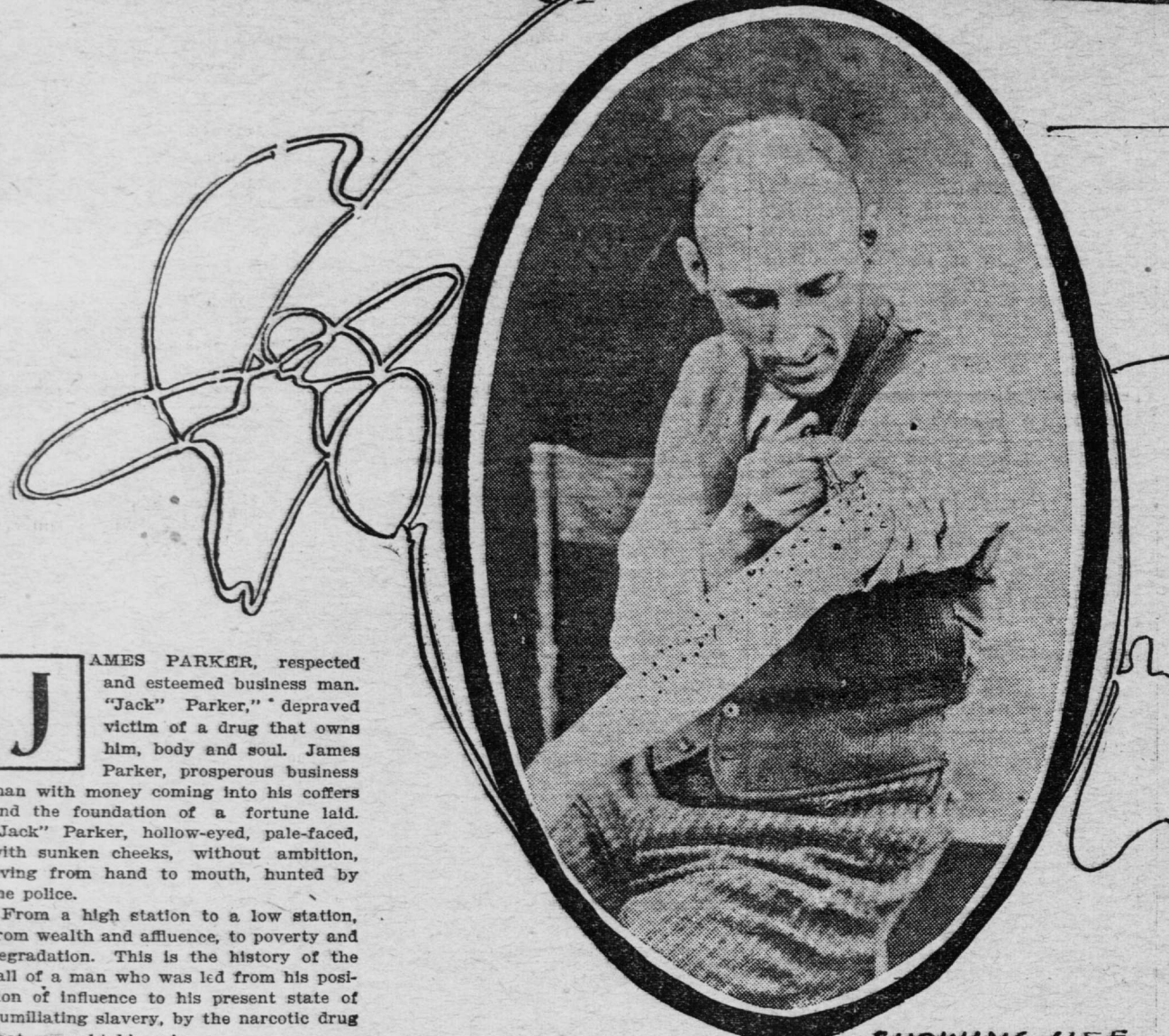


HOW NARCOtic DRUGS ARE UNDOING A MAN'S LIFE.

THE SENSATIONS OF THE OPIATE VICTIM.



