

5 CENTS

# Hush

*"The Newspaper with a Heart"*

Vol. 4, No. 31

Toronto

August 6th, 1931

5 CENTS

## MOHAWK INN

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## LAZY LOU LOVER CONVICTED

### White Beauty Leaves Negro Husband for Chinaman

#### Tabasco Tales

... came before a police-court ... the ownership of an ... After listening to ... the Judge turned to the ... "You get the clock," he said ... "What do I get?" complained ... "You get the eight days," replied ...

... makes you think a cele- ... is taking place?" ... "Why, can't you see for yourself ... nearly the whole house is lit?" ...

... "My wife is prolong- ... her holiday. I need her home, ... it seems useless to write sug- ... that she return." ... "Get one of the neigh- ... to suggest it, old boy." ...

... "Are you sure he loves ... and you alone?" ... "Oh, yes, mother— ... more than at any other time." ...

... "Did you tell her when you pro- ... that you were unworthy of ... That always makes a good im- ...

... "I was going to, but she told me ...

... "As I passed the parlor door last ... I saw my daughter sitting ... on her lap. Have you any expla- ...

... "Yes, sir; I got here before any ... of the others." ...

... "You're the girl that lives next ... door, aren't you?" ... "Yes, I am." ...

... "How come I haven't seen more ... of you?" ...

... "My room is on the other ... side of the house." ...

... "Can I take you home?" ... "Where—where do you live?" ...

The Toronto police are certainly going to clean up the Black Menace and Detective Sergeant Johns made a notable gesture when he hauled "Big Ben" Hamilton off to the cooler on Sunday afternoon, July 26.

"Big Ben" was charged with assaulting and beating a female and with aggravated assault on a male. This is not the first time this vicious bully has been lagged for assault and battery. The big mouch hound has been in trouble in Montreal, Windsor and other places. He is known to the police as a "bad man" ... and many white women know him too—as a Lazy Lou lover!! White women just adore the handsome, curly haired coon, in spite of his fiery temper. The Women's Court was crowded to overflowing when Hamilton was lead up to the front of the Court to face the charges that were laid against him. Even a night in the cells had not ruffled his sleek appearance. There was not a stain on his patent leather shoes, his silk shirt was spotless and his brown trousers still had a Sunday crease in them. "He certainly is a darb," muttered one of Toronto's best known reporters. Sobbing at the back of the court was a tall, slim, white lady, who, as he was being lead away to the cells, slipped a wad of yellow backs to Mr. Pitt, eloquent negro barrister.

This extraordinary affair brought into the limelight a young woman just as well known in the underworld as her erstwhile friend, the accused man. Ella Edmonds is still divinely lovely. Only a few years ago a famous Russian Sculptor, Trigor by name, immortalized her classical beauty of face and form in a work that now, we understand, reposes in the Art Museum.

This was about five years ago. The artist saw Ella at the Woodbine races and never left her side until he got permission to perpetuate her charms in paste. He little knew that Ella was then on the threshold of notoriety, for since those happy days in Trigor's studio she has married three times. Two white men and then a coloured man. This last she abandoned, so that she might share her bed with a glorious yellow man, famed from coast to coast as a sweet-heart of white women. And so it come to pass that Ella left her dark-skinned hubby in Montreal and came to live in Toronto with her Chinaman. She seems, from the first, to have won the regard of the Yellow fraternity in Toronto, because when Ben Hamilton, his onetime love now turned to hate, attacked her, several Chinamen rushed to her rescue. One of these was felled to the ground with a heavy punch on the jaw, which necessitated him being taken to the

(Continued on page 4)

#### Things We Would Like To Know

Why Toronto has such a fascina-  
tion for a certain married lady of  
Houghton Ave. South, Hamilton  
... or is it the big ear? ... Hush!

Why Mr. Ferguson left the  
Knecnel Co. at Hanover, Ont.?

Why the Winnipeg School Board  
insists on employing Mrs. Bowman,  
Mrs. McKim and Mrs. Elliott?—  
their husbands have good jobs.

What David Stormont was carry-  
ing in that mysterious looking brief  
case?

Will Fred from Weston regret  
what he is doing?

Will a silly, strutting, uniformed,  
would-be soldier in Edmonton be  
linked up with certain divorce pro-  
ceedings involving a prominent mem-  
ber of the Alberta House. We hope  
a uniform isn't due for a burial!

If the little doctor on Parliament  
Street is going to come through?

If Sir John Aird is proud of his  
sons?

Why those three Senators don't  
pay back the graft without any  
more nonsense ... or are they just  
common crooks?

Why the Attorney General for  
Manitoba and the Prison Advisory  
Board will not investigate certain  
charges made against prison ad-  
ministration? What about it Colonel  
Taylor and J. T. Hulg?

Why J. P. does not come back  
to Bloor and Jarvis Street?

Why Senator McDougald's Secre-  
tary was not on hand to explain  
that Bermuda voucher? Oh, well!



# Lazy Lou Lover Convicted

## White Beauty Leaves Negro Husband for Chinaman

(Continued from page 1)

General Hospital. The extent of his injuries was not known at the time of trial.

Won Fong is a brave man. He gazed across the Court at Mrs. Edmonds—the love lights shining in his dreamy, Oriental eyes—and told through an interpreter, how he was first knocked down by Hamilton and then, when he got up to continue his defence of Ella, how he was knocked stone cold. Then George Sing entered the fray followed by other Celestials. Hamilton lashed out at the tribesmen right and left until Sergeant Johns and Plainclothesman John Milling raced up and, after a sharp tussle, overpowered the lusty negro. Hamilton swore that he did not strike Ella, whom he admitted he admonished because, he said, she had made remarks to his wife about him. "I have known her for many years and I know her three husbands," he significantly remarked during the course of his evidence.

It appears that Ella Edmonds and her lady friend, Cecilia Geraux, onetime of Hollywood and still showing traces of unusual charm, were sitting in a motor car on Elizabeth Street, when, all of a sudden, Hamilton walked up and slapped her in the face. It was then that Wong Fong, who was passing by, rushed to her rescue crying, "You no kill the Queen; you no use bad language to the Queen." "Queen Ella" received further blows from the infuriated sheik and it is alleged that Hamilton also struck Miss Geraux, although this lady made no charge against him.

What might have happened had not Detective Johns and his mate come on the scene it is hard to imagine. That

there would have been bloodshed and plenty of it is the opinion of an eye witness, who told Hush that the "chinks" were beginning to swarm out of close by houses like a swarm of bees." Hamilton "might have been torn to pieces," he said. One dapper little Chinaman, who speaks good English, said that Hamilton loved Ella Edmonds and wanted to take her away from her yellow consort. Perhaps this is the truth, and what he said in evidence was only an excuse concocted to meet the charge. Hush is inclined to believe that it was a drama of illicit love and lust. Men have fought over Ella Edmonds before. After the trial was over and Hamilton had been lead below to the cells, a convicted man Ella was surrounded by a bevy of anxious suitors ready to do her bidding. But these were white men. Ella can control the male species of her own caste, but when she has to cope with the insidious advances of the yellow or black races she seems to be drawn by the "black magnet" into the deeper depths. But with her, the "yellow kiss" was still stronger than the "black magnet." What a travesty of love: What a tragedy of sex.

Hush believes that there is now sufficient evidence lying in the records of the Canadian Courts of Justice to warrant action by the Immigration authorities. Why should Canadian white women be debauched by negroes and Chinamen? Is it not possible for the Law to remove temptation from their path? After all, they are only human and bound to err. Ella Edmonds is not a vicious woman in the ordinary sense. She has been hypnotized by the "black magnet" and the "yellow kiss"!!

### WINNIPEG LABOUR LEECHES

(Continued from page 3)

at the bar was when he vindicated the innocence of an alleged murderer a few years ago.

THE GODDARDS OF ADANAC.

### A Queens Park Masquerader

Beautiful Married Woman Poses As Single

It is a well known fact that married women do not maintain



# Beware of the Yellow Peril

## Young Girl Seduced in College Street Love-Nest?

Hush has often warned its hundreds of thousands of readers against the Yellow peril. The deadly yellow men thrive in their dens of lust right here in Toronto. They love white women and many white women love them. Jack Faction, star waiter at the Grand Cafe, at the corner of Ossington and College, Toronto, has long been famed for his chic appearance, suave manners and seductive voice. His private apartment at 646 College Street is said to be one of the most luxuriously furnished abodes in the city's Bohemia. It is filled with divans and silken cushions, and on the tables burn strange oriental lamps with sweet scented flames. Faction rents this love-nest from Celia Geroux, famous French-Canadian beauty, who entered into the matrimonial state with another Chinaman named Pon Song.

It seems to be common knowledge that many white women have cast libidinous eyes on Jack Faction, and the Morality Department received a complaint that the Chinaman's apartment was the meeting place for white women of all ages. Consequently Detectives Jackson and Sunderland, with Plainclothesmen Adie and Peate, were detailed to watch the premises. Little did they think that they were going to unearth the tragedy of a 17-year-old girl having fallen under the glamour of this fascinating yellow man. But sure enough when Detective Jackson entered Faction's apartment he found the Chinaman sitting on a ruffled bed in a kimono of brilliant hue. In the clothes closet the detective found a half naked girl! "Oh! there you are," ejaculated the famous sleuth. "Oh! there she is," ejaculated the girl's lover and alleged seducer.

John Faction was duly arraigned before Magistrate Patterson in the Women's Court to face charges of seduction under Section 211, sub-section 1, of the Criminal Code, and that he did also conduct a common bawdy house at his College Street love-nest.

Wm. Horkins, eminent criminal barrister, was briefed to defend the sensual Celestial. The little yellow-man had not lost his self composure and bowed pleasantly to three white ladies who watched him being lead to the trial court between two uniformed officers. After the doors of the inquisition chamber closed two of these women burst into tears. The elder of the three bid them dry their eyes and attempted to assure them that, after all, their friend might escape the jaws of Justice.

The trial brought out some remarkable facts. The little girl told how Faction served her in the Grand Cafe. He fascinated her. Then he asked her to visit him at his home. She went, and when she did, she admitted that she expected to receive money. She did receive money when he first betrayed her and on many occasions afterwards right up to the time of their arrest. It is a pitiful story. The power that a Celestial can exercise over a white woman is something beyond belief, except by those who know all the dark windings of the underworld, and the people in it. This mere child swore that she was a virgin previous to her meeting this snake man in the Grand Cafe, where he soon began to furnish her with flattery and free meals!

But William Horkins, one of the most capable defence advocates in the country, was determined to make a bold bid for his client's freedom. He brought out that the girl was at this very moment on extended probation for the reason that, several months ago, she had pleaded guilty to stealing. Mr. Horkins caused her to admit that she worked on and off for Murrays Lunch or the Hillview Restaurant, and that she resided with another girl at 276 Montrose Ave. instead of with her adopted mother. Mr. Horkins also made the Chinaman's accuser admit that a charge was pending against her for being found in a bawdy house. Then a sensation was caused in court when Mr. Hoskins accused the girl of having many boy friends. The erring child admitted

it. Tell me their names, demanded counsel, or have I to tell you who they are? Then, unabashed, the little amateur vagrant reeled off the names of L. Simpson, 989 Dufferin street; Leo. Thuna, 436 Queen street west; Norman Leeward, 1010 Shaw street; Jack Gray, 1422 Bloor street; Walter Spinks, 112 Crawford, all of Toronto. However, the girl steadfastly swore that she had never miscondacted herself with any of these playboys, thus laying her mutilated virginity at the feet of the dapper little Chinese love artist. Then the Crown had difficulty in proving the age of the complainant, who was born in New York and adopted at an early age. The woman who had acted as her mother for all these years could not be certain about the date or produce any certificate or documentary record of any kind.

Mr. Horkins pressed strenuously for the acquittal of the yellow boy on the ground that the girl was not of good character and had had consort with the accused with the knowledge that she was to receive money for so doing.

Magistrate Patterson refused to dismiss the charge of seduction and remanded the accused for one week to permit of further enquiries being made as to the age of this alleged latest victim of Oriental lust.

### WESTERN OIL CRISIS

(Continued from page 10)

Well you Alberta oil and gas leaseholders and you Alberta oil company shareholders: "What are you going to do about it?" as R. B. Bennett used to say. Are you going to take it sitting down? I wonder what John Hampden or Oliver Cromwell would do about it if they were alive today? I wonder what would happen to Premier Brownlee and his Government if they tried to pull that stuff off over in England, or Scotland?—or Ireland! Does red blood or a low grade crude oil flow in the veins of you people in Alberta?

Once again I repeat what I said in previous articles. I don't blame the Big Interests at all—they are merely doing what all big oil and gas interests try to do all the world over. I blame the Brownlee Government of Alberta, whose sworn duty it is to give all people and all interests in Alberta a square deal.

If some measure of conservation would be sound and beneficial, and if, as some operators believe, Turner Valley could be more economically and profitably operated in the interests of all concerned by one large company, then it is the duty of the Alberta Government to lend its influence and support to form such a company. If the Big Interests are the only people who could form such a company, let the Government compel them to do so and pay a fair and decent consideration to the independents and leaseholders for their wells and leases, instead of driving them to the wall and buying their wells and leases up at bargain prices under the hammer. Let the Alberta Government act honorably and justly and say to the Big Interests: "If you want to control Turner Valley you must pay the independents and leaseholders a fair price for their wells and leases, otherwise we are going to cancel the Conservation regulations and the Pooling Agreement. We are not going to enforce laws and regulations that will ruin the independent operators, the leaseholders, and tens of thousands of oil company shareholders."

### AURORA HUNTING GIGOLOS TAP WOMEN

(Continued from page 6)

Some of the farmers are having a huge laugh over the turn events have taken and one of them said to Hush. "These guys are up that well-known creek without a paddle and don't know it. I never went to college, but I met the scholars coming home. I guess there wont be so many pink coats around next season."

### NEXT WEEK

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# Hush

*"The Newspaper with a Heart"*

Vol. 5. No. 24

TORONTO

June 16, 1932

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LE CHEVALIER

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## "CHINESE MAD" WOMEN!!

### Is It Really True That—

The chef at the MacDonald Hotel, Edmonton, is entertaining his glad-eyed friends in his new car most handsomely? Oh, La La!

A. E. Smith of Toronto St., Regina, has a wife teaching in the Collegiate, while he has steady employment in the Taxation Department at the Parliament Buildings?

That the Tivoli Cabaret of Edmonton, is paying their girls the magnificent sum of 75 cents for an evening's work, and if they want a bite to eat they have to pay for it. What's the matter with our minimum wage board?

The present depot of the Greyhound Bus Co., in Calgary, is located in a block on a corner where it was found necessary to install stop-and-go lights as the traffic was so congested, and that some months ago the council were of the opinion that another place should be found for this depot. So far nothing has been done and the council has had plenty of time. The seventy-five feet of "No Parking" space could be used to better advantage to the merchants situated in this block. Who has the "guts" in the City Council to get this removed?

Mrs. Hughes of the Edmonton Hudson's Bay hardware department, is a married woman with a husband with a good job on the railroad? If so, it's a wonder she would not live and let live and give some decent girl a chance to earn a living. The BAY is just chucked full of married women, working-wife leeches. They say it's worse in Edmonton than it is in Calgary.

Palmer Wright is going to be released from the services of the Ontario Jockey Club?

The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., have offered \$30,000 towards the proposed Fourth St. West Subway in Calgary? The big companies are sure good hearted. We wonder just what some of the employees think of this kindness being extended to the city?

### The Magic Spell of the Yellow Hand—In Rosedale and the Underworld—Well Connected Girl Admits 54 Visits to Chinese Dens—Sordid Story

**J**IM FUNG, soft-voiced, panther-footed Chinaman, well-known Toronto restaurant proprietor, was acquitted of the serious charge of seducing the 16-year-old daughter of well-known society folk in his motor-car on the Scarlett Road, near Weston. Judge Lee tried the case in the County Court Criminal Session. Another young girl accompanied the love-birds, and she it was that advised her friend to go ahead and let the Chinaman satisfy his lust so that they would not have to walk home! This was according to the evidence of the complainant. While the defence did not deny that this crime took place, they proved to the satisfaction of the Court that the girl was not of previous chaste character. At least that is what the learned judge was forced to believe after weighing the evidence of the defence witnesses.

Thomas B. Horkins, counsel for the Chinaman, stressed the effect of sub-section 3 of section 211 of the Criminal Code, wherein the judge may direct a verdict of acquittal if it can be concluded that the girl is partly to blame for the act. Mr. Horkins forced the girl to admit that she had made 54 different visits to Chinese places of business, such as laundries and restaurants. He proved that she was, in fact, like many another young Toronto girl, "Chinese mad." She admitted that the society of Celestials was most agreeable to her and that she got along very well indeed with the yellow men, and had learned to understand their subtle Oriental ways and customs. This young woman also admitted that on numerous occasions she had been in the bedrooms of these fascinating aliens and participated in their unholy rituals. She stated that she loved to listen to the radios in their luxurious boudoirs and smoke their fragrant cigarettes. This exceedingly fascinating white girl confessed that she had also taken numerous nocturnal automobile rides with her yellow charmers—she was indeed their slave. What a tragedy—what a warning to young Canadian girls.

Both of the girls involved in this sad case admitted receiving money from Henry Mark, a Chinaman noted for his generosity to white women. The evidence was that this Celestial asked nothing in return for his gifts. This the Court was asked to believe. Once upon a time the same girls went out in an automobile with Sam Ho, another Chinaman of some distinction and famed for his good looks and popularity with white women, some of whom live in Rosedale. Sam made a fortune in the importing business. It was on this ride that the girl, who attempted to convict Jim Fung, had intercourse with the beautiful Sam Ho in the back seat of the car while her friend sat in the front with the driver. This evidence was given by the latter, who gave evidence for the defence. The Court was shocked. Then there was the story of the girls' stealthy visits to the love nest of a mystery man, known as "McKnight". Who is "McKnight"? We believe one of the most sinister figures in Toronto's underworld.

(Continued on page 5)

### Things We Would Like to Know

When George Imrie, of 578 Dufferin St., Toronto, is going to announce his engagement?

How the girls manage to hold their jobs at the "Met" and Capitol theatres in Winnipeg?

Why does the Sunshine Dairy at Peterboro, Ont., employ an alien when so many of our Canadian-born are out of work?

Who the woman was in an apartment in the neighborhood of Snowdon Junction, Montreal, who so far forgot herself as to greet her lover in the nude, before an open window in full view of the neighbors?

If Mr. Hunter, one time of the MacDonald Hotel, Edmonton, is the same Mr. Hunter who is operating so successfully in Winnipeg?

The name of Mrs. Proctor's favorite hymn?

Why "Allie" Dymont was so anxious to keep out of the limelight at Thorncliffe on Saturday, June 4th?

If Colonel J. R. Moodie of Hamilton, liked our crack about that Westdale Church mortgage?

If the proposed 4th St. West Subway will be put over under the present financial condition of the City of Calgary, and just how many more monuments Andy is going to have during his term of office. And if the Consulting Engineers will be the ones that made the bungle at the Dam?

Why the Toronto Daily Star did not employ Thomas J. Bird as a clocker this Spring?

If Mrs. Anna Shirley, who is connected with a prominent Edmonton Cafe, drove somebody else's car out into the country which had to be towed back home . . . was it an accident?

Is it true that about 65 per cent. of the teaching staff of the Pointe aux Trembles Mission School, United Church, are not professionally qualified as teachers, including both the Principal, Rev. E. H. BRANDT, and the Head Lady Teacher?



# The U.S. Gangdom Menace

## Chicago Crooks Flourish in Montreal—Yankee Gunmen Establish New Realm in Canada

ARE the Canadian Customs and Canadian Immigration Departments actually doing all they can to protect this country from the ramifications of United States "gangdom"?

That is the question that people all over Canada and particularly in the City of Montreal are asking themselves these days. And from things that are cropping up from time to time, the answer to that question is not a very satisfactory one.

Something happened in Montreal a very few days ago that made people sit back and think about this question more than ever before.

There have been hints that Chicago has for a long time had its underworld representatives in the Canadian metropolis. It is definitely known that there is a man in Montreal who has been sent from Chicago to look after the "racing information" business that is controlled from the "Windy City". That man may be seen at any of the Montreal race tracks when they are operating, and he may be found in an office in the city.

Of course, people are not so much concerned about the "racing information racket". That, they feel, is something that concerns the individual. If he wants to bet with the "bookies", he will bet. If he does not want to, no one will take him by the scruff of the neck and force him to do it. He might be tempted when he had no intention of betting, but if he is not strong enough to resist that temptation, the average citizen figures that that is his funeral.

But with actual, dyed-in-the-wool crime, it is a different proposition. Then, if that is being controlled from across the border, Mr. Citizen believes he has a right to squawk, and squawk loudly.

And when "fountain pens" that discharge .38 calibre bullets are found on the streets of Montreal, and are picked up by innocent people, who nearly lose their lives trying to get the "pen" working, then it is time to look into conditions.

The story of how two young men, walking along the street, found a fountain pen, and upon taking it home saw it had no nib, then proceeded to fool around with it until it discharged a .38 bullet in the leg of one of them, is well enough known in Montreal, but the story back of it has not yet been touched on by a press that seems to take a delight in looking no further than its nose.

What appeared on the surface, and what can be dismissed in a few words was all they saw.

Consider a few observations on the subject:

with the staff given them, to patrol every inch of border. That is all very well, but when a man, who has never been to Canada before, passes through Fort Covington, N.Y., on to Huntingdon, and gets through to Montreal without seeing a custom's house, or being challenged, and in order to get back all right, drops into the Federal Government buildings in Montreal, it would seem that there is something lacking. A man actually told Hush that he did this and was annoyed because he was fined in Montreal, because they told him he should have reported in Huntingdon. He said he didn't know that place and furthermore could not see any custom's house on his road.

In reporting in a matter of fact way the incident of the "fountain pen weapon", the Montreal Gazette showed why it is able to retain so much of its Federal Government printing business.

The newspaper said;

"The 'pen' turned out to be one of those pistol contraptions conceived by an inventor who doubtless believed that he was giving the honest citizen a weapon of defense."

The Gazette has been hard hit, from all accounts, as far as its advertising is concerned of late. But it still has the big end of the printing business from Ottawa and Premier L. A. Taschereau of Quebec. They would naturally not for a moment suggest that either government was not protecting the citizens of the country.

But the people of Montreal, not knowing the financial interests of its press, have to take what they are handed out for gospel.

How long the Taschereau-minded Gazette and the "sweetbread press" of Lord Atholstan can feed its readers the food they prescribe is something that has been puzzling those on the inside for a number of years.

