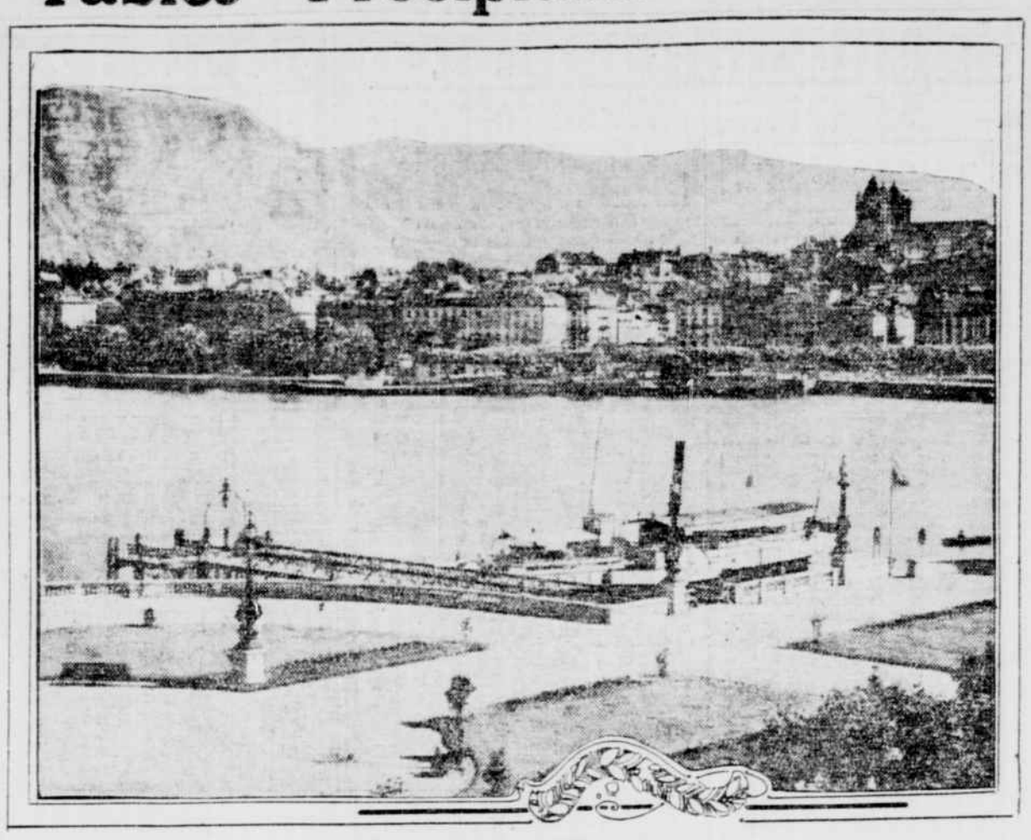
Geneva's Gambling Tables Precipitate a Swiss Constitutional Crisis

A New Monte Carlo Has Sprung Up on the Beautiful Shore of Lake Leman.

Man Responsible for Them, M. Marquet, Was Always Considered King Leopold's Evil Genius.



A VIEW OF GENEVA AND LAKE LEMAN.

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Of the many sinister memories of Leopold II of Belgium there is none more unsavory than that of the spectacle which he presented, during the closing years of his life, strolling up and down the "plage" at Ostend with a man named Marquet, who may justly be described as having been his evil genius. Marquet is an individual of international fame, or, rather, I should say, infamy. For he has been for some years past the head and moving spirit of a great public gambling table trust, the network of which has spread not only to various parts of Europe, but even to the Orient, while it is asserted that he contemplates an extension of the field of his nefarious enterprise to certain of the West Indian islands and to several of the Latin republics of Central and South America.

Marquet first came to the fore as the leader of the syndicate owning the various public gambling establishments at Namur, Spa and particularly at Ostend. He enjoyed in a very marked degree the favor and good will of Leopold, for the latter was largely interested in real estate speculations at Ostend, and the very big concourse of foreigners attracted from everywhere by the gambling tables naturally served to increase the value of land.

In course of time Ostend came to have an even worse reputation than Monte Carlo. For, whereas at the latter place one has some guarantee of relative fair play, Marquet's Casino at Ostend was, according to "The London Saturday Review," a "public, ill managed, vice pervaded gambling hell of the most infamous description, with all the scandals and shames of Monte Carlo about it and without any of the financial honesty and outward decency which are maintained there."

