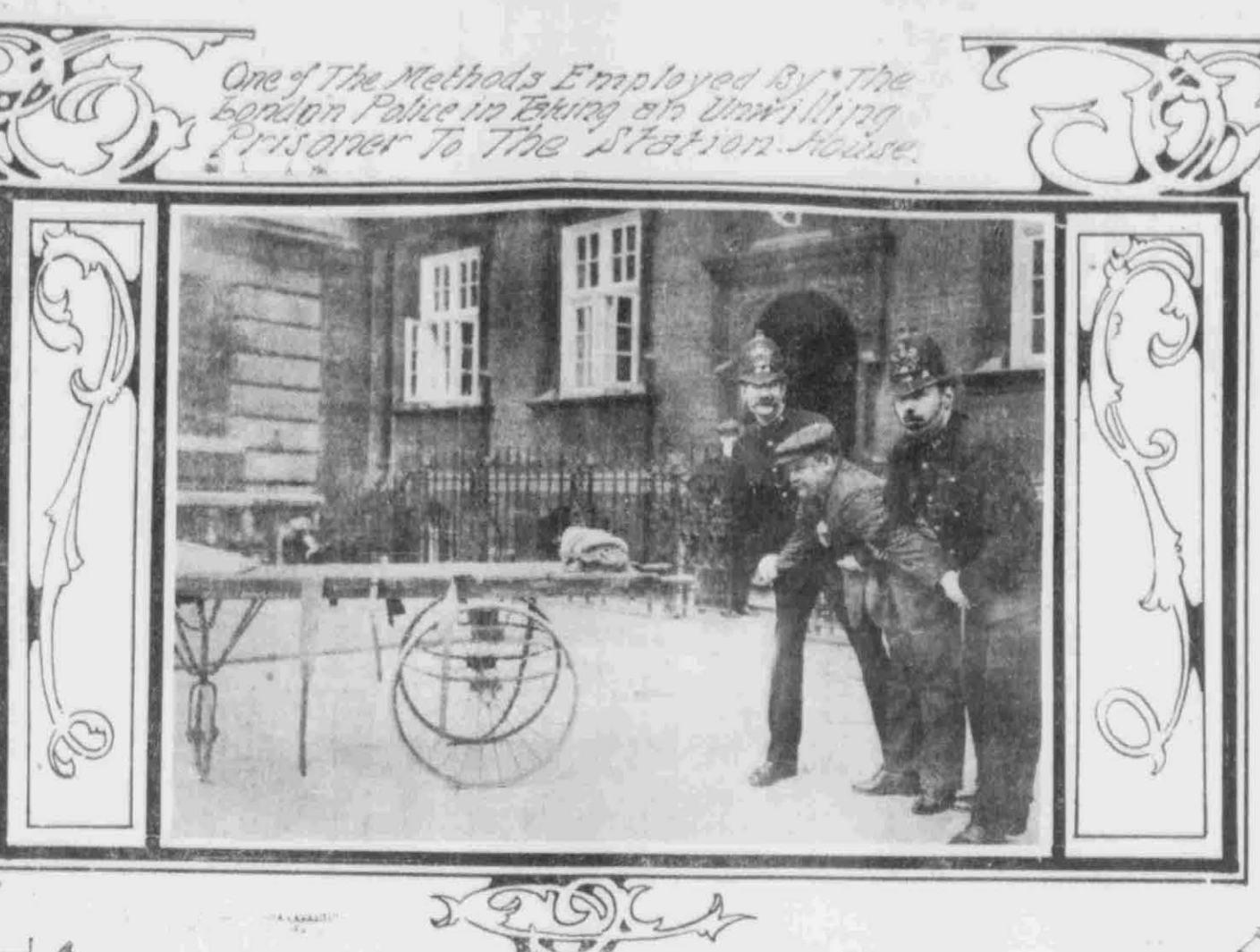


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

One of The Methods Employed By The London Police in Taking an Unwilling Prisoner To The Station House.



Relics of The Famous Fighting Temeraire Immortalized in Turner's Painting.



