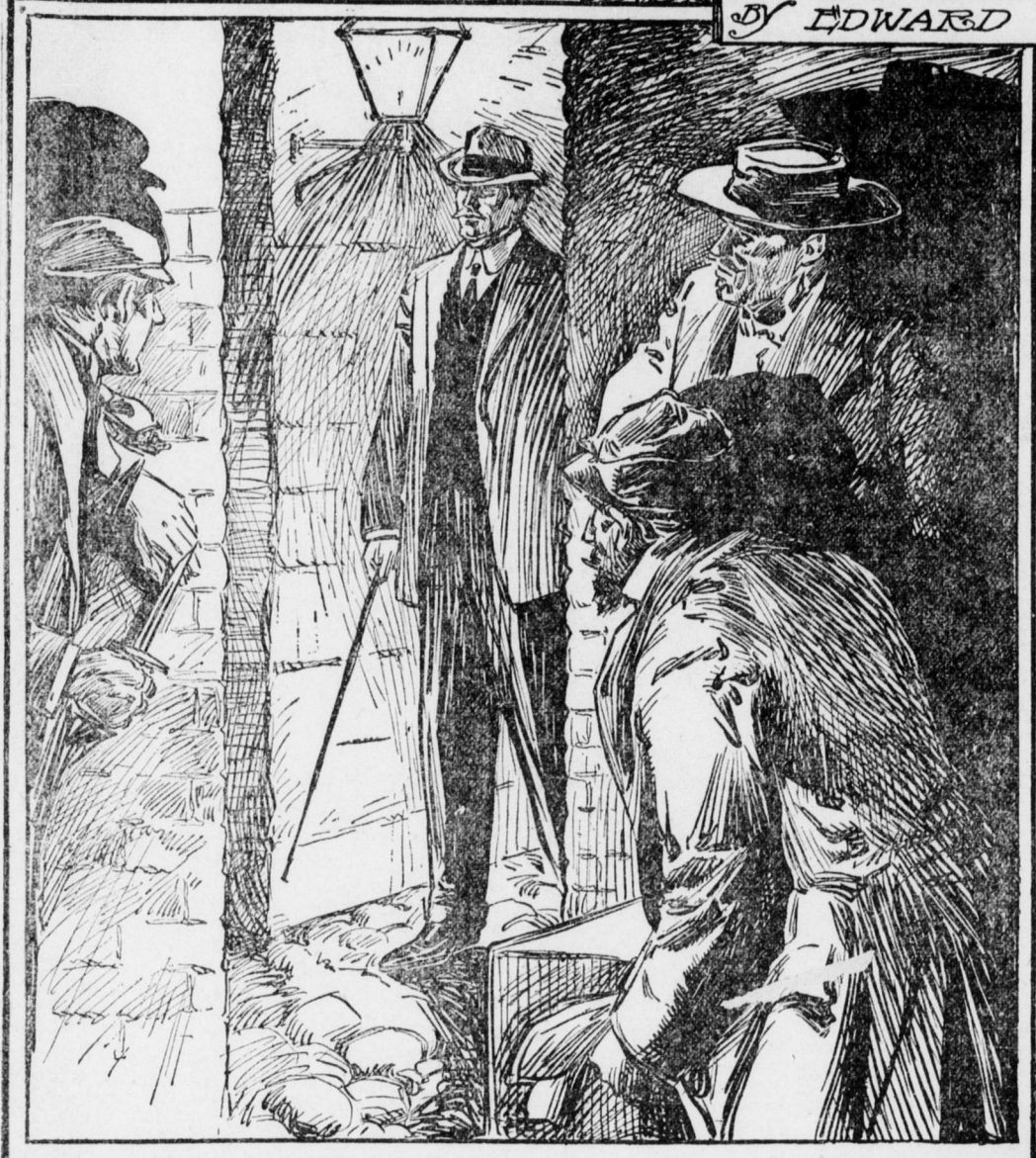


"LES APACHES" OF PARIS

BY EDWARD W. FICKARD



the recently restored guillotine, and whenever there is to be an execution the Apaches flock from all districts of the city to witness the ghastly sight. Silently they stand, gazing at the grim instrument of death, until the condemned individual is brought forth. Then jeers and howls break forth from the crowd, and as the knife falls the Apaches rush forward to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood. These they preserve as souvenirs, or sell them to the degenerates of the upper classes.

