

DETECTIVE & SECRET SERVICE DAYS

INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER I

UNIFORM DAYS

IT is not my intention in this book to dwell at great length on my early days in the police force, much less on my early life. The most interesting and instructive, and, indeed, exciting part of my life, occurred after I became attached to the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Since then I have been in the Special Political Department, the Secret Service Department and the Special Central Department; and in those departments I had enough and to spare of excitement and adventure—as I shall try to illustrate to the reader. Certainly I had sufficient to expunge from anything but a trained memory the ordinary “uniform” work which was mine in the first place.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to deal in some degree with that early period, because it is to a great extent due to training then received that I was considered suitable for attachment to the more important branches of police activity. Also, there are certain impressions I received then which have made a lasting mark upon my memory, for it was not *always* “hum-drum” in the old days!

So, in the first place, to put it very briefly, I was born in 1886, and as early as possible enlisted in the “Scots Greys,” Scotland’s only “crack” Cavalry regiment, being subsequently transferred to the 1st Cameronian Scottish Rifles. There are branches of my family with money, *but mine was certainly free from that encumbrance!* In 1906, armed with a first-class certificate of gymnasias and my educational certificates, I made my application to join the London Metropolitan Police.

In taking this step I was acting in accordance with the advice of my late uncle, Mr. James Woodhall, who died in 1927, and was on several occasions Mayor of Ramsgate. He was himself a devoted public servant and had a very high view of the public service in all its branches. Also, and what probably weighed most with me, I was realising an ambition, for I had always wanted to become a detective.

Later on I shall write of the ever-increasing sense of

restriction which I experienced, and of the cramping nature of a great organisation, which, though efficient in great degree, and often of inestimable value because of its mechanical and cumbrous methods, yet often, rightly or wrongly, gives the individual employed within it an acute sense of failure to realise his own personality. But all that was to come later. In the beginning I was prepared to serve, as Jacob served for Rachel, to achieve my ambition.

I underwent my routine training at Wellington Barracks under the late Superintendent Gooding. The Division to which I was attached was "V" Division and comprised Richmond, Putney, Epsom, Mortlake and Roehampton. I shall never forget my fears at the last moment that I would be rejected, for I was under height by half an inch. In this matter it was the good offices of the late Detective-Superintendent John M'Carthy (who never failed to help and encourage youngsters) coupled with my first-class army certificate for gymnasia, which secured my entry; and I began with the distinction of being the *smallest officer in the Metropolitan Force*.

The squad drill and modified military training, which was then, and is yet, part of the curriculum, did not worry me in the least after my strenuous experiences in the Army.

As recruits to the police, a squad of us would parade every morning at nine o'clock, drill and listen to instruction until twelve. Then came a two-hour interval for dinner and at two o'clock we paraded again until five.

In charge of the training was the late Superintendent Gooding, assisted by Inspector George Tooke, a most excellent superior officer. Inspector Tooke always struck me as being a very model of the considerate disciplinarian. No slackness would he tolerate, but he managed to interpret each rule in the spirit rather than in the letter; and, whilst he insisted upon a very high standard of proficiency, he could be very kindly and helpful.

Another officer whom I recall with very affectionate regard (inasmuch as I owed my initial step to promotion through his offices) was Inspector George Duncan, at that time in charge of Putney Police Station—now Chief Inspector in charge of Hyde Park. Over the years, I look back with great admiration upon the masterful abilities of yet another of my old superiors,

namely, the late Detective-Inspector Alfred Ward of Scotland Yard.

This clever detective Chief never lacked courage. I do not imply by this that many senior officers of the Metropolitan Police do lack such. What I mean is that upon occasion, when some might hesitate rather than take a line which might embroil them in unpleasantness, Chief Inspector Ward never wavered.

He remains, in the opinion of many, as one of the greatest detectives the Yard has ever known.

Another colleague of those days was a man whose memory I shall always hold very dear. This was Station-Sergeant Green. He was a big, jolly chap with a rich fund of dry humour. Sergeant Green originally came from the Gunners and ultimately was in charge of Epsom Police Station. There he lost his life, just after the Armistice, in defending the Station from a mob of Canadian soldiers who ran amok, following some general disorder in their contingent which was encamped on the Downs. I think the trouble really arose from certain dissatisfied sections who wanted speedier demobilisation and return to Canada ; then it gradually spread until arrests had to be made by the Civil Power.