BLACKLEGS AND VICTIMS.

These public gambling establishments always have the effect of attracting not only rich people on careless pleasure bent and eager for the amusement and excitement of endeavoring to "break the bank," but also all the birds of prey who fatten on these votaries of fickle fortune. Cheek by jowl with the millionaire will be found the adventuress, the demi-mondaine, the chevalier d'industrie, the well born, well mannered and well dressed blackleg and the "fine fleur" of the criminal classes.

Eventually the people of Belgium became alive to the reproach of Spa, of Namur, and in particular of Ostend, in the eyes of the civilized world. The respectable element of the population asserted itself, and, despite the open opposition thereto of King Leopold, laws of the most drastic description were enacted by the national legislature, prohibiting gambling. They had the effect of causing Marquet and his associates to operate their tables in so-called "cercles privés" (private clubs) instead of in public casinos, the only difference being that instead of going directly to the tables at the casino the stranger desirous of trying his luck had first to get a card of membership of the club, which was accorded to him without the slightest question or difficulty.

Thanks to this artifice Marquet was able to continue his operations at Ostend until the beginning of the present reign. Owing to the attitude of King Leopold, the authorities were reluctant to interfere. In Belgium, as elsewhere on the Continent, judges, magistrates and police officials are dependent on the sovereign for honors, decorations, promotions, etc., in fact, for everything dear to themselves and to their womenkind. Moreover, they are shockingly underpaid, and under the circumstances they were reluctant to incur the displeasure of the one man to whom they had to look for everything, both in the way of good and evil fortune.

So utterly shameless was Leopold about any interference with the gambling hell enterprises at Ostend that he actually on one memorable occasion availed himself of a New Year's reception of the judiciary and other dignitaries of the crown to assail with vehement reproaches a magistrate who had been so tactless as to imagine that he was serving his sovereign by enforcing the laws of the land with regard to gambling. Leopold informed him then and there that what with his lack of judgment, his stupidity, and his want of common sense, he was completely wrecking the prosperity of Ostend, and a couple of weeks later the unfortunate man was transferred to another less lucrative and less important post, at the instance of the King.

As soon as ever Albert succeeded to the throne, he proceeded to make it abundantly clear to the world that he had nothing but sentiments of profound aversion for Marquet and for his ventures, and at his personal instigation Marquet's "Cercle Privé," in the great casino at Ostend, was raided by the police under the command of the "procureur general" (district attorney) of the Province of Ghent, who confiscated all the money on the tables, as well as the gambling paraphernalia, the furniture, books, etc. They also placed under arrest the managers of the club. On the same night other squads of police, under the direction of the assistant district attorneys of Ghent, visited the leading hotels, made a thorough domiciliary search of the rooms from cellar to garret, confiscated every roulette wheel that could be found, and put a stop to all card playing that bore the least appearance of gambling. In fact, King Albert gave it thoroughly to be understood on that occasion that he intended to have the laws against gambling strictly observed in his dominions, and nowhere more so than at Ostend, which is his summer residence.

If I call attention to Marquet it is because he has just brought about something very much akin to a constitutional crisis in Switzerland, where some of the cantons—that is to say, the sovereign states of the confederation—are openly defying the federal government on the subject of Marquet's gambling establishments within their borders. The federal constitution, as revised and amended in May, 1874, strictly forbids anything in the nature of gambling establishments, and declared that all institutions of the kind should go out of existence by December 31, 1877, no matter what contracts or agreements they might have with cantonal or municipal governments.

This amendment of the constitution was duly put into force. But within three years after its becoming operative public gambling establishments started up again in Switzerland, first and foremost in Geneva. Lucerne, Montreux, Interlaken and other towns and cities frequented by foreign visitors followed suit. At first the gambling took the familiar form of the so-called "petits chevaux" (little horses), from which to the ordinary roulette wheel there is but a step, that was soon taken, and for a number of years past gambling of the same kind as that formerly in vogue at Ostend has been carried on at the public casinos of the towns and cities concerned.

In the beginning these establishments were run independently of one another, but about six years ago Marquet and his syndicate, in which King Leopold was financially interested to a large extent, managed to acquire control of the entire string of casinos where public gambling was carried on in Switzerland, and ever since they have all been subject to his direction, the employes and croupiers being almost in every instance natives of Nice, who have received their technical education either at Monte Carlo or at Ostend.

