

### BIG NEW YORK DOINGS

#### HALF MILLION A YEAR FOR DOING NOTHING.

A "Marked Man" Alive and on Top—Another Great New York Jollification Getting Into Shape—A Four-Million-Dollar Building on Leased Ground.

New York, April 3.—It is generally believed that anyone in New York who is willing to drop a large sum of money for a specific purpose can find some one ready to take it, especially when the taker is not expected to give up any visible, tangible property in return. Yet it seems that fifty thousand dollars a month, more than half a million a year, has been waiting for a long time for the only man entirely appropriate as a taker yet who refused to touch it. He was not even asked to do anything in return for the money; on the contrary, he was merely expected to refrain from doing anything whatever regarding certain matters within his purview—matters which presumably might be let alone without anyone being the wiser. The name of the officer of the money has not been divulged, but he was referred to as Gen. Bingham, our commissioner of police. Quite naturally he thinks that if his office could be put up at auction it might bring a big price from some one of the many shrewd chaps whose knowledge of the inside of things enables them to see what money might be made out of the job. If a commissioner could make more than half a million a year by doing nothing whatever in certain matters there probably are other matters that also might be let alone at a stipulated price, and so long as the police continue visible and draw their pay, and do their full duty at parades and fights and races, as they always do, who would be any the wiser but the man who put up the money? The subject is worthy of contemplation by the thoughtful residents of every city and also of every town big enough to have a police force, for the police are the only disturbers to be feared by the main kinds of business which consist principally of profit—big profit.

Mention of the police recalls one of the strange revenges which time is said to bring about. A few years ago when the force in this city was being investigated by the legislature's "Lexow Committee," the thing most necessary was that some police officer of prominence should be forced or coaxed or otherwise moved to "peach" on some of his associates, on the theory that "When rogues fall out," etc. He was found—a industrious, fearless, useful young giant named Schmitzberger, a man who had been known to tackle single-handed a frenzied murderer, a gang of toughs, or with a handful of men do a "forlorn hope" act so daringly and successfully as to win the admiration of battle-scarred soldiers. But there were wrong-doings in town that required a different kind of courage; they needed the moral grit that can overcome an itching palm of one's own when somebody stands ready and anxious to mollify the palm with greenbacks. Urged by his wife and by her pastor, it was said, he went on the witness stand and confessed misdeeds of his own to an extent that was assurance of some grave indictments and the regulation number of prison stripes. He also charged so many crooked doings to some of his high-up associates that when proceedings against him were suspended everybody wondered why he did not skip the town and hide himself in Darkest Africa or go in search of the north pole and remain as far out on the ice as he could get. Some men exposed by him were as brave as men, and of a kind to forgive an injury, and they knew how to hit a man from ambush without a possibility of detection. Besides, he professed to be penitent; a penitent and a hypocrite are one and the same thing to some men, and a hypocrite is fair game for anybody. Plainly, Schmitzberger was a marked man; his life was not worth a year's purchase; some people said he would be killed within a month.

All this occurred more than a dozen years ago, but Schmitzberger still lives. Instead of going into hiding or wasting his savings on a bodyguard, he put himself under charge of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, the city's most prominent vice-chaser, who is said to have declined the job, apparently doubting the penitence of a police officer as much as anybody. But

Schmitzberger insisted on reporting to Parkhurst frequently, almost daily, and not only on unobscuring himself but giving the mightiest information concerning varieties and whereabouts of crimes which the reverend gentleman held in special detestation and which he was trying to run down with agents of his own anti-vice society. In time he won Parkhurst's respect and esteem, he returned to police duty, made a better record than before, maintained it year by year, and cleaned up or cleaned out one after another of the most vice-infested police precincts of the city. A few days ago, after the retirement of Chief Inspector Cortright, long and justly known as "The Honest Cop," Schmitzberger was promoted to the highest position under the police commissioner. Some of the worst offenders against whom he turned informer still live and their memories and wits are as keen as ever; perhaps they are still laying for him, but any veteran policeman has taken his life in his hands so many times and against so many enemies, seen and unseen, that his last moment is the last thing he ever thinks of. Now that he is at the commissioner's right hand perhaps the aldermen will vote General Bingham the money he still asks for secret detective work, but I wouldn't like to say so to an alderman until quite sure that he knows how to take a joke.

