SMUGGLING OPIUM

DARK WAYS OF THE WILY CHINEE IN EVADING SECRET SERVICE MEN

HongKong Secret Service Man Tells of the Artfulness of the ChinKies is Concealing Opium and Evading Capture—Persia the New Source of Illicit Supplies for China—Clocks with Secret Compartments That Made an Oriental Millionaire—The Sham Hawser That Was Packed With Dream Producer—Fat Eurasian Wife Who Smuggled Thirty-five Pounds of Opium Through Every Third Day for a Year—Mate's Tale of Opium Buried in Coal That Got to the Boilers in Error, to the Discomfiture of the Coolies Who Handled It—Detectives Searching for New Schemes Now China Has Prohibited the Drug.

CHINESE RIVER POLICEMAN

CHINESE MERCHANT SMUGGLER ARRESTED RECENTLY FOR TRAFFICKING IN OPIUM

SEARCHING THE STEERAGE FOR OPIUM ON A PACIFIC LINER

HONGKONG, July 25.—(Special.)—With the suppression of the regular opium traffic in China, smugglers look for the extended development of an active industry by illicit ways. Persian opium will be the chief supply, for Persia is increasing the growth of the poppy as fast as India is reducing it.

"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain" the heathen Chinee is indeed peculiar, and in nothing is this more clearly demonstrated than in opium smuggling. But the Ah Sin who couldn't find a better place than his sleeve to conceal his contraband opium in would have short shrift as a smuggler.

"'Gold is where you find it,' as the old prospectors say, 'and even then it isn't always there.' The same might be said by the searcher for smuggled opium."

Thus spoke a member of the Hongkong secret service whom I chanced to meet at Macao. I had heard that owing to the absolute prohibition of the importation of the drug into America, smuggling into the Pacific ports had increased tremendously, and I was anxious to learn how the thing was worked from the Chinese end. So I encouraged my new-found friend to go on.

"We always look for it where we least expect to find it," he continued, tilting back comfortably in the wicker lounging chair on the promenade deck of the return steamer, where we had repaired, with our coffee, "but our usual find is only the place that it occupied. All these coastal steamers are burrowed as full of holes to hide opium in as an old teredo eaten pile. We know these nooks and crannies and cosey corners as well as the Chinks who made them, and when we're tipped off that contraband opium is going by a certain steamer, of course we go off and rake her with a fine tooth comb.

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, no opium. Then, perhaps, the Chinkies get in a row over fan-tan on the run to Swatow and there officers get word from an 'unknown friend' that it might interest them to look behind—say the third panel aft the first starboard cabin port. Result—a hundred pounds or more of thin, bright tins of opium and a lot of protestingly innocent Chinkies. Do you think that we missed that particular cubby hole? Don't believe it. We didn't miss a square inch of honeycombing on the old hulk; but by the same sleight-of-hand work that nearly always beats us, they managed to pass it around from one place to another while we were on the search."

Crafty Hiding Places.

I told what I had heard of the cleverness of the customs officials of San Francisco and Seattle; of how cans of opium had been fished out of the water floating to a fisherman's buoy; how it had been found under the mattress of an unsuspecting captain who, up to the moment of its discovery, was threatening to have the inspectors discharged for daring to search his cabin; of how opium had been found concealed in the newel posts of the companion ways, in eggs, in sacks of flour and in bolts of silk.

"Speaking of silk and opium," said the detective, "there was rather an amusing incident occurred at Amoy last year. A merchant of that city was importing flowered silk from Canton via Hongkong, and in one of his shipments, to his great surprise, inside of a couple of dozen of the bolts, he found long, flattened cylinders of tin full of opium, around which were wound just enough silk to cover them. The contraband drug aggregated several thousand dollars in value. Evidently in some manner confusion had arisen among the smugglers as to which bolts contained the opium, and the wrong ones had been taken to the merchant.

"But that was nothing to the smuggling 'machine' they had rigged up on a couple of Chinese steamers that ran down to Saigon and Bangkok a few years ago. A 'public-spirited' Chinese merchant of the French port made the steamship company an offer to install clocks in the saloons, smoking-rooms, and even in the staterooms, if in return he was allowed to place an advertisement of his firm of rice and sugar importers upon their dials. Whether the company 'stood in' or not we never found out; but at any rate the offer was accepted. The advertisement on the face of the clocks was sufficient excuse for the presence of the clocks, even in the staterooms, and the fact that the clocks in even the second-class cabins were large enough for hotel offices was remarked merely as a piece of mingled Oriental enterprise and eccentricity.

