

GIRLS SOLD INTO CHINESE BONDAGE

Traffic in Young Women in America Is Disclosed.

BECOME SLAVES OF MERCILESS MANDARINS

Lured to Dens in Chicago on Various Pretexts and Taken to Orient by Ring of Deceiving Females—Astounding Practice Bared by Secret Service Officials.

Chicago.—Recent astounding disclosures have brought to light the fact that a traffic in human lives has been going on for some time in this country and that this city has been the recruiting point. Young American girls have been lured from home and friends under various pretexts and sold into living deaths in Chinese harems.

They are employed as "secretaries" and "traveling companions," with promises of big wages and the payment of all traveling expenses. Once within China they are delivered to those who have paid in advance for them, only to be hurried to the interior beyond the reach of civilization, to pass their lives in hopeless despair, the absolute slaves of merciless masters free from the restraint of all law and accountable to no one for their victims' lives.

Local police and federal secret service officials who uncovered the operations of those engaged in deporting the girls were surprised at the extent and ramifications of the system they unearthed. Instead of involving a few women and the deporting of a few girls, it is now admitted the investigators are on the track of half a score of traffickers, and the number of girls lured from home may exceed 100 in Chicago alone, to say nothing of the extent of the operations of the ring in other sections of the United States and Canada.

Two of the intended victims of the traffic escaped from their captors after arriving in Shanghai. They told an officer of the American navy their experiences and about the fate of their former companions. It is possible demands for the liberation of the young women by the American consul may make the affair international.

Astounding Facts Disclosed.

Forty-nine American girls have been sold into life slavery in Chinese harems. Most of the white slaves delivered into the hands of Chinese masters are lost to civilization and can hope for no escape from their bondage save by suicide. They are helpless prisoners in Chinese interior towns subject to the whims of mandarins and wealthy Chinamen who were enabled to purchase them through connivance with a woman

for them and sending dangerous witnesses against themselves out of the country.

Chicago Girls Among Captives.

The names of ten more young women that have disappeared from homes in Chicago and other American cities and were shipped to Shanghai are in the possession of the inspector of the Chinese immigration bureau. The police of this and other cities are gathering evidence against the promoters of the slavery and their prosecution will follow. On this point the government agents say they must rely on the police and state authorities, since there is no national law against exporting women for such purposes.

American Consul James L. Rodgers, at Shanghai, has enlisted the cooperation of the English and Chinese authorities in that city, and evidence of many sales of American and Canadian girls to Chinese masters has been procured.

The authorities have unquestionable proof of the incarceration in Chinese harems of at least a dozen of the girls who were shipped from Chicago. Hilda Olson, aged 20, is said to have committed suicide on arriving at Shanghai in order to escape the fate of being a slave to a Chinese master. Others were shipped to interior towns where they were held by one master after another, until they were finally sold to Chinese, who took them so far into the interior they could not be traced.

The horror of the situation of the girls, all of whom are young and were selected because of their beauty, can be imagined when it is known that the Chinese purchasers own them as chattel slaves, may sell them to others, or may keep them as long as they please, and in event of their displeasure order their heads cut off, all without incurring the risk of trial or punishment.

Prices for Girls Vary.

The fixed price for Chinese girl slaves at Shanghai is from \$250 to \$400. The price paid by the Chinese men for the American girls betrayed into their hands by the two women engaged in the traffic varies from \$500 to \$1,000 apiece. A young woman of special beauty and accomplishment brings a higher price than a plainer and less accomplished one.

meeting the situation and the fact that most of the offenders have placed the Pacific ocean between themselves and prosecution.

"It is true this sort of thing has been going on for some time," said Chief Collins, "I have detectives working on the case now and expect to do something before long. The information came to me from Washington first, and I then took the case up with the government officers here, but they could do nothing. I don't care to state what our next move will be."

One Woman Suspected.

One woman against whom positive evidence has been gathered as a central figure in this system of kidnaping, abduction and sale into slavery is the wife of a recently deceased bookmaker. Several others are women who formerly conducted resorts in Chicago and now make their homes in Chinese treaty ports.

While 40 cases are charged against the former, the latter are said to have recruited hundreds who have entered upon a living death from which there is no possibility of escape save by suicide.

The wife of the bookmaker, when questioned, indignantly denied the charges. She lives in a splendid apartment and is supposed to be wealthy. The charges against her are preposterous," she said. "I cannot imagine how they originated. I have been in China once. Then I visited a married lady friend in Hongkong. There is a delightful colony of Americans in Hongkong. I found life there charming. Most American women who go there do. There is much wealth and money is spent freely. But white women no more associate with Chinese there than they do here. I never heard of any American women being married to Chinese there.

