

FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES.

By FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

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Few of the inhabitants of the "bend" could remember the time when Red McGann was not the leader of the Ryan street gang. Red was born in Ryan street. The country in which his childhood was spent was bounded on the north by Houston street and on the south by the Battery. Its arterial river was the Bowery. The Bend was his school, his religion, his kingdom. Red's memory retained only a faint imprint of the patient, carefree face of his mother. He had only an indistinct recollection of a wake over her coffin, at which the occupants of a tenement house got a little more drunk than usual. He remembered a man with a black coat who came the next morning and read something out of a book—Red had long ago forgotten what before "they took her away." The man had placed at Red's dirty face and the group of disheveled women watching the "dead wagon." "She is better where she is," had been his only comment as he disappeared around the corner.

All this happened a long time ago. It was about three months before Red's father "did his first time." Ever since then Red's father had a habit of appearing on Ryan street at irregular intervals with his hair cropped very short and a consuming desire to avoid being seen by a policeman. Such habits were not at all exceptional in Ryan street and the fact that Mr. McGann was able to come home at all was an argument so much to his credit that Red constantly spoke of it with pride.

Red's title of leader had not been conferred or thrust upon him; it was the result of sixteen years of blows and battles with any would-be usurper who made bold enough to try "to boss de gang."

Red may have had some other name, but neither he nor anybody else knew it. It came from the shocks of auburn hair which partly hid his long, thin face. He was under-sized and wiry, as slim children usually are. He was dressed as a rather round shouldered. No stretch of the most powerful imagination could ever call Red either handsome or a hero. In fact, he would not have been at all complimented had any one ever attempted it. He was just a "tough," "rolling in his toughness." The kind of boy who in the base of policemen's lives and the incorrigible of East Side missions. It is harder to tell what Red did not do for a living than what he did. There was scarcely any phase of youthful avocation in which he had not dabbled. He had sold cigarettes on excursion steamers, he had peddled tips on the race track, he had sold tickets on commission for East Side balls, had blacked boots and carried the hand luggage of incoming travelers. What he didn't know about the worst end of New York was not worth knowing. It wouldn't be exactly truthful to say that he often went through long periods of financial stringency and hard times, because he never had any good times. His life was spent in successfully insisting upon living.

Ryan street trails its twisted length of asphalt pavement and tenement houses to Butterick place. It does not proceed directly, for doing things in a direct course is no more the habit of the streets than it is of its inhabitants. In order to get to Butterick place you walk up a little narrow extension of Ryan street called Shimbone alley.

It was at Shimbone alley that Red McGann's kingdom came to a sudden stop. Once across the narrow flagstone boundary line, and you were in the domain of Barney Muller. In Butterick place, Red was as absolute as Red was in Ryan street. All of the Butterick gang swore by him and worshiped him. Barney was about two feet taller than the rest. He had tawny yellow hair and broad shoulders, the result of his life on the streets and a devoted helper. In girth and weight he was far the superior of Red. Barney was something of a prizefighter in his way, and sometimes talked vaguely of an admiring crowd about belts and gloves. Between Barney Muller and Red McGann there was an undying hatred, such as only monkeys can know. There were not many things in life that Red McGann loved, but there were several things that he hated and at the head of the list was the name of Barney. Their feelings for each other were shared by their followers. Scarcely a pleasant summer evening passed on the Bend without a clash between "de two gangs." Nobody knew exactly what they were fighting about. No one cared. The only certainty was that whenever a number of "Ryan streeters" made a raid across the border into the hinterland of Shimbone alley, from the dozen tenement houses would issue a number of Barney's men to give them battle royal. Black eyes and broken heads were the inevitable sequence. The conflict usually lasted until the policeman on the block came on the corner, when, with a "Ssh! de cop!" the combatants would scatter to the four winds. Barney and Red frequently led their forces in person. Physically Red was no match for the leader of Butterick place. Sad as the knowledge was to him, Red usually avoided a trial by fists with his rival. On two or three occasions when Barney had cornered him, Red gave him an right-hand blow down and fled; but in strategy and finesse the Barneys were no match for the Reds.

Crouching behind the brick wall or the front steps of a tenement house, Red McGann's followers would sometimes wait for hours for the foe, armed with brickbats and sticks, and often they succeeded in surprising them.

In one respect the Mullers had the advantage of the McGanns. Red McGann was the more complete in that they had a queen as well as a king on the throne. Barney Muller's sister shared the homage of the gang with her brother. She was a little older than he, and by far the prettiest girl in Butterick place. She had the dark hair and round blue eyes that are so reasonably found in tenement-house types. Although she was his elder sister, great big, burly Barney watched over her with an interest that can only be described as fatherly.

