

**RICHEST CHINESE ON THE AMERICAN SOIL.**

**Chin Tan Sun and the Millions He Has Acquired.**

**THIS BIG JIM A SELF-MADE MAN. HIS START IN LIFE IS MADE AS A COOK WITH A SCANDINAVIAN WIFE.**

**He Now Owns Lotteries, Canneries, Towns, Ranches, Gold Mines, Stores and a Finely Appointed Harem.**

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—The most remarkable millionaire in California is a Chinaman. His name is Chin Tan Sun, and he is the richest Chinaman in America.

Millionaires are not necessarily interesting. But here is a novelty in the six-ciphered class. Where else on American soil may be found a millionaire with a queue, who thinks nothing at all of owning whole towns; who employs hundreds of white men and women in his factories and canneries; who pays taxes on ranches, city real estate, gold mines and diamonds; who runs lottery games; assets a city charter when he wants to; imports contract laborers by hundreds from China; is a power in a highbinder tong; conducts a real estate business in Hongkong and several merchandise stores in San Francisco, and is a genuine Monte Cristo in his business methods?

Chin Tan Sun does all these things, and more. He is a self-made man. He is wider awake when he is asleep than many of the persons with whom he comes in contact during business hours. Some thirty years ago a long-legged lad from the Orient came across the sea to this coast in the steerage of a steamer. He had first opened his almond eyes in the province of Sun Ning, a farming district. Farmers in China do not live on the land they cultivate. Space is too precious. They bunch their families into compact little houses separated by alleys, and go daily forth to their tilling of the soil. In California, where ranches cover thousands of acres, a farmer turns a colt to pasture in a ten-acre lot. In China a man who owns ten acres is considered wealthy. The boy farmer had heard fabulous tales of the New World. They lured him from the raising of vegetables. He left his ancestral home and traveled to Ogden, Utah. There he went to work in somebody's kitchen as a cook.

But Chin Tan Sun, amid his new surroundings, thought of other things than bread making and store polishing and dish washing. He dreamed of wealth and power, though none would have guessed that he was other than an excellent household machine, content to go no further afield than the slip-slap sandaled feet on a kitchen floor would carry him, until he could save enough from his wages to insure the sending of his bones back to China should he die in the land of the white devils.

A girl of Scandinavian parentage, good looking and industrious, was employed as a domestic in a neighboring family. Chin Tan Sun courted and married her. They came to San Francisco and commenced housekeeping on Jackson street in Chinatown with the dollars that had been earned in the Ogden kitchen. Chin Tan Sun, keenly on the alert for an opportunity to begin the amassing of a fortune, conceived a clever idea. This idea was originating of the "little lotteries" scheme. There were at this time fifteen Chinese lotteries running in Chinatown. Each conducted two drawings daily. Chin put his idea into immediate practice, and brilliant success followed. He opened what he called the American Lottery Company, selling tickets with numbers duplicating those of the fifteen gambling concerns. He sought American patronage and white people began to play the Chinese lottery. He paid with instant promptness all winning claims, and in a year became a comparatively rich man.

Chin Tan Sun developed marvellous business sagacity. He bought a small interest in numerous stores. He learned to speak English fluently. His dealings were invariably on a cash basis, no matter how large the sum involved. He opened up a dozen gambling houses in Oakland, whose show windows displayed fans and punk sticks and bazaar articles in general as a "blind" to conceal the unlawful operations in the locked rooms back of them. He kept the police busy raiding his gambling joints and himself busy juggling coin into court with which to deposit cash bail for his employees who had been gathered in by the blue-coated arm of the law. Fines he paid with stoical indifference.

One day an Oakland judge imposed a fine ten times the usual amount in his determination to teach Chin a lesson. Then Chin showed fight. Through his attorney he had the municipal records searched, and the result turned Oakland upside down, for, to relate briefly, it was discovered that the charter was invalid; that the court in which Chin's agent had been convicted was not even a de facto court; nor would Chin consent to have his man set free, though the Superior Court itself, sitting en banc on the case—an event that had never occurred there before—wanted to dismiss the troublesome matter. And so Oakland had to provide itself with a brand new charter, while the shrewdest Chinese that the law had to deal with laughed in his flowing blouse sleeves, laughed and went on piling up wealth that could buy every little garden patch in his native province, and still have enough to burn out all the punk sticks that Chinatown could import.

During these years the influence of Chin Tan Sun had been increasing until it made itself felt with respect and fear, not only in the Asiatic quarter, but beyond its limits. He was a member of the Chinese Six Companies. He was one of a trio at the touch of whose yellow fingers the fortunes of their countrymen were molded, made and unmade. These three were Big Jim,

Little Pete and Chan Chung. "Big Jim" was now the name by which Chin Tan Sun was known throughout San Francisco. The long-legged lad from the Orient had grown into some six feet of very good looking, smooth-shaven Chinaman, better proportioned than the majority of the Chinese. In business matters he was regarded as the soul of honor. Said a man who knew him well:

"If Big Jim were to tell me that he would meet me at a certain place within the hour to pay me \$10,000 in coin I would know that he would be there if he were alive."

When Big Jim was starting one of his fruit canneries he went downtown and negotiated with a white firm for \$15,000 in materials. Then he gave directions for the supplies to be shipped at once.

"What security have you to offer?" asked the white merchant.

Big Jim drew himself up with scorn. "I have no security to offer," he replied. "I have money. I want credit of no man." From his pocket he drew a wallet, out of which he counted the \$15,000 in gold notes, and the trifling incident of purchase was closed.

