

True Story of the Terrors of The Life of a Drug Slave

THE news columns, some days ago, told of a man who cut his throat in a patrol wagon on the way to the central police station. He was taken to Lakeside hospital, and there, eventually, he died. His wife was called to the coroner's office. She was Mrs. Emma Short, The Lakeside avenger.

She sat dry-eyed, a youthful, pale-faced woman in black. Her eyes seemed to vision things far back in the past years. It was as if she did not see the recording stenographer who sat at a typewriter in front of the witness. The woman with the pale face gazed off into the dimly lighted corners of the silent inquest room.

She seemed to hear but dimly the questions asked her, as if the questioner were far away. She spoke in a monotone, as if the things of which she spoke were of no longer vital interest to her. Her answer was that of a woman who has suffered so much that suffering has become commonplace and no longer a thing of interest.

The story she told makes the news tale of a man who cut his throat in a patrol wagon fade into commonplace.

It was the story of a woman who, for eight years, the wife of an opium fiend, was stark from life that shows the horrors of drugs as they are stripped of all false colors that might seem picturesque. Between the lines you see what opium and other drugs do for Frank A. Short, the dead man.

NO JOYS—ONLY NIGHTMARE.

They moved to Cleveland. Short's appetite for food was gone. He was living on the drug. Sometimes his face would be bloated in a awful simulation of health. At other times it would show a death-like emaciation.

When he had the drug within him he would have a few minutes of dazed animation. Then he would sink off into a state like sleep, in which he lay motionless with closed eyes and head all that went on about him. His thoughts were like the struggles of a child weighted down by chains. When he persisted he fell over in the street and was brought home, begging for the drug he could not do without.

NO DRUG—ONLY NIGHTMARE.

There give a glimpse of the steel bands of habit that hold these slaves of the drugs for which they give up every hope. They live long in a death white nightmare. It is not often, or here, that the end of the nightmare is recorded.

It was a dread specter that haunted Short and drove him on to suicide. It was no cosy little dream of drug dreams that led him on through golden fancied mists to death. The drugs—laudanum, morphine, opium, chloral he had tried them all) robbed him one by one of every natural joy and interest in life.

Then robbing him of interest in work in his children. The gray white pall blotted out one interest after another.

He had never found in the drugs the delicious pleasure or which men have written. He did, for a time, find a certain satisfaction in them that closed his eyes to the dry fog that surrounded over every other interest. Then slowly the pall closed in on that one satisfaction left to him. The drug had lost its power.

HAD LOST EVERY INTEREST.

Every interest was gone. Day meant nothing. Night meant nothing. He saw the smiles of his children. He realized that he had lost them. Now, though, he had nothing. The gray pall had closed him in at last. He was dead, dead without the peace of sleep, while yet his eyes saw, his heart beat, his lungs drew in the air and his muscles carried him about.

The woman with the pale face and faraway gaze sat in the witness chair. The story was told in monotone.

Her husband had been a carpenter. He had been good to her.

He loved her, and she loved him. Yes, they were happy. They lived in a village down the state.

TOOK "DOPE" AS A MEDICINE.

He drank yet he was good to her. His drinking resulted in a sort of cramps. When he had them a physician gave him laudanum to relieve them. Doctors told him that if he did not stop drinking he would soon die. He stopped. He did not find it difficult.

Soon his appetite he had for drink was gone, so were the cramps. The drug habit remained. He took more and more. Yet it was year longer before his wife saw his predicament, and then his drug friend who must have his drug to live.

They had moved to Toledo. A bottle of laudanum would last Short only a day or two. A druggist told him if he must have the drug, to take it in the form of opium. He did. He bought it by the box. It was dark and gummy like thick molasses. He swallowed the stuff by the teaspoonful washed down with water.

NO PLEASANT DREAMS.

You have read of opium smokers and their dreams. Short did not take the drug for dreams. If he had dreams that by any fancy could be called beautiful, he gave no evidence of it. He did not take opium because he enjoyed its effects like other drug fiends, he took it because he was a drug fiend, and a craving demanded it.

His wife prayed with him to stop the habit. He had tried that before she knew he was slave to the drug. Now he tried again, and harder. His attempts were like the struggles of a child weighted down by chains. When he persisted he fell over in the street and was brought home, begging for the drug he could not do without.

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THE PALL DRAWS CLOSER.

The gray white pall was closing in on him. Three times in a week he

made some attempts on his life. His efforts were without strength. Blank and unfeeling as was his life, death seemed to be without promise. He had lost even desire for death.

The last day he followed his wife about as a child follows its mother. He followed her upstairs, then down again. "Can't you let me out of your sight?" she asked.

"I think I will it all now," he answered without interest. "I think I will it all now."

He drew a knife from his pocket and moved toward her. She escaped to her own room and locked the door between them. Neighbors called the police. The police put him into the patrol wagon. That is all. He cut his throat there. He said nothing, but cut his throat. —Gen. R. Davis in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CURIOSITIES OF THE JEWISH CALENDAR

There has always existed a certain amount of doubt seen among the believers in the Biblical truth of the Bible, concerning the great age of which they spoke were of no longer vital interest to them. Their answer was that of a woman who has suffered so much that suffering has become commonplace and no longer a thing of interest.

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WE TREAT AND CURE

EYE Weak and Bore Eyes, Granu-
lated Lids.

EAR Cataract Deafness, Noises in
the Ear, Suppurating Ears, Poly-
polyp, Dizziness, Foreign Bodies,
such as hardened wax, etc.

NOSE Cataract Inflammation,
Hay Fever, Abscess of the
Septum, Adenoid Growths, Nasal
Polyp, Thickening of the Mem-
brane—restores the sense of smell.

THROAT Cataract Sore Throat,
Acute and Chronic
Pharyngitis, Enlarged Tonsils and
Palpus, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice,
Phlegm in the Throat, causing
hawking, and Hay Fever.

LUNGS Consumption in the first
stages, Hemorrhage and
Bronchitis, Dry and Loose
Cough, Pains in the Chest, Difficult in Breathing,
Hepatitis, Asthma, etc.

HEART Neuralgia, Sick, Nervous
Dull, of Congestive Headache,
Dull, of Feeding, Digestion, Tu-
more and Eczema of Head.

BLOOD & SKIN Diseases Blood
Poison in its different stages; Scrofula, Tu-
more, Fester, Eczema, etc.

gold, silver, copper, and other mineral
deposits. Before the black diamonds
of Brazil were discovered, it was im-
possible to make borings.

When the carbon was first introduced
in our industries it was used in
marble saws for cutting stones.
Under similar circumstances the carbon
was found too costly for such use, and
borax was substituted for stone