker sighed. "When the bootleggers arose from their innocent dreams at early dawn and read of the big raids that had been pulled off in Georgetown, there was a wild scramble for hatchets and hammers. There was a darting to the dark places where they kept their supplies and 500 quarts of all kinds of whiskey were destroyed.

"Man alive, but they were frightened. For blocks around the very air was heavy with the smell of the stuff. The rumhounds stood around and watched the proceedings. They sniffed the air with blissful sighs and more than one of them went off with the first jag he had ever inhaled into his system. I have—"

The sergeant bit off the sentence and sat upright in his chair.

The front door flew open with a bang and Detective Berry entered shoeing Miss Lorena Davenport, the prima donna of Southwest Washington before him. Lorena had a laughing jag on. She slapped Berry playfully on the jaw and offered to sing him a selection from "Faust," if he'd only let her go home to her husband. Berry declined and Lorena seemed to become peevish. "I always did like 'Faust,'" she mumbled. "It sure was mighty good beer."

ENTER QUEEN OF THE OPERA.

After telling the desk man that she was twenty-years-old and lived in a room over a vacant lot, Lorena was led back to a cell softly humming the music of the prison scene from "Trovatore."

Once more the door opened and a colored youth eased himself up to the brass railing. "Mister," he said, addressing the desk sergeant. "I wants to get Edgar Dixon out of this here place. I'se got his bail right here in my clothes. Bring him forth please?" "Where's the money," demanded Baker.

The youth searched carefully through several pockets and finally produced five crumpled one-dollar bills.

"There you is boss, bring him forward."

"Not for five dollars." "Dixon's bail is two thousand dollars." "Oh, Lord," his eyes showed his awe—jointly at the amount and the importance it gave his friend—"then five dollars ain't no good?" "No, he's accused of robbing a soldier in a near-beer saloon."

"Kin you let him go for \$6?" "Nothing doing." "Good night, boss."

"So long."

A telephone bell buzzed somewhere in the office. There was a low conversation over the wire and Lieutenant Bremerman, Sergeant Green and Detectives Mansfield and Berry darted out of the office on business bent. They forgot to close the door after them, which proved mighty convenient for Officer Cox who entered at that moment pushing two husky Amazons before him. A few searching inquiries by the desk sergeant elicited the information that they were Cora Hawkins and Helen Moore. Helen insisted on telling the small audience the story of her past life. Among other things she mentioned that she belonged to the "True Believers" and never drank anything stronger than water.

AFRICAN GOLF EXPERTS ARRANGED.

While all this was going on Cora was lingering modestly in the rear. Helen glancing in her direction, noticed a suspicious bulge in one of the pockets of Cora's dress. She concluded it was booze. She wanted a drink as she had never wanted it before in her long and exciting career. She made for Miss Hawkins with battle in her eye. Cora prepared for fight, but Policeman Bennett butted in and spoiled the scrap by leading Helen back to the region of bolts and bars. Cora was allowed her freedom by depositing \$5 with the man behind the railing.

Once more the door opened and into the station streamed a dejected little crowd of colored men. Bremerman, Green, Berry and Mansfield formed a rear car guard for the parade and, what one might call the drum major of them all, William Gross, dragged his weary feet forward to the desk. It seems as if Bill had been running a quiet little game of "African golf" at his residence at 115 F street. He had just made four "naturals" when the officers made their appearance via way

"FRISKING" A PRISONER



Carl T. Thomsen.

Capt. W. E. Sanford.

of the roof and calmly gathered in money, bones and players. Vainly Bill essayed to convince the police that they had only been "playing" for fun, mumbling about the blindness of justice, who was led to the rear while his companions were booked as witnesses.

TRUE BELIEVER VS. DAUGHTER OF RUTH.

Right here it might be said that Policeman Bennett is no diplomat.

Perhaps it was the rush of business that made him careless or perhaps he just did not realize what he was doing. Anyhow when he placed Helen Moore in the same cell with Lorena Davenport, he made a horrible mistake. As mentioned before, Helen was a "True Believer" while Lorena belonged to the "Daughters of Ruth."

It is a well-known fact in certain sections of southwest Washington that these two organizations are not in harmony with each other. When Helen and Lorena get together things started.

Both were vocalists of ability and they demonstrated that ability. Lorena picked out a selection that used to be her grandfather's favorite while Helen pinned her faith to a new jazz melody. They counted ten and started together.

Have you ever heard policemen become earnestly profane? Washington policemen are, of course, very careful of their language—but they can do pretty well when the situation calls for it. The situation in "No. 4" at this particular moment seemed to actually plead, and the officers on duty vainly searched their vocabularies for something that would do justice to the occasion.

