

OPIMUM SMUGGLING IN CHINA

Is Tolerated as Long as Officials
Officials are Paid.

Craftiness of an Official Who Betrayed
Every Trust Reposed in Him and
Was Flogged.

Beginning at Shangtung, in the Yellow sea, the coast line of China is dotted with islands clear down to Hong Kong, a distance of over 2000 miles. If the islands could be counted, I believe they would number 10,000, great and small. While some are uninhabited, there is not an honest community on one of them. The people are wreckers and pirates to a man, and we believe the ship which meets with disaster on any of the island shores. From Yang-tse-Kiang to the entrance of the straits of Formosa the islands are under the jurisdiction of a mandarin at the above port. In the year 1868 this mandarin was one Chee-Wing-Su, who had held office for years, and his reputation was that of a devil. There was no question but that he encouraged piracy and got his divide, and his orders all along the coast line were to kill every white person who might fall into the hands of his subjects. The fellow was subordinate to the governor of Shanghai, but whenever he was brought up on the complaint of a European consul he managed to get the best of it. He was fairly well educated, a finished liar and hypocrite, and there was no catching him.

In the year I have mentioned above certain Americans in Hongkong decided to fit out an opium clipper to supply the port of Shanghai. Opium smuggling was against the law, of course, and any person found engaged in the trade was beheaded at once, but you might as well try to keep rice as opium out of China. The profits in smuggling have always been enormous, and it has always been part of the business to bribe the customs officials. As Shanghai was to be supplied from Yang-tse-Kiang I was sent up to arrange matters with Chee-Wing-Su. There was no beating around the bush. I told him what we wanted, and he lost no time in giving me his figures. For such a per cent he would guarantee us safety. He was smooth and suave, but under the polish I saw the hypocrite and tiger. I accepted his terms for the company, but I also warned them that he would not hesitate to play any sort of game for his own benefit. He gave us a flag to protect us from piratical junks, but we did not trust to it. The clipper was fitted out with four guns and well provided with small arms, and the crew of 18 was made up entirely of Europeans. On our very first voyage, despite the old scoundrel's flag, we were twice attacked by junks which he probably sent out. We sent both of them to the bottom with their crews, and, although Chee-Wing-Su must have heard of the tragedies, he passed them by without a word.

We had run three cargoes when the old fellow prepared a surprise party for us. He sent for our captain and changed the place of landing to an island about 15 miles farther south. He claimed that the officials at Shanghai had got on to our business and had set a watch, and, though the captain did not believe the story, he agreed to make the landing on the next voyage. We made the bay at night as we returned, but the guns were double shot, the muskets and pistols loaded, and every man was at his post. The first thing we knew we were surrounded by five junks, and then a fight began which lasted 40 minutes. We sunk four of the junks and drove the fifth ashore, with the loss of but three men on our side. Next day Chee-Wing-Su appeared on board and pretended to be very excited and indignant that we had been molested against his orders. In the fight we had exterminated at least 100 of the vermin, but had captured unharmed and were holding ten others. To try to smooth things over with the wily old scoundrel had the ten brought before us, read them a lesson on morality and then had their heads struck off by his own executioners. The landing was to be Yang-tse-Kiang again, and Chee-Wing-Su put another job. To restore our confidence in him again he offered to put us into our next venture and draw only a fair per cent. This seemed like a fair thing, and it was accepted. He handed over the money with promptness, and we sailed away, but when our captain had had time to turn the matter over in his mind he began

to wonder and theorize. Old Chee-Wing-Su would never have put in his money without some stronger motive than a per cent profit. Few Chinese ever trust a European a shilling's worth, and a man of his class must have handed over his little fortune to throw dust in our eyes. A good deal of time was given to the puzzle, but just what his scheme was could not be satisfactorily solved. We could only watch and wait and be prepared for whatever might happen.

On our return we always made port at night. When we had displayed an agreed signal, sampans came off to us and unloaded and took away the cargo, and an agent was at hand to pay for it. Chee-Wing-Su's agent was also there to collect his blackmail. There would be 30 Chinamen aboard of us when discharging cargo; but, though they were a villainous lot, we felt no fear of them and did not keep the crew even under arms. We were within a day's sail of port on our return when the captain was struck by an idea. Chee-Wing-Su knew that our cargo would be a heavy one. Suppose he should have planned to cut the clipper out in harbor? All he had to do was to put men enough aboard, and when he had exterminated the crew and taken possession who was to betray him? He had men who could sail the craft, and by giving her a new coat of paint, a new name and making some changes in her rig she could not be recognized. Even if she were, what would her owners dare do about it? To have set up a claim would have been to convict themselves of smuggling. As for wiping out a score of Europeans, he would consider that as a sort of duty under any circumstances.