JAMES PARKER, respected and esteemed business man, "Jack" Parker, a depraved victim of a drug that owns him, body and soul. James Parker, prosperous business man with money coming into his coffers and the foundation of a fortune laid. "Jack" Parker, hollow-eyed, pale-faced, with sunken cheeks, without ambition, living from hand to mouth, hunted by the police.

From a high station to a low station, from wealth and affluence, to poverty and degradation. This is the history of the fall of a man who was led from his position of influence to his present state of humiliating slavery, by the narcotic drug that wrought his ruin.

Ten years ago James Parker was graduated from the University of Tennessee. He became a business man, entering into partnership with his wealthy father, and gave promise of a successful business career. He fell a victim to the potent, insidious charms of morphine; his fortune withered away; his prestige vanished; his manhood fell away from him and he became a tramp, shuddering at the sound of his own name, a seeker of shadows, a lover of solitude and the drugs that held him in bonds of abject slavery.

Once he reformed. He married a beautiful woman, but the strenuous work of morphine and cocaine wooed him from the arms of his wife and sent him out again a wanderer on the face of the earth. Broken-hearted, the woman who had married him sickened and died. From that moment the "Dr. Jeckyl" of James Parker was banished and the "Mr. Hyde" of "Jack" Parker asserted itself, and became predominant.

He plunged upon the career of a gambler; from the gambling game to the opium joint was only a step; from the opium joint to the use of cocaine injector was only another step.

Today the James Parker, well-known throughout the state of Tennessee, has ceased to exist, and "Jack" Parker, hunted by the police, has appeared in his stead.

This is the story he relates himself:

By James Parker.

I have been asked to give my personal experience with opium, morphine, cocaine and hashish or Indian hemp. The first two are narcotic in effect and tend to soothe and quiet the nerves; whereas the latter two irritate and excite. I have used them all and therefore am in a position to speak truthfully and honestly in regard to the effects of the different drugs. I shall not exaggerate nor belittle a single word. The old saw about those that dance must pay the fiddler holds good in my case, as I am certainly paying him dearly for my early dancing, but I have no one to blame but myself, so there is no use crying over spilt milk, but look to the future to build up and blot out the past.

If this story will be the means of saving one soul from hell on earth I shall feel amply rewarded for my work.

To begin, I don't believe there is or ever was a human being that deliberately acquired the morphine or opium habit from choice of his own personal pleasure. The beginning can always be traced back to one or more of the following causes: The first and most common is from being given by physicians to allay severe pain or produce sleep and rest to weak and emaciated patients. Again, patients begin taking the drugs themselves for the same causes, of course, the desired results follow, as the powerful drugs place the patient in such ease and comfort, both physically and mentally, that it is kept up day after day till at last he realizes the terrible truth. He has the habit and must have the drug. Then, again, it is an accumulating habit. He finds that the use must be increased to acquire the desired feeling, until, at last, the drug acquires such a hold upon him that he is at the mercy of its demands. At that stage he will do anything to get it; he will pull the clothes off his back to get money in order to buy his favorite. If he should be placed in a position where it is impossible to get it the sufferings, both mentally and physically, are beyond description. There is nothing to compare to the suffering endured by a drug fiend entirely cut off from the favorite drug all of a sudden. I went through it and will describe the torture further on.

It must be understood that I only speak for myself, and as the different drugs affect everyone differently, Hashish, (Indian hemp) may take you from the earth and place you in paradise. There is nothing like the pleasurable sensation, for a

short time. One peculiar feature about the drug, after sleeping the effects off, you don't have the bad after effects as in all other drugs. You awaken in a perfectly natural state of feeling. Again, you probably will be in the opposite way, and have the most horrible dreams, and really go insane for an hour or so, but after the effect dies out you will feel perfectly normal and won't know that you had gone through such a horrible experience the night before.