Figurehead of Fighting Collingwood.

Diminutive Tailor Fights Whole Police Force of London

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—There is one man in London of whom the police are thoroughly afraid. Strange to say, he is a tailor. His name is James Timewell, and he has fought more policemen than any body else in England. During the last two years, Timewell has been mixed up in no less than 25 prosecutions brought against the London police, with results most disastrous to the force. In fact, a investigation not been restricted to cases of drunkenness, disorder, and solicitation in the streets; the report of the commission would have been a highly sensational document.

This modern David, fighting the Goliath of authority, has brought many a policeman to sue for mercy; sent several to prison; disgraced others, and generally raised such ructions with the force that they prefer to give him a wide berth.

Fighting the police is Timewell's life work. He is a very small man, and most of the London police are great, strapping fellows, and yet Timewell thinks he has no equals among them. If they were so many children, of course, he does not give them a physical thrashing, but he administers the "Timewell knockout," which is far more effective and much more dreaded than any corporal punishment. Here is an instance of his method. Not long ago, Timewell chanced to be in a road not far from his little shop, 111 Dover street, and saw a policeman roughly handling someone whom he said was a prisoner. Timewell's opinion of the policeman was treating his man with undue violence. So he followed the crowd to the police station, and tried to enter the charge room, but was barred by other policemen. On inquiry, Timewell ascertained that the man was being badly treated by the policeman because he caught the officer having a glass of beer, and drew the attention of one of his friends to it. The policeman "rattled him" for spying on the police. "This was just the kind of case in which Timewell delights," he engaged a lawyer to defend the man. Evidence of the man's innocence was brought against the policeman, and, finally, the policeman was degraded, and, finally, dismissed.

BOASTS LONDON'S FINEST.

"I am quite sure," said Timewell, in describing this last case, "that the general public has no conception whatever as to the misuse of power by the London police. They are supposed to be the finest body of men in the world today, and yet, from my personal knowledge of them, I consider the London policemen, under the present system, a positive threat to the liberty of the subject. Why, it has come to such a pass, that the police are actually handed together in a delinquent organization against the public. If one of them gets into trouble, all the rest are expected to stand by him, and the better the policeman who is not willing to go even to the extent of being in order to clear the name of a brother officer, I know actual cases where policemen have, under oath, committed perjury. Some of these cases I have managed to bring to light, but the police are so much better at this, it is more or less dangerous. A recent case in which I have been instrumental in bringing charges against the police, one man—a man who is a very decent fellow, and besides this, it is more or less dangerous. A recent case in which I have been instrumental in bringing charges against the police, one man—a man who is a very decent fellow, and besides this, it is more or less dangerous. A recent case in which I have been instrumental in bringing charges against the police, one man—a man who is a very decent fellow, and besides this, it is more or less dangerous.

their field of activities extends in many other directions. I know of cases where they extracted what is nothing more or less than blackmail tribute from various houses of ill-fame, gambling resorts and similar evil places. I have heard of several members of the force—even in high places—making as much as £250 a month from such institutions. It is surely time that the British public should be made aware of these facts.

I regard the condition of the London police today as one of the most serious public dangers, and unless the citizens assume to the true condition, the lives of Londoners will be in the hands of 37,000 men who are banded together by a system of hold-up and blackmail. Evidence is manufactured deliberately by the police and hundreds of false charges are constantly being brought.

FALLING OFF IN ARRESTS.

"I might, however, mention, with some satisfaction, that during the last two years, police arrests have fallen off to the extent of some 20,000 as compared to previous years, and I attribute this very largely to the stand which I and our organization, the Police and Public Vigilance society, have taken. I might also add that I have myself been so far from being a prisoner from police attack owing to the fact that I have made very powerful friends with some of the highest and most influential people in England; and many of my friends are now among the police themselves. The better class of whom are entirely against the tactics of the men who are bringing the police of London into disrepute.

It may be said with truth that the general run of the London police are splendid men, but there are a number of black sheep among them, and it is these that Timewell is constantly gunning for. Timewell himself seems to lead a charmed life. So far, he has managed to remain outside the clutches of the law though he doubt there are many of the police, both officers and men, who would like to put him safely behind prison bars.