"The fact that 'advertising pays,' even in China, soon became evident, for not a year had gone by before Hop Ling had built a new home for himself, doubled the size of his godowns in Saigon and Bangkok, and established new branches in Singapore and Manila. Then he started a knitting factory equipped with foreign machinery; then a rubber plantation; then a bank; then—one day a coolie, staggering under a package labeled 'lacquer placques,' stumbled on the steps at Hongkong and sent a half dozen disk-shaped tins of opium rolling down the dock.

Opium in Clocks.

"Several similar packages of 'lacquer plaques' were waiting in an unassuming little sampan alongside the dock, and it was recalled that others had gone off to the B— the night before. Well, we searched the old hulk from stem to stern, from keel to bridge, without finding a trace of anything suspicious, and the chances are that, for all the good it would have done us, we might have been searching yet if, in tapping a stateroom wall to sound if a panel had been sawed, I had not chanced to notice that one of the big clocks was sagging on its fastenings.

"Thinking the banging might have loosened some of the screws, I put my hand up to steady it while it tapped again, and the weight of it gave the thing away in an instant. Each of the $6 or more 'gift' clocks was made with a neat compartment in the back just large enough to take in one of these ten-pound cakes of opium, and in our careful searches for hidden recesses in the walls we had never been observant enough to notice that all the clocks were three-quarters of an inch thicker than they should have been."

"The clocks were of a common German type and manufacture, but the compartments had been so cunningly added by Chinese workmen that the joining was only evident upon the closest examination.

"The tins had been made at a little shop on the Praya. As the opium turned out to be stuff that had been purchased through the proper channels, we had no concern with it. Of course, we sent the information on to Saigon, where Hop Ling, having also been informed of what had happened, came aboard, declared the opium and had it taken to his godown. The clocks remained on the 'B—' and her sister ship for a year or so, but were of no further use in augmenting Hop Ling's rapidly growing fortune, the realization of which, I suppose, was what prompted the old chap to have them taken out a few months ago and presented to a French mission in Yunnan-fu.

"About the nerviest piece of work that I ever heard of was the scheme that the Japanese officer of a Toyo Kisen Kaisha San Francisco mail boat stumbled upon last Summer. He had noticed, without attaching any importance to it, that every afternoon a junk had been coming alongside and passing an unusually heavy hawser up to the poop, where it was taken in and stowed by some of the crew under the direction of one of the bo'an's. Once or twice in the forenoons he had seen a similar hawser being passed overboard to a junk, which afterward put off to the shore with it.

"Chancing to be on the poop the evening before sailing, he bethought himself of the big hawser which he had seen coming aboard again that afternoon. He went to look at it and found, to his surprise, that it was of twisted bamboo fiber and, therefore, as far as mooring a 15,000 ton steamer with it was concerned, of no more use than a skipping rope. Stooping to examine the make of the big line—it was as thick through as the calf of his leg—his eye caught the glint of metal at a point where it made a sharp turn over a stanchion, and a moment later his knife had brought to light a long, slender cylinder, about the size of a large Kodak film tin, containing, of course, opium. The hawser had been woven around a solid core of some kind which, on removal, left a hollow into which the cans could be forced, one after another, from the ends.

"The ship's officers seized what was in the hawser—about $2000 worth—but were unable to locate any of that which must have been taken on before, and I have since heard that the inspectors in San Francisco had no better luck when they searched the steamer upon its arrival at that port.

Wiles of a Fat Woman.

"One of the queerest cases I ever had anything to do with was that of a woman who spent all her time traveling back and forth between Hongkong and Swatow. She was the Eurasian wife—or one of the wives—of a Chinese merchant in Swatow, and would have been very good-looking but for a decided tendency to obesity. We told each other every now and then for a while that a figure like that would bear watching, and watch it we did; but as it did not seem to vary perceptibly going and coming, we ceased to be suspicious of it or its owner."

