

CHINESE FLOCK TO PORTLAND FOR WINTER

RETURN FROM ALASKA TO SMOKE OPIUM AND PLAY FAN-TAN DURING RAINY SEASON



EVERIDENTLY A FAN TAN LOOKOUT

THOUGHTS OF NOTHINGNESS

ROLLING CIGARETTES

A REPRESENTATIVE BRACE OF LOAFERS

A TYPICAL GROUP OF CHINESE LOAFERS

A PRODIGAL'S RETURN

A MORNING CALL

IRRITATING THE DIRT-STREIN PAVEMENT

TAKING SOME FISHY BUSINESS

POUCHEMEN ARE ALWAYS GREETED WITH SUSPICIOUS

To observe the human cargoes discharged by incoming passenger trains one might easily conclude the population of China had become dissatisfied with the Flowery Kingdom and was invading Portland. There is not a train that does not bring in from one to a dozen queered heathens.

It is nothing unusual, however, just the homecoming of John Chinaman. During the Summer he has been at work throughout the Northwest and even up in Alaska. Now he has money enough to keep him in rice for the Winter and is coming back for a glorious old loaf. Not until the gentle zephyrs of Spring-time make themselves felt will John venture forth again. Then to the canneries and fisheries will he hie, only to return again with the first blasts that foretell the approach of Winter.

Its Populous Chinatown.

Portland, in admitting this questionable honor, must plead guilty to possessing the most populous Chinatown in the Northwest. In Summer, to be true, the Chinese population numbers only a few hundred, but at this time it ranges into thousands. For nearly all the prodigals are back into the fold.

A lively aspect does Chinatown present these days, especially by night. Only occasionally are white men to be seen along Second street from Oak to Ash street, or from Morrison to Washington. With both sides of the street crowded with celestials and the store signs in Chinese, one need not have much imagination to feel himself in China. This is the season, too, when John is at peace with the world. He has plenty of money and therefore plenty to eat, and the opportunity to smoke, drink and gamble. Drinking, gambling and smoking are his favorite vices. Every Chinese smokes—many of them use "hop" in their pipe—fewer drink, nearly all are addicted to the use of tobacco, and every mother's son is a born gambler.

Opium-Smoking Made Easy.

Of course, where there are few or no enlightening influences the fancies of an idle community gently turns to thoughts of revelry. The heathen who is addicted to the "hitting the pipe" habit does not have to look for his diversion. He merely digs up an opium laout, buys a few dollars' worth of "dope" and repairs to a little coop in the dingy upper floor of some dingy building, where he proceeds to revel in the fairest of dreams. Back to the beloved Orient he goes and becomes a ruler of men. His fellow beings lick the earth as he approaches and the Dowager-Empress follows him, no matter whether he may turn, with insistent proposals of matrimony. Finally he accepts just to get rid of the old girl.

Dream of the Pipe.

Banners of gold flaunt in the air; wined music sounds from every quarter; potentates crawl to do his bidding on bended knees, licking his feet to show their servility, and then—fate waits him back to a dingy little room. Fearing some rival will jump in and get the Dowager-Empress away from him, he hastily burps another pill, and returns to the happy scene.

A relatively small percentage of the blood-eyed denizens are opium smokers, however. Those idlers who are not, find gambling their pet amusement. The police will tell you there is no gambling, but nevertheless most any "tanqui devil"

can find all kinds of "chuck-a-luck" and fan tan rooms in the full flush of operation.

John is not a plunger like his sinful white brother. When he wins a few dollars he will quit for the night satisfied with his luck; and likewise when he loses a small amount he leaves the game. When not absorbed with some sort of iniquity John will assemble with a dozen or more of his countrymen and spend venting the outlandish lingo of China.

Cost of Living Small.

The cost of livelihood for the itinerant class is very small. Half a dozen of them will live cooped up in a room which any self-respecting dog might disdain. Without ventilation they will lie there until morning breathing air that has been relieved of most of its oxygen. The average white man would die of suffocation in such a place before an hour had passed, but the Chinese thrive amid such surroundings. The preparation of meals is not a very complicated process. Rice does for ordinary occasions. During Chinese New Years and when his luck has been running strong at the games pork, noodles, vegetables and liberal doses

of chop suey are added to the regular fare.

CHINESE AS MINERS.

Not Winning Praise From Their Work in South Africa.

London News. Now that the Chinese labor question is well in the fore, some account of actual experiences with the yellow laborers on the Rand may not be uninteresting. I have no theories and no facts, but I saw the first batch of Chinamen march on to

our mine's premises. I have worked with them, and spent anxious days and nights in helping to keep them under when they have broken out. What I have to say is the truth as I have seen it, told without prejudice or exaggeration.

To begin with, let me remark that the policy of mine managers has been to hush up all troubles. The full story of the rioting has never been told. If the Chinamen broke out and threatened whites or native boys, we were ordered to use no violence, even though our lives were threatened, and the coolie fellows soon learned that they could go a long way without being hit back. Secondly, I may say it was wrong to trust Chinamen with dynamite and other explosives. We have had some bad accidents in the last 12 months, and men have been blown to pieces through the careless handling of high explosives. But you can't get them to understand. Either their intelligence is a low-grade proposition, or in their complete satisfaction with themselves they have no room for further information. At the same

time, they hate the white men because of the accidents.

They are an unsteady crowd, to handle up in a rope or rope ladder from one

Utty is, perhaps, a better word than mischief in this instance. It was a rule in our mine that when a man had to climb

across to the air which they must have. Therefore, they down just as any other air-breathing animal would down under similar circumstances.

stage to another, a Chinaman should always go first. If this simple insurance were disregarded, some Celestial gentleman, quite unseen, would be fairly safe to take the chance of hurling rock or stones on the head of the climber. On many occasions these Chinamen have tampered with the cage by which we go to our work, and we have to examine the fittings carefully every time. The conditions of work have even got upon the nerves of men who have served on mining staffs in wilder countries than South Africa. The railway points have been deliberately altered on several occasions; small accidents have resulted, and big ones been averted by chance. Indeed, I think it fair to say that John Chinaman has no moral sense at all as we Westerners see things, and he would not flinch from any action, however monstrous. He can work well when he likes, and is not too well treated by his overseers. Sometimes he seeks revenge. We had the whole camp out one night, because we interfered to prevent an unpopular overseer from being roasted alive.

DROWNING MOSQUITOES.

Why Oil Is Fatal to Growth of the Wrigglers.

Country Calendar. Mosquito larvae, or wrigglers, as they are termed, require water for their development. A heavy shower leaves standing water, which, when the air is full of moisture, evaporates slowly. Then, too, the heat favors the growth of the micro-organisms on which the larvae feed; wrigglers found in the water 48 hours after their formation will have plenty of food, and adult mosquitoes will appear six to eight days after their eggs are laid. Clear water, with a quick evaporation, interferes with the development of the wrigglers, so that a season with plenty of rain, but with sunbiny, drying weather intervening, is not "good mosquito weather." Inasmuch as a generation of mosquitoes appears to torment man within ten days, at the longest, after the eggs are laid; as a hatch laid by a female mosquito contains from 200 to 400 eggs; as from each egg may issue a larva or wriggler which in six days will be an adult mosquito on the wing—it is to the destruction of the larvae that attention should be directed. The larva is a slender organism, white or gray in color, comprising eight segments. The last of these parts is in the form of a tube, through which the wriggler breathes. Although its habitat is the water, it must come to the surface to breathe, therefore its natural position is head down and tail, or respiratory tube, up. Now, if oil is spread on the surface of a pool inhabited by mosquito larvae, the wrigglers are denied