

Caught in the Coils of the Serpent of the East



Donnie Harrison, Detroit beauty, from a portrait painted before drugs marred her.

Right—"A strangled lute on which all winds can play!" Thus Donnie Harrison described her drug-seared soul as she lay in a New York hospital. Bunny Dorel and her dog were her only friends



From the Homes of Millionaires, From the Star's Dressing Room, and From Silken-Hung Studios Comes the Pitiful Tale of Shattered Mind, Will and Health.

THEY start in a silken-hung studio in Back Bay. They end in a shabby lodging room in the south end. And the wealthy Back Bay girls themselves, whom I have seen nightly in luxurious drug haunts, sometimes lose soul and fortune and become derelicts or suicides.

This was sobbed out by a woman who lay on a cot in the Boston City hospital, between the horrible spasms of jerking that are the compensation for hours of wandering through the shadowy pleasures of the poppy trail.

Mrs. Olive Wood, educated, cultured, determined to devote her life to the service of humanity as a trained nurse, left her pleasant home in Orono, Me., for the wider opportunities of the Massachusetts city. But like hundreds of others she was caught by the deadly lure of "dope" and many long months of her life were devoted to acquiring the most astonishing fund of information ever to be lodged in one brain concerning the workings among the wealthy and socially elect of a big American city of the "Serpent of the East."

It was when she was working her way back to life from an overdose of drugs that she made public incredibly debauched conditions in the city which always has been considered the hub of culture.

In Los Angeles another woman, younger, less inhibited by tenets of civilization than the Boston nurse, but more startlingly lovely with the olive and black coloring of Old Mexico, talked through her cell bars of strange, shivering, wild-eyed creatures who steal through the streets of the garden city in search of the poison that dulls shrieking nerves.

While Mrs. Wood told of the hante monde of the east, Ruby Ruiz described the relentless crushing of the underworld of the west.

"When you shoot coke into your body you feel able to do many things. But after the first exultation—the first ecstasy of hate and love—an awful depression follows. You just worry and worry then. You think of your husband and your children and your folks—everything there is to worry about.

"But then you take a shot of 'M.' That is morphine. And it lifts the depression. So you see for a real 'hop' party you have to have both of these drugs and also some 'marijuana' cigarettes. One of

these, inhaled lingeringly, rouses an appetite. Of course it isn't a real appetite, but it helps you to eat, and you must have food, especially if the party is an all-night one.

"Where do these parties go on? Oh, at well-known road houses near the city and at certain little hotels that all the 'hops' know."

In Chicago mute testimony to the strength and venom of the serpent is given by the white face of Mrs. Doris Clements Wilson, who was graduated from Wellesley four years ago. It was after she had been arrested for shoplifting that she told of \$40,000 dissipated in the space of 12 short months in purchase of drugs, and a final attempt to steal something that could be turned into money to buy more.

Out of Denver comes the all but unbelievable story of school boys and girls caught within the coils of the serpent; pennies and nickles and dimes begged from unsuspecting parents for the purpose of buying a "sniff" or a "card" or a "shot."

And in New York Broadway still talks of Donnie Harrison, pretty and sweet and 19, whose story went to the world as she lay in Bellevue fighting out of the drowsy mist of a drug that only recently was put in the narcotic class when the law banned the unrestricted sale of it.

Talented as a dancer, an actress, a painter, Donnie sought fortune in the "Big Town." Back in Detroit, occasionally helped by this "girl who despaired," lived her father, her mother and her brothers, one, a high school boy, an enthusiast on electricity and mechanics. All her beautiful faith in the girl whom they believed to be "going it alone and making good." But she was growing sick of a city that—as she wrote in her diary—"transforms unprotected feminine souls into a strangled lute on which all winds can play."

She had listened to the lying whisper of the "Serpent of the East." And despite the setting of her life—luxurious apartments, champagne, drugs, parties—the "small town" girl found existence unendurable, held fast, as she was, by those deadly coils.

It was about this time that the most spectacular raid ever to startle New York resulted in the arrest of ten Broadway figures, the confiscating of thousands of dollars' worth of narcotics of every sort, opium lay-outs, gold and platinum hypodermic needles, and other articles having to do with the trail of the serpent.



Mrs. Effie Pope Hill Alsop, whose spectacular career, beginning at 17, when she eloped with a 77-year-old millionaire, fell to its depth recently when she was removed to a hospital "drug shot."

A hotel that stands within the bright light district was all but battered down, during he raid, and Ralph Oyer, United States narcotic chief, announced that he had rounded up the heads of Manhattan's "drug ring" and destroyed their stronghold.

