

# "Habit" Lures to a Lingering Death



## Victims of Ether and Oxygen Orgies Following Those of Morphine and Cocaine

SCIENCE, that new, omnipotent mother of humanity, is signaling her continual steps of progress by creating new and terrible vices.

Out of its simple, primitive knowledge, before almost omniscient science was able to bring surcease of pain to body and often to mind, humanity had to rest content with its primitive, simple vices—its comparatively innocuous tobacco, its slowly clogging gluttonies and its debauches in alcohol. Man's ignorance was his safeguard.

But the tree of his modern knowledge has vouchsafed to him very bitter and poisonous fruit. Strange, new drugs—the miracles of chemistry and the marvels of the laboratory, the nepenthes of surgery and the handmaids of the science of medicine—are proving Circes of destruction to countless weak, unwary mariners who do not know the dangers of the dreams to which their jaded nerves and senses are so readily allured.

The old fable of the Circean transformations of men into swine is being repeated now—in absinthed Paris, by means of seductive ether; in wearied London, by means of thrilling oxygen, and in nervous America, by such an epidemic of cocaine and morphine and opium as has left the medical profession appalled at the hideous results.

PURE-oxygen has of late proved so valuable for the instant stimulation of patients who are on the verge of collapse, in various emergencies of illness and of surgery, that many well-furnished drug stores keep a generous supply of cylinders constantly in stock.

Occasionally in this country one will see oxygen cylinders as a feature of the window display, with a card announcing the fact that the gas can be had, in absolute purity and in any quantity, at all hours of the day and night.

The purpose of the display is more for attracting the notice of neighboring physicians than for the impression of the general public. The average man or woman, in health, noticing the big iron cylinders, passes them with no more personal thought of their utilization than the devout hope that they may never be needed.

But in London, that vastest aggregation of humanity ever assembled on the world's surface, with every pleasure drained to the dregs by thousands of men and women whose wealth has denuded them of the capacity for sensation, the discovery of a gas which is the very essence of the breath of life, has inaugurated an epidemic of the most dangerous form of intoxication.

In the fashionable West End, the facilities for furnishing the exhilarating cylinders are far more common than they are at present in even the great cities of the United States. All the "chemists," as England calls its druggists, are only too eager to furnish oxygen cylinders to customers, and the customers are now only too eager to buy.

### INROADS INTO SOCIETY

There has sprung into existence a regular and considerable trade with women prominent in London society, who constitute no negligible factor in the spreading vice. The physicians of London concede the truth, that the number of the oxygen fiends is steadily increasing. The dangers are being heralded through the daily press and in the confidential secrecy of the consulting room.

A fearful danger it is, too, one which is least surmised and least anticipated by the victims of the terrible habit.

Pure oxygen, to the human body, is pure fire. Normally, in our inhalations of the ordinary atmosphere, we draw in just enough, and no more than is sufficient to maintain a rate of chemical combustion sufficient for existence, until the last natural supply of fuel has been consumed.

Then the human being dies, a living candle that has burned away, steadily and slowly, at the rate of combustion preordained from the first.

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There comes then such a rush of dry, pure, nerve-stimulating air, sweeping over the land from the limitless Northwest, that every man, woman and child fairly thrills with the electric vigor of life revived.

That in the native American brand of oxygen, as furnished by nature from her limitless reservoirs, a brand which science has come to recognize as the real secret of the perennial mystery in the matchless vitality and energy of the American people.

the sensations experienced by the English oxygen fiend when, with all London choking in its heavy air, even though its infamously famous fog be absent, he turns the tap of his waiting cylinder and allows a stream of thrilling ozone to flow, drawing it into his lungs with deep, pulse-raising inhalations.

"I had an oxygen orgy today," writes one man who tried it. "I had fifteen gallons. I feel more inclined to wrestle than to write, from the mere joy of being alive. After I had inhaled part of my supply, my heart began to clamor, like a good servant who had been ignored.

"Exhilaration followed—airal champagne, life ethereal, energizing the vital principle. My ears sang. As I inhaled more, I felt as though I were hanging downward over a cliff. The protesting blood was pulsing in my arteries. Ideas swarmed, but it was hard to seize them; I awoke as I rose to my feet."

The man was oxygen drunk. It took ten minutes to do it, while his pulse leaped from 74 beats to 90. He stayed drunk for an hour, and then he appeared to be as he was before.

Inhalation of the ozone form of oxygen in large quantities inflames the mucous membranes, a plain evidence of the consuming fire. There is often a headache afterward, seemingly no heavier a penalty than the common drunkard pays for his alcohol.

But the truly appalling results come more insidiously and much more punyly. If ever the wages of sin can be death, this sin entails the extreme penalty. The heart, continually stimulated with an excess of oxygen, hurls the blood through the veins at

a killing speed. The oxygen fiend lives so fast that early death is inevitable.

Only a little while has elapsed since all Paris was agog over a scandal of the stage such as Paris itself had not previously succeeded in paralleling. Senator Beranger's crusade against the nude in public performances finally haled into the courts a couple of music hall managers and a whole group of actresses, who were responsible for the notorious scenes of the "Ether Debauch."

