

# HOW CHINAMEN ARE SMUGGLED

NEW YORK.—A quiet looking citizen enough is Dr. Jin Foy Moy, who appeared with his American wife, his American daughter and \$4,000 worth of American made family jewels before the federal commissioner in Jersey City the other day. With his slick short hair, his smile and his pearl stickpin, he did not look in the least like an agent of a great secret body whose arms stretch mysteriously from the Orient both ways around the bulge of the world, whose men rob, lie, bribe and kill to get their human contraband undiscovered across our border, whose stinking slavers come sneaking down with doused lights from two oceans on our coasts, a corporation which here, in the United States of America, holds hundreds of men in bondage often little lighter than that of the southern negroes before the war.

Yet such are the companies which manage the trade in smuggled Chinese laborers. And it is the crime of conspiring to smuggle Chinese laborers with which a federal grand jury had charged the harmless looking Dr. Moy.

## Secret Company at Work.

The cost of passage from China to the west coast of Mexico is something like \$120, even at the lowest steamer rates, and to reach Jamaica costs about \$20 more. Adding the \$50 or \$55 for the perilous journey in the schooner and the still more nervous landing, it costs about \$225 to bring a Chinaman into the eastern states. Now, if any one of these men who risk their yellow necks to land here had anything like \$629 saved up at home in China, he could have lived in luxury all the days of his life, and all his children and grandchildren with him. Then, why do these men want to come to America?

The answer is simple. Not one of the immigrants had saved anything to

the South Seas are excellently fitted for the work. A few years ago one of these craft, suspected of having Chinamen on board, was chased down the coast from Puget sound by a revenue cutter. The cutter was gaining, but night came on before she could get within gunshot.

## Coolies Tossed Overboard?

She kept up the search even after the schooner had been lost in the darkness, and presently, at moonrise, saw the fugitive vessel again standing off shore. The cutter overhauled her. The captain was in great rage at being held up on the high seas. When the revenue men insisted that they would search her, he protested still more violently. They went through her from stern to stern and found nothing whatever that should not be on a homeward bound trader.

A week later two dead Chinamen were washed ashore 30 miles up the coast. The federal agents in Vancouver learned that a band of 15 coolies had been seen making their way to the waterfront early in the morning of the day the schooner sailed. Considered as evidence, the two facts make slender proof, but the sailors along the coast believe that the Chinamen were thrown over from the schooner and left to drown as negroes were thrown over from slave ships in the old days when every vessel that carried "black ivory" was counted as a pirate by the law of nations.

Both Canada and Mexico admit Chinamen, though the former imposes a tax of \$500 a head on all who remain in the country for more than three months. Of late years, up to the beginning of the present trouble, Mexico has furnished a more popular base of operations for the smugglers. It was a month or more ago that a government launch boarded a schooner which had sailed with Chinamen from Lower California. No Chinamen were on board, though certain signs and some not uncertain smells made the officers believe that they had been there not long before. Again the story was widely circulated that the Chinamen had been thrown overboard.

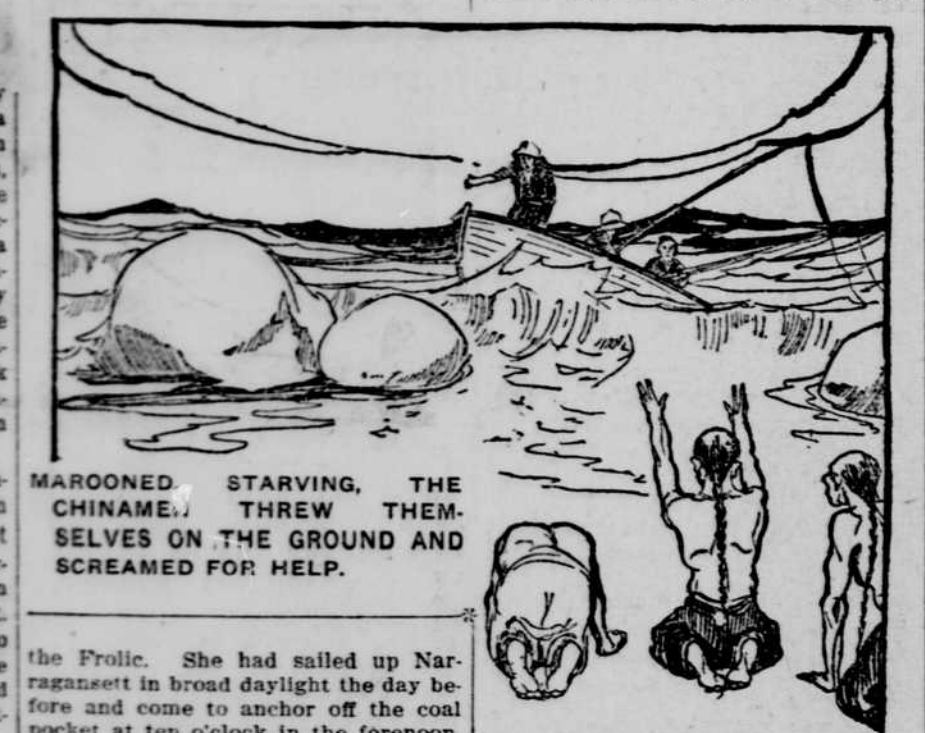
Again, it was only two weeks ago that a launch with a party of fishermen—a playwright, an aviator and a steamship man—saw a scrap of canvas waved violently on a little barren island off San Diego bay. They put in for it, and found ten Chinese. Six threw themselves forward on the ground and screamed an appeal for help. Another had gone mad, and was shrieking, writhing and throwing stones into the sea.