But the aldermen are not always stingy with the city's money. They have just voted three hundred thousand dollars to the commission which has charge of next September's twin memorial celebration, the discovery by Hendrick Hudson of the river which bears his name and Robert Fulton's inauguration of the steam navigation on the same river. The state has promised half a million dollars more and private subscriptions are to increase the total to a million and a quarter, the commission has planned festivities that will fill an entire fortnight, and there are to be private and semi-public additions and side-shows almost numberless. September is still almost half a year distant, but now is the time for out-of-town people who wish to take in the entire show to make positive arrangements for their bed and board. New York hotels are fairly full, even when nothing particular is going on; I have known respectable people with plenty of luggage and money to be driven to several in succession before they could get rooms. In times of stress and press the managers can squeeze many more into a single room, but there are limits, and no hotel has yet been built of India-rubber. One of the attractions of the occasion will be the new river steamer Robert Fulton, which is the finest thing of her kind afloat, being about three hundred and fifty feet long, with more than ten horse-power per linear foot, capacity for four thousand passengers, and a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. And she was designed to do all her running by daylight and on the hand-somest and most interesting river in America.

Another biggest-thing-of-its-kind is about to appear in New York, and for obvious reasons, to remain here. It is a four-million-dollar department store, which is to occupy the full front of a Broadway block, be four hundred and fifty feet high and have twenty acres of floor space. Aside from the cost of the building is the rental charges on the site; the ground could not be purchased, but New York shop-keepers don't let a little thing like that stand in their way when they are ready to put four millions into a building. One of them is known to be paying, on a sliding scale, an even hundred thousand dollars a year for ground-rent. Unlike merchants in most other lines of business, who look for a site apart, where they may control the trade of the vicinity, the department store people seem to delight in being packed together as possible, as if they were satisfied to catch the overflow of their neighbors. In the block next to the new building referred to is one of the city's newest and largest in the same line of business; on the next block to this is another, equally new and enormous, and all day long both of them are as full as men and women can move about uncomfortably in. Where all the customers come from is a mystery to city folks who are accustomed to such places, of which New York has many. Where all the customers' money comes from is still another mystery. But the owners of the stores are not worrying on either subject, for their patrons seem to be getting what they want and they themselves are sure that they are getting the money. Neither do they lose any sleep over the appearance of a new competitor, for they know that "Competition is the life of trade" would be monopolists to the contrary notwithstanding.

### RULES FOR HOTEL GUESTS

The Orders Given By An Hotel in Turkey.

- Exchange. An interesting study of the habits and morals of a nation might be made, basing the researches wholly on hotel regulations. In "The Balkan Trail" Frederick Moore gives a copy of some rules which hang in gilded frames on the walls of each bedroom in the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre at Salonica. Here is a literal translation from the French version, there was also a Turkish and a Greek set: 1. Messieurs the voyagers who descend upon the hotel are requested to hand over to the management any money or articles of value they may have. 2. Those who have no baggage must pay every day, whereas those who have it may do so only once a week. 3. Political discussion and playing musical instruments are forbidden; also all noisy conversations. 4. It is permitted neither to play at cards nor at any other game of hazard. 5. Children of families and their servants should not walk about the rooms. 6. It is prohibited to present oneself outside one's room in a dressing-gown or other negligent costume. 7. Coffee, tea and other culinary preparations may not be prepared in the rooms or procured from outside, as the hotel furnishes everything one wants. 8. Voyagers to take their repast descend to the dining-room, with the exception of invalids, who may do so in their rooms. 9. A double-bedded room pays double for itself, save in the case where the voyager declares that one bed may be let to another person. It is, however, forbidden to sleep on the floor.

### THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL PALACE.

Hardwick, Country Home of Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Court Journal. Hardwick, which for some time hence the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will make their principal country residence, is perhaps the most beautiful of all the country palaces and in its way is quite as stately a place as Chatsworth. It is often associated with Mary Queen of Scots, whose prison home it is supposed to be, but as a matter of fact this unfortunate queen never set foot in the Hardwick hall. It is the old Hardwick hall near where the Scots queen was confined under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury. "Building Bess's" fourth husband, and the rooms at Hardwick bearing her name were never occupied. Indeed poor Mary Stuart's tragic end at Fortheringay had come before these rooms were finished. "Bess of Hardwick" was furiously jealous of Mary, and the suite of rooms which she intended should be occupied by Mary were furnished with peepholes and windows to enable her to spy upon the royal occupants at all times, but they were never required. The belongings of the unfortunate queen now to be seen at Hardwick were moved from old Hardwick Hall, the ruins of which are close by.

### RESEMBLED NOAH'S ARK

Is Way Writer Describes Country Visited.

Exchange. In the issue of Harper's Weekly for March 13th appears the first of a series of four articles by John J. White, Jr., descriptive of a hunting expedition which the author undertook, in company with Dr. Rainford, formerly rector of St. George's church, New York, through those portions of East Africa which Mr. Roosevelt will traverse. In appearance the country resembled a Noah's Ark, says the author, being filled with every species of game. For example, on May 23rd, Dr. Rainford saw a herd of seventeen giraffe, a leopard, eland, and topi. The next day a kongoni antelope is shot. On May 26th occurs an exciting encounter with lions. There are also some "tall" stories narrated to the author, such as that of the hunter who was mauled by two lions. While the beasts sat watching him, ready to pounce upon him as soon as he stirred, his gun-bearer crawled cautiously up and tied the lions' tails together in a true-lovers' knot. When at last they sprang, they were arrested in mid-air, and a fearful struggle ensued, in the course of which their tails were pulled out like molasses candy.

### Amusing The Baby.

Harper's Bazar. A simple device for keeping baby amused and happy is to fasten at intervals upon a broad bright ribbon the little toys of which he is most fond, suspending the ribbon above the bed upon which he lies, within reach of his little hands, by securing one end to the foot of the bed and the other to the head. He will then entertain himself by the hour pushing the toys back and forth and watching them swing above him.

### Got His Share.

Success Magazine. "Got any work this morning, Mistah Boyd?" asked old Billy Bulger, safe in the knowledge that no work would be intrusted to him. "No," was the response; and then, before Billy could ask for the customary contribution: "But wait a minute. Lawyer Phillips has owed me \$20 for twenty years. Collect it and I'll give you half." And the merchant, knowing how bad was the debt, winked at a waiting customer. The old man found the lawyer in the middle of a group of prospective clients and influential citizens. Thrusting through the group he called in stentorian tones: "Mistah Phillips, suh!" "Well," queried the lawyer, much annoyed. "Mistah Boyd done tell me that you've owed him \$20 for about 100 years; and he wants to know kin you pay him, suh." The lawyer hurried to Bill's side. "You idiot," he said, sotto voce, "do you want to ruin my business? Here!" and he thrust a \$10 bill into the old man's hand. Back to the merchant toddled the old man. "Well, Billy," said the merchant, "did you get it?" The old man grinned. "I got my half, all right," he chuckled; "but you'd better look out when you go back to get your half—he's right smart hot over it!" It's true that a marble statue has no faults—but then it has no friends, either.

### It Doesn't Pay A Woman To Go To A Dressmaker

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It does not pay her to have a seamstress in to make Blouses, Skirts, Kimonos and White Wear, when she can buy everything of this kind in the "Duchess" line.

