"THE LOCKED OUT."

Keyless Young Women Tell What Happened When They Couldn't Wake the Janitor.

The conversation started in the dining room around the table where there was a feminine luncheon in progress. The keynote of this conversation is properly so called. The diamond pendant of a young bride began it. The pendant was in the form of a key, an ordinary doorkey, but there was history attached which is not always the case with diamond pendants, unless the checkbook is history.

"Jack took my doorkey," she explained, "and had one made just like it in gold studded with diamonds. You see," she went on with as near an approach to a blush as the modern life permits, "we were locked out one night, and that was the time he proposed."

There were a number of young women at the table who immediately determined to get locked out at the earliest possible opportunity.

"Speaking of being locked out," said another, "I wonder if there is a man or woman in Manhattan who has not at some time or other experienced that weird feeling. As for flat dwellers and apartment holders—well, if all the stories could be gathered together, they would make a volume big as the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"As for the janitor of the flat, I honestly believe," and she looked about for confirmation of her theory, "that if a janitor could prove by medical certificates that he was afflicted with insomnia he could get any amount in a museum. There is only one type of man who can sleep sounder than the janitor of an apartment house and that is the night porter on a sleeping car.

"The janitor of an apartment usually goes to bed about 9 o'clock. Between 9 and 10 you can wake him easily, principally because one never wants to. After that his sleep becomes heavy in direct ratio; by midnight he could be carried feet first out to Greenwood and buried with brass bands and fireworks. He would know nothing about it and would strenuously deny its possibility the next day.

"The last time I was locked out," she went on, "was after a party at a friend's house. It was rather an informal affair and informal affairs, you know, end any old time. I reached home under the escort of a man friend somewhere in the neighborhood of 1 o'clock and felt in my pocket for the key.

"As it happened, I had an equipment that night of three pockets—unfeminine, wasn't it?—a hand bag and a purse. I searched each one of them; I went even into the toes of my slippers which I carried in the bag.

"Meanwhile I kept up a running conversation, for I hated to frighten the man until I learned whether there was any need. At last I said weakly:

" 'I think I've lost my key.'

" 'Did you look in your pocket?' he said, with startling originality. A man always speaks of feminine pockets in the singular; I wonder why?

"I was glad that he had been unaware of my Delsartean contortions so far; it showed that my conversation even under trying circumstances has holding powers.

" 'I have been through everything,' I allowed.

"He thought a moment.

" 'I'll wake the janitor,' he said at length.

"Really, men aren't so bad. Think of a man of his age and experience showing that childlike trust! It really brought tears to my eyes. Then I remembered he lived at a hotel and I could understand his attitude.

" 'It's a good idea,' I answered. 'Have you by chance some brass knuckles about you?'

" 'Brass knuckles? No. Oh,' and then he laughed. 'You mean he's a hard sleeper? I don't need brass knuckles,' he said jovially, 'I can wake him.'

"I forgot to mention that it was pouring. The rain was coming down in wet sheets or wet blankets, I have forgotten which, but I remember my feeling of utter loneliness as he left me on the steps and disappeared downstairs.

"After a while I heard the most awful tumult. It sounded as if he were pounding with both feet and hands at the same time.

"No answer. You could have heard a whole bowling alley drop.

"The noise continued. Finally he appeared drenched to the skin, his hat all awry and his hair dishevelled.

" 'Are you sure he's alive?' he asked.

"I felt that he doubted my word, but I couldn't be more emphatic for my teeth were chattering. After a long time, while we stood there, hating each other more and more every minute, he said:

" 'There's only two things to do. We can get a cab and ride around all night, or I can take you to a hotel.'

" 'A hotel?' I murmured feebly.

" 'Yes; I don't know of any hotel that would take you in at this time, but we can try.'

"The picture of myself being taken from hotel to hotel and being refused admittance at each was too trying. I dissolved in tears.

" 'I'm always awfully ill in cabs,' I said, 'and I don't want to go anywhere.'

" 'But we can't stay here forever,' he said. Truth always is brutal.

"Just at that moment, when I had given up hope, we heard footsteps approaching and along came three young men, very unsteadily.

"As luck would have it, they went right up the steps of the adjoining house and two of them twined arms about each other, while the third scraped around the key hole. An inspiration came to me. I leaned over and said to the young man with the key:

" 'Won't you let me try your key in our door?'

"They used to say that in the South befo' de wah, a man never asked the suitor of his daughter if he drank, but if he was ugly or pleasant when he drank. Well, this young man would have passed that matrimonial examination.

