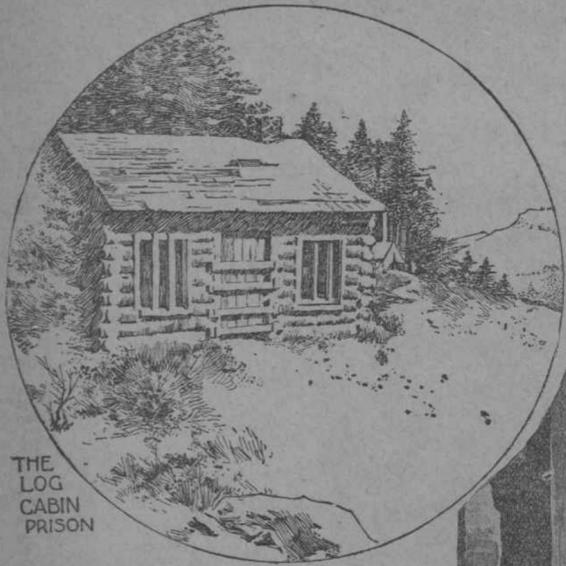


MORPHINE TORTURES CURED ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN TOP.

John P. Dunn Tells How, When Almost a Physical Wreck, He Stopped the Craving by Shutting Himself Up for Six Weeks in a Log Cabin Away Up in the California Mountains.



THE LOG CABIN PRISON

This is the story of how John P. Dunn, of Riverside, Cal., a man who had become a morphine fiend, was rid of the awful habit by being locked up in an isolated cabin upon the top of a mountain. The story of his struggles in the agony of his isolation is here told in vivid words by the man himself.

RIVERSIDE (Cal.), Dec. 15.

If the narrative of the way I was cured of the morphine habit will be a help to any poor wretched slave to the awful drug, I shall be glad, and it is for that reason I have set out to tell as best my limited literary skill will permit, how I gained my freedom.

I was born in Elmira, N. Y., forty-seven years ago. I ran away from home when but sixteen years old and came West. I was a tinner in St. Louis and later in Portland, Ore. I married in Denver a young lady whose name is not to be mentioned here. She had a little fortune, and with that I went into the hardware business in Pueblo, and later engaged in the same business in Albuquerque, N. M.

I made money fast. When the Santa Fe Railroad was building through New Mexico I made over \$10,000 in one year. In the summer of 1902 I had three felons come on my hands one after another, and to alleviate the agony and get some sleep, when I had paced the floor for days, I was given morphine.

The drug habit is very subtle and I soon contracted it. In a few weeks my wife discovered my habit, but I merely laughed at her tears and alarm, I was so cock sure I could throw morphine aside whenever I became fully convinced it did me harm. I lost my fondness for smoking, and ere I was aware I had become a genuine morphine fiend. I can never tell the horror that possessed me (in my lucid moments, of course) when I realized that I was where the morphine and opium fiends, whom I had always despised and avoided, had been for years.

One day I found my eldest boy crying as if his heart would break, alone with himself. I urged and then demanded that he tell me what was the matter. When he said between his sobs that the boys had plagued him because his father was a morphine fiend, and had been found asleep on the floor of the barn, I could have taken my life. I called my wife in the house, and kneeling down at her feet I promised as solemnly and reverently as I knew how that I would never touch morphine again. But that night the craving of my poor, weak, poisoned system called out till I was almost crazy for more poison, and I could no more resist the gnawing, consuming appetite than I could have held back Niagara.

But there's no need to tell how, step by step, I became a morphine fiend of the worst order. Everybody knows some poor emaciated, hollow-eyed, nervous, deceitful, apprehensive, worthless piece of human furniture, commonly called a morphine fiend. Such a one was I.

During the second week in June a party of four of us went by cars to San Jacinto, Cal., and from there we went in wagons up the mountain road to Strawberry Valley. The three persons besides myself were my wife, my brother and a retired doctor. I took my hypnos of morphine right along and paid little attention to what the others were doing for my heroic cure.

A cabin built of heavy pine logs and planks by the Schurman Lumber Company several years ago was leased. It was among the pine trees at an altitude of 6,000 feet. There were two windows in the structure and a heavy door. The windows were slatted with strong pine scantlings, bolted down on the outside. The door was fixed with four bars on the outside. Then a bed and chairs were borrowed and my three companions fixed the cabin up in habitable shape while I slumbered in a tent.

