

LITERARY.

A TRIP THROUGH CHINATOWN.

(A real experience) JOE JONES.

One morning, after having been in the city of San Francisco only a couple of days, I took a very decided notion to visit Chinatown. Accordingly I went to see one of my father's friends, whose name was Mr. Adams, and asked his advice on the subject. Mr. Adams was then Chief of Police, and having some matters that needed looking into in that portion of the city, he decided to go with me. So the next morning I made my appearance in his office, ready to start out on the trip. When he came in he bade me step into the adjoining room and be transformed into an up-to-date Chinaman. My transformers were a couple of detectives, who were indeed masters of their art, and in an hour's time I came out of the room a full blooded Chink, as you will see later on. The Chinamen couldn't tell the difference and I know a white man couldn't.

Mr. Adams was also dressed as a Chinaman, and as soon as I learned a countersign, which proved to be very valuable before the trip was over, we started on our journey. Having