

THE MURDEROUS MAFIA

INSPECTOR BYRNES DESCRIBES THIS NOTORIOUS BAND OF ASSASSINS.

Originally formed for patriotic purposes, it finally degenerated into a murder society. The Mafia in New York—Chicago, Boston.

The recent lynching in New Orleans of eleven Italians, believed to have been implicated in the assassination of Chief of Police Ramsey, has drawn attention to the Mafia, the secret band of assassins, to whom the death of Ramsey is directly attributable.

Inspector Byrnes of New York gives the Herald a description of this murderous band.

"This organization," said the Inspector, "which is now made up of a lot of out-throats and thieves, was once, strange as it may seem, banded together for a patriotic purpose. Its history dates back several centuries. The society when first started was known as the Carbonari, and had for its aim the abolition of the tyrannical rule then in vogue in many of the small principalities of Italy and Italy. It was made up of noble and poor people alike. The patriotic aim of the society was finally accomplished, and with it died the organization's usefulness.

"It then became known as the Mafia, a word that has always inspired the law-abiding and self-respecting Italian with a feeling of terror. It was made up of all the bad members of the old organization, and had none of the good ones. It has continued to exist up to this day, and is still a powerful organization on the other side and has a strong auxiliary connection in this country, with headquarters in New Orleans.

"Up to about eight years ago little or nothing was known of the Mafia on this continent. Italian murders were of frequent occurrence in New Orleans, but no one paid much attention to them down there. An Italian found in the street with a knife stuck in him would be looked upon as no more than a matter of local concern.

"Prior to this time the Mafia in Sicily had been particularly active. Its leader, Giuseppe Esposito, was about as cold blooded a villain as ever wielded a stiletto. It is said he killed enough of people to fill a respectable grocery store.

"As this fellow is without doubt the person who gave the Mafia in this country its real start it is well to know something about his history before he is honored. He was born in the town of Sicily, and his name was John Foster. He was a wealthy old Sicilian named M. Zaid Venonise. The old man was taken from his house before the eyes of his own servants and thrown into a cave in the mountains, where he was left to starve unless his friends would pay a big ransom for his liberation.

"It was in this same year that Esposito became the subject of an international dispute. It all came about in this way:—

"An English nobleman, John Foster, Esposito, while dining with two Italians through Locarno, a small Sicilian town, was captured by Esposito's band and carried off into the mountains. A ransom was demanded of Mrs. Foster for her husband's release. She refused to pay.

"The next day Esposito cut off one of the clergyman's ears and sent it to his wife with a note stating that the ransom was not forthcoming. Mrs. Foster's stay on earth would be very brief. The woman thought that her husband was joking and still refused to pay. A few days later she received the other ear of her husband, with another note from Esposito that just bristled with Italian oaths.

"Esposito informed Mrs. Foster that he meant business, and that unless he was paid Mr. Foster would be killed within a certain time.

"This was too much for the preacher's wife. She paid the money and got her husband back, minus the ears and a little more. The English government took up the matter, and the authorities really did make an effort to take the daring bandit. They were not successful, and Esposito, after committing a few more murders, came to this country.

"I had heard of the man, and received word that he was probably hiding in this city. After a thorough investigation I found out that the murderer was in New Orleans, and the police of that city were so notified. In 1885 Esposito was arrested and sent back to Italy.

"During the short time this man was in New Orleans he gathered together the scattered members of the Mafia that had been turned to Rome to fight, and this latter class those addicted to habituation. This was about the time murders were so frequent in New Orleans.

"The organization is still a terror to New Orleans people. The murder of my friend Esposito is an illustration of the wonderful power of this murderous gang.

"We have a branch of the Mafia in New York. There are, however, very few Italians in it. There is an Italian as there is between a New York man and a Philadelphia man. I am of the opinion that very few people in New York understand the Mafia.

"As a matter of fact there are very few Italian criminals among the Italian masses of this city. It is true, however, that a large number of Sicilians are and have been engaged in counterfeiting, and have been a source of much trouble to the officers of the secret service of the United States. Details of this latter class those addicted to habituation among our Italian population are particularly young men born in this country of Italian parents.

"Since the murder of Antonio Placomo, the shadow of Giuseppe Dianno on the night of October 18, there have been no murders committed in this city by Italians that have been recognized as the work of the Mafia.

"There are a few Italians in this city who are supposed to be Mafia. I am of the opinion, however, that no Italian in this city is included that has been or ever will be a member of that order from here or from that.

"I have seen a number of the Mafia in New York. There are, however, very few Italians in it. There is an Italian as there is between a New York man and a Philadelphia man. I am of the opinion that very few people in New York understand the Mafia.

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THE SENORAS OF SPAIN.

The Spanish, Passionate Beauties Who Talk with Their Faces.

The lapse of centuries has not changed the Spanish woman much. The scope of her mental explorations is limited; it extends no further than a thorough knowledge of the history and literature of her native land. In this knowledge she surpasses the women of every other nationality.

