

to the children of men upon the earth. I do not need to tell you that this is the work of the Lord—you know just as well as I do. You have found out by the same general experience that I have found it out; and now, having found it out, it is our duty to lay hold of it and live according to it. May the Lord help us to do so, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A GLIMPSE OF SALT LAKE'S "CHINATOWN."

Salt Lake City has in its very center a "Chinatown." Not such a one by any means as San Francisco possesses, but one that is more numerous inhabited, perhaps, than any other district of the same size within our borders. About three-fourths of the Chinese population of Salt Lake—whose numbers nearly four hundred—live within it. But how, few people have any idea.

A few nights ago, accompanied by one of the best detectives of the West, I made as complete a tour of that section of the city in which the fellow countrymen of Confucius, the philosopher, reside as it is possible under ordinary circumstances. Of course, the trip was not undertaken until long after nightfall. Except for the uncertain glare of an electric light here and there, the city was in total darkness. Business of a legitimate character was over for the day and the utmost stillness prevailed in those sections immediately surrounding the Chinese quarters. Only the measured tread of the policeman walking his beat broke the silence. Quietly, curiously, and closely watched we made our way among the old shacks in the interior of the block bounded by Main and State and First and Second South streets. Here is Salt Lake's Chinatown, and our presence in it at midnight caused the Mongolians to regard us with distrust. Always suspicious of the movements of "Melloans" in their midst, they appeared doubly so on this occasion. As we cautiously tripped up and down rickety stairways and along dimly lighted passages eyes as black as night itself would flash out upon us from all directions and an alarm of our approach would be sounded. Instantly lights would be extinguished, keys would be turned in their locks, bolts be slipped into their sockets and bars be placed in position across the doors. Further progress in such cases was impossible. There was only one thing to do, and that was to retreat and make an attempt to enter an adjoining building.

Our main object was to visit their opium dens and gambling resorts. We knew that while our undertaking was not necessarily hazardous, it was very difficult, and that we could only be successful by exercising the greatest degree of caution. To obtain admission to the principal joints was not an easy matter. Vigilant and surly sentinels closely guarded the entrances which either led into large underground apartments or to peculiarly well protected rooms on the second and third floors. No one was admitted without giving the password or countersign. These of course we did not have and therefore were compelled to resort to other means. "John" is passionately fond of playing his

national game "fan tan;" he loves the dreamy sensation which follows the smoking of opium; but he covets money more than either of these, for with it he can enjoy them both. So with a few pieces of silver slipped into his itching palms and the assurance that we would molest none of the inmates we were given the sign of admission and allowed to pass without further interruption.

On the interior we were greeted by the proprietor, an emaciated individual who might have been thirty or fifty years of age for all that we could tell. At first he eyed us suspiciously but his distrust was soon superseded by confidence. A description of this place will give the reader an idea of what most opium dens are like. In the centre of the building were two large rooms filled with tables around which sat probably one hundred Chinamen engaged in playing "fan tan" and other Oriental games. Around these two spacious apartments, forming a square, were dozens of small rooms each having three tiers of bamboo bunks, one placed directly over the other as is the fashion in a miner's cabin or on board a ship. Upon each of these lay a Chinaman on his right side with his feet drawn up towards his chin forming a semi-circle in the center of which was an opium lamp, the yellow flame of which was scarcely able to penetrate the cloud of stifling and nauseating smoke that filled the place.

The work of preparing the pipe for use was an interesting one to us. The pipe is a polished stem or joint of bamboo about twenty-four inches in length and is often uniquely carved and costed, being mounted with silver or gold according to the wealth and fancy of the owner. At the lower and slightly larger end is an earthenware bowl, sometimes flat but generally round. In addition to the pipe the requisites to an opium smoking "kit" are a small wooden receptacle—about the size of and strongly resembling a student's pocket wooden inkstand—which, when full holds \$1 worth of first-class opium; a number of small wires which at a first glance might be mistaken for ordinary knitting needles, a cup of water and a sponge which is used to wipe off the bowl. With this outfit the poppy slave is happy but with it he makes himself miserable and his life a burden, the earthly existence of which eventually goes out with his lamp.

We closely watched these wretched creatures as they would take one of the small wires and dip an end of it into the miniature box described and draw forth all of the opium (which is about the color and thickness of cane molasses) that would adhere to it. Then the smoker would hold it over the flame exercising the greatest care as he did so that it did not overheat or burn. The fire causes it to expand to an extraordinary extent and form into a bubble which looks very much like a diminutive hot air balloon. A considerable quantity of steam generates within during the process and as the bubble is rolled upon the bowl of the pipe it escapes and fills the space immediately surrounding with a sickening odor which, strange to say, is quite different in its effects upon the olfactory organs from the smoke itself. The operation of heat-

ing and rolling is quietly and patiently pursued for a period of two to three minutes, by which time all the liquid properties of the extract have been evaporated and the substance converted into a soft and gummy though not sticky state. The opium is now in a condition for smoking and with the needle it is (with a hole pierced through it) put directly over and around the hole in the bowl of the pipe. If, as it gradually cools, the being rolled the opium again sticks to the wire the heating and roasting process must be repeated.

The smoker now inserts the stem of the pipe in his mouth, holding the opium over the flame, and with a deep and long drawn inhalation fills his lungs with smoke. Three or four draughts consume the entire bowl and each is accompanied with a peculiar wheezing sound. The smoke is emitted in huge clouds from the nostrils, the mouth being used only for inhaling.

In less than a minute after smoking commences the pipe is emptied and then the process of "loading" is repeated three times. During this time the fumes have been gradually spreading through the respiratory organs and are absorbed by the blood. Its effect now becomes rapidly visible. The eyes lose their lustre and have a dreamy faraway look, the lower jaw droops, the muscles relax, the hands drop and with them the pipe. The body lies limp and motionless as death in the powerful clutches of the nerve-killing demon. The only signs of animation are rather irregular though not labored breathing and an occasional fleeting and unnatural smile. Poor slave! Though his body is now bound by a vice that has made millions of his fellow-countrymen miserable, groveling and despicable wrecks of humanity, he cares not. His own mind is temporarily freed from the cares of this world and is wafted away on nepenthe fumes to a limitless dreamland. It is said that his mental wanderings are of an indescribable pleasant character, that he beholds nothing but a series of enchanting pictures of beauty and joy. This would seem to be true, but when the inevitable and terrible awakening comes his dreams are found by him to have been but interludes during which poisoned fancy has played panoramic performances on his stupefied senses. Then remorse takes possession of the mind and pain the body. These are the results of opium smoking and if the victim has long been a consumer of the drug he awakens slowly and with effort. He sees what appears to be a perpetual phantasma before him; hideous creatures and objects annoy him beyond endurance and he again seeks solace in the pipe.

Sick and almost sleepy ourselves from inhaling the poisoned air of the murky den we sought the street. The night was a chilly one and a few minutes' walk in the open air soon revived us. We had not yet finished our tour, however, and we next ran up a creaking stairway of an old fire trap, turned to the right, knocked at a door and were admitted by a Chinese woman. Though somewhat startled, she asked no questions as she was acquainted with the detective who assured her that I was only a friend. We were greeted by her husband who