

arduous labor the celestial seeks this "surcease of sorrow" as naturally as the white man seeks his ordinary rest. He crawls into the shelf-like cot and with restless eagerness reaches forth for the "elixir of life"—and of death. The surroundings cease to be dreary and oppressive, persecution and suffering are forgotten as he is lulled into a delightful dreamland by the richest melodies and most glorious visions. The sluggish nature of the Oriental may allow this condition of affairs to continue for years but the "Christian" or white man, who is tempted to such indulgence soon finds himself beyond his depth. The delightful sensations give way to horrible nightmares and soon he finds himself a victim to a habit a thousand times worse than that of alcohol. It is not long before the Chinese is smoking the little pellet by himself—the nature of the white man will not stand the pace.

One sees quite a number of rather attractive-looking American girls in this vicinity who it is hard to believe belong there, but from their familiarity with the "chop sticks" and general surroundings it is easily seen that they do. One of the "oldest inhabitants" of the section informed us that these once bright-looking young women were as much a part of New York's 'China' as were the Joss Houses and missions, and that it was only when the "black carriage," finally comes around to take them upon their last drive, that it is possible to separate them from the friends who have treated them with more consideration than they found they could ever expect to receive from those of a lighter color.

After visiting the "Ghetto," the Italian quarters, the Bohemians at their unique eating houses, and all the other celebrated sections of New York, one must acknowledge that Chinatown has them all at a discount. Even a few moments with a group of their cute little very doll-like children more than repays one for the trouble of the visit.