The heart, too, of the Spanish woman knows two supreme passions—her country and her love. To the former she binds her energies occasionally, to the latter always. She puts no spectacles to her eyes when she sits down to study. She does not want to injure those beautiful eyes. The brilliant, superb emblems with which she dresses her womanhood to the world, for she is proudly arrogant to be a woman, and in order to fulfill her mission she wears and intrigues everywhere, and against whomsoever, in the season, on the street and in the church. With these predominating qualities she could not be expected to be model housewife, but, ah! she is a very treasure trove for the muse of poetry and the representation of woman's psychology.

The Spanish woman is a dramatic being, a woman of the world, and a woman of the world, for she is proudly arrogant to be a woman, and in order to fulfill her mission she wears and intrigues everywhere, and against whomsoever, in the season, on the street and in the church. With these predominating qualities she could not be expected to be model housewife, but, ah! she is a very treasure trove for the muse of poetry and the representation of woman's psychology.

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A JAPANESE GARDEN.

ORIENTAL NOVELTY TO BE REPRODUCED IN NEW YORK.

Tokio's Beautiful Private Gardens—Summer All the Year Round—Exquisite to Be Dispensed in a Yokohama Cottage.

"Little Japan" is the name given to a prospective Japanese garden in this city. It will appear, fairy-like, during the coming summer, and will be the first and only surprise of its kind in this city.

The two gardeners of the project are several months of scheming on the part of a bright young Japanese of this city. There are in this city, however, two pretty and dainty young Japanese ladies who were in Paris during the Exposition, and who have oblique little black eyes that fairly dance with intelligence, and it is possible that the whole scheme of the two gardeners originated in their round heads. They in turn they got the idea while visiting Japan's exhibit in the World's Fair at Chicago.

At a dinner recently given by a well-known Japanese of this city the two young ladies were present. The scheme of "Little Japan" was thoroughly discussed. One of these present was Mr. Sato, and he has given a description of the project.

According to Mr. Sato, arrangements have been completed by certain wealthy gentlemen, acting with some Japanese, for the site of the garden, its general features and its management. The ground to be occupied is nearly a block in area, and enough to give room for an exact reproduction of one of the most beautiful private gardens in Tokio. A large building will cover the site, and it will be fitted with fixtures for seating, and the gardeners may be open to his patrons all the year round.

After the construction of the building, the floor space will be arranged into little hills, slopes and nooks. The beds of Japanese will be of various outlines, walks into white and winding shell paths, the pile of earth into green mounds and the slopes and level places into velvet bits of lawn. Near the center will be a little pond, and in the pond a variety of the most Japanese fish that can be gotten here, or hatched here from eggs imported especially for the purpose.

In the adornment of this bit of the Mikado's Empire that the greatest charm of the garden will lie. The oldest and rarest small trees and shrubs will abound, and among them will be a tree whose roots rise out of the ground to the height of a native of Japan, and there meet the trunk, which rises as high as the bears drooping branches. Japan is famous for its flowering bushes and shrubs, and the most beautiful of them all will be selected for the garden. It will be gay with flowers, and sweet with their mingled fragrance.

Half hidden by trees and shrubs in one corner, overlooking the sea, will be an imported Yokohama dwelling, or tea house, will be placed. It will be built in Japan by native carpenters, and sent here in pieces. In this house, and perhaps in a second, the Japanese will be entertained. The house will be built in Japan by native carpenters, and sent here in pieces. In this house, and perhaps in a second, the Japanese will be entertained.

The business arrangements for placing a little Japan in the midst of the metropolis are carefully guarded secrets as yet, but it is said that there are five in the company, and that the first will be a very rich and enterprising New Yorker. They will send a special agent to Japan at once, if they have not already, to secure six of the best native gardeners who can be induced to come. If possible, gardeners with pretty young daughters will be secured, as it is quite difficult to separate Japanese daughters from families.—N. Y. Continent.

How An Earthquake Feels.

To the average resident of the temperate zones an earthquake is a rare and terrific event, creating more consternation than any other violation of nature. In the tropics, however, particularly in Central America, it is wonderful how easily the residents become accustomed to these shocks, which do not come, however, wholly without warning.

You are sitting on a piazza, a hot afternoon, chatting with your friends, when suddenly the sky seems to grow lacy, the crows stop cawing and the buzzards quit fighting in the street. There is a general rush, and though you may not know what is the matter, you cannot help feeling uneasy.

The old natives say, "We are going to have a little shake," and then the house begins to rock, the tumbler fall off the table, the wine fall down at the stomach, and the table to fall over. The sky clears, the crows begin their noisy screams and the buzzards resume their quarrel over the street.

There is something incomprehensibly terrifying, however, about the trembling of the earth, says the New York Journal. The slightest oscillation will weaken the population of the whole town, but unless some considerable damage is done everybody goes to sleep again as a matter of course.

A Letter on a Postage Stamp.

When the postmaster at the little country office in Ellington, Conn., opened his mail bag one day last week a single cancelled postage stamp fell out. He looked among the letters to see if the stamp had come from any of them, but they were all right. Then he examined the back of the stamp to see if the gum was still on it. He found that Mrs. J. E. Irvine, of Ellington Station in this State, had exercised her ingenuity and retained her postage by writing a letter on the back of the stamp. On one side was a small amount of white paper, such as is always found on the full sheet of stamps, and on the other was the address, Miss Lulu K. Kibbe.—N. Y. Sun.