A concerted attack to rescue their comrades was made by the soldiers upon the police station. Brickbats, bayonets, sticks, and anything that could possibly be used as a missile, were flung. All the windows were broken, whilst Sergeant Green had his head battered in and was killed instantly in the last rush.

My first duty, as I remember it, was in Putney and Battersea. Part of Battersea was very rough then, far rougher than it is now, though this part can be sufficiently rough to-day upon occasion. Most young officers, if they are ambitious and keen, are inclined to be a little tactless and too exacting. I know I was.

I think the real reason for it, is that one longs for some activity—a "case," for instance, and the only cases I could get for a time were quite the wrong sort to bother about. I would see a horse standing unattended outside a shop, in such a manner, and for such a time, as to constitute an offence for improper supervision. Then I would summon the tradesman!

I think the South-Western magistrate opened my eyes to

the folly of these petty prosecutions, for, after listening to several of my cases one day, he remarked that he thought I was a little "over-zealous." I took this to heart and pondered it; then gradually came to the view to which all mature officers arrive, "Prevention is better than prosecution!" It is far better to assist the public and tradesmen, than to worry and harass them by putting into operation technical statutes designed for certain definite abuses. But discretion and tact only come with time and experience.

I may say, in passing, that it is this very living sympathy between police and people in this country which made possible the quiet passing of the General Strike in 1926 without a host of unpleasant "incidents."

Another point is this: the fact that the police are considerate and tactful in their work, and that cases of persecution are rare, results in the fact that invariably, when the police are attacked, or when property is attacked, the great public is on the side of the police at once. I really think that the late Commissioner, Sir William Horwood, is to be given credit for the inculcation of these principles into the methods of the Metropolitan Police, and for the spirit existing between the police and public. There is no denying the fact that this is the most progressive move which has so far been made on the part of the former.

I have known of a window broken by a "smash-and-grab" thief and the contents scattered far and wide. No policeman has been on the spot, but the man has been arrested by three typists and the jewellery picked up by casual passers-by on the street and returned to the shop-keeper. Now that is a thing I would challenge anyone to reproduce in any other country but this. In Ireland a short while ago I saw a very different sight!

I was in Ireland when the trouble was at its height and I remember standing with another very well-known private enquiry agent (I was on a divorce case at the time) near a large pawn-shop in Dublin. The street was comparatively normal. People were passing backwards and forwards in pursuit of their various businesses. Suddenly a man threw a brick wrapped in a piece of cloth through the pawn-shop window, grabbed some jewellery and made off. Instantly a couple of men crossed the road and snatched a few things! Several men made the hole bigger and got some more goods out of

the window. Then a crowd collected, and participated in the general scramble like boys at a nut scrimmage. There was not the slightest attempt upon the part of the police to interfere, for the simple reason that it would have meant death to any constable to show his face there. Such is the state of affairs when the forces of law and order are divorced from the people they are designed to protect.

Writing of that *mêlée* in Dublin reminds me of a terrible experience I had in Battersea—my first contact with a mob—and it left an impression on my mind which nothing since has removed.

There was a street in Battersea called "Awful" Street, and it certainly deserved its name. On a Saturday night it was simply impossible for uniformed police to go down even in couples. It was sheer hell let loose! "Rows" and fights were the order of the day. The most villainous gangs of thugs and bullies reigned supreme and unless something very serious happened, when the police went down in force, we let it go.

Now one Saturday night I was on duty somewhere near and a woman came running up to me with staring eyes, shouting in her excitement:

"They're killing a policeman down there in Awful Street!"

This was terrible! Awful Street at the best of times was not a prospect to relish even *with* a policeman, but to go to the rescue of one—pew!

However, I had to go, so I blew my whistle as I ran, and pushed my way down the crowded street to where a howling moving cluster betokened the centre of the trouble. Several times I was hit as I pushed my way down, but not badly, and at last, fighting my way, I managed to get a glimpse of someone on the ground. I was kicked, my helmet was torn off and my whistle wrenched from its chain, but at last I stood over the figure of a policeman. Heavens, what a sight he looked! His features were indistinguishable and his clothes torn to shreds.

I managed to get over him and for a second the kickings and the throwing of missiles ceased. The prime movers evidently thought strong reinforcements had arrived.

Now I want you to try to realise exactly what my position was.