"Such suavity, such Old World courtesy! He nearly fell through the area and finally came over and handed me the key, his umbrella tucked under his arm, his hat in hand and the rain pouring down his back. The other two, still twined, made some comments in a loud voice.

"The key did not fit and again I was at the verge of desperation. However, another inspiration came to the young man.

" 'You can come through our house,' he explained, 'and go down through the cellar and come up in yours.'

"Think of that situation! But it was the only thing to do. The young man was so courteous that he could not think of allowing me to find my way with my original escort, and the other two, still twined, followed us. So the procession started.

"We went down the steep stairs, found the door at the foot unlocked and then threaded our way in the sepulchral gloom. You all know what a place the basement of an apartment house is.

"We lost our way once or twice, there were so many rooms and alleys, but finally reached the stairs, went up and I opened the door for my convoy. That is the worst experience I have ever had."

"It isn't a marker to mine," said a bachelor maid who lives in a red and black apartment filled with copper and brass. "I came home one night and got as far as the door of my apartment when I found my door locked. I rushed to the street and begged the man who had escorted me to come back.

"He knew a thing or two about janitors and never suggested such a thing as attempting to waken mine. In fact I believe that is actually the last thing that a genuine apartment dweller in New York ever thinks of doing.

"He returned and sat on the stairs and talked it over. Finally I suggested that he waken the man in the apartment over mine, crawl through his window and slide down the pipes to my window.

"I didn't think he was very enthusiastic and that surprised me, because, as a general thing, he is bubbling over with new ideas. I had to talk to him a long time before I convinced him that was the only thing to do.

"He woke the man up. I heard the cursing; it was something fierce and I had met that man on the stairs and thought what a gentle, meek-mannered-looking creature he was. I had left my window open and there really wasn't much difficulty for a climber, and my social experience had taught me that the majority of young men are climbers.

"I wish you could have seen him, when he finally turned the latch and opened my door for me. He was pale and gasping for breath and I had to dose him with whiskey and valerian.

"I nearly lost one of my best friends, too. It seems that the one thing this particular young man could not do was to scale dizzy heights and depths—except in his profession, and only the week before he had collapsed while he was hanging some pictures from a step ladder for his young woman.

"When she heard of his midnight jaunt on my behalf, you can imagine his bad quarter of an hour. Only in his case it was an hour and a half. Fancy a jealous woman knowing that a man who couldn't hang pictures for her could slide down pipes for another woman. She would have had me sit on the stairs all night just to prove her superiority as a charmer."

"My Waterloo," said the young married woman, "was on account of the dog. Tatters and I went out for a stroll about half-past nine. I heard the door clang and realized that I had forgotten my key, 'but what matter?' I thought, 'I'll get back before the janitor begins his beauty sleep.' Tatters met Jags and they had a fine row and it took the united efforts of an army of people, to separate them. When I returned it was too late to get in.

"I forgot to mention that my husband and I had had a slight difference of opinion just before I went out in a huff with Tatters. It was only a slight difference; something about spring bonnets, if I remember.

"I was awfully sorry for myself as I sat on the steps and hour after hour slipped by. But not so sorry as for poor husband, suffering from remorse. I pictured him walking the floor, wishing he had not spoken as he did; wondering if I would ever return; if he should go to his mother or mine first to explain.

"I think it was 12 o'clock when he came out in his coat and hat and found me there. What do you suppose he said? 'Did you order the chops for breakfast?'

"He didn't actually know that I had been out all that time. He did say afterward that he was reading and the clock had stopped. But think of it! Chops for breakfast."

The young woman on her left lifted a olive delicately on the end of her fork.

"Mother always did abominate Tom. Nothing he can do seems right in her eyes. But he fixed himself for good the other night.

"We came home late; we had been to the theatre and after that to supper. Mother abominates the habit of theatre suppers and it is only once in a while that I have courage to stay out. She always sits up for me.

"Of course, I had forgotten the key or I would not be telling the story. In our apartment house they have the pleasing habit of locking the outside door, and as the doorbells are between the inner and outer portals, of course you can't get in unless you can open the outer.

"We went all through the questions and answers that the rest of you have described. We never even mentioned the janitor. There are some subjects better avoided at such times.

"All of a sudden Tom pointed to the coal hole in the sidewalk.

" 'I'll go down that,' he said.

" 'Go down that? How can you?'

" 'I don't know, but I've watched the men in the street, and if they can do it, I can.'

