

# BLUE DAYS FOR CHINATOWN.

Sign Murder Next to Hurt Business. Now Comes War of Tong.

(New York World.) Chinatown has fallen upon evil days and it seems the eyes of Buddha are closed to the misfortunes of his servants. Quong, the God of Justice, who is evergreen like the fir and cypress, has gone on a vacation. The five lakes and four seas bow prostrate before the Prince of Devils and Chang, the War God, grins and puffs his cheeks as he whets his twin-edged sword.

Upon the dwellers in the quarter has fallen a blight that threatens to put this show place out of business and scatter its yellowmen. With the first really determined police crusade against Chinatown vice and the consequent depression of Chinatown business, which is gambling; with the first murder of a white girl by a Chinaman known to New York police annals and the consequent blaze of public indignation against all Chinese, and with the threatened unleashing of the death hounds of the dreaded Hip Sing Tong against its equally notorious rival, the Ong Leong Tong, and the consequent reign of terror spreading through Mott street, there seems nothing for a good "Kliltian" Chinaman to do but pack his grip; oil his queue; say a last prayer in the mission house with his white Sunday school teacher; burn another prayer before the great Joss later so as to be on the safe side, and start for his "cousins" in Chicago, "Frisco or Van Couver.

Never have Mott, Pell and Doyers streets known such unprofitable times. To begin, there are Capt. Michael Galvin, of the Elizabeth street station, and his band of bluecoated "foreign devils."

Capt. Mike only recently got his double bars, and he is out for a record. Long years of service in Chinatown have brought him a knowledge of its intricacies, and he has a staff of "lobby gows," or white "stool pigeons," and of Chinese informants such as few of his predecessors possessed.

Capt. Mike, on the day he was "made," took a walk through Chinatown. The news of his promotion had preceded him, and grinning Chinese in narrow, dark doorways hailed him with "Hello, Captain, we flend, eh?"

"Sure!" said Capt. Galvin. "We friends. But tell all Chinamen me say no more gambling. Me raid all time. Fan tan, py-gow, all stop, understand?"

That declaration spread throughout the quarter in twenty minutes. In twenty-five Chinatown was one wide yellow grin. It had heard all police captains make the same threat. Therefore it laughed. That night it laughed harder, for Capt. Galvin and a handful of detectives had raided a py-gow game in a basement in Pell street. Good bluff, all same other captains.

But the next day came more raids, and the next night and the night after, and almost every night for a week. Chinatown stopped laughing. Ninety-six Chinese were in the Centre street court in one day, charged with gambling. It began to look serious.

### Warned to Guard Life.

Capt. Galvin always had walked alone and unafraid into the blackest Chinatown basement. Two weeks after he was made captain one of his Chinese friends stopped him in the street and whispered: "No go lone in basement now. Captain, all Chin-men mad at you."

Galvin took the "tip," and there after a couple of his men accompanied him in his nocturnal visits to the quarter. But his housecleaning operations went on. Not only did he strike terror into the hearts of gamblers and opium sellers, but he took the most effective methods to rid the quarter of its most degraded element, its white women. They were driven from their Orientally bedecked rooms and forced to leave the precinct. Only the women who could prove a legal marriage with her Chinese patron were permitted to remain. About two hundred were driven out in less than two months.

On the night of July 5 only three women were left. A reporter saw them setting off fireworks near the Bowery end of Doyers street. So did Capt. Galvin. He walked over and said to them, quietly: "At noon to-morrow I'm coming around. If you haven't packed up and got out of here I'll send you to the Island."

drink little. Two saloons closed their business at once and others expect to give up within a few weeks.

**Gambling Their Business.** The gambling crusade was a hard blow to the Chinese. Fully one-half the dwellers in Chinatown subsist entirely on gambling, the police say. Py-gow, which is played with dominoes and dice, and fautan, a card game fairly well known to American card players, are the two favorite pastimes. Two kinds of Chinamen play in the games—the lounging, opium smoking denizen of the quarter, and the hard-working laundryman or cook out for a holiday. The former men have the experience, the latter men the money. Usually the conditions are reversed at the end of a session.

Without an untrammelled opportunity to play the Chinese of the quarter find it hard to obtain the necessities of life. Only two courses are open. They must go to a less police-riden place, or, which is far worse, go to work. More than 1,000 Chinamen have left Chinatown in the last six weeks.

