THE APACHES OF NEW YORK

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

HE was born somewhere on the banks of the Danube and and came steerage-wise to this country about ten years ago. In what circles he affected he was called "The Bottler." He may have had another name in Austria; but since he is now dead and down under the grass roots, "The Bottler," as a phrase of identification, should serve well enough.

The Bottler was round, inoffensive, well-dressed, affable. He was also generous, as the East side employs the term.

For be it known that The Bottler was a money maker and had Suffolk street position as among its richest capitalists.

What bridge whist is to Fifth avenue so is stuss to the East side. No one save the dealer wins at stuss, and yet the device possesses an alluring feature. When the victim gets up from the table the "bank" under the descriptive of "viggresh" returns his one-tenth of his losings. No one ever leaves a stuss game broke and that final ray of sure sunshine forms indubitably the strong attraction. Stuss licks up as with a tongue of fire a round full fifth of all the East side earns, and to "viggresh" should be given the black glory thereof.

The Bottler owned talents to make money. Morally careless, liking the easy way, with over-all that bent for speculation which sets some folk to dealing in stocks and others to dealing cards, those money-making talents found expression in stuss. Not that the Bottler was so weak minded as to "buck" the game. Wise, prudent, solvent, he went the other way about and dealt it, his theater of operations being 135 Suffolk street.

There are two great gangs on the East side. These are the "Five Points" and the "Monk Eastmans." There are smaller gangs, but each owes allegiance to either the one or the other of the two great gangs, and fights round its standard in event of general gang war.

There is danger in belonging to either of these gangs. But there is still greater danger in not belonging to one of them. I speak of folk of The Bottler's ways and walks. The Five Points and Monk Eastmans are at feud with one another and the fires of their warfare are never permitted to die out. Membership in one gang means that, to the extent of its power, it will buckle you against the other while you live and avenge you should you fall. Membership in neither, however, means that you will be raided and robbed by both.

The Bottler's stuss house was—like every other of its kind—a Castle Dangerous. To the end that the peril of his days and nights be reduced to a minimum, he united himself with the Five Points. True, he could not be counted upon as a "shtocker" or strong-arm; but he had money and would part with it, and gang war like all war demands treasure. Bonds must be given, fines paid, and The Bottler would have his uses. Wherefore the Five Points opened their ranks to receive him.

The Monk Eastmans had suffered a disorganizing setback when the chief who gave the sept his name went up the river for ten years. On the heels of that sorrowful retirement it became a case of York and Lancaster; two rival claimants for the throne stood forth. These were Ritchie Fitzpatrick and Kid Twist, both valorous, both with reputations of having killed, both with clouds of followers at their backs.

Twist, in whom abode the rudiments of a savage diplomacy, proposed a conference. Fitzpatrick at that conference was shot to death and Kid Dahl, a near friend of Twist, "stood for the collar."

AS THE CLOCK STRUCK THE HOUR, HE FIRED TWICE

The police, the gangs and the politicians are not without a sinister wisdom. When life has been taken and to punish the slayer would be an inconvenience, some one who didn't do the killing submits to arrest. This covers the retreat of the guilty. Also, the public is appeased. Later, when the public's memory sleeps, the arrested one—for lack of evidence—is set at liberty.

Thus when Fitzpatrick was killed, to make clear the path to gang leadership to the aspiring feet of Twist, the police took Dahl, who all but volunteered for the sacrifice. Dahl went smilingly to jail, while the real murderer of Fitzpatrick attended that dead gentleman's wake and later appeared at the funeral. This last, however, by the nicer tastes of the East side, was complained of as trenching upon vulgarity.

Fitzpatrick was buried with a lily in his hand and Twist hailed chief of the Eastmans. Dahl remained in the Tombs a reasonable number of weeks and then resumed his position in East side society. It was but natural and to the glory of stumbling human nature that Dahl should dwell warmly in the grateful regards of Twist.

Twist, now chief of the Eastmans, cast about to establish Dahl. There was The Bottler, with his stuss Golconda in Suffolk street. Were not his affiliations with the Five Points? Was he not therefore the enemy? The Bottler was an Egyptian and Twist resolved to spoil him in the interest of Dahl.

Twist, with Dahl, waited upon The Bottler. Argument was short and to the point. Said Twist:

"Bottler, the Kid"—indicating the expectant Dahl—"is in wit' your stuss graft from now on. It's to be an even break."