"As for my being connected with a band of slave traders, the charge is absurd. On my only voyage I was unaccompanied. I have never sent anyone there.

"I have told stories of the fine climate and of the splendid times women have there, but I do not know of anyone who has been influenced to go by my yarns.

"Two of my friends have been dragged into this scandal. One is the wife of a German banker and the other the wife of a merchant. Both were Chicago women. They went to China as single women and married there. Every summer they come back to Chicago and stay with me at my flat. They make this trip to escape the heated term in the orient. They are wealthy women, and left only a few days ago after a month's visit with me. I have never heard of any women returning to China with them.

"I know of a large number of Chicago women of legal age who have gone to China during the last few years and secured wealthy husbands," she said. "It is their own business and I don't see why the authorities should raise any objections to their going. They are surely better off than they would be here."

"Do they marry Chinese?" she was asked.

"Oh, no; they marry white men. There are thousands of single white men in the Chinese cities who want wives from their own lands."

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"One night, when he had caught his animal and was cooking it, he fell asleep before the fire. Another negro, a youngster, who was also hunting, but who had caught nothing, scented the savory dish from afar and followed his nose until he discovered Uncle Karey asleep with the 'possum before him, done to a turn. The young darkey sat down and ate the 'possum, while Uncle Karey dreamed on, and piled the bones between the old man's feet.

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The Automobile Terror.

There is a certain kindly old lady in an eastern town who scarcely knows what it is to be addressed as "Mrs. Tompkins," the appellation which is hers by right, since for years she has been "grandma," not only to a flock of grandchildren, but to the whole community as well. She lives in a quiet little hamlet where even the automobile does not often penetrate. Recently she visited a nephew who lives in Newport, where the motor car is, to put it mildly, not unknown. Returning, a friend said to her: "Well, grandma, I see you're back from Newport all safe and sound." "Yes, I am," returned the old lady, firmly, "but I tell you one has to be mighty careful down there. Why, do you know, I reached the point where I didn't get out of bed in the morning without first looking around the room for automobiles."

Amber in New York City.

Large masses of amber have recently been discovered in cretaceous strata on Staten Island, now the borough of Richmond of the city of New York. The deposits are being commercially worked. It is thought that some of this amber may be the product of sequoia-trees that grew on the Atlantic coast in cretaceous time.—Youth's Companion.

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recruiting station for the resorts of the treaty ports and the frequently visited spots of the orient has long been known to the under world, whose women have been regaled by stories of the palaces maintained by those of their kind in the celestial kingdom. Year after year a group of women formerly identified with Chicago's dark side have visited the city and departed with a band of these women, who have never been heard of afterward.

Despite all this, the knowledge that girls are being sold into actual slavery and that the young and inexperienced are being lured from home to supply the demand for white slaves came as a startling surprise.

More than a year ago an inkling of the system and its extent reached the local police, and from time to time the atrocities practiced by the international band of slave traders caused a ripple. Nothing was done, however, to investigate the situation and suppress the traffic until the federal authorities acted in this instance, sending the police of Chicago, New York and San Francisco into action simultaneously.

It is believed that exposure will of itself bring the operations of the slave traders to an end, save in the case of the very ignorant. Punishment befitting the enormity of the crimes that have been committed is doubtful, both because of the absence of specific laws

Hard to Reach Offenders.

Washington officials first notified the local authorities of the nefarious practice which was going on, as there is no federal law under which punishment could be meted out to the offenders. They can be reached, however, under an Illinois law, and if sufficient evidence can be obtained the guilty one can be sent to the penitentiary on the charge of abduction.

The difficulty which has prevented the officials from taking action is that the victims shipped out of the country never return to tell the tale. At Hongkong or some other Chinese port they are met by agents of the band and sold into slavery in the interior far beyond the pale of Euro-

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the Roosevelt, is the parent and pattern of all northern hunters. Up there it is common for the farmers of the neighborhood to ride up on their own horses and take part in the hunt. Genesee county figures in David Gray's "Gallop" thinly disguised. It is the breeding place of some of the best hunters this side of Kentucky. By a forgivable pun Gray speaks of the rector of the horse community as of "St. Thomas Equinus."