In the meantime what about protecting our borders from United States gang influence? It looks as though a lot of gunmen, finding it too hot where they were, are trying to establish a new realm in Canada.

### Inside Stuff at Ottawa

(Continued from page 4)

but little good will the appearance of the unhappy twain do him. The best thing to do in this case is to forget it! The ex-brokers are paying their debt to society, and it savours of vindictiveness to hail them before the beak on another

### "Chinese Mad" Women!!

(Continued from page 1)

The complainant said that it was in his apartment that she used to sit reading "Funny Bits" while her girl friend and "McKnight" carried on unspeakable acts of vice and wickedness. Mr. Horkins forced these facts, in defence of his client, from the trembling lips of the witnesses, during a most aggressive cross-examination. Hush has repeatedly warned the fathers and mothers of Toronto against this Yellow Peril. These Chinese men have a deadly effect on some of the white women of this country. Can the yellow men be blamed for obeying the call of nature when the law forbids them to bring their own women to this country. Chinamen should be kept out of Canada altogether OR ELSE LET THEM BRING IN THEIR OWN WOMEN! That seems to be the logical conclusion. This present case only scratches at the surface of this racial sex evil in Toronto. There are at least a hundred white women in this city who have passed under the influence of the Yellow Hand. It is common knowledge that, for years, a certain Chinaman, now rich beyond his wildest dreams, has made regular clandestine visits to prominent Toronto society women under the plausible excuse of being a specialist in the washing and cleaning of their most expensive and much prized articles of raiment. What about the lady who resided on Glen Road, Rosedale, who, when taxed by her husband about the frequent visits of this pest, alibied herself by saying that she and some of her friends paid him to teach them Mah Jong!! And this husband was forced to believe it... now his men friends say a soul-chilling suspicion brought on his premature death. This was the end of another Chinese poison trail. Eminent members of the Toronto Medical Association have been consulted about this unnatural leaning of well educated women towards men of this colour. One of the most prominent of them shook his head and said: "It is merely another of those unsolved mysteries of a perverted sex nature that I place in the same category as Sodomy, Sadism and Lesbianism. These poor creatures know no sense of wrong. Women of this class deserve more pity than censure. Perverted nature is very strong. Sometimes it knows no boundary.

What did Mr. Justice Lee say? "I am forced to find you NOT GUILTY. You are fortunate to escape conviction and the penalty the law provides. I advise you strongly to keep away from white women or you may be deported to China." A wise and highly respected judge had spoken. Let it be a warning.

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# Hush

"The Newspaper with a Heart"

Vol. 5. No. 37.

TORONTO

Saturday, September 17th, 1932

5 CENTS

**ROXY**

THEATRE  
QUEEN ST. AT BAY ST.

NITA  
JALNA

"OK CANADA  
GIRLS"

DAILY AT  
1.30-4-7 and 10 p.m.  
THE ONLY GIRLESK IN TOWN



## WHITE-SLAVER CONVICTED

Is It Really  
True That—

That John Michaels of Edmonton is going to disclose to his Edmonton friends how many McLeod River shares he sold? Come on, Mike, out with it.

An employee of the National Steel Car Co. at Hamilton is doing some painting and decorating "on the side" on Graham Avenue?

The Mayor of Huntsville asked Kelly, "Why men leave home"?

There is a strange story behind the long delay in naming a new Fire Chief in Montreal as a successor to the late Raoul Gauthier?

The "pansy" proprietor of a Montreal Beauty Parlor puts on special parties for himself and his "gentlemen" friends right in the back part of his shop after business hours?

A popular Ct. Catharines promoter had a sudden change of heart on Tuesday, September 6, towards a certain little girl?

The Port Colborne police are going to clean up the bootleggers on West St.—they did so well on King St.

"Flo" is still doing a rushing business on 8th Avenue East in Calgary, and is very happy over Pearl Miller's reported engagement?

The Edmonton magistrate does not realize that a red light signal means danger?

A certain Toronto married woman is coming to Brampton for another wild party, and if she will come prepared for the convenience of her bachelor friend?

Baptiste Johnston is anxious to leave his desk in Stewart McNair's office? Oh! La! La!

The no-dividend action of the Sun Life Assurance Co. is the beginning of the end?

### Infamous Headquarters of Chinese Men and White Women — Register Reveals Identity of Many Prominent Canadians — Small-Town Girls Frequent Visitors

A TERRIBLE tale of how girls of tender years are lured to Chinese dens of vice was unfolded in Wentworth Criminal Court before Judge Carpenter a few weeks ago, when Henry Scott, of Toronto, was charged with procuring Rose Angers, a wisp of a girl, who comes from Coboconk, Ont.

Judge Carpenter found Scott guilty of this heinous offense, and sentenced him to three years in Portsmouth Penitentiary. He has now appealed, and the Supreme Court of Ontario will be asked by Scott's counsel to upset Judge Carpenter's verdict.

Even more appalling than the evidence in this case, which showed the way white girls are led into slavery, was the exhibit of the register of the Sun Rise Cafe, where the offense was committed.

The Sun Rise Cafe is on Market Square, Hamilton, and is the habitat of after-theatre crowds in that city, who, in justice to themselves, it might be said, are unaware that such incidents take place in the rooms above the exclusive restaurant.

The register showed that white girls from towns all over Ontario are in the habit of registering at the Sun Rise Cafe, and sleeping in rooms adjoining those of Chinamen. The register also contained names of well-known people in both Toronto and Hamilton, who are apparently accustomed to stopping over night at this Chinese dive.

The evidence showed that a girl named Ethel Wynne and the prisoner, Scott, had spoken to the Crown witness, Rose Angers, who left Coboconk to work in Toronto on June 18th last.

"While I was living on Walpole Avenue, Toronto, Isabell Wynne, of 1247 Dundas Street, Toronto, asked me to come to her house," said Rose Angers. "She was a friend of Scott, and asked me to accompany them to Hamilton to get a job. Scott told me he would do the business. He did not explain what he meant. Saturday night they wanted me to go with men and make money. We went together to the Sun Rise Cafe on Market Square, Hamilton, where Scott registered in the cafe register as Henry Scott and wife, Toronto."

"They introduced me to a Chinaman, with whom I had certain intercourse, for which I was paid \$1.00 and turned the money over to Scott. Three other Chinamen similarly on Sunday, the next day, had connection with me, and I received \$3.00, which Scott received. Isabel Wynne also committed fornication, and after Sunday, on my refusing to continue, Scott swore at me and said they would leave me in Hamilton. I gave all money to Scott, and got nothing from him."

Scott, in his evidence, swore that he was asked by the girl, Rose Angers, to look for her husband. This she denied. Scott also swore that he was paid nothing for driving his car to Hamilton, and denied the remaining allegations made by her. He swore that he had not been in Hamilton before.

"The register of the Sun Rise Cafe showed that he had registered as Mr. and Mrs. Scott on June 23, 1932," said Judge Carpenter in

(Continued on page 8)

### Things We Would Like to Know

Whether the Attorney General and King's Proctor of Alberta enjoyed his holiday with the Minister of Public Works?

Which of the three prominent Conservative lawyers in Edmonton will get the vacant District Court Judgeship?

How Mr. McKee can justify the recent cut of one dollar a week in City relief in Edmonton? Will there be another fake investigation before the election?

Has Premier Brownlee aligned himself with the new Commonwealth Federation headed by Rev. Woodsworth of Winnipeg?

Will the \$6,000,000 guaranteed by the Federal Government be sufficient for Mr. Purdy to finance the Alberta Wheat Pool for the current crop year?

Will the Calgary Power gang endorse Mayor Knott as candidate for re-election in Edmonton?

When Governor Ashley Cooper, of the Hudson's Bay Co., will get rid of all the Yankees in command of the stores at Winnipeg and Vancouver?

The name of the little Toronto horsewoman who, when asked at the C.N.E. if she was going to announce her engagement, replied: "I still love horses"?

When the Beach Road constables near Hamilton are going to put a stop to the milk stealing that is going on?

When certain corn and weiner roast parties on the Hamilton Beach Road are going to receive the attention of the police?

Who the Huntsville editor takes out in his car so frequently?

If the charming blonde bootlegger on Broadway, Winnipeg, still entertains the male guests of the Fox Garry at her midnight soirees?



# Hamilton Municipal Chirps

ALTHOUGH it was expected that the last session of the City Council would be a short and uneventful one, and without subjects of controversy, this turned out to be quite a mistake. The whole body present were in a very happy frame of mind and being most ably guided by that old warrior at the game, Ald. Charlie Altholson, who served as Chairman of the Committee of the whole, things ran along pretty smoothly and when the proceedings terminated we all felt the evening had been well spent.

It didn't take long, after some heated discussion in which Aldermen Pollock, Dean, Hancock, and Burton took the principal parts, for the Council to send back to the Board of Control for its further consideration, its recommendation respecting Contract Work on the Power House for the Mountain Hospital. Of course, this means further delay. Ah, well, sometime or other this particular part of the work may be proceeded with, although there is always the chance while these delays occur of Dr. L.—jumping in with a new set of plans.

One of the highlights of the meeting included the approval of the idea of sending off, as a kind of sample order, ten men to participate in the Government's "Back to the Land" scheme, by way of experiment. Quite a few of the Council members had a chance of airing some of their oratorical efforts, but as a whole the members took quite an earnest interest in the scheme. Alderman Davidson started the debate by suggesting the Government should have found work for unemployed on farms nearer home. The Mayor very clearly explained what the Government's idea was, and it

was felt some fair share of co-operation was due to the Government.

Alderman Nora Frances Henderson said she knew of a number of families anxious to undertake the venture. One man had advised her that the possible hardships could not be worse than having to depend upon Civic relief. Since it was unlikely that settlers would be furnished with cows, she said she thought consideration should be given to supplying the families with goats, which animals are cheap and capable of standing the rigors of winter. She advertised goat's delicious nutritious milk to such an extent as to make the Co-operative Milk Society feel it should invest in a few of these little animals. One look at Controller Lawrence convinced me the lady alderman had nowhere near got his, but he seemed very interested in all she had to say. It's on record that Ald. Gaul, who sits next to the little lady, whispered to her, "Do you suggest sending any of us along as well."

Other members took part in the debate and there are now ten families getting ready for the Big Adventure.

Local improvement expenditures were frowned upon by the Council, in the course of which debate the ever happy Ald. Sammy Clarke came along with one of his characteristic phrases. Said he in "clearing up the atmosphere" the Board of Works this year has been the "personification of prudence", which provoked roars of laughter and the single word "Applesauce" from the laconic Ald. Ainslee. Thus the evening very pleasantly passed by and another night's honorarium was well expended.

## Hamilton Handfuls

By CYNICIUS

OF course one of the popular topics of conversation last Wednesday was the Eclipse, and the Eclipse itself was the excuse for a lot of other things. One enterprising window glass firm did a roaring business in selling to stores and street hawkers smoked glasses, which suddenly came into quick demand, thanks perhaps to some of the local newspaper puff which went hand-in-hand with the paid advertisements they got for the same bits of smoked glass. Then a brilliant idea entered into the head of one of our local politicians, who took a few score of his friends out for a boat ride to have an unobstructed view of the whole affair, and it's hinted that they certainly saw the Eclipse—and some other nice things as well.

Some lessons can be learned from it all. What about having next December in our own City Hall a partial if not a total eclipse of some of our City Council? Page Mark L-S.

One of the dictionary meanings of the word Eclipse is "a temporary failure." Can we not then still have faith and believe that the James Street incline railway—which at present only inclines but does nothing else—may before very long be put in operation again, so that the people on the mountain may come down and visit us once more? And as he is now back from his Irish Pilgrimage shall I add—Page Hon. George L-S.

It seems to be a practice with some of the factory shops when requiring help, such as die makers, etc., to canvass other similar places to fill their requirements. Thus the Government Employment Bureau, which can almost invariably fill such needs, does not have a chance to find jobs for the men who rightly look to the Bureau for work.

Mr. J. J. Syme is the Superintendent and Secretary of the Playgrounds Commission, and in his monthly accounts for August and passed for payment by the City Treasurer is an item of \$5 for rental of his own garage for the month. Rather think had I been in his place I would have rented somebody else's garage and kept myself above reproach.

Wasn't it great recently to see Magistrate Burbidge willing to wink at anybody who caught his eye when he politely refused the suave persuasions of Mr. A. M. Lewis to adjourn the Liquor Court late in the afternoon. It had been a long session and the lawyer's solicitations on behalf of the Court's health and physical condition wished his case adjourned for a week. "Your Worship must be so tired, as tired as my witnesses and myself," said Mr. Lewis. "Oh no, no," said the never-weary magistrate, "we're going to have no congested docket in THIS court if I can help it," and the case, perhaps to the chagrin of the wily lawyer proceeded. The Cadi quietly stated as well that the record for long distance sitting in his court was from 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

"Unless valid reason for adjournment is shown we will dispose of all today's cases even if we have to remain until 12.30 to-night." Alas, Hamilton's dentists won't break appointments, not even for magistrates and the court had to adjourn to enable an appointment to be kept.

Just been looking at the front page of the good old "Hamilton Spectator" of August 25th. There is a picture of Bill Adams, engineer of the C.N.R., and the man in charge of the train who did NOT meet with any catastrophe when piloting his train from Hamilton to Toronto near Oakville Bridge. Of course the hoax dynamite plot did at first look real. The imaginary plot has been exploded, but Mr. Adams is to be congratulated upon having his picture on the front page of Hamilton's popular daily.

I suggested that I could produce scores of pictures of both C.N.R. and C.P.R. engineers who were nowhere near this place at the time, and who are just as big heroes as our Mr. Adams.

But he will pass down to posterity and be as well remembered as his name-sake. For some of us still remember how "Bill Adams won the battle of Waterloo."

I hear of cases where foreigners employed part-time at the Steel Plant go immediately on city relief when they get laid off for a few days. Moreover, they are regular patrons of the bootleggers in

that section of the city where they congregate. It must be fairly difficult for the Relief Officer to detect such cases, but they do exist.

The Board of Police Commissioners refused permission to the "Ex-Servicemen's Association" for a permit to parade to Dundurn Park on Labor Day. The men, nevertheless, attended the picnic, but why they were not permitted to march along all together seems funny—and very un-British. The Trades and Labor Council seem to get anything they ask for. Good luck to them, although these other "bad" men must not march—oh, hang it all, good luck to them as well.

Hamilton's Own Rolling Hot Dog Restaurant is running full blast by permission of whom? The Health Department has insisted that the proper sanitary conditions should be complied with, the Property and License Board haven't given their sanction for its opening. This is the incident referred to in issue of July 30th—perhaps the same "buck" that was being passed backwards and forwards by the various departments (that were more or less interested) has been killed, cooked and eaten—and legitimately paid for. But, by whom and to whom?

## White-Slaver Convicted

(Continued from page 1)

reporting the case. "In spite of this statement, another registration in the same book showed Scott had registered with some woman about a month prior to this date. The signature of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Toronto, are identical with the signature in the register, June 23, 1932. From this fact I could not give any credence to the statement of the prisoner."

"I considered that, under Section 1002, that the fact of the prisoner admitting he had brought the girl, Rose Angers, there and that he procured accommodation for her and that he had been there, and the evidence of the clerk of the cafe that they arrived together, Rose Angers, Ethel Wynne and the prisoner, Scott, I think was corroboration sufficient to find him guilty."

The Hamilton police should watch this Sun Rise Cafe closely. The register, which was filed as an exhibit, showed that alleged married men and women were scribbling names on the register and not giving the town or city they were from, while, with few exceptions, the rooms to which guests were assigned were not entered in the book.

It should be taken up by the Hamilton City Council whether or not this place should be licensed. The register discloses that white girls were in the habit of spending nights at this den of iniquity in rooms beside Chinese from all parts of the country. The dates on which people registered are only entered once every week or so. This should also be checked by the police.

Among the names of guests who have stopped at the Sun Rise Cafe in the past year or two are: Nov. 29—Miss Dorothy Martin—no address given. A few days later—Miss Dorothy Martin—no address given.

December 18—Dorothy Martin, age 21—no address given.

March 16—Miss C. Lorey—no address given.

Mrs. Miller—no address.

Miss Druary—no address or room.

Lee Hoy—no address or room.

March 23—Peggy Jackson—Windsor.

March 30—Peggy Jackson—Windsor.

April 2—Irene Boucher.

May 5—Jean Marshal—no address.

Sam Gee—no address.

Fay Smith—Toronto.

May 10—Emma Williams—no address.

Stella Miller—no address.

Beatrice Harding—no address.

May 14—Miss M. Anderson—no address.

May 20—John Rogers—no address.

Jean Harris—Toronto.

Helen Jackson—Brantford.

May 22—Mabel Henis—St. Thomas.

Chan Bow—Niagara Falls.

May 23—Chu Sam.

Mary Harris—Ingersoll.

June 3—Kay Woods—Toronto.

June 15—May Marshall—Highgate.

Sam Leun—no address.

June 17—Miss Helen Scott—no address.

Miss Ross—no address.

June 21—Alice Brooks—no address.



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# THE YELLOW PERIL

## White Girl Tells of Shocking Orgies with Chinaman

By EVANGELINE DALTON

### Tabasco Tales

I loved her but I couldn't pay the rent.

Jerry: "I hear that chorus girls in night clubs make lots of money."  
Jean: "Yes, a sort of uncover charge."

"Inch of violets for your sir?" urged the flower-seller.  
"I haven't got one," replied the young man.

"Take a bunch home to your wife."  
"Sorry, I'm not married."  
"Here — buy the whole bunch to celebrate your luck!"

"My wife was making her soup at cookery, and her mother came into the kitchen to see the good work."

"The books says 'beat the whites of the eggs till stiff,'" she said, "so I think they must be done now."

"But they aren't stiff yet!" replied her husband.

"No, but I am," she said.

Grandma: "Yes, I feel much better now, and I don't think there is anything wrong with my appendix. But it was nice of the minister to call and see about it."

Daughter: "But, mother, that wasn't the new minister, that was a specialist from the city who examined you."

Grandma: "Oh, he was a doctor, was he? I thought he was a little familiar for a minister."

Mistress: The last maid I had was too fond of policemen, Mary. I shall expect you to avoid them.

New Maid: Don't worry about that, ma'am. I 'ates the sight of 'em. My father's a burglar.

The Spring season has brought many of Toronto's amorous Chinamen to life—to a realization of the beauties of white women, whom they so much adore. But Jim Fung, star love bird at the Royce Avenue Cafe, landed into the Women's Court charged with seducing a very attractive white girl who was 16 years old on February 4.

Jim Fung is a well-to-do Chink who likes motoring. The offence complained of was committed out Weston way in Fung's automobile in the presence of the victim's girl friend! Medical evidence was given to prove that the girl was no longer a virgin, but the doctor was not quite positive when this precious state of chastity had ceased to exist. It was a gruesome case from all angles and went to more conclusively prove what a passion some young women have for yellow men. These facts were brought out in cross examination by Mr. Chaplan who defended Fung with some vigour. The Chinaman was under complete control and looked calmly at his accuser while she gave her evidence.

Defence Counsel made the complainant admit that before she met Fung before Christmas she had frequently visited the laundry premises of another Chinaman named Henry Mark, where the notorious Lee Pong used to hang out. Lee Pong it appears was sent to jail shortly after the witness met him at the laundry. Sometimes these parties would take place at the back of the laundry, sometimes upstairs. The witness and her girl friend would attend. Mark was responsible for the girls drifting into the Royce Avenue Cafe where they became acquainted with Fung. Then Sam Hoe, another yellow man, Pete Bun, still another of the same colour, took a turn at entertaining the girls. They would park outside the Silver Slipper and other places. "Why are you so fond of the Chinese?" queried counsel. "I don't know," was the soft answer.

There was no shame in the child's face, in fact, she cast longing glances at her betrayer and it was with great difficulty that the Crown were able to make her substantiate the charge against the Chinaman! Mr. Chaplan made determined efforts to show that the complainant was not of previous chaste character and just a sex-mad prematurely developed child who had a natural affection for men of a different colour. He failed but, in failing, he threw a terrible warning on the dark screen which envelopes many of Toronto's young women. A warning that the mothers of all young women would do well to heed.

(Continued on page 19)

### Things We Would Like To Know

If the four chairs in the lobby of the Chateau Frontenac Hotel, Quebec, are for the exclusive use of Mrs. Jack Johnston and her friends? Oh, La La!

If the Tory Factory Inspector at London has formed a company with a weathercock Grit for the purpose of manufacturing boiler compound, an article used in practically every factory, and if he is going to use his influence as Factory Inspector to sell his product?

Why a certain sales manager in Hamilton who blows smoke in the faces of prospective car buyers does not get a new pipe?

When the Weights and Measures Inspector at Calgary is going to check up on the alleged short weighing of bread . . . What about the firm that had its bread turned down by the City Relief Kitchen.

What Alexander Samuel of Westdale, Hamilton, is going to do about it?

Why Armand Houde, K.C., of Montreal does not finish up that Suspicious Fathers job . . . or does he want Hush to give him some pointers?

If Ernie Pollard, manager of the Rental Department at Oldfield, Kirby and Gardners, Winnipeg, is going to take up residence on Westminster Ave.?

Why McLaughlin Motors, Winnipeg, do not pay their floormen 40 cents an hour, the same as other concerns?



# The Beauharnois Denouement

## By Strathearn Boyd Thomson

Premier Bennett has announced the policy of the Government in respect to the Beauharnois enterprize. The announcement was long awaited with eager interest, not only by the citizens of Canada, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Royal Bank and the Bank of Montreal, but by those few financial racketeers who secured control of the promotion by means which would bring the blush of shame to Al Capone or the gentlemen responsible for kidnapping the Lindbergh baby. We shall attempt in this issue to analyse the Bennett policy in so far as it effects the above mentioned classes.

In the first place, the Government had no right or mandate to pledge the credit of the citizens of Canada by guaranteeing the advance by the banks, to carry on a project which has no legal foundation. The charter of the Beauharnois Light, Heat and Power Co. is ultra vires, and creates a menace to the Act of Confederation (the British North America Act). Secondly, Mr. Bennett has succeeded in forcing the people of this country to pay approximately \$16,000,000. for a canal which they could have, and would have, received for nothing. Under the old arrangement the Beauharnois Co. gave the country free use of the canal for navigation purposes. Now, under the Bennett plan, the country has a canal but has to pay, in effect, \$16,000,000. for it. What Mr. Bennett should have insisted upon is a canal deeded to the country in return for the Federal-granted privilege of diverting water through this canal and using it for power.