Here was I—a *youngster*—in the midst of a hostile crowd. Not a single hand but was eager to be raised against me! As I mentioned, the attack lulled temporarily; then I saw clearly a face like a huge moon in a whole moving sea of lesser moons. It moved towards me and then came a terrific crack which brought all the stars of the firmament before me. I went down like a ninepin. I remember some kicking, and, in a dazed sort of way, a dirty boot in my ribs, whilst sundry kicks were being distributed by various enthusiasts at other parts of my body.

I remember vaguely saying to myself: "I must get up, or I'll be finished!" and I made an effort. I got to my knees. Something warm was flowing down one cheek and the opposite eye was closed. With my remaining strength I staggered to my feet, and there, very dimly this time, was that great sea of moons. The face, white and evil-looking, which had above all others fixed itself in my mind was there again, coming closer just as it had done before I went down. I gripped my truncheon and let drive at that face. Down it went, and its going had a steadying effect upon the mob. Within two minutes I heard whistles and then I remember seeing, just before I collapsed completely, shining buttons and helmets forcing a way through the crowd. "Never was I so pleased to see the familiar blue and silver.

There was a very unpleasant sequel to that incident. In the first place, the policeman who had been attacked was an old chap who was just to draw his pension after twenty-five years' service. He was a most popular old officer, easy-going and one of the best of good fellows. On this occasion someone had called him in to Awful Street, told him a woman was being murdered, and old Tommy had gone. When he got down there the trouble had begun. Awful Street objected to police interference with its domestic troubles and the woman who was "being murdered" joined heartily with her "murderer" in the general assault on old Tommy, the policeman.

The officer was taken to hospital at once, and so was I. Next morning an officer came to see me:

"I say," he said. "This shindy is going to turn out a bit awkward. *They say you hit the wrong man!* You've damned nearly killed a chap. You certainly have given him a crack with the stick! Are you sure he was the man who struck you?"

I could only repeat exactly what occurred. I was certain he was the man who had struck me.

In a few days I was about again and on duty, though the old policeman was laid up for many weeks. Then the trouble began. The man whom I had hit and his friends paraded twenty witnesses to prove that he was the wrong man. Remand after remand was ordered for the case, for we charged him with assault, before he was fit to attend the Court. Then at last the case came on for hearing. The Awful Street "boys" had been very industrious. They had secured for their "pal" a most eminent counsel, and when the case was called I was subjected to the fire of Sir Edward Marshall Hall. He asked me a few questions, then, as I answered in accordance with my story, he said :

"Do you know your instructions so far as using the truncheon is concerned?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"What are they?"

"To use it only in extreme cases and then to aim at the elbows or limbs, being careful not to hit a vital spot," I replied, at that time quoting the exact instruction which I have not before me as I write.

"Exactly," said Sir Edward grimly. "Now," he said with a dramatic flourish. "Now—just look at my client!"

Then there stepped into the dock a man "got up" like an Egyptian mummy.

"Is that what you call elbows and limbs?" roared Sir Edward. "Is that a moderate use of the truncheon?"

Again I explained what had happened. In spite of all the arts he could bring to bear I maintained that this was the man who had struck me.

"You're inclined to be a bit over-zealous, aren't you?" asked Sir Edward.

"I hope not, sir," I replied.

"Has not the learned Magistrate himself had to rebuke you for your officiousness . . .?" Sir Edward was not permitted to finish, for the Magistrate stopped him with the ruling :

"I won't allow that, Sir Edward—I rule that out."

When my cross-examination was over and all the twenty witnesses were heard, the Magistrate called me.

"The allegation is substantially maintained that you hit

the wrong man," he said. "That is a very serious thing, constable. Is there any doubt?"

"Well, sir," I replied. "I can only repeat what I have said. I was in the centre of a hostile crowd, already assaulted on all sides; then a blow came which damaged my eye. (Laughter.)

"It was a dark night, your Worship, and a hostile crowd was striking me in all directions—and during the excitement of the moment I may have struck indiscriminately."

"I quite accept your explanation," said the Magistrate, who then proceeded to compliment the old officer for going down the street, and me for going single-handed to his rescue: Then he warned all the "witnesses" that they could consider themselves fortunate not to be proceeded against, as it was manifest that they had not moved a finger when a policeman was being battered almost to death—except, perhaps, to take part in the battering!

Asked if he would accept his, the Magistrate's, verdict, or elect to go for trial, Sir Edward said, after consultation, that he would, on behalf of his client, accept the learned Magistrate's decision.

"I am informed that the officer is going along well. Further, I think you have been sufficiently punished so I will bind you over to keep the peace for twelve months and to come up for judgment if called upon."