Notwithstanding the old familiar proverb of "Point d'argent, point de Suisse" (no money, no Swiss), and which insinuates that the citizens of the Helvetian republic are ready to do anything for the sake of money, there is a very large element in the population, probably the larger portion thereof, which is averse to public gambling as a means of local prosperity, and to which wealth from tainted sources is unwelcome. This respectable element has long protested against the failure of the federal government to enforce honestly the 1874 amendment of the national constitution against public gambling. The federal authorities declared that they hesitated to act, first of all, because they were afraid of becoming involved in contentions with the cantonal governments, which are extremely jealous of their independence and always complaining of federal interference and encroachment; and, second, because the view of a moiety of the legislature was averse to the application of the amendment. This latter condition of affairs is perhaps due to the fact that no calling is more extensively represented in the Helvetian Parliament at Berne than that of proprietor of hotels and pensions (boarding houses), that is to say, a class of people who consider it necessary to offer some kind of attraction and pastime to their foreign patrons beyond the mere contemplation of Alpine scenery.

Last spring, however, the public gambling at Geneva assumed such proportions and the condition of affairs there, as a second Ostend, developed into so much of a national and international reproach, that the federal government was compelled to intervene, and closed the "Cercle des Etrangers" (Foreigners' Club), in the Geneva Casino, on the ground that it was a public gambling establishment and constituted a flagrant contravention of the national constitution.

No attempt was made to maintain the club in question in the Casino itself, but a large adjacent building was purchased, and there the Cercle des Etrangers has been reopened, with all its roulette wheels, tables and other gambling paraphernalia. In fact, the public gambling establishment continues to exist just the same as before, and actually under the same name, with only this difference, that instead of being located in the Casino it is quartered in an adjoining building of its own, opening on to the street. Not only have the cantonal and municipal authorities of Geneva given their sanction to the enterprise, but they have even gone so far as to intimate that they would not permit any further interference with Marquet's Cercle des Etrangers on the part of the federal authorities, whom they are virtually defying in the matter. It remains to be seen whether or not the central government at Berne will tamely submit to this revolt against its constitutional power or will take steps to compel obedience to the federal laws, even by armed force if necessary.

If the cantonal and Genevese authorities are so set upon defending Marquet it is because he, like the Blanc-Radziwill-Bonaparte syndicate at Monte Carlo, has taken steps to propitiate them and also the taxpayers by making large contributions to local public works and enterprises, such as, for instance, subventioning the city theatres, etc. In fact, Marquet is almost as much of a benefactor, in a monetary way, to Geneva as Blanc and his associates are to Monaco, which only goes to show how very large must be the nefarious profits which this former crony and business associate of King Leopold derives from his public gambling tables in the city of Calvin.

Lucerne and the other places in Switzerland where Marquet's gambling establishments are situated are all watching with intense interest the conflict now in progress between the federal government and the canton and city of Geneva. It will depend upon its outcome in the near future whether or not the amendment of 1874 to the Swiss constitution relative to gambling is or is not to remain a dead letter.

With regard to Marquet's operations elsewhere, I may mention that some three or four years ago he obtained from the Spanish city of San Sebastian a concession for the creation of a large public gambling establishment, on lines almost identical with those of Monte Carlo. Marquet pays a rent of something in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 a year for his privileges, and in addition thereto he turns over a considerable percentage of his profits to the city. Roulette and trente-et-quarente are the principal games, and several new hotels have been built to accommodate the influx of strangers attracted by the tables. It is largely owing to this and to the very undesirable class of persons attracted by the tables that King Alfonso has decided to establish his summer seaside residence from henceforth at Santander, where his new palace is now completed, while his mother, Queen Cristina, who twelve years ago was successful in defeating Marquet's efforts to invade San Sebastian, will in all probability likewise abandon her summer château at Miramar, there, now that he has finally had his way.

GAMBLING PLACE IN CAIRO.

Marquet is also the principal owner of another public gambling establishment at Heliopolis, in the new suburb of Cairo, having obtained the concession from the Khedive without any opposition on the part of the late Sir Eldon Gorst, the British plenipotentiary, although Lord Cromer would certainly never have permitted anything of the kind. He has also concluded an arrangement with the Portuguese government for a public gambling establishment at Cintra, which Byron described as a second Eden, and which is undoubtedly the most beautiful spot in Portugal. Germany declined to permit him to open the establishments which he had created at Moresnet, the formerly neutral territory between Prussia and Belgium, and the buildings which he erected still stand empty there. He has been equally unsuccessful in his attempts to secure a foothold in the tiny republics of San Marino and of Andorra, and in the equally diminutive principality of Liechtenstein; also on the island of Corfu, where he actually opened negotiations for the purchase of the late Empress Elizabeth's palace Achilleon (now owned by the German Kaiser), in order to convert it into an Ionian counterpart of the Casino of Monte Carlo.

