

CHINATOWN.

A Correspondent of The American Tells What He Saw.

Some time ago H. H. Kirby invaded Chinatown, in San Francisco, and this is what he has to say about his visit: Being of an inquiring mind, and thinking the Chinaman was more sinned against than sinning, I determined to investigate for myself, so a party of four, including the guide, who was an ex-policeman, took the town in, as the saying is. We started about 8 p. m., and devoted about four hours to the job. Chinatown proper covers about twenty blocks, or squares, five one way and four the other.

The first thing to be learned is that a Chinaman neither eats nor wears anything produced in this country if he can possibly get it from his native land. The first place we investigated was their markets, where we saw the food fresh from China. I will enumerate some of the importations: Sugar came cut 10 to 12 inches in length. They boil that and get a syrup out of it that answers for molasses; watermelons, squashes, common peppers or mangols, rice and beans. The beans are put in water and left there until the sprouts are 10 or 12 inches long, when the sprouts are taken and cut in small pieces and then smashed into a kind of pulp or cakes about the size of a teacup and one-half inch thick. These are sold two for a nickel, and the flavor from these rotten bean sprouts did not have the smell of roses. The next was chickens and ducks, cleaned, cut in halves with the heads left on. The chicken is cooked, pressed and packed in boxes and shipped here. The feet are cooked and tied in bunches like radishes or early turnips. The gizzards and entrails of the chicken is treated the same as the feet. Imagine chicken-head soup flavored with rotten bean sprouts and chicken entrails. But don't let your stomach get away with you, for we have something more delicious in store for you, such as sausage made of puppies and the fat of hogs. The dog is cooked, chopped and stuffed in skins like our sausage, about one-half inch of fat pork and then one-half inch of dog, as I was told. The half inch of hog would be white, while the next half inch would be dark, so one can imagine how inviting it would look, to say nothing of the taste. Next come the dried frogs and fish, with just enough salt to keep them, but not enough to keep them from stinking. Then comes dried mushroom and squash. Onions and garlic are imported green, and there are other vegetables that I did not see. Duck eggs are packed in pulverized charcoal mixed with water or some other liquid to make a paste of it, and each egg is rolled in it and packed in boxes, about 100 in a box, and the first time "his eggship" sees the light of day after being packed is when he arrives in Chinatown, in San Francisco. While the United States, I suppose, raises as good rice as any in the world, Mr. Chinaman will not eat it if he can get it from his own country; all the seed that will grow in this country, the Chinese gardener imports from his own country. We will now go to the butcher shop. You seldom see meat hung up in their shops or stores; it mostly all lays on benches or blocks, and some on the floor. Some of the hogs are split in half and roasted, brains, eyes and all. The reason for this is that nearly all the poor or laboring class of the Chinese each does his own cooking, so by going to the butcher he gets a slice of cooked hog. Take an empty fruit can, sit it on a couple of bricks, and take a couple of wooden barrel hoops and he can cook enough rice to do him for two days; so with pork, rice and a couple of cakes of rotten bean sprouts, Mr. Chinaman will have what we used to call in the army a square meal.

We will now go to the doctor shop or drug store. They have no bottles or jars labeled like anyone else, but keep their medicines in drawers, about fifty in number, and no mark of any kind on the drawers. The druggist is supposed to have each and every one in his memory, and instead of the doctor going to the sick person, the patient is supposed to come to the store for his medicine. The sick man states his case, when the medicine man goes to these drawers, takes out his stuff and puts it in a little iron pot in the back room, cooks it down, while the sick man waits for it the same as a hungry man would wait for a meal at a restaurant. Now, their medicine may be all right, for I am no big medicine taker myself, but I don't think I want any of it, and I don't think any sane man will after I tell him what their medicine is composed of: Dried locust, beetles, scorpions, lizards, dragon flies and any number of insects that I never saw before, for they were all imported from China, with some roots and herbs. But what amused me most was that the poor sick devil has to go to the doctor instead of the doctor going to him, and sit there and wait until his dose is cooked. If the patient had the cholera or some other "fetch-me-quick" disease, the doctor would lose the price of his medicine, for the undertaker would get the man while the medicine was cooking. We have gone through the grocery, meat shop and drug store, and now we will go to his sleeping apartments. The first place