Nothing doing!

They simply rested their heads in their hands and moaned as the wild melody floated out to them. For awhile the singers ran pretty even. Now and then Lorena would forge ahead by a sharp nasal tone, but Helen always put on an extra cadenza and caught up to her.

Realizing his mistake, Bennett hurried to the cell room and placed the singers in separate cells. He was too late. The damage had been done. He could put steel walls between them, but he could not stop the concert. The singing went on while the reserves gritted their teeth and wished they had the vocalists in Russia for about ten minutes.

GEORGE AND HIS AILMENTS.

Again the door opens and we are introduced to George Hoffman. Sergeant Green had noticed George about to knock the block off of a lampost because it wouldn't give him a match, and so he thought it about time for George to get in out of the weather.

A search of Hoffman's pockets revealed one monkey wrench, one bottle of Jamaica ginger and one bottle of pale pills. He did not seem to care much when they took the wrench away from him, but he sure did raise the deuce when they retained his ginger and his pills. He swore he had chills and fever, scarlet fever and other ailments. The pills and the ginger were the only

things to cure him. No use, they held his medicine and bowing to superior numbers, he was conducted to a cell.

Keep your eye on the door. It's opening again, and this time we have with us the famous Senator "Buggo" Green. Mr. Green had hardly got into the station before he inquired if anyone present knew where there was a small house for rent. The number of his present residence is 1313, and since Senator "Buggo" has been living there Detective Oscar Mansfield has pinched him four times and charged him with bootlegging.

The senator maintains that he is not superstitious, but he just don't like those numbers, hence his inquiry for a small house, and he will give a reward to anyone who will locate him one having the numbers 711 above the front door.

In the meantime, Lorena and Helen are still at it and both going strong.

Sadie Harvey is thirteen years old, and if the promise of early youth is borne out, it will not be long before Sadie will be able to toss Jack Johnson around like a handball. Detectives Mansfield and Berry pinched Sadie for bootlegging, and she gave the two officers an awful battle before they landed her at No. 4. Mansfield is nursing a badly bruised arm where Sadie walloped him with a water pitcher, and Berry is thinking about taking a week's vacation.

THOUGHT BED WAS STRONG BOX.

There was a series of mysterious metallic sounds coming from the direction of the cellrooms, and Policeman Bennett invited those present back to see what was coming off. Thomas Bixton, who, earlier in the night, had knocked out a cellmate while laboring under the impression that the cellmate was throwing snakes at him, was discovered on his knees before the iron cot that hung suspended from the wall.



Sergt. Willard Green.

game. A glance into the cell showed Miss Davenport fighting hard to reach her top notes. Her face was streaming with perspiration, but she was dying game.

James Cole wanted assistance. Into his disordered mind crept the idea that his cell was his field of labor and he knew it was time to get busy. With an imaginary shovel he loaded a number of imaginary carts with bunches of imaginary dirt, and he never stopped complaining that his imaginary horses were half dead and the imaginary lights were bad.

"You're nutty," said Bennett. "I know it," said Jimmie. "You stay back here and listen to those two dames and you'll be nutty, too."

LADY LUCK SMILES, BUT POLICE GRIN.

There was something doing out front. Lieutenant Bremerman, Detective Mansfield, Sergeant Green, and Detective Berry were just bringing in the results of another raid. Ernest Scott had collected a select little gathering of kindred souls around him in front of a card table at his residence, and now Ernest was in the toils. Poor Ernest, he deserves sympathy.

He had been losing all night and just when lady luck smiled upon him and he was holding a straight flush, with a big pot on the table, the cops came in and copped everything in sight. He was informed that it would cost him \$25 to get out, and he just had 9 cents in his jeans.

"Take me back," he invited Bennett. "I just don't care what happens to me any more. Take me back and put me in the darkest cell you hab got back there." Bennett took him at his word and placed him in the cell next to the "True Believer" and the "Daughter of Ruth."

Mabel Hill had been pinched once before on a charge of bootlegging some wild whiskey. Mabel liked the experience so much that as soon as she got through with the police and the courts and such things, she started right back at the job again. Mabel is only fourteen years of age, but it is said that she can spot a rumhound five miles away. At any rate business was always very good with her and when Mansfield and Berry nailed her the second time they assert she had almost gained a complete monopoly on the whiskey market in her vicinity.

Miss Hill is not bothered by a little thing like an arrest. She takes such things as a matter of course and talks interestingly about her future plans in the bootlegging game.

CHASED THEM OUT OF TOWN.