EX-ATTACHE.

WHAT HE DID.

An American tourist who has recently visited London gives his experience of the extent to which the "tipping" evil has developed at the big hotels. He went into the lavatory to wash his hands before luncheon, but seeing a notice on the mirror, "Please tip the basin after using," he rushed from the room, muttering, "No! I'll go dirty first."

After he had had luncheon he tipped the head waiter, the waiter's two helpers, the man who gave him his hat and gloves and the man who whistled for a taxicab. The vehicle rolled out into the Strand, and the American leaned back with a sigh of relief, when he was aware of a page boy running along beside the window.

"Well, what do you want?" he snarled savagely.

"A few coppers, sir—accordin' to the usual custom, sir," the boy panted.

"Why, what did you do?"

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I saw you get into the cab!"—Tit-Bits.

How Zapata, Morelos Rebel, Paused in Flight Long Enough to Take a Wife

Mexico City, Oct. 3.—There was a wedding down in the state of Morelos the other day. Reports of it have just reached here through the medium of various little state newspapers, scattering copies of which occasionally drift into the capital. The bridegroom was General Emiliano Zapata, who paused long enough in his flight to the fastnesses of the mountains between the states of Puebla and Guerrero, whither he has been harried by the federal forces, to take unto himself for wife "the beautiful and virtuous Señorita Maria Pantaleone Perez de Perez," thus eulogized by the society reporter that penned the nuptial account which has set Mexico laughing.

Zapata is the beetle-browed rebel who has kept the state of Morelos in a hubbub for the last six months. Every one in the state and its environs, barring the few hundred rapscallions who have flocked to his standard, will feel free to breathe deeply again only when his pelt, or his head, is safely in government hands. After seizing upon the revolution as an excuse for outrageous assaults upon life and property in Morelos, Zapata consented to disarm his men and retire to private life for, it is generally believed, a round sum in pesos. But he refused to stay bought, and a month or so ago insisted upon being allowed to become Governor of Morelos. The alternative he offered was rebellion.

President de la Barra declined to temporize longer with the man, and dispatched a strong force of troops to hunt him down. Zapata made a running fight of it, and now is at bay in the mountains, slowly being starved out. General Figueroa, in command of the rural troops that are co-operating with the regulars, wired the President yesterday that he had Zapata penned in, and would deliver him up shortly. On the evidence at hand, Zapata deserves the worst possible rod that the government may have in pickle for him. Probably he will get it this time. The absurdity of his pretensions to the governorship in Morelos, or anywhere else, is indicated by the fact that he cannot read or write, and that prior to a half year ago he was a common laborer on a hacienda. Gifted with a rude natural force, he has made an ideal leader for the horde of ruffians that follow in his train.

Here is what happened at the "General's" wedding, according to the translation of one of the printed accounts:

"On Friday, the 11th inst., at 2 o'clock in the morning, there took place in the parochial church of Cuautla the religious marriage ceremony of General Emiliano Zapata and the beautiful and virtuous Señorita Maria Pantaleone Perez de Perez, belonging to the upper society of Anenecuilco. The best man and maid of honor were Colonel "Becerra" (literally "The Calf") and the distinguished Señora Agricola Perez de Perez, mother of the bride, and special witnesses Lieutenant Colonel of the Army of Freedom Don Cestas Ladrone de Cuebara and Doña Gregoria de la Santa Cruz.

"The bride was gowned in an elegant costume of navy blue created in the establishment of the 'Babilon Mexicana,' the only house of business left standing in what used to be Cuautla. She wore around her neck four strands of beads of coral. On her breast was displayed a beautiful natural twig of purple blooms, and a chain of the same flowers followed the curves of her slender figure. Hanging from her dusky ears were two round pendants of filigree silver, the gift of the best man, 'The Calf.'

