

in the evenings, and the men and women lounge around the restaurants to smoke opium and drink beer. Mr. Adams said that very few of the men had wives.

About six o'clock things began to wake up again and get noisy once more. Everybody goes up town and has a good time, the working class go around to the saloons and spend what they have made that day. There are on the average, about ten men murdered each week in Chinatown. There are a great many secret clubs and organizations under the saloons and other places of business. Each house has a basement that is filled with trap doors, so that if anyone is in a tight place, he can easily escape if he knows how they are worked.

About seven o'clock Mr. Adams and I started out to have some fun. Mr. Adams was not married and he enjoyed the sport as much as myself, if not more, because I was scared half to death, and he wasn't. It seemed to me as if there was a theater in the back of every restaurant, and the musicians would have made a sick man laugh. I guess most of the girls danced real well, because everybody seemed pleased after each performance, and we went to at least fifteen. We had a gay time until about eleven o'clock, when we decided to go back to civilization. The streets were not as crowded now as they had been earlier in the evening. We were just about out of town when we came across a restaurant that was still holding shows, and we thought we would see one more; so we went in, and had not been in there over a couple of minutes when something happened and the crowd