

SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1899.

CONFESSION OF A CHINESE SLAVE-DEALER

HOW SHE BOUGHT HER GIRLS, SMUGGLED THEM INTO SAN FRANCISCO, & WHY SHE HAS JUST FREED THEM. SLAVES SOLD IN SAN FRANCISCO.



SUEY HIN, importer, seller, keeper of slave girls, has become a Christian. She says her seven girls may go free if they will live a right life.

"Then, ah, it's all of my life I like to think about. It wasn't but two next years, three years. My husband got sick and didn't get any better, and then he died. I didn't have anything but just myself, and I had to live, and I could not live on nothing. No, I had to have things, so I got a little house; you know, one with a little window over the door.

"Then pretty soon I went back to China, but I did not go to my own village. No, my parents would not want to see me. I went to Hongkong and I bought three girls. Two of them are dead, but Ah Moy, that's Ah Moy, she was a baby, and I paid her father 50 cents for her. After I had returned here a few months I went back to China again. I wanted to see my village, always I wanted to go back to my home. So I went, but I didn't let anybody know I was there. I went to the place where they put the babies to die. There was a baby there. A little bit of a brown baby, and she didn't look much good anyway. But I wanted some one from my own village, and so I took the baby, and she is Ah Lung. Don't you think she is a pretty girl now? She's not a slave, you know. She's a good girl, just the same as white girls. She comes from Shantung, so I say she shall never be like the others. Slave girls most all die soon. It's bad, yes, and only the girls who want to be good and the dear Jesus knows about that. You see she is a girl and her people sold her, so what can she do?

"That trip I brought home four girls besides Ah Lung. You see it was not hard to smuggle the girls into this country then. You can't do it so easy now. Sometimes they come, only sometimes now. You see the Hop Sing tong fix it with the Custom House. They swore to the officers that the children were born here and went to China to visit. Some witnesses come and they say they knew the girl who wants to land was born here, and they tell all about it. Then they say they know she is the same because they saw her when they went back to China. It was not hard to swear them into this country.

"Then I went back once more. That was only a year ago and I brought back six girls. They did not seem to be with me when we got to the landing, but I watched them. I made the girls learn the answers to the questions the highbinders said would be asked by the Custom House. I told the girls if they made any mistakes the white devils would get them. I said white men liked to eat China girls, they like to ball them and then hang them up to dry and then eat them.

"Oh, the girls didn't make any mistakes when the inspector asked them questions and when they were landed they didn't want to run away. I told them that the girls only stayed at the missions till they got very fat and then Miss Cameron and Miss Lake sold them. Oh, I was bad—wasn't I bad? But I love Jesus now.

"One girl I sold to Loo Wing. All the other girls are here now. I will not make them bad any more. They are all freed—they may go or they may stay, but I watch where they go. Hom Get, she is going to China. I bought her in Hongkong. You want to talk to her?"

I said I did, and Hom Get smiled her eyes out of sight and came in with a funny little Chinese swing of her trousered legs. She seated herself as all Orientals do, cross-legged.

"Oh, yes indeed, I'm going home," she said, through the interpreter. "I'm going back to my own home. My father didn't write me, he would not do it. He just sent a letter to me. You want to see it? My father he loves me and he doesn't forget. I was stolen. You see my father he quarreled with a man. The man wanted to do him harm. So this wicked man he got another man who knew my father and who lived in Hongkong to write me to visit his family. My father didn't know his enemy was doing anything and he let me go. Then the man took me down town and lost me so my father's enemy could find me.

"Then my father's enemy sold me to Suey Hin and she brought me here. "My father did not know where I was till the white teachers wrote to him in China. The teachers said I was freed because Suey Hin loved Jesus. Then my father wrote this letter and he sent \$70. Isn't that such a lot of money? Don't you think my father loves me? And I'm going home and I will see my sister and I'll see my two brothers, but I, oh, I don't know, you see I'm not like all the other girls at home now. I love Jesus, yes, but then— You want to see the letter my father wrote?"

While we were talking there was the bustle and chatter of some one coming in. Suey Hin called out and Man Get, Ah Ho and Ah Chung came into the room. We shook hands all around and

SUEY HIN, a Chinese slave-owner, who has been importing Chinese girls into San Francisco for years, has just been converted to Christianity. To show her sincerity she has freed the seven girls in her possession, valued by her at \$8300, and will endeavor to see them safely married. Several of the girls were kidnaped and they will be returned to their parents. In the light of her new faith, Suey Hin uncovers the whole nefarious Chinese girl slave trade in San Francisco, and describes how the girls are sold here among the Chinese for a few hundred dollars. She herself when only five years old was sold into the trade by her own father, and lived out the whole dreadful life to the time when she adopted Christianity.