"A selected orchestra from the conservatory of Jujutla played choice music during the benediction of the mass. The entrance to the temple was made by the bride and groom to the strains of the national hymn, while without there were being thrown into the air bombs of dynamite, which added to the merriment of the occasion. The ceremony over, the newly wedded passed on to the society to receive the congratulations of the invited guests. The general, deeply moved, bowed his head for a moment over the muzzle of his rifle as if in an attitude of prayer, and afterward went and grasped one by one the hands of the ladies and gentlemen, who extended to him their most sincere wishes for his happiness.

"As the newly married couple left the temple the Madeiral army presented arms and played appropriate music while they marched to the house where had been arranged a sumptuous breakfast of pozole and menudo (fried corn and tripe), which already had been prepared by the authorities of the district. The morning was passed in friendly gathering, while choice music was rendered by mandoline and bajo (mandolin and bass violin) until 11 a. m., at which hour Colonel Tortolero, raising an overflowing glass of mescal, said: 'I drink to the happiness of Emiliano and his clota (girl). Within a year from now, in which time may they have two children to bring them joy, may we celebrate as we are doing to-day, but in the palace of Cuernavava.' (The latter part of the toast had reference to Zapata's ambitious designs upon the governorship of the State of Morelos, of which Cuernavava is the capital.)

"The bride received the following valuable presents: One turkey and a guinea hen with her brood, from Doña Celestina Coconmes; one wether, with four fine horns, from Colonel Tortolero; half a dozen fine black hens, from Eufemio Zapata; a dozen cows with calf, ten calves, four yokes of oxen, a bay mare with a good gait, a plot of ground and an adobe house, a corn crib with forty loads of corn, a Colt's revolver, a Mauser rifle, a beautiful metate (for kneading tortilla dough) large enough for ten quarts of nixtamal (dough), the gift of the bridegroom, besides many others, it would take too long to enumerate.

"At noon there was served a succulent banquet, as follows:

Broth of sheep and goat.
Rice, with Iguala sausage.
Tequila (native white whisky).
Barbecued beef.
Salsa borracha (literally "drunken sauce"), with colonche (a particularly atrocious form of mescal).
Turkey stewed in chili sauce.
Lima beans. Plain beans.
Liquors—Zarza (90 per cent alcohol). Lemon juice.
Preserved squash. Orange leaves.
Extra strong tequila.

"This social event is to-day the theme of conversation in Cuautla, where General Zapata has so many sympathizing friends and where arose his popular candidacy for Governor of the State of Morelos."

Has a Plan to Wrench Poisonous Snake, Cocaine, from Its Haunts Among the People

William J. Schieffelin Discloses Amazing Growth of Pernicious Habit.

Urges Stricter Supervision to Prevent Exploiting of a Vice for the Profit of a Few.

AMONG habits, whiskey is bad—to drag an old and worn truism out into the daylight and put it to a fresh service. Opium, medical men say, is worse. Cocaine, however, is the perfect intoxicant of the devil—the ultimate chemistry of the prince of iniquity and suffering. Its use, continued, when once begun, rivets the unbreakable chains of wretchedness and servitude. No cure has been found for the practice.

Often there is valuable salvage in a human wreck. Even the waves of life may be ridden again. An alcoholic drunkard can become normal, since his escape is always possible. Opium, hard fought enough, can be mastered. But the fate of the "coke fiend" is almost certain. The gates of torment have closed behind him. There is no turning back. On he goes to a frenzy and a torture that ends in death.

Yet, what have such vulgar and remote facts to do with a sober and busy people? Everything! Cocaine is a looming danger to civilization—the penalty the white man is to pay and is paying for putting the whiskey bottle to the lips of the Southern Indian. With the leaves of a mountain plant, the savage has offset his own degradation and exchanged damnation for intoxication. There is a price for all things, but that is another question.

Your son, sir, or your daughter, madam, may have had a concealed measure of cocaine half an hour ago at a store on the corner. You may be taking it yourself in medicine. School children in groups have unknowingly fallen into the habit. By it lawyers, physicians, writers and clergymen have gone to ruin.

The vice is not standing still. In the number of its victims cocaine is gaining fast on whiskey. There is tremendous profit in it for dealers—surreptitious pedlers, with pill boxes in their pockets, and now and then a druggist without honor or feeling. It can be bought for $2.75 an ounce and sold in the streets, in alleys, brothels and cellars and the halls of tenement houses for $25 an ounce. A confirmed user of cocaine will consume, either in powder or solution, $5 worth a day—if he can beg or steal the money for the purchase.

