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S. S.

THE
PERFECT KEELEY CURE;

147

INCIDENTS AT DWIGHT,

AND

“ THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW ”
INTO THE PERFECT LIGHT.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DAILY EVENTS AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MECCA OF LIBERTY, OR THE INEBRIATE'S COURT OF LAST
RESORT.—A COMPLETE REVIEW OF DR. KEELEY'S
SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—PATHETIC FACTS
STRANGER THAN FICTION.

THE OPIUM CHAMBER OF HORRORS GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

By ^{Charles ✓} C. S. CLARK, Author of “That Mysterious Man,” Etc.

Poetic Gems by JNO. J. FLINN, LU B. CAKE, HARRY H. HEMING, AND
OTHERS.—Medical and Legal Opinions, etc.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

THIRD EDITION.

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FIRST,

TO MY WIFE AND MANY WARM FRIENDS, WHO REJOICE WITH ME IN
MY SCIENTIFIC ESCAPE FROM A THRALLDOM WORSE THAN DEATH;
SECOND, TO MY BENEFACTOR AND FRIEND,

DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY,

AND TO "DWIGHT, THE MECCA OF LIBERTY," AND, THEN, TO THE
NOBLE-HEARTED, MANLY AND BRILLIANT MEN WHO CONSTITUTE
THE GRAND ARMY OF AMERICAN INEBRIATES, WHO, THOUGH
CONSIDERED HOPELESSLY HELPLESS, CAN NOW BE SAVED AND
PERMANENTLY CURED, THIS LITTLE EFFORT IS FERVENTLY,
EARNESTLY, SINCERELY

DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTORY TO THIRD EDITION.

More than a year ago "The Wonderful Story of Keeley and Dwight" was written and published. The little book, of which this is a third and greatly improved edition, was placed before an exacting, doubting public with hesitation and considerable trepidation and uncertainty as to how such a work would be considered and received. Its reception has been something the author never dared to hope for or expect, while the good it has directly accomplished in pointing suffering, dying slaves of Humanity's greatest Curse and most desperate of enemies to the Light-House of Liberty upon the only sure rock of safety, that of Scientific Security, repays the author ten thousand fold for the effort necessary to review a wrecked life upon the shores of time, with the pen of experience dipped in the gall of bitterness, blasted hopes and hearts bowed down with the weight of a grief those who suffer alone can know. With the dark night and storm of the past are traced the glorious sunbeams of a resurrection on earth and a calm realization of complete deliverance. After more than a year of scientific reformation, the author writes with that same earnest zeal, simple trust and realization of full immunity from the disease of years which characterized his utterances published soon after his certain escape from bondage.

He is convinced that the subject of which this work treats is one which lies very near to the hearts of hundreds of thousands of good people in this country, as well as in the old world, upon the shores of which this modest effort has been carefully perused and is constantly received. The disease and results of dipsomania and the opium slavery have been a cloud against the sun, and the helpless slaves of this bondage have strewn the pathway of life with the wrecks of blighted manhood and blasted hopes. And for more than four thousand years, down through the ages to the twilight of the Nineteenth century, have the sorrowing ones striven in vain for relief or rescue, until twelve years ago, the man and deliverance through a God-given remedy, were found.

To the few thoughtless ones who condemn this scientific blessing, and to the occasional religionist found along the wayside still doubting and declaring that the Lord alone can give release from physical disease, the author would simply whisper that "The Wonderful Story of Keeley and Dwight" and the blessings received by 100,000 former slaves, can never be fully told. Neither pen nor tongue of the most earnest zeal or the profoundest sympathy for an enslaved and helpless manhood, can ever summon sufficient power to present the true picture of the blessings the Perfect Keeley Cure have thus far conferred upon once dying, helpless slaves to demon enemies of remorseless, relentless and consuming power; of the tears of once hopeless grief it has driven from the swollen eyes of tender women; of the breaking hearts of lov-

ing mothers and faithful wives it has bound up; of the families reunited after long and painful separation, and of the renewed music of thanksgiving and joy from the innocent hearts of precious little children, as by intuition they read the handwriting on the wall, of a sick father's unexpected deliverance—music which will be echoed in heaven and noted by angels. A magnificent army of 100,000 men and women of America, and thousands beyond the seas, are proud and marvelous monuments to the triumphant possibilities of the greatest medical discovery of this century of marvels, and in sounding the praises of Dr. Keeley they reverently thank God for the man and the divinely-whispered remedy. Nor is this picture in the least overdrawn, or fulsome praise, as a careful perusal of the following pages will convince the most skeptical reader.

Dr. Keeley's discovery has opened up a vast legal, as well as social, avenue for endless good, and the day is near at hand when courts of law will solemnly sentence the drunkard to partake of legally-secured, scientific salvation instead of being returned, time after time, to the work-house, a constant burden to the public, as 96 per cent. of police court inebriates everywhere regularly return there, while public taxation and charity provide for them and their families perpetually. The ball to rescue and save this slave, make him a bread-winner and useful citizen, while materially reducing taxation, is already rolling in several far-seeing states of the Union.

The base rumors of death and injury as results of taking this great medical treatment have no longer weight with intelligent people, and it is only necessary here to state that no death has ever occurred as a result of taking the Keeley treatment, and no man has ever been injured by it, but 100,000 have been improved in general health, as well as snatched from drunkards' graves and saved to loved ones and friends as a result of it.

There is scarcely a household or church in the land where a "skeleton in the closet" cannot be found or painfully remembered with grief and tears, for the disease of Dipsomania and the Cruel Drug Master are no respectors of person. Their helpless slaves come from every walk in life—the forum, the sacred desk, the office of the healer, the lawyer, merchant and manufacturer; the home of retirement, luxury and apparent peace and joy; the vast political arena, the great field of journalism—all professions, conditions and classes have many representatives in this vast army of abject slaves, while a million innocent, unoffending and faithful women and sweet children are bowed in sorrow, humiliation or poverty this night, all over this "glorious, free land," because of that black, bleak and forboding cloud, which, thanks be unto God and man, has thus far been lifted from 100,000 hearthstones in our land, where is enshrined one earthly name—that of their human, scientific deliverer, Leslie E. Keeley.

THE AUTHOR.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A., Jan. 1, 1893.

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CHAPTER I.

GENERAL INTRODUCTORY TO DWIGHT.

THE FIRST PLAIN, EARNEST STORY OF DWIGHT AND THE KEELEY CURE.—CHARACTER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF DRUNKARDS THERE.

Have you ever been to Dwight? Dwight! To the drunkard it is a magic name of a small Illinois prairie town, on the Chicago and Alton Railway, 74 miles south-west of Chicago, with some 2,000 resident souls and a young army of about 1,000 self-convicted drunkards, bowing before the throne of Medical Grace, earnestly pleading in suppliant sincerity for relief from a slavery more desperate than death, the anguish of which the disease-tortured inebriate alone knows or understands. To the sober, thinking world, an unsolved mystery. The drunkards there to-night form a cosmopolitan army, the equal or character of which does not exist elsewhere on the face of the earth. They present, too, a solemn daily drama, and enact daily scenes, the counterpart of which have never before been brought out on Shakespeare's broad stage.

Have I been to Dwight? I rejoice to reply that I

have, because I needed just what I secured there—a scientific reformation. It was something I stood in need of for nearly fifteen years and which I feared could never be had. My object now is to tell the world the simple, earnest story of the drunkard as he can hourly be seen at this town, the very existence of which was scarcely known two years ago to one thousand people beyond the borders of the county in which it is located, although inebriates have been cured there for the past twelve years and are very nearly all still sober and now industrious, honored men in their communities.

To present, with pen, an attempted personnel of the small army at Dwight would first open wide your eyes, and then cause exclamations of supreme astonishment.

As a member of that earnest, noble army, the author intends simply to present a patient's plain story of what he saw, experienced and secured, and if, in perusing it, the reader should find his own case held up in Nature's hand-glass of actual description, or her husband's, father's or son's weakness presented true to life, you are sincerely requested to remember that a "Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and that I am merely describing my own life as a drunkard in the earnest hope of reaching you or that dear husband, father or son.

Granting that the now well-known scientific, medical discovery of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, of Dwight, has

come to be the marvel of the world and the nineteenth century, we will silently and solemnly descend together into this Sepulchre of Scientific Sobriety and, together, behold the wonders as they do there actually exist, assuring the most refined reader, in advance, that we will behold nothing there to offend the most sensitive nature, and that we shall, after passing "Through the Valley of the Shadow," come out, just over yonder, and stand "In the Perfect Light," possessing, as a result of the solemn journey, knowledge and needed information and, perhaps, a charity toward all men never before found in our lexicon of life.

We will, then, board a train at Chicago on the line of the Chicago and Alton, under care of my good friend, James Charlton, and enjoy a comfortable two hours' trip in one of his "Ladies' cars."

"Dwight!" D—wight!!" It is the knowing brakeman's salutation! A third of the passengers, perhaps, alight with us, while every head and all eyes are at the windows in great expectancy, for the traveling public has been reading much of late of Dwight!

"Who are those elegantly dressed, manly looking men who are hurrying off?"

"Hush! Go lightly! They are earnest men hastening to this reported Mecca of Liberty, for they feel a desperate life and death struggle coming on with their hidden demon, and they are determined to settle the awful battle before it begins."

"But they are evidently among our country's best

and most prominent professional men! You can't mean they are drunkards!"

"Yes; many of the brightest, best, and greatest-hearted men of our nation are its worst and most helpless drunkards."

"Why, what crowds at the station! Are all these hundreds of fine looking men going away, or has it been reported that the President is on board, or is some great man receiving a farewell ovation.?"

"These men are Dr. Keeley's patients and have just come over to welcome their friends, the newly-arriving patients."

"All those splendid appearing men drunkards! Is it possible everybody is a drunkard? Why, the drunkards are not permitted to be at large in this way, are they?"

"Dr. Keeley's Army of drunkards has no natural rights abridged in the least. They are all as free here as at home or any place in the country."

"It cannot be."

"Come with me to the handsome new brick building just over there. That is the Keeley Institute, and the celebrated "lines" of about 1,000 men [this was the number "in line" when the author graduated] are just forming to take the early evening office treatment."

And we enter the Institute upon which the eyes of the world are to-day resting in holy awe and perfect astonishment, or with a desire to solve the mystery

of this century and the marvel of our own greatest of nations.

“You may sit here, if you please, through the courtesy of Major Judd, and view this earnest army of men as it moves by, step by step; step by step, toward eternal reformation!

“And in this cosmopolitan army you behold this living picture—this human panorama:”

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGURATIVE PERSONNEL.

THE CLASS OF MEN "IN LINE" AT DWIGHT AS WE
GAZE IN PERFECT ASTONISHMENT.—REPRESENTA-
TIVE MEN FROM EVERY KNOWN WALK OF LIFE.

"You said it could not be possible those elegant, manly men on and at the train were drunkards! Behold their counterpart or possible superiors here! The veil is lifted. Behold!"

Two lines of America's noblest specimens of manhood—our great country's brightest professional and business lights—ably represented here, as they pass in solemn, grand review, compact and constantly moving by us for almost one hour! They are marching for one dose nearer the "Perfect Light;" one injection of the great Double Gold nearer perfect cure and scientific sobriety; one treatment nearer home and all that life holds dear. And gladly, though solemnly, with one arm out of coat sleeve, they march, march, march with constant, steady, solemn tread!

Art thou suffering from bodily ill, and desire the most skillful physician? He is in that great "line," over one hundred strong, earnestly wrestling with a

serious disease that has baffled his own best medical efforts, although he has snatched from eternity's thither shore many frail beings.

Dost thou suffer from a sin-sick soul and seekest thou a learned teacher of the Meek and Lowly Nazarene? The Great Master's eloquent messenger of peace and good will toward men now worships at the altar of one who is declared to be an earthly savior, and, although treating for relief from bodily disease, may perhaps be worthy to point you and I to the narrow path that leads to life eternal. I at least know he is capable, and honor him for the noble stand he has taken.

Have you an important case in equity, involving much or your all? There, in those lines, are many able lawyers, counsellors and pleaders, fully armed and equipped to handle your case to successful termination. I calmly assure you there are here fully as able and experienced lawyers, jurists, judges of all classes of courts, as it has ever been your pleasure to know or converse with.

There are "in line" leading representatives of every known profession, as well as of the arts and mechanical sciences; hence here, at this, the world's greatest school of scientific sobriety, there are men with sufficient financial authority to negotiate for the erection of a home palace the equal of any in the land; men—masters of their art—who can plan and push skyward such mansion; men capable of mechanically furnish-

ing and adorning it throughout, and men and women fully capable, by birth, education, travel and natural and acquired refinement, to grace such mansion, the perfect host and hostess. And, men are "in line" who can erect, and appear to advantage in, the finest temple of art and music or place of histrionic presentation, as some of the best musicians, singers and actors have appeared "in line."

Politicians there are with the "slit in their sleeves," who have made victory of apparent certain defeat by a careful manipulation of the wires they work so well, and did I but whisper some names of men you have heard of and who are a tower of political, financial, influential or business strength in your own state, who are or have been in this grand procession, you would start with surprise. But, did you know all, you would honor more than ever each of those noble men for willingly having come here where they are faithfully preparing to forevermore play the handsome Dr. Jekyll in elegant contrast to their hideous, hateful Mr. Hyde as given to the world in cold-blooded doses for years.

"What can all this mystery mean? Are all these drunkards hyptonized by this great man, Keeley?"

