

Trouble in Chinatown

By W. R. GORDON

There's trouble down in Chinatown and the Chinks are spitting blue;
The cops have yanked old Tai Kee's bank and all his layout, too.
The fan-tan game and the py-gow frame and the chuck-luck mat all went
In one fell swoop when Sergeant Troop and his "bulls" collected rent.

The games were going with a handsome showing and a noisy, smoky hum,
While thoughts of raids and police parades were far from the yellow scum.
The air was thick as burnt clay brick; the smoke you could cut in chunks,
But the monks were gay in their saffron way as they bet their hard-earned plunks.

A swell young Chink in a jacket pink lounged by the outer door.
His eyes were closed and you'd swear he dozed, but he saw a whole lot more
Than you or I, if we passed by, would take in at a look,
For he was scout for the whole layout and the street was his lesson book.

A cop walked by and the Chink's slant eye read trouble as he passed,
And before another could follow the other that outer door slammed fast.
He pulled a string, and, funny thing, two more banged down the hall,
While in the room the noisy hum had changed to a heathenish bawl.

But the cops were wise; they had used their eyes to size up Tai Kee's joint.
They went at the wall in the dark back hall with an axe and a crowbar point.
In a minute or two they laid plain to view the murky gambling den;
They swarmed inside and the way they tied those Chinks was worth a ten.

Five at a time in a jabbering line, they knotted them queue to queue,
While the "muck-a-hai's" and "mo-bing-kai-tai's" turned the place an indigo blue.
There were forty-odd, too heavy a load for the "Black Maria" van,
So some had to walk for many a block, pig-tailed like a human fan.

Now that is why the big ki-yi is heard in Chinatown.
The row they'll raise will be heard all ways round the streets that they hold down;
But it's all in the game, it's ever the same; they're raided from day to day.
When work is slack the cops fall back on the Chinks for a grandstand play.