Ten Days Without Food or Water. There were sharp rocks all around the islet, and in the heavy sea the launch dared not try to land among them. Frank Pixley, the playwright of the crew, tried them with what little Chinese he knew, and gathered that they had been wrecked there ten days before, and had been without food and practically without water ever since. What the vessel was or what had become of her crew he could not understand. The men in the launch threw their water cask among the breakers, where it floated to the beach, and filled a bag with the remains of their luncheon and tossed that on the rocks. The gov-



THE CHINAMEN WERE THROWN OVERBOARD AND LEFT TO DROWN.

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MARooned, Starving, The Chinamen Threw Themselves on the Ground and Screamed for Help.

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Twenty-Four Safely Landed. Sixteen more Chinamen were found hidden in the hold. The remaining 24 had already made their escape. The state of her hold, where 42 Chinamen had lived for eight days, was a shock even to the hardened customs men. A fishing craft of less than 100 tons does not have much room below decks, and at her best the mixed odor of fish and bilge water makes it an undesirable place in which to lounge away an afternoon. The Chinamen slept on the floor, packed solid like sponges in a box, with hardly an inch of room to turn in. For four days of her voyage the schooner had worked her way through fog, in waters that were frequented both by fishermen and steamers. Any moment a vessel might come upon her, and the captain did not wish to have his passengers seen upon his decks. So during those four days the Chinese had stayed shut up in the hold, with only such light and air as found their way down the hatchway.

Except for the fog, which kept her a week at sea, and the smell of the passengers, which drove the crew nearly to mutiny, she had an easy passage after that, and was not interrupted till the government men captured her off the Providence coal pocket. The captain and two of his accomplices were tried and sent to prison. The captain testified that their profits, if the trip had proved successful, would have been \$15,000 over all expenses, including \$250 apiece to the crew. Every one of the 18 Chinamen swore in court that he had lived for many years in America, that he had qualified to return under the law, but that the papers to prove it had been lost in the "big fire" in San Francisco.

On the Pacific coast the "running" of Chinamen by sea is oftener tried and oftener detected. The slender, swift schooners that ply in the "island trade" among the scattered groups of

speaking in China. The whole heavy charge for each of them is paid by a secret company, organized partly in China and partly in the United States, which counts on collecting the whole sum, with an ample allowance for accidents, deaths and bad debts, and a generous profit besides, from his earnings after he is safely landed. So says the men of the government's Chinese immigration bureau. Their explanation may explain also Dr. Moy's frock coat, his pearl pin, his \$4,000 in diamonds—and, it may be, his American wife as well.

The organization of these companies and the exact form of peonage in which they hold their victims are not thoroughly understood, though it is certain that both the companies and an organized peonage do, in fact, exist. The immigration officers expect to know more on those points before they are through with Dr. Moy and the three Americans who were indicted with him at Boston.

But, of the ways that are dark and tricks that are not always vain in ruzzing the blockade the government men are well aware. The smuggled Chinaman is a tragic figure enough at times, but he oftener appears in an exceedingly comic light to the men who are set to trip him at our national threshold. It would seem at first that it would be an easy thing to slip a man across a national boundary of nearly ten thousand miles in extent. As a matter of fact, it is a very difficult thing, as is seen by the shrinking Chinese colonies of a hundred American cities. A great many more Chinamen die or go home to China every year than manage to slip past the guards.