The news almost checked the beating of The Bottler's heart. Not that he was astonished. What the puissant Twist proposed was a commonest step in East side commerce—the East side, where the Scotch proverb of "Take what you may, keep what you can," retains a former Highland force. The Bottler bowed to the inevitable and accepted Dahl.

For six weeks The Bottler and Dahl settled up, fifty-and-fifty, with the close of each stuss day. Then came a fresh surprise. Dahl presented his friend, the "Nailer," to The Bottler with this terse remark:

"Bottler, you can beat it. The Nailer is goin' to be me partner now. Which lets you out, see?"

The Bottler was at bay. He owned no stomach for battle, but the sentiment of desperation which the announcement of Dahl provoked drove him to make a stand. To lose one-half had been bad. To lose all—to be wholly wiped out in the annals of Suffolk street stuss—was more than even his meekness might bear. No, The Bottler did not dream of going to the police. That would have been to "squeal;" and even his friends of the Five Points had only faces of flint for such tactics of disgrace.

The harassed Bottler barred his doors against Dahl. He would defend his castle and

THERE WAS A FLASH AND A ROAR

TWIST MADE PIOGGI JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOW

get word to the Five Points. The Bottler's doors having been barred, Dahl for his side at once instituted a siege, despatching the Nailer meanwhile to the nearest knot of Eastmans to bring reinforcements.

At this crisis a central office detective strolled into the equation. He himself was hunting a "loft worker" of more than customary industry and had no thought of either The Bottler or Dahl. Happening, however, upon a situation whereof the striking features were Dahl outside with a gun and The Bottler inside with a gun, he so far recalled his oath of office as to interfere.

With the sure instinct of his Mulberry street caste, he of the central office opened negotiations with Dahl. He knew the latter to be the dangerous angle and began by placing the muzzle of his own pistol against that marauder's back.

"Make a move," observed the central office man, "and I'll shoot you in two."

The sophisticated Dahl, realizing fate, moved not, and with that the central office man collected his armament.

Next The Bottler was ordered to come forth. The Bottler obeyed in a sweat and a tremble. He surrendered his pistol at word of the law and the central office man led both captives off to jail. The two were charged with "disturbance." in the station house, as on the way, Dahl ceased not to threaten The Bottler's life.

"This pinch'll cost a fine of $5," said Dahl, glaring round the central office man at the shaking Bottler. "I'll pay it, an' then I'll get square wit' youse. Once we're footloose you won't last as long as a drink of whiskey!"

The judge yawningly listened, while the central office man told his tale of that "disturbance."

"Five an' costs!" quoth the judge, and called the next case. The Bottler returned to Suffolk street, Dahl sought Twist, while the central office man again took the trail of the loft worker.

Dahl talked things over with Twist. There was but one way: The Bottler must die. Anything short of blood would unsettle popular respect for Twist and without that his leadership of the Eastmans was a farce.

The Bottler's killing, however, must be managed with a decent care for the conventionalities. For either Twist or Dahl to walk in upon that offender and shoot him to death, while feasible, would be foolish.

Twist sent to Williamsburg for his friend and ally, Cyclone Louis. The latter was a bull-necked, highly muscled personage, who was a professional strong man—so far as he was professionally anything—and earned occasionally side-show money at Coney island by bending iron bars about his neck and twisting pokers into corkscrews about his brawny arms.

Louis, Twist and Dahl went into council over mutual beer and Twist explained the imperative call for The Bottler's extermination. Also, he laid bare the delicate position of both himself and Dahl.

Louis did not hesitate, but placed himself at the disposal of Twist and Dahl. The Bottler should die; he, Louis, would see to that.

"But when?"

Twist, replying, felt that the thing should be done at once, and mentioned the following evening, nine o'clock. The place would be The Bottler's establishment in Suffolk street. Louis, of whom The Bottler was unafraid and ignorant, would experience no difficulty in approaching his man. There would be others present; but, practiced in gang moralities, slaves to gang etiquette, no one would open his mouth. Or, if he did, it would be only to pour forth perjuries and say that he saw nothing, heard nothing.

Having adjusted details, Louis, Twist and Dahl compared watches. Watches? Certainly. Louis, Twist and Dahl were all most fashionably attired and—as became members of a gang nobility—singularly full and accurate in the important element of a "front," videlicet, that list of personal adornments which includes scarf pin, ring and watch. Louis, Dahl and Twist saw to it that their timepieces agreed. This was so that Dahl and Twist might successfully arrange their alibis.