I am not a responsible witness concerning all that occurred to end about that cabin till early in July, but I do have a lively recollection of some things there. I did not sleep a wink for six days and nights to start with. The purpose of keeping me in the strongly built cabin was to have me in a place where my cravings would be denied, and I could not possibly get out to get it for myself. I've seen the time when I would commit murder



"I raved and fought for an hour. I roared anathemas at those who had lured me into my death trap."

to get morphine, and would be killed before I would give up in my craze for a squirt of it. One of the three persons accompanying me there had agreed to be always close at hand to be a help and a cheer.

The first night was not so bad. I went to bed and my wife came in and bade me a cheerful good night. Ten minutes later the craving for a "hypo" began. In an hour it became tormenting, and in two hours I was pacing the floor of the cabin.

By morning the craving had become a craze. My brother came and asked how I was, and I was so mad that I would not answer.

I thought that my head would break open. I was sure my brains were cooking. I got up and sat down literally a thousand times an hour.

My brother asked me through the keyhole of the door whether I was hungry. I could have struck him lifeless.

Every bone in my body ached, and I felt every one of my ten thousand nerves twitching.

I cursed my wife and vowed vengeance on my brother. I was raging with a desire to show them who bossed me, and that I was not a fool to be penned up to die like this.

Was there ever such a horror as this my own wife and brother had perpetrated on me? I could have torn my tormentors limb from limb. Oh, no one can tell the distress of that day. I know I was insane for hours.

The second night I spent in walking back and forth. I wept and begged to be let out. I pleaded with my brother by everything I could think of to let me out at least to die on the grass outside. Over and over again I begged for deliverance from my horrible prison, until my tongue was weary and my mouth dry.

My back I knew was burned with fever, and my eyes felt as if molten lead were in the sockets. I tore up the blanket on the bed, rolled on the floor, beat upon the plank walls, hammered on the door, and cried and cried with alternate rage and humility. Occasionally I felt comparatively better, but then I resolved to stick out my cure, and to show my will power to my wife and

brother outside my cabin, solicitously noting every phase of my case. My brother asked me to think of anything I could eat or drink. I revolved at the thought of food, but I did not want black coffee and lots of it.

The coffee was handed me through the window. Then the indescribable craving for morphine came over me, and I would hurt the coffee pot, cup and all on the floor, while I roared anathemas at those who had lured me into my death trap.

The third day I was practically insane all day. When my doctor friend came in to see me (for I have since learned they were for a time afraid I would not endure the heroic cure) I was lying on the floor, with my clothes torn off me. I have no recollection of the doctor, but I do recall dozens of frightful hallucinations that day.

Once I moaned and begged for help from thousands of cats that had invaded the cabin. Some were as large as sheep, and others had brass hoofs.

Then there were a myriads of boiler-makers hammering for all they were worth all about my cabin, until my ear drums were split by the horrible din. Then I was in a dissecting room and a lot of boys in black blouses were cutting my skull open and ripping out my vitals.

So the hallucinations proceeded for a long time that day. For several hours that night I begged my brother to come in and kill me. I used all the eloquence my parched tongue and cooked brain could muster, and meant every word of it. I would have gone joyously to my execution. I forced coffee and some canned corned beef down my throat when I saw that my appeals for death were in vain. I remember watching the sun come up next morning and wondering whether I had been there two or three weeks.

The fourth, fifth and sixth days are not so distinct in my memory that I can discriminate between them. It seemed to me like a long succession of hallucinations, tossing on my bed, walking the floor, calling to those on the outside of the cabin to come and help me, and drinking coffee and milk. I have been told that I never slept a wink in the time, and that I was as wide awake as a weasel every time any one came in to help me and observe my condition.

My hands were raw for ten days after from the beating I had given the boards in my delirious efforts to do something. The fiery sensation in my head abided and it caused my worst hallucinations. I thought I was being garrotted by the Spanish in Cuba, and I went through all the agony of a man who dies in that way.

Another time I fancied I was attacked by ants as large as teacups, and oh! what horrors I felt when I knew they were biting holes as large as walnuts from the back of my head and shoulders. I raved and fought with them for an hour, when I suddenly realized where I was and that I was undergoing the last effort to get away from the morphine habit.

On the sixth day I was much easier. I drank milk and ate fruit. I felt a thousand years old and very weak. I would not have looked into a mirror for all the world. My bleeding, thin hands and my emaciated legs told how I had lost flesh. Again in the early evening I felt drowsy, and I took a pillow from the bed and put it on the floor. I lay down there. Somehow the bed was abhorrent to me. I wanted something hard to lie on—the harder the better for my aching bones and racked nerves and withered flesh. I fell asleep, and I suppose my brother was the happiest man alive when he saw me, through the window, sound in slumber.