The Man Filled Both of My Hands With Gold and I Then Became His Slave.

the girls said they had been to a white man's store to do some shopping. They opened their parcels and showed Suey Hin and me what they had purchased and bragged about how cheap they had bought them. Ah Ching gave a piece of blue ribbon and a pair of long blue silk stockings to Man Get. The girl looked nervous and took the blue things and patted them. "She has just heard her father is dead. You see I bought her in Victoria. When I wanted to love Jesus I thought I would ask her father to take her home and get her married. I wrote to him, but you see he is a very bad man. He went right to a man, showed my letter and said: 'You are going to San Francisco. That fool woman gone crazy. You buy Man Get. I sell her cheap.' So he sell her to Loo Wing for \$250. He was sure she was very sick, so he sell her very cheap. "Loo Chee did buy her and then came here to me. He said: 'I will take Hom Get to her father. He wants her and she can stay at home and be married. He never sell her any more.' You see? He lied. "I almost let Hom Get go with Loo Chee. He went away, he said, to buy a ticket to take Hom Get to Victoria. But he drop this piece of paper on the floor. Ah San she was playing with Loo Chee and she picked the paper up

quick and brought it to me. See, here it is: BILL OF SALE. Loo Wing to Loo Chee— April 16—Rice, 6 mats, at \$2. \$12 April 18—Shrimps, 50 lbs, at 10c 5 April 20—Girl, \$250..... 250 April 21—Salt fish, 60 lbs at 10c 6 \$263 Received payment, LOO CHEE, Victoria, B. C., May 1, 1898. "Then I know Loo Wing had sold Hom Get to Loo Chee, but I said no, oh no, not at all! I would not let Hom Get go. Then Loo Chee went to the Kwal Kung tong and made a big complaint about me. "Fong San came and he said I must give Hom Get to Loo Chee or he would make me trouble. After all the money I have paid Fong San. No! Oh, I have given him plenty money to protect me! Well, he knew Hom Get belonged to me because I only said I would send her to her father if he would keep her and get her married. When he sold her that broke the bargain. "Well, that was two months ago. Last week Fong Sing came to see me. He told us Loo Wing was dead. So

now Hom Get has no home and she must stay here and I'll get her married. I won't let her marry any but a Christian man. The blue ribbon she wears? Oh, that's to show she has some one dead. What you call mourning? "While Suey Hin was telling about Hom Get two of the girls brought us tiny cups of tea and confections of dried cocoanut. A little three-year-old girl in a red sam and yellow trousers put a doll in my lap. It was dressed in Chinese style, most magnificently. "Lunt gave me," she said, in English. "You a boy and like dolls?" "I not boy, I girl; I Ah San." I looked inquiringly at Suey Hin, for the child wore the dress of a boy. "Oh, yes, she's a girl. I dress her like a boy so the mission people will not steal her. I very cute! They see I bring her up for a slave girl and then they come and rescue her. Oh, no, no, not at all! I make her look like a boy." "Where did you get her?" "Bought her. Bought her when she was ten days old. She's smart. Ah San, come here. Oh, she understands everything! Now, Ah San, sing 'Jesus Loves Me.'" The little one repeated the sentence and then she said the whole of "The Lord is My Shepherd," and all in very



Good English. "What will you do with her?" Suey's face saddened. You could see she was very fond of the child. "I don't know; maybe give her to the mission. Do you want to go to the mission, Ah San?" The little face clouded and the tears began to run over the black eyelashes. Suey gathered the little one up in her arms. Ah San's were not the only wet eyes as she said: "I good, I good girl, Suey." "What will you do with the other girls?" I asked. "Oh, I suppose they get married. Only they must marry Christians. I Chris-

tian now, and I work always now for Jesus. I used to work hard for the devil, him you call Satan, but now I work harder for Jesus." HELEN GREY.

VERNACULAR OF CRIMINALS.

CRIMINOLOGY has its own language—terms, expressive and incomprehensible to the uninitiated. It is necessarily a growing as well as a shifting, changing language, to which the young, active and ingenious criminals are constantly contributing, while a few expressions are dropped from time to time by common consent or give place to new and more forceful ones.

