

HELL'S HALF ACRE.

A Report of a Tour Through Chinatown Yesterday.

Startling Revelations—Filth, Disease and Vice
—Truthful Pictures of Woe—
The Remedy.

Yesterday afternoon, in company with Captain T. J. Cuddy, of the police force, Dr. J. D. Hartley, and Robert Farrell, traveling correspondent of the San Jose *Mercury*, a *TIMES* reporter made a tour of inspection through that plague-spot of corruption called Chinatown, in the fair sanitarium of Los Angeles.

Turning into the first alley off Aliso street, the party, under the guidance of Captain Cuddy, entered a door of an adobe house, and their eyes rested on the interior of

A CHINESE HOUSE.

So familiar to old Californians. The room was six feet wide, eight feet long and about ten feet high. It did not contain five hundred cubic feet, and yet in this room seven persons, five men and two women, slept every night. In another room, 24x9 and ten feet high, sleeps forty men nightly, and this is a palace compared with some. When it is to be considered that one man needs at least 800 cubic feet of air, and that to be renewed three times per hour, this "Palace" should hold only three men. Then there is no light and

NO VENTILATION

In any of the many sleeping apartments visited yesterday, a fact which the Eastern tenderfoot will be slow to believe. A lodging house was shown where the sleepers were piled in so thick that "bugs in the rugs" were no comparison. This house charges a sum equal to about three cents and a half for a night's lodging. In some places where the doors were opened, little cubby holes could be seen opening into garrets where the occupants crawl in of nights,

PERFECT RAT HOLES.

After passing out of the first building in the rear yard, the first thing that appeared to eye and nostril was the filthy condition of the back yard. Putrifying dirt of all kinds was heaped up in the corners, while in one place a most horrible and disgusting fact was brought to light by the assistance of Captain Cuddy. By a back fence were

ROWS OF VESSELS

In which was saved all the urine that could be collected. "This," said Captain Cuddy, "is used by them as the choicest kind of manure, and is poured over the vegetables in the gardens." We mentally resolved to eat no more celery, onions, radishes, parsnips and other delectably flavored productions of Chinese gardens. A scientific examination by Dr. Hartley, revealed the fact that this liquid was strongly tainted with syphilitic diseases! And yet this fluid, full of death, is used on the vegetables in their gardens, and then peddled out in the streets of Los Angeles! This is the naked truth, which the *TIMES* never shrinks to disclose when it is for the good of its patrons.

CESSPOOLS.

In another yard was a ditch filled with impurities from neighboring kitchens running into a stagnant pool, which overflowed into a vault, which was so offensive that none of the party could inspect comfortably, on account of the terrible stench arising. A tall draught chimney arose from the outhouse over the vault that carried the disease germs away, according to the well-known law of the diffusion of gases. These things are a positive nuisance, in which the Health Officer to neglect longer will be positively derelict in duty. These cesspools were frequent, in fact in every yard, and one place in particular was so filthy that the offensive odors kept the whole party at a respectful distance, while one who climbed up and looked over sickened at the sight.

This filth, although frequent, was not by all means universal. The kitchens were all clean, a fact that deserves credit. Their bed clothes and garments were also clean. It is the crowding of so many together and the accumulation of filth in heaps and pools that is the evil.

DISEASES.

Many of the men and women were subjected to an examination of the mouth and throat by Dr. Hartley, and nearly all showed more or less signs of either present or constitutional syphilis. Shut out from nature's great vitalizers of light and pure air, they lacked vigor, and presented a pale, sallow appearance. There were a few found who presented no evidences of any such disease. In one room, away back amid the filth and fumes of opium dens was found a poor woman in a dark rat hole, where the healing sunlight of heaven never penetrated, and where the health-laden breezes of the Pacific never extend, lying upon a bunk, nearly

EATEN UP ALIVE

With the horrible disease of *gonorrhoea ophthalmia*, and no care whatever being taken of her. Of course this is a severe case. Examination of the mouths and throats of many revealed the fact that they were suffering with syphilitic sores. In fact it is the opinion of many that the assertion is not too broad that all Chinamen are thus more or less afflicted. And yet these men (don't) do our wash-

OPIUM DENS.

These are numerous throughout all Chinatown. The opium is used as an extract, a fluid thick and dark like molasses. The point of a darning needle is stuck into the opium, which is driven into a small hole in the pipe-bowl, lighted, and inhaled through the lungs, this being the quickest way of enjoying the effect. Several examples of the art were given by request. There are few Chinese now who do not "hit the pipe." The opium extract is retailed for about ten cents per thimbleful. The effects of it were seen in thin, cadaverous, material ghosts that were sleeping on their bunks. In one of the black holes, where there was neither light nor ventilation, a cat was observed perceptibly under the influence of the drug from breathing the atmosphere tainted by the poppy's fatal extract.

THE RESULTS.

Here in the fairest spot on God's foot-stool is a cancer that is fastening itself in almost the business center of our city. Hundreds of Chinamen living in a quarter, huddled up together without any regard to the laws of hygiene, their utter neglect of health regulations fast turning it into a miasmal swamp worse

than ever shook the people of the classic Wabash. The reason why the Chinese do not die of it immediately themselves, is because the death-laden atmosphere arising from their accumulating filth by the law of gas exhalation is carried to other portions of the city to breed disease. Three fatal diseases may spring from these Chinese cesspools:

1. Epidemic dysentery.
2. Typhoid fever.
3. Diphtheria.

Even the Joss houses are closed affairs. Their gods are evidently not the gods of light and ventilation. In the business portion, restaurants, butcher shops, stores, etc., were crowded as closely as were lodgers in other portions. In one store

A CAUCASIAN LADY

Elegantly attired in silks and satins, accompanied by a fair-haired girl, was seen making purchases amid the fumes of opium and the gabble of the Mongol herd. A few white men, with some shame left, were occasionally noticed to be hurriedly getting out of sight on the officer's approach. After a wearisome tramp through the labyrinth of dens and rookeries, reeking with the foul air, the opium smoke and filth of the moon-eyed lepers the party, oppressed, suppressed and depressed, emerged on Los Angeles street,

INTO THE PURE AIR

And sunshine of heaven, and as they walked up Aliso street onto Spring street, it seemed like they were treading on the very boundaries of Paradise, so great was the contrast with the place they had just left.

The resolution of City Councilman Cohn should include the city limits unrestricted. Let something be done at once toward removing this unmitigated nuisance of Chinatown outside of the limits of Los Angeles city forevermore.

Thanks are returned to Captain T. J. Cuddy for courtesies shown and also for valuable information.