No; hundreds of these men have never spoken to Dr. Keeley, or stood in his presence; but they are solemnly and earnestly making the greatest and manliest fight of their lives. They are here as a matter of earnest, sincere business, pleading for everlast-

ing deliverance from a slavery more terrible than the slavery of the negro, because it is the slavery of the soul as well as the body. They have asserted their true manhood by coming here, and are grandly "in line" and marching on to certain and glorious victory. Arriving here, intoxicated many of them; sober many others, they have been placed upon parole and their honor, as gentlemen, by order of Dr. Keeley, and every man takes an honest pride in not abusing that trust. And just here permit me to say, that one of the great secrets of Dr. Keeley's success in handling drunkards by the thousand lies in the fact that no man, if at all able to care for himself, is in any manner restrained or his natural liberties abridged. He comes and goes at will, as you will see, but is given certain common-sense and necessary rules he is required to live up to. He must be "in line" at 8 A. M., 12 noon, 5 P. M. and 7:30 P. M., to receive the hypodermic injection of powerful medicine in the upper left arm, and he must also take medicine at his room or hotel every two hours when not in slumber. This constitutes the treatment—simple yet miraculous—save that the new patient is given whiskey in certain quantities or opium at intervals as long as he or she craves, demands or needs it. In from three to four days the liquor drinker voluntarily abandons his whiskey and, it is said, the opium or morphine wreck is easily deprived of his or her once absolutely essential drug without the patient's knowledge or suffer-

ing, in from two to three weeks. In the drunkard's case, instead of drinking to "ease up" for three or four weeks, as is the experience at home, he stops short at Dwight from three to four days and never has a desire or taste for liquor in any form afterward. And instead of that awful remorse experienced by all drunkards after the debauch, there comes, at Dwight, a calm, quiet peace, a realization of a duty well performed, and in a week the patient is not only perfectly contented but happy, and he finally bids farewell to the scenes surrounding the greatest of life's blessings with a pang of regret.

"You say 'he or she.' Are there women drunkards here?"

"I am sorry to say there are women who have to come here, although generally they come for opium or morphine. They are not required to be in line, but receive treatment in private. Otherwise, there are no distinctions at Dwight. All men are upon an earthly, natural equality here, and all must appear in line. Dr. Keeley knows no class; no caste, thank God.

"After tea and a glance at the pretty little city, we will visit the famous local Keeley League of the town, as magnificent a looking, and as brainy and eloquent and as completely parliamentarian body of men as the Congress of the United States. In fact, Congress could take valuable lessons here—in eloquence, earnestness and deportment at least."

TAKE THOU MY HAND.

I bow my head, at last, and beg Thee stay
Thy just command!

It is not mine to question; nay,
Nor understand.

Let all my doubts dissolve before Thy light—
Oh, Father! set my erring footsteps right—
Take Thou my hand!

I bow my head, Oh, Lord! to Thee, at last—
To Thee alone—

I fear the future and abhor the past—
My pride has flown!

And Thou wilt hear, I know, this pleading cry—
As humbled, chastened, penitent I lie
Before Thy throne!

I bow my head, Oh, Lord! and crave Thee wait—
Wait yet one day!

Give me, a suppliant before Thy gate,
One hour's delay—

One precious moment, Lord! that I may hear
"Thou art forgiven!" And my soul's great fear
Shall pass away!

—JOHN J. FLINN.

CHAPTER III.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOPELESS HELPLESSNESS.

WHY HE FALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN DESPITE EARNEST RESOLUTIONS AND PROMISES.—A GRAVE GENERAL MISUNDERSTANDING REGARDING A DISEASE.

“The men who voluntarily come here must exercise remarkable strength of character. I should think they could command sufficient will-power to stop drinking without this. I do not understand it.”

“They come here simply because they are absolute and helpless slaves, and they know it. Let me endeavor to enlighten you, and many others, and strive to remove a grave error of the sober world as to the helpless condition of this slave. Here is a description of the fall and agony of nine out of every ten drunkards in the world, and I mean by drunkards the men with whom it has become a disease, the same as consumption is a disease:”

The drunkard's first drink after a long halt! That settles all and ensures the awful debauch that must as surely follow! And yet, the poor inebriate knows this just as well as he knows he lives, and still he is unable to resist. The moral suasion inebriate,

the man with the awful appetite and the insidious disease, has constantly on hand this hard battle. He is never at ease and knows he is never safe. He therefore constantly suffers in making the fight. Finally, the unequalled and bitter contest ends in drawn battle. The fight is then on to the death if needs be, but the degrading, unholy debauch must be carried through and will be as surely as to-morrow's sun will rise and light the world upon its busy way. The poor victim constantly feels a gnawing within him as though the stomach were whispering to the brain, "Why not ease up a little with a drink?" Soon the whisper becomes a murmur, then a wail of anguish and a groan. The storm has broken in all its hellish fury, and the trembling, wretched victim will engulf himself if he knows death will surely and swiftly follow! It were easier to check the cataract of Niagara than to stop him now. With the breaking of the awful storm—the rekindling, as by the lightning's flash, of the dormant fire—the poor victim's heart sinks within him as he knows once more he is lost! With that first glass all good intentions, earnest promises, hopes, beliefs and desires go down in the maelstrom of this unequal contest with the devil. He feels that all is lost, his feet have slipped from the shore of hope once more and again are the beliefs of security forever blasted. The poor, determined and hopeful man has again been disappointed and beaten in the race. Completely drowned in misery and dis-

grace, he sinks to the depths of this debauch of damnation. He cares not now what the end may be or when it overtakes him. He drinks deeper and deeper, day after day, and sinks into the lowest depths of this earthly hell of constant torment. Each drink momentarily cheers his sinking heart and lifts, for the time, his hopes, only to crush and tear them the more and cast them down lower and lower. Days become as blanks, and he is lost to the world and himself. He awakes with a start from each drunken slumber and then begins the drowning process at the flowing bowl. This continues until whiskey exhaustion comes and he lies at death's door. His reason now slightly dawns and the arrow of his accusing conscience pierces his soul as the fiery darts of hell blast and blacken and rend asunder the damned. Trembling and penitent, racked in body and mind, he finally goes home to the heartbroken wife or mother, and then begins that agony of "sobering up." Deep in liquor he falls into heavy, unconscious slumber, only to awake in those "darkest hours just before the dawn," with a start and the nightmare of the horrible past swiftly passing in his mind like a diseased panorama of an especially arranged Inferno, ordered to fit his own case! The alcoholic effects of the awful spree are dead and must be resurrected or the trembling, shivering wreck of a man must die. It is now whiskey or death and he arises from the couch of misery and goes straight to where he knows one

drink can be had. And in this agony and desperate hour, the most refined and dignified man will do what in his sober senses he would no more think of doing than of cutting off his right arm—he will humbly beg a drink of his white-aproned “friend” at the bar, or call for it first and then politely order it “charged until I call again,” if he has no other prompt outlet! And one “straightening out” drink must be followed by a second, a third and a fourth, each one, perhaps, being secured by the same degrading schemes described. The poor inebriate is now on the road to slow recovery and does not become hopelessly drunk, but suffers a thousand deaths. Here steps in the remorse that almost kills the refined man who is a victim of the disease. He imagines the eyes of the world are resting upon him and that he is the subject of every word uttered by people as they pass! He dare not look a friend or acquaintance in the face—he feels he is a self-convicted wretch, an ingrate. Every moment of this period of convalescence, the victim suffers from a mental agony that is simply beyond the power of pen or language to describe, and is something no one who has not suffered thus can begin to appreciate or understand. The poignant arrow of remorse is a needle-pointed weapon of conscience that pierces through and through the soul. And then there are added the pangs of home! Oh, God! the tears and silent grief of that tender-hearted, faithful, clinging wife, or the known heartaches and hidden sorrow of

that venerable, gray-haired mother, sitting in the easy chair, with eyes closed and a tear stealing down those sunken cheeks, as she silently communes with her Heavenly Father who she expects will shortly call her Home, and breathes a fervent prayer for pity and forgiveness for her erring, wayward but loving boy! What have been the bitter medicines of the day in business circles were truly panaceas compared to the suffering the wretched man endures when he beholds these silent, solemn, holy, hallowed griefs! Wives and mothers of America, the erring, fallen husband or father knows exactly how you suffer because of him, but you should know that he also suffers and has the added torture of the knowledge that his demoniac disease has caused this ocean of grief and misery.

“And knowing all this and all he will suffer and cause loved ones to suffer, do you mean to tell us the drunkard cannot prevent the debauch that ends so wretchedly?”

Before God, I reply, as one knowing all and having partaken of this bitter cup to the very dregs, your poor husband or son can no more help it than he can cause the universe to cease revolving. [It must be understood that I refer now to the diseased man—the helpless drunkard—by no means the wayward boy or man who gets drunk occasionally “for fun.”]

Do you wonder now why the helpless drunkard proceeds deliberately to Dwight? It is his greatest effort—his manliest step.

For more than 4,000 years of this world's existence have such miseries and sufferings been endured by the drunkard and those near to him. And for more than 4,000 years not a gleam of scientific hope ever illumed the darkness. There was no new assurance of hope or cure, and the suffering self-convicted man stood ready to grasp at the first straw of promise. Twelve years ago the clouds broke away and the sun shone forth—the second savior of mankind was found! This sun arose upon a grand opportunity, and in the distance Dr. Leslie E. Keeley and his Double Gold Cure discovery signalled the stranded wreck upon the rocks of ruin and destruction and beckoned to the soul-sick sufferer to "Come Hither! The Haven of Rest, the Harbor of Peace and Positive Security is here!"

Before closing this chapter and carrying the reader on through some of the daily scenes of pathos, exhibiting the grandeur of manhood and character, and peeping at some of the semi-humorous phases of daily life at Dwight, while reciting true tales of actual experience, including glimpses into the secret lives of the poor opium and morphine victims, who also have a haven of relief at Dwight, I wish to make two points:

The man or woman who has carefully perused the foregoing simple and truthful description of the drunkard's absolute hopeless helplessness, will surely agree with me that in declaring the confirmed liquor habit to be a disease, Dr. Keeley struck the correct

diagnosis and the real key-note, and as a disease—as I was for years convinced it was in my own case—proper and permanent relief could only come from treatment and medicine that had the power to counteract that desperate, heretofore never-yielding useful article but deadly enemy, alcohol. And, thanks be unto the All-Wise One, whom Dr. Keeley himself credits with entrusting the discovery to his care, that certain enemy and conqueror of King Alcohol has been found and properly applied. The drunkard or opium wreck can be cured and saved if he will but admit his own weakness and manfully submit to this treatment, the greatest boon to the Human Family since the advent of Christ.

The second point, I wish to make, is to call loudly for reform in the daily treatment of the unfortunate inebriate in our city prisons. [Maj. McCloughry, at the head of the Chicago Police department also sounded this key-note in an address recently delivered before the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club at Dwight, referred to elsewhere in this volume.] Let those in authority be forbidden to thrust the drunken man into a cell, to be left without medical attendance and often without needed and necessary whiskey, only, as is too often the case, to be found cold in death on the morrow, and the legal murder is dropped from public notice with a few lines in the paper, headed, "Another Death From Alcoholism." The day is not far distant, thanks to Dr. Keeley and the crystalizing of

this subject by reason of his discovery, when this thing must cease or the press of the country will change its headlines until they burn and sear the official conscience with this hot iron: "A Drunkard Dies From Official Criminal Carelessness." In the following pages will be found facts to back up these solemn declarations.

THE PERFECT KEELEY CURE.

(Dedicated to the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club.)

With head erect, he walks the streets,
His nose is pointed high.
He scarcely bows to friends he meets,
But coldly passes by—
He'll hardly deign to notice us
Who once felt quite secure
In his esteem, because he is
A Perfect Keeley Cure.

I tell you he is out of sight,
And untold millions worth.
Since he returned from Dwight,
He simply owns the earth—
He wouldn't change positions with
George Pullman, I am sure;
Because the papers say he is
A Perfect Keeley Cure.

The Tribune speaks of him quite fre-
quently in words of praise.
Presents us with his picture, too,
For our admiring gaze—
His life is written up in bright
And graphic portraiture.
Jim Blaine is simply nowhere since
We've found this Keeley Cure.

—JOHN J. FLINN.

CHAPTER IV.

MY VOLUNTARY TRIP TO DWIGHT.

HOW I CAME TO GO THERE TO SCIENTIFICALLY ERADICATE AN EVIL DEMON OF FIFTEEN YEARS' DURATION.

For six months prior to my voluntary exile to Dwight, I was generally known as the Keeley champion at my home city. While a half dozen good citizens of the place were known by immediate friends to have been cured after years of suffering from the terrible disease of alcohol, no public reference to the blessing had ever been made. As one who had suffered intensely for twelve or fifteen years from an appetite I could not control, save for six months or a year at a time, my attention was called to a manly letter from the pen of Robt. Harris, editor of the Missouri Valley (Ia.) Times, recounting the blessing and real benediction he had received from Dr. Keeley over three years before. Knowing Mr. Harris for years as a far worse drunkard, as I believed, than I had ever been, I concluded there was certainly a cure at least for my disease, or for that of any other drunkard.

[Mr. Harris was cured and graduated nearly four

years ago. Before he went to Dwight it was almost a daily thing for him to procure and drink a quart of Iowa-drug-store-prohibition-whiskey before breakfast! I met him at Dwight a month ago, where he was on a friendly visit. From the day of his graduation to the day I saw him he had never tasted nor desired any alcoholic stimulant.—C. S. C.]

Feeling that I had cured myself after a long moral-suasion fight and an earnest Christian effort to overcome and dethrone the demon in me; and, after a period of a year and a half of absolute sobriety—the longest sober run on schedule time I had ever made in fifteen years—I went earnestly to work advocating the Keeley cure for the benefit of my fellow men, laboring simply as a “reformed drunkard” and a humanitarian. I delivered several addresses in favor of it and was personally instrumental in sending several noble slaves to the Mecca of Liberty at Dwight.

In an unexpected hour of weakness, with no intention of falling, yet with a full knowledge of the past and a certainty as to the inevitable result—swiftly reviewing in my mind the dark days, the hours of mental agony and the tortures and sorrows of years as a known sequel of similar false steps at regular intervals—I deliberately walked into the devil’s palatial earthly trap and drank a glass of beer! You who do not understand the drunkard’s helplessness and how small a match will rekindle his smouldering fire of hell, may smile to think a single glass of beer could have such results.

I reached Dwight after a week's brave, but rather blind, effort to get there. Determined to take the medicine I had long believed in and endorsed, I went through the entire course. My experiences and relief were but those of the thousand fellow-sufferers and fellow-graduates recounted in these pages. Let my earnest story be also theirs.

CHAPTER V.

TOUCHING AND PATHETIC INCIDENTS.