Strangely enough, the male Apaches nearly all look alike. They are hollow-cheeked, dark-haired, furtive-eyed, shambling of gait and sallow of complexion—always easily recognized among the throngs on the streets. The women on the other hand, as a rule, are handsome, spirited and intelligent. They dress well and give special attention to the care of their hair, which they never cover with a hat. All of them, men and women, profess to follow some trade as a safeguard against the occasional raids of the police on their haunts.

Official Paris is somewhat dismayed by the rapidly growing menace of these Apaches bands. The number of robberies and murders attributable to them is increasing monthly, and as the victims very often are travelers from foreign lands, the crimes are having an appreciable effect on tourist business.

"FLAG DAY."

My Mrs. Edward Dunroy-Reed.

The general observance of June 14 as "Flag Day" suggests the thought

ONE morning not long ago a well-dressed foreigner, evidently an American tourist, was found dead on the pavement in a side street of Paris. Twisted about his neck was a dirty handkerchief with which he had been strangled; he had been brutally kicked and beaten, and in his chest were several knife-wounds, any one of which would have killed him. The unfortunate man had been stripped of all money, jewelry and other valuables.

"Les Apaches," said the police, stolidly. "He should have known better than to go prowling about alone at night." And in the police records another murder was put on the score of the thugs of the "gay capital."

Paris is not proud of her Apaches, and the rest of the world has known little of these criminal bands, though theater-goers in many American cities during the last season were given a glimpse of one phase of their life in the skillful but revolting "Apache dance" imported from the French music halls. Yet the story of the origin, development and deeds of these outlaw gangs is fascinating, if not edifying.

Nearly ten years ago there appeared suddenly in the underworld of Paris a young woman so beautiful and animated that she at once attracted general attention and admiration among its other denizens. Her head was crowned with a great mass of lovely reddish-gold hair, on account of which she was promptly nicknamed "Casque d'Or," or "Golden Helmet." Suitors quickly flocked about the girl and in time she selected from among them as her protector one Lecat, known among his comrades as a clever thief and a bold fighter whom the police would be glad to have behind the bars.

All went well for a time, until there came on the scene a more attractive scoundrel, named Manda. Pretty, fickle Golden Helmet promptly transferred her affections to the newcomer, and then the trouble began. Lecat, the forsaken, vowed vengeance on his successful rival and summoned his followers to his aid. Manda also had no lack of friends, and soon all the thugs in the district of the Halles or markets had ranged themselves on one side or the other. Many a bloody battle was fought in the streets between the two bands, cheered on by their female friends, and not a few men were slain in these conflicts. Finally in one of the fiercest of the encounters Lecat himself was killed, and Golden Helmet shouted aloud in joy. But her triumph was short-lived. Another leader for Lecat's band, known as "Le Manchot," sprang up and the feud was continued with increased fury. One night Le Manchot caught Manda off his guard and plunged a knife deep into his back, and for weeks the stricken leader lay in hospital near to death. He recovered at last and was being taken in an ambulance to a cell when the blood-thirsty Le Manchot, seeing his victim escaping from his vengeance, broke through the police guard, leaped into the vehicle and stabbed Manda to death. For this murder Le Manchot is now serving a life sentence.