"Well, do you know, that dear boy pried up the cover and the first I knew he was disappearing down the hole. I shall never forget my sensations as I watched him slowly melt away. He said afterward that he knew exactly how Monte Cristo felt when he took his plunge into the great unknown.

"He slid right down until he struck good solid earth; then he recovered his breath and went up to our apartment. Mother opened the door. Can you imagine the looks of a man after he has been down a coal hole in a dress suit and opera hat? Imagine it; multiply it by fifty and you have Tom.

"He said mother's face was a study. He got so interested in studying it that he couldn't get hold of himself for a minute and then it was too late. She just told him what she thought of him for coming at that hour, without me and looking like that.

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THE HOUSE OF THE GRAY LIVES

FIGURES IN A HOTEL THAT SHELTERS BLASTED HOPES.

The Man That Might Have Been a Millionaire—Brother to an M. P.—A Linguist, Perhaps a Nihilist—A Man Hater, but a Shakespeare Lover—The Old Accountant and His Books.

The House of the Gray Lives can be found in nearly every big city. It is a hotel where for a few cents a man, once a favorite of fortune, can get a clean bed and life-sustaining food and at the same time save his self-respect.

In such a place the human documents are as plentiful as the guests. These documents range through all the passions from comedy to tragedy. Only two are seldom seen there—they are hope and ambition.

But, of them all, tragedy reigns suprmee. It is not the stirring tragedy of romance that makes event after event follow in quick succession, to lead to a death well worth the dying. It is the tragedy of blasted hopes and seared ambition; it is the most pitiful of all tragedies, for there nothing ever happens. It is the great waiting place for the end.

"This isn't so bad when you get used to it," said a weary-looking man, as he took his seat in the restaurant of the most typical of these hotels in the Western world's metropolis. "I hear a lot of these fellows kicking about it; but what do you expect when you pay only 20 cents for your room and 15 cents apiece for your meals?

"I have probably been used to as good living as any one here, but I'm not complaining. In fact, if I hadn't wanted to be independent, I should be living in a way that these people don't even dream of.

"You know they say that Andrew Carnegie made forty millionaires from the heads of departments in his concern when he started his big profit-sharing plan. Well, if I hadn't been determined on being my own boss I should have been the forty-first.

"I was in his employ for years. I started in the bookkeeping department, and I kept at it until I was in charge of a big force of men.

"But I always had more independence than common sense, and I was not satisfied. I wanted to be my own boss. So far as I could see, at that time, I might work like a slave all my life and never be anything but one of Carnegie's men.

"Carnegie offered to raise my salary when I resigned. In fact, he made me a very good offer, and would have put me in charge of one of the big departments—but, as I say, I wanted to be my own boss.

"I started in doing a little real estate business in Pittsburg. My friends all called me a fool, but I had got this idea in my head and I couldn't get it out; or, rather, I did not want to get it out, for I thought I was right. And the first year or so seemed to justify me.

"My business went on swimmingly, for I had many good friends. Then came a chance to get into what looked to me like a gold mine.

"A big contractor was planning a gigantic building operation and I happened to have an option on a piece of ground he wanted. He came to see me, talked the whole thing over, and the result was that I put every cent of my money into the scheme.

"Yes, it went to pieces. I guess all those schemes go to pieces. And the worst of it was that just at the time I realized I was bankrupt Carnegie started his profit-sharing plan and made forty millionaires at a swoop. If I had listened to him and taken the place he offered me I should have been one of his big men, but—well, instead of having millions to-day, I haven't a dollar—nor hope."

All day long these men sit around and play checkers and dominoes. The lounging rooms are crowded with tables, and from morning till night the tables are crowded with the derelicts, all intent on one thing—killing time—forgetting.

Men who have been there for months have played their favorite game every day and night in all that time. With most of them it is all they have to do; with many it has become their one salvation to keep them from thinking too much until something happens in their lives.

For that is all these men are doing—waiting for something to happen. The curse of drink is seen on every side, the curse of gambling stalks the halls and corridors, but, worse than all, the curse of lost ambition has laid its hand on nearly every man and crushed every hope and dream he may have had.

Men who planned to govern men now fight their only battles on a checkerboard. Men who once dreamed of wealth and power and the right to command now click their dominoes on the table and talk for days of how they won a hard-played game.

And crowded all about them, two and three deep, are other men, sitting or standing, but all intent on the one interest that life now holds for them—the nightly games in those bare, dreary rooms.