The canal is finished and all that remains to be done now is to complete the power and remedial works. In so far as the banks are concerned, they took the hard earned savings deposits of the people of this country and loaned them to this enterprize, which they knew or ought to have known was illegally constituted, contrary to the Bank Act. Hard pressed manufacturers, business men and farmers with gilt edged securities were unable to secure ordinary banking

accommodation necessary for the legitimate support and carrying on of their various endeavours. This Beauharnois "enterprize" — the ugliest blot that has ever fallen upon our political and financial life — was able to borrow millions of dollars from three of our banks on securities, the value of which is open to the gravest question, because they are securities of a company the charter of which is ultra vires.

Mr. Bennett has pledged the credit of the country without sufficient legal warrant, in our opinion, to protect the banks in respect of these loans to the extent of almost \$8,000,000. The banks have indeed fared well. Some of their officers have indeed, directly or indirectly, fared a great deal better, but what is much more interesting and startling is that the racketeering promoters of this enterprize have fared so well that it staggers one's imagination and also comes as an intense shock to one's conception of justice. The men who got their class "A" shares for nothing still retain them and still own and control this enterprize under the direction of Sir Herbert Holt who acquired his holdings for a song.

How the country will react to Mr. Bennett leaving these men in control of this graft phenomenon is another matter. It is true that he secured the return of 80,000 shares to the Beauharnois treasury. This has no general affect whatsoever, in as much as it only makes the additional shares remaining that much more valuable. Yes, the protected racketeers have fared well. Big Business has again triumphed by the aid of a Premier who is prepared to sacrifice the legitimate rights of the Province of Ontario, and the birth-right of the Canadian people, to the predatory interests of St. James Street.

As usual the Prime Minister has surpassed himself, in which direction, however, we have some doubt. Perhaps somebody in the House of Commons may yet attempt to put the matter right.

### THE YELLOW PERIL

(Continued from page 1)

"Do you know a Mr. McKnight?" continued Mr. Chaplan. "Yes." "Isn't it a fact that this well-known young man used to give your girl friend money which she would split with you?" thundered the advocate. "I got an even share for doing nothing," was the reply. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Chaplan asked that the girl's mother be removed from the court—"I want no coaching," he snapped out. The mother was told to retire. "You frequently went to McKnight's apartment while he and your friend were having intercourse, and took your share of the money, and gave it to your mother, did you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "And your mother took money from you when she knew you were not working?" "Yes," came the answer. "And Henry Mark used to give you money, did he not?" shot out Mr. Chaplan. "Yes, he gave it to me for doing nothing." "Why?" "Because I asked him for it," was the simple response. "Will you deny that you ever had connection with Henry Mark, Lee Pong, Sam Hoe, Pete Bun and McKnight?" "Yes, I will," was the calm rejoinder. The girl had triumphed. Magistrate Patterson then committed Jim Fung for trial before a judge and jury at the next criminal sessions.

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# Would Not Sell Soul

## Kathleen Barnes Accuses Hubby of Evil Plan— Eric Barnes Goes Free for Lack of Evidence

A REMARKABLE story, full of conflicting evidence, was told in Toronto Women's Police Court last week when Eric Barnes, handsome young ex-sailor of 126 Jarvis St., was charged with assaulting his wife in the New Statler Hotel, Queen Street West, Toronto.

Mrs. Kathleen M. Barnes is a very pretty girl, who hails from Montreal. What she did for a living there was not disclosed, but her husband painted in some local color in regard to her French-Canadian existence by informing the Court he first met her in a downtown night-club in the metropolis. At that time he was a sailor fresh from the sea. He had just left his ship and his pockets were bursting with money. He had the mariner's

delight in seeing the sights of the port, and it was in one of the hot spots that he first encountered the vision of French loveliness. He was not, however, the type of world rover who loves for a night and is gone with the dawn. His romance rapidly ripened. In a month he was married and brought his bride to the purer atmosphere of Toronto.

Whether Eric ever wanted to work was not divulged, but it is on the record that he has not turned his hand to a stroke of honest toil since he set foot in the Queen City, and it was not long before he and his wife were safely on the relief rolls. That would be a comfortable state of affairs for some people, but relief, it appears, is just a miserable existence for the

handsome Eric. He manages to keep himself more immaculately dressed than ninety per cent. of the wealthy business men of Toronto. He is a walking tailor's model, complete with silk handkerchief, and it seems, according to his wife, that he finds home life dull and nightly desires to celebrate with bubbling beer foam at such select hotels as the Royal York and the Prince George.

As Kathleen complained on the stand, "He like to step out and see things. He like good time. He is very expensive. It all costs money."

She said that matters came to a head one day last week. The couple could not pay their room rent, and finally, she said, "He want to send me out to make somebody. He wanted to take me over to the Prince George."

"For what purpose?" asked Crown Counsel Norman Borins.

"To go and pick up some man. But I told him I didn't know how to make any money. He had a friend with him and they took me to the Prince George, but there was nothing there and so they took me to the New Statler Hotel. There was lots of men there and he thought we could get a \$10 bill. But I didn't intend to do anything wrong."

Kathleen said they had been married only seven months but her husband had already made the same request many times.

"He is alright when he has money, but is very bad when he needs it," she said.

"What happened in the hotel?" asked the Crown.

"I didn't want to do anything, so I just made them believe I was drunk. I said, 'You make me take some beer and now I am sick, so I can't make a

A guilty conscience or the old yen for white women must keep poor Jimmy awake at night. Maybe he keeps thinking of the old junk in the Canton creek back home, and he can't sleep. For one and a half hours later he was still tossing restlessly in his lonely bed when a knock at the door raised certain hopes in his heart. Gathering his nightshirt around him, he ran to the door. He says he heard a maiden's voice say, "Do you want to see a girl tonight?"

Nothing could have been more pleasant to Jim, in his state of mind, than to savor once more the embrace of a white woman. So he said, "Yes, but I will only give you a dollar. I want to see a girl."

Jim swore on his oath that Dixie Young was the same girl with whom he had intimately communed a month previously. But he complained that, when all the romance was over, the girl demanded a further monetary instalment. He refused her indignantly.

dollar.' That made them mad, and my husband's boy friend told me to wake up. One of them held me in the other punched me in the chest.

"When we got home I told my husband, 'I go tell the police and have your boy friend pinched for this.' He told me to be quiet and go to bed, and he punched my nose and made me bleed. But when he was in the hotel room I ran out to No. 2 police station and had him charged."

But when Eric went on the stand he had an entirely different story to tell. He said the "boy friend" was a certain Stewart Judd, a telegrapher for the C.N.R. Barnes said Judd invited him and his wife to have some beer and that they gladly accepted. He claimed that all that happened at the New Statler was that his wife got very drunk and had to be taken home in a bad condition.

"She got mad because I would not let her go and look for a hat she had lost on Yonge St. at 2 a.m.," he said. "As for me wanting her to make money from men, it's a lot of lies. I've not yet asked any woman to do that for me."

"Not yet!" echoed the Crown Attorney. "Why don't you take care of your wife and not let her get drunk?"

"I don't care what happens to her," said the gallant beer-drinker.

"I can't tell you what I think of a man who doesn't care what happens to his wife," said Magistrate Jemm. "You took her for better or for worse."

"I don't want her any more," confessed Barnes. "Sometimes she stays home and sometimes she spends the night with other men."

"You must look after her," said the magistrate, "but this case must be dismissed for lack of evidence."

# Chinese Chop Suey

## Two Pretty Girls Meet Trouble in Queer Oriental Bachelor's Den at 23 Gerrard Street West, Toronto

THE limelight was again turned on the mysterious secrets of the Chinese section of Toronto in Women's Police Court last week. Interest centred on a strange establishment at 23 Gerrard St. West, a den said to be occupied by nine Oriental bachelors from the restaurants, laundries, and other businesses in the Elizabeth St. quarter. A smooth Cantonese by the name of Jim Lem is one of the yellow occupants of this dive, and it was he who was charged with assaulting a pretty young girl called Dixie Young. Dixie's story was supported by that of her girl friend, Diana Lew. Both girls are not unacquainted with Chinese life in Toronto. They entered and left the court in the company of Orientals, to whom they are said to be married.

According to Dixie Young, it all happened when she and Diana Lew went to 23 Gerrard St. West to find another girl by the name of Peggy Rapaski. They were sure Peggy was to be found there. They suspected she was living here in the company of the nine likely young yellow bachelors, and maybe they thought it was no place for a young girl, for

they had decided to give her a few words of advice.

Dixie says she went up to the third floor, knocked on a door, and inquired for Peggy. The door was opened by the sleek Jim Lem. What happened then is not quite clear, but it seems that a struggle ensued between the white girl and the Chinese, with the result that Dixie soon came tumbling down the stairs, with blood on her face, her clothing torn and her glasses shattered. She and Diana Lew fled from the house and charged Jim Lem with assault.

Diana told the court her friend had gone upstairs to get a drink, and that she had something better to do than to make love to a strange Chinaman.

According to the girls, Jim Lem could talk pretty good broken English, but in the box he required the convenient services of an interpreter. Jim had an entirely new angle to throw on this strange affair.

"I have lived in this place for several months, and I don't know what goes on around there," he said. "It is none of my business. On that night I got undressed and went to bed at 11 o'clock."

pockets on a fishing expedition he thought it was time to throw her out. He did so, and he admits that in the scuffle her glasses were broken. He denied he had attacked the girl. He said it was purely a commercial proposition from first to last.

"Her husband came in a few days later and demanded to be paid for the broken glasses," he said. "So I paid him."

Crown Counsel Borins questioned Jim Lem on the rumor that white girls were living in the yellow den, but he denied he had ever seen any actually living there.

Through the maze of conflicting evidence, no clear light could be seen, and, despite the Crown's protest, the magistrate decided to dismiss the charge.

"I have no sympathy for girls who go to a place like that at that time of night," he said, drawing the curtain over another lurid chapter in the



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# Hush

"The Newspaper With a Heart"

Vol. 8. No. 41

TORONTO

Saturday, October 12, 1935

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# YELLOW KISSES

Is It Really  
True That—

The little peccadillos of the elderly K.C. of Montreal will soon have the light let into them?

The slick Toronto visitor will try a different line on his next Kitchener visit? Was it true that he was told by the brunette that she "thought it was bonds he was selling"? Was he trying to sell—or buy?

The Pape Avenue, Toronto, butlerly thinks it safe to play around with an old flame just now?

Denton Massey had to ask advice from the Editor of "Hush" after all? Good boy, Denton! "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"!!

Certain Toronto Conservatives are wishing that the spirit of dear old Home Smith could stage a resurrection?

The Financial Post proprietors wish that article hadn't been written by that so-much-a-week shadow writer?

W. H. ("Bellyache Bill") Wright does not like the thought of doing that two days' compulsory citizenship labor in the Channel Islands? . . . and that he won't like the absentee ownership tax that is being planned by the Ontario Treasury officials?

J. Y. Murdock wishes he had stuck to his law instead of playing at "miner's guinea pig"?

Billy Brown Hendrie, of Hamilton, has already volunteered for service under Muesolini? He can't wait!

It was impossible to buy a copy of "Hush" in St. Catharines last week?

A sale or lease of the Woodbine race track may be announced before January 1st? It had to come!

Arthur F. White gets his weekly copy of "Hush" the very first thing on Tuesday morning? . . . and there are others!!

## Strange Passion for Chinese Butler Traps Mrs. True Mandevell Sincoup — Husband Interrupts Settee Siesta — Rector's Daughter Divorced

ONE of the most tragic examples of the subtle lure and power of exotic passion was revealed in its stark intensity before the Ontario Supreme Court last week when Henry St. John Sincoup, importer of Czechoslovakian crockery, resident of Summerhill Ave., Toronto, told how his home was wrecked by a Chinese servant.

The evidence revealed that Sincoup's dainty young wife, bearing the ill-assorted name of True Mandevell, surrendered herself in a moment of overwhelming sensuality, possibly fortuitous, but nevertheless irrevocable, to the yellow arms of the retainer from Canton.

According to the husband's testimony, no one could have been less likely to leave her accustomed social moorings than the girl he took as his wife in Calgary four years ago.

"My wife was the daughter of a Western Anglican rector," he said. "Her family and upbringing were of the very best. I was stunned when I learnt the truth."

The fragile girl who set sail without a compass on the Oriental sea of romance, did not appear in Court. Apparently she had no defence to her betrayal of the man she had vowed, four short summers ago, to love, honor and obey.

Neither did Ching Luchen, the inscrutable Chinese who had been drawn with her into a mutually-destructive vortex, trouble to plead his cause in the white man's court.

The lawyer's clerk who served him with the writ of divorce recounted that he found Ching in a Yonge St. restaurant. Gazing at the legal documents amid the steam of the kitchen, he remarked, "I understand. Whatever happened was not my fault. I had to do as she said. I told her she was foolish. It cost me my job. I will not appear in court."

"Until recently, had you any cause to suspect your wife's fidelity?" Sincoup was asked on the witness stand.

(Continued on page 2)

Things We Would  
Like to Know

What would the Jones Avenue, Toronto, merry matron's husband say if he knew she was taking a small town cop for a ride?

What is going to be done with all those nude photographs and worse that have been posed by the two Vancouver girls? A natural blonde and a brunette?

Why the Capreol brakesman who wanted "a night off" found that it was going to take an extra day as well?

Is this increase of "business women" around the King Edward Hotel in Toronto being noticed by the management—or by any person on the staff?

Whether the police would be interested in the Saskatoon taxi-driver's plan to boost business on the cold winter nights?

Who is behind the scheme to work the old "estate racket" in western Ontario? Do he and his pal with the little moustache think people are going to be suckers for ever?

Why did the Belleville truck driver say that it was much handier to be driving a truck with a covered body? It makes the interior so much snuggler.

Is a certain Montreal school teacher being watched on those quiet strolls home—and the stops along the way?

What will happen if the London travelling salesman comes home a day early one of these weeks? Just friendship?

What Hamilton girl reported after a visit to a down-town hotel that "He said it was just a Platonic friendship, and I'll say that Plato knew a few things"?

Why the promoter who slipped into Sydney, N.S., slipped out again so fast without waiting for that promised tete-a-tete?



# Chinks and Women

## Orientals Baffle the Law in Toronto

### Downtown Hotel Raid

THE employment of Canadian girls in Chinese cafes and josh houses has always been a subject of concern to students of social welfare and the difficulties that the forces of law and order meet with in dealing with the situation were exemplified last week in Toronto Women's Police Court when two leaders of the Chinese colony, Willie Wing and Ling Lung were charged with being keepers of a common bawdy house at the Adelaide Hotel, well-known down-town hostelry. Two fraills, Betty Cannizerio and Georgette Poulin, the one a tall, slender, olive-skinned Latin beauty, and the other one of those petite, demoiselles from the Ottawa Valley, who were charged with being found in the joint. As in most cases of this kind, the girls appeared to be under the mesmeric influence of their Oriental employers, and even when called to the witness stand and informed that the charges against them were withdrawn, the young dames absolutely refused to squeal—persisted that there was no wrong-doing on their part and, in general, gave Willie Wing and Ling Lung and all their Chinese ancestors a thick coat of whitewash. The Crown's case naturally collapsed and on top of this the Chinks were adroitly defended by Col. R. H. Greer, K.C., whose forensic skill made it appear that his clients were innocence and morality combined in the highest measure.

The early Sunday morning raid on the Chinese hostelry was conducted by the morality squad headed by Inspector George Eagleson, assisted by Officers Sunderland, Jackson and Scott.

The story of their reception was vividly portrayed to the court by that well-known sleuth, Detective Sunderland.

When they entered the hotel it seemed to be in charge of Willie Wing and his cousin, Lung, although the real proprietor is an elderly Chinaman regarded as being highly respectable, but who is incapacitated by illness from looking after the place. On sighting the officers both the accused made a run for the stairs and made hot ascent to the second floor. Then they were joined by a young lady and continued their mad chase to the top floor followed by the eager officers of the law.

Officer Sunderland proceeded to investigate and frisk the joint. On knocking at the door of room 23 there was no skidoo, for the door was opened by the gentler Georgette, clad tastily in Chinese silk pyjamas. Inside the room they found the recumbent form of Willie Yonin bed, dreaming of his Chinese grandfather. Officer Sunderland in-

formed the court that Willie's bed had the appearance of having been occupied by a sleeping partner.

"There was a mark of a girl's head on the pillow," dramatically testified the city sleuth. The girl herself, according to the books, was registered for Room 17.

On the top floor the officers found the other female, Betty Canzioneri, also arrayed in dream robes. She was alone.

The girl, Poulin, told the officers that Willie Wing had \$40 of her money tucked away for safe-keeping in his trunk. This roll was produced and given to the faithful Georgette.

When called to the witness stand by the prosecution, this young Ottawa maiden was told by the court that the charge against her was withdrawn. But even this did not loosen her French-Canadian tongue to any extent. She testified that she had come to Toronto looking for work and had registered for a room at the Chinese hotel. She had never been guilty of any immoral acts with the accused Chinamen or any one else in the place. She had been awakened in her room by Willie Wing and told that a Chinaman wanted to see her about a job. So she had gone down to Room 23 to interview Willie Yon about a new position. Just what that position was no details were given, but she had been talking to her employer when the police knocked at the door. Georgette claimed her graceful head did not fit the impression on the pillow. So that was that.

In like manner the slender Betty with the long name declined to involve the Chinks in any suggestion of wrong-doing. She was a perfectly decent girl employed there as a waitress and chamber-maid. There had been no wrong-doing so far as she was concerned. Betty indignantly resented any such suggestion.

So, in the face of all these encomiums of things Oriental, Magistrate Patterson evidently was affirmed in her opinion that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese are peculiar.

Even Detective Sunderland's parting shot that "I could distinctly smell opium in the place," only added a cloud to the mystery of the Chinese flop house. Col. Greer asked for a dismissal of the charge against his clients, but Magistrate Patterson only met him half way by suggesting that the charge be withdrawn.

Wee Willie and friend Lung had a mysterious smile on their faces as they walked out.

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**The Man Who Looks After Ward 5**



# Chinese Lily Wilts

Ting Lem, Exotic Oriental Blossom, Found in "Yellow Slave" Den on Barton St., Hamilton

WHEN a Chinese girl is beautiful she is beautiful, with that exotic strangeness which is often more alluring to the ever-wandering male than the classic features of a thousand Helens of Troy. There is something in the cool entrancing slant of almond eyes that gives a promise of a Paradise half concealed. With the culture of four thousand years behind her, a Primrose of Pekin or an Orchid of Canton stands before a Caucasian lover as a jewel rare and beyond price.

It is therefore all the more unfortunate that one of the most splendid examples of burgeoning Chinese girlhood, Ting Lem by name, should have been found by the Hamilton Morality Squad last week in an Oriental house of mercenary shame on Barton St. If this street were situated in ancient Pekin it would doubtless be entitled the Street of a Thousand Vices. It has not fallen under the spell of the underworld for its entire length, but in certain sections its dubious enticements offer more than is to be found within the Place Clichy, Montmartre, Paris. The scant evidence given to the Court when the unhappy Chinese maiden stood in the dock like a drooping lily-of-the-valley gave some indication of the means of livelihood adopted by some residents on this famous thoroughfare.

According to the detectives, little Ting Lem has dwelt for some time in

a semi-luxurious bagnio, not far from the downtown section, operated by a Cantonese by the name of Loo Tse. On the ground floor was, until recently, an old curio shop replete from floor to roof with Ming pottery and the idols of Tienstin. Its faint but compelling odor of musk, mingled with the atmosphere of the dust of the ages, must have more than once drawn the passing connoisseur from the street to investigate at closer range the medley of strange curios exposed by Loo Tse for sale. And it is not beyond the bounds of probability that more than once the visitors penetrated still further the temple of secrets, and that, on the floor above the shop, they inspected a gem of still greater splendor, the soft-spoken Ting herself. But her splendor was the splendor of youth in all its freshness, not the delicate, material carving of an era that is past.

The detectives say they have reason to believe that Ting has for some time luxuriated in this upper apartment, there to entertain as she best knew how the choicest of Loo Tse's customers.

They told the Court that, acting on information received, they raided the den towards midnight shortly after an elderly gentleman had been seen to enter the store, examine a few curios and disappear into the dark-

ness beyond the joss sticks. Pushing Loo aside, they advanced up a spiral staircase, and burst open a door. They were greeted with a quickly-stifled scream from the dainty Ting. Ting, they said, had laid aside her embroidered gown. Her shoes were on her feet, but in a nearby alcove hung her light blue trousers, garments apparently well-beloved by Chinese women when they deck themselves in native costume. Ting stood there as she rose from her couch, a pink and yellow object of Chinese beauty, blushing a little pinker under the astonished gaze of the officers.

Also from the couch rose the dishevelled form of the elderly gentleman who had displayed such an interest in the artistic relics of the Ming dynasty of Chinese civilization. He was in a state of disarray, and was as surprised as a goldfish to see men of the law. After the pair had made hasty personal adjustments they were taken into custody with Loo Tse himself. A police matron testified she found over \$35 in bills in Ting Lem's clothing. Some of the bills, Ting admitted, were a present from her companion in crime, who gave his name as Thomas Roy Standler, independent means, of Sherman Ave., Hamilton.

According to the detectives the interior of the Chinese apartment was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to anyone who was conversant with Oriental customs in furnishings and draperies. Its idols, its Buddhas, and its joss-sticks lent a faintly sinister atmosphere. Incense was burning in a golden bowl.

The frail Ting Lem pleaded guilty in liquid tones. In answer to questions she said she was born in Vancouver of parents from the Canton district, but

that Loo Tse had "taken care of her" for some years. She strenuously denied that he knew anything about her relations with Thomas Roy Standler, though she admitted she had been carrying on her business for some time. Ting was remanded for sentence in the charge of social workers.

As for the mild-mannered Standler, he at once pleaded guilty and was assessed \$25 and costs.

Later in the day a more serious charge was preferred against Loo Tse. It was charged that he was a party to the girl's traffic. But the following day, when Loo appeared on remand, the police announced that they had not sufficient evidence on which to proceed and the charge was withdrawn.

Whether the sleek Loo knew anything about what went on upstairs or not, it is certain that this haunt on Barton St. was one of the most dreadful that for some time have infested Hamilton. It is to the credit of the morality squad that at last it has been cleared up. Strange tales are told of the peculiar power wielded by the lovely Ting over her white and often cultured gentlemen friends. It is said they vied with each other in bringing her costly presents. It is said that the antique shop on the ground floor profited greatly by their purchases.

One of the most remarkable angles of these stories told is to the effect that at one time Ting worked in conjunction with two white sisters in the profession, but that she so outshone them that the Caucasians soon left the field clear for her conquests. However, that may be, Ting Lem is a girl of great beauty, but she has suffered the age-old punishment which such beauty so often brings in its train.