Before we made harbor everything was prepared and every man instructed. In response to our signal a dozen sampans appeared, and the first man on our decks was the rascally old Chee-Wing-Su. He was effusive, good natured and slick as grease. He said there was cause for haste in unloading, as the customs officials had suddenly become active, and he was permitted to order about 50 men on board to break out cargo. As soon as our anchor was down all but two or three of our crew disappeared, and the captain and agents sat down to a luncheon in the cabin. Not a box had yet gone over the rail when the Chinese on deck broke loose. In 30 seconds every man but the captain was sailing into them. They were armed with knives only, while we had cutlasses. No firearms were used. The fellows made a good stand for about five minutes, and then we began driving them. No quarter was given. When the last living yellow devil went overboard, there were 30 dead ones on our decks. Of course, the row was heard in the cabin. At the first sound Capt. Walters laid his revolver on the table before him and said to Chee-Wing-Su:

"There seems to be some skylarking going on above, but we will not interfere with it."

"If my men are creating any trouble, I must go up and stop it," replied the old pirate.

"Your men are all right, and you will remain right here."

They heard the sounds of battle and knew that the Chinamen were being driven overboard, but the captain talked about the voyage and the profits and pretended ignorance of the real state of affairs. When the fight had ended, the anchor was lifted and the clipper sailed away out of the harbor. Chee-Wing-Su played the hypocrite at first. Then he blustered and threatened, and at the end he broke down and became disgustingly abject. The agent on board with him was in the plot. He refused to give it away at first, but when he knew that death was the alternative he talked fast enough. The game was to seize the clipper and cargo and murder us all, and if we had not been on our guard it would have been carried out to the letter.

We made a run for another port. Chee-Wing-Su made a big offer for his life, and as a matter of law we had no right to punish him. I must tell you, however, that law or no law, he was hung by the neck to the yardarm, while the agent was landed on an uninhabited island. It was a high handed thing to do, you will say, and yet the governor of Shanghai, who could have been bribed any time for \$10 and who hadn't an honest hair in his head, came out in a proclamation and publicly thanked Providence for removing a bad man from earth. A few months later he somehow got knowledge as to who owned the clipper, and he seemed inclined to raise a fuss, but with my own hands I carried him \$25, and he laughed and grinned and rubbed his hands together and let the affair drop there and then.

M. QUAD.
Sunday dinners particularly excellent at McDonald Cafe.

Diplomacy in the Restaurant.

"I know now why one Tenderloin restaurant keeper is successful," remarked a Wall street broker the other day. "I was in the main diningroom at 6 o'clock one evening with a party of men. We noticed a little commotion near the entrance and saw that it was caused by the arrival of a well dressed, good natured looking man whose bearing showed that he had been out with the boys. He wasn't noisy or offensive, but he couldn't have walked a chalk line if his life had depended on it."

"He came down the room in an uncertain way shelled off his overcoat, put it with his hat on a chair, sat down, folded his arms on the table and went to sleep. The waiters looked at him and ran after the head waiter. The latter walked up to the sleeping man as though he intended to waken him. Then he stopped and called a waiter."

"Go for the proprietor," he said. "The proprietor came. 'That's So-and-so,' said the head waiter. 'He's a good customer, but he's very drunk, and he's gone fast asleep. What shall I do? Shall I wake him up?'"

"We musn't offend him," said the proprietor. "I'll tell you what to do." Then he whispered to the head waiter and went away. The head waiter called a waiter and in turn whispered to him. Then he went away.

"The waiter went to the china pantry and came back with a finger bowl. This he put on the table where the sleeping man was. In doing so he rubbed the fingers of the sleeper. The man straightened up and opened his eyes. The boy was not looking at him, but had picked up the water bottle and was filling the finger bowl. In doing so he knocked the bowl with the bottle so that it rang like a bell."

"The drunken man looked at it with brightening eyes. The boy paid no attention to him, but shook out a napkin, which he laid beside the finger bowl. By this time the drunken man was fully awake. The boy took up his overcoat and stood respectfully at one side, as if waiting for the man to rise."

"The drunken man put his hands in the finger bowl, dried his fingers on the napkin and rose. The boy was behind him in a moment, and in another the overcoat was on the man's back, his hat was in his hand and he was headed for the door. He put his hand into his pocket, slipped a coin to the boy and walked out."

"Now, that restaurant keeper is a great man. He's a diplomat. No trouble, no noise, no row, every one satisfied and happy. That fellow ought to be an ambassador. He'd make a success of anything."—Ex.

Filipinos Must Grow.

San Francisco, March 29.—Gen. Young, in speaking of the effect of the capture of Aguinaldo on the situation in the Philippine islands, said he believed the troops would have to be kept there but six months longer. He did not think it would be wise to bring them all away, however, for there was a large number of marauding bands throughout the islands who would have to be kept under subjection.

"It will take at least two generations," said the general, "to get the Filipinos to understand the meaning of self-government as we understand it. The Filipino idea is to have the country parcelled out among the leaders, and they will rule the people and get all they can out of them. We will have to look to the children of the babies over there now to get the matter on a correct basis."

"Gen. Funston's exploit was one of remarkable bravery, and he is deserving of the highest recognition at the hands of our government. This talk about 'West Point influence' is all bosh. If any such statements have been made that graduate of West Point, or men who have risen from the ranks will oppose Funston's advancement, it has come from the lips of disappointed officers. No good officer or gentleman, would belittle such a brave achievement."

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