Golden Helmet, made notorious by the succession of battles and crimes which her attractions had instigated, now sought other conquests, and decided that the drama was her forte. Only the intervention of the police prevented her exploitation by an unscrupulous variety hall manager. Golden Helmet then speedily sank out of sight, but the rivalry for her favor had lasting results. Always the Apaches have one "queen" whose rule over them is absolute if temporary. One of the most notorious of these was "Chiffonnette," who reigned last year. She was 23 years old, tall and graceful, and would have been a beauty

save for the loss of one eye and the presence of many scars, the results of her numerous boulevard battles. She was elaborately tattooed and was mighty proud of that adornment. Chiffonnette's career came to an untimely end last New Year's day, when she engaged in a desperate fight with another woman whom she hated. Cheered on by a crowd of her male and female subjects, the queen finally stabbed her antagonist to death with a stiletto, and now she is a prisoner in St. Lazare.

This year's queen of the Apaches is Pepe. She is only 18 years old and as pretty as a picture, but as fierce as a tigress and a fit leader for the wretches by whom she is adored.

The comparative immunity from arrest and punishment enjoyed by the Apaches is due to their really wonderful organization. They form a community by themselves, apart from all the rest of Paris, with their own laws, courts and executioners; their secret passwords, and almost their own language, for the argot they use is practically unintelligible to others. Merciless toward their victims, they are no less merciless in punishing those of their own number who are convicted of treachery.

A few years ago one Painblanc was accused of being in league with the police. He was formally brought to trial, the judge being a leader known as "l'Espagnol." The charge against Painblanc was not fully proved, but his loyalty was so doubtful that he was sentenced to exile. Rising from his chair in the obscure dive where the trial was being held, he hurled his knife at l'Espagnol with unerring accuracy, and the judge fell dead with the blade in his heart. The police rushed in and carried Painblanc to prison, the Apaches making no effort to save him.

Another alleged traitor was Albert Durin. He was condemned to death and two Apaches tied him to the rails of a tunnel of the Belt Line railway of Paris. He was found before a train passed and rescued. How many traitors have been executed by their comrades it is impossible to know, for only in such cases as the foregoing do the police learn about the operations of the "tribunals."

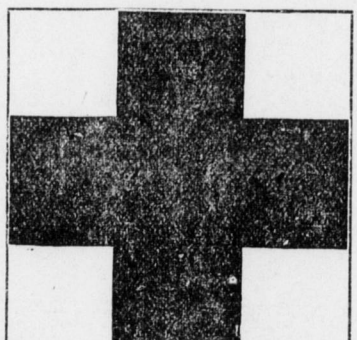
The Apache highwayman operates swiftly and skillfully, and lone strangers in the streets of Paris are never safe from his attacks. His favorite method, known as "le coup du Pere Francois," is to strangle his victim by twisting a handkerchief about his neck. After robbing the senseless man, the thug frequently will kill him with the knife, for the Apaches seem to delight in wanton murder done in what they choose to consider an "artistic" way. If the criminal is arrested, a score of his companions spring up apparently from the very pavement, and unless the police are in force they are speedily routed and the prisoner is rescued.

An observant visitor in Paris may see Apaches, male and female, on almost any street, but it is in the Place de la Roquette that they are to be found in crowds on occasion. There is set up



that "Old Glory" was mature at its birth. But its infancy dates back to the earliest recorded American history.

At the time of the birth of "The Star Spangled Banner" tradition and verified history had marked some 800 years since the advent of the first European upon American soil. The Norseman and the Dane landed upon the northeastern shores of this continent several times between the years 986 and 1300, as is proven by their own records. In 1492 Columbus planted the flag of Spain on