THE SAD ROMANCE OF A GRADUATE—THE RAILWAY APPLIANCE INVENTOR AND NOBLE CHICAGO BOY.

And now let us, together, behold some of the touching things to be witnessed or heard every hour in this wonderful place. Everything you see or hear will simply be a revelation to you, if a close observer. Every train, as you see, brings a romance, and an interesting story or pathetic tale surrounds each new arrival, while the semi-humorous phase is quickly deciphered and duly appreciated.

There is food enough to feed a thousand volumes with interesting romance. For the present, some of the most interesting or touching that came under my observation, must suffice in this rather hasty review of the Inebriate's Paradise.

One of the most touching recitals I listened to here was one regarding the experience of poor, brave J. M. P—, a magnificent man and expert bookkeeper from Kalamazoo, Mich. He had been addicted to the excessive use of liquor for years and became its slave. His good wife was finally compelled to leave him, and, taking their child, went to her friends and a divorce followed. The unfortunate man's last spree

before going to Dwight was a prolonged and unusually severe one, during which, it is said, he made the trip to Europe and back and knew nothing of it. When he awoke to sobriety he had no recollection of where he had been or what he had done. His employers urged him to go to Dwight. He manfully went through the treatment, made friends there on every side and graduated with honor. He departed for his home full of joy and hope and believing that with the only cloud that ever obscured the sky of their marital peace gone, he could reclaim his loving wife. The termination of this tender romance is best conveyed in Mr. P——'s letter to Secretary Smith, of the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club, at Dwight, which was read to the club. It was as follows:

A PATHETIC LETTER.

“KALAMAZOO, Mich., Aug. 18th.

“GEORGE B. SMITH, ESQ.,

“*Dear Sir:*—According to promise I drop you a few lines to let you know the news since I left Dwight on the 7th inst.

“Immediately on my arrival here my former employers sent for me and offered me my position as book-keeper [enthusiastic murmurs in club room,] back again, which I gladly accepted, they having confidence that any one who wants to be cured and will take the Keeley treatment will be cured. I am

cured. I positively know it, and there is no guess work about it.

“My wife, who obtained a divorce over a year ago on account of my drinking habits, on my return home threw her arms around my neck kissing me and saying, ‘Oh, why didn’t we hear of Dr. Keeley and his wonderful discovery before, but, John, I wish I hadn’t obtained a divorce, for I see you couldn’t help it, and when you promised me to quit I know now you meant it. However, if you say so, we can be married over again.’ We were married last Sunday afternoon, [prolonged applause by hearers at the club,] and two loving hearts were once more made happy.

“This morning at half past six o’clock, my wife kissed me an affectionate good bye and closed her eyes in death, [an awfully solemn reaction of enthusiasm into that sympathetic silence, brave men alone can demonstrate when real sorrow has pierced their manly souls,] and has left me well-nigh broken hearted. My pretty little child does not realize her loss yet. Excuse my writing more at present. With kindest sympathy to all my brothers in the club, and hoping soon they will be released from the appetite that controls them as I have been released, but trusting that none will meet with the same misfortune as I have, I am

“Fraternally yours,

“J. M. P.

Of the hundreds of sad letters read at the club in the course of a week, there was, perhaps, no sadder or more pathetic one than that simple recital by this poor man. Deprived, by death, of a loving wife just when life became bright for both and just as they reached the threshold of the millenium in the cured drunkard's life, that blow was one of the severest tests that could have been placed before the new-made man, and to know that he stood manfully up under such a weight of grief is one of the grandest testimonials to the certain efficacy of Dr. Keeley's treatment possible. May the All-Wise One who sees fit to inflict His children grant unto him that consolation and comfort that should be his in the shadow of such a sorrow as this holy grief.

My good friend George Taylor, of Iowa, experienced misfortunes enough to break a giant down. Just before he graduated and started for his home, a year ago, sober for the first time in many years, he received word that his wife, who had been an invalid for some time, had upset a can of strong lye on her face, shoulders and arms. The powerful stuff caused the loss of one eye and horribly burned the poor woman's flesh, scarring her for life. The day Mr. Taylor reached home from Dwight to assist in caring for his suffering wife, one of his sons accidently shot and seriously wounded himself. Did this man, who drank heavily for years, drown all this sorrow in the deadly

cup? Instead, he bore manfully up, and the night before I left Dwight, the brave Taylor arrived with two unfortunate friends in tow who needed the cure and he proposed to see that they got it. He has loaned his friends money to go to Dwight to receive this grand benediction of life-long sobriety. Bless such men as Geo. E. Taylor.

My attention was called to a sad and pathetic street sight while I sojourned at Dwight, as well as to the noble conduct of a typical Chicago boy, whose disinterested actions endeared him to the great family of unfortunates, while they were burning lessons of simple Christianity that thousands of praying people could study with profit. This bright Chicago boy, who had fallen early in the fight with liquor, met at Dwight a Chicago inventor who was on the border land of delirium tremens. Friends in that city found him wandering aimlessly about the streets, without money and getting a drink wherever he could beg it on the strength of former patronage. He arrived, necessarily, in the desperate and dangerous condition just mentioned. Although the great-hearted Chicago boy never knew or saw this poor wretch before, he manfully became the self-appointed attendant of the wreck, and went everywhere with him, falling into every whim of the whiskey-dethroned mind. For two days the inventor was on the continual go. His delirium took the form of innocent kleptomania. He

would enter his boarding house and systematically purloin every spoon, knife and fork from the table and put them in his pocket. Or he would go along the street picking up stones, leaves, chips, bits of paper, etc., and carefully hiding them in his pocket or handing them to the passerby to keep for him. And all through this pitiable performance, his new-made friend accompanied and humored him. A young gentleman, capable of gracing any Chicago parlor and evidently of a most substantial family, devoting his time and attention to such a wreck! Lessons of humanity, Christianity and noble generosity such as this are sufficient to shame many men who pose as philanthropists yet who would as soon think of jumping into Lake Michigan as to perform a similar office.

The poor half-crazed man came through the terrible ordeal in excellent shape, although his last drunk landed him near the drunkard's grave. His name is known to every railway magnate in this country as the most successful inventor of small railway appliances in the great field of invention. His coupling devices are the safest and most reliable in use to-day, while he has given to the railway world a half dozen most valuable labor-saving and life-saving car attachments. A company to manufacture his best inventions was recently organized in Chicago by wealthy men and capitalized for several million dollars. And at the very moment the inventor and patentee had reached the topmost round in the ladder of earthly

success, he damned it by taking a single drink and falling to the bottom. In his delirium he lost or disposed of some of his models that were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, as they were the only ones in existence and may never be replaced. Such, reader, is the miserable uncertainty of movement by the drunkard. But to-day this man is on his feet again and will reclaim everything and will remain sober and useful to the world.

I met just before leaving Dwight, a splendid gentleman from Toledo, O., (the home of the unequalled and grand "Nasby," who was one of the most brilliant drunkards this country ever had). In friendly conversation he told me this pathetic story: "I was sent to Dwight by a three-year-old boy—my son. It happened thus: I had gone the full length of a frightful periodical spree and as usual it ended with my becoming seriously sick. I was lying in my bed of agony, humiliation and remorse one morning, when my pretty little three-year-old boy came toddling to my bed-side. "'Oo sick, papa?' 'Yes, I'm sick,' I replied. 'Well, 'oo det better, won't 'oo?' 'I hope so, son,' with a pang that reached the innermost corner of my heart. "'Oo walk 'round aden, won't 'oo?' 'I trust so, my dear,' and his baby arrows pierced me to the soul. That baby sympathy settled my case. I bade him call his mamma and to her I told the baby's prattle, adding, 'If it has come

to this, it's high time I went to Dwight. If you will help me dress and assist me to the train I will leave this very night.' And, sick and weak as I was, I left that same evening and here I am. Before God and men and angels, I do not propose that that baby boy shall read me another such a lesson. I have had my last debauch!"

In departing for home, recently, a gentleman from Missouri recited this touching incident in his life: "I go home sober for the first time in many years. Yesterday I received a beautiful letter from my ten-year-old son, filled with love and joy. He says: 'Dear Papa, we are all so glad you are coming home cured, and that you will never drink again. You do not know how glad we will be to see you.' And, gentlemen, that precious boy drove me to Dr. Keeley with a raw-hide! It occurred in this way: I left home one day, promising to be back at noon. It was late at night when I staggered into my house. That boy was on guard as his mother's and baby sister's only protection. He was angry, and when I entered the house his wrath broke out and in the frenzy of his outraged feelings he drew the raw-hide from beneath his coat and began on me, with, 'why didn't you come home when you said you would, you drunken brute?' he gave me the full benefit of his whip and indignation. In my debauched condition I laughed at his act, but in my more lucid moments

that merited chastisement cut and humiliated me more than any degraded act in all my years of drunkenness. It set me to thinking as I had never thought before, and it resulted in my coming here. I go home a man, and every future act of mine toward that boy shall be in the nature of a mute plea for his forgiveness. I outraged his manly, though youthful feelings, and deserved to suffer the humiliation at his hands that I received."

A LITTLE HAND.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sunbright land;
But I thank the Lord for His blessings
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove,
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love.

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way:
"I love you and understand,"
And calmed my fears as my hot, heart tears
Fell over that little hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sunbright land,
But I thank the Lord for His blessings
And the clasp of a little hand.

—F. L. STANTON.

CHAPTER VI.

INTERESTING AND AMUSING FEATURES.

THE "BUSY" LIFE OF THE PATIENT, AND SOME OF THE SEMI-HUMOROUS PHASES OF TREATMENT.—THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

"What do all these active men do here to pass away the time?"

I will tell you. Be it known that the average patient who passes through Dr. Keeley's mill of scientific regeneration becomes, upon arrival, and up until his graduation, a remarkably busy man for one who has nothing to do but take medicine and obey common-sense orders. When the manly, big-hearted American (or foreigner, as there are a number from "o'er the deep, blue sea") steps or is helped off the train at Dwight, he realizes first that he has struck the best natured and the largest congress of inebriates he ever beheld, and he feels at home at once. Often he causes a ripple of good-natured merriment by a remark or action. One day I was in a party of two hundred or more patients at the station, and was surprised and gratified to see alight a brilliant gentleman and a former high government official, who is

now one of my most honored friends. The dear fellow—a gentleman every inch, whether intoxicated or sober—stood upon the station platform for several moments without making a move or uttering a sound—a very statue of culture and brilliancy. He seemed to be “dwelling upon the mutability of human affairs,” while striving to figure out what it all meant. Then he opened his mouth and said: “Gentlemen of the convention, is it possible—can such a thing be—that you are all sober?” That witty, intoxicated remark won the hearts of all for the bright man and they were his friends from that moment.

Another good-hearted man reached there on the evening train which does not go any further. He was in an intoxicated slumber when the train arrived and was awakened by an attendant with, “Here, wake up! this train doesn’t go any further.” “Well where’s this?” the slumberer asked. “Dwight!” was the magic reply. Like an arrow the drunken man shot himself to an upright position and, laying his hands upon the shoulders of the other, delivered himself of this brief but suggestive address: “My dear sir, it is not necessary for this train to turn another wheel in any direction. Convey my compliments to the gentlemanly knight of the bell-rope and say I thank him and that I’m all right and will soon be ‘in line.’ It may not be necessary for me to further elucidate, my dear sir. Dwight is, and should long ago

have been, my destination. If you will now conduct me to the fountain of perpetual sobriety we will take a drink together and do a little painting on the side—for I'm a painter, sir; I'm a painter."

Still another good-natured victim received his first treatment and his first bottle of "Keeley's best." He went out, fell over a knot-hole in the sidewalk, broke the bottle, lost the precious whiskey, hunted up a boon companion, returned to the institution and asked for "more whiskey." "But you just received a bottle," remarked the good-natured physician he approached. "Yes, I know that; but I fell over a shadow cast by the moon and broke the bottle. Now, my friend and I want to take something, and, by the way, I forgot to pay you for that last round. So, take it out of this," and he offered him \$5. The bill was taken charge of for his good.

As I sat in my hotel one morning about 6 o'clock enjoying and telling stories, one of those tall, dignified drunkards from the South—who are always genial gentlemen in their cups or out of them—walked in. He had arrived the night before and his regular hobby was still with him. Elegantly dressed, an immaculate shirt front, and the poise of an Apollo, you can imagine our amusement when he said: "Gentlemen, can you inform me where I could get a cold pig's foot?" We said as it was very early and Sunday

morning everything was closed up. He courteously replied: "Ah, Sunday morning is it! Good morning, gentlemen; I beg pardon for intruding." In two days this was one of our best and most elegant friends.

One morning "in line" I accosted a fine-looking new arrival with a simple question of the day. He replied: "D—d if I know, sir; I don't know anything; I am simply a fool without sense or reason. I do not know a single thing." I met him many times afterwards and found him to be one of the most brilliant and best read constitutional lawyers in the state of Missouri, and withal, a very entertaining talker or speaker. Such are some of the smaller marvels at Dwight.

That it is not safe for a man to stop at Dwight and fall into the hands of a thousand good-natured but earnest drunkards, if such a man is not there for scientific business, may be illustrated in this incident: A large-hearted, jolly commercial traveler—a grander or better posted or more courteous class than which does not exist—concluded to run down to Dr. Keeley's stronghold to sell some goods. He took on a fair load of intoxicants in Chicago before starting. He consequently reached his destination good-naturedly full. As he stepped from the train several old acquaintances espied him, and with, "Well, bless his heart! We all knew George would knock the old stuff out

sooner or later!" they surrounded "George" and hustled him over to the institution, registered him and had him treated hypodermically and fairly started on the sound, common-sense road to lifelong sobriety before the astonished fellow had time to open his mouth or make a move! And when explanations followed, the good-natured traveling salesman became the hero of the hour. He acknowledged the joke gracefully, and went on his way. A week later he voluntarily returned and calmly completed his treatment.