Paris itself, apart from the scandal of the nude in that affair, is taking its ether drunkenness with much less alarm than London greets its oxygen. Paris is occupied with fighting its familiar foe, abstinence, and does not recognize the imminent dangers of the newer vice, although all French physicians are now on the qui vive for a grave epidemic of the habit.

In its proper sphere, ether has proved an invaluable ally of the surgeon, and it is the favorite anesthetic of American practice, because the percentage of fatalities attending its use is much lower than that of the chloroform affected by Europe.

With both ether and chloroform, however, distinguished practitioners in England have recently conceived suspicion that profound changes occur in the blood vessels and brain, which give no trace of their

existence at the time. Years later, the patient may succumb to apoplexy or paralysis.

"In Paris it has become the habit of many men prominent in society—members, indeed, of the old noblesse—to carry about with them vials of ether, which they uncoil as opportunity offers.

A few whiffs of the drug as it volatilizes under their nostrils, and they proceed, apparently sober, apparently in their right minds, but actually with their senses numbed and their brains hazed into what is merely a sub-conscious awareness of their surroundings and their movements, while their imaginations roam amid a day dream of revelry in luxurious fantasies.

The peculiar vices indulged in by the two nations, respectively, are characteristic of their respective climates and temperaments. The heavy, sluggish Londoner impels his natives to the gas, which gives the sense of physical energy and mental exhilaration. The light, gay nature of the Frenchman asks the delights of sensuous dreams.

But the punishment is as inevitable for one as for the other. Where the bored, oppressed oxygen fiend pays early with his life for his brief hours of jubilation, the ether fiend prepares the insidious way for ruinous collapse, such as used to strike down with

horrifying power Mansfield's Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance."

Like so many Baron Chevrials, the ether fiends speedily show the dreadful evidence of their debauchery. Pallid, their faces drawn with the harsh lines of rapidly failing health, the youngest and strongest of them rapidly assume the aspect of decrepit rouses, which, in fact, their excesses in ether have made them. All the symptoms correspond to the degeneration which attends the growing American vice of cocaine.

In America, thus far, both oxygen and ether have seized upon comparatively few victims, too few to be alarming in contrast with the known, dismaying facts regarding the prevalence of the cocaine and morphine habits. But it is feared that both vices will soon take root in this soil.

The use of morphine, or opium, is believed by competent medical authorities to greatly exceed the extent of the cocaine curse. But the latest is always the most sensational; and so more attention has been given recently by city, state and national authorities to the checking of cocaine's inroads than has been accorded the struggle against opium. Nevertheless, cocaine has progressed with such fearful strides that it is now almost quipped to take its place beside opium, in all of the poppy's damning transmutations as a drug.

The Postoffice Department has gone to the extreme of criminal practices, and other reasons are that the indigent who do become cocaine fiends pass, almost immediately, into the criminal class.

While the East has been in anxious alarm over the cocaine vice, the West has found opium so extensively used, by persons of the highest standing socially, that only constant crusades against the druggists who sell it has proved of any avail for its restriction.

Science is now wise responsible for the man derelicts whose haggard, stolid, stolid corpses roll hideously in its wake, must go on its conquering course, discover fresh safeguards against the primal cause of pain, whatever the losses among those whose moral strength is insufficient to fit them for the new temptations of the discoveries bringing.

But cannot that newest of the sciences, the medico-legal science, devise, instantly upon the great discoveries of the future, the antidotes of law which shall make weak humanity immune from its own abuses of the blessed boon?

You will find both Louis Schmidt and Irwin F. Faber genial men. They are artists of high rank, and their names are known throughout the country. Ask any one at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia about them, and you will be told of the artist skill of both.

They are artists not of landscape, but of natural scenery—the scenery of the human body. These two men are the Millais and Claude Lorraine of anatomical and pathological art.

The art studio at the university is an innovation in this country. It is regarded as one of the most important adjuncts of the department of medicine. It was instituted nearly ten years ago, and remarkable as has been the work done there, its existence, except to physicians and surgeons, is practically unknown.

There are made sketches, paintings, charts and drawings illustrating the most important operations at the University and Philadelphia hospitals, illustrations for books published by the medical staff and for lectures and articles by the most eminent surgeons and anatomists.

Both Mr. Faber and Mr. Schmidt, besides their routine work, have made drawings for the Rockefeller Institute and have illustrated an important book on anatomy. In this book are 2000 original drawings.

The work extended over a period of twelve years. In this volume appear some of the finest examples of this kind of art; you will find limbs drawn, with the muscles and veins exposed, and the structure faithful in every detail; you will see microscopic paintings of sections of muscular tissues, normal and diseased, painted from specimens studied by the artist through a powerful microscope. And these paintings present as much, if not more, veridicality, more regard to detail, color, tone and shading than any landscape or portrait.

### TEDIOUS AND DIFFICULT

The work is tedious and difficult. But it is artistic. There is no possible doubt of that.