It was less than a month later, however, that the theatrical world was startled by the arrest of John Paul Jones, the talented actor, following a raid upon an apartment in a fashionable street near the Park.

Jones, who appeared prominently in John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," and with Alice Brady in "Forever After," and who was featured in "The Hand of the Potter" two years ago when the Provincetown Players put on that play, was charged with having caused many young men and women in Broadway's gay circles as well as in the Bohemian haunts of Greenwich Village, to become addicts. George Tiffany, scion of a wealthy New York family, recently sent to Bloomingdale asylum, was said to be one of Jones' victims. A strikingly beautiful brunette who gave the admittedly

fictitious name of Stella Gordon, was held at the time of Jones' arrest, which took place in her apartment.

And perhaps the most unbelievable situation ever to be brought about in this country is that which sent to the psychopathic ward Effie Pope Hill Alsop, one time of Macon, Ga., who ten years ago—when she was but 17—became the bride of Edward H. Alsop, then 77, a wealthy manufacturer of Pittsburg and Washington.

Mrs. Alsop's record at Bellevue hospital bore a legend of "alcoholic and drug poisoning." Alsop divorced her six years ago.

Still more recently a drug-seared girl of 24, Catherine McDonald, sat in the office of Dr. Carlton Simon, New York special deputy police commissioner, before dawn one morning and told of meeting a woman at dance who introduced her to the "magic needle." The McDonald girl, a factory worker, soon found that the needle stab relieved the fatigue caused by her work, which prevented her dancing at night. The woman introduced her to a drug vendor, and for three months she was a faithful customer. "A girl in a thousand" is the



Cissie Loftus, once great actress, started the theatrical world when arrested in London as she tried to use a forged prescription.

way city officials described her after she had given herself up to be cured. One of the strangest of London's dope

tragedies was that of Cissie Loftus, once the idol of American theater-goers, co-star with Irving and Sothorn, a shivering, pleading figure before a London bar of justice. She had been arrested as she left a drug store and charged with using a forged prescription for obtaining morphine. Word of her arrest went out, bringing to her aid the fashionable and the talented of London. Nevertheless, she was forced to spend the night in jail. While she shook with outraged nerves in the courtroom on the day of her trial, the breathless spectators whispered of the days when she was at the height of her fame as the inimitable impersonator of Sarah Bernhardt, Modjeska, Yvette Guilbert.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN IN ARIZONA DECLARES SHERMAN IS MALIGNED

Famous Epigram, "War Is Hell" and Like Story Comparing State to Lower Regions Asserted to Be Defamatory of Great Man.

BY ROBERT S. DOMAN.
OATMAN, Ariz.—The G. A. R. has an active dispute on its hands. Difference of opinion between Native Sons of Arizona and outsiders from the neighboring states of Nevada, Utah and New Mexico have developed and regrettable allegations were made by members of the G. A. R. concerning their fellow veterans.

The dispute arose over an alleged statement by Thomas D. Collins of Middletown, N. Y., which was published by Frank Strong in the Oatman News. In his statement Mr. Collins, a civil war veteran, said that Sherman did not say "war is hell," but "war is cruel."

J. E. Shank, flagbearer of the G. A. R. and author of the brochure on "The Poisonous Insects and Reptiles of Arizona," came to General Sherman's defense. He said:

"I hope the telegraphic report from New York is not true. A persistent attempt is being made to defame the name and to distort the historic words of General Sherman in the east, especially down in Wall street, where the brokers are ruining the farmers, destroying our cattle business and generally raising hell throughout this entire country. (Loud cheers.)

"This New York business is the second case wherein General Sherman has been misquoted and maligned. "In October, 1880, the Oatman G. A. R.

had its attention called to a similar distortion of General Sherman's words.

"In that year President Rutherford B. Hayes came to Arizona, accompanied by General William T. Sherman.

"When he came to Maricopa Junction, Iars from New Mexico and other states said that General Sherman went out on the platform of the railroad coach and said: 'What a hell of a country!'

"It was stated at that time that Captain W. A. Hancock of Phoenix, replied: 'Why, general, it is not such a bad country. We have to the north a rich agricultural valley and the Oatman gold mines. Possibly Arizona is a little bit warm, but all she needs is more water and better immigration.'

"To which the Iars of 40 years ago state that Sherman replied:

"Bah! Less heat! More water! Better society! That's all hell needs!"

"Now, I know positively and for a fact that General Sherman never made any such statement," declared Mr. Shank. "And members of this chapter of the G. A. R., who have now passed away, could bear me out if they were here. The whole alleged conversation was a pack of damnable lies made out of whole cloth and calculated to defame the fair name of our golden state. General Sherman was the best friend Arizona ever had, and I can prove it." (Prolonged applause.)