I slept for ten hours, then with more milk and fruit I slept seven hours longer. It was the turning point in the battle. When I got up and had food I felt old and haggard, but I was glad that I had had a week without the poison. I resolved to die rather than now abandon my contest for freedom. My old craving for tobacco came back to me—the first time in five years, and I smoked six cigars that day without the least effect upon me.

From that time out for a week it was a struggle to keep myself together, and I had more nervous pains and an unspeakable fatigue, but I never wavered in my zeal to fight the battle to a finish no matter how long or how painful it was. I did not dare trust myself, however, and I kept close in the cabin.

In three weeks I felt much better, had an enormous appetite and smoked every day. I went out for short walks among the pine trees, and down to the part of the valley where the cravers were coming in, but I was always accompanied. The lassitude and fatigue continued in a milder degree. At times my craving for morphine returned for an hour or so, but coffee and a cigar alleviated the feeling.

From July 7 until July 17 I grew better every day. I gained four pounds of flesh and took new hope and an interest in things about me. I smoked, walked and slept. Occasionally there was a hankering for the old time poison, and my wife knew the indications by my nervousness. I would probably have fallen even then but for the care and watchfulness over me and the knowledge that no morphine was within thirty miles of us.

But gradually the longing for morphine wore away. I had not felt so well in years as that month. When the emperors came to Strawberry Valley I had much to interest me. By August 1, I had unconsciously formed even a dislike for morphine, and from that time the dislike has grown into a horror of the stuff. The doctors tell me that is a sure symptom of a complete cure.

JOHN P. DUNN.



JOHN P. DUNN

By Bradley Martin, Jr.—WHY THE LAVISH EXPENDITURE OF WEALTH IS JUSTIFIABLE

From the Nineteenth Century for December.

In adding one more to the already long list of articles that this subject has brought forth I feel that some sort of apology is necessary, but, I fear, it must lie in the unconsciousness of the others rather than on account of any special merit in this one.

The articles on this subject may be divided into two classes. (1) Those in justification. (2) Those decrying it. The writers for the first class depend for arguments almost entirely on the old fallacy known as the broken-window doctrine; i. e., that any consumption of wealth is good for trade. They thus utterly lose sight of the fact that in the present day the hoarding of wealth by a stocker or elsewhere no longer exists, and that therefore any wealth which is not spent is kept in a bank or invested in business, where it is employing productive labor, and therefore is doing other people as much good as if expended in luxuries, and the world is so much the richer, as the wealth itself remains.

On the other hand, the writers of the second class, apart from vehement vituperation calculated to excite class feeling, which does not bear serious consideration, depend entirely upon the fact that the deductions of the writers on the other side are economically unsound.

They point out that if the wealth consumed in a fancy ball was not spent it would remain in the form of stocks or bonds, etc., where it would be giving employment to a large number of working people, and would be thus of equal advantage to an equally desiring class of people, with the added advantage, that, instead of doing this once for all, as in the case of a ball, it could go on giving employment and creating wealth year after year, ad infinitum.

It seems to me that to regard the subject purely from an economic point of view is wrong. The fact that an institution is economically sound or does not is in the least settle the question as to whether it is beneficial to a community or the reverse. In fact, if the causes of political economy were paramount, not only would there be no art, but most of the philanthropic undertakings would have to be given up; because anything that results in producing the greatest amount of wealth in the world (as a whole) is economically sound, and only such things are.

The Spending of Money and the Hoarding of Money.

Therefore, most almsgiving and all hospitalities for imbeciles and humane asinines are economically unsound, as, if the money spent in attempting to succeed and support the infirm and the drowsy, who at the best will be able to produce but little in return, was put out at interest, it would be employing the strong, able-bodied workmen who would be able to produce far greater wealth in return, and therefore the world would be richer, which is all that political economy cares about.

All forms of art are economically to be taboed, as, when once produced, though they last forever, they do not bear interest or increase the wealth of the world, which the wealth expended in it otherwise would do. And, on the other hand, "trades" appear to me to be in practice economically sound, as in all the cases of trusts the production of the article has been rendered so much cheaper that the formation of a trust has always resulted in a decline in the price of the article sold, and therefore,

if the trust be not allowed, the public suffers for the sake of the individual producers, who would otherwise be squeezed out.

Enough has already been said to show that the settlement of whether an institution is or is not economically sound should not finally settle the question; since whichever way the question is answered, the further and more important ones remain—first, whether the institution is in accordance with humanity and morality; secondly, whether greater harm would result in its forcible repression.

I will next consider whether there are not occasions when it is economically sound to expend large amounts of wealth on purely unproductive luxuries. Because a given thing is economically unsound as a general rule is no reason why it should not be sound under exceptional circumstances; examples of this can be found in the history of protection and subsidies.