A sadder incident: A fine eastern business man got off the train one afternoon thoroughly loaded with bad Chicago whiskey. Getting out on the street he declared himself, displaying a pint flask filled with the poison that had been killing him for years. A patient called out: "They will take that from you at the Institute!" With the flash-like cunning of the drunkard, the gentleman replied: "They wont get the chance," and in five minutes' time he had drained the last drop of that pint of poor whiskey!" "It killed him, of course," I imagine you remark. No, but had he been at home or in any other but the scientific care of Dwight and Keeley, he would undoubtedly have been a dead man in less than twenty-four hours. As it was, the gentleman suffered terribly for two days from the fearful dose. In five days that same wreck

was on the street—weak but a man again—and a few days before I left I was permitted to witness the happy reunion of himself and tender, devoted wife, who came to visit him as he was entering upon a new life. The tears I saw that good woman wipe from her dimmed eyes were the tears of joy and thanksgiving—of hope and simple trust, not fear or shame. Before her stood one of God's noblest of men, as, I knew, one of the best of husbands, himself again. There is, I trust and believe, a happiness and thanksgiving reunion in that elegant family as I write this simple story that has never before taken place there.

Fifteen years ago I met and became acquainted with one of those magnificently brilliant wrecks upon the shores of time—a man intended by nature and education to grace any position among men, but who had become rum-stranded upon the rocks of despair in the tumultuous ocean of life. This man had fallen, through drink, from the top-most round of fame's ladder to the gutter, and when I met him first was luxuriating in a "season of sobriety," known to the inebriate as a will-power fight with the hidden demon which always ends in another terrible fall with the hellish appetite on top. This man was not only an eminent lawyer, but had for years been an acknowledged power in congress and the senate as a moulder of public opinion for the right when the nation stood beneath the shadow of the cloud of war, at a time

when men of brave minds were in demand. During the rebellion he was frequently sent for and consulted by men in authority and his sound advice was usually acted upon promptly. And when powerful argument was wanted in subsequent political battles, the tongue and pen of this strong, brilliant man were called forth and did their work well. Yet this natural leader among men fell—fell like the snow-flake, from the heaven of prominence and power, wealth and importance, to the inevitable hell of the drunkard's sad and awful fate. There he lay, a wreck, broken in spirit and health, and after each mighty effort of prominent friends, among whom were men whose names have been coupled with the title of president more than once, who would assist him to his feet, he would fall the harder and lower, until friends gave him up in pity and despair, and he was counted as lost, and statesmen, high in place, mourned the downfall of a genius when the chains forged by the devil in a nethermost hell and securely riveted by his smiling satellites behind the bar of sociability, bound and dragged him down, a helpless slave.

Some years later I met this man again. He was without a cent, far from former home and friends, almost in rags and standing upon the ragged edge of delirium, shivering and suffering for the necessary drink, to procure which he promptly levied upon

former acquaintance. There he stood, pleading for a drink and a chance to make another effort in life. Naturally one of God's noblest specimens of brilliant, genial, useful manhood, now shivering upon the brink of eternal despair, knowing not where to go or what to do, with want, suffering, misery and death staring him in the face; with loved ones all dead or driven from him by the remorseless, cruel master whose abject slave he had become; friends of the past turned from him in disgust or pity, and the drunkard's dark and dishonored grave opening at his very feet, and he begging twenty-five cents with which to procure more of the deadly, damnable poison that caused the flood of misery and a fiendish voice seems constantly to be heard by the poor drunkard and slave as he imagines it hisses in his wretched ear, "I'm coming! I'm coming! You are my victim and are forever in my power, lost and damned!"

And what of this tottering wreck you ask. The Harbor of Refuge at Dwight received him and he is now one of the "army redeemed." Wealthy friends sought him out and as a last hope and effort sent him to the Light House of Liberty, upon the secure shores of scientific sobriety and safety, and to-day he is a man again and is proud to be known as a soldier in the Keeley Army of over 90,000 once helpless wrecks, now saved.

CHAPTER VII.

NO END TO THE STREAM AT DWIGHT.

INTERESTING, PECULIAR, TOUCHING AND REMARKABLE SIGHTS TO BEHOLD—A GREAT MORAL QUESTION.

“And is there no end to this stream of humanity, constantly arriving here?”

Absolutely none. This is merely the advance guard of the American Drunkard's army that must come here or to a branch of this Institute.

Descriptions of the daily or hourly happenings as the place where good men lay the foundation stones of their new beings could be prolonged through a thousand pages. The side dramas, the little incidents, the touching exhibitions of filial devotion and grandeur of human nature in all else but its slavish submission to one or the other unfortunate habits of frail humanity, each and all, would form a romance of interest. The determined drunkard who voluntarily comes here has reached the first great necessary point. He has admitted that he is the slave of his so-called habit. In this admission, he has won just half the battle and Dr. Keeley will crown him

with victory. After he arrives he is convinced of all this. If he has come sober, he is so much ahead of the game, *i. e.*, he will not suffer one hour. If intoxicated when he arrives, he will be compelled to drink for several days, and will suffer some remorse and for the period of his drunk will hourly hold a little consultation with himself and offer, discuss and unani- mously pass a resolution to the effect that he will take the first train for anywhere! He will then re- consider his former action and manfully denounce his resolution on the floor of the convention, and remain. When he voluntarily drops his drink, as he will in several days, he will become perfectly at rest and peace with himself and all mankind. The man is then saved.

He naturally falls "into line" in everything. He joins the splendid social club and partakes of its daily exhilarating and bracing influences and pastimes. He will take part in grave and serious debate; listen to pathetic addresses or letters, or join in the humorous phases of this fine deliberative body. Here is a sample of the intensely interesting part of the club's business, as it actually took place not long since:

A member from a northern state arose and solemnly announced a great discovery. He said he had it from good authority that a portrait of a member of the institution's honored faculty was being basely used for advertising purposes and was being scattered broadcast over the country! [Great excitement

and intense indignation by members.] He said a member of the club, a patient of the institution, was known to have a copy of this base design in his possession. [Increased indignation.] He believed it the duty of the club to ferret this thing out, demand the picture and ascertain if the doctor in question knew of its being thus used.

A gentleman from Kentucky sprang to his feet and roundly denounced the first speaker for prying into secrets of fellow-members. [Great sensation and expectations of another war being declared between the north and south—a duel, anyway.] A western man arose next and denounced the entire proceeding as a public outrage, and demanded the name of the man carrying the picture! This the original speaker refused to divulge. [Increased excitement and fears of a duel.] The climax was reached when a gentleman slowly arose and, after scoring everybody and denouncing the coward who brought the matter up, admitted he had the portrait. He then drew from his pocket a large advertising card of a shoe firm containing a portrait of the maker of a particular shoe, which happened to represent the poor doctor to perfection! [Complete collapse of the members who thought the thing real instead of a good joke previously arranged by the "base deceivers" in the ante-room.] A committee was then appointed to wait upon the physician and go through with the huge joke, to all of which he was a dumfounded listener

until the fatal picture was displayed. He then sank into his seat from sheer — relief.

Further falling gracefully into line, the new arrival sees that patients carry a dose of medicine in small bottles in order to take at the proper time when away from their hotels. He pockets his single dose; the hour to take it arrives; he is perhaps in the post-office or on the busy street, and is a fastidious, prominent business man; he hesitates and looks around among the hundreds of fellow patients; their medicine hour is also at hand. He notes a sudden graceful, uniform and systematic movement towards perhaps 500 inside pockets; an equal uniform withdrawing of 500 small vials; a grand raising of those bottles towards heaven, and then, a magnificent lowering to 500 open, upturned mouths and the 500 doses quickly disappear down 500 throats! The newcomer looks in profound amazement. Not a smile—not a ripple at this seemingly ludicrous public performance by 500 well-dressed, manly, sensitive men! The astonished new man immediately follows suit. He is then in "the medicine line" all right. The whole thing is at first a revelation, then it appeals to the risibilities and then its awful earnest solemnity strikes him, and he is proud to belong to that sincere army of men.

Several times have I been present at the club, when the able president solemnly announced a suspension

of all business until the members "medicined up!" Not a surprised man present nor a laugh as the great "bottle act" was repeated. All this would create ridicule or great amusement anywhere else but at Dwight. Here it represents a manly determination to conquer that simply makes a hero of the man.

The patient is received into the best families of the place as an honored and respected guest. At no time is he reminded by word or act, of why he is here. He is welcome at the busy institution at all business hours and is received courteously and patiently by the physician or assistants. All his business matters are looked after by the institution if he desires. In fact, his financial business is usually transacted through Maj. C. J. Judd, the secretary and treasurer, an affable gentleman.

The daily marvels you may behold here simply class Dwight as the most wonderful field for study and observation in the world, as you doubtless now believe. Its equal does not exist on earth to-day. It has not its parallel. Here is a daily scene: From a train steps a venerable father or a widowed mother, assisting a wrecked son to reach the platform. Just behind them is a faithful wife, supporting an unsteady husband. Next is evidently a fine business man in the custody of a friend, then a sister accompanying a brother to this place of reformation. These jostle in the great crowd their former counterparts getting on

the train for home, happy, well and strong! The sad scene is simply reversed and the picture is one of joy.

Unfortunate wrecks come in pairs, also. I met a father and son from New York. They had come together, the one on the western hillside of life; the other not yet at the summit. Together they had suffered from the curse of liquor and together they came to be cured. The son graduated in three weeks, and then remained a fourth until his aged father was discharged, a sober man for the first time in twenty years! And, together, with thanksgiving in their hearts, they journeyed homeward and into the arms of a happy wife and mother. I also saw a man and wife who came for the same purpose—the removal of an appetite that had wrecked both lives, and it was always a question with their neighbors as to which was the hardest drinker or the worst drunkard! When they got home, I imagine those same neighbors would again be at a loss to discover a fact. It would be, which is the most earnest in the new life of sobriety!

I learned of a husband and wife there for mutual relief. They were prominent, wealthy people. The husband was a drunkard; the wife an opium slave. Together they received the greatest of earthly benedictions. Frequently two brothers are found manfully fighting, together, this grandest battle of life.

Thus could the incidents, sad, pathetic and interesting, be drawn out, *ad infinitum*. But, these will

suffice to inform and point the lessons I seek to give.

“What would Congress or the country generally think could they behold these marvelous sights?”

I can only answer by saying what I have thought and gleaned from thinking, able men I have conversed with here. This discovery and its success have already raised a great moral question in this country. For instance, it has set men to thinking as they have never thought before, and this has resulted in a most pronounced and rapidly growing sentiment against liquor drinking. Great business firms see the way of escape, and hereafter this incident will be frequent in the business office: A good employe has long been a periodical drunkard. It has been overlooked through appreciation of the fact that no relief has heretofore been at hand. Now, the employe will be simply summoned and informed that no longer is there excuse for his remaining a slave. He will be quietly told to go to Dr. Keeley or some one of his institutions and be rescued or leave the firm's employ if he falls again, if refusing to go.

Again, the weightier question has already been raised, “Is it not cheaper for this government, or the various states, to cure the drunkard than to incarcerate him and provide for both him and his family?”

Yes, Congress would, perhaps, have to take the cure—that is a portion of Congress would—first. Then Congress would be so relieved and happy that it would do all the rest. You see the possibilities of the future of the Keeley Cure?

In an address by Major R. W. McClaughrey, superintendent of the police department of Chicago, recently delivered before the club at Dwight, he said the time was surely coming when our large cities would have a sort of "Keeley Court," i. e., a tribunal for the careful investigation of drunkards arrested in the process of law. If the "offender" proved to be man enough to warrant, he would receive this novel sentence: "You are sentenced to a term at Dwight (or elsewhere) to there undergo the Keeley treatment and when cured to be honorably discharged and be useful in this commonwealth for the boon received!" What a magnanimous sentence—what a legal blessing to the poor drunkard!

If anyone will take this most important matter up, it will be found to contain interesting problem after problem, legal, domestic, national and otherwise, and to be absolutely without end!

The author has received several very able and entertaining, legal and medical opinions, from fellow-graduates at Dwight, bearing upon the future legal and medical status of the great discovery, but too late for this edition. One lawyer declares he will raise the question in the first criminal case he is interested in, where whiskey is the cause, as to the exact condition of the defendant. "Is he the victim of a disease, and if so, what should be the punishment?" Then he will demand a careful investigation and a sentence similar to the other, just referred to.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO THE WIVES, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

AN EARNEST EXPLANATORY REFERENCE TO THE
DRUNKARD'S HELPLESSNESS, AND A FEW THOUGHTS
FOR NOBLE WOMEN.

“If the wives and mothers of our country could see this great human panorama!”

I only wish they could, and during my pleasant and profitable, as well as solemnly earnest, sojourn at Dwight, I met some noble—the noblest—types of American womanhood, the brave wives, mothers and daughters of this rum-cursed nation, who accompanied and grandly stood by the fallen loved ones. I was importuned to lend my pen to place the entire solemn matter before the women of America just as it exists or as we all saw it while there. In an effort to comply with this general wish, I prepared the following “friendly lecture” for an eastern publication, and am requested to reproduce it in these pages in the hope that it will at least enlighten some suffering wife, mother or daughter, who may read and behold the real condition in the unfortunate drunkard's helpless

life. In doing so, I am fully aware that several partial repetitions, as to explaining symptoms, scenes, etc., of other portions of this volume necessarily occur:

TO AMERICA'S WIVES, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS:

“Since my voluntary retirement at Dwight, the place for the cure of inebriety and a long indulgence at that greatest of all resorts of misfortune—the bar of sociability—I have been flooded with questions from American wives, mothers, daughters and sweethearts as to what the cure is or is really claimed for it; what are the surroundings at Dwight; do men really have the terrible appetite removed, etc.? To some of these, for the benefit of the 500,000 American wives, mothers, daughters or sweethearts, whose hearts have been bowed in that holy grief they only know, as a direct result of the fearful liquor habit, I will endeavor to reply as the husband of one having experienced the “full measure” of suffering as well as the blessings of relief I received from the strong appetite, which each of the 1,000 noble-hearted inebriates now at this Mecca of Liberty for escape from a thralldom worse than death, knows will be lasting.

“In the first place, let all women of this liquor-cursed country of ours, who have contemplated sending loved ones here as a last earthly hope, fully understand that there are men here under treatment capable of gracing the most commanding and most

exacting or responsible positions in the gift of this country or demanding the brightest intellect and the very finest business or executive ability.

