

# SUNSET



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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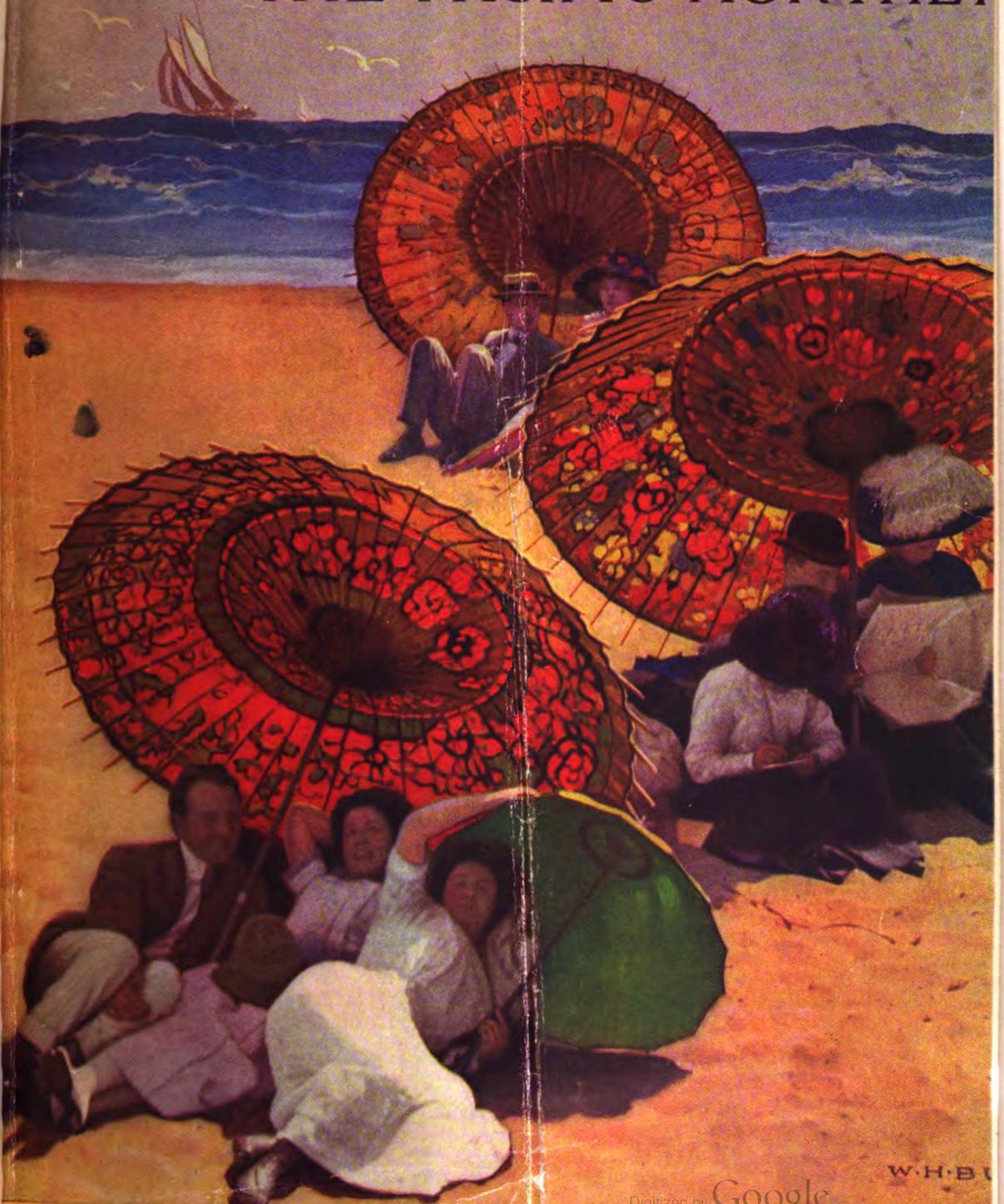
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W.H.B.

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VII LA 8 THE NEXT BIG LEAGUE

Mr. London intends to develop every branch of general farming, from the kitchen garden which already supplies his table, to orchards of the finest and best trees. His live-stock is already beginning to show its superiority, as his beautiful imported stallion, "Neuadd Hillside," was awarded a first prize at the Sacramento State Fair.