## National Mulligan

St. James Street Gang of Political High-binders Drag Out Old National Party

sleep to the tune of "Nationalist Government" by convincing the man on the street that rotten eggs are fresh eggs, then Miami Beach and other outstanding "sugar daddy" resorts will become a seventh heaven. A new crop of sugar daddies for a new crop of gold diggers. What a farce!

Would any mother allow her child to be a pack of hungry

Nationalist Government. Why is the leader of the Liberal party so quiet on the railway question? How about throwing off the muzzle and letting the public know where you stand. Or, is Mr. Hepburn destined by the man on the street to become Canada's next Prime Minister? Many wise men think he is.

Hamilton Handfuls



# Man of God Trapped!

## Rev. Charles Krauf, Innocent Kitchener Clergyman, Sent to Jail on Serious Charge Concerning Young Girls — Wins Appeal as Judges Lash Witness and Magistrate With "Prurient Minds"

ONE of the most amazing scandals which have ever disfigured the fair record of Canadian justice was righted in the Appellate Division at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, last week, when the learned judges did their best to clear the name of the Rev. Charles F. Krauth, elderly honorable and upright clergyman of Kitchener, Ont.

Richard H. Greer, K.C., handled this difficult case with great adroitness and judicial tact. This man of God had just been sentenced to six months definite and three months indefinite at the Ontario Reformatory on a charge of indecently assaulting an eight-year-old Meaford, Ontario, girl.

The pastor, who has had over 40 years of fruitful work in the religious life of Western Ontario, was damned in the sight of his congregation and the general public largely on the word of a certain young woman named Mrs. Louise Downs, of Meaford.

This woman was described by Chief Justice Sir William Mulock in the Appeal Court as "a person with a morbid mind who sees wrong everywhere, imagining wrong conduct out of a diseased mind."

All three Appeal judges joined in pouring contempt on the woman who saw fit to blast the name of a godly

man as the result of her own evil-minded hallucinations.

The Court was no more sparing in the language it used to describe the magistrate who had convicted the Rev. Mr. Krauth.

"I can't help but think that both the woman and the magistrate were of this type of prurient people," said Sir William Mulock. "They saw indecency where there was nothing but purity, innocence and truth. Here was a family man if there ever was one, fond of children. If any word from the Bench can have any effect in re-establishing this man's name with public opinion, I hope it will. It was a most cruel charge."

Mr. Justice Middleton concurred. "The prosecution was outrageous," he said.

Though Mr. Krauth has now been cleared beyond all doubt, the terrible part of this Mrs. Grundy persecution is that a name once besmirched can never be entirely clean again. The detractors of this honest minister will continue to harbor unjust suspicions. They will eye his every act askance.

It is unfortunate that no punishment can be brought to bear on the imaginationists who saw wrong in innocence.

The incident on which the charge was based occurred in Raper's Park,

Meaford, on a sunny morning. The Kitchener minister was visiting relatives there. He had taken his eight-year-old grand-niece for a drive. She wished to play with a group of little girls in the park. The minister took her over and assisted the children at their play, catching the girls as they fell down the slide.

After a while he was playing with one little girl on a bench. The Rev. Mr. Krauth had had wide experience of children. He was a married man. In his ministerial work he was well known for his work in organizing games and vacations for the youngsters. It was a perfectly natural thing for him to pick up a child and caress her.

But seated on a bench forty feet away was Mrs. Downs. She saw a clergyman with little girls and her mind immediately jumped to the terrible conclusions. She came up to the little girl and told her, "Don't play with that man. He is a bad man."

Little Pauline was accustomed to believing what her elders told her. She at once told her playmates that the kindly clergyman was "a bad man." Yet she admitted in court that he had done nothing to make her think him "bad". He had not annoyed her in any way. The first time the thought

of evil entered her childish mind was when it was planted there by the busy-body who had nothing better to do than to spy on innocent fun with morbid eyes.

Yet the magistrate, F. C. Spere-man, K.C., accepted the dubious evidence of this girl and her playmates as sufficient to send Krauth to jail. He ignored the character evidence of the Rev. J. B. Dengis, New Hamburg minister; Victor E. Dinger, of New Dundee; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barnes, Meaford; Mrs. Margaret Lewis, the Rev. William Krauth, the accused's brother; Mrs. Mary Tipping and Mrs. Levina Krauth, the accused's wife.

The child in the case, an eight-year-old star witness, said Krauth asked her, "Are you my little girl?" and she said "Yes." She said the minister helped the children at their play.

When Mrs. Downs was asked if she could have been mistaken in what she thought she saw, she said, "I may have been."

That admission would have been enough to have acquitted an accused person in any other court, but nevertheless Magistrate Spere-man of Grey County saw fit to register a conviction and a heavy sentence.

The courts of this province should not be allowed to be encumbered by the presence of magistrates whom an Appeal Court can brand as being cursed with a "morbid and diseased mind." What will the Attorney-General do with this prurient incumbent of the bench? Is it not more than probable that his abnormal mental outlook will again sully the pure stream of justice with its own filth? This contingency must at all costs be avoided.

The purest of men stand daily in peril if courts are to accept the ugly suspicion of sewer dabblers.

"While you are in the Don jail remember that a man who lives on the avails of vice is liable to a long term in the penitentiary," commented Magistrate Jones.

This Elm St. den was a minor centre of the white slave traffic in Toronto. It was organized on business lines. A regular "call system" was in operation. White goods were farmed out for the day, the night or the week, at commensurate rates.

The morality squad is to be congratulated in putting an end to this work of evil. Social service workers will now attempt to salvage Isobel and Violet, flotsam and jetsam of the underworld.

# Chinese Vice Centre Wiped Out

## Police Rescue White Girls for Sale in Oriental Den at 76 Elm St., Toronto — Doom Awaits Wrinkled George Gin, Master of Ceremonies in Flesh-and-Blood Business

ONE of the lowest and most vicious houses of degradation in the undercover pleasure life of Toronto was wiped out last week when morality officers raided George Gin's infamous den at 76 Elm Street.

As a result of the raid the dock of Women's Police Court was crowded with a brilliant group of mixed white and yellow riff-raff, starring George Gin, Gin Him, George Lee and two unfortunate young girls, Isobel McIntyre and Violet Rushford.

Both girls were under 21. Failing to find employment in Toronto they had drifted into the hands of yellow devils, white slaves among the Oriental scum.

Police watched the place for days. A steady traffic of Chinese filtered in and out from the restaurants and laundries in the Yonge Street sector. Business flourished as customers made use of both the basement and the first floor entrance.

Breaking into the house toward midnight, Officers Heron and Edwards found Isobel McIntyre in an upstairs room with a plump and smiling Canadian named George Lee. Both were sitting on the edge of a bed.

"East is east and west is west  
And never the twain shall meet."

Kipling was wrong when he sang those lines forty years ago. East met west in that darkened hovel on Elm St., exchanging ideas in the realms of amatory play.

Downstairs in the basement was a merry group including George Gin, the proprietor of the infamous business, his white girl with whom he has lived for years, their half-caste baby, Gin Him, another customer, and Violet Rushford, another inmate.

All went for a buggy ride to the cells.

Isobel McIntyre, who has not been in the trade long, gave the whole show away when she admitted everything.

She lived on Widmer St., but had been taken to the Elm St. dump two weeks previously by another girl who had long been enmeshed in the toils of Chinese devilry.

During her service there she had earned for herself the princely sum of \$15! The astute and inscrutable George Gin had pocketed the rest. All her "clients" she said, were yel-

low. They proffered only the standard price which for long has held sway in the Oriental settlement.

George Gin's mind works in a mysterious way. He saw that the game was up, so he drew the police officers into another room, dug his hand into his pockets and pulled out a large roll of bills. Silently he peeled off ten dollars and handed them to P.C. Edwards, saying, "You good fellow. Good fellow."

Of course, the officers pushed Gin and his ill-gotten money away. It would be a sad day for Toronto if the police force began to live on the profits of prostitution. George Gin has no tact. The money he offered was all in dirty one dollar bills. Its origin was obvious.

In court the Crown withdrew the "found-in" charges against most of the band of sinners. But George Lee still smiled his yellow smile as he paid \$25 and costs for his share in the affair.

Meanwhile, George Gin, who did not smile, was remanded in custody a week for sentence. Undoubtedly a jail term looms for him.

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Vol. 8. No. 10

TORONTO

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# CHINESE PLOT

## Is It Really True That—

Lou Raxlen, the Toronto Mayor's sleek secretary, will lead the service when Jimmy Simpson calls the city to prayer?

The favorite son of a well-known Toronto furnishing house spent an exciting night at a Jarvis Street, Toronto, hotel, last week-end?

A tea-room near Wellesley Street, Toronto, has warned a white-haired racketeer and his bootlegging boy friend to transfer their activities to another night-haunt?

Certain ladies are on the track of that spectacled young man who plays "Peeping Tom" at a Wellington St., Kitchener, home when the husband is away?

The blonde model and her brunette girl friend on Broadway, North Toronto, have been told to move?

The wild Oshawa party which visited Toronto for the hockey game found the delights of that Mutual St. house so enticing that they spent the whole week-end there?

A Hamilton taxi-driver will get into trouble if he persists in his forgetful habit of taking ladies under the "influence" to his own apartment?

The Brantford bootlegger who served liquor to a minor is due for an exciting argument with the lad's father?

"Col." Geo. A. Drew was recently told by his Ottawa "friends" that "hard work at the grindstone of law is your only salvation, the Party can do nothing for you now?"

Some of the "Behind-the-Scenes" manipulators of the Royal Winter Fair are riding for a fall — over a bigger fence than they realize?

## Toronto Police Rescue Three Young Girls from Clutches of Mysterious Oriental

ONTARIO'S Yellow Peril is again rearing its ugly head in Holy Toronto. In spite of repeated warnings from "Hush", scarcely a week passes without fresh evidence that young white girls and women are falling into the skilfully spread net of a contemptible band of Cantonese who inhabit certain of the downtown districts, and are being dragged into a life of shame and disgrace such as is known only in a Chinese establishment.

Social service workers of Toronto recently admitted that some 200 white women in the city have married Orientals and are existing in squalor and misery, ostracised by their fellow countrymen and with yellow men as their doubtful friends. One man who has conducted mission work for some time among this hybrid population claims that it is not unusual for a white woman legally married to a Chinaman to hold her husband in contempt and to play the role of the pampered pet of the household. But what of the hundreds of girls who are living with Chinese as common-law wives or merely "friends"? They have no legal rights and no status. Too often they are obliged to become mute instruments for the satisfaction of Eastern passion, dumb outcasts who barter their souls to support in comfort some cruel and inscrutable derelict from the gorgeous Orient. In most parts of China, even to-day, girls are treated as chattels and slaves. A Chinese farmer will think nothing of selling his young daughters into a life of bondage and despair to pay off his gambling debts.

The semi-Westernized Chinese of Ontario retain a great deal of this traditional contempt for women. They may sweeten their first approaches with the honeyed words usual to a Canadian courtship, but when the frail victim is in their power she is made to drink to the dregs the cup of bitterness and gall.

An amazing revelation of this method was made in Women's Police Court in Toronto last week when a 16-year-old girl, pretty and intelligent, was charged with incorrigibility following a complaint laid by her father and as a result of police investigations.

This strange case represents the girl's first slip from the straight path, and this newspaper will not lessen her chances of making good by divulging her name. But, to serve as a warning to other girls to

(Continued on page 2)

## Things We Would Like to Know

Does the auburn-haired lady who has embarked on a career as a model with that budding Gerrard St., Toronto, artist, use an assumed name for fear hubby finds out the truth?

Did the little lady who got feeling so happy at the Dominion Hotel, Queen St., Toronto, last week, that they refused to serve her, get home alright in the end? And which of her three boy friends did she choose as escort?

Why did the conductors put that Toronto City Hall employee off the Montreal train at Trenton the other night?

What new racket the Carlton St., Toronto, apartment caretaker will start now his employers have stopped his booze-dive rake-off mentioned in "Hush" the other week?

Was the Wisconsin girl, who has for some time been supporting that Alexander St., Toronto, gay-lifer, deeply hurt when her protegee brought another brunette home to supper?

Did that Windsor salesman really hit a door in the dark, or did he have an unexpected encounter with his girl friend's fiancé?

What was the strange hat the St. Clair Ave. beauty was wearing as she prepared to leave that old-fashioned Queen St., Toronto, hotel Sunday night?

What the Aiken S. C. fraternity regulars think of the latest Canadian flappedoodle contingent?

If the fair English horsewoman who has rented the Ellsworth Flavelle residence at Oakville is really going to try her luck at "racing" in Canada?

If the gathering Hydro Power "Contracts" scandal will cause the Hon. George S. Henry to follow his old friend, Commissioner Cooke, to a premature grave?



# King of the Cuties

## Mutual St. Loafer Committed for Trial on Evidence of Anonymous Toronto Gay-Life Girl

THE great drive by the Toronto morality squad on the soft-handed gentlemen who live on the shameful earnings of the women they "protect" is gathering momentum. What is alleged to be another sordid chapter in the dark history of the city's underworld was unfolded before Magistrate Tom O'Connor in Women's Court last week when George King, a loafer whose last address was 119 Mutual St., was committed for trial on \$5,000 bail on a charge of living on the avails.

If the evidence is to be believed, George King is a typical member of that disgusting fraternity who rule the city's night life. Unshaven and unwashed, he was nothing but a shadow of his erstwhile debonaire self as he stood in the dock and heard one of the girls he is alleged to have "employed" lay bare their lives of mutual shame.

The respective landladies of 119 Mutual St., 31 Elm St., and an address on lower Jarvis St., told the court how King, playing the part of a good-hearted benefactor, paid rent for the Crown's star witness, a pretty and smartly dressed 22-year-old girl, and for a certain Florence McKinnon, who posed as Mrs. King and told the world she was the lawful wife of the man of means and leisure who took such a strange interest in the two girls' lives.

The Crown revealed that Florence McKinnon has mysteriously passed out of circulation. The police are looking for you, Florence. They want you as a material witness in their case against your boy friend. If you want to save your own neck you will follow the example of Jeanette, make tracks for the nearest police station and tell what you know.

As for Jeanette, on whose evidence the Crown mainly relies, "Hush" readily accedes to the magistrate's request to keep her real name a secret. The girl is of good family and admitted that, though the pressure of her empty purse forced her to a life of shame for the benefit and greater glory of George King, she would rather die than sully the name of her parents. When she took to the primrose path of dalliance last October she at once changed her name. Jeanette is just one of her aliases.

This passion for anonymity is dangerously catching. When King's lawyer heard that Jeanette was to be protected in this manner he jumped up and asked the Court to request a similar privilege for Florence McKinnon. The Court would, of course, take no such action. Where it will further the ends of justice the press will always keep its secrets, but the police are looking for Florence, and the more that fact is broadcast the better they like it.

The unwillingness of girls to squeal on the men for whom they work is notorious. Jeanette is no exception to the rule. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Crown could wring answers from her unwilling lips.

"Why did you take a room at 119 Mutual Street?" asked Crown counsel. "To look for work. But after a time I met George King in the kitchen and he got me to move to 31 Elm St."

"Why?" — "He didn't want anyone to know where I was."

"Why was he so anxious?" — "He wanted me to make some money."

"How?" — "He was to go out at night to give me protection."

"What were you doing at 31 Elm Street?" — "Bringing in men."

"What for?" — "For money. Usually two dollars."

"Whose idea was it that you should take only two dollars?" — "I sometimes got more."

"What kind of protection did King give you?" — "We would leave the house together and he would walk on the other side of the street and watch out for police cruisers."

"Supposing a police car happened to arrive, how would he fulfil his bargain of protection?" — "He would warn me in some way. He often told me the police were around, and then I had to be careful. Some nights he wouldn't let me work at all."

"So you were paying for wise counsel as well as protection?" — "Yes."

"Did you always have to tell King how much you made in each case?" — "Yes. He collected the money every night and put it into a bank account."

"Did you ever buy him anything with the money you earned?" — "At Christmas time I bought him a signet ring."

"Who paid for King's food?" — "I was light house-keeping and he sometimes ate with me and sometimes in a restaurant. He paid for everything with my money."

"Did you buy his cigarettes for him?" — "Yes, and I took him to shows."

"Did he ever work?" — "Not that I know of."

Jeanette identified a photograph as that of the missing Florence McKinnon and admitted she was "in the same business."

"King was handling her money too," said the girl.

"Did he ever reproach you by saying Florence was doing better than you?" asked Crown counsel. "Yes," was the quiet reply.

"What did he do with the money?" — "He promised me he was going to buy me a swell car in the spring and take Florence and me for a long holiday out of the city."

The last time she had seen Florence was the night before she, Jeanette, was arrested. Apparently Florence got wind of what was coming, and fled before the storm.

"Did you ever draw a check from the bank account?" asked counsel. "Not until I needed a lawyer," was the reply.

Defence counsel maintained that the girl changed her name because she was convicted for theft in Montreal. His plea for an acquittal was rejected.

"I have seldom heard clearer evidence in a case of this kind," said the magistrate, committing George for trial on \$5,000 bail, half of which was supplied by King's father, an aged and decrepit man, and the other half by King's married sister, Mrs. Henrietta Richardson, of 34 Olive St., Toronto.

# Chinese Plot

(Continued from page 1)

keep far away from the parchment-skinned gentlemen, the story must be told.

A respectable Toronto business man, finding all his efforts to control his 16-year-old daughter fruitless, appealed to the police to take the matter in hand. He said the girl stayed out late every night, sometimes not coming home at all. In spite of her extreme youth she seemed to be able to obtain drink, and was frequently in an intoxicated condition. Her friends had always been of an undesirable character, and of late she had acquired a strange liking for the company of Chinese. To crown her achievements she had left home. Her 14-year-old sister had also mysteriously disappeared.

Police Officer Robert Vance was put on the girl's trail and his investigations led him to a remarkable boarding establishment on Dalhousie St., known as Dolphin House. There, in a squalid room, he found the missing sisters and a girl friend aged only fifteen.

Though startled by the appearance of the police in their little haunt, the girls maintained a closer mouth than is usual even with hardened criminals. Nothing would induce them to reveal what plans were in their girlish heads or how they proposed to earn their living.

But the youngest girl revealed that they had been taken to the place by a mysterious Chinaman who paid their rent and in general acted as a fairy godfather to these lost waifs who had left their hearth and home at the call of the luring East.

When the eldest girl was charged with incorrigibility she refused to open her mouth about the mysterious Oriental. She made the astounding declaration that she and her sister and the girl friend had sworn a solemn oath not to tell the police the name of their yellow friend.

"Why was this Chinaman keeping you all?" asked Magistrate Tom O'Connor. "Why did he so kindly pay the rent?"

"I don't know," replied the sullen girl.

Crown counsel David Sher: "What did he get out of it?" — "He never asked me for anything."

"How did he pick you up?" — "He didn't pick me up."

"How did you meet him?" — "He spoke to me and my girl friend one night on Church St."

"You are three of a kind, then?" — "I don't know."

"So he made a bargain to keep you in Dolphin House?" — "I guess so."

"Surely you know." — "I don't know him very well."

"You let a strange Chinaman keep

you?" — "He was not there very much."

"What was to be the be-all and the end-all of this?" — "I don't know."

"Hadn't you any idea, a girl of 16, what kind of life you were leading?" — No answer.

"Do you know right from wrong?" — "Yes."

"Do you think it was wrong for a Chinaman to keep you?" — "I suppose it was wrong."

"Why was it wrong?" — "He might have thought he could get something from us after a while."

"Do you mean morally?" — "Yes. But I didn't care what he expected to get. I wouldn't have let him have it."

It was with this astonishing nonchalance and carelessness that the girl entered the trap set by the wily Oriental. It was her 15-year-old girl friend and her little 14-year-old sister from whom the Chinaman "might think he could get something."

"Whose idea was it that you all take a solemn oath to keep the Chinaman's name out of the picture?" — "Our idea. My girl friend didn't want anybody to know who he was."

"Will you tell me now who he is?" — "No."

Magistrate: "Do you think it right to take a wrongful oath?" — "I can't see anything wrong in it."

"How did you take the oath?" — "We took it on the name of our fathers."

Further cross-examination failed to shake the girl's iron resolve to maintain her silence. Was it a mere childish oath that sealed the three girls' lips? Or was some more powerful inducement held out to them? It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the girls were threatened with some terrible form of Eastern vengeance if they told the full story. What went on at the Dolphin House during the few days they were living on the Chinaman's money? That shocking tale will never be told. But it is a lurid chapter that will live forever in the imaginations of the three children.

Those who know something of life are fully aware that the little adventure at the Dolphin House was but a prelude to a life of white slavery in the clutches of the Chinese colony. Timely intervention has saved three blossoms ready for the plucking, three sacrificial victims about to be offered up on one of Toronto's most abominable altars of vice.

"This girl seems to have no conception of morals," said the perplexed magistrate. "There will be a conviction."

The girl was sent to a suitable institution for a period not to exceed a year.

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# THE LAST CHAPTER

## Chinese Bagnio Raided P.C. Matthews Puts Eye to Keyhole, Views White and Yellow Devilry as Boon Companions Debauch

MAGISTRATE KEITH, in Toronto Women's Police Court last week, sounded the last post for one of the Queen City's most popular houses of assignation.

Bob Wong, diminutive Chinese, who occupies a rambling residence on Chestnut St., was called to the dock to answer the charge of keeping an abandoned establishment.

"We had had a warrant to enter this place for some time," Detective Codlin told the Court. "We watched it for several nights. Visitors were received at all hours of the day and night. Invariably the guests were couples, usually young white girls accompanied by Chinamen."

After a lengthy vigil one recent evening, Detectives Codlin and Mat-

(Continued on page 5)

## W. H. P. Jarvis Brings Wealthy English Girl to Country Estate

A FORMERLY well-known Toronto journalist and author, William Henry Pope Jarvis, aged 61, was found guilty of misconduct in an Ontario Supreme Court hearing before Mr. Justice Hope.

At his Toronto marriage in 1909 to Mary Isabelle Horkins, Jarvis was described as an author. At that time he was 33 years of age, two years his wife's junior.

It was found that Jarvis, during the emotionally-disturbed period of middle life, had formed a fatal association with Mrs. Grace Dennis, wife of a wealthy Englishman.

For some years he has been living with this attractive woman on his country estate of "Tall Timbers", Canton, Durham County, Ontario.

Mrs. Jarvis, in obtaining her decree, demanded that her husband be ordered to pay her \$3,000 a year for alimony and maintenance. A reference

(Continued on page 2)

## Bully's Tourist Traps String of Roadhouses Planned to Milk North- ern Ontario Visitors — All the Sucker Games With Phantasies Extra

BALKED to a certain extent by police activity directed at his numerous brothels throughout Northern Ontario, the Bully, present leader of the white slavers in this area, is now concentrating on a new racket angle.

