

The Wickedest Man in America

"The" Allen, the Most Notorious Man in New York, Tells His Story for the First Time.

THE wickedest man in America, according to the police: Arrested sixty-eight times—the charges against him ranging from murder to petty larceny. Never convicted. Who? "THE" ALLEN. What manner of man is he—this "most notorious man in the Western Hemisphere?" How would he talk and act if some eminently respectable citizen, a clergyman, for instance, had an opportunity to interview him? What are his theories of life—if he has any; his philosophy, habits, history—how does he enjoy being the "most notorious" of men?

THIS is what happened when I called last week at the West End Club, 80 Sixth avenue, the place where in forty battles the police have been defeated forty times—"The" Allen's poolroom, they call it. A lookout guarded the door. Could I see Mr. Allen? Perhaps. What was my name? My business? I told him. "Wait here"—emphasis decidedly on the "here." The guard disappeared around the corner. "Want to see me?" said a voice at my back. It surprised me. As I turned a pair of eyes looked straight through me. "The" Allen's Description of "The" Allen. "Yes, Mr. Allen, I would like to—" "I'm 'The' Allen—American—age 37—weight 135—height 5 feet 6 inches—never harmed any one in my life—never will as long as I live—arrested sixty-eight times—never convicted of an offense—don't know the taste of liquor—never gambled in my life—never bet on a non-race—hounded by the police for fifty years—hounded day and night—why? Because 'The' Allen won't stand and deliver—no stand and deliver for 'The' Allen. He's an American—don't have to—" "But, Mr. Allen, I—" "The papers have vilified me for nearly half a century. They don't know me, that's why. Why don't they find out? Hello, John"—this to an old man, ragged, sick looking, who approached him. "Been in the hospital, eh? Wondered where you were."

The old man whispered something, whereupon, with a deprecating shake of the head, a five-dollar bill was handed to him. "That was a pretty incident," I said. "I suppose you—" "Nothing—goes on all day—10 morning to 10 night—find out if you stay long enough. I'm needed here in Rocky Hollow. Needed all hours of day and night. Ask 'em—go through the tenements, top to bottom—ask who's their friend. They'll tell. Well, child"—A little girl of 19 or 12, weary with an infant in her arms, was standing there. "The" Allen as a Neighbor to the Poor. "Mamma's worse," she said. "Go over with her, Tim." "The" Allen said, turning to a man who stood near by. "Here, little one." And once more the roll of bills was drawn on. She was looking her thanks at him when a young mother approached. The infant in her arms was ill. No doubt of that. "Here's the dispossession warrant," she said. "It's for Monday." "I'll fix it," said "The" Allen. "Did the groceries come?" "Yes." She gave me her name—Mrs. Kate Farrington of 558 Greenwich street. We stood on the sidewalk during the ten or twelve minutes that these incidents occurred. Now we mounted the steps of the clubhouse. At the door Allen stopped me.

"You're on the threshold of number 80," he said. "It is the only threshold in the United States guarded by what I call a perpetual injunction against the police. In 1897 Justice Smyth said to my counsel, Mr. Steinhart, from the bench, 'If the police attempt to enter the premises of your client—he meant me—without a warrant Mr. Allen will be justified in killing them.' That holds good to-day. Come up."

A Man Full of Intense Energy.
To this moment it had been impossible to make a statement to the man. He was quivering with nervous energy. You have seen Booth, McCullough, Bernhardt, Mansfield, tense with suppressed power. So was this man keyed up to the breaking point. A narrow hall led to a five-by-eight room. The door shut and clicked. "I want to ask you some questions," I said. "Can you talk to me here for a couple of hours? I want to get your own story in your own words." "I'll answer every question you ask. I'm

"THE" ALLEN'S CAREER TOLD IN BRIEF.
Born December 1, 1833, at No. 725 Washington street. Married and lives in West Eighth street. Has three adopted children and one granddaughter. Arrested sixty-eight times. Never convicted. If convicted for each offense maximum penalty sentences would have approximated 100 years and \$100,000 in fines. Has paid for at least 360 funerals. Weighs 135 pounds. Is 5 feet 6 inches in height. Alleged poolroom is at No. 80 Sixth avenue, New York.

the equal of every man that lives—equal, not superior—that's the Ashcroft plan. "Truth is mighty and will prevail." I tell the truth—light square—look every man in the eye, and I'm not afraid." "The intensity of the man was the most noticeable thing about him. A small man, with eyes that looked everywhere at once and through everything at the same time. His skin was sallow and wrinkled around the nose; gray hair, thin lips, splendidly scornful; a sharp face but a kindly one—such a man as in a battle you'd find on the firing line."