It was the next evening. At 8:55 o'clock Twist was obtrusively in the Delancey street police station, wrangling with the desk sergeant over the release of a follower who had carefully brought about his own arrest.

"Come," quoth Twist to the sergeant, "it's next to nine o'clock now. Fix up the bond; I've got a date over in East Broadway at nine-thirty."

While Twist stood thus enforcing his whereabouts upon the attention of the desk sergeant Dahl was eating a beefsteak in a Houston street restaurant.

"What time have you got?" demanded Dahl of the German who kept the place.

"Five minutes to nine," returned the German, glancing up at the clock.

"Oh, 'tain't no such time as that," retorted Dahl peevishly. "That clock's drunk! Call up the telephone people and find out for sure."

"The 'phone people say it's nine o'clock," reported the German, hanging up the receiver.

"Hully Gee! I didn't think it was more'n half past eight!" and Dahl looked virtuously corrected.

While these fragments of talk were taking place The Bottler was attending to his stuss interests. He looked pale and frightened and his hunted eyes roved here and there. Five minutes went by. The clock pointed to nine. A slouch-hat stranger entered. As the clock struck the hour he placed the muzzle of a pistol against The Bottler's breast and fired twice. Both bullets pierced the heart and The Bottler fell forward on his face—dead without a word. There were twenty people in the room. When the police arrived they found only the dead Bottler.

The police recalled those trade differences which had culminated in the charge of "disturbance" and arrested Dahl.

"You ain't got me right," scoffed Dahl to the police.

There came the inquest and Dahl was set free. The Bottler was buried and Twist and Dahl sent flowers and rode to the grave.

The law slept, a bat-eyed constabulary went its way, but the gangs knew.

Distinguished among the chivalry of the Five Points was an individual known as Kid Pioggi. Only a paucity of years—he was under eighteen—withheld Pioggi from topmost honors.

The winter's snow melted into spring, spring lapsed into early summer. It was a brilliant evening and Pioggi was disporting himself at Coney island. Also Twist and Louis, following some plan of relaxation, were themselves at Coney island.

Pioggi had seated himself at a beer table in the house of call of one "Ding Dong." Twist and Louis came in. Pioggi, being of the Five Points, was recognized as a foe by Twist, who lost no time in mentioning the fact.

Being in a facetious mood, and by way of expressing his contempt for that gentleman, Twist made Pioggi jump out of the window.

Louis and Twist sat down at the table in Ding Dong's from which Pioggi had been driven and demanded refreshment in the guise of wine. Pioggi, rage-swollen as to heart, busied himself at a nearby telephone. Calling up a resort on the Bowery affected by the Five Points, Pioggi got the ear of a Higher Influence of the clan. He told of his abrupt dismissal from Ding Dong's and the then presence of Louis and Twist. The Higher Influence instructed Pioggi to keep the two in sight. The very flower of the Five Points should be at Coney island as fast as cable cars could carry them.

Pioggi pitched upon one whose name and face were unknown to Twist and Louis. The unknown would be the bearer of a blind message—it purported to come from a dancer in one of the cheap theaters of the place—calculated to bring forth Twist and Louis.

"Stall 'em up this way," said Pioggi, indicating a spot within touching distance of that coupe. "It's here we'll put 'em over the jump."

Pioggi's messenger did well his work and Twist and Louis moved magnificently albeit unsteadily into the open. They were sweeping the walk clear of lesser mortals, when the voice of Pioggi arrested their attention.

"Oh, there, Twist; look here!"

The voice came from the rear and to the right; Pioggi's position was one calculated to place the enemy at a double disadvantage.

Twist turned his head. There was a flash and a roar; a bullet struck Twist above the eye. He staggered. The lead now came in a storm. Twist went down; Louis fell across him. There were twelve bullets in Twist and eight in Louis. While the crackling roar of that cannonading still alarmed the ears of men every gangster vanished. Only the dead Twist and the dead Louis remained.

Pioggi went into hiding in Greenwich, where the Five Points had a "hold-out." There were pullings and haulings and whisperings in dark political corners. When conditions had been whispered and hauled and pulled into satisfactory condition Pioggi sent word to a favorite officer to come and arrest him.

Pioggi explained to the court that his life had been threatened; he had shot only that he himself might live. His age was seventeen. Likewise there had been no public loss; the going of Twist and Louis had but raised the average of all respectability. The court pondered the business and decided that justice would be fulfilled by sentencing Pioggi to the Elmira reformatory.