A few of the words and phrases have proven so apt that they have found their way into higher society, and are used side by side with those of more reputable origin. Some slang words are in general use among rogues, but in addition each country and each city has its peculiar dialect, New York naturally having the richest and most complete lexicon of this sort in America.

A detective is referred to as an "elbow" and a policeman as a "finger" or "flatty." The crook is a "gun" or a "mug," an old-timer who comes up at repeated and regular intervals being referred to as a "revolver." The fellow who knows every detective by sight and can tip him off to his comrades is termed a "lighthouse." The leader of a gang is their "main guy"; their place, in general, is the "joint" and the gang itself is the "push."

The plunder which results from a robbery is, referred to in general as "the bundle." A gold watch is a "yellow one" and a silver watch is a "white one." A pocketbook is a "leather" and a diamond is a "spark."

"Grift" is a rogue's line of business, and a pickpocket is a "grafter" or a "dip," while the short-cut is spoken of as a "holster" (pronounced "hyster"). The "dip's" companion, who bumps up against the victim, or afterwards attracts his attention while his pal robs him is known as a "stall." When a man is said to be "flagged" means he permits to be permitted to be "counterfeited." Bonds are "paper," counterfeit money is "the queer," and the man who passes "the queer" is known among criminals as a "scratcher." Jewelry thieves are "penny-weighters," flat or house thieves are "sneaks." A bank thief is a "bank sneak," and a safe thief is a "Peter." Knockout or chloral drops are also "Peters." Victims of the rogues are called "suckers," unless they "squeal," when they are termed "beefers." One who has newly come into the fraternity is said to have "just broken out," and a reformed man has "squared it."

A woman who cracks with thieves is a "molly," and a man who steals from a woman is a "moll-buzzer." A man who works the churches trying to steal from those in attendance is spoken of in this way. There are "cross-roads," who make a special business of following the President on his tours about the country and attending conventions and other crowded occasions. Gold brick men are also spoken of as "cross-roads."

A "squealer" is the one who gives the gang away; a "fence" is the receiver of stolen goods; a "scrapper" is a victim who offers resistance to his attackers, and a "crib" is a saloon or gambling place.

A man is sent to the "jug" when he goes to the county prison or jail, but State prison is the "stir," and his term is expressedly referred to as "stretches" in place of years.

When a prisoner is convicted he is said to be settled; if released, he is turned out. Dividing the spoils is known as "whacking up." Warning signals are given by a peculiar throaty hacking. A watch and chain are often referred to as a "super and slang," and when a thief announces that he "pinched a guy's yellow stuff on the green-light ratiche," it may be translated into the statement that he stole a man's gold watch on a Fourteenth-street car.

"The guy tumbled and we done a lamb" signifies that the intended victim was onto the game and the thief ran away.

"He screwed his nut" means that he turned his head so that he could not see anything. "The guy was made up" is easily understood to mean that he was disguised. "Are your eyes tired?" asks a Columbus avenue optician by means of a sign in his window. "It's a massage, 25 cents." The operation takes ten minutes, and is very soothing. The optician places you in a chair and quickly manipulates the eyelids with his forefingers and thumbs, rubbing them first toward the nose and then back toward the ears. He says that it prevents the circulation of blood across the eyes and clears away the tiny, flitting spots that sometimes bother people who read a great deal.



Receptacle for Gast-Off Girl-Babies Near Swatow, China.

From a Photograph. As most people know, the birth of a girl child into a Chinese home is not a welcome event. She is a "go-away child"—that is to say, when married, she leaves her home and goes to her husband's, whereas a son brings home his wife with him. When a Chinese father is reckoning up the number of his household he counts only his sons. The birth of a girl means simply another mouth to fill; and for this sordid consideration baby girls are often not allowed to live. When they are not actually made away with, they are disposed of by some such indirect means as that shown in the accompanying photo. Here we see a basket fastened to the wall of the city of Chaochoo-foo, some thirty miles up river from the treaty port of Swatow. This basket is for the reception of newly born girls who have not found a welcome in their own homes—a veritable "letter box," where baby girls are "posted." The father may possibly be troubled with some mischievous scruples about actually killing the infant, so he places it in this strange receptacle, whence any one wishing to adopt a female child is at liberty to remove it and do what he likes with it. It is awful practices like this that make the Christian missionaries sometimes despair of the Chinese.