We are apt to wonder how one man can carry so much in his mind and successfully accomplish anything. The Londons have employed the same systematic plan of attack upon farm-problems that the author uses in his literary workshop. No time is wasted, no materials misplaced. One of the first things noticed on entering his library is an obtrusive sign which says "The books on the racks and shelves are not to be removed." Pigeon-holes and drawers carefully tagged contain notes and clippings where at once he can put his hand on desired material. By the side of his desk is the system of wire baskets which hold the completed pages of his manuscripts. Eight years ago I sent him a desired note on a poem of which he wished the name of the author. The other day at Glen Ellen I tested him for the point. He knew exactly where to put his hand on it. The London literary shop, or library, is a model of method, even if it does assume the aspect of a museum with its odd curiosities which come from many quarters of the globe where the Londons have journeyed. It is this spirit of method, this genius for effective work, which not only makes his enormous literary output a reality, but which makes the rancho, "The Valley of the Moon," possible, together with such an undertaking as a book on American agriculture.

It is, no doubt, Mr. London's thousand-dollar stories which make the "Valley of the Moon" an agricultural Utopia, for I much doubt if the "Valley" could, at least so soon, have furnished money for the splendid home, burned recently, or could have financed the making of the many roads and trails which run to every part of the rancho. Everywhere the author's practical ideas are seen worked out—even in the useful and easily operated gates along the roadway to the home.

There is perhaps no man in the West living a more active and varied life of usefulness and experience. Wherever he goes a practical working literary shop goes with him. It is the same, whether he takes a

Pullman to New York, or goes on the "Roamer" on tour of San Francisco bay—the body of water which has always been "home" to him, and which he has beautifully idealized—or whether he takes a holiday drive or camping-trip in his four-horse tally-ho.

In fact, it cannot be wondered at that Mr. London has the faith in himself to write the story of a scientific farm. Always a traveler ("I am Canim the canoe and my trail is all the world" says one of his characters), and always an accurate and full observer, he has had opportunity already to know more about how green things grow than many a florist and nurseryman.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.



### A Guardian at the Gate

WHAT has made it possible for Miss Donaldina Cameron, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission of San Francisco, to accomplish for that city the vast work she has done during the past eighteen years? In that period of time she has rescued hundreds of Chinese slave girls, literally snatching them from their owners.

For answer, one needs only to watch Miss Cameron at her duties. Clear and forceful in her mental processes, sure in her heart purpose, fervent in her Christian spirit, strong in her self-effacement, and winsome in her natural attractions, this woman has an equipment suited to meet the strange problems of her life work.

Nothing in Miss Cameron's countenance tells of perilous midnight raids, of flights with rescued girls through city streets and country highways under the firing pursuit of frenzied tong-men. Her refreshing humor and the buoyancy of her Scotch temperament have kept her eyes bright and twinkling. But above the ever-young face a crown of fluffy white hair hints the strenuous life of vigils and risks.

Miss Cameron disclaims credit for her labors among Chinese girls, declaring: "I was born with a love for foreign races, and for the Chinese particularly. I am simply doing the work that I most enjoy, and there is no self-sacrifice in that." No one will doubt that she is doing the work she was called to do; and no one who sees her among the motherless girls, counseling,

training, and loving them till in due time the heathen waif becomes the Christian woman—no one who follows her in her service can doubt that it is a service of joy. It manifests itself in the entire management of the Mission Home where today there are seventy of the rescued Chinese slave girls.

Miss Cameron, in thus carrying out her duties as Superintendent of the Mission, has become the chief means by which the city of San Francisco has succeeded in baffling the yellow-slave traffic. Her methods have been developed from adventurous experience with the cunning of slave owners. Each possible device of the wily highbinder must be conjectured and frustrated if a rescue is to be effected. Sometimes a slave can be seized as she is being removed from one den to another, but more often she must be searched for in the haunts of highbinders, in the very heart of wickedness, and there wrenched from the fiend who owns her. Such a rescue was that of Kum Lee.

Word came to the Home at midnight that this slave, fourteen years of age, had landed in San Francisco at noon and, held by a woman-keeper in a given tenement, had that hour been bought at auction for \$3000 and would be removed by her owner in the morning. Whether this child's life was to be one of degradation and disease or one of happy freedom had to be determined solely by Miss Cameron. Accordingly, by daybreak, the Superintendent, accompanied by officers and two Chinese girls, themselves rescued slaves, was searching a dark alley for the given house. The alley was one of those Chinatown runways where, on either side, vice is housed in high rookeries. The rescuers stopped before a narrow dark stairway leading to the given tenement. Stealthily they reached the upper story where the party divided, the girls, on whose alert intuitions Miss Cameron had learned to depend, climbing further to the roof to keep watch, while Miss Cameron and the officers turned at the entrance to begin the raid. In the outer door of the entrance a slot-panel went back, as the American missionary was recognized, and electric bells immediately warned the chain of tenements that a rescue was in progress. Officers' clubs forced the double barricade; the rescuers pursued light feet down a dark passageway along

narrow windings, only to hear a trap-door spring into place and leave no sign of its presence. Undaunted, the party searched for that secret door in the wall. Panel after panel was tested till the weak one was discovered and an entrance battered through. Here all was silent. Groping, they found themselves in a labyrinth of passageways. These enclosed empty rooms which, again, enclosed cells. Somewhere in floor or wall a secret pocket held the slave girl. For six hours they fingered walls for hidden springs, but found none. Then the officers, believing further effort useless, left, promising to send a new force at the noon shift.