Two men took chairs in the corner of the western court. One did not belong in the hotel; that was evident. His step was buoyant, his eyes bright and hopeful.

The older man might have looked that way six months before, but now he was a guest of the House of the Gray Lives, and hope was gone from his eyes and his step was heavy.

"I don't know how you found me," he said, "but I want you to promise me one thing. You must not tell any one where I am. It is not that I mind the disgrace——"

"But there is no disgrace," interrupted his companion. "That's just what I came to tell you. The whole thing was a mistake from beginning to end, and you can go back now a hero instead of the criminal you let people believe you were."

The older man shook his head.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Maybe it's all right, but so long as people have given me the blame there is no use now confessing it was you. You know it would kill mother if she knew it. You were always her favorite. That was why I hushed up the investigation and took the blame myself."

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looking, with side whiskers. He has been living at the hotel for some time, but it is doubtful whether any one in the house has succeeded in engaging him in pleasant conversation.

He is always alone, whether walking in the halls, eating in the restaurant or reading in the courts. He never joins in the games and never even seems to be conscious of the hundreds of men about him. He is absolutely alone in the midst of a crowd and he insists on being left so.

"While I was living in London," continued the attendant, "this man had lodgings in the same house with me. His brother, the M. P., used to call on him frequently, and that is why I noticed him, for the M. P. comes from my native town in England.

"A few months ago while I was standing here I saw this man come in the door. There was something about him that struck me as being familiar, though I couldn't remember where I had seen him before. He had changed a good deal. Finally I recognized him.

"I don't know why he is living like this. I tried to engage him in conversation one day, but I met with such a chilly reception that I haven't tried it since. I believe he is employed by some school of correspondence, but how it all came about is one of the hundreds of mysteries that we meet with here every day."

There is probably no other place in the world where the newspaper has so great a value as in the House of the Gray Lives. The men have been used to subscribing to their favorite journals and reading it regularly, but their reverses have made any paper a luxury. Still, the force of habit is strong upon them, and they still follow the news as closely as they have ever done, though in a far different manner.

The transient boarder is the newspaper buyer. He has not been there long enough to know that it is not necessary to pay for the news. So he buys his paper in the morning and takes it into one of the courts to read.

No sooner has he opened the sheet than some one walks carelessly up and takes the chair nearest to him. For half an hour or more, the reader may sit there, but the man who is waiting has the patience of Job and all the time there is. Months of experience have taught him what will happen.

The transient will finish reading, sit quietly a few minutes and then walk away, throwing the paper into his vacated chair. Then the other will pick it up and have an hour's comfort with his favorite journal.

This thing happens fifty times every morning and evening. The man with a Sunday paper often finds three or four others waiting to pick it up, section by section, as he finishes with it. Even the advertising pages are eagerly devoured, for they help pass away the time, and that, after all, is the chief end of man at the House of the Gray Lives.

The taciturnity of men who have fallen to this level of life is well illustrated by the case of a man who left the hotel simply because his own brilliance caused people to question him about his better years.

It was known among the guests that he could speak many languages. Just how deep his learning was they did not know until one day an immigrant, freshly arrived from Europe, tried to make himself understood to the hotel attendants and failed dismally. He spoke a language that no one there had ever heard.

Several of the gusets who had travelled extensively and spoke the ordinary European tongues tried to converse with him, but all their efforts were useless. Finally, the man of many languages was called upon. As soon as he had heard the immigrant speak, they entered into conversation and the difficulty was solved.

"What language is that?" asked a guest.

"It is a dialect," replied the interpreter. "I never heard it except in certain remote parts of Siberia."

Then he walked away and would say no more.

For hours he would sit and talk in French with the librarian of the hotel. Their conversation was usually of books and the philosophers, and so deep did the stranger's learning prove to be that the librarian asked if he had ever been to college.

"Oh, yes," the man said. "I went through Yale, Oxford and Heidelberg."

During all the months he was in the hotel, these were the only admissions he made with reference to his own life, except once when he confessed to having spent years in wandering in out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

When he was asked whether it was for business or pleasure, he simply smiled and proposed a game of dominoes.

Finally the curiosity of a group of old men became so great that they waylaid the linguist at all times of the day and tried to engage him in conversation in order to lead gradually up to personal questions. Then he disappeared.

After he had gone the old men began to compare notes and that is how a rather wild story was set afloat. They called to mind the fact that every language he spoke, English included, was spoken with a slightly foreign accent.