On Long Island the farmers go Genesee one better and have formed a hunt for their own, which meets a few miles farther from the city than the famous Meadowbrooks. There is considerable rivalry between these two, though naturally the hunt of the Meadowbrooks, who are all rich city people and who do not welcome the countryside to ride with them, get all the newspaper advertising.

Rockefeller's Iron Fence.

THESE same newspapers, by the way, are making a great deal to do about John D. Rockefeller's putting up a six-foot iron fence, topped with spikes, all around his 6,000-acre estate at Pocantico. Six thousand acres are pretty nearly ten sections; lying in irregular shape they "subtend," as the mathematicians say, a considerable distance in each main direction. What is important, they lie exactly between Tarrytown on the Hudson and Mount Vernon on the Sound, and effectually block not only the growth of these villages toward each other, but even interfere with the obtaining of a water supply and other public necessities. A few main roads traverse this man-made wilderness, but all the smaller ways by which men have been accustomed to drive or walk for years are closed up. I am no lawyer, but it seems to me that, contending against a purse less limitless and a will less imperious, the townspeople could prove on many of these roads public right of way by usage, in common law.

They say Rockefeller uses 20 miles of iron fence. Very likely. "Willie K." Vanderbilt, the donor of the recent Tarrytown cup, uses four miles of high fence and two miles of a lower pattern upon an estate of only 1,000 acres, lying compactly just on the eastern edge of the city. A troublesome public highway runs through Vanderbilt's place, and this is the mastery well he handles the problem: At each point where this road enters his property he brings his high fence to a stop roughly, as if it were merely opened for a gap during building operations. Natives know that a highway enters there. Others do not. The "no trespassing" signs are cleverly disposed to favor the error. The road itself, by strange complicity of the highway authorities, is left untended in mud and broken bridges, and at one point where mud lingers longest the wily young millionaire has been permitted to bring his fence within a rod of each corner on either side. Students of the encroachments of the British gentry upon the common lands and highways of Britain may study such a process now at work in our own land.

As for the high iron fence, when it's merely a question of keeping out intruders from fine gardens and not of encroaching on right of way, why not, if the owners like? Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has two miles of such fence; altogether I think 100 miles of it have been set in two years on Long Island alone. It beats "no trespassing" signs to a shoestring.

A Tale of a Tenor.

CHARUSKE sounds a little too much like Caruso. It is the name chosen by Isaac Routman, a Polish huckster who has just been discovered and is to become a tenor on the stage. He was discovered while singing the merits of his fruits and "garden sassa."

Just as Wachtel was spotted while singing on the box of one of his cabs in Hamburg, and Campanini at his anvil in Italy.

Raphael Caruske was discovered by a throat specialist to whom he came for treatment of his voice, injured by much shouting of his wares. Scatoli at one time sold fish, which is an unconventional occupation as huckstering. The adoption of a stage name seems to be almost the rule for opera singers, not for artists of the concert stage. Plain John Clark was famous in a Brooklyn choir. They turned "Brooklyn" into "Broccolini" for him when he became "Signor." Madame "Albani" came from Albany, of course, as Mme. "Melba" came from Melbourne; Lillian "Nordica" was from Maine and made up a stage name from a pun upon the silvery word "North." People whose names are Italian do not need to change them. Patti never did; Campanini, Ravelli, Tamagno, sang as they were christened.

Routman seems to have had, from the beginning, unlike Wachtel and the others, an idea of the value of his voice. To save it he twice gave up the only jobs he could get; once in a tailor shop, where the air was close; once in a chemical factory where the fumes were stifling.

The Hunting Season.

THE horse show and the visit of Prince Battenberg and his fleet full of British stars will start the social winter with eclat. Meanwhile the long hunting season is beginning. Nassau county, the home of the president, will be completely overrun by the hunting set as for a fortnight it was by the auto racers. But there's a difference.

The auto people are intensely unpopular with everybody except the hotel keepers whom they enrich and the politicians in office whom they bribe to let them misuse the roads. The hunters are popular. They destroy crops but they pay for them; tear down fences but settle; and their bright red coats and handsome hounds and nervous horses are pretty to look at in a setting of autumnal browns. They also show pluck of a sort made respectable by tradition.

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IN THE METROPOLIS

CONCERNING THE JEFFERSONS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS.

NAMES OF OPERA SINGERS

Hunters' Bright Clothes Accord Well with Autumn Setting—Long Island Farmers—Jealously-Guarded Man-Made Wilderness.

NEW YORK.—"Joe" Jefferson could never be known as Joseph. "Tom" Jefferson, his son, will hardly succeed in being called Thomas if he turns out as good as a Rip Van Winkle as he promises.