She was very proud of him, and took a keen interest in all of his struggles and the battles of his gang. When Red's followers made their raids into Barney's territory she often took a hand in the fray herself. A large part of the dislike in which Barney was held by the Ryan street gang was shared by his sister. She was rather proud of being placed on the same level as a combatant with her brother.

"Ef Red McGann ever catches me," she frequently said, with an air of superiority to other girls in Butterick place, "he will punch my face de same as he would Barney's."

And the listener would inwardly regret that she was not privileged to have a "leader" as a brother.

was recognized by all of the gang as the king's confidential adviser.

But, as often happens with royal favorites, there came a time when the king wearied of shadow behind his throne.

"Who is de leader of dis gang, anyway?" said Barney, with an angry snarl when the awakening came.

"If dis ting keeps on Butterick place will have a Jim for a leader instead of a Barney."

First there was a coolness followed by a calm in the rear of the alley. Then a few nights later a fight to a finish between Barney and Jim. They had decided to settle it in that way.

The "mill" took place in the basement of a tenement house. It lasted for nine rounds when Barney—battered and bleeding—succeeded in getting in a blow on Jim's neck that felled him. When he finally crawled to his feet, defeated, but defiant, he walked over to the corner where his antagonist was receiving congratulations.

"You've licked me, Barney Muller," he said. "I leave the Bend tomorrow and you'll be sorry when I'm gone."

When Barney came home from his work on the docks the following evening he realized the awful meaning of the veiled threat. Maggie wasn't there to meet him.

Instead was a sealed envelope, addressed to him in crude, cramped hand. Inside was a certificate signed by Alderman Bernstein, that said the alderman had on that day married Margaret Muller to James Slattery. Accompanying the certificate was a note.

"You was so busy quarreling with Jim," it read, "that you couldn't see that me and Jim were in love. We've been engaged three months, almost ever since you introduced us. You drove him away from the Bend. I go with him as his wife. I'm sorry for you, Barney, but it's your own fault. Goodbye. MAGGIE."

Barney's face was white and wild when he showed the marriage certificate to "de gang" that night in the rear of Duffy's saloon.

"Don't none of you ever speak her name to me again," he cried with a savage oath. "She's gone. She can't be Barney Muller's sister of she is Jim Slattery's wife."

He stalked out of the side door. The boldest of the gang never dared to mention Maggie after that in a tone above a whisper.

Only vague rumors of Jim's new life floated back to Butterick place during the year following. Jim had become a book-maker's clerk. He traveled from one race track to another. He was said to be making money. His wife, according to report, was always with him. She was said to be basking in the sunshine of Jim's good luck and living on "de sunny side of Easy street."

One Sunday afternoon late in the fall of that year, just after the Thanksgiving holidays had begun to swirl around the doorsteps and fill up the sag holes in the pavement of Ryan street, the Salvation army paraded through the thoroughfare.

Ryan street was so short and crooked and insignificant that even the army had overlooked it until now. For that reason the show pleased for the inhabitants a charm of novelty that it would have had in very few other places.

Red at the gang all turned out in force to hear "de drum."

"De drum" and the noise were by far the two most interesting entries on the program, but even above their din there was waited to Red a message that "de captain" read out of a much-worn Testament.

"But I say unto you, forgive your enemies."

The idea of forgiving anybody was very strange to Red McGann, but the idea of forgiving an enemy was positively humorous.

"Listen to de crank!" he said to one of his followers, who laughed heartily.

He went on and said it over again several times. He wound a kind of sermon around the words, and as Red walked away that night to the Music hall, where he was to take tickets for the "sacred concert," something seemed to keep ringing in his ears something that seemed to be accentuated by a drum and said it over again several times. "But I say unto you, forgive your enemies."

It was a holiday week, and one of the coldest nights of the year. It had been snowing all day and great drifts were piled across Ryan street. At 2 o'clock in the morning Red was wading through them, up to his waist, on his way "home." Home at that time consisted of a corner in a saloon two blocks away, where Red made the fire in the baseburner every morning, and by way of remuneration was allowed sleeping room.

"Dis is a fierce night," said Red to himself, as he looked at the deserted street. "It must be pretty bad when everybody stays inside on Ryan street."

No living thing anywhere—nothing but the black sky, the cutting, swirling snow and tenement-house walls.

As he passed a doorstep where the snow had not drifted quite so high as on some of the other houses on the block he heard some one call his name.

"Red! say, Red McGann!"

Red floundered a moment in the snow.

