

TO BE MASSACRED.

Ta Ka Wing and the Whole Chinese Dramatic Troupe Are Doomed.

Poetic Justice to Be Done on Them by Bloodthirsty Chee Ah Lung.

Confucius's Memory Has Been Desecrated and Blood Must Aton for It.

Every native American who dropped in at the Chinese play two months ago at the Windsor will learn with delight that the whole company are to be put to death.

The play which they presented in the Bowery, "Hi Lon Ton Moo," had such a fatal tendency to kill people of these swifter latitudes, so to speak, that there seems a beautiful poetic justice in slaughtering the actors.

This neat idea of arresting the histrionic careers of Ta Ka Wing, Moo Sung Jee and the whole *dramatis personæ* originated in the Celestial mind.

The Celestial highbinders conceived the notion, and they are going to do the actors to death with their little hatchets.

The highbinders of San Francisco think that the memory of Confucius has been wronged by this play in which injustice has been done to his lofty sentiments by "cutting them" to suit the Mott street mind. Next to gore there is nothing so dear to the highbinders as the memory of Confucius. They highbind strictly according to Con.

The rumor that some such scheme was brewing in the minds of the festive highbinders of the Pacific Slope floated here some time ago, but it was regarded as an invidious attempt on the part of the enemies of the manager, Wong Chin Foo, to hurt business.

Tom Lee, the distinguished inhabitant of Mott street, wrote to his second cousin, Kong Wong, 648 Sacramento street, third sub-basement, back, and received from Wong the reply that the highbinders were on the warpath, and meant destruction to the troupe that played here.

Chee Ah Lung, the Jesse James of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, left there weeks ago, with a double quartet of hatcheters, perfect masters in the art of knifing. They turned their noses towards New York, and will slay the four principal actors of the Chinese troupe.

Chee Ah Lung is such a desperate character that a description of him that would do the highbinders full justice would have to be written in invisible ink. He is a huge, deep-chested, thick-necked gladiator, with a hand that makes John L.'s right seem like the little pink paw of a baby.

The one thing to be regretted is that Taka Wing, the star of the troupe, had a very keen, correct impression of America, and especially of New York. When he was here he was interviewed by THE EVENING WORLD dramatic critic, who wanted to know what he thought of William Shakespeare and Sophocles.

He was gloomily reticent about these successful playwrights, but blossomed out like a laurel bush when he had to speak of Mott street and some of the aristocratic residence quarters circumadjacent.

He praised the Dutch-like neatness of the tenements, the sweet, refined luxury which pervaded them, and the exquisite gaiety of his countrymen here.

An EVENING WORLD reporter travelled forth to-day to discover Mr. Wing or die. He discovered him. He was in a little shop off Mott street watching the New York variations of fan-tan.

With the help of an interpreter he was translated to a back room and pumped about Adam Quinn, the blood-curdling alias which shelters Chee Ah Lung in an impenetrable disguise when he goes a slaughtering.

"Him belly bad man," Mr. Wing said, in his artless English.

"Do you think he will come here and kill you all?" asked the reporter, pleasantly.

A shade of gloom pervaded Ta Ka's ochre-colored face, and he made a lurid reply, which filtered through the interpreter to the effect that Lung would rather kill some one than eat birds' nest pudding, and that anyone who had attracted his attention had better take out an accident policy at once for the benefit of his widow.

"Now that he is on the wing," said the reporter, facetiously, "will you fly?"

"No flies on me," hurriedly replied Taka, which so embarrassed the reporter that he left.