Young Jefferson in the older Jefferson's part made a hit in Boston and was coldly received in New York. Of the two towns, Boston has the better taste. "Tom" has been on the stage, baby, boy and man, for 33 years, but never until now under his own name. He is the fifth generation of actors bearing the Jefferson name, and his elder brother "Charlie" is his business manager. Why should he not do as well as Sothern, Mayo, Miss Barrymore, John Drew and other theatrical children and grandchildren? He has the roly-poly look of his father, less than his father's inches, and less than his father's talent? That is hard to say, and the time too early. The public grows more exacting, but never toward an old favorite.

It is a pretty story of modern neighborliness that accounts for Grover Cleveland's public letter of good wishes to young Jefferson at the outset of his stage career under his father's name. Mr. Cleveland early in his presidency became a close friend of Clarke Davis, the able editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, who by fate's strange freak is better known as the husband of Rebecca Harding Davis and the father of Richard Harding Davis than as his own learned self. Cleveland was also a friend of Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century. The Gilders and Davises had modest little summer cottages at Marion, Mass., in the township of Bourne, where Mr. Jefferson was a neighbor. Mr. Cleveland fell in love with the place and bought the modest house there, which he called "Gray Gables." Jefferson was as fond of fishing as Mr. Cleveland himself, and to the last of the fishing days of the elder man, the former president and the veteran actor, who is identified in the public mind with "Rip," were the closest cronies. Mr. Cleveland did not share Jefferson's winter trips in Florida; the actor was the feebler in health and these winters in a milder climate were necessary to him. There Jefferson painted good pictures, told good stories and gave a good example of courage in disease and pain. On his return there was always the reunion and the swapping of fish stories.

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the Roosevelt, is the parent and pattern of all northern hunters. Up there it is common for the farmers of the neighborhood to ride up on their own horses and take part in the hunt. Genesee county figures in David Gray's "Gallop" thinly disguised. It is the breeding place of some of the best hunters this side of Kentucky. By a forgivable pun Gray speaks of the rector of the horse community as of "St. Thomas Equinus."

On Long Island the farmers go Genesee one better and have formed a hunt for their own, which meets a few miles farther from the city than the famous Meadowbrooks. There is considerable rivalry between these two, though naturally the hunt of the Meadowbrooks, who are all rich city people and who do not welcome the countryside to ride with them, get all the newspaper advertising.

Rockefeller's Iron Fence.

THESE same newspapers, by the way, are making a great deal to do about John D. Rockefeller's putting up a six-foot iron fence, topped with spikes, all around his 6,000-acre estate at Pocantico. Six thousand acres are pretty nearly ten sections; lying in irregular shape they "subtend," as the mathematicians say, a considerable distance in each main direction. What is important, they lie exactly between Tarrytown on the Hudson and Mount Vernon on the Sound, and effectually block not only the growth of these villages toward each other, but even interfere with the obtaining of a water supply and other public necessities. A few main roads traverse this man-made wilderness, but all the smaller ways by which men have been accustomed to drive or walk for years are closed up. I am no lawyer, but it seems to me that, contending against a purse less limitless and a will less imperious, the townspeople could prove on many of these roads public right of way by usage, in common law.

They say Rockefeller uses 20 miles of iron fence. Very likely. "Willie K." Vanderbilt, the donor of the recent Tarrytown cup, uses four miles of high fence and two miles of a lower pattern upon an estate of only 1,000 acres, lying compactly just on the eastern edge of the city. A troublesome public highway runs through Vanderbilt's place, and this is the mastery well he handles the problem: At each point where this road enters his property he brings his high fence to a stop roughly, as if it were merely opened for a gap during building operations. Natives know that a highway enters there. Others do not. The "no trespassing" signs are cleverly disposed to favor the error. The road itself, by strange complicity of the highway authorities, is left untended in mud and broken bridges, and at one point where mud lingers longest the wily young millionaire has been permitted to bring his fence within a rod of each corner on either side. Students of the encroachments of the British gentry upon the common lands and highways of Britain may study such a process now at work in our own land.

As for the high iron fence, when it's merely a question of keeping out intruders from fine gardens and not of encroaching on right of way, why not, if the owners like? Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has two miles of such fence; altogether I think 100 miles of it have been set in two years on Long Island alone. It beats "no trespassing" signs to a shoestring.

A Tale of a Tenor.