They were certain that he was not American, English, French, Spanish or Italian. His accent had been noticed in all these languages. Then his confession that he had spent years wandering in out-of-the-way corners of the earth, coupled with his knowledge of a Siberian dialect, pointed, according to this council of old men, to but one conclusion. The man was a Russian Nihilist who had escaped from a Siberian prison and had been hounded over the earth for years.

Whether it is true or not that story will have to stand undisputed, for the man has never been seen since at the hotel and not a man in the place even knows his name.

Walk into the reading room of the hotel at almost any time of day and you will find there an old man who might have posed for any of the familiar paintings of Hebrew patriarchs. He has a fine old face, full of strong lines and the furrows of deep thought.

As he sits reading as far from the crowd as he can get you feel instinctively that he should be the teacher of a congregation and counsellor of the undecided. Yet, when he walks through the halls and comes nearer he presents a far different appearance.

In his hand he carries an old umbrella stick shorn of its ribs and cover. His clothes are old and worn and, worst of all, filthy. An old black coat almost in shreds, hangs limp and crushed from his shoulders and on his head he wears a black skull cap that is far from attractive.

Were it not for the ineffaceable strength that shows in the lines of his face one might almost fancy that he was a product of the worst conditions of the slums; and the slovenly bundle that he invariably carries does much to add to that impression.

No one has ever been able to engage him in conversation. He seems to take absolutely no interest in the life about him and repulses all advances in a manner that is almost savage.

He is known as one who hates his fellow men.

But what has caused this hatred or why this man has buried himself so utterly from the sight of his own people no one can say.

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BAD MEN—BY JACK CRAWFORD

AND BRAVE MEN, TOO, WHO DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON.

"Wild Bill" Haycock, Who Could Kill the Man That Had the Drop on Him—Jack Burke's Last Fight—The "Dead Man's Shot"—Quick Work With a Revolver.

Col. Jack Crawford has been writing for the Chicago *Inter Ocean* his recollections of some of the brave men and "bad" men of the plains a generation ago. He's a rich man now out in Oregon and a good story-teller, as his narrative proves:

The notorious "bad man" of the Western frontier is becoming a rarity. Along with the scout, the cowboy, the stage driver and the pony express rider, the old-time brigands and desperadoes have almost disappeared. Scores were killed in bloody battles with frontiersmen, many died in terrible feuds, others have been captured and tamed by the stern lessons of stone walls and iron bars.

The passing of the "bad men" meant much to those of us who blazed the trails from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and all the early farers in the wild West had their hardships, deprivations and hair-raising experiences. All the men of those days of necessity were rugged, keen, fearless men, for it took a steadfast heart to push forward in the face of the dangers, and a fearless one to meet and put down the relentless foes, both red and white, that the trail-breakers met.

One of the bravest and coolest men I ever knew was the famous "Wild Bill," whose name in the family Bible is written William Haycock. It is not Hickock, as often seen spelled. I knew "Wild Bill" as well as I ever knew any one. We were together a great deal. He was a powerfully built man, his eye was like an eagle's and he was absolutely fearless of danger while performing his duties as United States marshal in the days of the Kansas Jayhawkers, and later in dealing with the Indians and bad men on the frontier.

"Wild Bill" was daring to an extreme. He thought only of his duty and he fulfilled it always. He was honest and tender hearted and I have seen him give up his last five-dollar bill to aid some poor immigrant who was starving. By this action he often changed places with the sufferers.

One time "Wild Bill" and myself were riding along the trail from Sidney to Deadwood through the buffalo swales. It was a terrible country, infested by a motley gang of cut throats and all-around bad men. We rode on until we came to a little dugout where a man named Reddy Kelly kept a saloon. It wasn't a pretentious place. The roof was supported by a post in the middle of the room; a simple rough plank served as a bar.

A bucket of water and one demijohn of whiskey composed the entire stock in hand. Kelly himself was a picturesque character, a man of brawn. He wore a fiery beard and a sleeveless red flannel shirt. We all knew him very well and when "Wild Bill" and I rode up we tied our horses to a small fir tree outside and went in to get a drink.

I stepped in first and walked to the opposite side of the post supporting the roof. "Wild Bill" stepped up to the bar, leaned on his left elbow, and began talking to Reddy Kelly.

All of a sudden, as if he had leaped through the floor a man jumped before "Wild Bill" without any warning. In each hand he held a revolver. He got Bill and myself in line and neither of us dared move.

"Hold up your hands," the fellow shouted to Bill with a string of oaths, which formed the dialect of the bad men of those days. "I am going to kill you, Bill."

