

**THAT'S
NEW YORK!**

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That's New York! by Morris Markey & Johan Bull

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MORRIS MARKEY & JOHAN BULL

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by
MORRIS MARKEY

and
JOHAN BULL

**MACY-MASIUS,
PUBLISHERS
1927**



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MY DEAR ROSS:

I remember the Sunday morning that I called upon you for the first time in the office of *The New Yorker*—and that was a day when the establishment was not far removed from shabbiness; before the rugs and the astonishing settees were acquired, and when a quiet place to work was always difficult to find. We talked, then, about some pieces on New York life that I might write. There was quite a lot of enthusiasm I believe for a certain story or two that I might track down, and we were somewhat elated over the prospect of seeing them in print.

But, as it fell out, those particular stories were never written. I don't know why, unless I quite forgot them in the fever of remembering something else you told me, which was to be honest at whatever cost. It was entirely novel to be told such a thing. I had written for newspapers, and newspaper writers can never be wholly honest, no matter what their editors say, for the reason that they can never allow themselves to be bored, or indifferent, or excited, or angry, or to forget the caution instilled into them by the fear of violating good taste.

You have never retreated from that position—of honesty at whatever cost—and therefore it is plain that such truth-telling as I have ventured upon in these pieces is just as much to your own credit as to mine. So the least I can do, in return for the support you gave me in the assumption of an attitude which I have found both pleasant and stimulating, is to print your name here and murmur my appreciations. The business

of dedicating books, except for the purpose of pleasing wives and parents and such, is a greatly overrated gesture. It implies so much that it really does not mean at all—either the payment of a debt or the pursuit of favor. It is no honest payment of any sort of debt, and it is a rather stupid way of flattering a potential benefactor. Yet, I shall address this one to you, because I have respect for established custom, and because there is no one else whose name could possibly fit into this place.

Yours sincerely

M. M.

To HAROLD ROSS
NEW YORK
1927

THAT'S NEW YORK!



CHAPTER 1

Introduction

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Our Gangs

A day or two ago an anemic youth in a fifteen-dollar suit walked out of a candy store down in Delancey Street and shuffled over to stand at the curb, bending his face disconsolately upon the concrete sidewalk. He had been there about ten minutes when a crowd of men drove up behind him in an automobile and killed him. They killed him rather thoroughly. Without bothering to stop the car, they poked three or four pistols through the curtains and emptied them in the general direction of the youth's back.

No pedestrians were struck by the flying bullets, for the very simple reason that most of the pedestrians in that region knew enough to steer clear of the youth. He was, in the phrase which Delancey Street has gotten out of the penny thrillers, a marked man. Delancey Street has grown accustomed to making adjustments to provide against an emergency of this kind. To preserve life, one always listens to the chatter one hears in the candy stores and the cafés. And when one discovers that Abie Cohen is about to be bumped off, one simply crosses the street whenever Abie crawls out of his tenement flat for an airing.

But, at any rate, the youth lay there dead, in the midst of a great deal of splintered plate glass, and in