"We noted that for over a year she never missed a boat in either direction, but, as I have said, since the adiposity was stationary, going and coming, she passed without suspicion. Then one day I had to run up to Swatow on business, and something put it into my head that it might not be amiss to give her a bit of a jostle in the crush of the gangway. Bustling down as though in a great rush, I gave her a good, sharp dig with my elbow as I passed, to go careening off like a billiard ball from a bosom about as billowy as that bulkhead.

"I waited for her on the landing.

"'Pardon me, madam,' I said, 'but would you mind telling me if that was you I ran against, or was it something else?'

For a moment she looked blank, as though pretending not to understand; then, quick as a flash, she broke into a ravishing smile and, laying her hand on my elbow and leaning close in a confidential, sisterly sort of way, whispered into my ear in slightly broken English, '

"'Yes, eet ees all me.'"

"An instant later she had jumped into a four-coolie chair, which appeared to have been waiting for her, and was whisked off at a swinging trot.

"I blew my whistle and made a few high signs, and a young policeman stopped the chair just as it was diving into a serpentine mullah of a side street. Ten minutes later she was in the city jail and we found upon her four eight or ten-pound 'pads' of opium. Thirty-five pounds of opium smuggled every third day for more than a year foots up a good many thousand dollars of profit.

"The woman was as thin as a broomstick, yet so cleverly was her outfit constructed that her make-up as a buxom dame of 200 pounds or more had not excited more than passing comment from us who make a point of scrutinizing all fat people. It consisted of several sets of four oiled-silk bags each, fitted to the place they were designed to occupy in a manner that would have awakened the envy of a Parisian modiste. Somewhere in Hongkong the opium was carefully molded to the shape of the pad it was to occupy, and these were waiting for our lady when she came down from Swatow wearing pads of—of whatever pads are usually made. When steamer time came the opium pads were substituted for the real ones, while the latter went home in my lady's handbag.

HAUNT OF OPIUM SMUGGLERS

"No, they didn't do anything to her beyond assessing a fine and taking the opium. I suppose she has some other game by this time, or if she hasn't somebody else has. Did I tell you of the coup that a Roumanian dancehall girl of Bangkok made a opinm smuggling? No. Well, that was the cleverest scheme of them all. Wait till I see how the game's going down in the saloon; I wouldn't miss telling you that yarn for anything."

But the fascination of fan-tan was too much for the detective, and he did not reappear until we were alongside the dock at Hongkong, and then only to borrow 10 cents rickshaw fare to get to his lodgings. So I missed his "star" story. His chair was taken, however, by the first mate, who had just been relieved on the bridge by the captain, and who in an odd mixture of cockney, pidgin' English and sailor jargon, told the weirdest tale of opium suggling which I have heard since coming to the East.

"So Clarksy's been gyvin' you some uv 'is bloomin' tyles uv the dope-passin' gyme, 'as 'e? But ay with all 'is bally yarns hi'll wager 'e didn't 'tell you anything queerer than what 'appended to me an' my mateys on the old Taiping on the Java run four years ago."

And then he went on to tell me, in language which I dare not attempt to render, how some of the Chinese sailors of a coaster of which he was second mate endeavored to take several hundred pounds of opium from Hongkong to Batavia by covering the cans with coal tar, rolling them in coal dust and tucking them away in a corner of the bunkers. An incipient typhoon encountered in the Straits made a hurried retrimming of the bunkers necessary, in which operation the hundred-dollar lumps of opium were raked down and mixed up with the four-dollar-a-ton bitumen near the fireroom. In going under forced draught in an ensuing storm broke, a lot of opium was shoveled under the boilers by some of the firemen who were not in on the deal, whereupon some of the "interested" coolies, on discovering what had happened, made frantic endeavors to save their simmering wealth by raking it with a lot of burning coal out upon the fireroom floor, where the whole of them were presently overcome by the deadly fumes, which also temporarily drove the engineers from their posts in the room above. Finally, with the steam pressure just sufficient to keep the screw revolving and hold the ship's head to the rising seas, a stream from the fire hose was turned into the stokehold, quickly extinguishing the coals and "freezing" the opium, while the ventilators, turned with their mouths to the teeth of the storm, soon cleared the fumes and made the air breathable.

It was a great yarn, and I was sorry to have to forego my queries regarding the fate of the opium, the asphyxiated coolies and the ship herself, through the mate's being summoned to go down and tell the gamblers that the light which marked the steamer's entrance into British waters was showing almost abeam, the point at which all gaming is supposed to cease.