Money and Marriage

By MAUDE PARSONS

William Douglass, manager of Thornybrook, strode to the telephone and rang three times. A lovely voice, with a little yawn in it, answered.

"May I see you a few moments, Miss Anne?" queried Douglass. "It's a matter of importance."

"Yes, William," returned the lovely voice. "Come right over."

Anne Thornton, owner of Thornybrook, awaited the manager in a sun-flooded room in the handsome old house. Miss Thornton was good to look upon. In a ruffled, trailing morning gown, and with dewy eyes that looked forth contentedly on a pleasant world, she was ravishing.

Or so thought William Douglass, anyway. William was in love with his employer.

His homely, trustworthy face was pale and his eyes were dark-dinged. He had not slept much for two nights trying to decide on just what he was going to say. Now he found his speech curiously hard to deliver.

"Miss Anne," he began.

"Yes," encouraged Miss Anne, in a tone of voice she reserved for Douglass alone.

"I am going—I have decided—that is, we—you have a chance to buy some more stock of the Du Quoin National bank."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It is a good buy." William, on familiar ground, was not embarrassed now. "The bank's well managed and is making money."

"Then buy it, William. You know I trust all those things to you, anyway."

The unhappy William perspired. "That's what I came to see you about. I've—I've been thinking about the back farm. Shall we pasture it again

"How I've Longed to Call You 'Billy,' She Said."

this summer, or plow for corn? We'd better decide, if this weather is going to stay."

Without, the low hills were taking on a tender greenery, and two robins made love under the window. Miss Anne, being young and wholesome and pretty, was pulsing beneath the call of spring—and William was talking about plowing!

"Whatever you think best, William." And then, suddenly turning her dark eyes full upon him: "What did you really want to see me about, William?"

Douglass gasped and floundered. Then, rising, he placed a little package of papers in her hand, and said:

"Here's a statement of things—of your money and stocks and your farms. I'm going to—to leave, Miss Anne."

The old clock in the hall ticktocked off ages of silence. Douglass kept his stubborn glance on the sunshiny landscape beyond the broad window. Miss Anne studied the top of her little slipper.

"Going away," she said at last, as if to herself. "You are really going to leave us! Why, William?"

"It's a private matter. I'd—well, I'd rather not say, Miss Anne."

"Is it salary, William? You know I've tried to make you take more."

"No," returned Douglass, decidedly. "I'm paid more than I'm worth, now."

"But you've done splendidly, William. When we hired you as manager, mother and I had no idea of burdening you with our financial affairs, too. And now we're depending on you to make our investments."

"It's all right, Miss Anne. I've liked to do it."

"Uncle Robert says you've made us richer than ever. And a share of that is yours—"

"No," said Douglass, and he meant it. "It isn't money."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Thornton, plaintively. "We've been very happy togeth—" If William had not been so busy watching the love-making robins he would have noticed a little blush tinge his employer's cheeks as she substituted: "Everything's been so harmonious."

"I know, Miss Anne. That's what makes it hard to go. I never can thank you for your kindness. Those papers will explain things to the new man."

"William," interrupted Miss Anne, "please sit down again. I want your advice—for a friend. You're not going to leave us right away?"

"Oh, no; I can stay for—for a little time."

"Three months—four months?" The girl leaned forward eagerly.

"We—ell, I hardly think so. I want to get established before the summer is too far advanced."

"Oh." A pause. "So you're going into business?"

"Ye—es; that is, I think so."

"Is that so personal that you didn't want to tell me?" There was an accusing emphasis on the "me."

Douglass did not attempt to answer.

"One of my girl friends doesn't know just what to do, William. You see, she's—she's—in love."

"Oh!"

"That 'Oh' was dreadfully noncommittal, William. Aren't you interested?"

"Why, yes, certainly, Miss Anne."

"Well, she doesn't know whether the young man is—is in love with her or not."

"Can't she tell?"

"She isn't sure. She thinks he likes her, but—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, there are complications, William. She is rich, and the young man is poor. She feels he's to proud to speak."

"Oh."

"Well, what is she going to do? She's—she's cried herself to sleep, I'm afraid, a good many times; and yet there doesn't seem to be any way to make him speak."

"There isn't any way, I'm afraid," he said, with an unconscious sigh. "If the man has self-respect, he can't be a fortune hunter. He must make his own way before he can ask the girl to be his wife."

