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MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1861 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1909.

ONE A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE \$2.00 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE

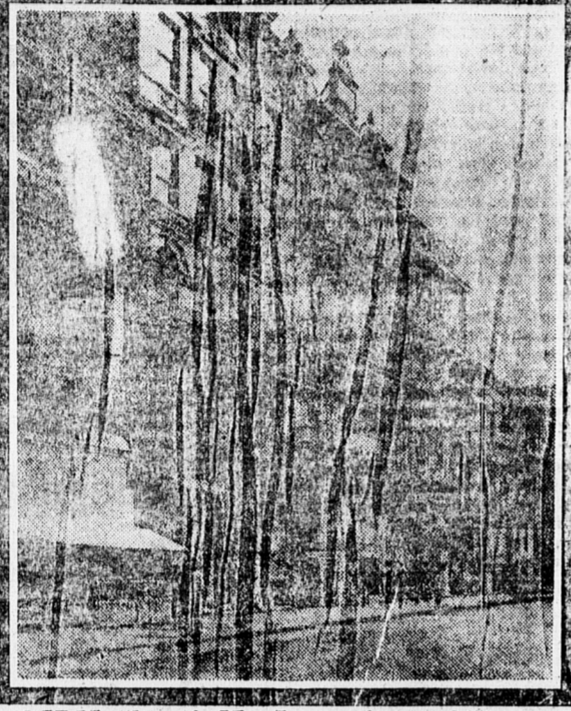


Chinatown's DOOM

by A. D. Parkhurst Jr



Mock Duck



181 Holt Street, Headquarters of the On Leong Tong Society

Arrest of Some of the Chinese Secret Society Members

Chinatown is doomed. That little section of New York, just off the historic and now decadent Bowery, bounded by Pell, Mott and Doyers streets, is to be swept into oblivion and upon the sites now occupied by the fantastic and gaudy fronted shacks and tenements, business blocks of substantial and imposing character will rear skyward.

Perhaps no three blocks in the world have been the scene of more strife, more rivalry, more crime—and crime of a most sordid kind—than the three crooked little streets which in any other city in the world would be designated as alleys. But in New York every dark and forbidding little by-way and lane is dignified by the title of "street."

Tumultuous times have been had in Chinatown within the past year or two, and this accounts for the fiat just issued. Chinatown must go and the police to a unit will breathe easier when the razing of these dark and squalid dens of vice begins. Murder has been rampant there of late, and so far the perpetrators of these murders are at liberty. While the police of the world have been ordered to be on

the lookout for Leon Ling, better known as Willie Leon, the celestial who murdered pretty Elsie Sigel, his Sunday school teacher and then stuffed her body into the trunk found in his rooms, Willie is still among the missing. None familiar with Chinatown and the customs of its habitues would be surprised to learn that Leon is still in Chinatown and never left there for a day since the slaying of poor-misguided little Elsie.

Chinatown's feud—its tong wars between the Hip Sings and the On Leongs—

have been bitterly waged for the past ten years. Occasionally there comes a lull and for the time being Chinatown becomes quiet. At such times the "Seeing New York" cars reap a harvest. Nearly every visitor to the metropolis thinks that he or she must "see" Chinatown before departing for their far-away homes. It is quite the thing to do nowadays and the tourists file in and out of the dingy, ily

lighted, foul-smelling little cribs that infest Chinatown and depart with the feeling that they have seen all there is to be seen of New York's under world. In other words, they are inspired by the desire to do something "real devilish" and they really believe this instinct has been gratified to the fullest. As a matter of fact there is to be seen—and as much per see. All that can be seen to Chinatown's advantage is proudly displayed. At the same time the wily chink rakes in the shekels.

There are many Chinamen living in that squalid quarter whose wealth is reckoned in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. They are rich, but they are just as eager to "bleed" a tourist today as they were years ago when they didn't have the price of a bowl of chop suey in their balloon-like trousers.

Two of the most picturesque characters in Chinatown are Mock Duck, leader of the Hip Sings, and Tom Lee, commander of the On Leong Tong. The Hip Sings are Chinatown's disturbing element. This tong is made up of the sporting element. Nearly all of its members are gamblers, bunco steers, confidence men, runners for those establishments which conduct a white slave traffic, and murderers of the most cold-blooded type. A life in Chinatown is not worth a dish of yok-a-main. Let a victim be marked for death by the leader of either of the rival tongs and it is safe to say that he will receive a bullet in the back of his skull or a knife thrust between his shoulder blades within 24 hours after the abuse went forth. The opportunity is easily made and the executioner knows there can be no slip. He has been designated to do the work and this he does whether in broad daylight or in the inky blackness of a Chinatown hallway. But in either event he always gets his man, for he will have the life of the victim forfeit should there be a slip.

