SLAVE TO COCAINE WRITES HIS CONFESSION

Cured of the Use of Mo phine, Scion of Wealth and Affluence, Takes Up the More Pernicious Practice of "Sniffing" Cocaine Horrors of the Deadly Drug Described b a Victim, a Former Philadelphia Lawyer: Tells How He Became Addicted to Habit.

ONCE a confirmed morphine fiend cured of that habit only to fall a victim to the even more dreaded practice of "sniffing" cocaine, and to-day a veritable slave to that most insinuating of all drugs, a man now calling himself Franklin D. Andrews gives here what he characterizes as the "confession of a flake fiend." "Flake" in the vernacular of these slaves of the drug is short for cocaine, and when the word slave is used it is done advisedly, for no more pitiable object could be pictured in mind ever so fertile than this once brilliant man as he is to-day.

Andrews was known to the writer many years ago when he occupied an exalted place at the Philadelphia Bar. Andrews, as might be supposed, was not his name then. He moved in the very best circles of Philadelphia society and reckoned his friends among men and women whose names figured prominently in the leading social events of the day. His income was large, for he had a big and lucrative practice, and his reputation as a pleader before the Bar was such as to always insure a big and rapt audience whenever it was known that he was to sum up in some one of the many important cases that came to him. Morphine was his undoing, and after giving himself up completely to its influence he abandoned his practice and dropped out of sight of his friends and clients to take up his residence in Philadelphia's Chinatown, where, with his dog—the only connecting link between his past and present—he eked out a horrible existence, living practically the life of a recluse.

But in a seemingly lucid interval, and aided by a missionary who worked ceaselessly in Chinatown, he threw off the shackles that bound him and, after enduring a struggle with conscience and will which he to-day declares was fraught with all the torments of hell, he emerged from his hiding place and went to New York determined to make a fresh start and see if he could not in a measure rehabilitate himself in the affections of an aged mother and the two sisters he had deserted. But once more he fell a victim to the soothing qualities of a drug deadlier by far than morphine, and within six months all good resolves had been thrown to the winds and he was quite as confirmed a slave as one could find in the fastnesses of Peru, where the drug and its use originated.

Seated in the back room of a saloon far over on the west side and near the San Juan Hill district in New York, made famous by the many lawless negroes living there, the writer found Andrews. Tall, gaunt and haggard, a week growth of stubble on his sunken face, his clothing worn and tattered, linen frayed and soiled, he was one of those pitiable objects none could look upon without a wave of repugnance and horror sweeping over him. Not a trace of the once splendid looking and well groomed lawyer remained. Instead there sat a staring, unkempt, filthy human derelict who apparently was lost to all sense of shame and at all times, when under the influence of the drug, obsessed by hallucinations which took many fantastic and far reaching shapes and phases.

"Now please refrain from making any comment on my personal appearance," said Andrews after the first greetings had been exchanged. "I know as well as you do just how I look, how low I have sunk and just what is ahead of me. Thank God there is money enough left to supply my limited wants for the rest of my days. When that is gone I shall go to the Great Beyond, and there will be none to mourn me. You ask me to tell you my life story. Perhaps a recital of my experiences may tend to warn some poor unfortunate devil who can escape from the thralldom of drugs before the fetters are so strongly riveted that he is past redemption. I could have done this myself two years ago, but it's too late now, and I have just enough money left to keep up my supply of 'flakes,' and that's all I care about."

As he talked Andrews drew from his pocket a little silver receptacle of rare workmanship. It was an old fashioned snuff box, such as one to-day finds occupying a prominent place in a cabinet where rare bits of bric-a-brac and curios and antiques are zealously guarded and proudly displayed. From his he pinched a small quantity of a pure white powder which he sprinkled on the backs of two fingers, held tightly together, that he extended. Raising his fingers to his nose he took a quick, deep draught and the powder had disappeared. At the outset he had "sniffed his flake," or "coke," and the effect was instantaneous. Instead of the previously dead, lustreless eyes the writer gazed into orbs that flashed intelligence and fairly danced as they seemingly took in at a swift glance all that transpired about him. The old listless manner had disappeared, and Andrews, sitting erect and talking in a rapid and highly excited manner, said he would tell his story.