I shall now proceed to give you a history of my introduction to the use of drugs. As I remarked in the first part of my story, I don't believe anyone ever deliberately began using drugs for pleasure's sake alone. I simply speak from my own personal experience and general observation, as I have been acquainted with all kinds and classes of drug fiends, and have never met one that didn't start from some special cause. In my own case, the beginning was through a physician giving me hypodermic injections of morphine, to cause sleep, as I had become very weak from loss of sleep and incessant coughing, caused by a very severe case of typhoid pneumonia on both lungs. After two physicians attending me and they had given up all hope of saving me, I was so low that night my friend wrote me the New York World next morning, as it seemed a certainty I would not be alive a few hours later. But the next morning when he called I had passed such a quiet night and gained considerable strength to battle the disease. When the doctors called next morning they were dumfounded to see such marked improvement in such short time.

Of course, it was decided that the morphine given the night before had checked the disease and given me a night of perfect ease and good sound sleep, by which means I had gained strength during the night.

That was the beginning, as every night I insisted on having my tonic, as I called it. Dr. Frederich called to see me every night on his way home, and as I would insist on him giving me an injection so hard, he thought more harm would come by me fretting and working myself up into such a nervous state than by giving it to me and allowing perfect rest. He gave very small doses, but it was enough to give me the pleasant sensations produced by the enticing drug. After I became convalescent enough to travel I was ordered South by the doctor to spend a few weeks. I went to Jacksonville, Fla., and spent two months, but I kept my promise made the doctor that I would stop using the drug just as soon as I was able to leave my bed. After my return to New York from the South I had lost my situation and began running with fast company. I got to gambling and, in other words, began living a fast and furious life, as they say, the pace that kills. I gradually cut myself loose from all my decent and self-respecting friends, until at last my only associates were the gamblers and fast women. I left home to live with a fast woman. We rented fine apartments on the upper West Side of the city and lived high from the proceeds of my winnings, as I ran a pool room for women and, of course, robbed them right and left. This kept up for about one year and a half, when the police, who had all along been collecting their protection money, pounced down on me one afternoon, arresting myself and all my patrons. We were all taken to the station and put under bond. The next morning all were allowed to go with a severe reprimand, except me, whom they bound over to the criminal court on the charge of unlawfully running a pool-room. I was out on bail.

About two weeks later my lawyer sent for me and my lady to call at his house. One night we called and he made a proposition to square everything for \$200, as I would not even have to step inside of the court-room. We told him to allow the night to study the matter over. After going home and talking it over, and the probability of my going to prison for a year or so, we concluded, as we had \$200

or \$200, to accept his proposition. So the next morning I went to his office and told him all O. K. About seven or eight days later we received word to call at his office, which we did. He at once gave us papers to sign, which I could see were orders of release and privilege to withdraw bond, as I had \$500 cash put up with the city chamberlain. We withdrew the bond and I paid the lawyer \$200, received the receipt and went home, never more to hear of the case.

Well, it seemed as if fate was determined that I should be a drug fiend, after two years of being without a drop of any kind and not even having a desire for any. On the other hand, I did not want to smoke, nor have anything to do with the pipe, as could see the consequences of indulging in the pleasure of smoking the seductive juice of the poppy, but at the homes of very nearly all of my acquaintances I would visit there would be the room darkened as much as possible, the tempting layout, with the little lamp, sending its mellow rays into the ghastly faces around it. It is a picture impossible to describe by words. One of the most noticeable characteristics of all the smokers is to exclude all light, except the small, ghastly light given from the lamp on the layout; even in daylight you will find the room darkened as much as possible, as they had rather endure suffocating heat than have light stream into the room. But that is only one of the peculiarities of a smoker, and one you will find all smokers guilty of. But every one will have his or her, as the case may be, peculiar traits.

It is very interesting and comical to go to an opium joint and watch the different characters. You will see all sides of life, and scenes that will impress you all your life. You will probably see a young fellow over there begging some habitus for God's sake to give him a few pills (that's what they call the opium when cooked ready to smoke), as he has a terrible yen-yen (Chinese for habit). You look upon him with pity and say to yourself, "Thank God, I am not in his place, and never will be." Don't be too certain about that, my friend. You know what fate has in store for you. I went all through the same thing, had the same feelings of pity, and made the same remark that I would never allow myself to get a habit. For over three years I was mixed up with smokers and drug users all the time, night and day, and would take a smoke for pleasure, but that would end it for a week or ten days, so I was called a pleasure smoker, as all such periodical smokers are called.