How do the artists work, you ask? While you are there a doctor appears and says he would like to have the drawing made of the removal of the lachrymal sac. The artist takes his pencil and hastens to the operating table. While the work goes on he makes a sketch of the operation step by step; his memory runs well, for in the short time he can only do it in the rough and later must make a faithful wash drawing.

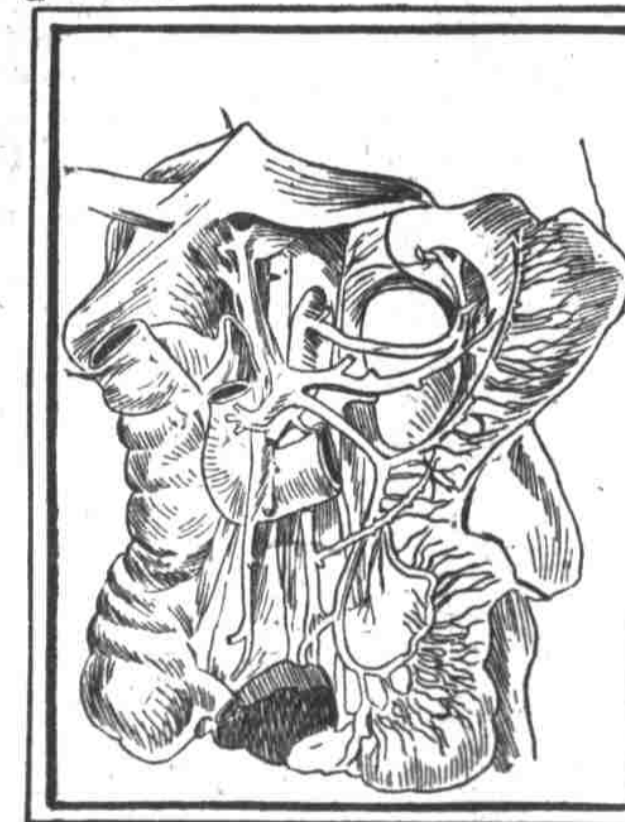
Or perhaps a surgeon wishes a section of tissue painted, showing the diseased cells. A small piece of tissue is hardened in a solution, after which a thin section is mounted on a block of glass and stained with pigments. Placed under a microscope, it is drawn, magnified from 1000 to 1500 times.

Every cell, every particle of tissue must be colored faithfully. Imagine the patience, the amount of detail and mastery of color required! This work is Mr. Schmidt's specialty.

These artists know the entire structure of the body; in their minds is a faithful picture of the normal color and condition of all the muscles. This is necessary so they can faithfully show abnormal conditions. And they work comparatively fast. A water cooler can be seen in three and one-half hours, while Mr. Schmidt produces difficult microscopic drawings in a period ranging from five hours to three days.

The use of these faithful bits of art work assists students in their study of anatomy. This work is conceded by all to be of the highest importance in the development of medicine and surgery. And what most strikes the uninitiated in medicine and surgery is that in this work tedious, difficult, of tremendous importance, the finest, highest Art—spelled with a capital—must be employed.

## Highest Type of Art for Scientific Books



Work that requires care and Expertness.

"WHAT is that? A sunset seen through a porthole! The effect is fine!" "No," replied Louis Schmidt, the artist, "that's a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of the inside of a man's eye."

The visitor to the art studio at the medical laboratories of the University of Pennsylvania marveled. The inside of an eye! And yet what a wonderful picture—like a sun disc veiled in roscate clouds, with streaks of light veiling outward and strangely soft effects in gold and rose. It was a wonderful picture, exceptionally wrought, and an example of the remarkable work in high art done at each laboratory in this country.



The Artist at Work.

come extremely important. It marks the strides of medicine and surgery up the mountain of progress. Until comparatively a few years ago the medical student studied his text books, and got vague ideas of the muscles, the effects of tumors, diseases and deteriorations from imperfect drawings or from work on cadavers.

To many, the slow stages of muscular decay were only imperfectly known; they did not have adequate idea of the operation, they desire faithful reproductions of the diseased tissues, the cancerous growth or whatever it may be, and while they work by their side is an artist, alert, with vigilant eye, making sketches of the progress of the work, of the open wound and the actual condition of the muscles.



How the Muscles are sketched out.

Later, when the operation is over and many details have faded from the surgeon's memory, he may present a record of the work; he will have a picture of the tissues, showing the inflamed condition in actual colors.

In giving a lecture on this remarkable case he can illustrate it as well as though he performed the actual operation beneath the eye of his listeners. This is one of the advantages of high art in surgery.

At the entrance to the medical laboratories of the University of Pennsylvania is a tower. Were a visitor to climb the marble stairs until he found himself at the top he would probably be surprised. For the room in which he would find himself would be nothing less than an artist's studio.

YES, they now paint pictures of muscles, bone, tissues, cultures of germs and diseased membranes with as much care as the first-class landscape artist reproduces spring in the country or a view of the sea.

High art in depicting anatomical research has be-