"My name is not Andrews, and that you well know," he began. "My real name I once was intensely proud of, but it has been buried with the life I left behind me in Philadelphia. Once I thought I would resurrect the name, the reputation I shattered and all that, but it's too late now, for the 'coke' has me. My mother passed me on the street not so long ago. So close was I to her that I could have touched her, but she looked me calmly in the eye and then averted hers. She knew me, no doubt of that, and after all I can't blame her, for I am not the natty looking chap she once was so proud to call son. I am an outcast now, but there is one solace left me, and that I embrace to the full.

"How did I become addicted to the drug habit? Why, just as thousands of others did and just as millions of others will be unless physicians refrain from administering them in cases where it is not absolutely essential. I had been working very hard, had a number of important cases to conduct and was trying to do three men's work. I was burning the candle at both ends and my nerves were a jangle. Insomnia developed, and when I did not drop into a deep slumber of exhaustion I lay with staring eyes, imagining I was the victim of every ill that could beset man and in consequence in a highly wrought state. The physician I called in unhesitatingly produced his hypodermic syringe and in a twinkling morphine was injected in my arm. That was my first experience with the poppy, and in four years from that day I was quartered in Chinatown. My faithful bull terrier stuck by me and shared my humble quarters. He was my sole companion, and upon him when in my right senses I showered my affections.

"I noticed shortly after going to Chinatown that my sleep and the beautiful dreams I dreamed were often interrupted by poor old Jock, my dog, so I decided to so arrange matters that Jock should sleep while I did. The needle and its contents were applied to Jock, too, and it wasn't long before he was just as dependent upon the drug as I was. He didn't last long, poor chap, for when summer came along and under the influence of a too strong injection he ran wild through Chinatown until stopped by a policeman's bullet. The newspapers said he had hydrophobia, and the policeman who shot him was lauded as a hero. But I knew differently, and I alone was responsible.

"I won't drag you through the mire that beset me in the last year of my stay in Philadelphia. Suffice it to say that a man whose one purpose in life is to reclaim just such weaklings as I, who drift into Chinatown, took me in tow, and at tremendous personal cost and sacrifice he brought me to my senses and made it possible for me to gradually decrease my almost hourly injections of morphine, until I found I could lessen the treatment, and so on, down the scale, until I discovered that I really could exist without it."

Andrews had been talking rapidly. His voice pitched high, and with gestures vehement, he arose from his chair and strode about the room with springy, active steps. Had he been addressing a court he could not have better chosen his words, his eloquence often becoming so forensic that his interviewer momentarily expected that a request from those in charge would result in his eviction to the street. Again the old fashioned snuff box was drawn from the tattered pocket, and again a pinch of the dead white powder found its way into the nostrils of its slave.

"I fled from Philadelphia, coming here, hoping and fully determined to start anew," Andrews continued, as he became a little more composed. "An old friend, a lawyer, had volunteered to extend a helping hand. In order to try myself out, I used to go to his office, take refuge in his private law library and pore over its authorities and briefs I found there. The days were all right, but when night came I found I was overwhelmed by my loneliness, and then, too, it seemed that when the city's lights burned brightest and I saw the thousands of well dressed men and women hurrying hither and thither, all pleasure bent, my entire past would arise to jeer and taunt me. It was a constant, never ceasing nightmare, and I found there was just one man in this great, big, restless city who, apparently, enjoyed having me drop in to his drug store and sit there and talk to him in his leisure moments.

"This man was the first I ever saw use cocaine. I noticed from the first that he frequently inhaled a white powder through his nostrils, and my curiosity, piqued from the first, finally got the better of me and I asked what it was he used so frequently.

"He told me it was a mild stimulant, quantities much the same as quinine, and that by using it sparingly he found it stimulated his intellect, quieted his nerves, and when he retired at night he could sleep as tranquilly as an infant. Here was I torn and wracked by ten thousand devils, lashed by a conscience that was raw and sore, and thoroughly alive to the terrifying battle I must fight should I hope to rehabilitate myself, and sleep fled me! The weary and lonely hours I spent in dragging my tortured body through the street were as nothing when compared to those I must spend alone in my room, vainly courting sleep.