There are few misses in Chinatown and the police who mount guard over this turbulent section of the city do not hesitate to say that many a man met his death in Chinatown whose carcass was disposed of without a hint of murder ever penetrating from the close-mouthed highbinders who accomplished his undoing.

The On Leongs are of a better class. The members of this tong are all well-to-do Chinamen—merchants whose combined yearly importations mount high into the millions. Venerable Tom Lee, who married a white woman and whose son is one of the honor men at Columbia University, rules this tong with a rod of iron. But for 10 years he has lived in constant dread of an assassin's bullet or knife thrust. So determined was the effort to make way with him that he finally heeded the advice of his counselors and moved from Chinatown to Harlem

where, with his wife and son, he occupies a handsome apartment.

In this home Tom Lee leads the life of a military prisoner. He never goes out unless surrounded by several of his trustiest lieutenants. He never answers a summons to his doorbell for fear he will be shot down, for several times this has been attempted. When he visits Chinatown he does it surreptitiously and then goes to the council-room of his tong, entrance to which is gained through a maze of passages and doors that baffle anyone not familiar with its construction. Even then he wears a bullet proof vest and his body is encased in a suit of chain armor. "I would rather die a hundred deaths than lead this life," Tom once said to the writer. But his counsel is worth far too much to the Leongs for them to allow him to run any risks and no monarch of Europe is more carefully or more zealously guarded than this crafty old Celestial.

The On Leongs are ostensibly Chinatown's law and order society. Tom's slogan is "fair play." But don't lose sight of the fact that when an undesirable member of the Hip Sings becomes too obstreperous that the Leongs do not hesitate to encroach his undoing. Quite as many Sings have disappeared as Leongs. The only difference is that less is heard about it. The Leongs invariably take the public and the police into their confidence when a Leong has been murdered by a Sing. But reverse the order of things and they remain just as mute as the Hip Sings.

When a Hip Sing has been murdered the whole tong gets busy, for their slogan is "Ten Leongs for every Sing." When the Sings go on the warpath they usually wreak their revenge before the army of detectives and police spies who are kept constantly circulating through Chinatown had an inkling that there was trouble brewing.

It was not so long ago that one of the Hip Sings was shot down in the streets of Chinatown. Several policemen, two plainclothes men, or "bulls," as they are called in this quarter, witnessed the tragedy. The assassin darted into a doorway, filtered through a narrow hall and vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. The Sings held a council of war that night and Mock Duck reminded his trusty band of highbinders of their oath—"ten Leongs for one Sing." That night a celebrated Chinese tragedian was billed to make his first appearance in the Chinatown theatre. Incidentally, one of these tragedies runs a year before the full plot of the play is finally unfolded to the audience.

Tom Lee and several of his wisest counselors were among the audience. Likewise a number of On Leongs of lesser light. At a given signal several men arose and scanned the audience. They were all

Hip Sings. As one man they shot. When the smoke of battle cleared ten Leongs lay stretched upon the floor of the little theatre cold in death. The tragedy on the stage was not interrupted and ran on to its conclusion, but to this day the murderers of the ten Leongs are still unapprehended. Tom Lee had a miraculous escape, but his coat was pierced by six bullets.

It is an open secret among the police that Chinamen invariably chose a weapon of one caliber and calibre. A blue steel .44 Colt six-shooter is their favorite engine of death. This he carried in his hand and with arms folder across his body, the hands tucked into the opposite flowing sleeve he shuffled along. The gun is loaded and cocked for instant use. A Chinaman never shoots at long range. He always gets close to his man and then pokes the gun into his ribs and blazes away. More often he has shot while the hand grasping the gun is concealed in his sleeve. Of course, when a killing is planned all the members of the tong are aware of the fact, and they crowd around the murderer while the gun is passed from man to man until it is in safe hands. Meanwhile in the hubbub that arises the real murderer makes his escape.