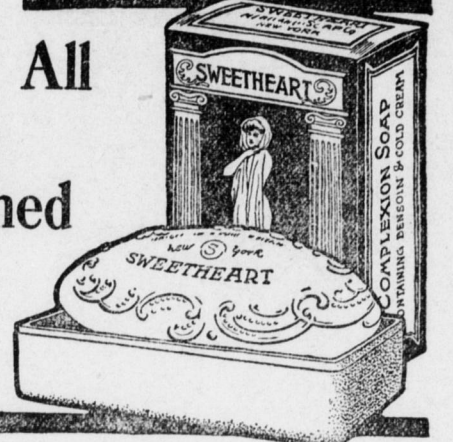


First Flag to Float Over North American Soil. "Red Cross of St. George," the banner of Richard Coeur de Lion in 1192, and planted at Labrador by Sebastian Cabot in 1497 as the royal ensign of Henry VII. the Island of San Salvador, one of the Bahamas, and again in 1498 at the mouth of the Orinoco in South America; but the first flag to float over the soil of the North American continent of which history tells was planted on the shore of Labrador in 1497 by Sebastian Cabot. The first stage of evolution was marked two years before the settlement of Jamestown, when James I. of England, in honor of the union, placed the diagonal white cross of St. Andrew with the red cross of St. George, both upon a blue field. This is the first blending of the American national colors known to history. The red, white and blue is therefore as old as the country, as it appeared in the flags which floated over the Virginia settlement and was the flag of the Mayflower and of Plymouth.

SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP

Purest of All
Exquisitely
Perfumed

LOOK---
For Free Coupon



A JUSTIFIABLE EXPRESSION.



Inexperienced Caddie (after Mr. Toozle's fifteenth miss)—Shall I make the 'ole a g bigger, sir?

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker.

Said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your bad thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit." It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 30,000 testimonials. Order a 25c package to-day of any Druggist and be ready to forget you have feet. A trial package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Captain's Repartee.

The captain of a trans-Atlantic liner, having become irritable as a result of some minor troubles in the ship's management and the unusually large number of ridiculous inquiries made by tourists, was heading for the "bridge" when a dapper young man halted him to inquire the cause of the commotion off the starboard side of the ship. Being on the port side, the captain politely replied, with some sarcasm, he was not certain, but thought it possible that a cat fish had just had kittens.—What-to-Eat.

Continual Doubt.

"How many children have you?" said the tourist, affably. "I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman. "You don't know?" "Not for certain. Willie's gone fishin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, Georgie's borrowed his father's shotgun to go hunting' an' Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'. I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."

Iron Ore Fields in Finland.

Though Finland has been regarded up to the present time as being extremely poor in iron ores, recent research has proved the existence of ore fields in South Finland (Nyland), and above all in the Ladoga lake district, which seem to be worth the expense of mining. For research purposes a company has been formed.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.—Lord Palmerston.

W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 23-1909.

ONE THING THAT WAS CERTAIN

No Doubt in the Baggeman's Mind as to Contents of What Looked Like Coffin.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggageman. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a desolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggageman was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer, "it is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man, philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TENDER, BUT NOT LOVING.



Waiter (to customer, who had complained that his steak is not tender enough)—Not tender enough! D'you expect it to kiss you!

Is Tired of Praying.

A little girl in St. Louis the other evening was going through the usual form of prayer: "God bless mamma, and papa and make me a good girl," and so on, when all at once she seemed to come to a decision. "Now that is the last time I am going to say that prayer," she said, very gravely, looking at her mother. "You are older than I am and it is your place to ask for all those things and I don't see any use in two people's asking the same thing." Since then she has firmly refused to pray, insisting that it is her mother's place to ask God for blessings.

Quite True.

Marian, a little three-year-old, is very stubborn. One day, when she was fretful, her mother, wishing to gauge her mind, attracted her attention to a cow in a vacant lot and asked what it was.

Marian replied, "hoss" (horse) and stubbornly refused to give in. Her mother, wishing to get a correct answer without scolding, asked: "What eats grass besides a horse?" "More hoss," was the quick response.—Delineator.

Appetite Calls

For food which promotes a prompt flow of the digestive juices--in addition to supplying nourishment.

Post
Toasties

is a most delicious answer to appetite.

It is, at the same time, full of the food-goodness of White Corn, and toasted to a crisp delicious brown.

"The Taste Lingers."

Popular pkg 10c; Large Family size 15c.