"Hush" learns on good authority that the whole power of the Bully's organization is being thrown behind the recent move to acquire highway spots.

People in the know have noted great activity these spring days in the market for likely sites at strategic points along the North's much-proved system of trunk roads.

Inquiries along this line led a "Hush" investigator to the realization that the Bully is planning a series of semi-ritzy roadhouses for the express purpose of milking the hundreds of thousands of tourists who visit the North in the summer months.

If there is anything investigators have learned during the past six months of probing the inmost secrets

of the Northern racketeers, it is that they possess a remarkable ingenuity for tapping all sources of income. It is not for nothing that a man of a certain character rises to be a king-pin in the undercover operations of social parasites. He must be possessed of determination, ruthlessness, knowledge, friends and, above all, adaptability. The Bully is in a class by himself. He has had his reverses during his rapid climb to monetary success, but he has survived them all. It might even be said that he has come out of the picture more favorably than the astute Dude himself, who once ruled unchallenged the bagnios of New Ontario. His revenues have been steadier, and he has attracted less animosity from both law enforcement agencies and from private feudists of the underworld.

It was his reaction to the spring clean-up campaign of the local authorities that has earned him an even greater reputation for prudent and

(Continued on page 2)

## Skirtless Sirens "Hush" Divulges Dude's Detailed Plans for "Health and Culture" Camp — Suckers Ready to Pay — Partners Provided

From Our Winnipeg Correspondent

WITH his Winnipeg rackets in full swing and under control, the Dude these warm days is turning his attention to the nudist club he is founding on the balmy shores of the lake to the north-east.

Sugar daddies with an exhibitionist complex are now his chief demand. The signs are that they will not be too difficult to obtain. The Dude intends to study all angles of this new venture and to leave no avenue of income untapped. He can see a future of big profits if he can line up a substantial membership of wealthy Winnipeggers.

I have spent some time this week in the company of two of the girls in the Dude's hotel racket. They seem to know most of the dope on the nudist venture. From the hints they

dropped, there is no longer any doubt that Donny intends to give the West a Nude Deal.

Present plans are all aimed at making the undress colony a haven for the leisured class. The riff-raff will be kept out of the picture in so far as membership is concerned. The sight-seers, tourists and others of their ilk will be allowed to pay an admission fee for a view of events outside the enclosure. But within the gate the only password for entry is money.

Memberships will be sold to both ladies and gentlemen, it is rumored, at \$200 a year. Payment of this sum is not the end of things for members who wish to enjoy the delights of nudity at first hand. On any visit to the club they will be required to pay

(Continued on page 5)



# Skirtless Sirens

(Continued from page 1)

a board fee of five dollars a day. This is a flat rate, which includes sleeping accommodation in log cabins and access to the table d'hôte meals. Extra meals entail an additional charge. It is also rumored that the Dude intends to lay in an extensive stock of choice liquor for the benefit of his guests. Prices, in proportion to the risk, will be at or above regular speak-easy rates.

Health and culture are now the keynotes of the Dude's plan. He is a good enough psychologist to realize that a plain unvarnished nudist camp will fail to draw the cream of the richer suckers. By disguising his temple of nakedness in an aura of respectability, he is confident that the rush to enroll will be so great that he will be able to pick and choose his clientele. Many well-to-do Winnipeg clubmen of advanced years see in the new venture a realization of their wildest dreams. Their secret desires, they hope, will bear fruition in the company of nude nymphs in nature's beauty unadorned. But many of them would think twice before they allowed their friends to think they had fallen for a shady racket. So long as the whole venture is bound up in the mesh of hypocrisy, they can satisfy their secret yearnings without loss of honor in the community. They will be able to kid their acquaintances and themselves that they belong to a high-grade physical culture club of the type of Bernarr MacFadden's famous home in the States.

As for the degree of undressiness in which these playboys will indulge, the Dude sets no limits and no rules. If they wish to go the whole hog and disport themselves beneath the leafy groves in utter nudity, that is a question for themselves to decide. If natural modesty still holds them in its thrall, they may wear trunks. Even

bathing suits are not barred. It can safely be stated, however, that, once the Winnipeg clubmen have savored the joys of Eden, they are likely to throw their clothes and their discretion to the winds, and strip with the best of them.

What a sight for sore eyes this skin parade of Winnipeg socialites and grain operators will be! Tourists will travel from all over the continent to pay for a glimpse of something they have never seen before.

The presence of wealthy matrons in the club gives the Dude no qualms. He is aware that exhibitionism is as marked among middle-aged women as it is among men.

To add further to the halo of sanctity in which he hopes to cover his operations, the Dude insists that every paying member, male and female, must make a solemn declaration that they are married. Under the rules, members must bring their spouses. Needless to say, this fine old custom will be more honored in the breach than the observance. The Dude and his employees will ask no questions at the club. The only points on which they will insist will be hard cash or certified cheques.

For gentlemen who arrive alone, an effort will be made to secure suitable companions. In more senses than one, no one will ever go hungry at the Dude's physical culture club.

The big draw, of course, will be the bevy of Fort Rouge girls, all of good family and all perfect specimens of the human form. Betty and the Dude have already lined up an imposing squad of these good-looking. At the present time he has informed them that their duties will be somewhat on the lines of those performed by Tania, Queen of the San Diego nudists. This young lady and her girls

parade almost au naturel at the California Fair. They were, however, required to wear scanty G-strings and "ghost brassieres". The Dude has informed anxious mothers that these rules will be complied with in his health camp. He has overcome many objections by his assurance that all activities will be under the supervision of doctors and nurses. Many an anxious Fort Rouge matron would hesitate to place her daughter, the pride of the house, in a nearly naked condition even in a health club, if it were not for the smooth personality of the Dude. In fashionable circles he adopts almost a clerical garb. His lips are ever ready with an apt quotation from the Bible. He is particularly well versed in the Song of Solomon. Many Winnipeg society beauties regard him almost as a father.

Things will be a little different out at the club, however. On most occasions complete undress will be the rule. Those girls who object to this indignity will be quickly brought to reason by methods at which Donny is a past master. Many scruples will be stifled by the cheque of \$50 a week the girls will receive.

The Dude is apparently giving some thought to another aspect of the busi-

ness. Many playboys, under the subtle influence of their surroundings, will find their minds returning to the days of their youth and splendor. Dreams of bliss will once more assail them. Without partners they may become restless and dissatisfied.

Accordingly, the latest report is that Donny intends to establish a nearby roadhouse where some of his regular racket girls from Winnipeg will be installed. Playboys of a certain kind will be tipped off to the civilized delights to be tasted in this den of infamy. The roadhouse, if it is erected according to plan, will find no lack of paying customers. Donny's guests will be grist to the mill.

On one side of the camp a barbed wire entanglement will be erected. Beyond the barrier, at all times of the day, will be a stand for members of the public. A fee will be charged for half an hour's admission. Opera glasses will be rented out. The intimate gambols of the devotees will be plain to the eye.

Summer weather has already hit these prairies. Within a month it is expected that the camp will be in full operation. This correspondent will not be slow in paying a visit.

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## Chinese Bagnio Raided

(Continued from page 1)

threw gained entry ten minutes after the door had closed on a handsome international pair. They were admitted by the smiling Wong, who did not immediately recognize them for strong arms of the law. Codlin searched the lower floor, while Matthews devoted his attention upstairs.

Matthews told the Court he put his eye to the keyhole of a bedroom door. He blinked as, through the tiny aperture, he witnessed an outlandish sight. On a silken couch reclined the lovely form of Mamie Gray, one of Toronto's best-known night-spot girls, often a favored guest at smart downtown hotels. Beside her was the sylphlike figure of a slim Chinese, Adachi Yuzo by name, a young man who has served as valet for wealthy Toronto bachelors.

Anxious lest he disturb the secret concave by a too sudden entry, the sympathetic Mr. Matthews attempted to slide open the lock by methods known to the police. The slight noise, however, aroused the keen Adachi from his reverie. He sprang to his feet and threw open the door.

Matthews brought his partner up to view the scene. The blushing Mamie held a blanket before her, embarrassed by the constabulary eyes.

She gave an address on University Avenue, and Adachi said he lived on Warren Road.

Bob Wong, the big boss of the bagnio, claimed he operated his establishment purely on the lines of an hotel.

"If they stay one night," he said, "the rent is \$1.50."

"It was just like an hotel," said defence counsel in court next morning. "A man and a woman arrive as guests. The hotel proprietor cannot ask them to produce their marriage license. If he did, he would never do any business."

"We all know what goes on in hotels," said Magistrate Keith. "But this is not an hotel. This place was an assignation house for people of a certain type. Wong knows all about it. He stands here in court and says he cannot speak English. My experience of Chinese is that they are very voluble in English until trouble develops. Then they cannot understand a word."

"I had been to this house several times before," said Detective Codlin. "Once he had two Frenchwomen downstairs. Another time he had two other white women in the middle room in the afternoon. I cautioned Wong."

The magistrate imposed a fine of \$100 and costs or two months on the unfortunate Wong. The two "found-ins" each drew fines of \$50 or 60 days.



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# Chinese Laundry Girls

## Toronto Police Trail Cornwall Man Taking Pretty Sisters-in-law to Oriental Wash Palaces—Avails of Vice Charge Withdrawn but Girls Convicted

**E**IGHT months ago, David O'Neil, husky and handsome young native of Cornwall, Ontario, came to Toronto and set up a strange household in premises at 88 Charles St. W., run by John T. Castel.

He rented two rooms. In one room were two beds. In that room he slept with his two young sisters-in-law and his own sister. It is claimed that the three girls occupied the same bed.

During his sojourn in Toronto, O'Neil worked only six days. That was for the People's Credit Jewellery Co., Queen St. There is no evidence that the female relatives in his entourage worked at all.

Yet O'Neil was the registered owner of a swank Chrysler coupe. He drove around town in style every day.

It was only in recent weeks that the mysterious activities of this quartet attracted the special attention of Messrs. Sockett and Eagleson of the Toronto Morality Department.

Their men trailed O'Neil's car, number C7963. They found he was in the habit of driving his pretty sisters-in-law around on morning calls to downtown Chinese laundries.

As a result of these investigations, the trio were arrested, and the clean-cut O'Neil was arraigned under section 216C of the Criminal Code and charged with living on the immoral earnings of his wife's young sisters.

O'Neil spent two weeks in the Don Jail, but when his case was called in Women's Court last week the Crown withdrew the "avails" charge. The authorities had not sufficient evidence to obtain a conviction. Such a serious charge must be proved up to the hilt and beyond all reasonable doubt.

The Crown, however, proceeded on vagrancy charges against O'Neil and the two girls, Viola Flaro, 20 years old and raven-haired, and Esther Flaro, 22, plump and attractive.

Detective William Matthews said that, with other officers, he saw O'Neil, at 8.40 one morning, drive to the Sing Chong laundry at 373 Church St. The two girls spent three minutes in the Oriental wash house and came out.

O'Neil then drove to the Tai Chong laundry at 379 Church St. This time the girls were inside 22 minutes while O'Neil sat in the car.

The Wing Chung laundry at 83 Gerard St. E. was then visited. The girls disappeared in the dark interior for 15 minutes.

Two days later the detectives were on the trail again. In the afternoon they saw the queer tourists call at the Wah Hong laundry, 122 Jarvis St. One of the girls was inside for 25 minutes.

The following Saturday the police renewed their hunt and saw the car

stop outside the Sing Chong laundry soon after 9 a.m. When the girls had been inside a few minutes, the laundry was raided by Detective Matthews and Detective-Sergeant Albert Gardner.

Viola Flaro was standing behind the partition in earnest conversation with two or three Chinamen.

But her prettier sister, Esther, was nowhere to be seen. Eventually the police located her in a back bedroom on the third floor with a Chinese laundryman in an embarrassing situation.

Meanwhile O'Neil had been arrested in the car by Patrol-Sergeant Trimm. All three were taken to the cells.

At No. 2 station O'Neil was asked for an explanation of his strange conduct. Detective Matthews claims he said, "I thought the girls were going in to look for work."

He did not specify what type of work the two young Cornwall ladies were seeking.

In court O'Neil was defended by T. B. Horkins, who protested at the evidence of the Chinese laundry boys being used on a charge of vagrancy.

"Is this man charged with being too busy?" he asked. "He is accused of being a loose, idle and disorderly person, but the evidence is all to the contrary. He did not rest."

The defence answered the clauses of the vagrancy charge one by one. It was claimed that O'Neil could not have been "without visible means of support", for he drove an expensive car and was well fed. It was claimed he came to Toronto with \$400 in his pocket.

"These two girls were his sisters-in-law, and his wife is here today to defend him," said Mr. Horkins.

"That is the dreadful part about it," commented Crown-Counsel Norman Borins.

Viola Flaro smiled at the prisoner as she took the stand. She said she and her sister were now living at 15 Irwin Ave. In answer to questions as to O'Neil's mode of living, she maintained she knew nothing. She

(Continued on page 7)

## Milkmaid Melts

(Continued from page 1)

Annette St. to recuperate from the beating and prepare for an operation. When I left hospital I went to live with my own mother. I never went back to him."

Since that time, she said, she had had to work to support herself. She was still doing so. Though her husband was in receipt of a "good salary", she complained he did little or nothing for her financially.

She had met Lou Sharkey, her dairy-girl rival, only once. Her husband's father, she said, once brought the girl in as a guest at a party.

"She was disgusted to see me," commented the betrayed wife.

That was all the patient Elizabeth had to say.

It was left to a gentleman who described himself as "an old school friend of Innes", to do him the good turn of describing his free and easy life.

"I was always going about with Innes," said this bosom pal. "I often met him with Lou Sharkey. She once had an apartment on Ossington Ave., Toronto, and we often had mixed parties there together. When he felt like it, Innes would stay all night. On at least one occasion I called in the morning and found him still there in bed."

"There were similar circumstances when she moved to an apartment on Bathurst St. After a party, he would sleep in the bedroom with her and I would sleep in the other room."

"Innes never stayed home much. He seldom slept at home."

A sheriff's officer told the Court that, when he served the necessary papers on Lou Sharkey, of Caulfield's, she became white with anger and threatened to tear them up.

"But she thought better of it," he said.

It was on this indisputable evidence of sin that Mr. Justice Makins granted the wronged Elizabeth Innes a decree nisi of divorce, ordering the C.P.R. roustabout to pay regular alimony.

Where and how Innes and his beloved Lou first met was not divulged. It is merely a matter of speculation to suggest their encounter might have been on the lines of the time-honored nursery rhyme:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"Where is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

However that may be, it is apparent that this frigid attitude soon melted into the passion of which only guilty lovers are capable.

John Densal Innes and Lou Sharkey were whirled along in a maelstrom of illicit love until now they are cast, weary and satiated, on the barren shores of divorce.

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# Montreal's Nudity Fad

Paintings au Naturel Now the Reigning Fad Among the Hot Haute Monde—The Beautiful Blonde and the Black Satin Sheets—A Faux Pas Avoided but It Was a Nervous Moment for the Body of the Love Nest

TIME no longer hangs heavy on the hands of the ladies of Montreal. They have found a new pastime which is proving even more popular than bridge. It's the favorite topic of conversation at fashionable cocktail parties when jealous husbands and lovers are not within earshot. It is another form of "art for art's sake". And this craze, dear readers, so as not to keep you in suspense, is the sudden passion of the leisured ladies of this city to see themselves reproduced on canvas in the nude. The idea itself is very old. If Adam had been artistic, he no doubt would have painted Eve in her natural state as she cavorted in the Garden of Eden. However, we have no record of him having done so, though he had a priceless opportunity, but then, perhaps he was busy attending to other matters.

Down the ages in the history of art we find the "form divine" the favorite subject of artists. It is found depicted in ancient Egyptian tombs, on murals in the ruins of spacious villas at Pompeii, all the masters worthy of the title have used the subject in various stages of undress. One of the best known and most beautiful paintings in existence is "September Morn", and perhaps it was this work of art which gave the ladies of Montreal the idea. But no standing in water at the break of dawn for these pets of fortune. Nothing so natural and unsophisticated. 'Tis told of one lovely young thing who has very justifiable claims to a perfect figure, that she conceived this bright idea. Besides having a more than passable form, she is extremely blonde; her hair is of that natural gold known as "spun gold"; her skin and complexion are in harmony—in fact, she is very fair. So she hied herself to an artist and informed him that she wished to be done in oils in the natural state, against a background of black satin sheets upon a luxurious bed. The artist was delighted with the obviously artistic aspects of this

unique pose, and thereupon executed the commission. It is further said that the finished work is all that could be desired in contrast. Many times has one visualized a dark beauty against a background of snowy white sheets, but this seems to be the first time on record of the exact opposite. The lady's husband, according to reports, was delighted with the result and accepted it as a gift, knowing his wife's sin of vanity and also knowing the artist as a gentleman of no particular consequence as a rival for his wife's or any woman's affections. This particular blonde was fortunate in this regard, as many of the haute monde who, in a moment of madness, decide to pose, are now frantically searching for a place in which to conceal these treasured objects d'art from the eyes of husbands and lovers. An oil painting is a somewhat unwieldy object to carry in one's purse, and yet it cannot be left for others to find. Indeed it is somewhat of a problem.

This fad of women with too much money and time and too few brains has, however, proved a boon to romantically minded Bohemian artists. The conventional garret is no longer so lonely or so bare as it once was. The patronage of the more risque members of the elite has not only eased the financial burden in several cases, but also has afforded a golden opportunity for those amorous interludes so necessary in the life of a true Bohemian. Most of the paintings done by these young men is extremely bad, but whether that is due to the fact that they are not good artists or due to distractions while painting, has not been definitely established. Another fine feature is that these geni in embryo, instead of paying out what cash can be scraped together for the services of a model, are, instead, paid fancy "figures" by the models.

Photographs au naturel have not gained the popularity of paintings. There is not the opportunity for dalliance and protracted exposure in the

photographic studios as these ladies can afford. Another very obvious factor in the preference for oils lies in the fact that the camera does not lie. Many a form which would reveal too many angles or too many curves in the lens, can be transformed into something truly beautiful by an obliging artist. But in some cases, the whimsy of the moment is better recorded by the photograph, and for this reason quite a number favor it. The features and positions revealed in this collection would amaze and delight those gentlemen who deal in nude and erotic photographs as a profitable sideline. Among them are some very charming poses of ladies, who up to the present have been reported in social pages in more conventional dress. It is no doubt something of a revelation to see some of them in no dress whatsoever.

There is an amusing story told of the Emperor Napoleon, who happened to surprise his wife, the Empress Josephine, one day as she lay on a couch in a very seductive pose for the benefit of a very famous artist. The Emperor's only comment was a remark to the effect that she might

catch cold, though Josephine had the modesty to drape a filmy scarf over a portion of her anatomy. But no such coverings hide the graceful lines of the modern lady; they are revealed in their entire beauty.

Much twittering is being done over one particular incident of this whole affair, and it is providing plenty of amusement for those who delight to retail gossip of this nature. It seems one quite prominent man-about-town was, unknown to himself, providing the wherewithal for two nude portraits. Not only was the gentleman's wife being "done in oils", but also the beautiful creature for whose luxurious menage he paid the bills—and gladly. These two ladies happened, unfortunately, to choose the same artist. The artist, equally unfortunately, did not know of this liaison and was not therefore careful in arranging sittings (or would that be the correct word?). However, as the lady who had the law on her side came out of the studio one day, the other lady went in. The lady without the law recognized the legal tie and was quite unnerved, but, fortunately, the wife did not know of her existence. When the artist in question had been duly informed by a kind friend of the embarrassing position in which he had placed the paramour, his only remark was that, viewing the matter from all angles (and who should know better?), that his sympathies and congratulations went to the husband.

It is to be hoped that this sort of thing will die a natural death when vain women find something else to turn to, to take up their surplus of time and money. And their jaded appetites for something new and exciting will, no doubt, soon find another fancy when this present pastime has palled.

## Chinese Laundry Girls

(Continued from page 2)

would not talk. He always had money when he came home at night, she said, but she professed she did not know how or where he got it.

"They all lived together, the sisters-in-law, the sister, and O'Neil," said Mr. Horkins.

"Yes. That's another sad part about it," replied Mr. Borins.

"He is not now charged with living on the avails," continued Mr. Horkins.

"This was not a nice set-up, but the vagrancy charge cannot be proved."

Magistrate Thomas O'Connor was inclined to agree with this contention. He dismissed the charge against the Chinese laundry banger-on.

But the cases of Viola and Esther Flaro were different.

"I asked Esther why she was in the room with the Chinaman," said Detective Matthews. "She told me she had to get money somehow. She obtained only a dollar from each client."

The girls were convicted and placed on suspended sentence. They made an undertaking to leave town at once and return to the more congenial environs of Cornwall, Ontario's textile city.

It can only be added that O'Neil's Chrysler car will still be seen around Toronto. It is now registered in the name of a local legal light.

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**The Love B**  
**Got Him**

## Another Lesson for Parents of Young Girls From Toronto's Police Courts

Happenings of this kind do not make pleasant reading. Glossed over as they are by the daily press, they attract little attention. But the danger which they expose is very real, and publication of moderate details serves as a warning to other white girls who face the same dangers unaware, as well as to parents and guardians. If anyone thinks the danger does not exist, a walk through Toronto or Vancouver Chinatowns after night would be an eye-opener to all moralists and self-satisfied prudes.

At first the authorities  
he wasn't quite right in the  
Maybe he wasn't; but the  
trouble was the love bug  
wise he was quite normal  
when he is an old married  
will be sorry that he didn't  
real job on himself out of  
the Sandwich Road.

**GANGSTER ROBS AGED MAN IN TENDERLOIN HOTEL**  
GODRICH FARMER VICTIM OF BRUTAL ASSAULT IN WASHROOM

him get away," he said. "I searched him but found nothing." Royal Cecil Clark



# ORIENTAL PLAYBOY'S CASH VANISHES AT A.M. PARTY

## Clever Work By Young Morality Officer Sends Clip Moll Into Confinement

Now, it would seem, that the wild women of Toronto have taken to gypping their best friends, the Chinamen—the friends who will always feed them, clothe them, shelter them and entertain them (for a consideration) when everyone else fails.