Job by No Means an Easy One. The simplest way, evidently, to import a group of coolies is to load them on a vessel and land them at some unexpected spot from which they can be quickly transferred to some crowded "Chinatown" in a city where they will be indistinguishable from the older inhabitants. It is not really so simple as it looks. In the first place, the government keeps an eye on the trans-pacific steamers and assures itself of the destination of any considerable bands which travel by them. Again, a schoonerload of Chinamen is not likely to set sail from any neighboring port without some one being aware of it who may become informer.

It was only a few years ago that the government officers in Boston received an unsigned postal card from Newfoundland saying that forty-two Chinamen were waiting at Placentia, a little fishing village on the Newfoundland coast, to be taken to "the states." A government man was sent hurrying to Newfoundland. He reached Placentia and found that the Chinamen had sailed in the schooner Frolic, of Marblehead, at daybreak that morning.

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

## Tale of the Supreme Court

George F. Parker Tells How President Cleveland Offered the Chief Justiceship to John G. Carlisle, Before Naming Fuller.

It has always been the popular presumption that since the time when John Marshall was appointed chief justice of the United States (that is the legal title for the office of chief justice of the Supreme court) only one person has ever declined the offer of the chief justiceship—Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York. It was widely published at the time of the incident that President Grant had offered the post of chief justice to Senator Conkling. The letter in which the offer was made was preserved as one of the choicest of the papers which came into the possession of Senator Conkling's literary executor.

But the popular belief that Senator Conkling is the only man who ever refused to become chief justice of the United States is erroneous, and I have for my authority for this statement Mr. George F. Parker, the biographer of Grover Cleveland, a close friend of Mr. Cleveland's for nearly 30 years, and one of the few friends admitted into perfect intimacy with Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Parker not only tells here, for the first time in print, who the other man was who refused the chief justiceship, but also how it came about that Melville W. Fuller became chief justice of the United States.

After the death of Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite in the latter part of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, said Mr. Parker, "Mr. Cleveland, after giving much thought to the nomination of his successor, decided to name John G. Carlisle for the post, provided Mr. Carlisle revealed a willingness to accept the honor. Mr. Carlisle, at that time, was speaker of the house of representatives and Mr. Cleveland had come to entertain a very high regard for him as a parliamentarian, a legislator and a lawyer.

"Having arrived at this decision by taking counsel wholly with himself, Mr. Cleveland took the first opportunity to place before the speaker of the house his desire to place him on the Supreme court bench, and in the highest place on that bench. Mr. Carlisle greatly appreciated the tentative offer, but he decided that it was not expedient for him to accept it; very likely he had in view a political career of a different kind, one with a vista that reached to the White house itself. But this much is certain—had he been willing to accept the office he—and not Melville W. Fuller—would have become the country's chief justice in 1888.

"Nor, I presume, is it generally known that after Mr. Carlisle declined the chief justiceship, the president for

some time seriously thought of appointing to that great office the late James C. Carter of New York, then regarded as the leader of the American bar, in whose office Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes received his first experience in active legal practice. But finally, after he had also seriously thought of calling Edward J. Phelps home from the court of St. James to take the post, he turned to Melville W. Fuller of Chicago.

"What definitely determined Mr. Cleveland to select Mr. Fuller for chief justice were certain representations made to him by members of the Supreme court. They said to him that a man, to be successful as chief justice of the United States, should have, in addition to great legal learning and a high judicial capacity, great executive ability. Under Chief Justice Waite, they delicately intimated, great lawyer though he was, the business of the Supreme court had lagged, so that it was about three years behind the docket.

"Mr. Fuller had been recommended to President Cleveland not only as a very able lawyer, but also as a business man of unusual capacity. Had he chosen a business life instead of the law, his sponsors declared—and probably correctly—he would have gained distinguished success as an executive.

## Story of Vice Presidency

How the Nomination for That Place Was Offered to Governor Boies of Iowa by William C. Whitney and Declined.

The only Democratic governor the state of Iowa has ever had since the organization of the Republican party was Horace Boies, now in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. Boies was elected governor in 1890 and re-elected two years later; and two years after he had left the gubernatorial chair he was second in the balloting for president by the Democratic national convention which gave Mr. Bryan his first presidential nomination.

In recognition of the initial triumph of Mr. Boies over Iowa's Republican host, Governor Boies, through his friends, the late Moses M. Ham and Jennie J. Richardson of Davenport, Iowa, was urged and consented to take part in what was expected to be the largest political banquet ever held up to that time. It was fixed for the evening of December 23, 1890, in New York city, and it looked upon as the beginning of the Democratic national campaign of 1892.