was an old frame building. In years gone by it had been a theatre, but was now a sleeping apartment. There was a hallway built through the middle of the building, and every six feet a floor was put in and an open hall or veranda about four feet wide opposite each story, and the rooms open off of this veranda. The rooms are about eight feet deep by seven wide, and each room has four bunks, two below and two above, accommodating eight persons, and they are seldom empty. Their bedding consists of a block of wood eight inches square and sixteen inches long, covered with nothing but a gunny sack rolled around it and sewed on, and two gunny sacks laid on that board shell constitute their sleeping apartments. I don't think they take off their clothes to sleep, only their under clothing, and I don't think that is rubable, for I saw some sleep with all their clothes on. Just imagine how pleasant it would be to occupy a room of the size above mentioned, then have eight men in it, four of them smoking tobacco and the other four smoking opium, and when the door is closed there is only one show for air, and that is a hole just above the door 8x12 inches. The holes are just large enough to keep anyone from getting in and stealing from them. This alleyway or veranda extends from the ground floor to the top of the building, and the ground is covered with brick, with a kind of a brick range running through the middle of it, but no chimney, and here each fellow cooks his own meals and furnishes his own wood. Between 5 and 7 in the evening you can see that place lined with Chinamen cooking their supper. Each fellow keeps his own wood and cooking utensils in his room. These rooms rent for two dollars a month, and down in the basement, and even under the sidewalks, where one time it was used for store rooms, such as is used for coal bunks in the east. These animals take one of these places, not over eight feet square, put in an extra floor above, and four sleep upon the shelf, and put about a dozen bricks on the floor and do their cooking there, so that four men will cook, eat, smoke and sleep in a room eight feet square and less than eight feet high, under the sidewalk, with not a spark of light and only the regulation hole 8x14 through which to get breathing material. These rooms rent \$1.50 a month. I was told that in this building alone 1,300 Chinamen sleep every night, but that is only one building of that kind, but this is the largest, and is called the Palace Hotel, on account of the hollow-square in the center like the Palace bar.

We will now investigate the opium smoker. Nearly all smoke it more or less. It is quite an art, as well as a novelty, and difficult to illustrate without seeing it. The opium comes in cans, I believe two ounces in a can, and is worth \$8 an ounce. It is the consistency of a thick paste, and a dark brown color. The opium pipe—I can compare it to nothing but the bottom of a tea-cup with the convex side out and a small hole in the center not larger than a knitting needle. This little hole connects with a quarter inch hole in the back of the pipe, where a wooden stick or stem two feet long is inserted to draw the smoke through to the mouth. But the opium has to be prepared before it is ready to smoke. The process is this: A small lamp is placed on the bunk, a little wire like a knitting needle is run into the opium box and a portion about the size of a pea will adhere to the wire, which is held over the blaze and cooked as long as there appears to be any moisture left in it or it ceases to boil, when what is left is placed over the small hole in the pipe and held over the blaze of the lamp and the smoke drawn through the little hole into the mouth. One roast or cooking will make three what an old smoker would call whiffs or mouthfuls, and it takes from three to six smokes or roasts to produce stupor and put them to sleep. If the opium was not roasted before smoking it would cause death by poisoning, hence the roasting. In years gone by white men and women used to visit these opium dens, and it was having a telling effect on some of the most respectable people of the city, and stringent laws were passed prohibiting white people in any of these places.

If any person thinks the "heathen Chinese" are greatly abused, let them go through Chinatown and get a correct history of them, and I will venture to say that their opinions will be materially changed. They are a daylight robbery on this country. They buy nothing in America if they can get it from China, and every dollar they get goes back to their native country, and it is estimated that \$170,000,000 in the last twenty years has gone to China, never to return to Uncle Sam, and the people of the Pacific slope have just cause to make war on that class of their inhabitants. Their joss houses, or mode of worship, and the disposition of their dead will be a chapter for another time.

"The divine right of kings" is a barbarous myth. "Apostolic succession" may please prelates and bishops and baffle the minds of those who never think seriously for themselves, but human liberty never grew into self-government under the myths of kingly or hierarchal power.—The Champion, Atchison, Kas.

ROME AND SLAVERY.

African Slavery Was First Instituted by Roman Catholics.