Big Jim Town, a Chinese settlement near San Jose, was at one time owned by Chin. He also has ranches scattered over the State and coast-plates starting a steamship line along the Chinese coast. His wealth is declared to reach the multi-millionaire mark. A rich Chinaman lives his allotted time. His sons inherit his wealth and they do not abuse the trust. Obeying the commands of Confucius, they must pay all and any debts contracted by the father, but the father is not liable for debts incurred by his sons. A rich Chinaman attends banquets, where he drinks samshu and eats birds' nests, sharks' fins, seaweed and other impossible delicacies dear to the Chinese palate. He attends the continuous performance theaters. He employs several valets to care for his wardrobe, which is magnificent. Sometimes he is so fastidious that he has three sets of coats and trousers embroidered in the same flower—rich display of buds for morning, blossoms for the afternoon and full-blown flowers for evening. Incidentally, he acquires a harem. Such are the opportunities improved by Chin Tan Sun—not excepting the harem.

And what of the white wife? She is the white wife still. She is living in Chinatown in her own establishment, provided with money and servants in plenty. But she has never borne any children by her husband. The calamity is paramount to all others in Chinese eyes. Confucius has established a law that each family must have sons to perpetuate its name. So a wife who is childless gives her consent to the taking of other wives, who, however, are not recognized as such, for her place is never usurped officially. The number of concubines is optional with her master. The children of these women address the childless wife as "mother." For their own mothers they have only a pet name. The second "wife" of Chin returned recently from a visit to China. She has two fine sons, of whom the father is exceedingly proud. And the women of Chin's harem dwell together in such peace as possess the American feminine understanding.

Everybody remembers the killing of Little Pete when the See Yups and Sam Yups were at war. Because they were members of rival tongs, although personal friends, the enraged associates of the murdered one suspected Big Jim, he being a See Yup man, had put a price upon his head. Between two days he discreetly started on a visit to his native land, from which he is expected to return next month.

Chinatown is the habitat of demons that never sleep in the demons of hatred and revenge, lurking wherever the foot of a highbinder treads. Who can foretell the fate of the richest Chinaman in America?

**AMERICAN'S VIEW OF BOXERS.**

**A MERCHANT OF PEKING BLAMES POWERS AND MISSIONARIES.**

Says the Chinese is Not a Fool and Cannot be Bamboozled All the Time.

Mr. John A. Reinhardt, who is an importer and merchant in Peking, China, and who is well informed as to political and social conditions in the Chinese Empire, doesn't regard the present uprising as much of a storm. He seems to be inclined to place the responsibility for the Boxers' movement on the powers, and, like most Europeans resident in the Orient, hasn't much use for the missionaries.

"The crisis in China has come since I left the Empire," said Mr. Reinhardt, "and of the present situation, of course, I know nothing save what I read. I do know something, however, of the circumstances which have led up to it. I have lived in China for many years, and have always been as fully protected as to my life and property as if I had been in the capital of the United States. When I left Peking several weeks ago everything was quiet, although we occasionally heard reports of threatened uprisings of the so-called 'Boxers,' but I attached little importance to them."

"The whole trouble lies in the fact that the Europeans and Americans are pursuing wrong methods with the Chinaman. He is no fool, and the man who takes him to be one will find himself badly mistaken, to say the least. He has been aware for a long time that the powers are but lying in wait, like buzzards, to gobble up his country, and naturally this has engendered an anti-foreign sentiment. As to the missionaries, they may be all right, but they have a very difficult task in attempting to convert the Chinaman, who has had his philosophy, his religion, his moral code, and his customs unchanged for these thousands of years. He worships his ancestors, and when foreigners come to him and endeavor to persuade him that they were wrong, he refuses to listen, and resents the intrusion."

"Now, this anti-foreign movement is nothing more, in fact, it is not as great as the anti-Semitic actions of nearly all the so-called Christian nations. They have for ages, even unto our day, persecuted the Jews, robbed them of their property, isolated them, and driven them from one country to another. The Jews never went to war. Now, the Chinamen are in a lesser degree persecuting the Christians, and there is a terrible outcry. I am unable to say what the outcome will be. Certain it is that the allied powers can soon put down the insurrection, as those composing it are unequipped for modern warfare, and even the Chinese army is undisciplined and could not long stand against one-fifth its number of European or American soldiers. I do not think the trouble will continue long, but of its results I cannot speak."

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American and British Again.

The Louisville Courier-Journal finds "an interesting coincidence" in the fact that American and British soldiers are again lined up together for a fight with the Chinese on the very spot where Commodore Tatnall lacked the British so effectively in 1859. It says: "Tatnall was a Georgian, the son of a revolutionary soldier, governor and United States senator. When he was made flag officer at the Asiatic station in 1857 he had served in the war of 1812, in the Algerian war, against the West Indian pirates, and in the Mexican war. For hours he stood on a Chinese junk, watching the Chinese forts in Pei-Ho river pour a heavy fire on the British gunboats. At last he could stand it no longer. 'Blood is thicker than water,' he said, and flung out the stars and stripes, he gave the signal for action. He rowed to the British flagship, and with his crew took active part in the battle, which ended in defeat for the Chinese. Tatnall's conduct was in violation of the laws of neutrality, but it was heartily sustained by public opinion in the United States and by the government at Washington." The gallant commander was afterwards captain of the Confederate ironclad Virginia at Norfolk, but he was not sustained by the same public opinion and government in that position.

Uncle Allen.

"The trouble about onions," philosophized Uncle Allen Sparks, "is that when you eat them you have to take so many into your confidence about it."  
—From the Chicago Tribune.

No Door at all.

The "open-door" question is gravitating toward a proposition to take the door off its hinges.—From the Chicago Journal.

It Saved His Baby.

"My baby was terribly sick with the diarrhoea, we were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance, and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mr. J. H. Doak, of Williams, Or. "I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure." For sale by all dealers and druggists. Benson, Smith & Co., general agents, Hawaiian Territory.

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