There was a rather amusing sequel to this. Some few years afterwards, I was talking at Epsom to four men who were "racing heads," but not too bad in their conduct. They managed to inspire order amongst certain others and gave general assistance to the police. One of them reminded me of the Awful Street case.

"You know the bloke you hit with your 'kosh' and nearly put out?" he asked, and I told him I did.

"Well," he laughed, "'E wasn't the bloke what hit you at all. 'E never hit no one—'e didn't. But it was him that made them set on poor old Tommy and it was 'im that egged 'em on to hit you, so he got all that was coming to him—any old how!"

CHAPTER II

MY FIRST CASE

I MUST relate another incident of those early days, for out of it arose my first important arrest—an arrest for murder!

One afternoon I was on duty in the Lower Richmond Road at Putney when a woman with a child on her arm came running up to me and told me there was a terrible "row" going on in the Half Moon Inn. She had no sooner finished than half a dozen other people came and reported the same thing, so I set off alone to the Half Moon Inn to see what all the trouble was about. On my way I met a barman who was looking for a policeman.

"Come quickly," he said, "Patsy Carrol's smashing the whole show up—he's knocked about half a dozen customers out and he's smashing the glasses and tables now!"

This was, indeed, interesting. Patsy Carrol was the terror of the racing gangs and the "boss" of every "pub" he entered. He was considered to be equal to at least four men and had a long record of convictions for knocking the police about in some way or another. There was I, alone and under the regulation height, to deal with Patsy Carrol.

I don't mind admitting that I entered the Half Moon Inn with more trepidation than eagerness, especially in view of the fact that I was about to confront the "lifter of more chins" than any man in England. As I passed through the little crowd that had collected outside to watch the fun from a safe distance, a man said:

"Are you alone, mate?" and I said that I was.

"Huh! Huh! Huh!" he laughed for the benefit of his friends. "Watch the performance. He's put three men through them doors," he added comfortingly. "There's the last one getting his nose put straight." I looked, and there, on the other side of the road, was a little man obviously in great distress, groaning and complaining, while three or four other men were performing some emergency operation to a broken nose.

I entered the bar and there was Patsy raving and shouting. As I entered he flung a huge plant, stand and everything through a back window. Some men still remained and I noticed one woman. The landlord came to me and said:

"I don't want to charge him—I just want him out. No case, mind you!" I don't suppose there was a publican within a radius of ten miles who would have charged Patsy, for to do so would have been to invite some serious reprisals from the gangs he "bossed." I almost laughed inwardly, serious as the position was, at the very thought of me getting Patsy out!

There stood Patsy stripped to the waist, very drunk and very excited. He wore no shirt and was as covered with hair as a gorilla. As I entered he turned to me, after the little demonstration with the plant pot, and beat his great chest with one hand, making him more than ever like a great anthropoid.

"Come on!" he grimly invited. "Come on!"

I went over to him.

"What's the trouble, Patsy?" I asked. "Who's been interfering with you?" This rather disarmed him. He hesitated a moment, then he asked:

"Have you come to put me out? Well——"

"Put you out, Patsy?" I interrupted. "Certainly not. Why should I want to put you out? I couldn't do it if I wanted to."

"No," he admitted. "So long as you don't try to be funny with me, I won't be funny with you," he promised.

"Well, look here," I said. "You know there's a crowd collecting and some of them will ring up the station and they'll have the Inspector down with a whole lot of policemen. That'll only get me into trouble and they'll be bound to take you——"

"Let 'em!" said Patsy. "B'lime, it'll take the twenty-five thousand of 'em."

"Don't be daft, man," I cajoled him. "Numbers can do anything. Listen, why should you want to get us both into a bother? Your money's as good as this publican's beer, isn't it? Drink up and go to 'The Bull and Star.'"

"Yes! Now that's sense," Patsy Carrol slowly admitted in his drunken maudlin way. "Yes, that's sense. I'll do that."

Eagerly someone handed him his shirt, which he tore into rags and flung at the landlord, then he put on his jacket and waistcoat and, after a general cursing of the assembly with special reference to the landlord, he left.

