

MACAO'S BIG OPIUM FARM.

How Opium and Morphine are Ruining the Almond-Eyed Celestials.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A SPHINX WHO Baffles the World.

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Macao, December 2, 1900.—There is a great opium farm at Macao, where about ten million dollars' worth of opium is made every year. There is a similar farm at Hongkong, and there are others scattered over China. The Chinese consumption of opium is steadily increasing. Two hundred years ago it was practically nothing. Today it costs more than the liquor bill of the United States. It probably amounts to more than \$100,000,000 annually, for the foreign doctors in some of the districts estimate that 70 per cent of the population are addicted to its use. In other places the percentage is less, falling among the poorer classes as low as 20 and 30 per cent. Say, for instance, that on the average it amounts to only 20 per cent and you have 20,000,000 people who are opium eaters or opium smokers. Some of these annually spend hundreds of dollars for the drug; others hundreds of cents, but at the low average of \$2 a year the opium consumed would cost \$400,000,000.

MACAO'S BIG OPIUM FARM.

I visited the opium farm here today. It is situated in the heart of the city, and all told it does not cover an acre of space. Nevertheless, its produce is worth \$200,000 a week, or more than \$10,000,000 a year. The Macao people call it a farm, but it is an opium factory, a monopoly farmed out by the government. The rent of the farm is \$100,000 a year, and the farmer pays this for the privilege of turning the crude juice of the poppy into the little tin boxes of opium ready for the pipe of the smoker.

The most of the opium used comes from India. It is raised on the plains of Hindoostan under the superintendence of the English government, shipped by it to Bombay and Calcutta and from there sent to Macao. It comes in great boxes and bales of four pounds each. The bales are of a brown color. They are as rough as sandstone and they look as though they had been doused with oil. Each bale is about as big as your head. It consists of the juice of the poppy as it was gathered from the pods by the farmer and made into these bales under the English. I asked the head of the factory to allow me to photograph one of these bales, but he refused to permit the camera to be used in the works.

HOW OPIUM IS REFINED.

He permitted me, however, to go through the establishment, and I spent several hours in the different rooms, making notes. It is one of the busiest places I have seen in China. Take the melting room, where the opium is boiled and refined. It is more like a foundry than anything else. It is 500 feet long and not more than twenty feet wide. It has an arched roof, and along each wall, running the full length of the room, are scores of little ovens, in each of which is a great flat brass basin, in which the opium is cooking. The stuff looks like a thick black molasses. It seethes and boils as the half-naked Chinese worker stirs it to and fro with a great ladle.

Some of the basins are as big around as a bathtub and all are sending forth opium fumes. The room is filled with white vapor from the hundreds of boiling pans. The fumes get into my nostrils, my head aches, and for the time I have all the sensations of the opium drunkard.

MY OPIUM DREAM.

I sit and watch the Chinese devils at their hellish work, and as I do so it seems to me that I can see the pictures of the ruins which it is to create as it is scattered throughout the Chinese empire. I can see dens in which scores of haggard-eyed, yellow-faced mortals are lying and smoking away the wages which should go to the support of their families. There are women as well as men, and children as well as grown-ups. Here is a mother with her baby at her feet lying before the opium lamp. The pipe has fallen from her mouth, and the little one is playing with it, sucking it. I can see the opium parlors of the rich and the hells of vice which I have seen at Shanghai—a score of pictures which



The whole civilized world awaits with anxious interest the outcome of the negotiations at Peking between the representatives of the powers and the Chinese diplomats. It is recognized that the one power in China is the empress dowager, and that upon her decision rests the answer to the question whether peace or war shall result.

KNEADING THE POPPY JUICE.

I leave this room and go into another. Here the opium, having been boiled to the consistency of taffy, is being kneaded, rubbed and stirred into a paste-like mass. The men who do the work are coolies, bare to the waist. They are perspiring, and the white droplets stand out upon their skin and roll down into the mass which they are kneading. The stuff is boiled several times. It is mixed with water and strained. It is boiled again and strained again until finally it has been gotten down to the right consistency and condition for sale. It is now put up in tin boxes and is ready for shipment to China, the United States and other countries where opium is used.

CHINA'S CURSE.