Bill without a move, quietly looked at the intruder, and then said to him: "Why, my man, you do not want to kill me in cold blood. Have you thought about this matter? I don't know you nor your reason for wanting to get me out of the way."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm going to kill you because you've strung up too many of our fellows, and now it's your time, Bill."

The threat didn't feaze the cool-headed marshal. He gazed steadfastly into the other man's face and then said: "That is too bad. I never thought of that before, but I suppose it is a necessary thing. And now you want to put me out of the way."

"Yes, and I'm a-goin' to do it right," growled the stranger. The muzzles of both revolvers were not eighteen inches from Bill's face, but he never flinched. I dared not move or the fellow would have killed Bill before I could jump aside and shoot. I saw the muscles of Bill's back grow taut, the cords stood out in his neck and his feet seemed to sink into the rough floor.

Bill gazed into the man's eye for a minute and then gave a terrible warwhoop, throwing the man's attention from his aim for an instant. He ducked his head a foot and like a flash of lightning whipped out two great revolvers. As they came up the bullets were flying, and every one of the twelve leaden pellets pierced the man's body, literally cutting him in two. When Bill gave his unearthly yell the intruder fired one shot, but it went far above the mark. In a minute the smoke blew away and the man lay dead on the floor. Bill turned to Reddy Kelly and said: "Remove this carrion, Red, and give us another drink."

We took another drink, walked to our horses and struck out along the trail to Deadwood. I never heard Bill say a word about the affray and I said nothing. We were not in the habit of remembering such things.

Next to "Wild Bill," the bravest man and one of the most desperate I ever saw was an out-and-out brigand. His name was Jack Burke, and he was the boldest man in the notorious "Billy the Kid's" gang of desperadoes.

I first ran across Burke in El Paso, Tex., after I had been for some time in Mexico. I knew the habits of the banditti. I had fought and rode among bad men throughout the frontier States, but I had never found a braver man than Burke. My meeting with him was extraordinary, and not accompanied by the most comforting circumstances.

In El Paso I ran across an old friend, Red Hart. He told me he was going to open a new building that night and wanted me to help him by seeing that no desperadoes entered the place. I told him I would aid him and I remained in the building until late.

There was a varied throng there, men of all classes and descriptions, most of them rough-and-ready fellows. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when all the early comers were gone, I walked down the back stairs, which terminated in an alley. At the bottom of the stairway was a hooded door, behind which burned a flickering, smoky oil lamp. The shadows wavered and rather blinded one.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs and opened the door into the alley I was confronted by four men. Each man held a gun at my head, ordered me to throw up my hands, and deliver what cash I had.

To me this was rather astonishing, for I have always been a peaceful man. I did not see my way clear to accede to the demand. I quietly and slowly pulled out my revolver [illegible]

the porch cleaning his Winchester rifle. I spoke to him and went through to the rear to speak to an old woman who kept the cabin. While talking to her I heard a rifle shot, and, hurrying around to the porch, I found Burke had been shot by a member of his own gang. The wound was a frightful one. The ball had ripped open his abdomen. I got a sheet and tied it around his waist and he crawled into the house.

"Get me to the window, Jack," he said, "and tell the old woman to keep out of the way. There's going to be hell to pay here for a little while. Give me my gun and put a mattress up under the window. There I will die, but I'll take a few along with me when I go. This is not your fight, Jack Crawford. I have not long to live. Keep out of the way until I call you."

Burke raised his rifle, stuck it out of the window and waited. I did not think he could live five minutes, so I took the old woman and got her out of harm's way. In another minute the Winchester began spitting fire. For twenty minutes the battle kept up furiously. A great many shots were fired from places of hiding outside, and Jack watched the little puffs of smoke and then sent a bullet straight to the mark.

At last his firing ceased for a moment, and I thought it was all over with him. Then I saw him slowly lay his cheek against his rifle stock, as slowly close one eye, and as slowly pull the trigger. His aim was directed at a small knot hole in a sawmill 200 yards away. The bullet went straight to the point, as I learned afterward. When Jack fired his last shot—it was what we call the dead man's shot, and is always true—he called me.

I ran to him and he said: "Stretch me out, old man, and pull off my boots. I am going to die. My real name is not Jack Burke. No one ever shall know who I am. My father is a wealthy New York State man and my family knows nothing of me. I do not want them to know."

The fellow then let his hands fall, his head dropped to one side and he was dead. He had been game to the finish.