"Why are you called the wick—" "Will you listen? Twenty-three years ago they charged me with murdering Ed Maloy. Ed Maloy was my partner, my chum, for twenty years. Kill Ed Maloy? No more than I'd kill my little grand-

child! A bullet from a toy pistol, accidentally discharged, struck him in the heart and he died instantly. They brought me to court. Say, in all the hundreds of people in and around the courtroom—out of all the thousands I'd helped—I didn't see a friend. "The next day it was the same, but at the noon hour, just as the court adjourned, some one touched me on the shoulder. I looked around, and—"Allen's voice broke here and he shook convulsively; he turned to the window and cried like a child. "Who was it?" I asked. "My little daughter, Minnie, 9 years old," he said, "and a servant girl who had been in my family for eighteen years. Minnie didn't forget me. She's dead now—a fresh outbreak—but her little daughter I have adopted as my child. "But from that moment on it was 'The' A. e. n. against the world. "Put it down strong. I have no 'pull'—never had a 'pull'—and on this side of the Jordan I'll never stand and deliver."

talk to a man on the streets who puts a question to you." "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." "Speaking of the River Jordan, what's your favorite chapter in the Bible?" "Haven't many favorites, but there's one verse that's stood by me all through life. To-day at a funeral in the Bedford Street Methodist Church I thought of it all the time. When Tweed and the police and crooks encompassed me, when there wasn't a star in the sky, when I was ready to give up, that verse gave me hope. "Do you want to know what it is? 'God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.' That's it, and it's never failed me yet. "Want to know how God works? Go up to the garrets or down to the basements of any of the tenements over there"—he pointed in the direction—"go late at night and often you'll see a dim little light and a sick mother or a sick baby, and kneeling at the bed a Salvation Army girl. "God moves in a mysterious way"—his mercy finds the needy. That's my religion. "Charity covers a multitude of sins. Don't put this down as coming from me, but find it out for yourself. There's not many garrets or basements around here that I haven't been in. Ask them all, the people from Dr. Judson's church, the Catholic church, or the colored church, or the Salvation Army." "Are you a church member?" "No, but Mrs. Allen is. She's the president of four societies in her church. You

can quote me on this. The poor of this district know her and they know my grandchildren." "Do you attend many funerals?" "About four a week. And, say, don't say this as coming from me. You go to Winterbottom, the undertaker at Spring and Macdougall streets, and if he can't show you the receipts for over 200 funerals I've paid for, then say nothing at all

sporting man. A gambler is a thief who robs by device and fraud. A sporting man is a man of the world—a gentleman. Ever hear of a sporting man giving another his I. O. U.? He wouldn't know how to do it."

"What advice would you give to a young man beginning a career?" "I'd look him in a room and say to him: 'Boy, be honest, tell the truth and what were the rights of the negroes here, in the United States. Then his idea of the rights of the negro has been developed, and it is in the slave States. Even the border States were beginning to get the same idea. But the A. S. Senator answered by silence, obviously not intending to be any longer un-

declaration was ob-

several institutions own they esti- He philip- can be byppi and But cause under the d that the position of ite suffrage gressional negro nning nly and the South's govern- n dicta as a re-

peal of the fifteenth amendment. All this is in line with what I believe. The policy of the people as to all the islands. They will never be admitted to equal citizenship, nor their territory to state public. All told, they number about 16,000,000, and the race may be regarded as written to be permanently excluded. Much future trouble is avoided by present frank placement held out for pacification of the Filipinos, that they are to have no future and delusion. They will never have either. If they choose there is no objection, but to take it with

about it. But don't quote me. Quote him." "I may as well say here that later in the afternoon I visited Winterbottom's place and three other undertaking establishments in the neighborhood and obtained conclusive evidence that "The" Allen had paid in those establishments for 360 funerals of the poor.

