

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.

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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.

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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 saloon. 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.

It said that 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."

She 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 wafted 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 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. 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.

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 t'ink," 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-knock now. Red made one wild dash down Ryan street to Maggie and her child.

"Come wid me," he said gruffly. "I'll see you t'ru 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 t'ink 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." Crunch, crunch, 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 Cephus 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. Cephus' 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.

Cephus. The original theory of the original board of trustees was that St. Cephus' don't should always be open to any poor woman or child who had nowhere else to go. St. Cephus 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. Cephus had visiting directors and resident directors and treasurers and corresponding secretaries and neatly printed reports and rules—especially rules.

St. Cephus had become as much a part of the life of the Bend as the police station or street sweeper. 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. Cephus 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. Cephus, 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. Cephus' 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 Cephus.

"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. Cephus 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 I mean, but I want to ask you a feller preaching on Sunday in Ryan street and he was a telling me about Chris-

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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 t'ink 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. Cephus 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 'de 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—de 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. Cephus.

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 let 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.

The earth covering the coal is loosened by the heat and falls away, exposing the sheet of fire.

The escaping gas probably assists in stripping off the rocks and dirt and wherever the vein of coal approaches the surface the fire can be seen. The first fire the writer saw was fully fifty feet square. It had a peculiar red tint, while the burning gas coming up at the base of the coal vein added a bright blue color to the scene. In many places the surface of the mountain has sunken, showing where the fire has burned out its course.

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 is 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.