When all was quiet I walked about the region to take a look at the battle ground. Jack had killed five men. The last one fell at the "dead man's shot." The first shot fired at Jack came from the knot hole in the sawmill and from there came all the time the fiercest fire. Jack missed aim at the place several times, but that last shot went to the target, and there, inside the mill, I found a desperado with his whole head blown off.

I saw Jack Burke decently buried. I have never said a word about the battle and the only message that ever went out was a small despatch to the newspapers, which read: "Jack Burke, the greatest desperado with 'Billy the Kid,' has been killed in a brawl with other members of the brigand gang."

I was a witness also of the passing of two other members of "Billy the Kid's" gang. One evening in the spring of 1881 I rode into El Paso from Los Tancos and Paso del Norte. It was 9 o'clock when I reached El Paso and I was travel worn and started at once for my living place. On the way I met Dallas Studemire, the marshal of El Paso. He was born a Texan, was a man of rare ability, full of resolution, and faithful to his duty.

The hills not far away were infested at that time with a part of the notorious gang of desperadoes, every man of them a desperate highwayman. When I met Studemire he stopped me and asked:

"What are you going to do to-night, John?"

"I've just ridden in from Del Norte," I said, "and I am tired and am going home."

"Got your gun with you?" asked Dal.

I told him I had it.

"Come quickly with me, then," said the marshal, "I'm going to capture Campbell and Stern, two of 'the kid's' gang. They're desperate lads, and I hear they are in the upper end of the town now. I wish you would guard my rear so that I am not attacked. I'll do the shooting. It's not your job, but I don't want to be shot in the back. Will you go?"

I went, and we sailed up the middle of the street, Dal with his pair of 41s and I with my revolver, "Old Betsy." We walked rapidly and I had to admire the cool courage, not to say daredeviltry, of the young marshal. He seemed perfectly confident of getting his men, and he went along the street in full view of the crowd, both hands at his revolver belt.

We had walked scarcely a distance of two blocks when the ball opened. The two desperadoes jumped from behind the old Grand Central Hotel, then an adobe house, and brought their Winchesters down upon Dal. Both weapons spoke, but the balls went above the target. Without flinching or batting an eye or showing the least fear on earth, Dal whipped out both revolvers. They spoke almost simultaneously. Campbell lurched forward with a great ugly bullet hole directly between his eyes. Before he had struck the ground Stern was sinking into a heap, shot through the head. Dal rushed up to the men and found them both dead.

It was the quickest work I ever saw. But how it was the men fired high I never could understand. Both were dead shots.

DAY OF THE STAGE STAR.

Last Stock Company at a High-Class Theatre Seen to Disappear.

With the disappearance of the Empire Theatre stock company next season New York will be without a representative of this kind of troupe in any of its high-class theatres.

Two stock companies giving two representations daily are prospering famously at cheap prices; but the stock company plan seems impossible nowadays at the first-class theatres.

The public pays higher prices for novelty to-day than for anything else. New plays may not be nearly so good as old ones, but even the persons who have never seen the old dramas would rather pay high prices for the new ones.

Thus it happens that the high-priced theatres all over the country have been able to hold their own against the cheap stock companies. In the latter the plays may be as well acted or nearly as well. They are not new, but more or less familiar. The public demand being for novelty in the first place, it wants the new plays even at high prices. So the managers are able to compete successfully with the stock companies.

But they began to find it difficult two years ago to maintain their superiority so long as they had to depend upon a play. The play is the thing in the cheap stock companies, not the star. So the high-priced attractions even when they had good plays began to realize that they must also have stars.

Then the manufacture of stars began. Pretty young women with no particular talent or experience and young men who happened to be tall enough and good looking enough found themselves stars in plays that they succeeded in making very popular, whereas if they had been merely acting one of the roles in the play they might have made very little impression.

Even in the case of established stock companies like the Empire and the Lyceum this need of a star was felt the minute the actors left the home theatre. When Daniel Frohman took his company on its travels two years ago he made the leading actress the star, and the two leading players in the Empire company have been stars for several seasons whenever the troupe left the home theatre.

The Empire company during the ten years of its existence included Viola Allen, [illegible]

IF THE LONE WOMAN WOULD EAT

SHE MUST GET AN ESCORT ON BROADWAY AFTER 5 O'CLOCK.

That's the Rule in Many Restaurants, and Very Angry It Makes Respectable Victims—Symposium of Experiences of Three Women Who Had Tried It.