"You can readily understand what an easy matter it was for me to accept my friend the druggist's invitation to 'try a pinch of this coke.' Many of his customers were addicted to the habit and purchased their powder from him. In fact, he did a thriving business in this line, and apparently took no undue pains to conceal it. You know the rest. I am a 'coke fiend' to-day of the most pronounced type, and, whereas in my heart I curse that druggist as my first tempter, yet I wouldn't break with him for the world, for I get my flakes from him."

It was evident that the effect of the drug was wearing off. Andrews was fast lapsing into that lethargic state in which I found him. The drift of his observations showed that his flagging spirits were at low ebb and that he was fast approaching the slough of despond. It was in this mood that I preferred him, for I felt confident he would be less apt to romance and deal more freely with facts—conditions as they really were.

"You lost out in Philadelphia," I said, "through morphine, and then freed yourself of the habit. Now it is cocaine. Now that you have tried each which do you prefer?"

"Cocaine, to be sure," was the unhesitating reply. "Morphine may invigorate for a time, then it palls and a horrible nightmare follows. Cocaine stimulates, quickens the brain, fires the body, stirs the blood until one feels it coursing through his veins like that of a race horse as she faces the barrier. When sleep is desired it can be courted, and then come dreams that are as beautiful and inspiring as Faust's!

"Ah! that little powder—those little crystals, are dearer to me than life. For they alone make it endurable."

Then, opening the snuff box he held in his hand, he took another "sniff" and settled back in his chair ready and eager to resume his narrative.

"Once a lawyer always a lawyer," Andrews continued. "No man who ever succeeded at the Bar ever forgets the thrills born of victory. He knows when he has handled a case well, and he knows when, with certain defeat staring him in the face he, by an adroit presentation of the flimsy evidence at hand, or by a trick of oratory, or a parry or a thrust, so sways his jury that he gets the verdict he so earnestly strove for, that he not only has done something worth while, but that another laurel has been added to the wreath he is fashioning by his own efforts for himself.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what cocaine can do for me. I can dream just the dreams I want to dream! I can conjure up any vision I crave to behold! I can lay rapt and entranced by myriads of melodic strains—melodies that hounded me in the old days when music was a passion with me. I can picture myself in the saddle astride an unbeaten hunter, plunging at break neck speed over turf or fallow; flying over post and rail, stone wall or hedge, lifting my mount with the dexterity of an Archer, finally rounding into the stretch and leading my field by a safe margin as the thundering hoofs of the vanquished pursue me, while I dash under the wire the winner, amid the deafening roars and cheers of the multitude as they hail me the greatest jockey of them all."

During his recital Andrews sat astride his chair, giving a splendid but pantomimic exhibition of his cross-country prowess which prompted the question:—

"Isn't it a far cry from a victorious court scene to the race track?"

Rather sheepishly he replied:—

"You may recall that once I maintained a good stable of hunters and, further, that I was a corking good cross-country rider."

All of which was true, for he did ride and he rode well. Many cups were won by his horses in the races for gentlemen riders, and he invariably piloted his own hunters.

"Are your hallucinations confined to court rooms and race tracks?" I asked.

"Don't call them hallucinations," he said. "Dreams is a pleasanter and more fitting word. When I partake of my sleeping potion, and this is generally a much more liberal quantity than I take during the day, I can stretch out on my bed and concentrate my thoughts for a moment or two on any subject I elect. Then comes that delicious drowsiness slowly creeping over me. I sink into blissful unconsciousness and the dream I courted arises before me!

"Before being admitted to the Bar I studied medicine. In fact, my preparation for this profession was far more extensive and careful than for the law. I took a post graduate course at one of the big universities of Germany and looked forward eagerly to a surgical career, but an accident at a very important clinic spoilt surgery for me. I saw one of the most eminent surgeons I knew make a faulty incision which cost the patient her life. My nerve forsook me and, leaving the amphitheatre, I resolved then and there to seek a new profession, and I did.

"Frequently, however, the old love of surgery returns to me and I dream that I am performing some delicate and dangerous operation. I see it all as vividly as it used to be. The immaculately clad surgeons, internes and nurses cluster about me as I stand with lancet or knife poised while I demonstrate the nature of the operation to the hundreds of intent and eager students rising tier upon tier before me. The more delicate and rare the operation the more cherished is the dream. I rarely make a slip in such cases as these—the operation invariably is successful and I am always awakened by the hearty congratulations of brother surgeons, who, awe struck by my skill, stand by, and the vociferous applause of the students who so eagerly followed every phase of the operation.