## Last Days of Great Lawyer

Knowledge That He Had Hereditary Disease of Eyes Checked Everts' Career in Senate and Drove Him From Public Life.

No man, since the days of the Civil war, ever entered the United States senate with greater prestige than did William M. Everts. For years he had been recognized as the leader of the American bar; he is to be numbered among the few great lawyers who are assured of permanent recognition of his career.

He had been the spokesman for the nomination of William H. Seward for the presidency of 1860. During the Civil war he had been sent on a diplomatic mission to England by President Lincoln. As President Johnson's senior counsel, he had tried to secure Johnson's acquittal in the great impeachment trial. He had been attorney general in Johnson's cabinet, and secretary of state under Hayes. He had served as the leading counsel for the Republicans before the electoral commission appointed to decide the Hayes-Tilden presidential election. He had been chief counsel for his country before the famous Geneva court of arbitration, and the cause for which he pleaded had triumphed.

But Mr. Everts had not been in his seat in the senate long before his colleagues began wondering to whisper among themselves, saying: "Has this great man found himself in an unfamiliar place? Are his abilities exclusively those of a great lawyer, or diplomat? He seems to be lapsing into a spirit of indifference."

After Senator Everts retired from the senate, in 1891, he gradually be-

gan to disappear from the places which had long known him. Finally, it became known that he was confined to his house. He lived in a roomy, old-fashioned dwelling, which faced Stuyvesant Square in New York, and lay in the shadow of St. George's church.

Gradually, he was confined to his room, and at last to his bed. Then his friends knew what he had known when he was in the senate, that he was a victim of an hereditary disease of the eyes, a malignant physical taint which was in the Roger Sherman blood, from which, also, Mr. Everts' cousin, the late Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, suffered. And it was this affliction, secretly, bravely borne, that had caused him to seem like another man when senator.

Never was an invalid more patient than this heroic figure when he was brought to bed. In the summer, with the window open, he could hear the murmur of the city, and the children, as they played in the square. The fragrance of the blossoms he perceived and greatly enjoyed, so that he could, with mental vision, picture forth the coming of the spring and early summer. But friends reported that, after all, he was finding his greatest consolation in the unobscured mental vision which was left him. By means of it he could picture forth the men and incidents of the historic events with which he had been associated. And, thus consoling, thus occupied, with the varied and fascinating mental likenesses of men and historic scenes, the great American at last passed into perfect sleep.

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## Traveling Educators.

United Brethren have started a novel plan of traveling institutes. Beginning in Illinois at the opening of the current month, three instructors are traveling eastward at the rate of two towns a week, teaching classes gathered in advance of their coming. The instructors are the Rev. E. C. Petry, an expert on Sunday school work; Prof. M. A. Honline, whose specialty is Christian Endeavor and young people's work, and W. L. Bunker, secretary of the Brotherhood, an organizer of mature men. While institutes are held in the same towns at the same time, classes are separate. The old way of official meetings was overcrowded and unsatisfactory. The new way holds classes when official meetings are not on. About 45 institutes are planned.

## Words of Comfort.

"My doctor says I must sleep out of doors," said the man who is not strong. "Well," replied the friend who makes painful efforts to cheer up, "it is all right so long as your landlord doesn't say it."

It was this qualification, and this chiefly, that led Mr. Cleveland, after his talks with members of the Supreme court, to appoint Melville E. Fuller chief justice; and it gave him no small degree of satisfaction afterwards when he learned from members of the Supreme court that under Chief Justice Fuller the executive arrangement of the Supreme court's business had been so adequately perfected as to enable the court no longer to lag in the disposition of cases."

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## Detective Undone.

Like all London women who hold enormous receptions, Mrs. Asquith has been troubled by the uninvited guest. The latter is usually of the feminine sex. Not long since, Mrs. Asquith determined to unmask one of these unwelcome visitors, and she went up to a quiet looking lady whose isolated position suggested that she did not know anybody there—a fact that told against her. With icy politeness she asked the lady's card of invitation. It was calmly produced and handed over, and the woman rose without a word and walked indignantly out of the house before the mortified hostess realized that the supposed uninvited guest was a peeress. Peeresses are scarce and valuable in the Liberal party. Mrs. Asquith never plays the role of private detective again.



Plain Words. "What do you think of her figure?" "It looks to me like a frame-up."

Garfield Tea will regulate the liver, giving freedom from sick-headache and bilious attacks. It overcomes constipation.