"I know that restaurants and hotels have to be strict," she told the other women, "but there is such a thing as discretion." And she told this story:

She went to an eminently respectable Broadway restaurant early the other evening with her husband. Both she and her husband are as respectable as the restaurant, and they look so, as their friends will testify. It was only a few minutes after 5 o'clock when they reached the door. Then her husband remembered that he had forgotten to deliver a message to a friend who has an office a couple of blocks away. He thought of it as he stepped inside the door, and mentioned it to her.

"I guess I'll go and see that fellow right away," he said. "You order the dinner and by the time it's on the table I'll be back."

He went out and she walked to a table and sat down. But she had hardly reached her chair when the head waiter went up to her.

"I am very sorry, Miss," he said, "but it will be impossible for you to get a meal here. It is against our rule to serve any ladies after 5 o'clock unless they are attended by men. You see, we have to——"

"Why," she said, "what do you mean? My husband has just gone up the street a moment on an errand. I want to order dinner so as to save time. He'll be back before it is served."

"Yes, that is very well," said the man, "but we don't know anything about that. We have to preserve the good character of the place, don't you know."

"Yes, I see," said she, and she walked out and waited near the door for her husband. Then she left dealing with the restaurant man to him, and she has reason to believe that his treatment of the subject was vigorous and thorough.

"And I'm mighty glad too," she said. "But didn't I cry, though?"

"I had an experience," said the second in the group. "It wasn't quite so bad, although goodness knows that I thought at the time that nothing could be worse.

"Being a single woman, I didn't have a husband. In fact, I didn't even have a man escort. It was on a Sunday afternoon and I had been at an afternoon service at one of the churches in Fifth avenue with another girl. When I got out we felt famished and the thought of a boarding house supper of the Sunday night sort made me set my face against going clear over to Brooklyn without anything to eat. So we went into a restaurant where I had taken luncheon.

"The waiter said just about the same thing to us, and you can imagine how horrified we felt. But we swallowed our pride and instead of crying, as we felt like doing, we laughed it off and went to another restaurant. There they don't demand male escorts after 5 o'clock."

The third woman had had her experience, too. She is a schoolteacher and the schoolroom has made her used to crises.

"I had somewhat the same experience," she said. "I got into one of those places and I was very hungry. The waiter told me that I couldn't be served because I didn't have a man with me.

" 'Oh, that is your rule, is it?' I asked. 'Will any sort of man do?'

" 'Yes,' said he.

"I went right out of that restaurant and walked over to the nearest A. D. T. messenger office. There I hired for one hour, a boy who was glad to sit opposite me at the table and eat a dinner for which I paid, so as to be my escort. He was the teeniest, tiniest, little bit of a boy I ever saw out of knickerbockers in my life, but he did have on long trousers and therefore he was a man.

"I never had more fun at a dinner than I did with that dear little chap. He sat there and talked in his queer language until my sides fairly ached with laughter, and the restaurant people never even objected to my escort."

"But," asked the schoolteacher, "why don't some restaurant people have sense?" And the other women said so too.

NO. 7'S PRINCIPAL TO RETIRE.

James Frank Wright Has Been Teaching Nearly Half a Century.

Principal James Frank Wright of Public School 7, at the corner of Chrystie and Hester streets, will retire before the close of the year, after nearly half a century as a teacher. He began teaching in 1855, at Hudson, N. Y. In speaking of his earlier experiences Mr. Wright says:

"In 1855 I received an offer of $600 a year at Hudson and a promise of $900 if I succeeded in governing a very tough lot of boys. I succeeded, but when I asked for the promised increase the trustees pleaded poverty and I returned to New York.

"In 1859 I entered Public School 20, in the Tenth ward. The neighborhood was then populated mainly by Germans and Irish. In 1863 I was appointed vice-principal and in 1873 principal of Public School 7.

"In a case in the school building is preserved the tattered flag that waved on the roof of the rickety school building during the Civil War. I remember well the days of the Draft Riots, for I came near losing my life.

"My father came to visit me one day, and we started to drive to the Park along Fifth avenue. Near Fortieth street we met the rioters, who had just burned a colored orphan asylum.

"They surrounded us and seized my pocketbook and my father's watch. We were really in danger of our lives, when one man, a leader, yelled, 'I know that man; you mustn't harm him,' and we were allowed to pass on.

"The leader was my newspaper man. I passed him the next day and he said:

" 'Do you know I saved your life?'

"I thanked him and upon further conversation found out that he had mistaken me for the editor of the *Irish American*, whom I closely resembled.

[illegible]