Eighteen years ago the Hip Sing Tong was organized in Chinatown, with headquarters at No. 10 Pell street. It was a secret society, a branch of one of the largest, with a general headquarters in San Francisco. Its ostensible purpose was to protect its members in case of illness or other troubles. In practice it was an organized effort to get control of the gambling in Chinatown.

Devious were the workings of its vengeance against traitors or other enemies. Its initiation ceremonies embodied fearsome oaths of fealty, and when its blood red slips of paper were gummed to the door of one who had fallen under its displeasure the doomed one either packed up and departed or was found in a dark hallway, neatly carved.

### Rise of the Ong Leong Tong.

But the New York Hip Sings had been in existence barely a year when there sprang up a rival tong, the Bing Jang Tong, of No. 18 Mott street. There was more money back of the new-comer and it soon gained the ascendancy. Two years later it changed its name to the Ong Leong Tong, and Tom Lee, then called the Mayor of Chinatown, assumed leadership.

The rivalry between the tongs grew steadily in bitterness. Several murders were attributed to this factional struggle. About three years ago the Hip Sings, then much less powerful than the Ong Leongs, found a way to put their hatred to a good use. The Ong Leongs were still in complete control of the gambling, apparently under the bought protection of the police. But the Parkhurst committee was out crusading and Mock Duck, the wily Hip Sing leader, offered his and his henchmen's aid in rounding up the Ong Leong gambling games.

The consequent raids aroused the Ong Leongs to action, and the first shots were from their revolvers, the bullets clipping Mock Duck in the shoulder and leg and nearly cutting that cherub Chinese off in his prime. Mock Duck came out of the hospital nursing a grudge which caused the death of several Ong Leongs in the Chinese Theatre. Before hostilities ceased ten Chinamen had been slain, ten had been badly wounded and 200 had been driven out of town.

The dove of peace hovered over a banquet given for the Ong Leongs by the Hip Sings after a pacific agreement had been signed before Judge Warren B. Foster by leaders of both factions. That was on February 11, 1906. It was then agreed that the Ong Leongs should hold forth in Mott street between Pell and the Bowery and should have the arcade running through from Mott to Doyers and the south side of Doyers to the Bowery, including the Chinese Theatre. The Hip Sings reserved Pell street and the north side of Doyers. Both could visit the Chinese Theatre, which was declared neutral territory.

### Like Two Hostile Lands.

So arbitrary was the dead line thus established that no member of either tong would dare enter the other's territory, with the exception of one or two of the leaders, who were made privileged characters. Only a year ago a Hip Sing was found murdered in a doorway in Mott street, whither he had gone to visit a cousin. This was taken by the Hip Sings in silence as the iron-bound agreement made the unfortunate man's temerity his own death warrant.

Since the agreement the Hip Sings have had things pretty much their own way, and when Capt. Galvin began his crusade against gambling it was the Ong Leong faction that gave information leading to the raids. Then came the Hip Sings' turn to feel the call of the war gods, and things rapidly were reaching an acute stage when the murder of Elsie Sigel threw every Chinaman upon

the defensive and overshadowed all other things.

The activity of the police, the resentment of the public toward all Chinese and the resulting falling off in the number of visiting tourist parties made all Chinamen bothered for the time being. The arrest of dozens of perfectly innocent Chinamen and the constant surveillance and even persecution of others drove several hundred out of town.

**Each Tong Disowned Leon.** But with the wearing off of the excitement and interest occasioned by the Sigel murder came a return to old conditions, and the feud between the tongs was taken up with fresh bitterness. The Ong Leongs had asserted that William Leon, the supposed murderer of Elsie Sigel, was a Hip Sing and offered rewards for his detection.

But in No. 11 Pell street and No. 12 Bowery, the headquarters of the Hip Sings, it was indignantly denied that Leon was one of that tong. He was a "Free Mason," a different sort of Chinese society, they said.

Then came the "tip" from the Chinese Ambassador at Washington that the Hip Sings were planning the assassination of Ong Leong leaders, including old Tom Lee and Lee Shung Quon, the president of the society. Police activity on the night of July 5 and since has blocked any plans the Hip Sings may have had. What the future holds for Chinatown no one knows.

In October five Hip Sings are to die in Boston for the murder of one Ong Leong. Perhaps the New York Hip Sings can stand such a humiliating spectacle—perhaps not. Apparently there is no likelihood of trouble until the day of the electrocution.