The increase in the use of opium among the Chinese is enormous. Last year letters were sent out to one hundred foreign doctors stationed in different parts of the empire. They were asked for statistics as to opium and its effects in their respective districts. These reports were gathered together by Dr. Park, the surgeon of the Imperial Maritime Customs, who has charge of the big hospital at Soochow. I have the copy before me, and from it I take much of the following information:

Many of the doctors estimate that from 80 per cent of the Chinese are opium smokers. They say that the mandarins smoke the most and that

Mr. Carpenter Visits a Farm Which Produces Ten Million Dollars' Worth of the Drug Every Year—He Describes Opium Manufacture and Tells How It Preps for the Market—China's Big Opium Farm—What One Hundred Foreign Doctors Say About the Drug—Hundreds of Thousands of Opium Smokers—Women Who Kill Themselves to Spite Their Husbands—Fathers Who Sell Their Wives and Children to Gratify Their Appetite—The Opium Refinery and At-tempted Cures—Morphine Eaters and the Professional Morphine Injector—A Peep in the Beggar Dens—A Visit to the World's Biggest Opium Joint—It is at Shanghai and the Receipts Are One Thousand Dollars a Day—The Asiatic Adventures of an American Morphine Fiend.

ed opium suicides annually. The percentage of suicides is said to have doubled since opium was introduced. The Chinese are an extensible people, and the having of such a poisonous article as opium on hand is a temptation. They know that an overdose will cause death, and use it for this purpose both in the raw and manufactured state and in opium ashes.

Indeed, there are charitable institutions in different parts of China that offer doctors at any time, day or night, to treat opium suicides free of charge. One such institution at Soochow treated 111 cases of this nature in six months.

OPIUM SUICIDES FOR SPITE.

I heard of many curious opium suicides during a trip that I made through the country a hundred miles or so back of Shanghai. I stopped one night in the city of Kowshing at the hospital of the Southern Presbyterian Medical Mission. One of the doctors of this hospital is Mr. Venable, an American who has worked long in that field. He told me that he had last year treated something like 5,000 people, and that the most of the cases before the hospital resulted from overdoses of opium. Said he: "The Chinese often commit suicide to avenge themselves upon an enemy. There is no greater disgrace here than to have a person kill himself on your account. You are then supposed to be his murderer. The people say you have been a very bad man to have brought him to such a state of mind and are hence disgraced. Wives often commit suicide to avenge themselves on their husbands, and I know of instances of fathers killing themselves to spite their sons. This is an awful calamity for the son, for it means his social ostracism. We had a case of this kind in connection with the mission. One of our native teachers, a very good fellow, had an ill-tempered father, who became angry and killed himself in his son's house. This caused such an outcry among the man's congregation that he had to give up the ministry."

"Another case of opium suicide was that of a mother and daughter-in-law. They got into a quarrel over the breaking of a tea cup and each committed suicide to spite the other."

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN USE IT.

Dr. Venable told me that there is a vast deal of opium used in the Yangtze valley. There are more opium dens than rice shops or tea shops, and men, women and children are to be found in them. The theatrical people and singing girls all use opium. It is smoked by the army and almost everywhere. Smoking is a wallowing in of 100,000 people, but it consumes opium to the value of a thousand dollars in gold every day. This would be an average of a cent a day per person or \$3.65 a year for every man, woman and child in the town. At five to the family it would be \$18.25 annually for every family in Kowshing. Considering the fact that the poor make on the average from 5 to 10 cents a day this is enormous. Suppose an American laborer getting \$2 a day should pay 50 cents daily for drink or opium he would not pay as great a proportion. From one-fourth to one-half of each man's daily earnings goes for opium.

The children of opium smokers soon learn to use the drug. In some districts there are whole families who take their daily smoke. "In one rich family," says the report of Dr. Park, "every member smoked, and a year-old child had a bowl of the stuff. The father for his opium. Another doctor reported that he knew of a father and six sons, all of whom were opium smokers. The youngest son died at the age of six, a little withered old man. One next door married a girl of sixteen. She was pretty and healthy until married, when she became an opium fiend."

CHILDREN SOLD FOR OPIUM.

The craze for the drug is beyond description. I am told that Chinese mothers often sell their little girls to buy opium. Fathers sell their sons and husbands their wives. Dr. Beebe, who is in charge of the big hospital at Shanghai, said that he had a neighbor who was an opium smoker. He spent all of his money in gratifying the taste, and when that was gone sold his three children, one after the other, and finally his wife to satisfy his opium hunger.

WANT TO BE CURED.

The Chinese look upon those who are the slaves of the habit much as we look upon confirmed drunkards. A beggar of Soochow, who sleeps next door to an opium den, was asked where he lived. He replied: "Next door to hell."

Many of the opium smokers desire to be cured, and for this purpose opium refuges have been established. They are more common than the Keeler cures, or gold cures, of the United States. They are well patronized. An institution of this kind was recently opened in Fochow. It had applications from 50 opium smokers the first year. There are quacks in the different cities who make a specialty of treating opium cases. There are also charitable families who keep emetic powders on hand to give to any one who asks for them. These emetics are for use in cases of attempted suicides.

MORPHINE VS OPIUM.

The doctors say that few opium smokers are ever cured. They usually increase their allowance from year to year until death. When they endeavor to break off the habit they suffer the agonies of the damned, the contrast of their condition while smoking and stopping being well expressed in the following, which was written on the walls of the opium refuge at Soochow by one of the inmates:

"While smoking opium we are transported to Paradise; while breaking the habit, we are tortured in hell."