That at least is the inference to be drawn from the fact that two filles de joie, two ladies of the demi monde, Bernice Coutts and Florence Peever, were arrested and brought before Magistrate Woodliffe on a charge of stealing \$288 and a wallet from Mark Mah Ning. What happened to them then is of far less interest than what happened previously. Mark Mah Ning, who lives on Alexander St., is a waiter, employed at the Hits Cafe, Yonge and Grenville Streets. According to his story he left the cafe about 1 a.m. on June 29th, after first meeting Bernice and Florence there, and, accompanied by the girls and George Seto, went to the Mandarin Cafe on Elizabeth St. On the way to the Mandarin, George slipped away on his own, went to his home, and returned with a bottle of liquor in time to join in the festivities. Mark admitted that they finished the bottle in the cafe. He paid the bill; for which purpose he had to produce and open his wallet.

Eventually, feeling mightily refreshed and stimulated by the eats and drinks, they departed. George went his own way. Mark called a taxi, plumped himself down between the two girls, and set forth to his own diggings on Alexander St. All three went up to his room.

"Bernice Coutts," he said, "sat on a chair drinking beer, and Florence Peever sat on the bed with me. Bernice did not sit on the bed at any time. I missed my wallet, and accused the girls of taking it. I went downstairs to phone, and during that time Bernice left the house. The last time I saw my wallet was in the

Mandarin Cafe when I paid my bill. About 3.45 a.m. Bernice Coutts got out of a car and came to the front door where I live on Alexander St. The police came right behind her, and I told the police my wallet had been taken. The police took her in their car to — Dundas St. West., and we went into the front room, and the police found the money on the floor under the front window. I told them the denominations of the bills which were in my wallet, and they were the same as the ones which the police found there except that one \$20 bill was missing."

And how, you may ask, did the police get so quickly on the trail? Well, it was a mighty smart piece of police work all the way through. At 3.20 that morning, Constable Barney Simmonds of the Morality Squad, while

patrolling Jarvis Street, saw Bernice Coutts. Something more than mere habit caused him to follow her south on Jarvis to Dundas, where she got into a car, drove west on Dundas to University, north on University to College, west on College to McCaul, south on McCaul to Dundas, east on Dundas to University, north on University to College, west on College to Dundas, south on McCaul to Dundas, west on Dundas to Beverley, where they made a U-turn, and returned east on Dundas and stopped opposite the girls' home, here Bernice got out the car and went to the window of 314 Dundas, and put her hand in the window. She then returned to the car, drove east on Dundas to University, north on University to College, east on College to Yonge, north on Yonge to Alexander, and east on Alexander, stopping about 100 feet west of where Mark lived. Then she got out of the car and went to Mark's door, and the car drove off.

Simmonds, almost dizzy with turning and turning in pursuit, went to 47 Alexander, where, as Simmonds testified, "I found the two accused girls? Bernice Coutts was standing beside the steps, and Florence Peever was sitting on the steps with Mark Ning. There were several other Chinamen standing around. Ning told us his wallet containing \$288 had been taken, and he thought the girls had taken it. I then asked the two girls and Ning if they would come with me. They agreed, and we went to 314 Dundas St. W. The accused, Coutts, had a key to the door. Coutts, Ning and I went into the front room downstairs. On looking under the window beside a table I found money of various denominations strewn on the floor. In the presence of Coutts I asked Ning if he remembered what denominations his money was, and he said he did, and as he told me I checked the bills I had picked off the floor. The denominations of the bills he gave me and the money I picked off the floor were exactly the same with the exception that one \$20 bill was missing."

Here is a list of the recovered money:

United States Funds: Two \$1 bills, four \$5 bills, one \$10 bill.

Canadian Funds: One \$100 bill, one \$50 bill, two \$20 bills, three \$10 bills, one \$5 bill, and three \$1 bills.

That called for a visit to the Morality office. There they all went at 4.35 a.m. Both girls were cautioned. Both made statements.

Just about that time Raymond Hoy and Stanley Lee came in and handed over Mark's missing wallet, which they stated they had found under his bed at Alexander St. Back to Alexander Street the officer took the two girls, and head them the numbers of the bills recovered; and the girls admitted that the numbers corresponded with Mark's list. Then off to No. 1 police station, where Police Master Mrs. Bailey was instructed to search the prisoners.

Mrs. Bailey gave the girls a pretty thorough going over and found a \$20 bill pinned in Bernice's hair.

"Well, you've got the works now," said Bernice.

So that's the story as far as it really needs to go.

Bernice was found guilty and Crown Attorney Malone dragged out a few little things about her past, she was sentenced to 60 days in jail.

Florence was discharged.

Thus ended another midnight "romance" in Toronto. A lot of similar adventures have ended in the same way; for these girls from gangland have only one steady source of revenue—suckers.

## New Jersey Woman Gets Break From Hard-Bitten Canadian Jurist

Canadians are a bunch of hicks. Anyone can put anything over on them.

That may not be a true statement of fact, but it is a pretty good summing up of certain ideas apparently held by Florence Smith, an elderly woman, from New Jersey. She came to Toronto to attend a convention, stayed with her sister, Rosina Smith and stole \$250. And the story of the theft is not bad in itself.

Rosina runs a store on Queen St. East. She left money in an envelope in the store. Florence took it. She put \$170 into three envelopes, and mailed them, addressed to herself to her New Jersey home. Another \$80 was found pinned to her corsets. Rosina complained; Florence was arrested by Detective James Ledlie;

and the whole international conspiracy came out at Florence's trial on a charge of theft before Magistrate Prentice.

"Her brother in law is here, and has made restitution," said the detective, after telling the tale in court. "She has made reservation to go home tonight."

"That is up to the court," said Crown Attorney Hamm.

"She denied the theft at first," continued Ledlie, "but I arrested her two days ago, and she admitted everything. She sent the money in three lots because she couldn't have sent it out of the country all at once on account of the Foreign Exchange Control rules. She is very sorry for it all, and has no record. She is 61 years old."

In fact, Jimmy Ledlie went "all out" to get her off on suspended sentence.

Said the court: "Do you realize that sending the money to the States is now a serious charge?" — "Yes," said the penitent and weeping woman.

"Her sister in law," said the Crown, "is a hard working widow, and this was money got together to make a bank deposit for her business. There is a question also as to whether this matter should not be reported to the post office."

Court: "Her husband is in London, England. Restitution has been made; and I am going to suspend sentence."

Lucky Florence! Now maybe she will agree that Canadians are not such hicks and fools after all.

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## WARTIME PRICE BOARD GESTAPO

### STRIKE VICIOUS BLOW AT TAILOR

James Geddes, an investigator for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, dropped into the store of B. Wagner on Parliament Street, Toronto, and asked if he could have cuffs put on a pair of trousers. "Sure," said Wagner, measuring the customer up; "Ready at noon." Next day Mr. Geddes returned with John Stokie, another investigator; got his trousers which had been neatly cuffed, and paid 60 cents for the job.

That, at least, was his story as told before Magistrate Gullen in Toronto's Star Chamber police court. For, be it understood, these two worthy sons of democracy had Wagner in court for putting cuffs on those trousers contrary to a Controller's regulations; and Wagner, a Pole, earning \$25 per week, was fined \$35 and costs or one month.

And that explains in part how this war is being won, and why Canada had to float four Victory Loans in less than three years. Half a million dollars paid to a Wartime Information Board whose work was already being done for nothing by the daily press; an Ottawa brewery purchased for double its value "to beautify the city;" millions upon millions of dollars paid to Canadian war contractors; meat packers, cold storage

# CANADA FULL of RACIAL BIGOTRY

## Selective Service Bars Negroes

### What Are Our Soldiers Fighting For?

Sir:—

Recently myself and another army rejectee were sent with permits by the National Selective Service to obtain employment at Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., in New Toronto. This company, although in need of workers, turned us down because of our color, we being Negroes. The explanation given us by the Employment Agent at the Plant was that the other employees would object to our presence. We reported back to the Selective Service with our case, but the results of their investigation were not revealed to us. Nevertheless, we did not get the job, and consequently we are extremely disturbed over this matter, as this is not the first incident in the experience of our group in Toronto.

Men of color are being drafted every day. Are they being rejected because their skins are dark? Do their comrades in arms object to fighting side by side with them because of their colour? Why then, would workers object to their presence in a factory? It seems incredible that men and women who once sat in the same classrooms, played in the same school yards, and attended

the same churches, in fact, who grew up from infancy with colored children (we are Canadian born), would now deny them their bread and butter solely because of their colour.

What are our colored pals fighting for? Can this be the democracy of which we so proudly boast, when a war plant so vital to victory, would openly bar Canadian citizens from its workshops on account of their colour? This is the story that Axis propagandists would like to hear. Can Canada afford to deny her coloured citizens the right to live as free men should?

Coloured men buy bonds; their money is never refused because they are coloured; coloured men fight. Why then, can't coloured men be given an opportunity to earn an honest living, so that they can buy more bonds, and along with their white friends help crush the Axis powers and all for which they stand?

This is a matter that calls for immediate action. We earnestly trust that the Minister of Labor will do something official in this matter to mitigate the horrible errors of our Democracy. If the Selective Service as a government agency cannot

make it incumbent upon the employer to accept such workers as are loyal to him, then a great injustice is being imposed upon the Canadian Negroes, and must of necessity greatly undermine our loyalty; there is evidence in the past of our unfailing loyalty. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Mitchell's action, in the near future we as loyal Canadian Negroes might work not only for Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., but for any Canadian factory.

—CANADIAN CITIZEN

This well-written letter calls attention to a shameful and disgraceful situation; and it bears out what HUSH has said in previous articles: namely: That Selective Service is the master, it is the servant of business.

Canada as a nation is shot full of bigotry and racial prejudice — much of it inculcated from the pulp which the war has thrown into the outline. If that is going to prevail during the war, it will prevail afterwards. Truly, what are our men fighting for?

Selective Service and the Minister of Labor will remain the prize of the war if they countenance conditions which "Canadian Citizen" opposes. They had better do something about it at once.

## Soldier Blamed In 'Phantom' Attack



# Yellow Peril In Our Big Cities Orientals Fascinate Young Girls

## More Strict Supervision By Parents Necessary to Prevent International Race Complications

Toronto with its jammed up population, and its incessant breeding of more children who never get a decent "break" in life, is rapidly developing an "International Settlement" half white and half yellow. Scores of white girls, kicked around by economic necessity, or poisoned by the Toronto idea of an easy life and men to keep them, live in Chinatown, consort with Chinese, eat well and dress well—and pay for the privilege in the old, old way. Some of them are diseased. All of them are a menace to morality. Many a heart-broken white mother either knows or does not know where her daughter is. If she knows, she can do little about it; for, unless some crime has been committed, the police have only one means of bringing a "consent" girl out of Chinatown—a charge of vagrancy which may or may not hold water in court.

Some of the abominations of the situation were revealed in police court at the trial of three young girls—Audrey Haley, aged 17, June Armstrong, aged 18; and Lillian Robinson, aged 18—before Magistrate Prentice on charges of vagrancy. Both Court and Crown were shocked into condemnation of such a state of affairs. All three prisoners were brought in by those experienced Chinatown policemen, John Murray, Cecil Payne and Roy Haliburton, who know the place like a book.

Constable Haliburton saw Audrey Haley and an Indian girl on Elizabeth Street at 5 a.m. She said she lived with a Chinaman named Fred—she didn't know his last name.

### A JOY GAL

"She said," testified the Constable, "that she formerly had friends around Chinatown, but had been told it would be better to live with one Chink; so she went to this Chink joint on Bay Street to live with the man she knew only as Fred."

Her "home" and Fred's was a room in a building owned by Chinese. Downstairs an industrious Italian grocer and his family have carried on business for 17 years. Recently the Chinese landlord was granted legal permission to put the Italians out on 30 days' notice. So the honest grocer has to get out to make room for more white girls.

Crown Attorney Hamm, in a masterly denunciation, detailed all the sordid elements of such cases. "It is he said, 'a disgrace to the city to have this kind of thing going on. The Chinese should be prosecuted.'"

"I agree with you," said Magistrate Prentice. "This problem is becoming bigger all the time. This girl has been here before as a vagrant."

She was remanded in custody for sentence.

June Armstrong was picked up with Lillian Robinson and two Chinamen.

"She said she lived on Queen West with a Chinese boy," said Constable Murray. "I have questioned her on numerous occasions, and warned her. She says she will go with all the Chinks she can, and will not be put out of Chinatown. She told me it was none of my business what she was doing. I have seen her around Chinatown six or eight months."

## HUSBAND ATTEMPTS TO JAIL WIFE JEALOUSY PROMPTS DIRTY TRICK

People do get into some queer mix-ups! One of the queerest ever seen in Toronto was B. Bavaria (male) and Bernice L. Bavaria (female)—he a dark, ugly, unattractive little Jamaican, she a beautiful buxom brunette with ivory-white skin. And they were married. But not happy—far from it. In fact, they had a nasty little difference about something, with the result that the man had the woman in police court on a charge of stealing a typewriter and other articles.

"She is my wife," said complainant. "I haven't lived with her for seven and a half weeks. At the end of March we had a small misunderstanding, and she left. I didn't know the machine was gone. She took it and pawned it. We lived on Avenue Road then. She went to live on St. George St. I got it back from the pawn shop; it was pawned for \$12. She also took a tea and coffee set, a cocktail set, sunbeam mixer, and a grill. Total value is over \$300. I don't know where the other articles are."

Magistrate Prentice: "The machine was taken before the separation?"

"You are defendant in a civil action for alimony in the high court?" asked defence counsel.—"Yes."

"You are not paying her alimony?"—"No."

"How do you expect her to live?"—"I didn't put her out. In the heart of my heart I still love her, but I don't want her to take any more of my money."

Every time I see her she is with a different Chinaman."

"She is well dressed?" asked her counsel, Jerry Beaudoin in an able defence.—"Yes."

"She was buying Coca-Cola?"—"That's what she said."

"She had \$8 on her?"—"I don't know."

### TALKED TOO MUCH

"Why did you pick her up?"—"She talked to different Chinamen every night."

"Because she talked to a Chinaman you locked her up?"—"Yes."

Constable Payne corroborated.

"She said," he added, "that she wasn't working, that she was living with a Chinaman, and would continue to do so. She had a brand new bicycle."

"She hadn't been drinking?"

"No."

"All she did was talk to Chinamen?"—"Yes."

"She had visible means of sup-

This may all be a misunderstanding."

"She had to pawn these things to live while she lived with you?"—"She took them. She wouldn't give me the pawn ticket. She walked out."

"You threatened to kill her?"—"No."

"She is afraid of you?"—"No. She can come back home. I still love her."

"Did you not give her the other articles as gifts?"—"No. I gave her a sterling silver toilet set at Christmas. She got in either by door or window."

"You wrote her letters to come back?"—"Yes. I still love her."

"You gave her two N.S.F. cheques?"—"No."

Crown: "I am not going to listen to this any more."

Counsel: "It is a spite action."

Court: "We have no evidence yet that accused took these goods."

Crown: "There is evidence of the typewriter."

"That was before the separation. Did she give up the key before she left?"

Complainant: "Yes."

Crown: "How do you know she got these goods?"—"A friend of hers told me."

Court: "That is not evidence. The charge of theft of the machine will not stand, as they were living together. As for the other goods, there is no evidence she took them. Charge dismissed."

It really looked like...

port?"—"She seemed to have."

"The only reason was, she wasn't working?"—"Well, I wish I could live without working."

"Her father and mother are not living together?"—"No. Her father lives on Eglinton Ave. in North Toronto."

Court: "She didn't give a good account of herself."

Counsel: "Tell me, in what respect she didn't give a good account of herself."

Witness: "She hangs around continuously."

Counsel: "We may have our own views about girls going with Chinamen, but she is no vagrant. She was well dressed. She told them she had money, where she lived, and so on. This case should be dismissed. I am not putting in any evidence."

### WON'T WORK

Crown: "Here is an 18 year old girl observed by law enforcement officers paid by the public, wandering around Chinatown night after night. She persists in going there, and is wandering abroad, and does not give a good account of herself. She won't work, and she ought to be convicted."

Counsel: "As much as we feel about this case, there is not a tittle of evidence."

But June was called on to explain herself.

"I am 18 years old, and have never been in court before," she said. "I had \$6 in my purse that night, and the police said that didn't make any difference. I had black slacks and a pink jacket on, and had my bicycle. I knew the Chinamen through other girls. I live at 1336 Queen Street West, a Chinese cafe. I help in the cafe part time. The Chink pays me \$15 a week and meals. I lived at 137 Eglinton East when my mother and dad were together. I now live with one Chinaman alone."

"What friends have you on Elizabeth Street?" asked the Crown.

"Friends of Harry Louie who owns the Parkdale Cafe. I have gone with him for three years."

"Who pays you the \$15 every week?"

(Continued on Page 11)

## XXXX SPECIAL

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# Yellow Peril

(Continued from Page 6)

week?"—"Harry Louie's father writes it on a slip, and Harry gives me the money."

"Was Harry Louie the man the police saw you with?"—"No."

"There have been innumerable Chinamen with you."

Court: "There is hardly sufficient evidence to register a conviction, but I have made up my mind she is morally guilty."

Crown (indignantly): "These officers know Chinatown better than any other officers in Toronto. This girl has been repeatedly warned. I don't know how you can do anything else than convict."

## "ALL HET UP"

Defence: "My friend is all het up against Chinamen this morning. He must have had some bad chop suey. I admit myself it is an awful situation, but not a crime."

Court: "I base my decision on the evidence of two officers, and I register a conviction, and remand her in custody for a week."

June cried in the dock, and her mother, a hard-looking woman, rushed around to try to help. This mother isn't entirely guiltless of her daughter's downfall, as will be shown presently.

Lillian Robinson, well-dressed, was with June when arrested.

"She said she lived on Simcoe St., with a Chinaman," testified Constable Payne. "I have seen her around the W. K. Cafe at Louisa and Elizabeth on numerous occasions. She is there from around 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. She also had a bicycle. The Chinaman bought her the good clothes."

Lillian's mother and grandmother were in court. Mrs. Robinson wept in court, and obviously is a fine, hard working woman who felt her situation keenly. Her husband is dead. She has three children, of whom Lillian is the oldest.

"My girl told me," she said. "that she was looking after Mrs. Armstrong (June's mother) who was ill. I didn't know she was on Simcoe St."

Crown: "Is there any reason why she can't work?"—"None at all. I go to work cleaning offices night and morning."

## TOLD THE TRUTH

"This girl," said Constable Murray, "wasn't as bold and defiant as the others, but she lied to us. Her family believed she was taking care of Mrs. Armstrong who was supposed to have inflammatory rheumatism. It

(Continued on Page 14)



# CHINESE LOVE & GAMBLING FASCINATE 'WHITE' WOMEN

ORIENTAL ATMOSPHERE—DIM LIGHTS—LURE OF  
ADVENTURE DRAWS WHITE WOMEN TO  
CHINATOWN'S DENS

"For East is East, and West is West, and never—"

But they have met, right in Toronto and in other Canadian cities; and some results have been good, and some have been bad; and an impartial survey of the situation—in Toronto at least—indicates that any evil arising belongs more to the West than to the East.

Toronto's Chinatown—and that is the East specifically referred to just now—gets a bad name among a certain class of Occidentals as a sinful place, polluted by gambling and immorality; the implication being that the "White" sections of the city are holy and undefiled by comparison.

Frankly be it admitted that Chinamen ARE confirmed gamblers, and that a lot of white women DO frequent Chinatown, and that many things are done there which shock moral uplifters. Right in holy Toronto some Chinamen have been known to keep the equivalent of "dens" in which white women and all sorts of men broke the Seventh Commandment; and it is known that many white women are being "kept" by Yellow men. That is perfectly horrible, as the moral uplifters see it; and even some "wicked" white people don't want such conditions extended too widely.

But there is another side to the picture; and the holy ones might as well see it now. Some of its features have been presented before. They are worth repeating. For the present they are confined to Toronto; other cities may speak for themselves.

Toronto's Chinese population numbers, roughly 15,000, mostly males, with just a sprinkling of Chinese females. A few of them are in the category of coolies. Some are persons of education and culture. Almost without exception they are loyal Canadian citizens; and, apart from their penchant for gambling—which, after all, is only the gratification of a world-wide instinct, and the violation of an artificial Canadian enactment—they are law-abiding to a maximum degree.

They have virtues which the great white race might well emulate. They are honest; a Chinaman's word is often better than a white man's bond. They are peace-loving; very rarely do they get into a fracas which is not forced on them. They are loyal and kind; a Chinaman never lets a friend down, and often he is a Good Samaritan. They mind their own business; and that is something that a lot of white people, particularly the moral uplifters, cannot do. They are industrious, shrewd,

co-operative among themselves, and generally successful in their enterprises; a Chinaman is a rarity on a white relief roll; if he wants help he goes to his own countrymen—and gets it; and an average Chinese business man could buy out any comparable white business man, with money to spare.

As to their religion, their morals and their standard of living; the first was flourishing long before white religions were born, and its virtues are reflected in the Chinese character; the second is a product of the "immemorial East," hardly to be judged by Western standards; and the third is a matter which concerns only themselves so long as it costs the white man no money. On the whole, they stand out in many respects by comparison with the "noble white race"—heaven forgive anyone for repeating that phrase!

But with the exception of a few Chinamen who have their Chinese wives and children with them, the average male Chinese labors under a disability in this Christian country. Under certain conditions which are not too liberal, he can be admitted to Canadian citizenship; but the Canadian government doesn't want him to bring any women with him. That rather puts him "on the spot." He is a very human fellow. He likes female companionship. He likes kiddies. What shall he do?—live like a celibate, or share someone else's wife, or get a white wife or lady friend of his own?

What would you do under similar circumstances? You would probably do exactly what he does—and you probably would not be so gentlemanly about it. He doesn't believe in celibacy. He wouldn't steal another man's wife; in any event, Chinese wives are not promiscuous. He gets a white wife or lady friend of his own—and he is satisfied with ONE if she is faithful to him; and he uses her like a queen—so long as she is faithful; and once he is married to a white woman of the right kind, he is invariably a model of kindness and faithfulness and generosity.

Broadly speaking, he doesn't fare too badly. There is something about the chap that attracts white women. He has hundreds to pick from. And here enters an aspect of the situation which has given rise to endless controversy.

Toronto's Chinatown is haunted by white females of all kinds, attracted by the dim lights, the Oriental atmosphere, the lure of adventure and romance. Some of them are good, average women seeking only a thrill. Some are trampettes

seeking pick-ups. Many of them are unfortunates looking for food, shelter, money and kindness which their own race refuses them; and they find all these things—sometimes on a quid pro quo basis, sometimes in the form of pure kindness and sympathy.