HERBERT J. JEFFREY.

Ten Minutes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

WISDOM.

Mayor Gaynor, at a dinner in Brooklyn, condemned certain ideas of civil service that a German visitor from Berlin had recommended.

"Those ideas may do well in Berlin," he said, "but I don't think they'd do well here. We are opposed to freaks, and this new sort of civil service examination is as freakish as Old Sleuth's.

"Old Sleuth, the detective chief, was once examining a new applicant for the detective bureau. He thrust into the young man's hand a pale mass of ruffles and lace and cambric—a woman's skirt—and:

"'Find the pocket in that,' he said.

"But the applicant shook his head.

"'No, chief,' he admitted frankly. 'That's beyond me.'

"Then Old Sleuth slapped him heartily on the back.

"'If you're smart enough, my boy,' he cried, 'to know it's no use to look for the pocket in a woman's skirt, you're smart enough to be a deticaive. Here's smart enough to be a detective. Here's

FAITHFULNESS.

Faithfulness and patient industry are valuable qualities, even in office boys. Here is a story told of a lad who possessed them.

The manager turned to the new boy.

"Here, George," he said. "Go into the next room and look up 'collaborate.'"

The boy disappeared, but did not return. The manager put the letter aside and took up some other duties. Presently he remembered the boy, and went out to look for him. He found him studying the big dictionary with great intentness.

"What are you doing, George?" he asked.

The boy looked around.

"I forgot the word you told me, sir," he replied, "an' I'm looking through the book to find it."

The manager gasped.

"How far have you got?"

"I'm just finishing the second page, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHERE THE DEAD GO.

Major S. Harris, one of the Australians who fought in the South African War, visited British Columbia and finally settled down in Vancouver, says the Argonaut. Now he tells of a man in his province who went over to see London for the first time last year and was being shown through Westminster Abbey. He got into conversation with a tourist agent who was showing a party about, and at intervals the man who was explaining asked the British Columbian questions about Vancouver. "I suppose that in your country you have no place like the abbey?" he suggested.

"No," replied the other.

"Then what, may I ask, do you do with your illustrious dead?"

"First," replied the British Columbian, "we appoint a commission to see whether the man is really dead, and then if the commission decides in the affirmative we send him to the Legislature."

HORSE LAUGHTS.

He was a raw recruit, just enrolled in a crack cavalry regiment, and paying his first visit to the riding-school.

"Ere's yer horse," said the instructor.

The recruit advanced, took the bridle gingerly and examined his mount with great care.

"What's it got this strap round it for?" he asked, pointing to the girth.

"Well," explained the instructor, solemnly, "you see, all our horses 'ave a keen sense of humor, an' as they sometimes 'ave sudden fits of laughter when they see the recruits, we put bands round 'em to keep 'em from burstin' their sides!"

ONE-MAN POWER.

In a Fourth of July oration in Denver, N. C. Goodwin once remarked on the small means wherewith Washington had achieved such great ends.

"When I think," said Goodwin, "of Washington's terrible handicap, my mind goes back to the town of Nola Chucky.

"An actor-manager was to appear for one night in Nola Chucky, and accordingly he wired the proprietor of the Nola Chucky Opera House:

"'Will hold rehearsal tomorrow noon. Have stage manager, stage carpenter, property man and assistant chief electrician and all the stage hands at theater prompt to hour.'

"He received this telegram in reply:

"'He will be there.'"—Washington Star.

DANGEROUS.

In the struggling days of Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken house for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning and help me clean out a henhouse."

"Law, now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you all don't want to begin cleanin' out no henhouse roun' yere in de daytime."—Success Magazine.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

"Why do you consult a doctor when you are so careless about taking his advice?" asked the physician.

"Well," replied the hypochondriac, "it's worth what it costs to find a man who is willing to sit down and listen to my troubles."—Washington Star.

Quips and Flings

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give anything?"

"Yes," replied his boy; "nine quarts and one kick."—Sacred Heart Review.

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"How many of you boys," asked the Sunday school superintendent, "can bring two other boys next Sunday?"

There was no response until a new recruit raised his hand hesitatingly.

"Well, William?"