"Did you get them?" inquired Sergeant Baker, as Berry and Mansfield entered the station wearing a dejected air.

"No. How did you expect us to



Detective O. W. Mansfield.

catch a 1921 Packard with a 1908 model Ford? They were loaded up with booze and we chased them from Third and Virginia avenue over to Anacostia. They got away from us there, but there's one satisfaction. We chased them out of Washington at any rate. What's doing, anything?"

"Nope, everything quiet." "Well, we'll beat it out again and see how every little thing is." And the two hustling members of the force went forth into the streets.

A trip to the cellrooms in company with Bennett found Mr. Colby, arrested for being intoxicated, anxious to gain some professional advice.

"Say, boss, I'm in trouble," he told the cop. "Kin you tell me what's the matter with me?"

"What's wrong?" "Well, boss, my head swells up like a balloon and then comes down again. I'm afraid it might swell up and bust one of these times. What am good for it?"

"What have you been drinking?" "Lord knows. It was in a brown bottle and smelled like peaches."

"Bad stuff," muttered the cop. "Soak your head in cold water; then take your shoestring and tie your head on to your neck so it won't float off and leave you."

"Thank you kindly, boss, but I can't do that there thing."

"Why not?" "Cause I wear button shoes."

"All right, use a sock," and the unfeeling cop passed along.

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SORDID DRAMA STAGED NIGHTLY WHEN WRECKS DRIFT INTO STATION

Desk Sergeant Is Master of Ceremonies Where Hulks of Stray Humanity Are Hauled in by Detectives Who Are Pride of Force—Sixteen Raids on Whiskey Dives Bring Sixteen Convictions, Establishing a New Record and Putting Fear Into the Hearts of Bootleggers

that section and he is getting the hearty support and co-operation of every man under him. In those three months there have been 1,765 arrests made by the policemen in this district. There have been sixteen raids made and a conviction in court has been obtained in every case. Lieutenant Bremerman, who came to No. 4 when Captain Sanford did, has been on the force for the past twenty-nine years. He served under Captain Peck for a number of years in No. 2 and holds a splendid record for his brilliant work in No. 8 police precinct. Oscar Mansfield, precinct detective, has been connected with the

Fourth precinct. His record is replete with instances of skillful detective work. Charles Berry came to No. 4 three years ago and was soon assigned to work in plain clothes. He has captured several much wanted criminals and is considered by his superior officers to be one of the most efficient men on the force. The entire force of policemen in the precinct work in perfect harmony. They cooperate with each other on all occasions and each of them is doing splendid work in enforcing the law in one of the most difficult sections of the city, from the police standpoint.

BRITISH LORD FINDS GAY DEAUVILLE LIFE HAVEN FOR BRAGGARTS

By LORD BEAVERBROOK. (Famous British publisher takes vacation at notorious French resort and records his impressions.)

LONDON, Nov. 5. I HAVE just been on a holiday to Deauville, on the coast of Normandy. Always excepting the tennis, the life it presents is almost staggering, both in its variety and in its completeness.

The place possesses two great charms—its geraniums and its cider. On the wind-blown sea coasts of England most flowers bloom with difficulty, and geraniums hardly at all. At Deauville they may be seen in a natural profusion. Nor can the cider of Devonshire surpass that of Normandy.

So much for things inanimate. The perfection of their innocent flower and exquisite bouquet can hardly be challenged by the animate side of Deauville and Trouville, which lie as close together as Sodom and Gomorrah. I do not suggest that the cities by the sea are exactly comparable to the cities of the plain. There is always a choice, even in vice.

I will content myself with stating that every scheme of pleasure which was suggested by Petronius to his Roman Emperor would be regarded as rather stale by the visitors to Deauville. In a word, Normandy has Nero hopelessly beaten, and the exactions of the typical head-writer there would leave Gehazi gasping for breath.

The great majority of the visitors are French; the American contingent ranks next in numbers, and there is a substantial colony of the British. After these come all the races—the Russians, the Italians, the Greeks, the Rumanians, the Jugo-Slavs, the Czechoslovaks, the Serbians—enough to make the Tower of Babel a folly or the tongues of Pentecost a mere family party.

SUSTAINERS AND SUSTAINED. The whole summer population may be divided into two classes—those who sustain the place and those who live on the sustainers. The latter are the great majority. The system of waters alone must drive Whitehall green with envy, even at the height of the place. There are head waiters and waiters and sous waiters and assistant sous waiters, and so on, till the list seems to stretch until the crack of doom.

There are also ladies and gentlemen whose business takes the form of pleasure, or, to put it differently, other people's pleasures is their business.