Meanwhile, Chinatown is hoping there will be a change in the Elizabeth street police station. Should Capt. Galvin be transferred because of the excellence of his service in Chinatown it is likely, say those who have seen many things happen in that mysterious quarter, that the old regime will come into its own.

But all that is on the knees of the gods whose wrath sets heavily upon the faithful. And the good mission Chinaman, after the evening service, where he has knelt besides his teacher, the beautiful white flower, patters to his favorite Joss house, and, before the Dragon and the Flowery Mountain, which, like the sun and moon, give light forever, burns one stick of incense and prostrates himself. Then he ambles to the nearest fantan table and plays the night through with one ear listening for a heavy tread upon the stairs and the rap of a night stick.

### Masons Lose \$100,000.

By the birth of a child to Mrs. J. F. Denson, of Jeffersonville, Ind., the Clark Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, of that place, loses \$100,000.

The money represents the value of a farm in Franklin county, Kentucky, which James A. Holt, a member of the Jeffersonville lodge, willed it, provided Mrs. Denson and another piece should die without issue. However, the lodge holds a portion of the estate in trust, and will, after ten years, build an orphan's home from the accrued interest, according to Mr. Holt's will.

# THE BIRTHPLACE OF JACKSON.

Jackson Himself Said He Was Born in South Carolina.

Col. R. W. Simpson, of Pendleton, writes the Columbia State as follows with reference to the birthplace of Andrew Jackson:

I read recently a statement that the question of President Jackson's native State was still and would perhaps ever remain unsettled.

To-day I read in an old magazine I found in my father's library, styled The Examiner and Journal of Political Economy, printed in Philadelphia, Pa., dated Wednesday, May 28, 1834, a proclamation issued by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, addressed to the citizens of the State of South Carolina, reasoning with them on the rights of a State to nullify the act of Congress which the State had recently passed, in which proclamation he uses the words: "Fellow citizens of my native State, let me not only admonish you as the first magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalties of the law," etc.

It seems to me when Jackson thus speaks of South Carolina as his native State there should be no further controversy about the question.

### THE LACK OF FARM LABOR.

Better Prospects on the Farm than in the Larger Cities.

(Charleston News and Courier.) Secretary Wilson's belief that the high prices of food stuffs are due to the scarcity of farm labor has been strengthened and confirmed by his observations during his recent journey through the West. It is to be doubted, however, whether the troubles of the consumer are due entirely, or even mainly, to the conditions which Mr. Wilson assigns as the cause of these troubles, since the monopolies which have been effected in practically every important industry are certainly largely responsible for the high prices of the necessities of life. Nevertheless, the evil which Mr. Wilson points out is evidently a real one and one which is becoming a more and more serious menace to the country's prosperity.

We cannot exist without our farmers. We must have men to till the land or we will come to grief. At present, the young men who grow up in the country will not remain there. They feel the lure of the cities and in increasing numbers they turn their backs upon the fields and drift into those centres of population where they believe there is a better chance for a man to make his way. They find work, most of them, but most of them would have lived happier lives, and would have died richer had they stuck to their plows.

How to stop this influx from the country into the cities is one of the most pressing of the problems which this government is trying to solve. It is a difficult problem, and it is doubtful that we can do much towards finding its solution. The evil is due to a condition which seems to be beyond our power to alter. Not long ago the cities really needed all the young men they could get. There was not only room for them, but there was work for them. This, however, is no longer the case. The demand for young men in the cities has not only been met, but it has been exceeded by the supply. The trouble is that this fact, though it has been demonstrated again and again, is not yet clearly recognized by the country folk.

The average boy, growing up in one of the rural communities where the making of money is at best but a slow process, keeps before him the example of some relative of the last generation who went to some large town while a youth, and by industry and good fortune contrived to make his way far more rapidly and more successfully than would have been the case had he stayed on the farm. The scores of others who went to town and who either failed or else achieved no greater success than those who stayed at home are forgotten or ignored; nor is the fact taken into account that it is far more difficult to gain a foothold in one of the large cities to-day than it was ten or fifteen years ago.

The condition is one which will remedy itself in time. The farmer prefers to learn by experience, and not until experience has taught him the wisdom of sticking to agriculture will the reaction set in and the overcrowding of the cities cease. Meanwhile, farming is becoming more and more of a science, the rudiments of which are to be learned better at the agricultural college than on the farm itself. Fifty years from now there will be more farmers than ever, and they will be better educated, will live in better houses, and will have more money in the banks than their fathers, who knew nothing about scientific agriculture, or their brothers, who gave up the green fields for the city's streets.