Some horrified white people will say that there isn't much unselfishness about it on the Chinaman's part; that he likes to coax a lot of white women about him; that he even occasionally has them brought in from outside. Maybe that is true to a certain extent; it is a fact that numbers of white girls are lured into Chinatown from towns and vil-

lages and rural Canada on promises—or in the hope—of a "good time" and some money for doing "good" things; and it is equally true that this may, in some instances, be pretty closely on white lines; but certainly it does not tend to convert female morals to Christian standards. By Occidental standards the behavior cannot be condoned.

But look at it from another point. Civilized white society, any such society can properly be described as civilized—is a mixture of truth and falsity, of honesty and hypocrisy, of unselfishness and selfishness, in which the elements predominate. It is a glomeration of conventionalities which the most binding and strict have been forced by pressure of necessities on less rigid majorities. Its unfortunate and its underpinned it is proverbially cruel; upon rebels against its codes and conventionalities it heaps punishment. (Continued on Page 16)

## VISITOR TO BIG CITY Rolled By Thugs & Moll

Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing—or in any other kind of clothing! Even in Toronto the Good it is a dangerous animal, whether male or female. How it does love to get hold of the innocents who wander abroad! Ask Kenneth Adair, an innocent from Oshawa. He got into the clutches of a pack of Toronto wolves—two males and two females to be exact; and, although he escaped with a whole hide, he was "skinned" to the tune of \$318.

It actually happened last June; and the reason you haven't heard about it until now is that it was kept a dark secret until the police had done their work. Well, the police have now completed their little job of running down what they allege to be the four guilty wolves—although a court has yet to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of the captives; and the story came out at a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Bigelow, who committed August and Margaret Frost, and Frank and Muriel Kirkland, for trial in county court.

Kenneth, a prosperous looking man of about 35 or 40, had motored into Toronto for a little visit. He didn't know the lay-out of the big city very well, having come from a small city. He wanted to get to Danforth Ave., from somewhere in the Jarvis-Dundas area. So observing a man—alleged to be Frank Kirkland—standing on a street corner, he stopped and asked directions. That chap was most obliging. He said that he happened to be going that way himself, and he would just hop in and act as pilot.

Kenneth was duly impressed by such evidence of friendliness. Presently they spied three other people—alleged to be the Frosts and Muriel Kirkland—standing on a street corner. Promptly the pilot recognized them. He suggested that Kenneth stop while the pilot spoke to

them. At that moment Kenneth should have got out of there as fast as his car would travel. But he did not. He waited. Back came the pilot with his three acquaintances and asked would there be room for them all.

Well, what could a motorist do after receiving so much courtesy? Sure, hop in, folks! They hopped in. "Have you eaten yet?" asked the pilot. No, Kenneth hadn't eaten recently. Promptly the pilot suggested that they all go to his home for a bite of lunch. Kenneth did not know the location; but the pilot guided him along mysterious streets and presently they all found themselves in an attic room.

But, as Kenneth told the story to the police court, no lunch was served. On the contrary, he said, they all began to push and shove him around. He felt someone fooling with him. He pocket where his wallet containing \$318 was; the flap was undone, and the wallet was gone. He was pushed on the bed where one woman—alleged to be Muriel—was already lying. One chap asked him if he had any money to buy drinks with.

"I have only one dollar," said Kenneth, who had just lost \$318. They shoved him farther on the bed. He got up, and tried to get out; but one man—alleged to be Frank Kirkland—barred his way. Then he says, one man looked at the other, and the other nodded back at him, the prisoner, got out of the room, fled down stairs, and went into the house next door, and called the police. While in that house he saw the four leaving the other house one by one.

Detective-Sergt. Frank Craddock and Detective James Attfield got on the trail. Craddock said in police court that on June 9th, "from information received," he went to

(Continued on Page 14)



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## LIVING ON ROADSIDE AGED COUPLE LEFT TO DIE

### In This Issue

- Homes for Japs, None for Canadians — 8
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- Quebec Liquor Flows in Ontario — 6
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### KAUSTIC KOMMENT

SILENT STREETS  
FISH AND FLESH  
LET THEM HOWL!

Vol. 8, No. 12

TRANS-CANADA EDITION

September 2, 1944

# CANADIAN PEOPLE **EXPLOITED** **MONOPOLIES** Apply Pressure

(SEE PAGE 4)

# WHITE BEAUTY RESCUED FROM ORIENTAL JOY DEN

(SEE PAGE 6)

**GROWING WAVE  
OF  
JUVENILE CRIME**  
(SEE PAGE 9)

**CALLOUS TREATMENT  
MEAGRE PENSION CUT  
OFF**  
(SEE PAGE 2)



# WHITE BEAUTY RESCUED FROM ORIENTAL JOY DEN

Lured Into Chinese Hang-Out To Stay Until Freed by Police

Stella (7144) was a vagrant, like over with" who drifted all over in Toronto, and later before Magistrate Petterson by Constable Jim MacArthur, the man who, away back in 1942, was mainly responsible for the capture of John Brockhouse, the murderer, who shot Constable MacArthur. And she was glad to be greeted like that. "I was one of the best things that could possibly have happened to her. I lifted her out of a life of being half as a Toronto white slave, the plaything of a hood of Chinatown, and gave her an opportunity to reform herself."

Stella is a petite and smiling little brunette, a mere post-pubescent, only 18 years old, dressed in red. For five years she lived in Sudbury. Then she came to Toronto. One night with a boy friend, she went to that Chinese hotel or rooming house, "La Luck," on Bay St. When she was leaving, the proprietress, a Chinese woman named Charlie, called her back and proposed that she stay there and make money. She refused at first. Finally she consented. For two months she remained there, chinaman by the dozen came up to see her. At first she refused to have anything to do with them. Then their hands men came up, and asked her who she thought she was, refusing the customers whom he sent to her. After that she complied with them all as fast as they came.

Chompade was made, and finally Constable MacArthur went up one morning at 8:30 o'clock and took her out of her room. She paid Charlie \$1.50 per night for rent of the room. Her official name was with her grandmother on Niagara Street.

"I was one of the most shocking, and most unbelievable cases of white slavery that ever came before the Toronto bench. His Worship ordered the court cleared, but even the officials and reporters who remained were almost stunned by the evidence."

"She told me," said Constable MacArthur, "that she was glad she was checked up. She wanted to get away from the things."

"Investigation will continue as a result of this story," said Crown Attorney North.

"It certainly should," said His Worship.

"She will have to get out of that shelter."

"What can I do but send you to the streets? That is what you want to do. The Chinaman will follow you."

"I never want to speak to them again," said Stella. "I told you I peaked guilty. I wanted to get it

over with."

"You just want to make a change, and make something out of your life?"

"Yes, I want to go to work, and at Christmas time go back to Sudbury, which is my home."

"I think the Salvation Army will be glad to do something for her; I will remain here so that the Captain can be here."

Next morning the Army took her. It never refused anyone; and that was infinitely better than sending her to that hell-hole, the Mexico, which would have ruined her forever.

Both Bench and Crown were righteously indignant over the revelations made. It probably was something new to His Worship, who has not long been on the Toronto bench. He used not be surprised. For things like this are going on every day in the holy city. There is prostitution, there is white slavery, in Toronto—more of it than even perhaps a magistrate will believe—despite the watchfulness of the police, some of it cannot be touched because it keeps technically within the law.

## Chatham Police Nail "Stock Slicker"

Melvin Frank Burrows, of Toronto, was fined \$100 and costs or three months in jail by Magistrate Ivan S. Craig in Chatham police court for trading in the securities of Bureau Prospecting Syndicate without complying with Ontario Securities Commission regulations.

"From the evasive manner of answers in the witness box," said the magistrate, "I consider him a slick, smooth salesman, and believe he knows the Securities Act and regulations backwards and forwards. It would be his fault in his business, and he definitely went out with the Bureau Syndicate to defraud the public, and he did the same knowing the whole set-up was a swindle on the public."

This man is just one of many stock swindlers—some of them with police records—who have sprung up in Toronto in the past few months. Today, the gullible public is being well and truly hoodwinked by just such men selling or peddling in stocks as worthless as themselves.

Buy nothing from anyone without first making inquiries of the securities Commission or of

within the law.

Toronto's Chinatown is in reality a red light district. Its male population, denied the right to have women of their own race, naturally consort with white women; and it is one of the wonders of the times how many white women, including young girls, seek out the company of Chinese. Perhaps it is not so remarkable after all; the Chinese always have plenty of money. They lavish clothing and cash on their female friends. They give food and shelter—which may be only the shelter of a dump—in girls whom Christian society will not look at. Then, too, there are the bright lights of Chinese cafes, and the flavor of the Orient, and the "romance" of night life.

Not long ago HUSH published a story telling how Chinese restaurants throughout Canada "spit" like

ly girls, and recommend that they go to Chinese friends in Toronto where they will be "looked after" in that way the white slave kept holding the illicit love treasures of great price.

It's all very wrong and disgusting, according to prevailing moral and sexual standards. But how natural and human it is, after all. If Chinese women were permitted entry into Canada, Chinese would not sink such low-grade white society. And Chinamen are not the only or the worst offenders; there are white people in the underworld of their very "respectable"—who are doing things that they were because they prefer to be as much better. By and large there is probably more prostitution among "good Christian people" than among the Chinese.

## QUEBEC LIQUOR FLOWS INTO ONTARIO, PROVINCIAL POLICE DO GOOD WORK

Since liquor flowing because effective, and particularly since the Ontario ration was cut to 12 ounces per month, thousands of bottles of Quebec Liquor Commission beverage have found their way into this province—brought in by operators and runners, for what appears to be a gigantic bootlegging ring. It is good stuff, too, the very best of rye, gin and imported Scotch, mostly in 16-ounce bottles, and not diluted like the Ontario eye wash. And it sells retail at \$7 to \$10 per bottle—which is less than bootleggers charge for 24 ounces of the house brand.

These Quebec run supply all corners with 40 ounces per month, and keep the bootleggers supplied, and still have plenty, in double the point, although it does not lessen the hypocrisy of the federal government or the stupidity of Ontario's Liquor Commission in this matter; the point is that the supplies have been coming in wholesale because there is an unlimited market for them, and because a lot of big shots in this province are determined to have their liquor by hook or by crook. Prohibition of any kind sure has a lot of "funny work."

Thus far, in and around the city of Toronto, only five police officers, Morality Officers Rennie Mullin and Kimmonds, of the old police, and Provincial Officers J. R. Houghton and Stuart Bartle, famous for 20 years' devoted service, have been active in the matter. Thus far these five men have captured and confiscated more than 1,000 bottles of the very best. It's a risky business, for some day they

may catch a big fish breaking the law, and then there will be the question to pay. But that doesn't stop them.

Now just to show work.

One day when a car was driving along, they noticed a Quebec license. By looking at the body was all right. They found 250, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1,000, 1,100, 1,200, 1,300, 1,400, 1,500, 1,600, 1,700, 1,800, 1,900, 2,000, 2,100, 2,200, 2,300, 2,400, 2,500, 2,600, 2,700, 2,800, 2,900, 3,000, 3,100, 3,200, 3,300, 3,400, 3,500, 3,600, 3,700, 3,800, 3,900, 4,000, 4,100, 4,200, 4,300, 4,400, 4,500, 4,600, 4,700, 4,800, 4,900, 5,000, 5,100, 5,200, 5,300, 5,400, 5,500, 5,600, 5,700, 5,800, 5,900, 6,000, 6,100, 6,200, 6,300, 6,400, 6,500, 6,600, 6,700, 6,800, 6,900, 7,000, 7,100, 7,200, 7,300, 7,400, 7,500, 7,600, 7,700, 7,800, 7,900, 8,000, 8,100, 8,200, 8,300, 8,400, 8,500, 8,600, 8,700, 8,800, 8,900, 9,000, 9,100, 9,200, 9,300, 9,400, 9,500, 9,600, 9,700, 9,800, 9,900, 10,000, 10,100, 10,200, 10,300, 10,400, 10,500, 10,600, 10,700, 10,800, 10,900, 11,000, 11,100, 11,200, 11,300, 11,400, 11,500, 11,600, 11,700, 11,800, 11,900, 12,000, 12,100, 12,200, 12,300, 12,400, 12,500, 12,600, 12,700, 12,800, 12,900, 13,000, 13,100, 13,200, 13,300, 13,400, 13,500, 13,600, 13,700, 13,800, 13,900, 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## "TITTING TILLIE" REPUDIATED BY FOLLOWERS

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CANADA'S  
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WEEKLY

### OUR OPEN LETTER

TO THE CITY FATHERS  
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KAUSTIC KOMMENT  
AMAZON ROLE  
PRESS AND POLICE

Vol. 9, No. 32

TRANS-CANADA EDITION

January 20, 1945

# ABOLISH HYPOCRITIC DIVORCE CANADIAN FARCE

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BANK HEADS OFFER  
NO HOPE TO COMMON MAN

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SICK MOTHER'S HOME  
RAIDED BY BAILIFFS

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WEEKLY

**City Auditor**

SHOLTO C. SCOTT, C.A.

**Challenged**

ON

**T. T. C. Finances**

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**KAUSTIC KOMMENT**

BRUTAL PROFITIZING  
HECTOR CHARLESWORTH  
OATS AND CLOVER

Vol. 11, No. 38

TRANS-CANADA EDITION

January 26, 1946

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**THIS SOLEMN FARCE  
ANONYMOUS CANADA**

Vol. 13, No. 39

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March 20, 1948

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# STUPID HYDRO BUNGLING ENDANGERS CITIZENS' LIVES

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# Wholesale Prostitution Brings Jail Term For Chinese Bawdy House Keeper

Wholesale prostitution on a scale he had never encountered before in his many years on the Bench, caused Magistrate Gullen in Toronto Police Court to send Man Jim Fong, a 65-year-old Chinaman, to jail for thirty days on a charge of keeping a common bawdy house at the "In Luck" Rooms, a 35-room building situated at 650 Bay Street. On a similar charge, the man's wife, Robina Fong, a Chinese woman in her forties, was acquitted. His Worship finding there was no evidence to implicate her. Fong was also known as Hop Lee.

The "In Luck" Rooms have been mentioned often in Police Court cases of this nature and any number of women and men staying there have been convicted. In addition the old Chinese proprietor served a term in jail in 1945 for indecently assaulting a little white girl. It had often been wondered why some action along these lines had not been taken against Fong and it remained for Sergeant of Detectives Harry Sutton to finally bring the old reprobate to court on a charge of keeping a common bawdy house.

This action was along the lines forecasted exclusively in "Justice Weekly" a few issues back when it was stated that a campaign against White Slavers was to be launched, with keepers of common bawdy houses the main targets. Nor would the "scarlet women" themselves be overlooked but the main objective of the drive was to bring to book those who were living in or some way or other off the avails of prostitution.

The success attending the efforts of the police in registering a conviction against this Chinaman will encourage them in their efforts to take action against other hotels and rooming houses which to date have been immune from police action owing to the difficulty of the avails of prostitution.

"This is the first time prostitution in premises of this nature have come before me," remarked Magistrate Gullen after registering a conviction against Fong. "It is not the desire of the city to have such premises here."

However in view of the age of the convicted man, as

brought to His Worship's attention by defence counsel Ernie Bogart, K.C., and the Chinaman's apparent infirmity the Bench decided to make no difference from the usual practice in dealing with such a bawdy house case and imposed a jail sentence of 30 days.

Fong is a small-built Chinaman, well groomed, wears glasses as does his wife, and had to be assisted up the stairs of the witness box by court attendants. He professed to be unable to understand English, even though he had been in Canada for 28 years but both the magistrate and Crown Counsel Norman Borins, K.C., expressed the belief that he understood the language a lot better than he admitted.

Another feature of the case was the accusation of the Crown that the Chinese interpreter, Ing Bank was deliberately misinterpreting replies of the accused and that where he thought said replies were not in favor of the old Celestial he gave no answer.

"We've had trouble with you before", said Mr. Borins to the interpreter, "I want you to give me the man's answers and not tell me what you think you should".

This occurred on a number of occasions and His Worship also had occasion to find fault with the interpreter, in fact Magistrate Gullen several times addressed himself directly to the accused, as did the Crown, and received replies in broken English.

The wife of the accused, it was admitted by defence counsel, was well acquainted with the English language and the police, through her, had often warned her husband against

## Man Not Justified In Running Away With Property Of Wife's Paramour

A man is not justified in running away with another's spoons because that man ran away with his wife's remark made by Mr. Raglan Somerset, prosecuting at Hereford Quarter Sessions, England, when Joseph Werner de Sondberg, garage hand of T. J. Ross-on-Wye, appeared on a charge of housebreaking.

The accused pleaded guilty to breaking into a farmhouse at Llangarron and stealing from Frank John Millership a number of small articles, including spoons, tins of peas and pajama suits, valued at about £12.

It was stated by the prosecutor that when de Sondberg was arrested, he said: "I did it because Millership ran away with my wife."

This explanation that the theft was committed to obtain revenge on his wife's lover, occasioned the remark from the prosecutor, "When 40,000 divorce cases are pending throughout the country it is a dangerous doctrine to suggest that a man is justified in running away with someone else's spoons because that someone ran away with his wife."

Mr. Raglan went on to point out that in English law there was no property in a human being, alive or dead. He seriously suggested that the fact that Mr. Millership ran away with Mrs. de Sondberg had no relevance to the case, but he would not put before the

the manner in which he was conducting his premises. For that matter, it was stated in the witness box, the Chinaman appeared to fully understand the warnings given him, although he did not heed them. In the stand Fong himself admitted he had been warned by the police that unless he changed his ways he would be charged with keeping a com-

(Continued on page 17)

Court the strong view held on the matter.

Mr. H. S. Watts, stated that de Sondberg employed by Mr. Millership as a garage proprietor. He returned home one day to find his wife had and later discovered Millership had left his and their seven children. When Mrs. de Sondberg not return after a few days, Sondberg took his children and roamed the country for five months to find her. Eventually he traced her and Mr. Millership to a farmhouse at Llangarron and he went there to talk with his wife.

Mr. Millership opened front door, and blows exchanged before the door slammed against the door.

De Sondberg went back, but Mr. Millership Mrs. de Sondberg ever the front door. To get revenge, a Watts, and also be and his children were tute, de Sondberg broke into the house the articles. He was for what he had realized his wife value to him.

De Sondberg's Russian and his ish. He was only when his father in Russia and when he was

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# Wholesale Prostitution Brings Jail Term for Chinese Bawdy House Keeper

(Continued from Page 2)

ficer told the court.

Here Mr. Bogart entered a protest that his male client could not understand English sufficiently well to appreciate the nature of the warning. Whereupon the magistrate turned to Henderson and asked, "Did the accused man know what was being said?" and when the policeman replied in the affirmative the Bench decided the statement was admissible.

"The accused said he would improve," explained the police officer who then produced a dilapidated and ink-stained register in which were kept the names of those renting rooms at the "In Luck".

The officer went on to explain that on the night in question the name of William Lee had been entered in the register, although his real name was Soo.

Here Mr. Bogart interrupted to say that many people using other names than their own could be found in rooms at any of the big hotels.

In connection with the Indian girl, Ann Wesley, the officer explained that when he arrested her she had but recently come out of the hospital as the result of having had a leg broken when she jumped out of a room at the "In Luck" when she heard the police were after her. That was about five months ago. In court a few weeks previous to this hearing the girl had pleaded guilty to being a vagrant and was sentenced to jail for 30 days.

Henderson went on to tell of seeing a number of unmarried couples at the "In Luck". Here Mr. Bogart suggested that many people unable to secure accommodation at the Ford Hotel made their way to the "In Luck". The status of the latter place came in for discussion and it was explained it was not a hotel and did not operate under any sort of license. There was no dining room, beverage room or dance hall on the premises nor did he see any fire warnings or fire escapes. There were no signs telling of the rates for the 35 rooms.

There was very little furniture in any of the rooms, no running water and there was one washroom on each of three floors. There was not even a jug with water or basin and in most rooms the bedding was far from clean.

The register then came in for scrutiny and it was shown that many of the rooms were rented twice and even three times to couples on the one day and at all times, from the afternoon until late the following morning. The place was used a great deal by Chinamen and white girls, P.C. Mitcham told the court. He had accompanied Henderson on the latter's visits to the place.

"Are there not many white girls married to Chinamen?" asked Mr. Bogart. The officer admitted there was.

"Did you see any maid servants around?" here asked the Bench. The officer replied in the negative. There was an old man around to do some of the work.

"What condition was the bedding in?" the court wanted to know.

"It was in a very dirty condition," was the reply.

"Do you know whether it was changed after people left the room?" asked the Bench.

"It did not appear to be," replied the officer.

P.C. Burnard Loveridge then told of visiting the place and stopping a girl who gave her name as Doris Swanson, of Manning Avenue, who said she had been visiting there.

"I went to Fong and told him he'd have to try and improve conditions", said the officer. "He replied that he'd try".

He had visited the place on numerous occasions, the officer went on, mainly as the result of complaints made by men at the station that they had been "rolled" by women at the "In Luck". He had never seen any of the occupants with any luggage. He also never noticed any fire equipment like ropes, nor any fire escapes nor signs.

"A lot of generalities", commented Mr. Bogart, especially referring to stories of men being "rolled".

P.C. Wilson then described the premises in detail and also told of running into a couple in the hallway at 12.30 a.m. on April 27th, who gave their names as Lloyd Bligham Gainsby and Vivian McKearney.

The officer told of looking at the register and seeing some of the rooms used twice the same day. He intercepted one couple who gave their names as Lilian O'Brady, 593 Vaughan Road, and William Phillis, Parry Sound. In Room 9, he found a Mr. Rubard and wife.

In Room 11, the officer said he found a couple describing themselves as Lucy Irene Donaldson, 74 Berkeley Street, and David Renshaw, 55 Mutual Street. Another couple stopping in the place gave their names as Jane Espaniol, 83 Portland Street, and Charles Frederick, 101 Robinson Street.

The officer then told of finding a couple in bed in room 21, both in the nude, who gave their names as Beatrice Devitt, 30 Northview Avenue, and Joseph Moffett, 686 Balloil. These two were charged with being "found in" after the charge against the Chinaman was disposed of.

"Do you ever check up on the Ford Hotel?" defence counsel took occasion to ask P.C. Wilson.

"I would if I had occasion to", he answered, "But so far I have not had any complaints".

The accused Chinaman then took the stand and through the interpreter explained he was 65 years old, came to Canada in 1918, had two children and they all lived at 650 Bay Street. He bought the "In Luck" in 1942 and operated it as a rooming house since June of 1943.