There is not the least doubt of one thing, and that is, I would have acquired the habit a great deal sooner than I did if it had not been for my mistress fighting me all the time about it. The first time I smoked she was on a visit to her people up in Maine. I shall never forget my first experience of smoking around an opium layout.

One day a friend insisted I should call to see him that evening, as he wanted to introduce me to a very nice young fellow, and also show me a curiosity. When the appointed hour arrived the rain was falling in torrents, with the wind blowing a hurricane, such a night as only New York can produce in November. It was a typical night to be initiated to what was to follow. I hated to start out in the weather, but as I only had to go around the corner, I went, and met my friend standing in the doorway waiting for me. We went up to his room and found another of our friends waiting for him and me to return. While we were talking an other party came, whom he wanted us to meet. Being introduced and shaking hands, Frank (the new friend) invited all of us to his room on the floor above.

I shall now give the reader the names of all the party. My friend who invited me over was named Horace Swann of Louisville. I shall tell a short story presently about Horace. He was a hummer. The other party's name was Fred Hare. Now we have all entered Frank's room. He leads the way and turns up the gas. Of course, my eyes take in everything very quickly, but I see nothing different than any other furnished room, only everything seemed kept very orderly and

clean, with a great many ornaments around. Frank goes over and opens the washstand drawer and gets out his layout. It was the first time Fred and I had seen one, but Horace had already told us downstairs about it, as he was up the night before smoking. Frank took the tray (a common tin tray) and laid it on the bed, then lit the lamp, and after getting everything prepared, he told us to remove our coats, vest, collar and tie, also shoes, so as to be able to lie as comfortable as possible. One of the main things to do when starting in for a pleasure smoke is to make yourself as comfortable as possible. After preparing ourselves to lie down, Frank placed us in a manner that we formed a kind of circle around the layout. Horace lay directly across from Frank, who did the cooking. Fred lay with his head upon Horace's side, and I did likewise on Fred's side. The idea was to have our faces as close as possible, so that we could see the cooking. Fred lay with his head upon Horace's side, and I did likewise on Fred's side. The idea was to have our faces as close as possible, so that we could see the cooking. Fred lay with his head upon Horace's side, and I did likewise on Fred's side. The idea was to have our faces as close as possible, so that we could see the cooking.

There is a great fascination laying around a layout with interesting company. I shall now begin by describing what constitutes an opium smoker's layout. He can, of course, have everything else, make it the most expensive. First of all is the stem and bowl. The stem is of bamboo, and you can have any dimension you like. Some are an inch in diameter and one and a half feet long, while others go as high as three and one-half to four feet long. The bowl is of a fine porcelain, and one and one-half to two feet in length. The main thing in selecting a stem or bowl is age. It is like liquor, the older the more valuable. A new stem is not good at all. If it so happens a smoker gets a new stem the first thing he will do will be to pack it tight full of yun-shen (the Chinese word for opium ashes) and let it stand a few days, then drive a rod through the packing. It will then be in condition to use. A new bowl will get the same treatment, only the yun-shen will be beaten to a fine powder and mixed with water, so it will run all over the inside of the bowl and adhere to all sides.

As a general rule, most smokers prefer a stem about two inches thick and one and one-half feet long. Both ends are tapers, and about four inches from the lower end of the stem is a small hole, into which the bowl is inserted, and you have a pipe, ready to use.

The balance of the layout, I shall use Frank's as a sample, only he had a lot of unnecessary articles on his tray, which was a common, ordinary tin waiting tray. In the center at the lamp, made of glass, and burned either sweet oil or peanut oil, she will be beaten to a fine powder and mixed with water, so it will run all over the inside of the bowl and adhere to all sides.

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is only about half full when bought, as it expands so from heat that it would burst the can if any fuller. A can sells from \$5.50 to \$8.25, but is liable to be higher or lower, according to supply on the market. Now, I have described all articles that are necessary to a smoker's layout. You can have all the little ornaments you like on the tray, such as fancy cigarette holders, pens, pencils, etc., but I think I have about covered all the description of a layout, and will take the next step, showing the preparation of opium ready to smoke.