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# TWO HORSES KILLED.

Stepped on Ground that was Heavily Charged with Electricity.

Anderson, July 21.—Two horses were killed at the Orr Mills this morning in a most peculiar manner, by treading on ground which had become heavily charged with an electric current.

Early this morning a horse belonging to J. H. Evans, the South Main street grocer, was passing in front of Anderson's Pharmacy, when it keeled over as dead as a mackerel. A crowd quickly gathered, and about the time they had decided on the cause of the animal's death Prue Skelton came along driving a horse belonging to Ligon & Ledbetter. He was told to stop, but before he realized the danger he drove onto the same spot of ground and his horse, too, fell dead.

It appears that the electric wires leading into the pharmacy had become crossed in some way. This led a heavy charge of current, about 1,100 volts, into the ground wire leading from the store. There is a little drain running across the street at this point, fed by the waste from the soda fountain, and as water is a good conductor it soon had the ground along there charged with electric current sufficient to kill a horse.

Several bystanders who came up at the time were shocked, but not hurt. It takes a much heavier charge of electricity to kill a man than it takes to kill a horse.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Train Hits Surry; Four Killed.

Columbus, Miss., July 22.—A Mobile and Ohio freight train backed into a two-seated surrey in which were seated Mrs. J. M. Holloway, her sister, Mrs. George Myers of Millport, and two daughters, aged 3 and 5 years respectively, as the vehicle was going over a crossing near the water tank this morning at 6:20, and all four occupants were instantly killed.

J. M. Holloway, a prosperous young farmer, who lives five miles east of Columbus, was driving the team just before the accident, but escaped unhurt.

Mrs. Myers was Mrs. Holloway's sister, and with her two daughters had been visiting at the Holloway home. They were coming to Columbus to take the 7 o'clock train for Mrs. Myers' home, Millport, Ala.

The tragedy was caused by the train's suddenly backing so the engine could take position at the tank. Holloway saw he lacked time to cross the track, and jumped to back the carriage and let the caboose strike the horse instead of the surrey.

### Spanish Pretender Dead.

Rome, July 18.—Don Carlos, of Bourbon, the pretender to the Spanish throne, died to-day at Varese, in Lombardy. He had been ill for a long time, and the latest reports indicated that he was suffering from apoplexy, with the accompanying paralysis.

Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who claimed under the special law of succession established by Philip V, to be the legitimate King of Spain by the title of Charles VII, was born at Laybach, Austria, March 30, 1848.

# LIFE AND TEN YEARS EXTRA.

Sentence Given by Kentucky Judge for Murdering U. S. Marshal.

Imprisonment for life and ten years additional servitude, was the sentence pronounced Wednesday on Berry Simpson, Elsha Slavin and George Stanley, by United States District Judge Cochran, at Richmond, Kentucky.

The three men were convicted of the murder of a Federal deputy marshal on Christmas day, 1908. The additional sentence of ten years is for alleged disobedience of a Federal injunction in the mining controversy.

Oliver Slavin and Jesse Simpson, the latter a son of Berry Simpson, were sentenced to three and five years respectively for disobedience of the strike order. The men have been taken to the Federal prison in Atlanta.

### Westminster Local News.

(Tugalo Tribune, 20th.)

There will be a singing rally at First Baptist church on the first Sunday afternoon in August. On Monday following Prof. T. C. Hayes, of Carnesville, Ga., will begin a singing school, to continue one week.

On last Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Quartermus, with Jas. P. McDonald, left for Wilmington, N. C., where Messrs. Quartermus and McDonald have been offered excellent positions. Their many friends deeply regretted to see them leave, but wish them much success in their adopted home.

The death of Mrs. J. C. McDonald occurred in the Cheswell Mill village July 12th, after an illness of four weeks of fever. Mrs. McDonald's maiden name was Miss Lucie Farmer. She was 22 years old last May. Her husband and a little babe survive. Her body was interred in the cemetery of the Old Westminster Baptist church last Tuesday. It will be recalled that Mr. and Mrs. McDonald lost a little daughter early in the spring.

### The Line He Was On.

(San Francisco Call.)

Two telephone girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they should wear. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant, and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you are on, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but, judging from what I have heard, I should say I was on the clothesline."

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