

Iroquois Indian Children Now in New York Tell of Their Games and Songs They Sing

"My Best Fun," Says Nine-Year-Old Ga-ha-sha, Which Is Indian for Twenty Summers, "Is to Play Hiawatha"—He Takes the Title Part in the Indian Play, Which the Woman's Municipal League Will Present in Van Cortlandt Park.

HOW do little Indian kiddies amuse themselves? What games do they play, and can they talk English? These are the questions asked by every man, woman and child who has seen or heard of the band of five Iroquois Indians who have pitched their tents upon the Delafield estate, opposite Van Cortlandt Park, and who give their original interpretation of the story of Hiawatha twice every day.

While talking to the kiddies in this little group—there are sixteen, ranging from two to ten—up to make-believe Hiawathas and Minnehahas—I learned that their chief pastime is playing the life of Hiawatha in imitation of their parents.



ELEANOR SCHORER.

Transients in Arcadia The Tale of Two Who Met by Chance on an Oasis of Manhattan Desert.

By O. Henry.
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HERE is a hotel on Broadway that has escaped discovery by the summer-resort promoters. It is deep and wide and cool. Its rooms are shaded in dark oak of a low temperature. Home-made breezes and deep-green scrubbery give it the delights without the inconveniences of the Adirondacks. One can mount its broad staircases or glide dreamily upward in its aerial elevators, attended by guides in brass buttons, with a serene joy that Alpine climbers have never attained. There is a chief in its kitchen who will prepare for you brook trout better than the White Mountains ever served, sea food that would turn Old Point Comfort—"by God, sah!"—green with envy, and Maine venison that would melt the official heart of a game warden.

"I hope our secret will be safe for a week, anyhow," said Madame, with a sigh and a smile. "I do not know where they will be they should be up on the dear Lotus. I know of 500 places so delightful in summer, and this is the castle of Count Polanski, 10th St. Great Mountains."



THE CHATEAU HAS BEEN IN PREPARATION FOR LONGER THAN A MONTH.

slaves. Bell-boys fought for the honor to leave before breakfast in the morning for the question of ownership, who had deeded the hotel and its contents; the other guests regarded her as the final touch of feminine civility. Her neatness and beauty that rendered the entrance perfect.

"I've been saving up all my wages for a year just for this vacation. I don't want to spend on a week like a lady if I never do another one. I wanted to get up when I pleased instead of having to crawl out at 7 every morning; and I wanted to live on the best and be waited on and ring bells for things just like rich folks do. Now I've done it, and I've had the happiest time I ever expect to have in my life. I'm going back to my work and my little hall bedroom satisfied for another year. I wanted to tell you about it, Mr. Farrington, because I—I thought you kind of liked me, and I—I liked you. But, oh, I couldn't help deceiving you up till now, for it was all just like a fairy tale to me."

The Amazing Story of "The Three Deuces," A New York House of Mystery and Crime

No. 222 Chrystie Street, in the Sordid Block Once Known as "Lovers' Lane," But Now Called "Getaway Row," Stained on Every Floor and in Every Secret Passage With the Blood Record of Murder—Once a Home of Peace and Romance, It Became the Haunt of the Bowery's Furtive Night People and the Lodging Place of New York's Most Brutal Foreign Criminals.

WHEN more detectives from the Central Office are hanging about under the fire escapes of northern Chrystie street watching The Three Deuces. The houses on both sides of the street block are crowded with the old of forty years. Not one of them out of its walls and floors have borne the stains of murder, bomb-throwings and murder-ous lights. But The Three Deuces, No. 22, has the grimmest history of them all.

a dead street until the detectives and the Dalcomos disappeared. If the wisdom of the detectives holds true, there will be another murder near The Three Deuces soon.

Flannery's mother had persuaded him to leave Mary Sexton and go home. The girl, in their room in The Three Deuces pleaded hysterically, fiercely with him to stay with her. He shot her through the back. The bullet which killed the girl pierced his own wrist, passing through her body. The boy pleaded that he shot in self-defense, but was sentenced to eight years and a half in Sing Sing.

Just a year ago to-day a milk wagon of Siragosa Brothers, standing in front of The Three Deuces, was blown to pieces by a bomb thrown from the roof of the house.

These are but the more conspicuous incidents in the sordid history of The Three Deuces. Within fifty feet either way one finds places written down in the police books as the scenes of murder, bomb throwing, stabbings and robbery. Even the other side of the street has not been immune. Where the Adler Theatre and the Bethesda Rescue Home now stands was a row of brownstone houses, once known as Suicide Row or "the overflow of McGurk's." Newspaper readers of a decade ago may remember the appalling tragic message left by two girls who died together after skimming a note, saying that they had "drunk too deep of the dregs of life to ever know the pleasure of breathing clean air again."



Within a short seven years the position of the worst days of the Bowery began eddying around the corner through Houston street. Occupied no longer by the trim girls and the clear-eyed boys who serve customers in the great dry goods stores along Grand street—where Lord & Taylor laid the foundations of the concern's later fortune—five night people began engaging lodgings in Chrystie street.

The Lexow exposure caused a general quieting of the neighborhood. The Poles and the Hungarians flowed in again, but only for a little while did the peaceful occupation last. The second generation bred many youths and girls who took to the evil ways of those who had gone before them. For the protection of their families the latest comers moved away again. The last and worst of the Bowery dance and graft halls, McGurk's Suicide Hall, the Empire, the Alhambra, the Manhattan and the Palm Garden, closed the book on their frequenters.



SEE CHRYSTIE, N. Y.