"I can't bring two, but there's one little feller I can lick, and I'll bring him or bust his face fer him."

* * *

Doctor—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that.

Husband—Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?—Christian Intelligencer.

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Employer—I hope you save something out of your salary, James.

Office Boy—Yes, sir; 'most all of it.

Employer (eagerly)—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?—Puck.

* * *

"And what do you sailors do when you get homesick?"

"We goes to sea agin, mam."—Houston Post.

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"Why, what are you thinking of? You gave the waitress a mark."

"Shut up; she gave me 10 marks change too much."—Fliegende Blaetter.

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"I'm glad we don't live in China," said little Oswald. "It must be awfully tiresome to have it dark all day and the sun shining at night."—Chicago News.

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"Henry, tell me the old, old story."

"Well, it was this way: Our team was doing fine until the seventh inning and then our pitcher blew up."—Pittsburg Post.

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Tailor—Has Mr. Owens taken any action on that bill of his yet?

Collector—Yes; he kicked me out the last time I called to collect it.—Boston Transcript.

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Purist—How is this? Your card reads "R. E. Vise, Rectifer and Compounder," and you tell me you are a proofreader.

R. E. Vise—Why, yes; I rectify errors and compound words.—Judge.

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Agitated Old Gent—Quick! My daughter is overboard! Save her and she shall be your wife!

Blase Person—Wait till a wave rolls her over and I can see her face.—Puck.

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Wifey (with magazine)—It says here that a statute miles is 5280 feet and a nautical mile 6080 feet. Now, why are they different, John?

Hub—Why—er—you know, my dear, that things swell when in the water.—Boston Transcript.

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"Where is your wife going this Summer?"

"She is looking around for some place where none of the women have more than two gowns. She has three."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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"This man does not seem to know much about the Constitution."

"But he didn't miss a ball game last season, judge."

"Then I guess he's assimilated."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Storekeeper—Well, my little man, what can I do for you?

The Kid—Say, when I comes in here this afternoon with a lady and asks you for a dollar's worth of your best chocolate, just pass me out a penny's worth of them little things in the corner, will you?—Puck

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

A DREAM.

I glanced at a daily paper
That a newsboy thrust in my hand,
And I read of a baseball contest—
'Twas writ by no 'prentice hand.
But the thing that most impressed me
And made me cry: "I declare!"
Was the fact that in all that story
No word of slang was there.

It was briefly and simply written,
And flowed like a limpid stream;
Nobody "biffed the horsehide"—
I thought it was surely a dream;
No player "poled a homer,"
And none was "walked to first,"
And I read that slangless story
In deepest bliss immersed.

No pitcher was "pelted with bingles,"
No batter was "whiffed three times;"
In all that detailed story
There were no linguistic crimes;
And when I reached home at even
I sought it once more—and then
I discovered I'd lost that paper;
I'll ne'er see its like again.
—Denver Republican.

DON'T.

(Dedicated to a young man who is about to spend a week at the beach.)

Don't be foolishly elated,
Don't with pride become inflated,
When a pretty girl has stated
That your dancing is divine;
Keep your reason firmly seated,
Let her words be calmly greeted;
What she says will be repeated
To the next young man in line.

Do not rate yourself too highly
When a pretty maiden shyly
Lets you squeeze her fingers slyly
Where the young moon's light is dim;
When you're back in town and fretting
Some new fellow will be letting
Her beguile him while she's getting
Those same fingers squeezed by him.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

MODERN DISCIPLINE.

Jimmy is an awful boy,
He's full of sinful tricks;
I really don't know what to do
His moral self to fix.

I've had his adenoids cut out,
His tonsils are gone, too,
His 'pendix vermiform's removed—
Now what can I do?

I've tried a dozen breakfast foods,
But sad as it maye be,
They do not work—I'll have to do
What father did to me.
—Milwaukee News.

THE BATHING GIRL.

The bathing girl
Will soon declare
She hasn't got
A thing to wear.

And judging by
Her garb, forsooth,
We'll all believe
She tells the truth.
—Springfield Union.

COOLER WEATHER.

When the sun's relentless rays
On our fevered brows are drumming,
There is rapture in the phrase,
"Cooler weather coming."

When all drooping are the birds,
And we hear the locusts humming,
We appreciate the words,
"Cooler weather coming."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.