

arrived in the suburbs of Chinatown without coming in contact with anything happening worth mentioning, we proceeded to the heart of the business district, where very few white men had been in a long while. It must have been about nine o'clock when we went into a place that looked like a saloon, and drank a cup of tea and smoked a pipe of opium. The place was crowded with well dressed Chinese men and women who were playing some strange game that I had never seen before. It was played with small glass balls and was very interesting. The pipe of opium that I smoked had a very delightful effect on me and I would have smoked another pipe but Mr. Adams would not let me. As soon as we were out on the streets again Mr. Adams informed me that the place was one of the most famous gambling concerns of its kind in the world outside of China. The detectives had been trying to trap its owner for ten years, but had been baffled in every move. Two or three doors further down the street, we went into another opium den. There was a great difference between this one and the first. Here we saw a number of men and women lying around on the floor in a stupefied condition, caused by smoking opium. From here we went through several trap doors and down into a gloomy subterranean passage for a short while, and finally came to a flight of steps which led out onto a housetop. The people here were well dressed. Mr. Adams told me that several detectives had very mysteriously disappeared from this housetop and had never been heard of since; therefore we did not resist the temptation to move on.