“Think of about 1,000 drunkards from every known walk of life—the great advance guard of the Grand Army of Self-Convicted Inebriates—in solemn and earnest supplication and prayer for deliverance at the throne of earthly grace erected here by Dr. Keeley. Comprehend, if you can, wives and mothers of this nation, 1,000 husbands and fathers—all manly men—deliberately and bravely descending into this tomb for a term of weeks and patiently, pathetically and devotedly, awaiting the resurrection morn when they hope to go forth literally “born again!” Look at this picture and you may be able to get some conception of the daily and hourly scenes at this cemetery of solemn and awful recollections: The train from Chicago arrives and you see a refined, sweet and in every way accomplished woman assisting a man to alight who is maudlin from excessive drink and scarce able to walk. Nobly, heroically this brave, heart-broken wife leads the husband through the crowd toward the Keeley Institute. It is her last great effort to reclaim the once tender, devoted lover and husband, from whose bosom all the promises made at the sacred altar have long since fled; the tables have been painfully turned, and the wife has become the moral and physical support. How is this sorrow-bowed wife received by the army of drunkards here? Never did

sweet, gentle and noble womanhood receive greater homage or reverence than she, this day, by this army, while we have a brotherly sympathy for the wreck she supports because we fully understand his case. We know from the bottom of our hearts that he never meant to fall. We know he struggled to stay the storm, and we know exactly the result. If you have a good, great-hearted husband who suffers from this curse let me whisper to you his exact feelings and the constant fight he, usually silently, carries on with the demon that possesses him: He has, perhaps, continued in complete sobriety for a year or longer. You, as well as he, begin to hope and trust and believe the tempest has forever passed, and the sun is once more radiantly shining within your hearts. He often pats you reverently on the head as he fervently kisses you and the baby good-bye for the day, and whispers, earnestly, sincerely, 'My darling, I am all right now; I am strong; do not worry.' He does not get home at the regular hour and you feel annoyed, then uneasy, then fear and despair are contending within you with hope and trust. You breathe a prayer of hope and ask your Heavenly Father to allow the possible cup to pass from you and to give you joy instead. The storm has broken, the smouldering flames have again been fanned into the living fires of hell, and before the awful tempest of the drunkard's fate the strong walls of hope have again been swept away before the flood. That noble, struggling man who loves you better

than his own life has once more been sorely disappointed in the terrible struggle. Dear woman, your grief is indeed deep, your suffering intense because of this fall, but let me kindly tell you that the stricken husband suffers no less poignantly than you. Every moment of his remorse is a sharp dagger thrust that penetrates his heart. The agony in his soul is as severe as the pang in your gentle, forgiving heart. Before God, I can tell you that when he gave you that morning salutation of love he thought as much of striking you to the earth as he did that he would fall before the eventide.

“If you contemplate urging him to this fountain-head of scientific sobriety, as thousands of American wives are to-day doing, tell him for a brother in the ranks, as weak as he ever was, but now with renewed hope, that it will not only be one of the most solemn steps he ever took but one of the noblest and best. He will here find earnest, manly friends who will gather about him and give him a helping hand on toward the glories of the resurrection.

“If he has fears of encountering a motley crew on board this great ship sailing bravely toward the harbor of sincere sobriety and renewed manhood and honor, let me pave the way by presenting the personnel of the great, earnest crew now on board: [Here followed in the original a description similar to the “Figurative Personnel,” appearing elsewhere.]

“Fear you humiliation in urging your son or husband here? Let me hint that there are many men here in every way as good as he, thanking God that they were brave enough to come. Here you behold the old man with one foot upon the shores of eternity—standing at the edge of the river Styx merely waiting for the ferryman to row him to the thither shore, who arrives with the only hope of dying sober. Behind him comes a widowed mother, her gray head bowed in the holy sorrow and the grief of years. She has reversed the natural order, and supports an only son, helpless from drink.

“When the resurrection takes place, see the happy, smiling faces—the same people but every feature and nature reversed. These wives and mothers, husbands and sons, are going home with thanksgiving and praises in their hearts because the graduates of the Keeley Double Chloride of Gold cure fully realize that for the first time in years they have no longer that fearful desire or appetite that always led them into misery, disgrace and ruin. Such is the absolute experience of every one of the Keeley graduates. I speak from actual knowledge and with sincere and earnest joy.

“With the society women of this nation of lovely women and elegant, inviting homes, I would file one solemn, sincere request: As the sun of a new year appears once more in the eastern horizon of your peaceful, happy lives, earnestly deny the cup of ever-

lasting fire to the manly, but weak, gentleman friend who fears your frown and cannot refuse to take the social cup of chalice from thy fair, jeweled hand! I meet daily here, manfully struggling for release, many handsome, bright and once promising young men of our country, who are passing through the valley of the shadow by the grace of that thoughtless, lovely hand!

“Let me reverently pray the fair women of this liquor-drenched land of ‘freedom, peace and promise,’ to earnestly ‘think on these things.’

C. S. C.

“DWIGHT, Oct. 31,—”

GOOD NIGHT, GOD BLESS YOU.

Thrice happy man—thrice blest—is he
 Who thro' the mist of years discerns
 A mother's face, and to her knee
 From later joys in fancy turns—
 Who feels her stroke upon his hair,
 Her lips upon his forehead; yes
 And hears again the simple prayer
 She uttered with her last caress—
 "Good night, my child—
 "God bless you!"

Who backward over weary years
 Can turn in fancy to one night—
 One night of bitter words and tears,
 When his first dream of love took flight—
 And, tho' it came with blank despair
 And tore two lives and souls apart,
 Can hear again that soft, sweet prayer
 That sprang from out an anguished heart—
 "Good night, my love—
 "God bless you!"

Who later still, when calmer days
 Had come with calmer views of life—
 When higher thoughts and better ways
 Supplanted vain and vulgar strife—
 Recalls a face to mem'ry fair,
 A love all hopeless—yet sublime,
 And hears again the gentle prayer,
 And feels once more the thrill divine—
 "Good night, dear friend—
 "God bless you!"

Thrice blest is he—for manhood's crown
 Is not from fame or fortune wrought,
 And one pure thought of love will drown
 A thousand dreams of battles fought.
 'Tis not the laurel wreaths men wear
 That Heaven accepts, when all is past,
 A woman's pure, unselfish prayer
 Thro' all eternity shall last—
 "Good night, dear one—
 "God bless you!"

—JOHN J. FLINN.

CHAPTER IX.

HEARTS BOWED DOWN.

THE HALLOWED, HOLY GRIEF THAT CAME TO ONE GOOD FAMILY BECAUSE OF A FALLEN SON, HUSBAND AND FATHER.—A WORD TO LAW-MAKERS.

Some of the sad and solemn, as well as really romantic, stories of life told me at Dwight by sincere, grief-stricken men, were such as would touch the strongest heart or melt the coldest nature into pity. Many of these were so sacred that the world should not know them, while others, though hallowed histories of the one damnable skeleton in the closet of otherwise pure and happy homes in our land, were so true to life that the recital, as I received them, will certainly serve to point a powerful moral and result in good. The reader, of course, understands and will appreciate the fact that actual names, localities, etc., of unfortunates would often do good men and women great injustice while really benefitting no one but the coarser class of sentimentalists and pleasing the ignorant curiosity seeker, for which this book was not particularly written. Facts, as they exist, will, for all thoughtful people, be sufficient.

Among the many good men and warm friends I met and made at Dwight was one, a very sincere, earnest, Christian man, now residing in a north-western state. He has traveled much and observed closely and is fully alive to the sufferings and misfortunes of mankind. He believes in the grandeur of that great order of the world, which has no distinctive lodge room, no glittering paraphernalia, no mysterious passwords, signs, etc., and no high price of admission. It is the order known as "The Universal Brotherhood of Man." Its chief objects are good deeds, good words, generous treatment of men, and the cultivation of a higher standard of humanity, morality and charity to all. Such an order, my friend believes, can accomplish more real good for mankind in general than all the costly domes and expensive surroundings of many of the temples of worship in our land to-day, although he is closely identified with one of these and was carefully reared beneath the wing of the church.

In a calm, earnest conversation at Dwight, one evening, this broad man told me the following story of his own sad life, merely with a view of showing how easy it is to err and how certain is the almost inevitable fall sooner or later:

"I was born and partly reared in a far eastern state. Of strict Christian and intelligent parents, in whose veins there did not course a single drop of the damning poison that ruined me, nor had intemper-

ance in the slightest form ever darkened the family pages for generations back, and at no time, as far as I have ever been able to learn. My ancestors on both sides were of that strong, temperate, Presbyterian stock, in which the best Scotch and Irish blood mingled for years back. From infancy I was instructed by one of those grand, noble, Christian mothers that have made this world so much better and brighter for their having lived in it. My young mind early received the impressions of all that was good and pure in life, and especially did my training carefully store my mind with feelings of real fear and horror for intemperance in any form. I knew in boyhood of horrible deaths, in delirium or by accident, of noble men wrecked upon the shores of the stream of damnation that flows from the fountain-head of the world's great curse, the Abuse of Alcohol.

“Before I was twenty, arrangements were made for me to go to an uncle in a northwestern state with whom I was to study law. I went, a temperate, ambitious, earnest boy. Once out from the shadow of a Christian home and its good influences, I began a series of worldly investigations that resulted in years of sorrow to myself and others. It is not necessary to say how I came to fall—the fact is all that is necessary. For five years or more, I made good progress in my chosen profession, and soon occupied quite an exalted place among men for one so young. Yet, when near the zenith of my earthly ambition;

when surrounded by loving wife, sweet little ones, many warm and influential friends, and with every prospect of grand future success, I fell to the earth, ruined, wretched, disgraced and utterly helpless. I became a nuisance to myself, my family and former friends. All opportunities of livelihood slipped from my grasp and I was simply stranded on the rum-covered rocks of earthly perdition. My former friends hinted at insane and inebriate asylums for me, while the majority of them passed me on the street with their eyes intently scanning some important object in another direction. If I insisted on speaking to one of them, I painfully noted an air of forced toleration and anxiety to terminate the interview.

“While in this distressed and helpless condition, grief after grief came upon me. Before going so far that home and all were lost, my precious baby boy, scarce three years old, sickened and passed away unto Him Who hath said, ‘Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me, for of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’ A year later, a sweet girl baby murmured a prattling farewell and went to join the angels.

“Crushed and heartsick with these double griefs, in comparison with which the sorrows of business and the outer world were but mere shadowy specks, my heart sank within me and my torture knew no bounds.

“These lessons taught me naught, and a year later the wife of my bosom, the sweet, tender mother of

my precious, departed little ones, after standing by me through all, grew sick and, kissing me a fond earthly farewell and breathing a fervent prayer for my release from the accursed slavery that held me with its deadly chains, fell asleep in Jesus and joined her darling ones whose brief lives here were her source of greatest joy and pleasure.

“Thus left to the world, already abandoned by friends; helpless to stem the tide that was sweeping me swiftly toward the vortex of final and everlasting perdition, I drifted from city to city, securing a position here and there only to forfeit it and all good will by falling at the most inopportune moment. And thus I drifted for five or six years, occasionally making a desperate stand and holding myself together for a month, two months or a year, only to suddenly and unexpectedly yield to my demon again and again, each time falling lower and lower, while constantly suffering the agonies of a lost and tortured soul. I earnestly grasped at every hope of relief offered or heard of, but all to no use, or merely temporary in effect.

“Several years ago I heard of Dwight and Dr. Keeley and of the seeming miracles he was performing here. The very next time I fell I hastened to his proffered light-house for shelter from the storm that raged within me and racked my being. Believing he could do for me what he had for others, I faithfully carried out his instructions. It was a simple marvel

to me when, within four days after entering upon treatment, I voluntarily placed on my room washstand a vial of Taylor's best whiskey and absolutely refused to 'smile and be a villain still.' I found all appetite and desire had taken the wings of black night and flown away. I know not why or where, but, to my utter amazement, I knew I did not want or need a drink. For three days my chief object in life had been to secure whiskey from my physician, and upon one occasion I arose from bed at 3 A. M., suffering the drunkard's tortures, and went straight to the home of a member of the faculty, routed him up and said: 'Doctor, I must have whiskey.' He simply replied: 'All right; here it is.' My astonishment at discovering my appetite entirely gone in four days, was only equaled in knowing that none of the usual remorse, which nearly kills the inebriate while sobering up, followed. I absolutely, for the first time in fifteen years, experienced no remorse, no terror or nervous torture and that depression every drunkard always experiences at home.

"And knowing the great blessing and absolute escape from my hellish thralldom, my memory reverts painfully and solemnly to the past, and when I remember that that noble, now sainted mother, sank into that serene slumber whose awaking is in God's presence, with the single grief of a knowledge that the son she idolized—her first born and only boy—had partaken of the liquid poison brewed in hell; that a

sweet baby boy who once refused to come to his father's unsteady arms, through a baby's intuition, that 'papa tan't hold me 'tause he's sick, an' I tay wis mamma;' that precious boy in his little cot bidding farewell to earth, and with his last expiring breath tenderly whispering from the border land of angels, 'tome, papa, 'tome; don't 'oo c'y, mamma, don't 'oo c'y;' that tender, faithful wife—the sweet Dora of my boyhood's love dream—passing away without a murmur or complaint, after having suffered in silence for my weakness, my very soul cries out in anguish and in its agony exclaims, 'Oh! God! Why were not these things possible and my helpless footsteps directed hither before those sorrows crushed loved ones to the earth and blighted all my own and their brightest hopes on earth!'"

As my earnest friend closed this pathetic recital of his own sad experience through drink, his head sank upon his breast in the agony of silent grief. And, leaving him thus, in hallowed communion with his own soul, I walked out into the night, sincerely thanking God that my friend was saved at last.

The above incident was given to me some time ago. Quite recently I had the pleasure of meeting this man at his own home. He was surrounded by a handsome, devoted wife and prattling little one; the dark cloud of the past was superceded by the sunshine of love, perfect faith, prosperity in business and a perfect paradise of earthly joy. After a pleas-

ant and interesting visit at this happy new fireside, I went out into the night once more, rejoicing, as I walked along, that this was one of many thousands of joyous, pleasant homes, scattered all over America, from which the gaunt ghost of a demon that still threatens many thousands more in our land, had been forever driven by the scientific weapon in the hands of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley.