At first he could see no one. Then, as the wind made the corner lamp-post flare a little to one side, he caught sight of a young woman holding a baby in her arms on the doorstep. The ragged shawl that she had thrown over her head was well pulled down over her face. In the momentary flare Red saw her eyes, and he knew her. Only one girl who lived in the Bend had ever possessed eyes as big and blue as those. She was Maggie Muller, Barney's sister, the exiled queen of the gang, against which Red felt fifteen years of accumulated hate.

But something in the whiteness of her face and the child's, the utter, complete hopelessness of it all, made Red stop in his walk and flounder over to the doorstep.

He looked down at the two figures for a while before he quite got his breath. "What's de trouble?" he said slowly, as he glanced furtively at the tenement house across the street.

"Everything," said Maggie. "When we were first married things went along all right for a while; plenty of good clothes and good times. Then Jim plumped at Guttenberg. He lost everything he had. He was gone one day when I came home, but he left me a beautiful letter, he did, stating that he couldn't support a wife any longer. Perhaps he couldn't. I don't think he would have given me up if he could have helped it. His boss, the bookmaker, paid my fare and the baby's to New York. Do you understand, Red?"

Red nodded; of course he understood. His training in adversity made the tragedy in all its details flash before his mind in a moment.

"Pretty tough," he said, as he kicked his foot in the snow. An awful struggle was raging inside of Red at that moment.

"Dis is no place for her to go but Barney's," said the first voice in his conscience; "and she must go dere, because, wid Barney's feelings, he might biff her when he first set eyes on her, before he had time to think about it. She wouldn't go nowhere else—she's too despairing like. She'll just sit here till de cop finds her. De Gories will take de kid away from her, and she'll get the island for vagrancy. It'll be de worst ting dat ever happened to Barney. Everybody knows dat he was the best thing of her trouble by introducing her to Jim. Tink of it, Red, Maggie Muller, what used ter help her brudder boss de gang, a vagrant on the island. Why, Barney will look like tiry cents after tomorrow. He won't be able to hold up his head even. His gang will go to pieces. Dis is where you win, Red."

But, striking against this sentiment, and as Red thought, slamming it hard against the ropes, there was another voice—a voice that was not born of revenge or Ryan street. It was so different from any ordinary kink in his philosophy that Red gave it a hearing just from the very novelty of the thing. It seemed to be coming down from the snowflakes. Perhaps it was.

"Red," it said, "dis isn't right. I say unto you, forgive your enemies." You don't have no sister, Red, but if you did and she lived in the Bend, it's like as not she'd be unfortunate, and if she did she might be sittin' here in the snow with her baby in her arms at that. How would you like the cops to git her and take her child away, Red? I say unto you, forgive your enemies."

Fiercer and fiercer grew the light inside Red. A good many times the voice from the Bend had the best of it, but as it was about to win, that other something would pick itself up from the center of the ring, with marvelous vivacity, and would deal a fierce uppercut at its antagonist.

Red's face was getting drawn and twisted; he pulled his cap well down over his eyes and turned up his coat collar.

"Sit here till I go away and tink," he said to the shivering woman before him. He took out a cigarette and tried to light it. His hand trembled so that two matches went out in quick succession in the attempt.

As the third one spluttered and glimmered and then died away in his shaky fingers, he flung the cigarette into the snow. "What's de matter wid me?" he said angrily to himself. He walked up to the corner and leaned against the lamppost.

"Dis is where you win, Red," said voice No. 1, but voice No. 2 caught the blow on its left and dealt that invincible right hander with, "I say unto you, forgive your enemies."

"Dere's somethin' wrong with me," said Red thoughtfully, as he looked up the street. "Sure dere is." But that one glance settled it.

Slowly crumpling up the snow two blocks away Policeman Hogan was coming up Ryan street. Red knew very well that Hogan was never in a good humor on nights like this, and that he wouldn't stand much back talk when there was a chance to make vagrancy arrests. If anything was to be done, it had to be done quickly.

"I say unto you, forgive your enemies." It was a knock-knit now. Red made one wild dash down Ryan street to Maggie and her child.

"Come wid me," he said gruffly. "I'll see you tru dis."

Maggie looked up with her big, blue eyes at Red's face. They were beautiful eyes, in spite of the tear stains, still.

"Don't go back on me, Red," she said as he helped her rise from the doorstep. "Please don't, just for de kid's sake."

Even then his whole life's philosophy showed signs of returning animation. He glanced nervously over his shoulder to make sure that none of the gang were in sight. "What would dey tink of me, Red McGann, takin' care of Barney's sister?" he

thought. "Dey'd have a perfect right to kick me as a traitor."