I was greatly complimented by the landlord and the customers, and I admit that I congratulated myself most of

all on having being able to gain a bloodless victory over the formidable Patsy. Well, I finished my duty that day and went home. The next morning when I reported I heard that there had been a terrible fracas the previous night, in which three of our men were badly damaged and were at present on the sick list. The station clerk said he had never in the whole of his experience seen such sights as the officers who arrested the villain of the piece, who was at that time in the cells. With a certain suspicion in my mind I went to the cells and opened the little trap in the door. Sure enough, there, blood-stained, hairy and defiant, was my distinguished acquaintance of the "Half Moon"—Patsy Carrol!

It appeared that another "row" had arisen elsewhere and that the police, instead of using methods of diplomacy, had tried conclusions with him—with dire results.

Of course Patsy was severely dealt with for that.

A number of months went past and I was on duty again in the Lower Richmond Road when a woman came to me and said:

"There's a dead man in the road down there." Then she ran off before I could get her name and address. I went in the direction she indicated and outside the "Cricketers' Arms" I saw a small crowd collected around a recumbent figure. At my approach they fled and I looked upon the man who was lying there. His head was battered in and his clothing all torn. I knelt beside him, felt his heart and looked at his intact eye—for one was unrecognisable. The man was dead. There seemed a certain something about him that was familiar to me and I took another look. Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was Patsy Carrol, overtaken at last by Nemesis. I rang up the station at once and an Inspector came along with Sergeant Kemp. Sergeant Kemp, by the way, was the cousin of the famous Inspector Kemp who arrested Chapman, the Borough murderer.

The Inspector got a doctor on the scene as quickly as possible, and, after he had pronounced life to be extinct, I was ordered to get the body along to Wandsworth Mortuary on one of the old-fashioned hand ambulances.

It was in June, 1908, that this happened and the time was about two o'clock in the morning. Just before I found the body the sky had become heavy and overcast and the atmosphere was stifling. As soon as I set off alone with my

gruesome burden, the storm broke. The rain accompanying the thunder was torrential and long before I reached Wands-worth Mortuary I was soaked to the skin. I believe it was a storm recorded as the greatest for many years. I admit that my nerves suffered that night as I trudged along pushing the ambulance! Great claps of thunder became more and more frequent, whilst every flash of lightning lit up the horrible thing before me.

Arrived at last at the mortuary I had to waken up the old keeper who was asleep in his house nearby. It took me over half an hour to do this and then at last he opened a window, grumbled and refused to come down. He threw the key out of the window and I had to proceed alone to open the mortuary and lay Patsy on the slab.

I think as I stood in the mortuary that night surrounded by about three other corpses, lifting the terrific mass of what had been Patsy Carrol on to the slab, the lightning playing fantastically on the gruesome faces around me, I suffered more nerve strain than ever before or since. Since then I have had to face death in many ways. I went through the War, I have stood in front of a revolver that mis-fired, but never have I suffered as I suffered then. I determined to complete my job somehow and retire in the morning!

I had almost completed my task when the old mortuary keeper entered, coughing and grumbling.

"What have you got there?" he asked, and I told him.

"Ho, ho!" he jeered at the body. "Got you at last, have I? Gave me a nasty kick behind, didn't you? Knew I'd get you in time. Nice you look, don't you?"

It appeared that at some time or other he had incurred the displeasure of Patsy Carrol, who had given him a smart kick. The mortuary keeper's jubilation was as sincere as it was horrible to witness.

After I had disposed of the body I went back to the scene of the crime and made some enquiries apart from those which my colleagues were making. I took statements from three or four people who lived near and from what I learned it appeared that a certain George X. was the person responsible. I went to his house and knocked several times. At first there was no reply; then I overheard muffled voices and distinctly heard his wife begging him to be quiet and that she would say that he was out.

She opened the door and I could see fear in her face.

"Is Mr. George X. in?" I asked, and she promptly replied that he was not. I told her that I had information that he was and that I must search the house if she persisted in refusing to call him.

At this George X. came forward and his wife burst into tears—as well she might. I told him simply that it was my duty to arrest him for the wilful murder of Patsy Carrol. He said very little. If he had been drinking he was certainly sober enough then. He told me there had been a row and that Carrol began it. He had had no intention of killing him, but fought hard in self-defence. George X. was a fine-looking man. As he stood up that night in his house with serious face to accompany me to the police station, I could not help but admire his splendid physique. Later on I saw such another man—Stinie Morrison. Both were fine specimens of manhood.

As we walked along that night I sincerely hoped that he would be able to clear himself, because he was such a "clean" type of chap, healthy-looking and straight-looking.