There must be joy in heaven this night, as there is all over the earth, when our loved ones up yonder learn of the thanksgiving and blessed resurrection and life that are experienced in once darkened homes where the helpless innocents suffered that the legalized curse of this great, proud nation might be secured in larger doses.

The day must surely come when our law-makers and rulers will be convinced of the dire necessity of taking some prompt measures to rid our land of this gigantic, intollerent monster that goes about under the cloak of Law and crushes beneath its iron heel the helpless women and children, while grinding the former manhood of our nation into the dust of humiliation, ruin and death. If the evil cannot be throttled at the fountain-head, let the rulers and the government do the next best thing. Let them say to the drunkard with the authority of law: "Thou must be healed! No longer is thy excuse of no rescue or cure valid! The world and science say the panacea of ages has at last been found! The case of the inebriate

has at last been positively and scientifically settled! Go, thou, who suffer from this disease and awful malady. Go at the expense of this great people and receive the blessing. Return to family, friends and place in life and repay your generous country by hereafter caring for yourself and family instead of permitting the country to perpetually care for you and yours! This government thoughtlessly legalized the cause of your misery! It now stands ready to make your rescue positive and permanent! Depart for Dwight!"

Such should, and let us trust will sooner or later, be one of the results of the greatest discovery of centuries.

The utter helplessness of the inebriate or dipsomaniac, the world at large, with very few exceptions, can scarcely comprehend, and I am not surprised to daily hear good and observing men say, "Why any man will fall time after time, knowing the result of a drink, is something beyond my power of comprehension." A good friend of mine, a fine physician and a minister of the gospel, who had made alcoholism a careful study for years, finally summed it all up in this complete and eloquent manner, which gives as correct an idea of the drunkard's true condition as I have yet seen. He wrote:

"Do you ask why the poor, wretched inebriate will fall again and again, and in the face of certain ruin and death? Then you know nothing of the

power of the inebriate's appetite. Go stand on the shore of the ocean, whose billows have reached the mountain surge, and bid them cease their rolling. Go stand amid the deafening roar of the mighty Niagara, and bid the pouring, rushing cataract turn back upon itself. Go bid defiance to the thunder, and command the lightning to cease its flashing. Turn back the hurricane and the tempest. Bid the avalanche stand still, midway down the steep mountain-side. Go, and do all these things, and when you have accomplished them, undertake to control the demon appetite for strong drink when once it is aroused in the breast of its victim."

Nor did my good, sincere friend overestimate a fact or draw an unreasonable comparison. Before God, I declare solemnly that his requests would be as easy to comply with as the final one, and would be just as possible.

The following touching poem was written and published throughout the west, upon the death of the baby boy referred to in the foregoing narrative:

OH, CRUEL DEATH.

Our hearts are sore,
The aching void which death hath made
Seems like a cross upon us laid,
Ne'er borne before.

The house is still,
The baby music running sweet,
Along with little patt'ring feet,
A frozen rill.

The playthings there
Wait all untouched the ev'ning through,
And near them lies a little shoe
He used to wear.

He seems now here,
And ere we think we turn to call,
Ah, list! was that a baby fall?—
Nay, 'twas a tear.

We wait and wait
For one our hearts will ever miss;
Yet, ling'ring for his good night kiss,
We tarry late.

Beside the bed,
The crib stands where it stood before,
And ere we think we're bending o'er
To miss our dead.

It comes again,
The parting hour, the baby plea,
"Don't c'y, mamma, don't c'y," and we
O'ercome with pain.

The flutt'ring breath,
The chill we felt upon him creep,
The lisping "Dess I'll go to s'leep"—
Oh, cruel death!

Ere going Home,
The heaven-lit eyes most brightly shone,
He plead, in baby's sweetest tone,
"Tome, papa, tome."

Our baby boy,
We look away through starless night,
And seek the face hid from our sight,
Our only joy.

You've gone to sleep,
And we shall wait the morning sun
That smiles upon you, darling one,
Where none e'er weep.

—LU B. CAKE.

Nov, 16th, 1882.

CHAPTER X.

POINTERS FOR ALL PEOPLE.

REVIEW OF THE ARMY "IN LINE"—A GLANCE AT THE OPIUM PATIENTS, AND GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF THE HORRORS OF CIGARETTE USING AND "SOOTHING SYRUP" DOSING.

"Well, this place is a marvel to the uninitiated who has never suffered from this terrible evil, as well as the one who has, directly or indirectly."

Yes. A sojourn at Dwight, the headquarters of The Keeley Institutes, enlarges the close observer's knowledge, general ideas, Christianity and humanity. To the world I can justly claim a much more valuable knowledge of its sufferings and miseries, as well as its blessings, than I ever gained by years of travel and close study. Arriving here, you were impressed with the grandeur of character and manhood of all the drunkards. To look at the two "lines" as they solemnly file by is to behold the most touching demonstration of earnest manhood in its greatest and grandest stand and fight for "Liberty or Death" ever witnessed upon the face of this earth. Look! There are nearly 1,000 men—men high in every po-

sition of life; some with money enough to buy the little town, others in every way able to discharge the most exacting affairs of the busy world—seriously, earnestly following each other, step by step, day by day, up to the fountain of Golden Hope, on, on, up toward eternal relief and life-long sobriety. In a course of four weeks, the patient marches bravely up to the gentleman operating the tiny shot-gun of scientific eradication, and receives 112 charges from that miniature cannon of manhood-restoring power.

Or, here is a neat figure of mathematical deduction:

The brave man in faithful search for life-long sobriety moves "in line" 100 feet into the institute and 100 back to the exit. This he does four times a day, or travels 800 feet every day. In the course of four weeks, or twenty-eight days, he has silently marched, step by step, 22,400 feet, or a total distance of four miles and a fraction, in his determined effort to wear out and kill his demon enemy, Alcohol! Or, in taking the full course, the time occupied for the "lines" to pass through is forty-five minutes, or 180 minutes a day, equal to three hours in every twenty-four, or eighty-four hours in the four weeks, making a grand total of three and a half days of twenty-four hours each. Hence, in making this triumphal march, the persistent searcher for sobriety, has manfully paraded, with the "slit in the sleeve," four earnest, solid miles, for three and one-half solid days and the same number of nights, and, God bless him,

that awfully sincere man is entitled to a large-sized Divorce from Drink and Damnation if Dr. Keeley has it in his Court of Last Resort, and I found he had.

I said in a previous chapter that the average patient at Dwight was a very busy man. Add to the foregoing table of duties a teaspoonful of medicine every two hours, the necessary watching of the clock in order to do this, and I would like to have some one show me a busier man than any in Dr. Keeley's Grand Army of Inebriates.

A short dissertation upon the opium, morphine, cocaine and cigarette patients at Dwight: Knowing nothing from actual experience of the sufferings and horrors of these habitues, I necessarily give the experiences and incidents attending them as I gathered the stories from the wretched victims or their friends. I first desire to cite one instance of the horror attending a continuous cigarette debauch. While at Dwight my attention was called to the case of a man from Brownsville, Tenn. I saw him several times and studied him closely. He was a man about 35 years of age, and I was told owned some 500 acres of good land in his state, as well as being a wealthy cotton raiser and shipper. Friends from his home informed me that his only weakness had been a mania for cigarettes and that he used from ten to twelve packages of these daily. When brought to Dwight, this once strong man was simply a helpless imbecile! Imbecile from what? From smoking

cigarettes, dear reader! The poor wreck absolutely knew nothing; not his own name, or place of residence, or where he was. He required an attendant day and night, and could perform no act for himself. He moved as an automaton is mechanically operated, and was more helpless, and knew less, than a year old babe. And all this awful wreck of a human life, I was assured by men who knew him at home, from using cigarettes! Do the law-makers of this country need any stronger lesson before forever stamping out this damnable, reason-dethroning, poisonous little weed?

I regret to add that there was no help for him, even at Dwight, and Dr. Keeley's assistants honestly informed his friends that they regarded the wretched man's case beyond the power of their science or human aid! The poor man will probably spend his days in an insane asylum or at home under constant care, a hopeless mental wreck, until death generously comes to his relief.

Here is another incident told me—one for mothers to seriously ponder: I became well acquainted with an excellent young man from a western state, brother of a gentleman who held a high position in the cabinet of one of our presidents. The young man had been treating for the morphine habit for several years, and has visited every so-called "cure" in this country. At one of these he informed me a child two years of

age was being treated for the morphine habit! This infant, I was calmly assured, had to be given injections amounting to fifteen grains of the deadly drug in twenty-four hours in order to give it rest and quiet!

"How did the baby acquire such a habit?" did some good mother ask.

From a long-continued dosing, by a murderous mother, with one of the most extensively advertised and commonly used "soothing syrups" on the market to-day! Mothers of America, are you quieting your precious babes to-night with such damnable potions? If so, cease it, in God's name, from this very hour.

"Can Dr. Keeley cure the various drug habits?"

My observation and close investigation at Dwight constrain me to honestly state that I believe he is doing it every day. When here for treatment I learned that over one hundred patients were being treated for the several drug habits with every evidence of success. Over forty of these were women, among them being some of the most refined and most accomplished women of our land. These are treated in private at their boarding houses and are rarely seen on the streets. Their presence here need not be known to a dozen people. I became acquainted with a gentleman from New York, treating for opium. He told me something of his horrible slavery, from which sad recital I gathered that, in comparison with opium, the liquor habit was a youthful blessing in disguise. So terribly did this poor man suffer that

for nine consecutive nights at certain intervals he walked the streets of his home town from dusk to daylight. For two weeks before he left for home he slept well, ate well and said he seemed to be enjoying perfect health. Yet he was not, as I knew from a reliable source, using a grain or the first particle of opium. In fact, he was not aware when the physicians left off administering the drug. In other desperate cases I found this experience had been repeated. The victims were not conscious of the great "dividing" line in their desperate cases, *i. e.*, the time of dropping their former absolutely necessary enemy entirely. To my mind, although not acquainted personally with any drug habit, such treatment as that must mean perfect relief—an absolute cure. [The young man referred to in the incident of the infant morphine patient, is to-day a well man, not using a particle of his former necessary stimulant.]

As to drug users, I learned that many were able physicians, some lawyers, not a few ministers of the gospel, and a large percentage excellent women. The southern and eastern states seem to be furnishing the majority of drug victims. The lessons I gathered at Dwight, upon this terrible curse to frail humanity, were solemn and heartrending, and caused me to tickle my vanity with this pleasant reminiscence: "Old fellow, you have suffered from whiskey and lost much, but you were not in it with these poor drug wrecks about you. Give thanks."

What I have said as to observations of cures from opium, I believe may include morphine, cocaine, etc.

God help the unfortunate, suffering, dying opium or morphine wrecks of this too busy, too active nation of ours!

The numerical percentages in the professions at Dwight, for whiskey and the drug habits, are about as follows: First, lawyers, intense brain workers, 15 to 20 per cent., mostly inebriates. Second, physicians, 10 per cent., the majority for opiates and some for both whiskey and drugs, resulting from exposure and loss of regular sleep or rest. Third, ministers of the gospel, 5 per cent., mostly whiskey, but partly opiates, result of confinement in studies and too constant application to indoor labor. Fourth, newspaper writers, chiefly whiskey, as direct result of convivial friendships, meeting and interviewing men, reporting banquets, conventions, etc. From my own knowledge I would say the newspaper men should head the professional list at Dwight—if all who need to “interview” Dr. Keeley would go.

"THE SLIT IN THE SLEEVE."

[TO MY FRIEND, CHARLES SUMNER CLARK.]

So you ask me to touch on a theme
That must bring up the Past, my dear friend,
And a Past that seems now but a dream
All too suddenly brought to an end;
And you ask me to sing you a song—
Oh! I wish that my pencil could weave
A sweet Anthem of Love to the throng
That marched on, nearly one thousand strong,
To be healed through the slit in the sleeve!

Let me think! You were one of us then,
And your heart with your arm was laid bare,
When you marched with that column of men,
Cheered on by a brave woman's prayer.
You were one of the Army redeemed,
Tho' not one of the first to believe
The New Science was all that it seemed,
But faith came, and your face fairly beamed
As they cut the long slit in your sleeve.

Well, we'll never look back with regret
To those days, nor attempt to conceal
The old scars that seem fresh to us yet
Nor the wounds which all time cannot heal.
They'll recall to our mem'ries a fight
All triumphant—e'en tho' we may grieve
That we groped in the darkness till light
Found its way to our souls at Dwight
Through the hallowed slit in the sleeve.

—JOHN J. FLINN.

CHAPTER XI.

HONORING A BENEFACTOR.

THE GRAND ARMY OF AMERICAN INEBRIATES RECEIVING DR. KEELEY AT DWIGHT.—THE GREAT HEALER'S REAL CLAIMS.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, founder of this famous cure and institute, reached home from his European trip on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 7, 1891. The great discoverer of a remedy and thus far the very successful minister to "the mind diseased" was tendered a reception more eloquent in its silent solemnity than the eclat of enthusiastic thousands who pay tribute to a king. By pre-arranged agreement, the Keeley Grand Army of American Drunkards, numbering at the time over nine hundred brave and manly men, drew up in double line along the street leading from the station to the institute and extending for nearly two blocks. The benefactor of each man in this proud army walked between the lines and as he passed, bareheaded, his subjects reverently and with feelings of love and appreciation of the highest degree, lifted their hats. To my mind, this must have been the proudest hour of Dr. Keeley's life, for cer-

tainly it was a mute manifestation of love for an earthly savior never before so eloquently expressed by so magnificent and cosmopolitan a set of God's noble men. On both sides, for over a block, Dr. Keeley saw as fine a body of gentlemen, as brainy men of prominence and as high in the professions, arts and trades, as ever did honor and reverence to mortal man. There they stood, in a slightly drizzling rain—men at the head of their classes in every walk in life—pleased and glad to pay a wordless tribute to him who each believes and knows has placed him squarely on his feet to battle with the harsh and exacting world with a frightful, death-dealing appetite that has always landed on top no matter from what vantage ground it was fought, now absolutely eradicated and dead as they all realize before leaving for their homes. Those lines represented over nine hundred once happy, but for years clouded, homes; they represented many hundreds of loving hearts once bowed down in the dust of disgrace and the sorrow of a grief they can only know; it represented nine hundred now hopeful and trusting American families, whose members have faith in God and Dr. Keeley, and who believe the skeleton in the closet is surely removed. This silent testimonial meant all this and more, and no wonder the tears welled up in the penetrating eyes of the honored benefactor as he exclaimed: "My God! what a sight!" It lasted but a few hastening moments of a world's busy progress,

yet it meant and spoke volumes, and out from that tomb came the thanksgivings and heartfelt benedictions of an army of nine hundred slaves whose shackles were being stricken from them by the instrument of the Master in the hands of Dr. Keeley. It was an incident in life never before witnessed on this globe and one that perhaps will never be seen again.