It was the moment for highbinders to do their work. This fact the girls on the roof knew, and to them Miss Cameron went for advice. One maiden, peering over the cornice, saw in the alley below two slave-owners in excited conversation, casting anxious glances upward. The next instant, on the roof adjacent, a trap-door lifted, a head appeared, then suddenly dropped below. The slave was in the next building and would be removed through the roof. The game was now one of moments only. To retrace her way to the dividing wall between the buildings was Miss Cameron's only chance. There she discovered the weak panel and fingered along tongue and groove for the spring. She touched it—a panel shot back, and she stepped into a musty cell. There was nothing to be seen here but a pile of empty rice-bags and broken boxes under an old bunk. There she lifted, uncovering the terrified object of her search. The escape was made just as officers arrived with a patrol wagon, and Kum Lee was taken to the city prison where the officers made a hasty report of the case, and the Superintendent appealed for temporary custody of the slave. Notwithstanding opposition by two attorneys serving the highbinders, the missionary was granted letters of guardianship, and Kum Lee was given a home in the Mission just twenty-four hours after she had landed in San Francisco a slave, and before the blight of slavery had touched her. This girl is now a happy wife and housekeeper in Los Angeles, her Chinese husband a member of one of the missions of that city.

- The security of the Mission is the only avenue of escape for the Chinese slave



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. DASSONVILLE  
**Miss Donaldina Cameron. Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission in San Francisco, who during eighteen years of devoted service has rescued hundreds of Chinese slave-girls from their owners. Yet nothing in Miss Cameron's countenance suggests perilous midnight raids and flight from frenzied tong-men**

girl, but the Rescue Home is not merely a refuge. It is a Christian home, mothered by the rescuer; it is a modern school, where English branches are taught by its own graduates and Chinese by a native woman from the Canton Mission; it is a practice school in domestic science where the girls do all the work of the Home; and it is a

mission school, where religious example and instruction bear fruit in the transformed lives of the rescued. The girls leave the Home to teach in home missions, or to enter colleges for training as foreign missionaries, or to become wives of Christian Chinese. These Chinese homes are the centers of Christian colonies in the cities

of Portland, Des Moines, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland.

All who find shelter in the Home are challenged with writs of habeas corpus. Legal contests are sometimes long drawn out, but the missionary seldom loses a case. The rescue of Yoke Qui provoked highbinders, not only to persistent resistance in the courts, but to a course of cruel persecution of the girl. This slave arrived off a Chinese steamer, the bride of an American-born Chinaman. As she stood in her beauty, strength and youth among orientals confined in a detention shed, Miss Cameron approached her with an offering of gay carnations, and whispered her word of warning. With a lift of the chin the maiden drew herself to full height and answered: "I am married. I do not need your help." Notwithstanding the indignant protest, a card of address was forced into the girl's hand. Two months later a Chinese man called at the Mission to bring a note from this slave, begging to be rescued. When Miss Cameron found her, she was in an underground cell cowering under a strong woman keeper. Before her owners began legal proceedings they so terrorized the girl with threatening letters that the Superintendent found it necessary to secrete her with friends of the Mission in the neighboring town of Hayward. Then came the great fire of 1906, when the household of the Mission was temporarily established in one of the bay towns. The Chinese girl ventured to return to the Mission. She had been there but a few hours when there was an alarm among the girls: "Lee Toy is here!" Miss Cameron met the highbinder as he was entering the house. Failing to force him out, and seeing that he was desperate, she led him into a trap by telling him she would listen to negotiations, and called her interpreter. Before Lee Toy was aware, officers had arrived to take him in charge.

Later, the girl became engaged to a worthy Chinese merchant in the East. This news reached her owners, and they straightway appealed the case which had been dismissed in the lower courts. This action, together with threats of highbinder tongs against the life of the lover, so frightened the young Chinese who had come west to marry the girl that he returned without her, but left money for her journey

when it should be safe for her to join him. The girl, broken-hearted, beseeched Miss Cameron: "Why, when I am of age, and have chosen my husband, should I be held here and again dragged before the courts?" In turn, Miss Cameron asked her attorneys "Why, indeed, should we force her into court—she is of age?"