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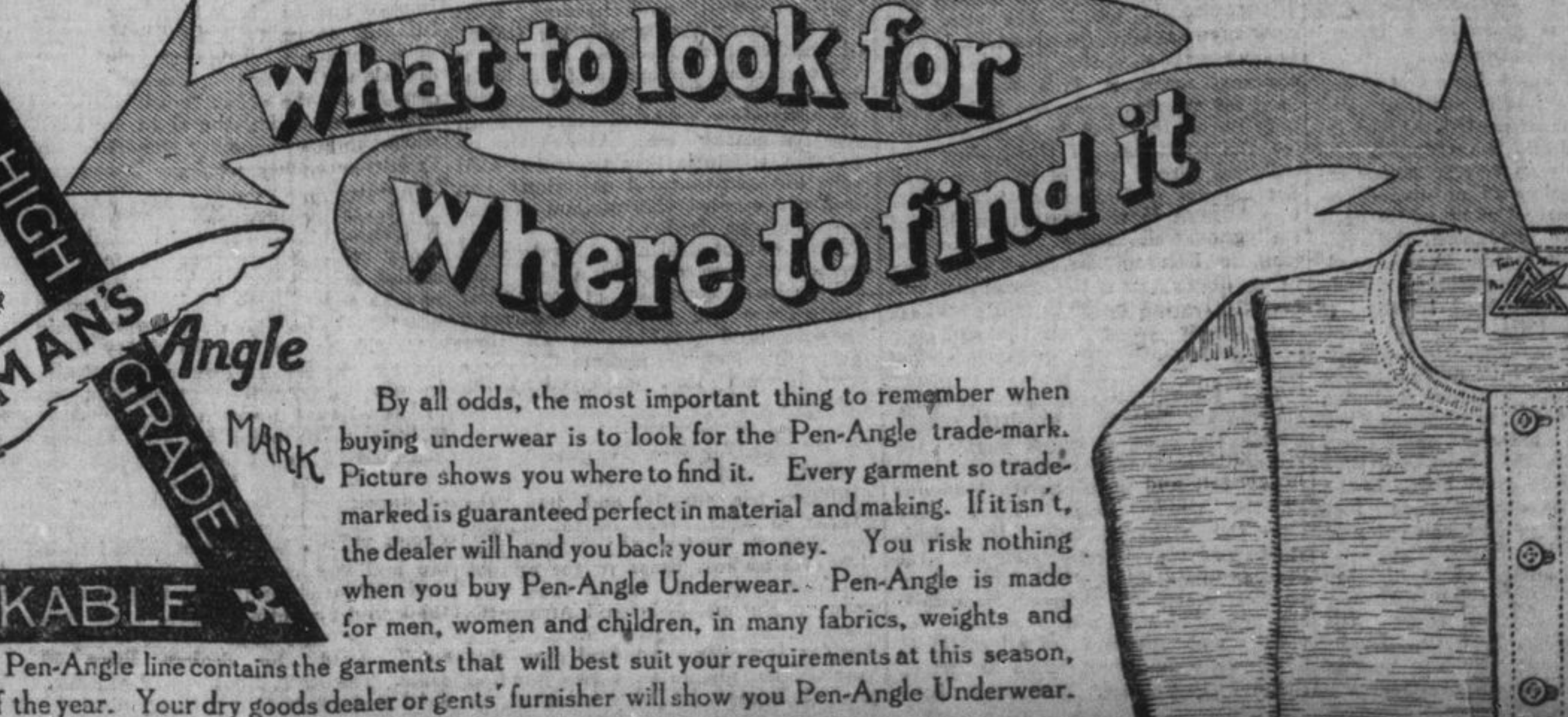
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### Darting Pains Around Shoulders and Spine

Brocton Merchant in Hospital For Weeks Cured of Rheumatic Pains By "NERVILINE."

"It would be impossible for me to tell how much I suffered with a sort of travelling rheumatism. It wasn't confined to any particular spot, but wandered over all that area from the neck to the small of the back. Sharp, shooting twinges and dull gnawing aches finally stiffened out my muscles and let me so helpless, I had to give up work and go into the hospital. I stayed there three weeks and felt better. Still I wasn't cured and as soon as I started back to work again the pain was as bad as ever.

### Nerviline Cures All Pain.

"I fortunately read of the strange, powerful effect Nerviline has over such pain and at once I got five bottles. Four times each day Nerviline was rubbed over the seat of the pain and I could feel it sinking deep into the muscles and sinews that were stiffened and sore. In a short time I was limber, active, free from pain and perfectly cured.

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