"Now perhaps you can understand what these little crystals mean to me. Here I sit before you, shabby and unclean. I know all this, but somehow I, like many another 'flake' partaker, abhor water. We prefer to go with faces and hands soiled, and when it comes to tidying up our wardrobes, why, that would mean a cash outlay which would be sufficient to purchase a supply of 'flakes' that would last me several months. That would be a woeful waste. And now that I have been telling you about my dreams I am going to my room and enjoy one to the full. I am tired and I am drowsy. I know the symptoms, you see."

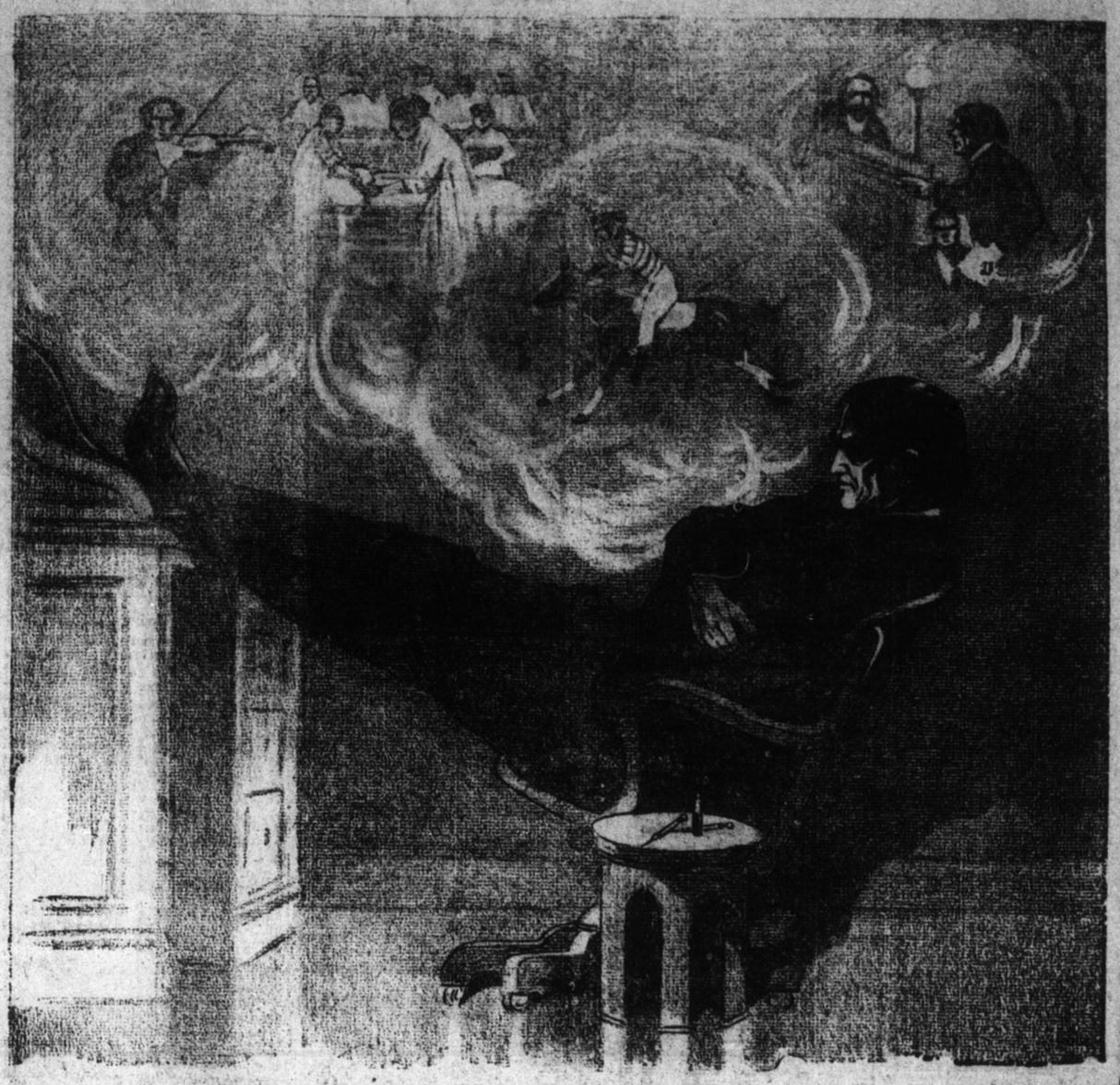
"What is the dream to be this time?" I asked.