He has been so much in the way of a fighter, however, for the police to touch him and so he keeps on making trouble for copper who have to be wary of him. These "disgraces to the force," as Timewell calls them, are actual members to the public, and the little tailor is devoting a very strenuous part of his otherwise unoccupied life to the work of showing them up in every possible occasion. He is also firmly convinced that in many English prisons there are persons wrongly convicted, and with the usual exhibition of brute force, but by means of "blackmail" in London, fraudulent prisoners are occasionally strapped to ambulances and carried through the streets, but not often.

TIMEWELL'S CRUSADE.

One of the strange features of Timewell's crusade is that he has taken up the fight against the police not on behalf of well-to-do prisoners who might be badly treated, but for the benefit of the rough element whose life is spent in the slums. These people, according to Timewell, are naturally bent into their surroundings, and they should be treated with special consideration by the police. If they resist arrest—as they often do—they should be taken to the station, not through the public streets, and with the usual exhibition of brute force, but by means of "blackmail" in London, fraudulent prisoners are occasionally strapped to ambulances and carried through the streets, but not often.

While Timewell believes that the police, in making arrests should not use too much force, he does not think that the police should be taken to prison in the most humane manner possible. He is of the opinion that the police, especially in districts where the rougher element lives, only call for more brute force on the part of the police. In rough neighborhoods, no matter how dangerous, the police should be treated with special consideration by the police. If they resist arrest—as they often do—they should be taken to the station, not through the public streets, and with the usual exhibition of brute force, but by means of "blackmail" in London, fraudulent prisoners are occasionally strapped to ambulances and carried through the streets, but not often.

FORTUNES MADE FROM BUYING A MILLION TONS OF BRITISH SHIPS

Queer Old Shipyards on the Thames, Haunted by American Visitors to London, Contains Relics of the War of 1812—It Was Hither that the "Fighting Temeraire" Was Going When Turner Made Her Immortal With His Brush—New York Yacht Club Buys Figureheads that Once Helped Britain to "Rule the Waves."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—One of the few romantic spots which have escaped the London rage for modernization is a queer old shipyard on the Thames, near the Tate Gallery. It is a favorite haunt of Americans who still love old London as it was in Dickens' time. With its strange collection of world-famous figureheads from world-famous fighting ships, its stacks of high-piled ship's timbers, intersected by dark passages leading to powdery in the interior, it carries you away back into another world.

One of the most interested American visitors to this place recently was C. Oliver Smith of the New York Yacht Club. He promptly became charmed of some of the world's old figureheads that adorn this ship's cemetery, and bought two of them which soon will be gazing over New York bay from the front of the new yacht clubhouse. The shipyard, which is owned by Mr. J. H. B. Smith, is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen. The shipyard is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen. The shipyard is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen.

CONVERTED INTO FLOORING.

After a running fight of some hours the two vessels came to a yardarm-to-yardarm grapple. When more than ten Americans had been killed, the President struck her colors and was carried off to England as a prize. For many years she resided in the London docks, and the British admiralty paid for the privilege of building several ships upon her. The shipyard is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen. The shipyard is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen.

THE OLD CHESAPEAKE.

Another ship of great American interest, broken up in the yard, known as the Chesapeake, captured by the British ship Shannon outside of Boston harbor in the same war. The fight between the Shannon and Chesapeake was the subject of much discussion in the American press recently owing to the controversy over the sale of the Chesapeake flag to the United States when the Middlebrook Museum in London was auctioned off. For a long time the figure-head of the Chesapeake stood in Castle's yard, and it was taken down finally into Hampstead, where today it helps to form a portion of an elaborate landscape garden belonging to the descendants of the ship's crew. The shipyard is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen. The shipyard is a place of great interest to Americans. It is a place where the relics of the war of 1812 are still to be seen.

line of battle at Trafalgar, while the Royal George distinguished herself by turning turtle, regardless of the fact that a royal prince was on board.

THE BELLEROPHON.