Frank lay on the bed around the layout, all prepared to take a few puffs at the pipe and soar away into the land of fairies, where all troubles are left behind, when he held it over the little flame, began expanding and sizzling until it was as large as a small walnut. At the time he would press it against his hand, and then he would roll it back and forth, until it was as large as a small walnut. At the time he would press it against his hand, and then he would roll it back and forth, until it was as large as a small walnut. At the time he would press it against his hand, and then he would roll it back and forth, until it was as large as a small walnut.

Of course, the smoke will be inhaled deep down into the lungs, by which means the system takes up the drug. The same process to be repeated over and over as each pill is cooked.

Probably the reader would like to ask how many pills you smoke before you feel the effects. In answering that question I will say there is no general limit to the number, as sometimes it only takes two to affect a novice, whereas others may stand as high as six or seven before deriving any effect, but an old smoker can smoke anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five before feeling any effects.

Horace started the ball rolling by smoking the first pill. He had mastered the art of drawing in the smoke, as the night before he had been smoking with Frank. The next came Fred's turn and he had a pretty good time of it, as it being his first trial he couldn't get the hang of how to smoke, for every time Frank placed a pill over the flame for him to draw he would allow air to get between the stem and his lips in such a way he couldn't draw and consequently the pill would burn. When my turn came I had the same trouble at first, but got on to the way to do it very quickly, and after that had no trouble at all in smoking. I kept jumping up off the bed and eating grapes, also drinking water. Frank kept telling me to lie still, as I would get deathly sick. One thing a novice must not do under any circumstances, and that is walk around and drink water. He must lie perfectly still or get deathly sick. It wouldn't pay any attention to him, and after I smoked five or six pills, all of a sudden I got sick at my stomach and began throw-

ing up until I thought I would surely die, but after I laid down and became perfectly still I began feeling the pleasant effects of the drug, and what relief and such exquisite pleasure. I was transferred to a perfect blissful state. It is hard to find words to describe my pleasurable sensations, as I seemed to leave this old world of trouble and misery and was transplanted into a garden of Eden, where trouble is unknown and a penitence man changed to a millionaire. I simply lay perfectly at ease, both physically and mentally. All my troubles had flown and left me at peace with the world. I shall never forget the exquisite pleasure I received from my first smoke after I recovered from my sickness. Horace and Fred left and Frank insisted I should spend the night with him, so I undressed and lay on the opposite side of the layout, while Frank smoked and talked to me, while I lay with eyes closed, feeling like a lord, and the first thing I knew dropped off to a peaceful slumber, which lasted till morning. When I awoke the after effects began and I felt sick at the stomach, with the big head, steady nausea, and after drinking too much the water, till morning. All the forenoon I sat around the store in a drowsy state, my mouth was dry, with a very disagreeable taste, but toward noon I began to feel normal again, and concluded never to indulge again, as the unpleasant after effects outweighed the pleasant sensations. Just as soon as I ate my match cure, I think I have about covered all the description of a layout, and will take the next step, showing the preparation of opium ready to smoke.

When I entered I found him all alone smoking and reading a paper, enjoying himself immensely. He was awfully glad I came over, as he began thinking I wouldn't come. All smokers are very fond of company. Of course, I milled off my shoes, coat and vest and laid down. Frank cooked a will and handed it to me, which I smoked with great pleasure.

After smoking four or five I began to soar among the clouds again, as I have already described. I got such a fine load aboard that when Horace got ready to smoke I couldn't wait, but I had to wait, as I was waiting for him to get a will and handed it to me, which I smoked with great pleasure.

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when Sadie returned and I had been talking all along for her, thinking, of course, she would get stuck on it the same as I did, because she had always liked what the other did, but she seemed to have a perfect horror of the pipe.