In the evening Dr. Keeley visited the Bi-Chloride of Gold club headquarters and addressed a large number of the then 1,800 members. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Keeley said:

“Gentlemen: As I stand before you to-night, tired and worn, from the effects of the busy week, since landing, and look down upon this sea of upturned and earnest faces, I feel well repaid for all my past years of effort. There are at least four hundred people who have found room in this house to listen to me for the first time, and as many others are crowded out. Believe me, I was truly gratified, more so than I can tell you, with your kind reception of this afternoon. I do not know what to say to you to-night, but of course feel that I ought to say something as it is expected. I will therefore try to say what I think you would most like to hear. Thirty years ago I was impressed with the thought that there was a cure for drunkenness, but good authority said drunkenness was a crime, and not a disease. Sin was also a crime, and not a disease. God’s grace could not eradicate sin, hence nothing could be found to cure

the liquor habit. Later on, from close study, I discovered that drunkenness was not a vice but a disease, and if a disease, was there not a cure? This discovery, notwithstanding the much said to the contrary by all doctors and temperance workers, prompted me to look for a remedy. For eighteen years, in a quiet way, I made my experiments, at the end of which time, I had found something that I knew was the agent I had searched for in vain for so long. This was the Double Chloride of Gold. It was an agent, however, dangerous to use.

“I then wrote to at least five hundred of the most prominent physicians in the world, asking them as a favor to give me their knowledge of its action. To five hundred letters sent out I received about four hundred replies. The Chloride of Gold and Sodium was not in general use. It was both dangerous and expensive, and hence was elided from their prescriptions. Later on, by the aid of an Irish physician who was something of an enthusiastic chemist, I discovered an eliminant for the excess of gold in the system; then was my discovery truly born. Since that time at least fifteen thousand people have been cured by the Double Chloride of Gold, of which not more than five per cent. have relapsed through the twelve years of my special practice. How to overcome this unfortunate five per cent. I cannot now tell, but I hope to overcome it in the future.

“On my arrival in New York, after an absence of

nearly five months in the countries of the Old World, my attention was drawn to the fact by the crowd of reporters who interviewed me, that the papers were clamoring for an exposure of the formulæ. It was alleged that in accordance with medical ethics I was bound to give it to the profession and through it to the public. This reminded me of the same clamor one year before by the papers of Europe which forced Dr. Koch prematurely to disclose his lymph formulæ for consumption. That disclosure killed one of the greatest benefactions to mankind since the Christian era. Koch, like Saul, King of Israel, stood head and shoulders (in intellect) above all medical sedants of the present century. When it was announced that he had made a discovery that would lessen the terrible evil of consumption, the world of medicine bowed in acknowledgements. Physicians hastened from every part of the globe to Berlin. It was proclaimed that the formulæ would not be made known, but the lymph would be sold. The explanation given was that the lymph was on trial and therefore not considered perfect. Then it was that the papers all over Europe, as well as the doctors, began to cry 'quack, humbug, fraud.' He was accused of keeping back the secret of his formulæ to enrich himself and his government. At this, the young Emperor was called upon to interfere and forced a disclosure. This made a manufacturing center for the lymph of Berlin. Everybody made it, with or without a formulæ, and

imitations were sold and used. Failure and death followed.

“Koch was held responsible; Koch was denounced, condemned, cursed by some and ridiculed by others. His was pronounced another fiasco like that of Brown-Sequard. Harrassed, worried and heart-broken, with no chance to defend himself, Dr. Koch retired from the field, and to-day he lives in obscurity, stripped of honors and emoluments, at his country house in Berlin. Thus the world has lost, through premature disclosure, one of the greatest benefactions ever offered to it. To-day, the same lymph as he made it up is being used in many of the hospitals of the world with the success that he promised for it; but Koch is not known in it. My warning has come through the fate of Dr. Koch. I will not disclose my formulæ. It was given me in trust for the wives, mothers and daughters of America, and I will keep it for them. I have been asked, could it not be analyzed? To which I will say that for the last twelve years nearly every barking druggist circular in the country has published a so-called analysis, and I can truthfully say to you to-night that these analyses have not disturbed me, as in no case has one ingredient been given. Some days ago my attention was called to a formulæ given by an alleged physician of Lafayette, Ind. A sort of a number five doctor with a number ten voice. This dwarf in intellect, as well as size, reminds me much of the small asses so

common in Italy, with more voice than substance. He pretends not only to give my formulæ, but actually has the impudence to insult the medical profession with one of his own, which they know as I know, if tried, will easily kill any drinking man upon whom it might be used. It is only by using my name and abusing me that such men can get into the papers."

The foregoing is a stenographic report of Dr. Keeley's exact words, and now appears in print for the first time. In a personal interview with the great benefactor a few days after his return home, he informed me that his great discovery would, in proper hands, live after him. As to the expense of treatment so many thoughtless people are howling about, Dr. Keeley simply remarked that if any man is worth \$100 to the community in which he lives, there will always be found willing hands and purses to give him the cure. Good men all over the country, who were absolute burdens to themselves and their friends and communities, were sent to Dwight ten or twelve years ago; were cured and took up the duties of life just where they laid them down when they began drinking, and are to-day honored men and good citizens. The records show that such men never drank liquor again. The grand cure meant too much to them. In reply to a question as to the feelings and conduct of the cured man, Dr. Keeley said: "When you leave here you need not imagine you will ever want to drink liquor again. No man who has

earnestly gone through this treatment has ever yet said he wanted or desired liquor. There is no reason why you or any earnest man should come here and go home wanting liquor. If any of you drink again it will be simply because you want to do it. You must remember I cannot paralyze the arm that would deliberately raise the fatal glass to the lips. When you all go out into the new life, I will have placed you exactly where you were before taking the first drink. You will look back over the past and then contemplate the future, and will then choose which path you will follow the balance of your days."

A kindly word of sincerity as to the cure; then to the ministry and the professed Christian in the church, and then a hint in the ear of the medical profession, and we will drop this interesting feature of the great remedy with a clincher from the pen of Joseph Medill: A thorough study and complete treatment at Dwight have convinced me, in my own case, that Dr. Keeley absolutely kills the last vestige of alcohol in the system of the drunkard; hence, the last spark has been quenched—the entire appetite entirely eradicated and is now absent. The man who then builds up another hellish appetite, deliberately and in his sound mind, would simply become a self-murderer, for I do not believe one Keeley cured man in ten hundred would live six months in the event of such a step. To the gospel workers: Christian friends, I am satisfied that the minister who fails to thoroughly

inform himself upon this greatest blessing of the nineteenth century and who, if convinced of its efficacy, as he will be, then fails to proclaim its glories from the pulpit, under favorable circumstances, will be recreant to his sacred trust and calling. And I believe it the duty of all Christian church workers, if they know of a member making this awful and unequal will-power fight—as ministers and churchmen knew I was making, as a church member—it becomes their Christian duty to relieve the sufferings of that poor, struggling fellow-Christian by sending him to Dr. Keeley. Drop the "foreign missionary" basket for a Sunday or two and quietly take up a collection for your struggling brother who must surely sink unless soon succored.

I claim many noble physicians in my circle of friends, and admire and honor them all. But, those of the profession who have raised the silly question of "ethics" in this matter simply do not feel the public pulse aright. The American drunkard cares nothing for "ethics;" the world is rapidly growing justly disgusted with "ethics," and the day has arrived when the physician who will denounce the Keeley cure or raise with him the false hue and cry of "ethics" will be justly relegated to the rear, as a "back number" by the intelligent and thinking men and women of this country. Ethics! Hold on for ethics, and a poor drunkard suffering the tortures of the damned! Has the common-sense man or woman

respectful patience with the doctor who would raise such a question? Don't all answer at once, or the storm would sweep your medical friend from the face of the earth!

A word from high and sound authority as to the farcical question of ethics. The day following the attack on Dr. Keeley in Chicago by a member of the profession, the observing and earnest Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, published a sound and just editorial on the subject, in the course of which he said:

“It is not the people who wish for the treatment or the friends of inebriates who are crying out against the alleged exclusiveness of Dr. Keeley and his methods. It is the medical men who gave him the cold shoulder as long as possible, sneered at him and his theory as unsound and quackish, and scouted the idea that any good thing could come out of such a Nazareth as they pictured the Keeley institute to be. They now object because when no longer able to deny its value they are unable to prescribe the remedy as one over which many of their number would exercise the proprietary right of charging a percentage on the prescription as well as a fee for advice to take it, and some of the rest would substitute material of their own choice on the claim that ‘something else will do just as well.’ Why the secret should be placed at the service of these open enemies and false friends it is difficult to see. They have no right to it except

that alleged by a 'code of ethics' peculiar to the medical fraternity, and which is repudiated by the best among them, in addition to a complete lack of recognition by the rest of the world."

"IN LINE."

[TO MY FRIEND, C. S. CLARK.]

From out the ranks of industry, from out the haunts of pride,
The preacher and philosopher are stepping side by side.
From lofty legal altitudes and high commercial plane,
From life spent 'midst the good and pure and from the
homes of shame,
They gather, rally, join the host, with confidence sublime,
Who bravely casting off "the yoke," have fallen into "line."

From out the treach'rous fetid path where death makes
bold his stand,
And lurks to lure with friendly grasp, each trembling, grop-
ing hand;
Into a vale of glad surprise, where hope eternal dawns
'Neath endless seas of gladsome skies, and love no longer
mourns;
Emancipated now, come those, God's noblest work, divine,
Who fetter-free no longer halt, but proudly march "in line."

—HARRY H. HEMING.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 20th, 1891.

CHAPTER XII.

INTO THE PERFECT LIGHT.

THE GRADUATION AND BENEDICTION OF THE KEELEY PATIENT—A FEW EARNEST WORDS TO THE GRAND ARMY OF AMERICAN DRUNKARDS.

We have now passed almost through "The Valley of the Shadow," briefly viewing by the wayside as we moved solemnly along, some of the ordinary daily sights in this the world's greatest tomb of dead and buried demons of "most hideous mein." We have encountered, perhaps, incidents so terribly real as to be scarcely believed. We have glanced hastily at pathetic things that could not but touch the heart—dark realities so intensely vivid as to startle us like an unwholesome dream. We noted, also, the semi-humorous features of this remarkable passage, and occasionally received glimpses of the beautiful there. As we near the threshold that lies just up yonder upon the patient's pathway from the tomb of his past life to his resurrection morn, we may almost imagine, with him, we hear the Gabriel Horn of Double Gold, as it winds this glorious benediction to the scientifically reclaimed inebriate: "Behold I bring

thee Glad Tidings of Great Joy." Thou art "Born Again." "Depart in Peace." This, to the regenerated man, is the sweetest music of his life, for it rends the morning air of Hope and Promise, and the once fallen, helpless one arises and listens to the flutter of angelic wings of Peace, while from the bright, illumed silver lining of yon departing cloud he hears a voice saying, "It is the Resurrection and the Life!"

No sincere graduate ever left Dwight or the earnest presence of Dr. Keeley—the home of his new birth and of his greatest benefactor—without feelings more strangely solemn and more profoundly earnest than any that have ever come upon him at any previous period of his life. Next to that occasion when he stands at the sacred altar by the side of his heart's idol, the most serious hour of a man's earthly career, I believe to be the arrival of the time when he steps from the Drunkard's Divorce Court at Dwight into the world again, a free man. The emotions that crowd each other thick and fast through the mind of the thinking man are the most solemn and suggestive ever contemplated or called up. Every word in his good-bye club address is a chapter in his memorable life—a burning coal of fire in his heart.

When in memory's tenement house my thoughts drift back to the little village home where I first beheld the light of day, near the topmost peak of the romantic Alleghenies, and behold, in memory, the tombstones that mark the spot where noble, but

helpless, manhood fell in battle with the demon, drink; the little town where I saw in earlier years as brilliant men as I have ever met since mingling with the world—men intended by nature and training to grace and honor the most exalted positions in the gift of this exacting nation—yet doomed to untimely destruction by the liquid poison that “steals away the brains,” and who sleep to-night in drunkards’ graves, my heart sinks in sympathetic grief and regret that Dr. Keeley or some other savior was not then doing daily what he is daily accomplishing now. They were men with hearts and natures so great that no man, woman or child, could suffer where they were, for their generous sympathy and humanity flowed as the great rivers move toward the sea. Good and noble men! Yet cruel enemies to themselves! That their Christian deeds of heart and hand toward all men shall temper the decision of the Great Judge when they are arraigned in His Court of Final Judgment, is my earnest belief and prayer.

Such pictures as the foregoing are doubtless common to us all, for every community has had its noblest types of manhood forever blasted by this cruelest of curses.

Statistics in the possession of all asylums, prisons, charitable institutions, etc., where human misery and suffering in all phases is met, show this awful fact: Seventy-five per cent. of the poverty, misery and suffering in these places is caused directly by alcohol!

A word as to incarcerating inebriates in insane asylums: It is a common, fatal error, and simply means added torture of mind and body. There should be no legal authority for such a step, especially now that the real place for the unfortunate has been found.