"But I say unto you, forgive your enemies."

Crouch, crouch, up Ryan street came Policeman Hogan. He was only half a block away now.

Maggie realized the danger, too, as she stood by Red's side. "Give me de kid," she said, "quick."

Maggie's baby was too weak to cry very loud. The approaching policeman didn't hear it flow from her as he came near her.

For a moment Red held it up under the lamp post—long enough to see the two blue eyes set in the white little face. "Dey're like yours, Maggie," he said, and they started up Ryan street.

They both knew the street so well that it was a very easy matter to dodge down an alley, the end of which was barricaded with ash barrels, and make their way out to the Bowery.

Up Albermarle street, through Dog alley, they trudged, Red holding the baby in his arms. In front of a square brick building Red halted.

"Dis is it, Maggie," he said, "dis is where yer got ter go."

"But you can't do it, Red," she pleaded. "It's after 11 o'clock, and you know what Cephas is—?" She did not finish her sentence, but Red understood. He saw the point she was trying to make.

For more than fifty years "St. Cephas' Shelter" for indigent women has stood at the end of Dog alley. It is constantly referred to as a model among charities. A long while ago somebody or other who had a good many sins to account for, died and left a snug sum of money to found St.

Cephas. The original theory of the original board of trustees was that St. Cephas' don't should always be open to any poor woman or child who had nowhere else to go. St. Cephas did not undertake to keep unfortunate permanently. It simply gave them a shelter where they could sit down and think of how to take the next step.

St. Cephas had visiting directors and resident directors and treasurers and corresponding secretaries and neatly printed reports and rules—especially rules.

St. Cephas had become as much a part of the life of the Bend as the police station or street sweepers. Four women are in charge. Very precise proper persons, the four women are. You can see them any Sunday afternoon with their prayer books under their arms on their way to a church uptown. Every succeeding generation of precise, proper women who have presided over St. Cephas has added to its rules, until now they form a long document which hangs beautifully engrossed in a gilt frame in the vestibule. The rules are the joy and pride of the precise women, and to see that they are not violated is one of their chief cares.

The rule which particularly concerned Red as he carried his little living burden up the brownstone steps was that no one could, under any circumstances, be admitted after 11 o'clock. It was a rule of thirty years' standing—or framing. No matter how many cots were vacant at St. Cephas, no matter how despairing the applicant who knocked at the door at 11:15, she could not be admitted because of the rule—"and what's the use of having a rule if you break it."

With the inexorable firmness of the rule Red was perfectly familiar. Under ordinary circumstances he would have no more dared pass the door after 11 o'clock than he would to punch a policeman, but conditions were not at all ordinary that night, and so he ventured.

With a strange thumping of his heart against the inside of his waistcoat, Red put his thumb on the button of the electric bell at St. Cephas' door. There was no answer, so he repeated the performance. Then he bore down heavily on the button and kept it ringing for ten minutes. In the stillness of the snowflakes and the night, Red could hear the faint, buzzing ring far, far away inside of Saint Cephas.

"I wonder if dey'll call the police?" he thought to himself.

Once he was inclined to desist and run for it, but one glance at Maggie and the little pale face in his arms silenced that thought. He stood his ground and kept on ringing the bell.

There was a slight rustling inside the vestibule. A panel in the door opened and a woman's face appeared at the opening.

"What do you mean by disturbing the whole household at 2 o'clock in the morning?" she said sharply. "Go 'way, or I'll call an officer."

"I want to ask you, lady," he said, "if dis here St. Cephas is a Christian building?"

"A what?"

"A Christian building," Red repeated.

"Why, of course," she replied. "I don't exactly know what you mean, but I wish that you would explain yourself."

Cold as it was, Red felt the drops of perspiration standing out on his forehead under his cap vizor.

"Well," he said, and the words came slowly and hesitatingly. "I don't exactly know what meaning my words have, but I feel a feller preaching on Sunday in Ryan street and he was a telling me about Chris-

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History Department,

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tians and such things. He says that all de Christians dat live in Christian buildings all come from de man dat use to walk around long while ago, hein' kind to people. He was awful kind to everybody and I happened to tink dat if he was here now he wouldn't turn away this woman and child, especially on a night dat's as cold as this."