"Yes, sir, been arrested sixty-eight times. Conviction on one charge—murder—would have meant death. But I wasn't even tried. "About fifty of the arrests were for alleged pool-selling. If convicted on each of the charges the maximum sentences combined would have been in years 199, in fines \$100,000. "My war record? I went into the first battle of the Civil War and remained in the service till the last one was fought. Six months after enlisting I was assigned to the Secret Service. I assumed the role of a fugitive from the Confederate States, went to Montreal, had a reward of \$50,000 placed on my head and, to get information for my government, joined the raiders in their attack on St. Albans, Vt. I was captured there by the United States forces and sentenced to be executed the next day. A telegram from Secretary of War Stanton to General Schofield, in command at St. Albans, saved me. That, I suppose, was the narrow escape from death I ever had. It was Henry Ward Beecher, who, by telegram, informed Stanton of my plight. Beecher was billed to lecture in St. Albans the day of my arrest. "It's a lie to say I'm a gambler. I'm a

fight. Then you must win and you can't lose." "His Advice to Young Men as to Marriages. "No man should marry till he's 25, on the principle that— Small boats must keep near shore, Large ones can venture more. "What do you know about the drink evil?" "Rum!" he shouted. "Rum! Misery, poverty, toll, strife, damnation! Down here in Rocky Hollow in fifty years I've seen six out of every ten boys go wrong through rum. Rum! It's craps on the door—a leap from the docks—a grave in potter's field—homes ruined—hearts broken—souls lost. That's rum. "It's brought sorrow to Rocky Hollow. I KNOW; I'm a member of the 'Lower Five,' and I'll stick here till I die. I don't belong on Easy street, with a mint on one end and a college at the other. That's for the 'Upper Ten,' not for me. "Listen: On the first of December, twenty-one years ago, on my way home, at 4 o'clock in the morning, I heard a faint cry in a doorway. It was near Canal and Thompson streets. I thought it was a kitten. I looked and found a basket, almost covered with snow. It was a baby instead, and I took him home. I raised him. I adopted him. "To-day he's the cashier of one of the largest banks in New York. So, you see, I'm needed in Rocky Hollow. I've been in a theater twice in twenty-five years. No need to go. Enough tragedy and pathos here."

Adopt any other children?"

"The" Allen as a Poet. "I made up a verse for 'M.' he said. "myself." Then he went on: M is for Minnie, my own little girl; God bless her, is all I can say; She's gone far away, but loves me I know; And in heaven I'll meet her some day. "Here's another little poem. It's crude, but it hits the point: I do like a man that nobody will stand up And tell to each man what he feels; I can fight with a lion, lie down with a lamb, But I don't like a cur at my heels. "I haven't had a sunny day in my life for fifty years," he said, "except at home. I'm happiest when my little grand-children run to get me and say, 'We're glad to see you, grandpa.' Nine-tenths of the world I know is a cheat and a lie, but I'm safe at home. I'm in a desert all day, but when I'm home I'm in an orchard with green trees and flowing brooks." He stopped a moment. "An outlaw!" he exclaimed. "Come with me. We descended the stairs, turned the corner and started to walk on Eighth street. It was like a royal "progress." A bevy of little tots, from 2 to 8 years of age, caught sight of "The" Allen and then they impeded progress. "Grandpa," they all cried at once, and not until he said a word to each and patted them on the head or shoulders would they release their holds. "Now," he asked, "do you think I'm the wickedest man in America?"