"She's thought of that, too. But it seems so foolish! They may have to wait years, and grow old and withered while he makes a lot of money they don't need. Isn't marriage an equal partnership? Why hasn't the wife the right to bring money to the union as her husband?"

"From an impersonal standpoint, she has," replied William, "but if I were that young man I would feel as he feels. He cannot in honor speak while his motives could be misconstrued. Her friends would say—"

"Bother her friends!" Miss Anne looked confused when she realized the emphasis she had put on the three-words, but only for a moment. Then she added: "That's the way she feels. She says she has a right to her own happiness, no matter what people think or say. She is satisfied he is not a fortune hunter; that he is upright and honorable, and the man nature intended as her mate. Why can't he be sensible and speak?"

She leaned forward in her chair, her lips dropping in childlike perplexity. Douglass got up hastily and backed away. He did not want to lose his carefully acquired grip and make a fool of himself. That's why he was leaving Thornybrook—to keep from making a fool of himself. He fumbled his hat and turned to the door.

"He can't, that's all," declared Douglass, when his hand had closed on the knob. "It's an impossibility, Miss Anne. If you were in his place you'd realize—" He stopped; he was confusing the other man's case with his own.

"Don't you want to know who the girl is?" asked Miss Thornton, unsteadily. She had risen and her fingers were intertwined.

"Why, yes." Douglass somehow felt the name of that girl to be the most important thing in the world.

"It's—it's—" Her voice died away. And then it began again, broke and went on to a triumphant conclusion:

"Oh, Billy, you stupid, stupid boy! It's—it's Anne Thornton!"

The next moment she was in his arms, half-laughing and half-crying.

"How I've longed to call you 'Billy!'" she said.

"And how I've longed to call you—darling!" said he.

Give Up Secret Societies

Secret societies have been abolished at Mount Holyoke college by a combined vote of the society members and the faculty. These secret societies had been in existence in Mount Holyoke for more than twenty-five years. The dramatic club of the college has bought the American rights of the pastoral play, "Fair Rosamond," with a set of costumes and properties for production. This play was first given by Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral players at the Cannizaro Woods, Wimbledon common, England. The American rights were later bought by Mrs. John V. Pruyn of Albany, who allowed the play to be given only when the proceeds were for some hospital work. After Mrs. Pruyn's death it was decided to sell the American rights and stage properties to some college organization rather than to a professional company. This play will probably be presented at the May day celebration.

Nothing Doing.

"Her up-to-date hobble gown was a great disappointment to her."

"Did it not become her?"

"She don't know. It was so hobble that it would not go on over her head."

"Why did she not put it on over her feet?"

"You forget that she is a Chicago girl."

Just for That She Tattooed Him.

Mrs. Pyro—Club again, eh? You're not like the man who never cared to wander from his own fireside.

Mr. Pyro (not a near art enthusiast)—No. I'm more like the burnt child who dreads the fire.—Judge.

Big Game of Northwest

Danger of Complete Disappearance Can Only Be Averted by Prompt Action.

Northwest Canada and portions of Alaska still contain great numbers for large game, but in some localities this has already become very scarce. This is almost the last spot in America where big game is abundant; there remains only the arctic regions.

It is evident that in a new country, lacking transportation facilities and invaded by great numbers of civilized men, who must depend in large measure on the country for subsistence, the larger native fauna will soon disappear. In this northern region travelers, trappers and prospectors subsist very largely on the game and fish that they take, and great quantities of wild meat are brought into the settlement for sale.

There has been enormous waste by the white game killers, and if the waste by the Indians has been less it is only because the Indians are fewer in numbers. In some localities the continued and reckless killing of game for sale in the mining camps has resulted in the almost complete disappearance of such game. Besides this there are not a few people who go into the country in search of fine game heads, and who kill with the usual selfish recklessness. They have been known, after a day's hunting, to leave to spoil on a hillside enough meat to supply a prospector with provisions for a whole winter.

The chief game animal in much of that country is the moose, which is so abundant that from a good lookout high up on the mountains moose can be seen almost any fine day by the aid of field glasses. In certain portions of the country west of the Mackenzie river caribou are still seen in great herds at the proper season of the year, but these herds appear to be growing constantly smaller.

Mountain sheep are yet abundant in many places, and, owing to their habits of life, are perhaps in less immediate danger of extermination than the moose or caribou.

It is obvious that as the settlement of this northern country proceeds the game must disappear. It is only by the establishment of game refuges in these regions that it can be preserved, and at the present time the residents of that northern country are interested in the game only so far as it may be turned into money.