Some men are anxious to get money because they think it will enable them to get more.

A man can lead any woman to talk, but he can't always make her say what he wants to hear.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

## New Fishing Industry.

Albion fishing in Nova Scotia waters has become interesting, but for financial reasons. These fish frequently weigh over 500 pounds and are known as horse mackerel. A number were shipped to Boston last season. The average price there is three and one-half cents per pound. Formerly these fish were considered a nuisance to the fishermen.

## Baseball Anecdote.

"Curious episode, this. Seems a young fellow got excited at the ball game and hugged the young lady next to him, a perfect stranger. She had him arrested, but he told the judge that any man might do the same thing, and his claim was upheld by expert testimony."

"And what was the sequel?" "Well, the sequel is rather interesting. The next day there were 5,000 girls at the ball game."

## Head on Crooked.

Little Paul had always been taught by his mother that God had made him and that he ought to be thankful that he had been made so perfect; eyes, ears, feet, hands and all complete. His mother had bought a new cook stove and Paulie was examining it. He lifted the reservoir lid and looked in. There was his picture, as natural as life, in the water, but he was sorely troubled, while looking at it. When asked, by his mother, what the trouble was, he said:

"Dod might 'o' made me persect, but he put my head on crooked."

## The Passing of the Wife.

We have known for some time that the wife would have to go. We have held off as long as possible the inevitable moment, but it might just as well be over with at once.

The wife was a very desirable article while she lasted. She mended the hose and did the housework when necessary and sat up patiently and waited for hubby's return. A useful person certainly—one to love, to honor and obey.

Now the suffragette age is upon us and the wife is rapidly becoming extinct, says Life.

In a few more years she will be exhibited in museums. Adieu, madam! We respect your memory!

## MENTAL ACCURACY

Greatly Improved by Leaving Off Coffee

The manager of an extensive creamery in Wis. states that while a regular coffee drinker, he found it injurious to his health and a hindrance to the performance of his business duties.

"It impaired my digestion, gave me a distressing sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, causing a most painful and disquieting palpitation of the heart, and what is worse, it muddled my mental faculties so as to seriously injure my business efficiency."

"I finally concluded that something would have to be done. I quit the use of coffee, short off, and began to drink Postum. The cook didn't make it right at first. She used too long enough, and I did not find it palatable and quit using it and went back to coffee and to the stomach trouble again."

"Then my wife took the matter in hand, and by following the directions on the box, faithfully, she had me drinking Postum for several days before I knew it."

"When I happened to remark that I was feeling much better than I had for a long time, she told me that I had been drinking Postum, and that accounted for it. Now we have no coffee on our table."

"My digestion has been restored, and with this improvement has come relief from the oppressive sense of fullness and palpitation of the heart that used to bother me so. I note such a gain in mental strength and acuteness that I can attend to my office work with ease and pleasure and without making the mistakes that were so annoying to me while I was using coffee."

"Postum is the greatest table drink of the times, in my humble estimation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Large Sums Squandered

In a Millionaire's Home the Servants Hire is a Small Fortune Yearly.

It is a curious fact that while the knowledge that the very wealthy are squandering princely sums on their daily living, makes a certain proportion of the unsuccessful and needy will nigh mad with envy, they are nevertheless curious as to those very expenditures, and like to hear details concerning the upkeep of their great establishments. In a millionaire's home costly as all the departments in such a mansion must be, still, the kitchen is the one where there is the greatest constant outlay.

There is the housekeeper at \$75 a month, who has complete charge of the mansion. She engages the chef at \$100 to \$150 a month. He hires his assistants, a first kitchen maid at \$30 a month, a second kitchen maid at \$25 a month to cook the food for the servants, a third at \$25 a month, who

cleans vegetables, washes cooking dishes, and other helpers.

Then as the buffer between kitchen and upstairs, is the handy man. He fetches the coal, dusts, washes windows and cleans the paint.

Then there is the butler, \$75; second butler, \$40 to \$50; footman, \$30; maids from \$20 to \$30; ladies' maid, \$30; seamstress, \$30; cleaning woman, who has charge of the servants' rooms, \$25; chauffeur at \$40, and his assistants. For the children, a nurse at \$30, and governess at \$40. The sums paid the servants alone is \$12,240 yearly, and counting in the cost of food in addition the cost of servants may well come to \$15,000 a year. And this expense is in a house carefully managed and sharply looked after.—From the Housekeeper.

## Charity.

Too often is the mantle of charity looted than a Navajo blanket.—Puck