But the outstanding feature of Deauville is the desire to be noticed, the women pose in the Casino, the men in the restaurants. The bravest wait till the traffic in the road is stopped and silken cords are drawn around a sacred enclosure in which visitors "drink the waters," consisting in literal truth of champagne cocktails.

The Eastern monarch had a trumpeter in his chariot to proclaim his greatness to the world. The notoriety-hunter of Normandy is not a whit behind him. I actually saw a man driving a tandem down the street attached to a small trap in which there was room for no one else but a footman blowing a horn, as though one declared "IT'S ME!"

RESORTS ARE GORGEOUS. So far one may say of these Norman resorts that they absolutely surpass the expectation, no matter how gorgeous the previous mental picture was. But on one point they are an absolute disappointment—the beach. As a spectacle it is almost depressing. True, striking or pretty costumes may be seen, but these are not bathing costumes. The mass of bathing dresses are severely practical.

I have discovered why this is so. Women are too sensible not to have found out by experience that beauty and gorgeousness in attire are absolutely incompatible with real water sport. It must be one thing or the other. Think, for instance, of the effect of waves on paint or powder—serious problem for the majority of the fair of Deauville. The beach is therefore left for those who mean real business and care not for appearance.

The photographer alone haunts the beach, unhappily looking for striking scenes which are not there. Still, he is popular with the hotel managers, for by careful selection and arrangement he does convey to the public an idea of beauty, sport and frivolity on the beach which is in reality totally false.

The profiteer, of course, is greatly in evidence. His one idea in life seems to be to buy the most expensive car that exists, quite regardless of its intrinsic merits or utility. I believe that if Mr. Ford charged more for his standard cars than any other firm in the world the profiteer would buy one.

BATHING DE LUXE. A friend of mine tells me that he saw one gentleman drive down to the beach in his car, to be received effusively by a bathing attendant. The car stops, the public observe, the attendant exclaimed: "Monseur, your tide is high," and receives in exchange 100 francs for a compliment invented by the courtiers of Canute.

No picture of Deauville by day would be complete without a description of lunch. Of course, everybody must lunch at the same place—the Normandy Hotel. That building is certainly a triumph of architectural simplicity, far outshining the ostentation of the New York hotels or the tinsel gaudiness of Monte Carlo.

The architect who designed the Normandy Hotel must have been a bit of a jester, for his freakish spirit induced him to surmount the edifice round which surge the strange crowds of Deauville with the emblem of a stork!

But if you care to move a mile or two there is another place at which you can lunch without social disgrace. It is called "The Inn of William the Conqueror." It is certainly an unequalled example of make-believe and imposture. Lunch is served in surroundings carefully copied from the eleventh century and yet essentially false. Its facilities and excellence rival those of any restaurant in the twentieth world.

HOW TO BE HAPPY. What William the Conqueror would have thought of his lunch is impossible to imagine. But he certainly would not have recognized his supposed mediaeval surroundings.

This Inn justifies its existence, to my mind, by a motto I picked out of the many inscribed on the wall: "If you want to be happy for one day get drunk."

If you want to be happy for three get married. If you want to be happy for a week slaughter your pig. If you want to be happy for life make yourself a priest.

Jumping Stick Has All London Learning New "Parisian Game"

LONDON, Nov. 5. A NEW craze has hit London and is on its way across the Atlantic which in origin and originality recalls the advent of diablo. It comes from Paris and is called pogo, and it has been the shopping sensation of recent weeks.

A pogo is a stout, round-shaped club, made in size to suit the height of the player. The top end is shaped like the handle of a pick; in the lower end there is a very strong spring attached to a disc corresponding in size with the end of the club. The disc is padded with a thick cushion of rubber so that it is noiseless. Eight inches from the end of the club are two ring-shaped foot plates made of steel riveted to the club.

You balance your feet on the ring plates and with the aid of the club held against your chest. When you can do that you find it quite easy to hop along, swinging up and down pleasantly on the spring. A very little practice is needed to make going up and down stairs quite easy; jumping and hurdling are also possible.

In an hour's practice on the roof of the big department store where an exhibition was given the night of the toy's arrival, pogo amateurs accomplished a variety of fancy steps and leaps, some of the experts leaping into a swimming pool and out again, up steps and over barriers.

The movement is rather like stilling, but the heavy spring makes it very light and it is remarkable how soon you can get control. It is being taken up by both men and women, and boys and girls excel after a few minutes' practice. It is better exercise than swimming, for every muscle in the body comes into play, and more skill is required than in cycling.

"No. How did you expect us to