The Longest Steps on Earth. SHE height of the holy mountain (Taischan, in China) is 20,000 feet above Taingnanfu, and the distance is something over sixteen miles. The road is probably the best in all China. About a mile north of the city walls a large gate stands amid the ruins of once flourishing suburbs, and after passing this gate I found myself in an avenue several miles in length, and lined with temples, convents and holy shrines, where pilgrims stop and pray if they succeed in shaking off the thousands of beggars who occupy this only road leading to the summit. They are not ordinarily modest beggars, but the real lords of the Taischan, who levy a sort of entrance fee, which every traveler is compelled to pay. They are not content with crouching modestly by the roadside, for that would enable pilgrims to make their escape. In order to prevent this each beggar builds a sort of wall of loose stones about three feet high across the avenue, with an opening of only a yard in the center, and in this opening he sits or kneels, knocking his head on the ground, and shouts, screams and howls at the approaching pilgrim. They make room for nobody. Each traveler has to step over them, and naturally enough a few cash coins are thrown to them in order to avoid being touched or pulled by the clothes with their sore and filthy hands. They are numerous in the lower portion of the road, but they assail the pilgrims also a few thousand feet higher up on the mountain. The real ascent begins at a stone portal at which, according to its inscription, the great Confucius himself ascended and turned back 2500 years ago, not having had the strength to climb the 6000 stone steps leading to the top. Imagine a staircase leading to the top of Mount Washington. These Taischan stairs are by far the steepest in the wide world, for taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be twenty, the number of Taischan steps equals 200 stories. Still, I had to climb up, for these steps are in places so narrow that I dared not trust my bones to the care of my two chair coolies; moreover, they were exhausted by the fatigue and heat and apparently unable to carry even the empty chair. Their tariff for carrying one person up and down the Taischan, a distance of twice sixteen miles, is 600 cash, or 30 cents—15 cents for each coolie. After six hours of tedious climbing I passed through the gate of heaven and stood on the large plateau at the summit, which is covered with numerous temples and stone monuments. The main temple is that of the holy mother, consisting of a number of buildings surrounded by a high wall. Magnificent bronze statues and bronze monuments adorn the several courts, in the last of which rises the principal temple, with a huge statue of the holy mother on an altar. The doors of this temple are opened only once every year for an imperial commissioner, who comes to collect the money offerings of the pilgrims. But thanks to a substantial takshish, or as it is called in Chinese, "kumshah," a priest pushed a loose bar of the main gate aside, enough to let me have a glimpse of the interior. The floors of this large temple were filled with a heap of coins three feet high—coins of every description, size and value, ancient and modern, mostly brass cash, but many millions of them, representing probably \$10,000 United States currency. The money is divided among the convents and beggars of the holy mountain, but the lion's share goes into the pockets of that enterprising lady, the Dowager Empress. Still higher up stands a temple dedicated to the "sleeping holy mother," and entering I found an elegantly furnished bedroom, with a full size doll lying under silk coverings on the bed. The accompanying priest whispered to me not to speak too loud, lest I should disturb the young lady's slumber.—Century Magazine.

A VERY REMARKABLE MAN. So Says Captain Chapman, Commanding the Tenderloin Police Precinct of New York. THE title "wickedest man in America" has been applied to "The" Allen for a quarter of a century. His defiant and outspoken attitude against the police originally won him the sobriquet. For fifty years at every step in his career he has fought the police bitterly and thus centered attention on himself. He has been arrested some seventy times, but I understand has never been convicted. I have raided the alleged poolroom at 80 Sixth avenue, which it is said he operates, ten or twelve times—oftener, I suppose, than any police captain in New York—but on each occasion the charge against him has not held. I have had men stationed in the West End Club house for weeks at a time to secure evidence, but so cleverly was business conducted that conviction was impossible. So far as the law is concerned no man has yet been able to say that "The" Allen ever operated a poolroom. He has taken the advice of clever attorneys, has followed it absolutely and has won all his legal battles. In the West End Club, referred to always as "The" Allen's poolroom, only actual members are permitted, and this is another safeguard against prosecution. Legal technicalities have always saved him. "The" Allen is a remarkable man. He is absolutely fearless. If he knew that a squad of police were about to descend on him, and if he could easily avoid them, he would stand his ground and make a fight. In a mix-up he's a whirlwind. He weighs about 130 pounds, but it's common remark in his precinct is that "The" Allen is worth ten men.

poems of Byron and Tennyson were on a table. "Read them much?" I asked. "Not much; but when I hear poetry things in my life that have long passed come before me. I got the alphabet book that I bought little Minnie when she was a baby."

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