A Young Woman's Room Board.

Humboldt, Kan., is a mining town, and possesses a young woman's room board that would be a credit to a large city. The numbers are all women except Prof. Hugo, the director, and the oldest is only 25 years of age. It is said they have attained a great deal of proficiency, and they consequently will be in. It is not clear that women play the drum and talk, but women play these things in this land. They are pretty uniformed, wearing black and blue dresses trimmed with gold.—St. Joseph News.

COBWEB PARTIES.

A New Fashionable Diversion Attracting Plenty of Fans.

A cobweb party is great fun. It is a new, too—work for the amateur and a pleasant one for the professional and pleasure-loving guests. It is as exciting as a chase, with the game just beyond the tips of your fingers, or the reach of your gun.

At such times as it one seems trying to catch a will-o'-the-wisp or find the bag of gold at the root of the rainbow. In fact, the effect of the gay yarns, winks and ribbons (whichever one chooses to use), crossed and recrossed and interlaced and intertwined, is not unlike a very beautiful rainbow, which has at the end of each bright strand a real prize. Not the traditional bag of gold to be sure, but anything from a silk shoe string to a diamond pin, or a book, or a picture, or any one else's anything that a ready, inventive family, artistic taste or fan-loving fancy can make or do.

Cobweb parties may have a jumble sound, but they are not for the enjoyment of rolling up and down, but for the version of those who have learned, as the years increased, to rein in their natural spirits and to take their pleasure with a certain amount of self-control.

To the most serious an idea weaves her cobweb of ribbons for her party, that no matter how often they are twisted and intertwined by her there will not be any fear of them getting into a hopeless tangle.

She takes as many strands of woolsens or yarn or ribbon as the number of people she invited, and fastens at one end of each strand a pin. Some of the strands are short, the pins are snuggled away in nooks, under chairs, behind pictures, and so on, and the number of pins is equal to the number of guests.

The guests are invited to select a strand and to find the other end of it which holds the prize. Each goes to work and follows the wanderings of his strand in the seemingly interminable mass of bewildering twines and turns and knots and loops.

It's great fun to watch the busy busy seekers. At first it seems deliciously silly; but the philosopher forgets the fun of it as he marks how each one works according to his temperament. With what speed and with what caution he goes about his string and follows its lead with eager expectancy. With what slow, deliberate inquiry another pursues the windings of his strand! With what doubting timidity and misgiving another hovers by his pin, which rises as high as the bears drooping branches. Japan is famous for its flowering bushes and shrubs, and the most beautiful of them all will be selected for the garden. It will be gay with flowers, and sweet with their mingled fragrance.

Half hidden by trees and shrubs in one corner, overlooking the sea, will be an imported Yokohama dwelling, or tea house, will be placed. It will be built in Japan by native carpenters, and sent here in pieces. In this house, and perhaps in a second, the Japanese will be entertained. The house will be built in Japan by native carpenters, and sent here in pieces. In this house, and perhaps in a second, the Japanese will be entertained.

The business arrangements for placing a little Japan in the midst of the metropolis are carefully guarded secrets as yet, but it is said that there are five in the company, and that the first will be a very rich and enterprising New Yorker. They will send a special agent to Japan at once, if they have not already, to secure six of the best native gardeners who can be induced to come. If possible, gardeners with pretty young daughters will be secured, as it is quite difficult to separate Japanese daughters from families.—N. Y. Continent.

How An Earthquake Feels.

To the average resident of the temperate zones an earthquake is a rare and terrific event, creating more consternation than any other violation of nature. In the tropics, however, particularly in Central America, it is wonderful how easily the residents become accustomed to these shocks, which do not come, however, wholly without warning.

You are sitting on a piazza, a hot afternoon, chatting with your friends, when suddenly the sky seems to grow lacy, the crows stop cawing and the buzzards quit fighting in the street. There is a general rush, and though you may not know what is the matter, you cannot help feeling uneasy.

The old natives say, "We are going to have a little shake," and then the house begins to rock, the tumbler fall off the table, the wine fall down at the stomach, and the table to fall over. The sky clears, the crows begin their noisy screams and the buzzards resume their quarrel over the street.

There is something incomprehensibly terrifying, however, about the trembling of the earth, says the New York Journal. The slightest oscillation will weaken the population of the whole town, but unless some considerable damage is done everybody goes to sleep again as a matter of course.

A Letter on a Postage Stamp.

When the postmaster at the little country office in Ellington, Conn., opened his mail bag one day last week a single cancelled postage stamp fell out. He looked among the letters to see if the stamp had come from any of them, but they were all right. Then he examined the back of the stamp to see if the gum was still on it. He found that Mrs. J. E. Irvine, of Ellington Station in this State, had exercised her ingenuity and retained her postage by writing a letter on the back of the stamp. On one side was a small amount of white paper, such as is always found on the full sheet of stamps, and on the other was the address, Miss Lulu K. Kibbe.—N. Y. Sun.