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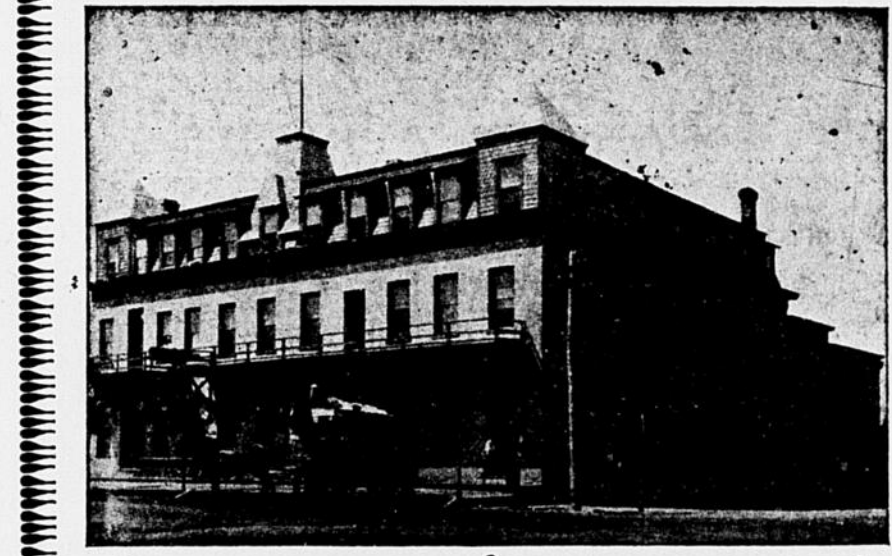
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USERS OF MORPHINE.

THE DRUG RAPIDLY ENLARGING ITS CIRCLE OF VICTIMS.

Women in New York. Says a Physician of That City. Are Worshipping at the Shrine of the Death Breeder in Great Numbers.

"The amount of morphine used by women in New York is increasing at an alarming rate," said a physician. "I do not give the drug at all, save in extreme cases, for I believe we doctors are largely responsible for the spread of the evil. It seems such an easy, merciful thing to relieve acute suffering by a dose of morphine, and it would be all right if the patients couldn't get the drug themselves. They can get it. There's the trouble."

"I was called to see one of my patients last week. She is a wealthy woman. She developed the morphine habit two years ago, when she had a serious illness. Since then she has had periodical sprees with morphine, in spite of all we could do to prevent her. She always says that the deplorable state she gets into is due to other causes, but I can tell, as soon as I see her, whether she has been taking morphine. Last week, when I went to see her, she was a nervous wreck and said she had been agonizing with rheumatism. Rheumatism is a handy thing. A doctor can't swear that a patient hasn't got it. I accused the woman of having been on a morphine spree. She denied it. I appealed to her husband. He searched her bureau and chiffonier and found 200 morphine pills. She had bought them all at one time, but wouldn't tell who sold them to her.

"Of course there's a law against selling morphine except on prescription, but a morphine fiend can always get it if he is persistent, and generally he is so. Any physician can tell a habitual morphine taker at a glance. So can a druggist. The latter reads the unmistakable signs in a man's face and, if he hasn't a conscience, will sell the morphine victim what he wants. The druggist knows that the purchaser will guard the secret quite as closely as he could. But, if a person with no symptoms of the morphine habit wants to buy the drug, he will probably have great difficulty in getting it. No pharmacist, even if not particularly reputable, wants to take the chances of being hauled up for a breach of the law.

"I am constantly running across cases of the morphine habit, especially, as I said, among women. The life they lead when active socially uses up their nerves, and they take morphine for neuralgia until they can't get along without it. Usually they are ashamed of the habit and conceal it carefully, but sometimes they are quite open about it, take their morphine regularly and will not listen to reason. Not a month ago a beautiful young woman showed me a new chateleine ornament she had just bought. It was a remarkably handsome gold case, studded with jewels, and looked like a vinaigrette. The top opened, and inside were a tiny hypodermic syringe and tube of morphine. I said something more forcible than polite and tried to make her see the insanity of the thing, but she only laughed and told me she carried morphine pills in her chateleine bonbonniere, so that she would be all right if she happened to be where she couldn't use the hypodermic, which she preferred. I threatened to tell her husband, but she said he knew about it and didn't care. She didn't bother him, and he didn't bother her. I went to the husband, and he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he never interfered with his wife. Then I relieved my mind again and told him what I thought of him—and now there is one family less on my list of patients.

"That was an exceptional case, I admit. Usually relatives and friends of a person who takes morphine do everything possible to break up the habit, but a morphine fiend is remarkable for cleverness. A great many women who don't want any one to know that they have the habit work the physicians for morphine. I know women of good family who never go more than two weeks without terrible attacks of neuralgia or rheumatism or something else that causes excruciating agony. The doctor is called in and tries to relieve the woman, but nothing relieves her until he tries morphine. If he is clever enough to see through the thing and too conscientious to help out the little farce, he gives up the case. Another doctor is called in and another, until one prescribes what is wanted. That's an old game. Many a struggling young doctor has thought his fortune made because a wealthy woman in his neighborhood called him in, but when she is seriously ill she goes back to her old doctor. She only wants the new one to prescribe morphine for her neuralgia.

