HELL'S HALF ACRE.


Starting Revelations—Filth, Disease and Vice—Tragic 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 metropolis 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, 240 and ten feet high, sleeps forty and eight, 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 rug" 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 lane yard. Puddling of all kinds was heaped up in the corner, 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 ammunition, and is poured over the vegetables in the gardens."

We mentally resolved to cut no more celery, onions, radishes, parsnips and other delicately flavored productions of Chinese gardens. A scientific examination by Dr. Hartley, revealed the fact that this liquid was strongly tainted with syphilic diseases. And yet this fluid, full of leath, 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.

A CHINESE HOUSE.

These are numerous throughout all Chinatown. The opium is used as an extract, a fluid thick and dark like molasses. The point of a darting needle is stuck into the opium, which is driven into a small hole in the pipe-bowl, lighted, and inhaled through the lungs, which becomes the quickest way of enjoying the effect. Several samples of the opium were given by request. There are few Chinese now who do not "hit the pipe."

The opium extract is retained for about ten cents per pot. The effects of the opium were seen in this, cheerful, material ghosts that were sleeping nearly on their backs. 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 opium's fumes.

THE BENEFITS.

Here in the fairest spot on God's footstool 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, is because the death-laden atmosphere arising from their accumulating filth is beyond their imagination, or the capacity of the city to breed disease.

Three fatal diseases may sprout from these Chinese cesspools:

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

Even the Jews are closed affairs. Their gods are evidently not the gods of light and ventilation. In the business portion, restaurants, butchers, shops, stores, etc., were crowded as closely as we do in the other portions. In one store, a CATHOLIC LADY.

Elegantly attired in silks and satins, accompanied by a fair-haired girl, was seen making purchases amid the stench of opium and the filth of the mongol harem. A few white men, with some shams 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 cellars, reeking with the foul air, the opium smoke and filth of the moon-eyed lepers the party, oppressed, suppressed, depressed, emerged on Los Angeles street.