Another ship's remains which always interest Americans at the old yard are those of the Bellerophon, but a sailor called her, the Billy Ruffin, on the deck of which Napoleon surrounded after Waterloo. Capt. Frederick Maitland, who received the emperor's sword, personally superintended the breaking up of the Bellerophon. The figurehead was presented to the captain by the admiralty.

For a number of years the British admiralty kept at Portsmouth all figureheads taken from battleships, but a destructive fire swept away the larger portion of them, and now Castle's yard on the Thames is the only place where a large number of these British figureheads may be seen. Some of the carving of these figures is really very fine, and artists have gone into rhapsodies over them. The art of figurehead making is a lost one. It was brought to perfection by the Helleyer of Portsmouth, but, of course, with the coming of the modern iron ship, there has been no use for these colossal figures. Some of the figureheads at Castle's yard weigh six tons, and many of them are 10 to 12 feet high, cut out of solid blocks of teakwood. The figureheads, as in the figureheads of Wellington, Collingwood and others, are considered striking.

FATE OF THE THREE-DECKERS.

The line-of-battle ships known as three-deckers, of which only a few hulks now are left, are disposed of merely for the sake of their timber. Some are cut up into planks, and the rest are broken up and sold as firewood. At work in all sorts and disposed of at so much per ton, while the wood undergoes various transformations, being turned into chairs, tables, garden seats, and other articles of furniture. At Christmas time in England many a piece taken from an old fighting ship figures as a Yule log. This idea a few years ago inspired Mr. Edwin Arnold to write a long poem on "Ship's Logs."

You lack romance? Your mind's all In London, on this bleak mid-winter day?

The good ship broken and her great hulls laid out in the yard, known as the Chesapeake, captured by the British ship Shannon outside of Boston harbor in the same war.

THE OLD CHESAPEAKE.

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British admiralty 1,200,000 tons of warships, paying £12,500,000. It is usually estimated that ships for breaking up purposes are worth about \$5 a ton, though they often fetch considerably more.

IS A SPECULATION.

Though the great old three-deckers, with their picturesque "rigs," have vanished, the romance of ship-breaking has by no means gone with them. It simply has taken a speculative turn. Instead of interest centering in the ships themselves, it now is focused in the ship-breaking operations. There are some wonderful instances of "lucky finds" in ship-breaking. There are some wonderful instances of "lucky finds" in ship-breaking. There are some wonderful instances of "lucky finds" in ship-breaking.

LUCKY PURCHASE.

Keen competition is found today in the ship-breaker's trade, as in all other trades that are followed by the sons of men. But the "plums" that often fall to the ship-breaker's lot make the pursuit well worth following. Huge fortunes have been made from purchasing ships and converting them into "scrap iron." One of the most famous strokes of luck of modern times was that which fell to the lot of a man named Akman, an American penniless and penniless in 1893 the merchant ship built at a cost of \$2,500,000, went ashore in Port Philip bay, near Melbourne, and was used with ships which were sold for scrap iron.

BIG RETURNS.

He employed divers, and in his enterprise discovered a portion of the cargo in the hold which the owners had not counted in their estimates. It consisted of several tons of hardware, including a great quantity of tools, and a great quantity of other articles. The ship was sold for scrap iron, and the owner made a great fortune.

UNIQUE MODEL.

On the wall of the staircase of Castle's office, under a glass case, is a small but perfect model of a ship. At first glance it appears to be made out of small bits of ivory, beautifully joined together. This model has a romantic history. It was made by French prisoners of war confined in Dartmoor prison during the Napoleonic wars, and is constructed entirely of nutmeg boxes saved by the captives from their dinner plates. Each tiny sliver of nutmeg, becoming a "plank" or spar in the hull, is perfectly polished and expertly fitted to its place in the model. Many expert shipbuilders have seen this model and pronounced it perfect in every detail. The model is about a foot in length. The makers occupied three years in their task.