We coaxed and talked, trying to get her to relent, but to no avail. That settled my smoking that night, as I wouldn't defy her, as I could if I wished. She watched me like a cat watching a mouse, and every time I tried to steal a smoke she caught me and began fighting as much about it that when our week was up I concluded we had better move by ourselves. I told Frank. He didn't like it, but I knew he would never be happy, so Sadie and I moved uptown. But it seemed as if fate was determined I should get against the pipe. At the place we moved to a man named Fred was smoking next door. We went in the room three days before Sadie discovered they were smokers. One night she was lying awake, while I was dreaming and hearing sounds of voices next door, she went to the door between our room and the next and, looking through the keyhole discovered them smoking. In the course of time we met the parties and visited them a few times, but I never touched the pipe again for quite a while. Then I got to smoking once in a while, as a pleasure smoke.

About one year after meeting this couple, whom I shall refer to in the future as George and Mamie, I began following the races. They were truly man and wife, sir-name Adams, and they were very fond of New York's fast set married set. Sometimes a couple will live together for five or six years or more, then conclude to meet married, but the majority separate after a time.

I began about one year after George and I began making books at the race track which necessitated he and I being thrown together all the time. Every morning about 11 o'clock I had to go to his room and wake him up. He would dress, eat his breakfast and smoke (as he had what they call a day habit), so we would get out to the race track in time to go on the line. They have a different style of looking in the East. The old style of black-men and white-men, with the casher in the rear, has been done away with, and now each book has three high stool chairs, two side by side and one in the rear. The man that lays the odds sits on one chair, and a very fine fellow, which he holds in his hand, with an ordinary program slipped in the side of the state. The shot writer occupies the chair alongside of him and records the odds he calls them off. Instead of giving you a ticket, as in the past, your bookie is number one, and when you make a bet the bookmaker records the number. If you win you go to the casher on the stand behind and show badge number, and he will pay you.

I am getting another away from my subject. As I said before, George had to smoke before going to the track, and, of course, I had to stay and talk to him while he was smoking. I had to be sociable and would take a few so as to feel good during the afternoon.

Then in the evening when we returned from the track we would take the girls out to district one, go back and smoke all the evening. His wife was a very hard smoker at the time, but as luck was in her favor, a doctor had discovered a new way to cure her of her drug habit, and there were very anxious to get a few subjects to experiment on. She was very anxious to be cured, as she was in a delicate condition at the time, and she knew her physical condition would not be able to stand the strain.

She was only about three weeks under treatment when the doctor pronounced her cured and, of course, she was right. It was the easiest cure I ever saw. She didn't suffer at all and after the first dose all desire for smoking left her and she never smoked again. She was very anxious to experiment on. She was very anxious to be cured, as she was in a delicate condition at the time, and she knew her physical condition would not be able to stand the strain.

Of course, everyone predicted she would begin smoking again, but that was in 1903 and she has not smoked yet. You could not induce her to smoke.

Well, I kept smoking morning and evening with George for about six weeks, when we went down to Elkton, Md., for the races. After about seven or eight days of it I was disgusted and wanted to go back to New York. George wanted to stay awhile longer and I went over alone. That night was my first realization of the harm that smoking does to the theater, but I felt too mad to even think of the theater, so she and Mamie went alone. Mamie knew what was the matter with me, but she didn't say anything. I suffered the tortures of the damned for three days, and began feeling all right again when George returned.

Of course, the first thing he did was to find me, and the first question he asked was what I had done about smoking. When I told him that I had done nothing but suffer through it, he didn't believe it. He didn't like it because his wife had quit, and I also made him feel lonesome. Nothing would do but what I must go and have a smoke, and I went to a poor fellow. They desire your sympathy more than anyone. It is a most terrible affliction. I could go on relating experiences one after another, some comical, others sympathetic, while others are quite romantic, but I shall be compelled to draw my story to a close.

I find as the days roll by I must smoke often to soothe my wrecked nerves, that I must increase my doses to produce the desired effect.

I have but one care, to get my beloved drugs. I have lost my ambition. I am a helpless slave to the destroying habit, but I don't care. I am perfectly happy and contented when I get my favorite, and I am freed from my cares, peacefully dreaming and sleeping the sweet slumber it induces.