"There's no excuse in the world for a doctor acquiring the morphine habit. He knows better. Yet some of the doctors do it. One famous old New York doctor used to take his morphine as regularly as he took his breakfast, and whenever he gave a hypodermic injection to a patient, he took one himself while he had the syringe out, just for sociability, I suppose. He never went to pieces under it, but I presume he would have done so in time.

"No one but a physician can realize how this special vice is increasing and how serious a problem it presents. As a class the medical profession takes a strong stand against it, but I confess I'm feeling rather discouraged. The person who takes a dose of morphine for anything within the limits of endurance is a fool—but the world is full of fools."—New York Sun.

In no country in the world are infectious diseases so frequently mortal as in Russia. Children especially suffer, and diphtheria, measles, scarlatina and smallpox literally decimate villages and country towns.

Her Private Punch.

The women hurried along Adams street from the Art institute on their way to the Woman's Euchre club at Handel hall.

"Just run in with me here a minute," said one. "I've got to get me a punch."

The clerk showed a collection of punches that made holes of various shapes.

"No," said the shopper. "I want just a simple, round punch—this size." And she abstracted a cardboard from her pocket that showed the size of the perforation.

"Oh, very well!" said the clerk. "We have it. But it's not called for very often for private games." And the punch was brought out and sold promptly.

The second woman wondered what her friend wanted of that particular punch, but kept her curiosity to herself. The game was exciting, and, as the friend is a good player, she won eight games. The second woman noticed this particularly. But when the score cards were exhibited the friend had 11 credit marks punched in her score card. The other woman saw then the wherefore of the particular punch they had bought. The friend had won eight games, and then had done a little punching with a private punch.

The prizes at these club contests are quite valuable, and the spirit of gambling has become so pronounced among some of the players that they are not above resorting to unfair means to capture them.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Her Evening Gown.

It is undeniable that foreign diplomats in Washington frequently find themselves at a loss owing to the novelties presented to them by American customs. Even the language offers difficulties.

Only the other day the Guatemalan minister was speaking to some Washington ladies of what he regarded as a remarkable social experience met with here at the capital. He had been invited to an afternoon reception.

"And do you know," he said, "the hostess received the guests in a night-gown!"

"Good heavens!" replied the ladies to whom this information was addressed. "Surely you are joking, Mr. Minister!"

"Not at all, I assure you," reiterated the diplomat. "It was in her nightdress that we were received—low neck and bare arms!"

"Oh, you mean evening dress, do you not, Mr. Minister?" suggested one of the ladies.

"Yes, that is what I mean," admitted Senor Arriaga; "low neck and bare arms, just like the costume for the opera or ball."

As may be imagined, the laugh was at the minister's expense. In Washington ladies quite commonly wear evening dress when giving afternoon receptions.—Boston Herald.

Federalism in Hungary.

Inconceivable as the anachronism may seem to the western mind, the agrarian system of Hungary has not yet issued from the feudal form. The Hungarian farmer of today is virtually a serf, bound to his master, the hereditary owner of the soil which the peasant tills, by the tangible tie of personal liability. The Hungarian feudal lord of today is entitled to 50 days' labor from each male adult who dwells on his land. The seignior is at liberty to demand this feudal contribution at whatever time may seem best to him, with the frequent result that the tenant farmer is employed in gathering his master's harvests while his own crops are rotting after a rainfall or are being consumed by an early frost or suffer damage from one or more of the many possible causes which render destructive the slightest delay on the part of the harvester in gathering the fruits of a year's labor.—S. Ivan Tonjoroff in Arena.

"The Boot of Dukeronomy."

A nervous curate the other day announced from the reading desk, "Here beginneth the second chapter of the duke of Bocteronomy." His vicar looked severely at him, and the young man blushed, coughed and repeated, "The boot of Dukeronomy."

There must have been germs of mispronunciation lurking in the air, for at a later period in the service the vicar real out, "I publish the manns of barriage," etc.

The curate beamed with satisfaction in spite of the solemnity of the occasion.—Household Words.

Exile Necessary.

Doctor—Your husband must have complete rest.

Wife—I know it. I talk to him seven or eight hours every day so as to keep his mind off business.

Doctor—On second thought, madam, I conclude that the one chance for your husband is to take him to the hospital with instructions that no one but the trained nurse and myself be admitted.—Detroit Free Press.

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

Wasted Grandeur.

"Men are so stupid."

"Why do you say that?"

"We paid \$300 for our parlor furniture, and my husband wants me to keep the window shades pulled down at night."—Chicago Record.

An Undesirable Distinction.

Mae—Why did you let him kiss you?

Ethel—I didn't want to be the only girl he had never kissed.—New York Journal.

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