Many otherwise intelligent people have been misled by the boast of Rome that she has been an opponent of physical slavery. In a recent issue of the Christian Inquirer, Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur throws this important light on the subject:

It is a fact comparatively unknown that Romanism is responsible for African slavery; and this is a truth that ought to be proclaimed. In 1442 the Portuguese, under Prince Henry, captured some Moors on the Atlantic coast of Africa. These were afterwards exchanged for negroes and a quantity of gold dust, and soon after some slave ships were built, and some negro slaves were brought from Spain. But the vast territory known as the kingdoms of Benin, of Dahomey and of Yoruba was later visited, and these kingdoms through the years gave more people into American slavery than any other part of Africa. These negro empires once were intelligent and powerful; they had a social state and a political government of an orderly people. In 1485 Alfonso de Aviro, a Portuguese, discovered Benin, and established settlements of Portuguese. When he returned from the coast to Portugal an ambassador from the negro king of Benin went with him, asking for christian missionaries for his people. Fernando Po was sent to the Gulf of Benin, and he ascended the river of the same name to Gaton, and there located a Portuguese colony and soon established the Roman church. Men with the spirit of the Jesuits of a later day followed him, and at once had the king partly under their control. The king offered to turn over all his subjects to the Roman church, provided the priests would give him a white wife; and their part of the contract these priests undertook to perform. A strong appeal was made to various sisterhoods to furnish a white wife for the negro king in order to lead him and his people into the Roman church, and one sister finally agreed to accept the hand of the swarthy ruler. Her name is not known, but surely she ought to have been canonized. The missionaries worked with a will, but sickness and death swept away the Portuguese as with the fiery breath of lightning. But they established the slave trade. Soon, however, in the minds of these untutored savages there was some contradiction between a christian church and a slave-pen under one management. The inhuman treatment given to the people led them to doubt the sincerity of the missionaries, and it is stated that today there is no trace of the Roman church in that country; but it was there long enough to sow the seeds of one of the most gigantic evils the world has ever known. It laid the foundation of the slave trade, whose cruelties were so terrible that one's heart grows sick as he reads of them in the May number of the Century Magazine. The Roman church in this instance, as later through the instrumentality of Columbus, showed an astounding alacrity to seize innocent savages and to subject them to inhuman slavery. The slave trade, having been established by the Roman Catholic missionaries, was followed up by the natives themselves. They left their fish-nets, their cattle, their fields and their villages, and went forth to battle against their weaker neighbors; and their prisoners of war they sold to slave dealers for rum and tobacco. They became thieves and murderers in order to secure slaves for this satanic market. This was the real beginning of African slavery; this was the first enduring contact of the Roman church with this dehumanizing crime.

What was the last semi-official relation of this church to slavery? The years passed by; the slaves groaned and died in bondage. Chief Justice Marshall died in 1835, and the president appointed Roger Brooke Tanev as his successor; and a year later the nomination was confirmed in the senate. In 1857 the Dred Scott case was decided. In that decision Judge Tanev affirmed that the patriots of the revolution and their progenitors regarded the negro race as so far inferior that they had no rights which the white men were bound to respect. This was his interpretation of the opinion of the fathers; it was, doubtless, especially the expression of his own conviction and desire. President Buchanan knew the decision before it was promulgated, and he shaped his inaugural address, delivered March 16, 1857, accordingly. He believed that this decision would speedily and finally settle the whole question of slavery. He was a prophet, for this decision led, in no small part, to the civil war, and then God settled the question by the arbitration of the sword. Judge Tanev was a loyal son of the Roman church; that church sowed the seeds of African slavery, and after the lapse of hundreds of years, in the person of this judge, it erased the last trace of manhood, and shattered, apparently, the last hope of freedom of the despised and hated negro. Later, that church capped the climax of her cruelty to the slave and her crime against humanity by the conspicuous part taken by others of her children in the assassination of her liberator president, the immortal Lincoln. The world cannot shut its eyes

to these terrible facts, to this long line of infamy begun in Africa and ended in America.

Not Worthy.

According to the Roman Catholic papers, Archbishop Ryan says, "We do not consider the A. P. A. worthy of our notice." Let me tell Mr. Ryan the A. P. A. thinks the Roman Catholic church is worthy of their notice, and has been taken notice of her for several weeks, and Mr. Ryan will undoubtedly be aware of the fact of this notice by the A. P. A. As soon as some Paddy, let it be Ryan, Murphy or O'Brien, shakes the bog mud from his boots, he says to the supporters of American institutions, "We do not consider them worthy of our notice." There is a big difference between a mean man and a "hog." When Ryan was a "Paddy," the "Paddy" had red hair.