CHARUSKE sounds a little too much like Caruso. It is the name chosen by Isaac Routman, a Polish huckster who has just been discovered and is to become a tenor on the stage. He was discovered while singing the merits of his fruits and "garden sassa."

Just as Wachtel was spotted while singing on the box of one of his cabs in Hamburg, and Campanini at his anvil in Italy.

Raphael Caruske was discovered by a throat specialist to whom he came for treatment of his voice, injured by much shouting of his wares. Scatoli at one time sold fish, which is an unconventional occupation as huckstering. The adoption of a stage name seems to be almost the rule for opera singers, not for artists of the concert stage. Plain John Clark was famous in a Brooklyn choir. They turned "Brooklyn" into "Broccolini" for him when he became "Signor." Madame "Albani" came from Albany, of course, as Mme. "Melba" came from Melbourne; Lillian "Nordica" was from Maine and made up a stage name from a pun upon the silvery word "North." People whose names are Italian do not need to change them. Patti never did; Campanini, Ravelli, Tamagno, sang as they were christened.

Routman seems to have had, from the beginning, unlike Wachtel and the others, an idea of the value of his voice. To save it he twice gave up the only jobs he could get; once in a tailor shop, where the air was close; once in a chemical factory where the fumes were stifling.

The Hunting Season.

THE horse show and the visit of Prince Battenberg and his fleet full of British stars will start the social winter with eclat. Meanwhile the long hunting season is beginning. Nassau county, the home of the president, will be completely overrun by the hunting set as for a fortnight it was by the auto racers. But there's a difference.

The auto people are intensely unpopular with everybody except the hotel keepers whom they enrich and the politicians in office whom they bribe to let them misuse the roads. The hunters are popular. They destroy crops but they pay for them; tear down fences but settle; and their bright red coats and handsome hounds and nervous horses are pretty to look at in a setting of autumnal browns. They also show pluck of a sort made respectable by tradition.

There are two "hunts" on Long Island, not to speak of one in Jersey and one up in Genesee county. The latter, founded years ago by the great-grandfather of Congressman "Jimmy" Wadsworth, who is a close friend of

pean and American civilization that fringes the seacoast.

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A number of persons have been sent to the penitentiary under the federal statutes for importing women into the United States, but the authorities have never been able to reach persons operating in the other direction.

PHANTOM 'POSSUM FEAST.

The Evidence Was Convincing, But the Sensation Was Most Unsatisfactory.

They were talking about "God's country" and "possum hunting, when Charles Hopkins told this one, says the Philadelphia Record: "An old darkey I knew in North Carolina loved to go 'possum hunting by himself. He always took along a little frying pan and a little bag of sweet potatoes. Whenever he caught a 'possum he would build a fire right there and cook his catch with his sweet potatoes.

"One night, when he had caught his animal and was cooking it, he fell asleep before the fire. Another negro, a youngster, who was also hunting, but who had caught nothing, scented the savory dish from afar and followed his nose until he discovered Uncle Karey asleep with the 'possum before him, done to a turn. The young darkey sat down and ate the 'possum, while Uncle Karey dreamed on, and piled the bones between the old man's feet.

"When the last vestige was gone he smeared the gravy from the pan on the old man's fingers and on his mouth. Then he departed.

"The noise of his going awoke Uncle Karey and he soliloquized thus: "'Now, I wonders if I done eat 'possum?' Dat 'possum grabby on my fingers and dat 'possum gravy on my mouf. I sho' is done eat 'possum and neber knowed it. But 'fore God, dat wuz the mos' unfinnest 'possum dis nigger eber eat."

whose identity is well known to the government authorities.

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ESTABLISHED STANDARD.

The Oriental Limited of the Great Northern Railway a Marvel in Train Equipment.

The hardship and deprivations of an overland trip in the early days of the Northwest are known to all who read. In this early day a trip across America meant tenfold the danger that a trip around the world means today. What wonderful changes have been wrought and what was considered a hardship fifty years ago, which few could combat, is today a pleasurable pastime—something to anticipate, something to delight.

Immeasurably more so is this the case since the Great Northern placed in service their regal train, "The Oriental Limited." The fact must be considered that in undertaking a journey of several thousand miles the ease and comfort with which it can be accomplished is a first consideration. In the contemplation of a journey the traveler selects that means of transportation which affords him the quickest, easiest and most comfortable trip. It is no exaggeration to state that "The Oriental Limited" is the fulfillment of inventive genius in train equipment. Few people realize the care and bestowal, the complicated, smoothly working mechanism,