She let go of the knob on the panel. In all her life among the rules and regulations of St. Cephas she had never been addressed in that way before. She looked into Red's tense, tightly drawn face as he went on. "But I have another argument for you, mum. My name is Red. I'm Red McGann of the Ryan street gang. Who is it dat broke a pane of glass in your parlor window two weeks ago? It was de McGanns. Who threw your ash barrel into de area? It was de McGanns. Who comes around de corner at 2 o'clock in de morning and hollers 'so he wakes up all de women what sleeps here? It's de McGanns, my gang. Dey do it because I tells dem to do it. Now look a here, mum—ef Red McGann tells dem not to do it, dey wouldn't, and you'd be let alone. Now, if you takes dis woman and her kid in here tonight, I'll give you my word you'll never miss no more ash barrels nor nothings. If you want to know more about me, you can ask de police. Dey's friends of yours."

It was more of a homiletical address than Red had made for a long while. He was positively exhausted by the effort. He withdrew his hand from the panel opening and stared interminably at Maggie and the woman, who was the model of propriety and precision.

It was hard to tell which part of Red's speech carried the day. A purist might have said that his references to his leadership constituted a kind of blackmail. But, be that as it may, she handed a ticket out through the panel to Red.

"Take this to de back door," she said, as she handed the ticket. "I will make an exception to the rule in this case."

Red felt a sense of victory keener than the hard-fought battle with the Butterick Place gang had ever given him. There was a glimmer of hope in Maggie's face that hadn't been there for many days. Together they entered the warm and comfortable reception room of St. Cephas.

A certain hauteur had taken possession of Red. He had won a hard fight and determined to have some of the joys of victory.

He looked around loftily at the row of

cots in the room into which they were led by the night caretaker.

"It isn't at all healthy," she said, "for people who work hard all day to be waked up at 2 o'clock in the morning to sit in worthless trash." Red understood the soliloquy. "Yes," he mused in return, "it's pretty tough, but it is a good deal tougher to have to walk round in de snow and have to die of cold and hunger, dat's what it is."

"I like dis bed," said Red, selecting one of the cots with the air of a master of the situation. "It's not too near the stove. Maggie, dis is for you." By this time the night caretaker had made up her mind that she was dealing with an extraordinary person. She made no protest and busied herself making the cot ready for the mother and her child.

"Red," said Maggie, "how can I ever thank you?" Tears were flowing out of her big blue eyes. You're all right, Red, and I'll give you a strong remembrance. You needn't say anything about your troubles if you don't want to. Good night."

Out among the cold, silent snowflakes again, Red trudged on.

"There it is again," he said. And he listened.

Out of the silence of the night it seemed to be sounding a sort of psalm of victory. "But I say unto you forgive your enemies."

COLOMADO'S BURNING MOUNTAIN. It Has Been on Fire for Over a Hundred Years.

A mountain, which has been on fire for more than 100 years, is situated just west of Newcastle, Colo. So close is it that its shadow envelops the town at 5 p. m. at this time of the year, and yet the people thereabouts think no more of it than of the beautiful Grand river which washes the feet of the huge pile where the fire has burned so long. To the tenderfoot, however, the glittering patches of deep red fire, where it breaks out on the side of the mountain, and is exposed to view, there is nothing in all that state quite its equal.

The fire is fed by a big vein of coal which

the mountain contains. Just how the coal became ignited is not known. The oldest resident says it was on fire when he came there and the Ute Indians, who once lived in that section, say it was burning many years before the first white man crossed the continental divide. The supposition is that the coal was ignited by a forest fire at an early date in the present century.

It has smoldered and steadily burned until this day. At night, when the moon is dark, is the best time to see the fire. Then it is in that section, say it was burning many years before the first white man crossed the continental divide. The supposition is that the coal was ignited by a forest fire at an early date in the present century.

Efforts have been made to extinguish the fire. Some time ago a company which owns a large amount of coal land there constructed a ditch from a point several miles above the mountain, into which it succeeded in turning the water which goes to form Elk creek.

Previously a shaft had been sunk in the mountain and into this shaft the water was permitted to flow. The shaft was soon filled, but the fire was above the level of the water and the effort was a failure.

Brief and to the Point.

Mr. N. F. Smith states the facts briefly when he said: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was the best cough medicine I ever used. Last winter I had a cough that the doctor failed to cure. I tried this remedy and it made a complete cure." Mr. Smith is the leading merchant of Meyerstown, W. Va.

Father Informs on His Son.

DENVER, Oct. 11.—Emil Poly, 23 years old, has been arrested as a deserter on information given by his father, Adolph Poly, who became jealous of his son's relations with Maud Bradley, a French-Canadian girl, who has been living with the father for the last eighteen months. Young Poly enlisted in the Thirtieth United States regiment in New York and served in the Philippine Campaign. He deserted at Honolulu, enroute to the Philippines. Last Bradley declares she will marry him in jail.