The tortures are usually too much for the patient. Some of them pretend to be permanently cured, but upon investigation it is usually found that they have changed from opium to morphine. A vast amount of morphine pills are consumed by the Chinese. They are for sale at all drug stores, and in some places the pill-takers are as many as the opium smokers.

MORPHINE INJECTIONS AT 1 CENT A DAY.

In some cities along the Yangtze the hypodermic method of injecting morphine has become common. There are professional morphine peddlers who go about with hypodermic syringes up their sleeves, and give injections at the rate of one cent a piece. They visit the tea houses and are ready to give you a jab in the arm upon asking. In some places the customers stand up in a row and hold out their arms with the sleeves rolled up to the shoulders. The usual place for the injection is the biceps, but many arms are tattooed from shoulder to wrist with injection scars, and some persons have marks extending over the greater part of their chests and shoulders.

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along with them, and when the solution gives out they take the dirty water from the shop and mix morphine with it in a dry cup of tea or fresh supply, and the danger of disease communication must be great. Such men are to be seen also in the native city of Shanghai.

IN THE OPIUM DENS.

While at Kowshing I took a look into some of the opium dens. They may be found in every block in the city and at every few steps. The ones I saw were full, and I am told they are busy all day long. Some of the dens were of the roughest description, merely long low roofs with wide beds or benches extending out from the wall with a central aisle between them. On each bed lay two men facing the opium lamp. From time to time one would take a little ball of brown opium, put it into his pipe, and leaning on his elbow, would suck at it while he held the bowl over the flame of the lamp. Some of the men were in a stupor, and others seemed exceptionally bright. On the outside of the city I saw beggars smoking opium in the open air and everywhere the horrid smell got into my nostrils.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST OPIUM JOINT.

One of the wickedest cities of China is Shanghai. It has perhaps more vice than any other in the celestial empire. It is the headquarters of the Chinese married to the depravity of foreigners, making up a combination of beastiality which you will find anywhere in the empire. There are boats of bonded opium in its harbor, and many opium dens everywhere. Shanghai has one street which is noted for its wickedness, and upon this street is the biggest opium den in the world. It has perhaps an acre of ground, and is a walled-in place. Its interior is furnished in the most extravagant fashion. Its furniture is of costly teak wood, its walls are inlaid with marble, and its rooms are divided by carved screens inlaid with stained glass. It has many rooms all given up to the smoking of opium. These rooms are of different grades, and in them you may see all classes of Chinese. There were perhaps a thousand smokers in the den when I entered it, and I went through half after half, breathing the fumes of sickly smelling vapor, through which the rays of the electric lights struggling found their way.

I stopped at the cashier's at the entrance and was offered a pipe. The cheapest I was told would cost me 10 cents a smoke, and the dearest could be rented for 20 cents or a quarter. As I went through I saw many men smoking their own pipes. Two mandarins dressed in satin lay and dozed with pipes of ivory beside them. In another room couples were smoking with pipes of common wood, and in a third I saw two girls lying on cushions of velvet, upon couches of teak wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Each girl had a long pipe in her mouth, and one as I looked filled her lungs with the opium and blew the smoke out through her nostrils. The girls were lying facing each other. They rested themselves on their elbows as they cooked the opium over the lamp and then laid their heads down on little red pillows and dozed off to sleep.

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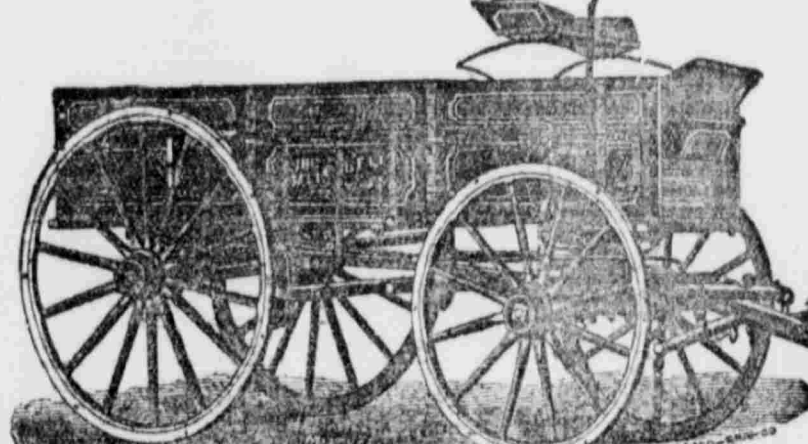
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The feud that existed between Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Gen. Russell A. Alger, ex-secretary of war, is about to assume new virulence. Gen. Miles, angered by the ex-secretary's published attack upon him, is busy preparing a reply to his opponent. In this reply will be found severer arraignment of Alger's administration of the war department than has yet been made public, and it is predicted that many departmental secrets, hitherto suppressed, will be brought to light.