The result was that before the writ was returnable the Superintendent had found a traveling companion for the girl, and allowed her to go East. When the case was called, Miss Cameron was held responsible for the slave's non-appearance in court. While she pleaded that she had no right to detain the girl against her will, and while two of the judges took a sympathetic view of the case, a third would hear no word of defense, but ordered the Superintendent to go East and return with the slave within ten days. Miss Cameron went East and found the bride in a cozy home determined not to return to the dangers of highbinders' threats. Then followed three days of suspense for the Superintendent. She exchanged telegrams with her attorney in San Francisco, Mr. H. E. Monroe; she consulted with a prominent judge in the East and, at the limit of time, returned without the girl, but armed with affidavits proving she had used all legal means to secure the slave's return. Nevertheless, the court gave Miss Cameron a public reprimand and demanded of her humble apology for her apparent misdemeanor.

Here is the translation, in part, of a letter from Oakland:

"Honorable Miss: I am a wretched girl. My name Yute Kum was changed to Tsun Yow: another girl with me is Jun Yow. We both kneel down before you to beseech you to help us; we remember last time you came to our place to try and rescue us but our keeper knew before you could reach us and compelled us to hide in the back of the house. In this place, one day is as long as a year. I often thought to commit suicide, but could not. I want to climb to heaven, but cannot. I want to hide under ground, but cannot. Your home is our only hope. I send a diagram with the letter. Be sure not to let any of the highbinders know what I have written. Chinese, first month, fourth day."

Upon receipt of this letter, Miss Cameron set detectives to work. They learned that the keeper of the girls would pass along a

certain street after dark, conducting the slaves from the day den to the night resort. The plan to seize the girls on the open street and escape with them seemed the only hope. Accordingly, the rescue party, each at a post of outlook, assembled at dusk. A signal was to call all together should the slave girls appear. The suspense was short, the signal sounded, the girls were seized, and a waiting taxicab helped to effect their escape.

After two years in the home circle at the Mission, these two girls are enjoying the proudest privilege of a Chinese woman—each is an honored wife.

Miss Cameron has already rounded out the period of time occupied by her predecessor in this rescue work. Although yet a young woman, and with undiminished enthusiasm, she has been giving services night and day without rest. Will some one rise up to carry on the work when she lays it down? LAURA BETHELL.



### An Empire-BUILDER in Canada

**B**ILLY" Ross, as he is affectionately called from the fringe of the Rockies to the Pacific seaboard, is as unobtrusive as his position and bulk will permit. He will talk, and with enthusiasm, of the problems of his beloved province, but on the personal subject of the Hon. William Roderick Ross, K. C., Minister of Lands for British Columbia, he is the despair of a biographer. His public record, however, speaks eloquently for him.

He is of the third generation of Rosses of Ross-shire who have engaged in unrolling the map and pushing back the frontier in the West. His unusual inheritance is that of the efforts of two generations toward the development of the silent lands, the filling of the empty places. He is a descendant of a family of Scots which for generations took part in the history of Western Canada. Like his pioneering forebears, who left their Highland home in a mountain glen to journey by untrod trails and unexplored rivers into the great lone unknown land toward the Pacific, as officials of the "Honorable Company of Merchants—Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," he, too, has taken his place in the task of empire-building. His broad constructive policies and thorough

business ability in coping with the varied problems which demand solution in British Columbia will form the text of future historians of this province. His wise utilization and unfolding of its resources have won him praise among his people; his forest policy has attracted enthusiastic attention not only in the Dominion, but in other timbered lands on this continent and over-seas; his inauguration of a system to deal adequately with the use of the waters is equally commended, and other striking examples of his work are apparent in the province, which stretches for 750 miles from north to south and has an average width of 400 miles.

"Billy" Ross was born at the Hudson's Bay Post, at Fort Chippewyan where his father, Donald Ross, ruled as Chief Trader. He has but hazy recollections of the stockaded log houses on the shore of Lake Athabasca, the Indians with pelts filed high in their canoes at the landing, for he was a child when, on the death of his mother, his father journeyed southward with him up the long Athabasca river and over the fur-traders' route to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, where he was given into the keeping of his grandmother. As a boy he watched Fort Garry grow into the great city of Winnipeg. He took his arts course at St. John's College at Winnipeg, and his B. A. and M. A. there; was enrolled as a law student and after graduating entered into practice in Winnipeg where he married Miss Leila Young and now has five children. His public career began in East Kootenay in 1903. Sir Richard McBride, K. C. M. G., who has given British Columbia its first party government, had entered upon that progressive business administration which has done so much, and holds the promise of so much more, for the province. Mr. Ross was elected as a supporter of the new party government for Fernie Riding, in 1907 was re-elected and is still a member of the Legislative Assembly. In October of 1910 he became Minister of Lands. His forest policy was inaugurated under the Forest Act of 1912. To carry out his forest plans he organized the Forestry Branch of the Department of Lands, and to cope with the proper use of the water he founded the Water Rights Branch.

It is his aim to convert the vast ranges, covering some millions of acres in the great central and northern plateaus, into tillable