"What did you do before that?" the magistrate asked and the Chinaman replied he had been in the grocery business. The Bay Street building cost him \$12,000, he told the

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# Wholesale Prostitution Brings Jail Term for Chinese Bawdy House Keeper

(Continued from page 17)

## Difference In Age Between Couple Blamed For Their Marital Trouble

Because he considered the man's family had brought pressure to bear upon the petitioner, Mr. Justice Lewis at Birmingham Assizes, England, dismissed with costs a divorce petition brought by William Bartlett, builder, of Dangerfield-lane, Darlaston, against Mrs. Estelle Bartlett, of Sandon-road, Fordhouses, Wolverhampton.

It was the difference in age that caused the man's family to take such a violent dislike to the woman, who they figured was too old for her husband.

The judge remarked he was satisfied that Mrs. Bartlett was passionately devoted to her husband and that he in turn was attracted by her.

"He was worried," added the judge, "not because of his wife's cruelty, but because he was 'between the devil and the deep blue sea.' Regarding the husband's sister, Lily, who gave evidence, I do not think I have ever seen a witness more spiteful and vindictive."

It was said Bartlett was suffering from neurasthenia, although he still appeared a healthy man. Mrs. Bartlett, a possessive woman, seemed to be telling the truth about periods when they were intensely happy together.

Mr. Bartlett was a man with

no moral fibre, and had not the courage to treat his wife properly, because his family would not let him. They were continually trying their best to separate him from his wife.

Through the whole history of the case he was not allowed to go away from the policing and protection of his two brothers, acting on behalf of the family.

A story that Mrs. Bartlett tried to commit suicide on the morning of her wedding day was, said the judge, quite untrue. Once she "very wickedly and foolishly in her despair took liniment," and was in hospital three days.

The family said to themselves: "This is splendid. We will make out she is always doing this."

But for their interference and their loathing of the wife, the judge thought there would not have been these proceedings.

ion. The accused all through showed an attitude of indifference and tried to make the place appear like a hotel."

He also drew attention to the conviction against the man for indecent assault.

Here Mr. Bogart pleaded for leniency because of the age and condition of his client, which caused the Bench to remark he was not treating this case any differently to any other case.

Beatrice Devitt and Joseph Moffett were then arraigned on charges of being "found in a common bawdy house", and after evidence given by the police referring to two used contraceptives being found and the nude condition of the couple, each was fined \$25 and costs or ten days. The woman is 39 years old and the man appeared to be in his early twenties.

ities there are for people going there for immoral purposes".

Mr. Borins also drew the attention of the Bench to the number of times the rooms were used in the same day and only for a short period of time. The accused had been warned repeatedly by the police and must have known what was going on.

In reply, Mr. Bogart drew attention to the difficulty of getting hotel accommodation and that people went to any place they could to get rooms.

Said Magistrate Gullen, at this point, "I think the wife is subject to order and direction from her husband. There is no evidence against her and the charge will be withdrawn against her".

The Bench then went on to sum up the case. His Worship found the rooms were used for prostitution but the question was, did the accused know that? He cited five reasons for registering a conviction.

1. The traffic on the premises was abnormal.

2. The register showed many rooms had been rented more than once to people not married.

3. The use of wrong names by the people renting the rooms, and with no baggage, and for short periods.

4. Evidence found in one of the rooms, contraceptives that had been used and one not used.

5. The number of warnings given to the accused by the police.

"I must come to the conclusion," declared the Bench, "that the premises were used for the purposes of prostitution and that accused knew it."

The magistrate then went on to outline in detail other factors that caused him to reach his decision, the result of evidence furnished by the police and the accused himself.

Mr. Borins then said, "The large scale manner in which these premises were used differs from most bawdy houses. This is a highly dangerous place and prostitution was carried on in a wholesale fashion."

and he had made a down payment of \$2,500 in cash. Mr. Borins remarked it seemed cheap for such a building on such a street, accused said it was in a rundown condition and it cost him \$14,000 to fix it up as a rooming house.

Through the interpreter the man then tried to make the court believe he would not let anybody to rent a room as they showed their registration card, nor would he let a room to any young girl, and here the Crown brought up the fact that it had been discovered by the police that many had given fictitious names which would not have been possible had a check been made with the registration cards.

Did you ever run a game?" Borins asked the accused, asking the question several times before it brought forth a denial.

Of course you can talk "fish" the Crown suggested, and when the accused man denied this Mr. Borins wanted to know how he read the registration cards of the guests.

"You don't need an interpreter when you rent the rooms," remarked Mr. Borins.

It was pointed out by the Crown that, according to the register, the place took in from \$50 to \$60 a day. There were very little wages to pay, and an old man to clean up, before the accused should get a bit of money. But the latter denied, saying he had very little money on at the end of the day's work. He only had a few dollars in a couple of banks.

"Where do you hide your money?" the Crown wanted to know, then added, "Don't tell me the place as I don't want to get mixed up after it but I wanted to know how much money you were making."

This place has long been a resort of prostitutes," said the Crown addressing the Bench. "Judging from the nature of the evidence, the fact of the people going there with luggage and no facilities there are for people going there for immoral purposes".



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CANADA'S  
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WEEKLY

**VARSAITY  
GIRL STUDENT  
ATTACKED**

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**KAUSTIC KOMMENT**

CANADIAN COMMANDOS

THANKS DONALD

Vol. 11, No. 42

TRANS-CANADA EDITION

February 23, 1946

**REV. T. T. SHIELDS LIBELS  
HONORED CANADIAN  
CITIZEN**

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**CHINESE LOVE & GAMBLING  
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# Drastic Chinese Immigration Laws Cause Mixing of the Twain

## FIFTEEN CHINESE WOMEN ADMITTED TO CANADA IN TWENTY-THREE YEARS

How many Chinamen are there in Canada?

Only about thirty-four thousand. How many Chinese women?

Only about twenty-five hundred—one woman for every sixteen of her own countrymen.

Since 1923, when the Chinese Immigration Act was passed at Ottawa, only fifteen Chinamen have been allowed to settle in this country—and not one Chinese woman has been admitted.

These are excerpts from that record of insanity known as Canadian Immigration.

Of the virtues of Chinese-Canadian citizens as a class there can be no two opinions. These people are honest, industrious, law-abiding, a credit to their country and their race. They fill a niche which no one else could fill in Canadian life. True: there are a few dopesters and many gamblers among them; but their gambling is of a harmless variety, and confined mostly among themselves, and their lawlessness is on the whole infinitely less than that of a given number of white people. True: they do associate with white women. That is called immorality. What else could be expected?

A Chinaman is just as human as any other person. If he cannot have women of his own race, he takes up with those of other races. If he cannot have his own wife or sweet-

heart with him, who can blame him for seeking substitutes? For all the alleged immorality of the Chinese in Canada the Government and its crazy immigration law and the still crazier application of that law is primarily responsible; and it does not behoove moralists in this country to point the finger of scorn at these people without first giving them opportunity to lead the kind of lives which make for morality.

One of the most ridiculous things on the face of the earth is the spectacle of this great Dominion pretending to work out its destiny with less than five people to the square mile, on the average, while millions of good people in other lands are seeking admittance, and one hundred million of them could be admitted with benefit to the whole nation. Behind that folly are a few parochial intellectuals, in government and out of it, who still think of Canada as a little private game preserve set apart for a few privileged Imperialists regardless of who else starves for bread and land. Canada is small because her national thinking is small. She will never be any bigger until those

parochial minds are supplanted by minds of bigger calibre and broader vision.

What monstrous follies are perpetrated in the name of government! For a number of years the immigration policy of this country—largely dictated at the time by the C.P.R.—was to admit almost anyone of white skin and British accent; the C.P.R. and a few other agencies raked the cities of Britain for people of every kind who could be induced to emigrate—and the Government of Canada paid commissions on them to the C.P.R. That gave Canada a few good people, and a great number of others who were worthless from a national standpoint. Yet Jews and Europeans who could have come in with money, and could have done much to help along Canadian development, were kept out.

Then suddenly the picture changed. Immigration bars were put up again. After that the admitting of immigrants of any kind, but more particularly those from outside the British Isles, became a gigantic racket in which money well distributed was a sine quo non. Thou-

sands of people paid through the nose for the privilege of getting in at all. Of those who paid, the majority were reasonably satisfactory. A few should have been in prison instead. Hundreds of thousands more equally or even better qualified for citizenship were kept out merely because they did not have money enough to grease enough hands. In other words: money and not men was what mattered; and the tragedy of it is that the country thereby was denied a lot of people who would have been an asset because they would have worked for a living instead of financing the labors of others.

This country is big enough in a physical sense to absorb millions of people of every race and color and religious belief—including many non-Nazi Germans. It needs them. For lack of them, the present population is working and paying taxes far beyond its strength, trying to carry a load far too big for it. There will be no relief, no real prosperity, until the load is divided among more people.

If Canada is content to remain little Empire parish, exploited to death in the cause of Imperialism—nothing more need be said. But if she is to become a great cosmopolitan nation able to hold her own against her next door neighbor, and to tell Europe to mind its own business—let the immigrants in, and let the men who come bring their wives or sweethearts with them!

## Drew 'Cocktail' Propoganda Gets Wide Spread Publicity

Despite the fact that the Premier of Ontario, Hon. George A. Drew has pulled more political "bone-head" plays than any other politi-

if you don't watch out." This always manages to make Premier Drew a few more friends and to catch the Tory party a few more

It has been in making for his attitude the labor



# 'TEEN AGED GIRLS FALL for ORIENTAL DOLLARS

## Another Lesson for Parents of Young Girls From Toronto's Police Courts

Two Toronto girls, only 16 years of age, one of them a good looking blonde, who lives on Bathurst Street, used to take washing to a Chinese laundry at 359 King Street West. They caught the eye of Low Fook Chong, an ugly, fat old Oriental, aged more than 40, and they awoke passionate desires in Fook's compatriot, Chang Sam Chong. Certain things happened, in consequence of which Low Fook Chong was convicted and sentenced to six months on a charge of seduction, and Chang Sam Chong was committed for trial on a similar charge, by Magistrate Forsyth.

Once more in these cases was brought home to the good City of Toronto two facts, which are part and parcel of the city's life; that a lot of young girls deliberately walk into temptation, or are permitted by their parents to walk into it, and that when the East and the West mingle in illegal liaison, the West usually suffers most.

We do not say that in the present instance the girls were entirely innocent of complicity. But certainly they were inexperienced. If their stories are to be believed, the trap was sprung before they realized they were in it, and the bait used was that old, old bait which is so alluring to poor women of all ages—the almighty dollar.

As one girl told her story against Sam Chong: "We had been going there for four years, my girl friend, Etie, and myself, between six and seven p.m. Accused talked nice to us, talked about clothes, asked us in; then we went inside a second door and talked for awhile. Then we went upstairs to a bedroom. He gave me a dollar. He promised me the dollar before we went up. I had never done anything like that before."

This was on the 11th of January.

"I went back on the 10th of January to get the jacket. The fat man, we called Fatty came out with the accused. Then we went upstairs and he gave me another dollar. We spent the money on pop and candy. I refused the second time, then the police came in."

Under cross-examination by H. J. Murphy, K.C. she admitted that she had once been expelled from school for going outside the grounds at noon.

"I wanted the money," she said, "and I was ashamed to tell anybody about being in the laundry. He said: 'How would you like to make some easy money?' You're not working'. And he said he wouldn't hurt me. I thought at first he meant I would get easy money for ironing, and I said so. But he said no."

So the tempter was sent to a high

er court on bail of \$2,000 provided by Soo How, of 61 Elm Street, who has owned 16 Elizabeth Street for 20 years; the place cost him \$35,000, against which there is a mortgage of \$7,000.

Perhaps Mr. Murphy chose a county court because his other client, Chang Sam Chong, was convicted on the same evidence in the lower tribunal; he wasn't taking any chances on having them both go down. He argued that the girls had partially consented, and that no force had been used. Dr. Smilie Lawson, supervising coroner, testified that the girl in the latter case had suffered certain injuries within the preceding ten days. Detective Elliott investigated the incident and arrested the accused.

Happenings of this kind do not make pleasant reading. Glommed over as they are by the daily press, they attract little attention. But the danger which they expose is very real, and publication of moderate details serves as a warning to other white girls who face the same dangers unaware, as well as to parents and guardians. If anyone thinks the danger does not exist, a walk through Toronto or Vancouver Chinatowns after night would be an eye opener to all moralists and self-satisfied prudes.

## GANGSTER ROBS AGED MAN IN TENDER GODRICH FARMER VICTIM OF BRUTAL ASSAULT IN WASH

Robbery in the Rural Court



# Chinaman Of 77 Bawdy House Keeper 27-Year-Old White Woman Is Inmate

## Celestial Is Fined \$100 Prostitute Is Fined \$50

A Chinaman of 77 who has been in Canada 60 years declared in Toronto Police Court that he had not been naturalized and could not understand or speak English well enough to dispense with the services of an interpreter. Magistrate C. A. Thoburn was sceptical of the man's statement about the language, however he permitted the interpreter to carry on. The Celestial gave his name as Lew Ming and was convicted of keeping a common bawdy house at 121 Edward Street. No doubt, because of his age, he escaped with a fine of \$100 or one month. The fine was paid on the spot.

While the aged Chinaman had pleaded not guilty, being defended by T. B. Horkins, Q.C., a 27-year-old husky white woman with henna-dyed hair by the name of Jacqueline Durand pleaded guilty to being an inmate and was fined \$50 or 10 days. She also paid the fine.

His Worship stopped the woman from giving evidence against Ming stating that he thought her case should be disposed of first. However, when Ming was found guilty, there was no need any longer for her to give evidence against him. The woman was thereupon convicted.

Morality Officers Mitchell and Angus made the arrests after having the house under observation for several nights, March 31st and April 1st, 6th, and 7th. They told of a number of girls, including Jacqueline, going into the house with men. On April 7th they entered the premises on a search warrant and were admitted by Ming.

The police questioned one man and he said he came from North Bay and told of paying one of the women \$5. Another man said he paid another woman \$15.

"The men rent rooms and if they want to bring girls in I don't mind," Ming told the police. He appeared to speak English very well on that occasion. In any event the man was warned.

returned with a search warrant and in addition to Ming, they found Jacqueline in the house, also a Chinaman of 39 by the name of Philip Chang. He pleaded not guilty to a found-in charge.

Jacqueline told the police she came to the house to see the old man.

(Continued on Page 14)

## Rape Conviction Quashed Judge Misdirected Jury Finding Of Appeal Court

An appeal against the conviction on a rape charge of the 26-year-old Harry Edwin Bursey, married bricklayer and father of four children living at Markham, Ont., has been allowed by the Ontario Court of Appeal in Toronto. J. J. Robinette, Q.C., appeared for Bursey, while E. R. Pepper represented the Crown. The appeal was heard by Mr. Justice Laidlaw, Mr. Justice F. G. MacKay and Mr. Justice LeBel. The Appeal Court in quashing the conviction by a jury at Toronto Winter Assizes, February 27th, of this year, and sentence to five years by Mr. Justice Judson, stated that His Lordship had misdirected

the jury. Bursey was acquitted.

Complainant in the case was a 17-year-old ballet dancer whom Bursey had given a ride in his car last October 3rd. The young lady conducts her own ballet school of dancing in Albion where she had rented the Community Centre in the arena and journeyed there from her home in Richmond Hill every Wednesday night to instruct her pupils.

At the trial accused was defended by Harry Rose, Q.C., while H. H. Bull, Q.C., conducted the prosecution. There were a number of unusual features of the case fully reported in the "Justice Weekly" issue of March 16th.

## Counsel Admits Client Prostitute But Denies Guilt On Vag. C Count

"There is no doubt in my mind that my client is a prostitute but I deny she is guilty of this charge of Vagrancy, Subsection C," spoke up a young law student in Toronto Police Court after Morality Officers W. A. Pearson and Gordon Mugford had given evidence regarding observations they had taken up on the activities of the 22-year-old Jean Fortner alias Johnston in the tenderloin. Being a common prostitute or night walker and failing to give a good account of herself was the sum and substance of the charge, Magistrate C. A. Thoburn pointed out, after which he registered a conviction against the plump young woman with long bleached hair.

Crown Counsel Stanton B. Hogg then revealed that she had been convicted on February 10th, 1956, of Vag. a, and on March 28th of this year of Vag. c. A fine of \$50 or 10 days was imposed, said fine being paid on the spot.

On another occasion she approached a police cruiser in which Mugford was seated at Carlton and Sherbourne Streets and asked him if he "wanted to go" for \$10, offer-

ing him his choice. For \$50 she was prepared to spend a whole night with him.

"No thanks," the officer told her. When she realized to whom she had been talking she started to run, followed by Armstrong on foot and Mugford in the car. They caught her at Seaton and Carlton Streets.

"Let me go home," she begged the officers, "I won't do

anything wrong any more."

"She was talking to men and I think I know what she was talking about," said His Worship when defence counsel said prostitution had not been proved. This was after he said he had no doubt his client was a prostitute.

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# 16-Year-Old White Girl Convicted Robbed 50-Year-Old Chinese Love

When John Citizen picks up his newspaper and starts to read about the wave of crime and juvenile delinquency that is sweeping Toronto, he learns, usually of only half the real story. He thinks and reads of poolrooms that are potential breeding places of crime and of grubby-faced boys or their "smarter" older brothers, who, given a gun, hold up and terrorize helpless citizens.

The other half of the picture, the half that is hardly ever discussed by 'nice' people is the part which the fairer sex plays. This was brought out forcibly in Toronto Women's Police Court last week when sixteen-year-old Yvonne Amos was convicted of theft by Magistrate Tupper-Bigelow and remanded in custody a week for sentence. This, in itself, is nothing new, but the evidence that the 'teen-ager' had been living with a fifty-year-old chinaman, Leong Young and it was from him that the goods were stolen, added an extra touch of sensationalism to the case.

The accused is the type of girl that one would expect to find in bobby-sox, swooning to jrooners, or cheering the High School football team on to victory. She is fairly tall and matured for her age, has natural blonde hair that reaches to her shoulders and wide and innocent looking blue eyes.

She admitted taking a radio, a suitcase, a bottle of liquor and \$20 in money from the complainant Leong Young and yet she pleaded not guilty to the charge of theft.

"He told me that I could have anything that I wanted if I stayed with him", she explained with wide-eyed innocence and righteous indignation. "I met him on Jan. 17 and went to a boarding house on Walton Street. He has a room there. There was another girl there but he got rid of her."

It was just two days afterwards, claimed the pouting accused, that the complainant made the rash statement which Young denied making, and which resulted in taking of the articles.

"He told me to lock his suitcase but I didn't do it," she

explained "I had seen the twenty dollars in it."

Young complained that when he returned to his room after being out for a short while, he found the radio, suitcase, bottle of whiskey and 2 ten-dollar bills along with his pretty guest, all missing.

The complainant talked with the aid of an interpreter at some times and at others answered the questions of Crown Counsel Charles Hamm and defense Counsel Onie Brown directly, much to the confusion of all concerned.

"He could talk English well enough to give this girl the key to his room in the first place", commented Onie Brown who had been asked by the court to advise the girl.

The accused sat in the prisoner's dock throughout the proceedings and pouted petulantly at nobody in particular as the Crown made a case against her. When the courtroom became rather stuffy, she removed her rabbit-trimmed green cloth coat and sat in a green and black frock, the gold sequins of which perfectly matched her golden tresses.

Young continued that when he next saw the accused on Gerrard Street, near Bay Street, he took her to the police station and laid a charge of theft against her before Detective William Perry.

The officer testified that the accused was quite willing to take him to a downtown hotel room and there, he said, the stolen goods were recovered in the charge of another man.

"You didn't leave him very much, did you?" asked Mr. Hamm.

"No," was the petulant reply.

"Was there a bedlamp in

## SOME EGLINTON HUNT CLUB MEMBERS "ALL WET" ABOUT PLANS FOR BAYVIEW CASE

"All wet" figuratively but "all dry" literally are a number of smart Aleck members of the Eglinton Hunt Club, one-time swanky resort for the supposedly equestrian and equestrienne-minded, who saw visions of restoring the club to its former grandeur but who have chosen a rather round-about way of going about it. The plan revolves around the R. Y. Eaton farm estate in the snooty Bayview sector. Said property was in the process of being purchased at press time by Don Springer, "big shot" of Toronto Fuels, who has acquired a fortune on the market.

The estate in question adjoins that of Springer's friend, Oswald B. Robinson, and \$35,000 is said to be the market price. Now this is where the Eglinton Hunt Club smart Alecks are supposed to step into the picture. They would presumably purchase the property as the site for a new Eglinton Hunt Club for \$50,000. Why the \$15,000 difference is something only a few people can explain, if they will. In any event, that is said to be the set-up.

And now comes the joker, in the form of recent Privy Council decision regarding legality of the Canada Temperance Act. For when the plan was in the process of arrangement there was the idea that a liquor bar would help defray the cost of the property, club house, etc., and leave a nice margin of

the room?" continued the Crown.

"Yes", she replied.

"You didn't bother taking that though?"

"No", she replied with downcast eyes.

"I'm afraid that I cannot believe her story", said His Worship. "Accused will be con-

profit. But with the Canada Temperance Act still in effect and the bitter opposition there is to everything smacking of, or should it be "smelling of," liquor in an exclusive Bayview district, can be realized that chances of getting a liquor license are indeed remote.

It may be, of course, that these smart Alecks have the idea that Don Springer will be another George Benmore. The first-named is big-natured Yank who may be induced to do something towards putting the Eglinton Hunt Club back on its feet again. For how could the club be able to purchase the property when it is noted that the balance sheets as of September 30, 1943, showed \$6,000 as appropriation reserved for purchase of a property, all allowing for which deal, financial statement shows a balance at debit of \$607.75.

With the chance of a liquor license apparently off of the question and a \$6,000 property already supposed to have been purchased somewhere in Bayview which will have to be disposed of, it will be interesting to learn what scheme these smart Alecks have in mind to raise \$50,000, at least.

What happened to money-making scheme in June of 1937 that involved a breach of the liquor laws and resulted in a 1,000 fine has not been gotten.

victed and remanded a for sentence".

According to Mr. Brown, accused hailed from Windsor and is at present living with her older sister in Toronto.

"She intends to return to Windsor", he said, expressing a wish that the court be lenient as possible.

February 9th, 1945

UP

With Disease Campaign need for public health important matter fight against

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VD rate continuing he reduction in vigilance.

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The province, for

Prince Edward  
Nova Scotia  
New Brunswick  
Quebec  
Ontario  
Manitoba  
Saskatchewan  
Alberta  
British Columbia

Totals by year

Prince Edward  
Nova Scotia  
New Brunswick  
Quebec  
Ontario  
Manitoba  
Saskatchewan  
Alberta  
British Columbia

Totals by year

BOTH DISEASES

\*All 1945 figures for entire year of both.

†Only to December