"Haven't decided yet," he said. "Perhaps it will be of the old days—the days when you knew me and I really amounted to something, never suspecting then that I would see the day when I would have to request you to lend me a dollar, since I find myself temporarily out of funds."

He got it. And as he slouched out of the saloon it was apparent that another and more copious "sniff" would be necessary to bring the sleep he so ardently wooed, for his gait was as halting and jerky as though he was in the last stages of St. Vitus' dance.

Andrews is but one of the thousands of cocaine fiends who haunt the dives of the big cities. A habit that was brought to the North by the negroes of the South, among whom it has been prevalent for years, it has grown until it is to-day regarded as one of the gravest perils that confront society. The cupidity of its devotees is second only to their viciousness.

A walk through the various prisons will reveal scores upon scores of slaves of this type, and should by any chance their supply be cut short they would commit murder to procure a fresh one.



"I Sink Into Blissful Unconsciousness and the Dream I Courted Arises Before Me."

The Redskins' Skillful Interpretation of Modern Music

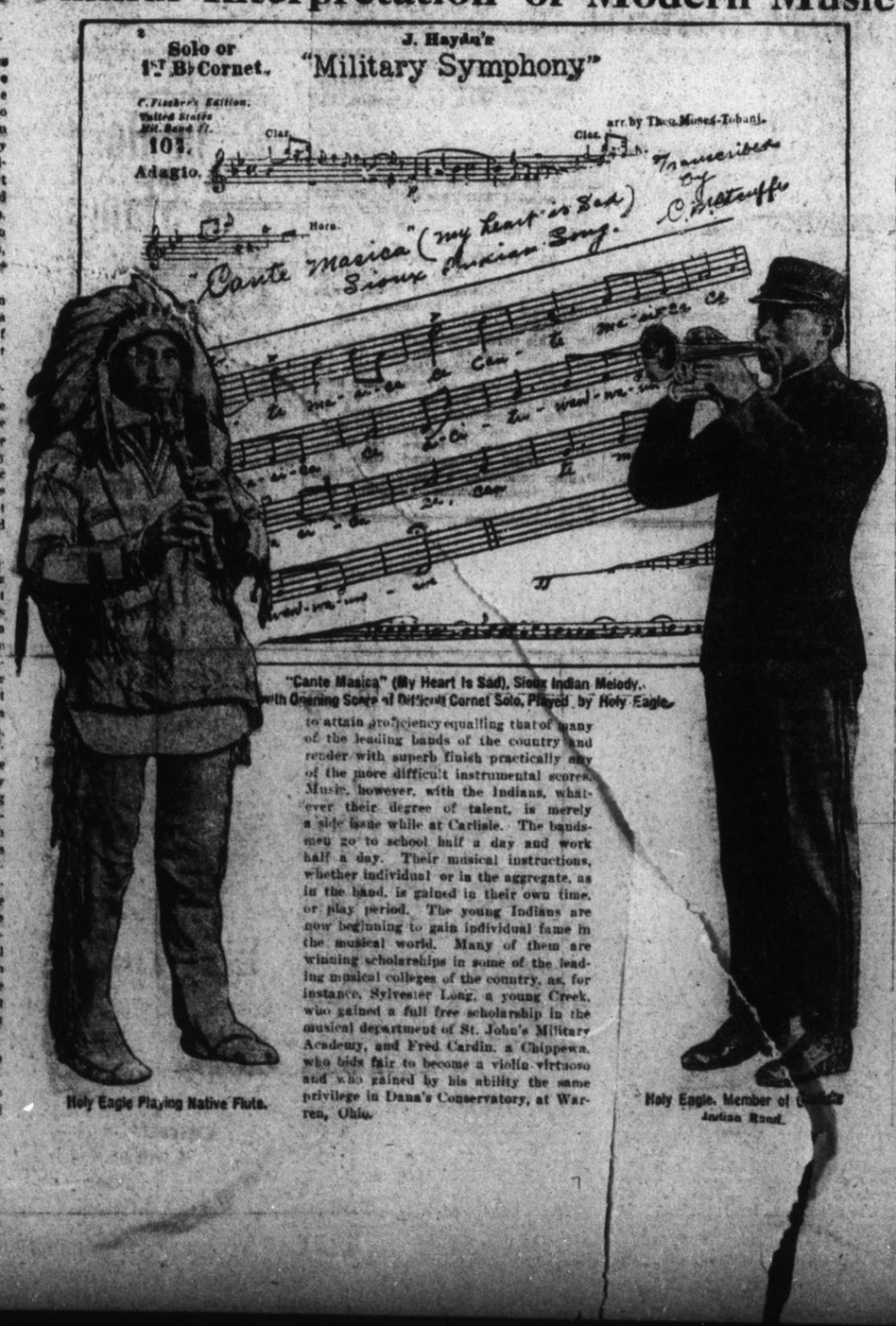
"CANTE MASICA! Cante masica!" ("My heart is sad! My heart is sad!"). Thus piped the Indian brave beneath the shadow of the forest until he drew his maiden forth from her tepee to gladden it. The rude wooden flute upon which he played was practically the only instrument he possessed, as was the melody the only tune of his that has been set upon paper. Few people have understood just how naturally musical the Indian is. It is a trait that has not been featured on the pages of the novelists and historians, who have presented principally only his bloodthirsty or warlike attributes.