Some one has said that the most astonishing quality of the American people is patience. Certain crimes are meekly overlooked. Many nuisances are endured instead of being summarily abated. Hardly anybody wants to interfere with somebody else's plan for getting money. Moral inertia, too, is declared to be a national failing. Also property is holy. Liberty only halts in seaports and places at the line of murder, arson and open robbery. Freedom has some ugly descendants. Still there are many active and reformational Americans who realize their obligations as guardians of their weaker brethren and stand faithfully to their duty. Notable among them, though a young man with plenty of money, is William Jay Schieffelin, the New York merchant.

I found him in a quaintly old-fashioned establishment—an institution, rather, founded in 1794—that has passed in honesty and pride from father to son for five generations. Many managers, clerks and accountants sat at crowded desks in two great rooms level with and facing a narrow street in the wholesale district. Dr. Schieffelin's office is scarcely larger than a closet. When I went in a man was talking to him of a poor boy who wanted an education. The agents of several societies came later with verbal reports and written documents.

It was said that Dr. Schieffelin is the most active churchman in the country, a description he smiles over and denies emphatically. Even so, he is president of the Federatin of Churches, the Laity League and the American Church Missionary Society, and chairman of the New York Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Besides, he is president of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association and chairman of the Citizens Union, a strong political organization that sends a representative to Albany to watch legislation, and prints the biographies—some good and some bad—of those who run for local office.

Indeed, Dr. Schieffelin is one of the potential men in the social and political life of America. Yet his name is seldom in the newspapers. As a matter of fact, I had considerable difficulty in persuading him to answer my inquiries. Tall and tanned, dressed in gray, he looked to be thirty-five, whereas he is ten years older.

"You stated in an adress to the National Civic Federation," I said, "that Americans use more habit-forming drugs than any white race in the world?"

"That is easily explainable," Dr. Schieffelin answered. "The drug business is a very large industry. I suppose that half of it, in money received, comes from patent medicines. Americans believe in and practice self-medication. Some patent medicines, when in liquid form, contain alcohol. Others contain narcotics. Previous to the enactment of the pure food and drugs act of June 30, 1906, the manufacturers of patent medicines were not required to print on their labels the ingredients of their preparations.

"The fact that certain medicines contained alcohol or narcotics placed the retail druggist in a disagreeable position. To some customers knowledge of what they were getting would have made no difference. Still other customers would not have thanked the druggist for his interference in a purely private matter, and would have transferred their patronage to the merchant who kept his information to himself and minded his own particular business.

"Now, however, the druggist is relieved of all responsibility. The law compels the manufacturer to print the habit-forming ingredients on every bottle of his medicine. If a customer can read, he knows what he is taking. The publicity required by law has driven certain catarrh cures in which there was cocaine out of the market. Self-medication in the past, through ignorance, mostly, caused the use of so many habit-forming drugs as to become a serious danger to the country.

"The practice of breathing cocaine up the nose as a medicine, you understand, was a greater peril than any one outside of the drug business could realize. Before a person with catarrh knew it he was a victim of the cocaine habit. The law of 1906 has improved conditions greatly. Nevertheless, the separate states themselves should further protect the people. Morphine tablets, to be used hypodermically, for example, are sold quite commonly. The sale should be carefully regulated. Morphine is obtained from opium. All that a manufacturer has to do is to feed the morphine into a machine and get the tablets."

"What is cocaine?" I asked.

"It is a white, bitter and odorless powder made from the dried leaves of the coca plant, a small shrub that grows wild in the mountains of Peru and Bolivia, but is cultivated in other parts of South America. The largest crop of cultivated leaves is gathered in the Bolivian province of Yungas and is estimated at forty million pounds annually, most of which is consumed at home. Three crops are grown every year. Coca leaves are a stimulant and are chewed by the Indians of South America. Charles Kingsley, in his story called 'Westward Ho,' describes their properties very accurately. They seem to satisfy hunger, deaden the feeling of fatigue and make breathing in high altitudes easier, but they enslave those who habitually chew them.

"From the leaves is made the alkaloid called cocaine. One hundred pounds of dried leaves yield about ten ounces of the alkaloid. There are five cocaine factories in the United States. The process of manufacture is complicated and difficult, and considerable machinery is required. Under the present tariff law the duty on cocaine is $1.50 an ounce; on coca leaves it is five cents a pound. Formerly leaves were on the free list, while cocaine paid an ad valorem tax that amounted to something like $8 a pound.