Well, in this matter, my hope was fully realised. At the magistrate's court the charge was dropped from wilful murder to manslaughter before he was committed for trial, and when at last he took his trial so much evidence was given of provocation and attack on the part of Patsy Carrol that the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," and he was acquitted. The learned judge, the late Sir Loveland Loveland, expressed his agreement with the verdict and I was glad that he did so, for it is sometimes a serious slur on a man's character to have taken his trial at all.

I have since learned that George X., who had a coster's business, has prospered considerably and I am very glad to know it, and if he should read these lines let him be satisfied that I have not recalled the case out of any spirit of carelessly raising the past, but for two reasons: one, that it was a most important event in my early experience; and the other to place on record that George X. performed a public service when he unintentionally put an end to the biggest pest in South-West London.

Whenever any great case arises, a mysterious murder or some great robbery, it is inevitable that the humble uniformed

force is eclipsed by the great lights from Scotland Yard. Nevertheless, let me place on record my small tribute to its great value and amazing adaptability.

There are few things which it can be the lot of mortal man to be asked to do that the London policeman in the course of his service is not requested to perform. It will be my pleasure in the near future to write a book upon "The Man in Blue." Authors delight in detective work—but there is more action, pathos, and romance to be found in the records of the uniformed police than all the annals of the C.I.D. can ever hope to furnish. I have known policemen who acted at weddings as best men in emergency, policemen who have, by their extensive knowledge of the English Constitutional Law, been termed "kerbstone magistrates," policemen with a local knowledge of "crooks" that would make many detectives envious—brave men, big-hearted men, loyal men, human men, policemen who out-climbed the firemen in a great fire, and of a policeman who read a few comforting words from the Bible to a dying beggar.

In great murders, also, be it remembered, the work is by no means confined to the great departments at Scotland Yard with which I later became so familiar, but, on the contrary, a great deal of quiet enquiry and observation is left to the uniformed man. Do not forget that the young policeman you may so much admire, is possibly the embryo Scotland Yard detective of the near future.

I know of at least two murders where the work was done and the arrest made by the ordinary constable, and I also know of a famous case where a valuable pearl necklace was stolen in circumstances which mystified the Paris Sûreté and Scotland Yard for weeks. All their clues seemed to evaporate into thin air, yet, in the end, it was a London policeman who, by intelligence of an exceptional order, watched certain people for over a week and forwarded his report to Scotland Yard. The result was that five men were sent to long terms of imprisonment and the necklace was recovered!

I remember once, in the winter of 1907, a dear old chap (a constable of the "V" Division who was on his last few weeks of service) playing an exceptional part. He was walking along his beat on Putney Hill in the driving sleet and snow one night when he saw a white face in the bushes at the side of the road and heard a groan. He investigated, and found, to

his horror, that it was a girl in the pangs of child-birth. No help was near and the constable was absolutely ignorant of all but most elementary first-aid work so far as medicine was concerned. He did what he could in his simple way. He rolled his tunic up for a pillow for her and covered her with his great coat, and after making her generally as comfortable as he could, he ran for assistance and telephoned the station, but not before emptying a *small flask of whisky down the girl's throat!*

She was taken to hospital as quickly as possible and the result was that, although she was dangerously ill, she did actually recover and the child lived also. The doctors at the hospital paid a high tribute to the emergency work the simple policeman had done and said that the whisky, in ordinary circumstances the most dangerous thing he could have given her, had in this case (because of the extreme degree of exposure to which the poor girl had been subjected,) probably *saved her life.*

Now, where did my old colleague get his whisky? How did he happen to have a flask in his pocket while on duty—a matter which would involve, if discovered, very severe disciplinary action?

Old Jimmy was liked by all, and had he wished it, could have had a free flask from every publican on his beat. If any prohibitionists read this in indignation and disgust, I would respectfully ask them to keep in mind two things before pronouncing judgment. In the first place, "*one of the least of these*" was saved in her extremity on Putney Hill. In the second place, if any trouble arose on old Jimmy's beat, a word from him was enough to settle it. He mixed with and knew the noisy elements in the district and they really liked the old bluff "bobby" who could, at his own risk, and contrary to General Orders, take a nip of whisky or a glass of beer with the best of them.

The present-day police constable on the streets of London is abstemious compared with the "old school" in which I served. Further, he is a much better type of man, better to look upon, and much, much better educated.

By methods of friendliness and comradeship, commensurate with individual discretion, does the Metropolitan policeman hold the high place he does in the hearts of the people whom it is his duty to serve.