The Satolli temperance baloon is "busted." Says Waterson to Pope Satolli: "Help me to close the Roman saloon." Says Gibbons: "It is rank folly. It will rack the church and that right soon." Go back to your whisky flock, old Roman drunkards, you are all right yet; and you old bloated saloon keepers, sell all the "tanglefoot" you please, the pagan Roman church will take your "backsheesh."

Father James A. McPaul is also under the delusion that the United States belongs to the pope. Of course when he was made bishop and things were going his way, it was an easy stretch of the imagination. Jimmie was a nice boy. I am glad to see him succeed, but he has fallen into bad company. He may come to the conclusion some time that the pope has no right to assume the title of "infallibility." God is a jealous God, and he will thrash the fellows who are wearing His overcoat, and Jimmie does not want to be fooled on this line.

I tell you things are lively. The leaders of the Roman Catholic church may not fear the A. P. A. as much as they fear contention, such as has been witnessed in Patterson. They are trying there to refute the statement of the A. P. A. that they have no redress, but must submit like cringing slaves." The A. P. A. is not absent by any means. When the old church begins to fall to pieces, it has its influence.

I thank you very much, Mr. Thompson, for the opportunity of saying a word. I will call again when it will be convenient for you, and say another word through your paper. GIMEL.

The Arbitrator.

MR. PECCI.—About forty years B. C. the Jews were in trouble and we read the following:

"The Romans interposed to settle the succession. Pompeius led Aristobolus and his sons to Rome, and gave the throne and priesthood to his brother Hyrcaneus, placing a Roman Catholic governor by his side. The troubles, however still continued; and the Romans at last set the Idumean Antipater over Judea, whose son Herod, became king, a prince well known for his cruelty.

On the death of Herod, the Romans divided his kingdom among his three sons. The whole was united under his grandson Agrippa, and after his death reduced to a Roman province."

This was a plan that took several years to perfect but it worked like a charm, and that is the trick your men, the Jesuits, are trying to play at the present time. There are discords in the United States and many people are so blind they cannot see the undercurrent that causes these discords. There will be a demand for an arbitrator, some one to give some common sense advice, so as to help them out of the difficulty, and you are the man you will expect them to select; and in time the prize will be expected to be in your hands to do with it as you please.

You have some hounds here in this country which howls because the A. P. A. are proving they are of a foreign extraction; and I hope they will be made to continue to howl until they are taught to tend to their own business, until they can live here as American citizens and not parasites for a foreign despot, who wishes to show his fatherly care, such as the fox showed toward Little Red Riding Hood.

I tell you, Pecci, you are a cayote. If you are not one personally, you are one officially. There are some short sighted people who think you are a fine house dog, but you are a full blooded cayote, and if you continue to trouble the chicken roosts of other nations, you will be tracked by some hound which will make you howl till all the animals in the menagerie will tremble in their boots.

Goodbye, my dear Pecci, goodbye. I'm sorry and can't help but cry. To see what a fool. They make you; a fool. For "black's" who always try high. ALEPH.

A Heretic. Because Justice Wm. J. Gaynor is a Protestant, he is a "marked" man. He became a Protestant and a marked man because, when he was sick, he read the Bible a great deal and found the church of Rome had no foundation to stand upon. If all Roman Catholics will read the Bible in a common sense manner, they will also find the same state of affairs. A man who has turned from the Roman Catholic church is hated by the Romanists, and this hatred causes the heretic to work all the more

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against the church which will not allow any freedom of thought. Let every one take a Roman Catholic, let him be layman or priest, and let him stay by "his man" until he is a heretic, or one who comes to the same conclusion that Justice Gaynor did, and then let us reckon where the followers of the church of Rome will be.

Pamphlet.

Extracts from United States Congressional Record, containing address of Hon. W. S. Linton and discussion in congress upon sectarian appropriations of national money to Indian education, and the vote thereon; also remarks made respecting a requirement to teach the English language in New Mexico after admission to statehood, and two separate votes rejecting such a requirement.

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