"The annual consumption of cocaine is estimated at 150,000 ounces. The price to retail druggists fluctuates from time to time. It is now about $2.75 for an ounce of 480 grains. A grain makes an ordinary dose and is snuffed up the nose or taken hypodermically. The effects wear off in an hour or so and another dose is necessary. It is, so far as money is concerned, the most expensive of all drug habits. The users can and do go without food, drink or sleep. All sense of shame vanishes. If the victim can live through the treatment, change of environment and an entire taking away of the drug may effect a cure. Two young men who were sent to jail for six months for stealing cocaine claimed their imprisonment cured them of the habit. Continued use of the drug brings on chronic catarrh, loss of flesh and moral, intellectual and physical degeneration.

"Cocaine is used in minor surgery as a local anesthetic, and is so helpful in the treatment of eyes, ears and throats and in dentistry that its manufacture and sale should not be prohibited. Yet more than half of the drug consumed in the United States is sold to persons who take it as an indulgence. It was not employed in any way twenty-five years ago. The Commissioner of Police in New York found that the largest and most reputable retail druggists sell only from one to three ounces a month to physicians and surgeons.

"On the other hand, he discovered that a Brooklyn druggist purchased sixty ounces in twenty days from a wholesale dealer, and that an East side druggist purchased sixty-four ounces in twenty-three days. Obviously, in the instances cited, the New York law, which prohibits the sale of cocaine except on physicians' certificates, was violated. Undoubtedly the traffic in all the cities of the United States can be measured to some extent by the traffic existing here. There are 2,200 druggists in New York. I am sure that only a fraction of 1 per cent of them are selling narcotics promiscuously, but that fraction is disposing of large quantities of cocaine, opium and morphine secretly, and, of course, unlawfully.

"I have heard that six hundred times more cocaine is consumed in Philadelphia than is required by physicians, surgeons and dentists. The figures for Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis would probably be just as alarming. Cocaine is used by criminals, negroes and the inhabitants of 'red light' districts. Dr. Hamilton Wright, of the opium commission, truly says that it is the most threatening of the drug habits that has ever been introduced into the United States."

"How should the different states regulate the traffic in cocaine?" I asked.

"The manufacturer and wholesale dealer lists are required to keep a record of the cocaine they sell, including the names of the purchasers, the dates and amounts of the purchases and even the names of the clerks who make the sales. Nor can cocaine be sold except to licensed pharmacists, physicians and dentists. Nevertheless, large quantities are untraceable by reason of exports from London and Hamburg. I have suggested, therefore, that the tariff on cocaine be made so high as to be prohibitory and that the American product be placed under federal regulation exercised by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. I would put cocaine in the list with whiskey and tobacco, tax it and thus compel to the extent of knowing the names and locations of all makers and dealers.

"When used in surgery or dentistry cocaine is applied in very small quantities, a few drops of a 2 per cent or a 1 per cent solution being sufficient. The thirty thousand dentists in the United States may easily use an ounce a year in their practice. Surgeons and oculists may require as much more. Sixty thousand ounces can be consumed in lawful and regular ways. Were my suggestion carried out the price of cocaine might be slightly increased, for an only a penny's worth is required for an operation, the advance in cost would not make any difference to the patient.

"I think there should be a department of public health, administered by a man of Cabinet rank. The Department of Agriculture issues bulletins about farming and the diseases of livestock. They are of value to our people and are universally read. Horses, cows, sheep, pigs and poultry are important as food and for work. But man is more important. We often overlook health in our eagerness for wealth. If bulletins could be written and distributed by the government in Washington about the danger of acquiring the drug habit through the practice of self-medication the facts would be startling, and I am sure that they would be of immense benefit to the public.

"As I have said, dealers everywhere in opium, morphine, cocaine and all habit-forming drugs should be licensed and the Red, just as are distillers, brewers, saloon keepers and the makers of and dealers in tobacco. If that were the law if changes a package of opium or cocaine could be traced by identification marks from the manufacturer or importer to the wholesale dealer and then to the retailer. When a retail dealer purchased larger quantities of any of these drugs than his medical trade seemed to require the fact could be ascertained by the local officers of the law.

DR. W. JAY SCHIEFFELIN.

AN OPIUM DEN KEPT BY A NEW YORK CHINAMAN AND HIS WHITE WIFE FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF WHITE OR YELLOW PATRONS.

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