MILLION TONS OF WILDER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—Mrs. Waldorf Astor is proving to British society that she does not intend to remain content with the position of a mere social leader. She has resolved to be a great political hostess as well. It is the Conservative party which has the privilege of claiming her, as her husband's aspirations are all in that direction. Great things are expected of Waldorf Astor and if rumor is to be believed it is his wife who has fired Mr. Astor's ambition. At any rate, politics are the burning question in the Astor ménage, and it is said that Astor here is greatly concerned in his son's future as an English statesman. As every one knows, when the Astors take up anything it is death or glory with them and Waldorf thought an American by birth means one day to be top of the English political heap. So far he has not given people much chance of testing his abilities on a platform, but that he is a very competent young man in a newspaper office with a facile and if necessary, virile pen is a fact well known. Money can do most things in England and by all accounts the Astors mean to shovelf it out directly Waldorf Astor begins his fight. Mrs. Astor is looking forward with keen delight to the prospects of success for her husband. It will be her first experience in this kind of thing and no doubt, she will emerge with glory. The fact is admitted here that there are no women better qualified to do political canvassing than Americans who, every one says, are absolutely "to the manner born," though I also gather that they know nothing of the excitement until they come to England. The Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Ridd, Mrs. George Grenville, West are but a few of the Americans who have "won their spurs."

Not content with the prospect of seeing his son write the magic letters, M.P. after his name, William Waldorf Astor is determined that his daughter, Lady Ridd, should be a success in her own right. Captain Spender, who is the borough of Tisbury, close by Haver castle, that Capt. Spender has determined to make his own. The magnificent house is a power in the neighborhood, a god on his own account to whom all and sundry pay allegiance. The triumph of his son-in-law there is an accomplished fact. Capt. Spender is a man of great energy and his ideas are after the heart of his millionaire father-in-law.

IDEAL HOSTESS.

Somebody once said that Mrs. Ronalds was the backbone of the American set in London and added, "If anything ever is to happen to her (Mrs. Ronalds) she will not know any hostess who could step into her place." There is more in this than meets the eye. Mrs. Ronalds is in many ways a remarkable woman. She is not only a hostess, but a hostess in the true sense of the word. She is a woman of great energy and her ideas are after the heart of her millionaire father-in-law.

THE ASTOR MANSION.

One of the numerous British friends of Mr. Kessler who has just been visiting the American millionaire at his newly-acquired Paris mansion, says that the lady's house is a masterpiece of architecture and that she is a woman of great energy and her ideas are after the heart of her millionaire father-in-law.

Special Correspondence.

Though much better in health than when she left for the states, Mrs. Ronalds' condition leaves much to be desired and it is feared she will have to go south directly as it is not considered safe for her to risk the March winds in London. Mrs. Ronalds will, no doubt, accompany her mother. About a year ago society was very busy discussing a possible marriage for Captain Beatty, the husband of the late Marshall Field's daughter. Again this gossip is on the tapis and it would seem as if this time the prophecy were about to be fulfilled. The promotion of Captain Beatty to a post in the royal household emphasizes the king's regard for the Beattys. It is very well known that Miss Field that was, would do anything for her name. She is a most ambitious woman and has been the one to push her very successful though retiring husband to the fore. He has certainly a splendid record, having faced head many a time in his four-and-twenty years of service. He has the Distinguished Service Order and has also been decorated by the emperor with the fourth class order of the Medjidie. Besides, he has his own estates in Ireland. In other respects, any royal personage—we need not mention names—who may be temporarily embarrassed there is no gainsaying the fact that the Beattys are generous. The fair dams from Chicago never do anything in a small way. It is luck or nothing with her. Edward VII has nothing short of a veneration for those who spend money at his disposal and he has been known to say that there is no house in Great Britain in which he has enjoyed himself more than at Tisbury. In other respects, any royal personage—we need not mention names—who may be temporarily embarrassed there is no gainsaying the fact that the Beattys are generous. The fair dams from Chicago never do anything in a small way. It is luck or nothing with her. Edward VII has nothing short of a veneration for those who spend money at his disposal and he has been known to say that there is no house in Great Britain in which he has enjoyed himself more than at Tisbury.

WONDERFUL MANSION.

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W. H. NORTHROP.