Many visitors to Chinatown expect to see scores of Chinamen stretched out in a stupor in the opium dens that they think take a considerable extent in Chinatown, but far more opium dens flourish in other sections of the city than in Chinatown. A few that are there are far below the level of the street, and none but "regulars" are permitted to visit them. Chinatown is encumbered with secret passageways far beneath the surface of the streets, and many of these shacks have as many as six sub-cellars beneath them.

The whites who infest Chinatown cause the police far more trouble than the Celestials. They are invariably the scum of the earth, for when a man or woman strikes the downward path and becomes steeped in vice and crime they always drift into Chinatown.

Religious fanatics have felt it their duty to reform Chinatown. For every reformer there is a counter-reformer. A genuine and sincere reformation—anywhere from one to a dozen young white women are sacrificed. With few exceptions, the young and attractive white girls sent to Chinatown to work in the various missions established there sooner or later fall a victim to some unscrupulous Celestial. From then on these girls become the Chinamen's slaves and there they are kept in their miserable dens, fed on opium and whiskey until they sink to the gutter. Their good looks and their senses steeped in opium and whiskey, they finally find their way to the psychotheatrical ward on Blackwell's Island and their days in the workhouse.

PROGRESS SHOWN IN OPIUM TRAFFIC

PEKIN, Nov. 23.—Official reports received at the British offices throughout China show that progress is being made for the suppression of the traffic in opium in all of the eighteen provinces. The campaign has been most successful through the northern coast, and least successful in the mountainous districts of the west.

A COMMERCIAL GENTLEMAN FROM THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

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TRUNK LINE FOR JAPAN

TOKIO, Nov. 23.—The opening of a railway to Kagoshima or Kiushiu, the most southerly island of Japan, completes a grand trunk line of about 2,000 miles, running the whole length of the country from Hakkaido on the northeast to Kiushiu on the southwest. It is all rail except for ferries between Moji and Shimmonoseki and between Amori and Hakodate.

The time between Tokio and Kagoshima is now forty-six hours, as against fifty-two days required in feudal times for the lords of Satsuma to come up to the Shoguns in the capital city, Yeddo.

YOUR EYES DEMAND ATTENTION.

That itching, watering or hot feeling of the eyes, a sign of weakness, and now is the proper time to have your eyes examined. Do not delay! Little attention at this time will save expense and much future trouble. We invite those with any form of eye troubles, caused by uncorrected error of refraction, to call at the Maritime Optical and Eye Testing Parlor, 128 Queen Street, Charlottetown, for scientific examination. We are established in this City and we use only the most scientific principles in the refraction of the eyes.

M. Silverston and K. Epstein, Drs. of Optics.

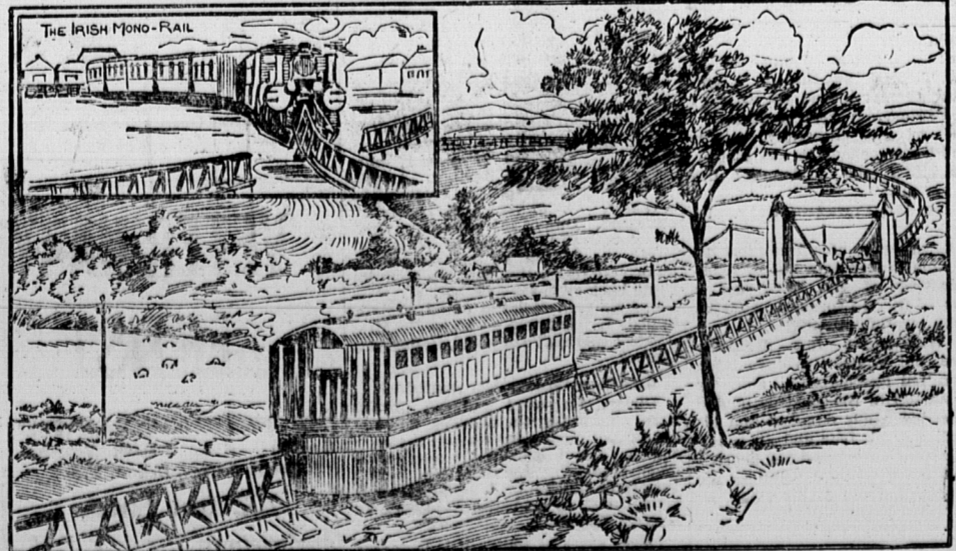
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State constabulary marching through M'Kees Rocks streets, past typical workmen's houses, in the recent Pittsburgh strike.