

## A BOSTON GIRL WEDS A CHINAMAN

Another young white girl has succumbed to the charms of a Boston Chinaman, says the *Globe* of last Friday, and last night in the presence of a select assembly of Chinatown nabobs the words were spoken which made them husband and wife. The bride's name was Nellie White and the Chinaman's, as given in the application for a marriage license, is Moy Dong. Moy is a cigar-maker by trade, and is a near relative of Sam Wah Kee. The high social standing of the bridegroom made the event of more than ordinary interest in Chinatown, and, although marriages between white women and Chinamen in Boston are now such a common occurrence as to scarcely ruffle the outwardly calm surface of Chinatown, last night was a decided exception.

Early in the evening the Chinatown agony orchestra, consisting of eight pieces, was stationed in the front room on the second floor of 34 Harrison avenue, and the windows were thrown open so that the strains of the rasping fiddles, the different-toned kettle drums and the Chinese flutes could flood the neighborhood with the melody so dear to celestial hearts. Sam Wah Kee, the richest and best-known Chinaman in Boston, determined that his relative should be married in style, and nothing was left undone to make the affair a grand success.

Some days ago Moy Dong made an application for a license at the City hall, but was refused, owing to the determination, it is said, of City Registrar Whittemore not to grant any such permits without an order from the Supreme court. Moy was not baffled, however, and straightway made his way over to Chelsea, where he had no difficulty in securing the necessary papers.

Both parties gave their residence as Chelsea, and Miss White was put down as a dressmaker by occupation. A justice of the peace was employed to tie the knot, and was requested to appear promptly at 7:30 in a dress suit at Moy's apartments on Harrison avenue.

At the appointed time the company assembled in the front room, which had been furnished especially for the occasion, and awaited with expectancy the coming of the bride. She appeared a moment later dressed in a handsome costume of white material and radiant in smiles as she bowed to the company. With the exception of the justice of the peace all the company were celestials, clothed in the best togs and ready for a good time, such as only Sam Wah Kee can provide. The questions were put and answered quickly and the justice pronounced them husband and wife, and then left.

Then the fun began, and the band put extra force to their blows on the drums and the clanging of the cymbals, and the squeaky flutes played something intended as a wedding march. A table laden with Chinese delicacies was set in the room and the party fell to feasting and drinking the health of the couple in well-filled bumpers of Chinese wine.

The affair was too select for the presence of common white people. Even the "copper" on the beat who was investigating the cause of the great commotion on Harrison avenue couldn't get any further than the entrance to the rooms. A guard of Chinamen at the outside door kept reporters at a safe distance and one who was successful in passing it and getting in the apartments was allowed to remain there only long enough to get a glance at the bride, when the indignant husband, who can talk English well enough to utter a fair portion of the catalogue of American swear words, pushed the reporter into the hallway and shut the door.

The bride was charming, and appeared in strange contrast to the crowd of Chinamen who were chaffing exultantly. She is a decided blonde and remarkably good looking. Although her age is given in the license as 25, she looks much younger.

There are now over twenty white women legally married and living with their Chinese husbands in Boston, and in most cases they are young and good looking. They are scarcely ever seen on the street, and resent the entrance of white people to their houses, which are generally fitted out in first-class American style. Nothing can be learned of the past of any of them, although efforts in that direction have been made from time to time by Boston preachers.

THE PLAYERS' COLUMN