One generation of the Indian trained in modern music has shown that he has only to be taught how to express himself to give remarkable evidence of his latent and naturally musical character.

James Holy Eagle, a typical Sioux warrior from South Dakota, is a fair example of the extraordinary musical ability of the race. Just a year ago the wooden flute was his sole instrument—the melody "Cante Masica" the gamut of his harmonic achievement. To-day Holy Eagle plays the solo cornet part of the most difficult compositions with consummate skill and ease.

But, with a wisdom that might be emulated in the education of their young white brethren, the redskins are taught whatever form of music in which it seems they may excel, not primarily to earn a livelihood but in order that it may soften their character and afford them an accomplishment that will enable them to enter certain classes of society which might otherwise remain closed to them. As a result of this idea and its application, says Bandmaster Claude Maxwell Stauffer, of the Carlisle Indian School, there are scattered throughout the country many scores of bands in which are playing young Indians who have gained equal social recognition thereby. "Here lies a splendid social uplift idea for the masses of the supposedly more cultured and civilized white race:—Could little slum dwellers, if thoroughly versed in music in the settlement houses and other uplift agencies around or among them develop into strong-arm men and thugs?" The Indian school authorities, Superintendent M. Friedman and Bandmaster Stauffer, believe that the number would be reduced, and insist that musical training has a tremendously softening effect upon their own charges.

The personnel of the Carlisle Indian Band changes each year. There are [illegible] dem half of the seniors [illegible] two succeeding years, and yet it is enabled to attain proficiency equalling that of many of the leading bands of the country and render with superb finish practically any of the more difficult instrumental scores. Music, however, with the Indians, whatever their degree of talent, is merely a side issue while at Carlisle. The bandsmen go to school half a day and work half a day. Their musical instructions, whether individual or in the aggregate, as in the band, is gained in their own time, or play period. The young Indians are now beginning to gain individual fame in the musical world. Many of them are winning scholarships in some of the leading musical colleges of the country, as, for instance, Sylvester Long, a young Creek, who gained a full free scholarship in the musical department of St. John's Military Academy, and Fred Cardin, a Chippewa, who bids fair to become a violin virtuoso and who gained by his ability the same privilege in Dana's Conservatory, at Warren, Ohio.



"Cante Masica" (My Heart Is Sad), Sioux Indian Melody, with Opening Score of Difficult Cornet Solo, Played by Holy Eagle.

Holy Eagle Playing Native Flute.

Holy Eagle, Member of Carlisle Indian Band.