How the Bradley-Martin Ball Revived Trade.

Those who believe that the theory of protection is economically unsound, since it indirectly acts in the same way as bounties—that is to say, it takes from the pockets of every one in order to fill the pockets of those protected, as, although the foreign producer is the one actually taxed, it is really the home consumer who has to pay the duty plus the interest on the amount advanced, as otherwise the producer would not import—must still admit that in the case of fostering new industries protection and bounties have repeatedly been found to be beneficial, as they allow the industry to grow up, which it otherwise never might be able to do if it had to compete at first on an equal footing with those which had a plant and market already secured.

If it were not for the fact that in the reign of Louis XIV. Colbert realized this, the silk manufacturers at Lyons never would have been able to compete with the Italian silk merchants. The subsidizing of the railways in India and of the transcontinental railways in America are other examples. And it is now claimed in America that the past years of protection have enabled the United States to compete with England for the Eastern market, even to the extent of building ships for Japan.

The Luxury of Millionaires and the Livelihood of the Poor.

On the same analogy, it seems to me that in a year of great depression an increased and unexpected demand for pure luxuries is beneficial to the community. When financial depressions occur, people have to cut down their expenses; but this is done almost entirely out of the luxuries; people must have food, and railways must run, whatever happens; therefore, it is the bonnet maker, florist, etc., who suffer the most, and are in the greatest need of assistance. Take a concrete case: Two years ago, in New York, a fancy ball took place which gave employment to numbers of business-men, stock-makers, cab drivers, etc., who otherwise would have been out of employment all winter. In fact, in many trades hands had to be called in from other cities. But great as were the direct benefits caused by this abnormal demand, the indirect benefits to trade were far greater still.

The money placed in the hands of the dressmaker, tailor, etc., enabled them to peated itself right down the social scale, and was again employ commercial travellers in their business; and thus an impetus was given hotel proprietor on the other; in fact, the ball was to trade that was appreciably felt over the country.

Those directly employed were able to add to the trade revival, as they had more money to spend on the necessities and luxuries of life, and those from whom they obtained their money were in their turn able to give more employment to others; and this more than if she undertakes to learn another, provided she talked them were in their turn able to give more employment to others; and this more than if she undertakes to learn another, provided she

THE LITERARY DEBUT OF MISS HELEN F.

(From Her New Book of Poems, C)

Water and Wine.

ASKED for water and they brought me wine;
Wine in a jewelled chalice, where the gold
Gleamed thro' the purple beads, as if unrolled.
One saw the sun-rays of a lifetime shine.
So, drinking, I forgot my dream divine
Of crystal purity, for in my hold
Were Wealth and Fame and Passions manifold,
Which, with the draught, I fancied might be mine
"Ah, Youth," I said, "Ah, Faith and Love!" I said;
"These are but broken lances in the strife!
What shall remain when all these things are sped?"
Then crashed the dream. I clutched the hand of Fate
Amid the ruins of my shattered life.
And found the Gods had cheated, all too late.

A Woman's Pride.

I WILL not look for him, I will not hear
My heart's loud beating, as I strain to see
Across the rain forlorn and drearily,
Nor starting, think 'tis he that draws so near,
I will forget how tenderly and dear
He might in coming hold his arms to me,
For I will prove what woman's pride can be
When faint love lingers in the darkness drear.
I will not—ah, but should he come to-night
I think my life might break thro' very bliss,
This little will should be so torn apart,
That all my soul might fall in golden light

And let me die; so do I long for this.
Ah, love, thine eyes—nay, love—thy heart, thy heart!

In the Mist.

AH! love, my love, upon this alien shore
I lean and watch the pale uneasy ships
Sift thro' the waving mist in strange eclipse,
Like spirits of some time and land of yore.
I did not think my heart could love thine more;
And, yet, when lighter than a swallow dips,
The wind lays ghostly kisses on my lips,
I seem to know of love the eternal core.
Here is no throbbing of impassioned breath
To beat upon my cheek; no pulsing heart
Which might be silenced by the touch of Death,
No smile which other smile has softly kissed,
Or dotting gaze which time must draw apart,
But spirit's spirit in the trailing mist.

Beneath the Moon.

GIVE me thy hand, beloved! Here, where still
The night wind hovers, 'neath the swaying
moon,
Give me this fleeting moment; all too soon
The careless day will break upon the hill;
This last sweet night is mine. The tempest shall
Upon thy lips be all the precious boon,
I begged of heaven, the goddess of moon
Is theirs—the rest; mine is this moment's will.