Dwight! Keeley! Those magic names! They rest upon or fall from thousands of lips all over this land to-night, as the dew of heaven descends upon the flower whose perfume carries sweet incense to the soul and whispers a new, low song of renewed love and tender devotion; or, they tremble on the lips of hope and simple, earnest trust, as the tears of sorrow are wiped from the eyes of saddened and heart-broken wives and mothers and daughters, while in those magic names the grief-stricken ones behold the "silver lining" and feel that the cloud will surely pass away forever! And ere the end, the magic of those names will have extended to every darkened nook and corner of our land, while thanksgivings and hallelujahs will go up to God and Dr. Keeley from more than five hundred thousand American homes once darkened by that greatest curse to humanity—alcohol. Nay more: The blessing of sure relief will take the wings of the Messenger of Renewed Life and Hope and Peace, and, crossing the great waters of the earth, will reach thousands in every nation who have suffered torture and misery because, until now, in the serene twilight of the nineteenth

century, there has been nothing, down through the ages of man and alcohol, to give the wretched drunkard hope or cure!

No mortal man receives to-day the sincere homage that is cast at the feet of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley by the thousands of regenerated men, the thousands of happy wives, mothers and daughters of America, who justly sing his praises. "Is this American or Democratic?" you ask. It is both. It is more. It is the outpourings of peaceful hearts in which the bright sun of hope has arisen for the first time in years. Dr. Keeley has simply solved the problem of 4,000 years of darkened slavery, because he has killed King Alcohol with the well-directed blow of medical science, the result of over a quarter of a century of research, born of an earnest belief that a consuming enemy of alcohol could somewhere be found and somehow utilized.

A few words to the Advance Guard of the Grand Army of American Inebriates I met at Dwight, with a word of good cheer to the great army itself, which must sooner or later enter the Keeley Camp for refuge from the certain storm: I esteem it an honor to have met and known you. In mingling with you my moral standard has been elevated; my views upon human sympathy and charity for all men broadened, and I have had an opportunity to sit at the feet of learning of men who are an honor to America—men able to instruct the learned, prepared to widen broad minds,

and capable of pointing lessons of love and endurance to those already graceful in these accomplishments. As we re-enter the arena of business life, let us remember the words of our great benefactor, "Do not put yourselves in the way of temptation, and remember I cannot paralyze the arm that would deliberately raise again the fatal glass!" We all know he has cured us of a desperate disease, but we no longer have anything in common with the white-aproned, smiling emissaries of the devil. Let us make no compromise with our old enemy, but fight him in the open field. Victory, forever, is then surely ours! God bless and keep you, and farewell.

To the five hundred thousand noble men of this land yet in darkness and bondage: Take the sincere advice of a former fellow-sufferer and join the innumerable caravan now headed for Dwight or some one of the eighty or more Keeley institutes to be found scattered over the country with more soon to be opened. Delay not, but go at once, and "stand not upon the order of your going." If you must "raise up your spirits" to the deciding point by putting spirits down, do so. I will guarantee it will be your last drunk. Noble men arrive hourly at Dwight in all conditions, to be saved. Many go perfectly sober, because they feel the desperate fight again coming on and bravely propose to beat the devil at his own game. Those who go thus never have to carry out the old fight—Dr. Keeley does that for them. This is

the best way to go. But to one and all I would say, go to Dwight! Go sober, if you can, but go. It is merely a question of time when you must all go, anyway. And, bless you, it will be the grandest, manliest trip you ever made. Your friends will honor you for it, and your sneering enemies will be trampled into humiliation beneath your feet and the feet of public indignation.

After four thousand years of darkness and absolute hopelessness, the drunkard of the world may now, in the closing years of one of the greatest centuries of history, step from his thralldom; cast off his chains of slavery, and, looking the world and all men in the face, stand in "The Perfect Light," and exclaim, "Thanks be unto God and Man, I am saved and born again!"

CHAPTER XIII.

DR. KEELEY ON THE PLATFORM.

HIS FIRST PLATFORM ADDRESS—THE GREAT AUDITORIUM IN CHICAGO FILLED WITH THE CULTURE AND THE THINKERS OF THAT CITY—THE ELOQUENCE OF L. L. MILLS AND REV. F. M. BRISTOL.

On the evening of December 18, 1891, there assembled in the great Auditorium a remarkable audience. It was composed of several thousand of Chicago's thinking and most cultured people, hundreds of whom were grand monuments to the greatest medical discovery of centuries. This remarkable audience had assembled to hear Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, the great discoverer, deliver his first public address, his subject being "My Gold Cure, and Is Drunkenness a Disease?"

That brilliant orator and pretty word-painter, Luther Laflin Mills, introduced Dr. Keeley in this flight of true oratory:

"Beneath this magnificent fabric of human architecture, this great city's place of culture and delight, men and women gather, led by the voice of music and the hand of art. Here they listen with rapt attention to the golden words of the orator. Sweet singers

here transmute the air into ecstasies. Poets make the hours a passing dream. The social amenities bid frequent welcome. It is the worthy home of esthetics. It is a city's proud place of welcome and delight. The great men of the great states assemble here to choose their leaders and to make plans of politics affecting the material welfare of a nation, and patriotic orators appeal to the sentiment of country.

"To-night this coming together is not attracted by music, or art, or politics, but by something nobler than any of them. This meeting of men and women proclaims the enthusiasm of humanity and the conviction that the interests of society are broader than the social amenities. It is an appreciation by the people of the world's greatest evil and of a remedy designed to remove it.

"From Noah's age to our own, the curse of drunkenness has shadowed humanity. It has been a cloud against the sun. It is the world's greatest evil; time's greatest problem. In spite of everything it still exists, the one defiant enemy of mankind—the outlaw of the human race. The hand of philanthropy, the laws of the states, and the edicts of rulers have been raised against it, but the enemy and the curse remain, threatening the individual with ruin, the family with demoralization, and jeopardizing the state.

"Therefore, when a student of life and of science comes after long years of study to raise a bright

flame of help, no wonder that hearts leap forth in hope and joy to welcome and applaud him. Yet the enthusiasm and applause for Dr. Keeley's work come from a deeper source than from any mere popularity of the hour. Ten thousand men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, once victims of a dread disease, but now its victors, are the argument and appeal for his work. One hundred thousand happy women and children, who have felt the blessings of his work form the basis for its recognition. The skeptic may doubt and the cynic criticise. The fact remains unchanged. To those who doubt we present those who know; to the skeptic, those who were lost but are found again; and to the traducer the myriad of glad firesides that proclaim their tearful gratitude. Dr. Keeley's discovery is no longer a theory. It has proven itself. Its inspiration is in saving men; its march is goodness and charity, and its banner the salvation of mankind. It is too secure for criticism to endanger. It makes the cured man a humanitarian. It restores him, once a burden, now a blessing; once a beneficiary, now a philanthropist.

"Under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago I now have the honor to introduce to you the student of science whose work has already assured him a place among the great students of time, who has placed hope where there was despair, and has brought joy to the place where trouble sat at the hearthstone—the benefactor of his race, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley."

Being his first public statement, as well as one of vast importance to the thinking world, a liberal synopsis of the address of Dr. Keeley is here given:

* * * * *

“I do not claim that society is yet ready to accept the conclusion that confirmed inebriates are morally irresponsible, but society is now obliged to accept the fact that confirmed inebriety is a disease. The evidences of this fact comprise all the evidence there is of the existence of any disease. There is poison as a cause. There are symptoms and signs of disease. These facts have long been known, but there is now the additional evidence which is confirmatory that the disease of inebriety is cureable by medicine.

“The moral factor of inebriety has always stood in the way of the recognition by the public that inebriety is a disease. The alcoholized patient, or culprit, or prisoner is held responsible morally because he buys the poison voluntarily, and takes it himself, which brings into the case the factor of vice viewed from the standpoint of law and morality. Setting aside this factor, there is no difference in general terms between drunkenness or alcoholism and typhoid fever or insanity—and, in fact, when we continue the analysis of the features of likeness there is no difference.

CAUSE OF GERM DISEASES.

“The germ diseases as typhoid-fever, consumption, scarlet-fever, and diphtheria, are caused by germ

poisons, and it was formerly the custom to call these diseases 'providential' or visitations from God, the reason being that the cause was unknown. Now, however, that the cause is known we learn that the public and individuals are as responsible morally for the existence of the poisons as they are for the existence of alcohol. A man who refuses to be vaccinated or refuses this protection to his family is responsible if small-pox is the consequence. Communities which neglect sanitation and have a death rate of ten or twenty above the minimum rate per 1,000 are responsible for the consequent sickness and death. An individual who uses water that he knows or should know may be contaminated and gets typhoid-fever therefrom is morally as responsible as is the man who drinks alcohol until he becomes a drunkard.

"From these facts, then, I can see no difference in a general sense between the disease of inebriety and typhoid fever or other diseases. They are all, every one, caused by poisons which produce the disease, and individuals and communities are equally responsible from the moral standpoint for all diseases that are preventible.

"Inebriety also bears the same relation to cure and prevention that other diseases do. All diseases, including inebriety, should be prevented rather than cured, but this world, while truly seeking the art of preventing all diseases, has not yet reached the goal.

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FOUNDATION OF INEBRIETY.

“The foundation of this disease, with its manifestations of periodical inebriety, consists in a characteristic variation of the tissue cells of the brain, which can be caused by nothing else than alcohol. This variation of cells is partly lost or cured naturally during the rhythmic interval of sobriety, but for the reason that force underlies this manifestation and that all force is physically rhythmic, this condition returns again; that is, the manifestation of inebriety again returns and again recedes, and this is what makes the habitual drunkard.

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THE ‘COURT OF LAST RESORT.’

“Dwight is called the ‘court of last resort for God’s unfortunates,’ and I think justly so. I will take any liquor habitu e there, soddened and saturated by twenty years of alcoholic debauch, sober him in two hours, cut short his worst spree in four hours, take him from inebriety to perfect sobriety without nervous shock or distress, and leave him antipathetic to alcoholic stimulants of every sort and kind inside of three days and in the meantime will give him all the liquor he asks for; this, with the confident assurance that he will drop it of his own volition in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Never again will he want or desire it, though he should live a hundred years, and if he goes back to liquor he will

do so, not because of want or desire, but simply with intention to resume his old habits. The sobering up process at Dwight is a small matter, though one much dreaded by the inebriate at home. I take him from inebriety to perfect sobriety much as a ship is lifted from the water to the dry-docks without strain.

“The formulæ for the cure of inebriety and the opium habit, which I have discovered after years of experimental work, has never yet been published and never will be for general use. I am aware that alleged analyses of my formulæ are published in the newspapers. I pronounce them unqualifiedly false. I rest easy upon the matter of analysis, otherwise I would not send my remedy broadcast over the world to whoever calls for it. It would take a river of it to make a quantitative or qualitative analysis, or, in other words, an analysis in fact.

“To give to the general public the formulæ from which my remedy is compounded would be to simply destroy its efficacy as a cure. The remedy is not a proprietary one, similar to the many others known as patent medicines upon the market in drug stores. It is a complete system which must be closely watched from beginning to finish, and from which no detail can be omitted without endangering its success.

“When I began the treatment for inebriety in 1880 I had the best remedy at the time open to the world, but a remedy far from satisfactory in its results to myself. In the fall of 1885 I refused to take any more

patients at Dwight until I could bring to perfection what I firmly believed lay within my reach, namely, an effective and permanent cure for the opium and liquor habits. For two years I studied and experimented closely, and in 1887 re-opened the doors of our Dwight institute, satisfied that success had crowned my efforts, that I now had in the hypodermic solution, as well as a reinforcement formulæ of my remedy, the necessary links to a complete system of cure—a system which I now employ and which is effective in saving more than ninety-five per cent. of all who test its powers.

TEACHING THE PHYSICIANS.

“Physicians in charge of institutes in the various states of the Union have to come to Dwight before taking their places as surgeons in charge of other institutes. This education cannot be imparted by letter. It must be taught and learned at the tables of the home office, where the treatment is administered by physicians familiar with its every phase.

“Now let me ask if there is a wife, mother, or daughter in this house to-night who would desire to see this blessing jeopardized by placing it indiscriminately in the hands of prejudiced, ignorant, or unprincipled men? I think not. It is the one gleam of light which alone has illuminated a world of misery since the time of Noah. Would you have it quenched forever?

“We count at least 50,000 men cured by our method in the last twelve years—50,000 men rescued from death in life and made breadwinners for helpless and abused families. Nearly 16,000 of these have passed through our hands at the home office at Dwight, 10,000 more at various institutes scattered broadcast over this country, and the rest cured at their own homes. Out of this number I can truthfully affirm that not more than 5 per cent. have gone back to their old habits, and statistics now kept by the Bi-Chloride of Gold club make it even less. Drunkenness, as you all know, is a scourge that completely demoralizes home, family, and society. It is a bondage that strangles the reason, the judgment, and the will, placing its victims beyond the reach of friendly advice and the pleadings of broken-hearted wives and mothers. If you could listen to the appeals from the poor tottering victims who come to me for a cure, lost to themselves and the world, and then read the expressions of gratitude when the once poor wreck of manhood returns to his home, strong in mind and body at the end of three weeks, fully able to take up the burden of life where he laid it down so long ago, and carry it to the end in sobriety, I am satisfied you would consider it the greatest misfortune that could befall the people of America should the remedy known as the Gold Cure for Drunkenness be lost to them by placing it in the hands of unprincipled men, who would soon drive it from the market by spurious imitations.”

A number of questions were propounded by the audience and promptly and satisfactorily answered by Dr. Keeley.

BURNING WORDS BY REV. F. M. BRISTOL.

The talented, sincere and popular young Baptist minister, Rev. Frank M. Bristol, whose fine church in Chicago has rung with his musical and eloquent voice in praise of the blessed Keeley cure, followed Dr. Keeley. He said:

“There is not a cottage so humble in all this land that is not interested, vitally interested, in the subject that brings us together this evening. To-morrow eyes accustomed to tears will read the daily papers to find in the utterances of this man of science some degree of hope, and, thank God, they will find it. Abraham Lincoln once said, ‘All rational men are agreed that intemperance is the greatest evil that afflicts humanity.’ Upon that we are all agreed, and a remedy for it is the only question. I have stated before that an ounce of cure is worth a pound of prevention at a certain stage. We want something practical. We want a cure. I believe in theories, but they are like eggs—good things if they hatch before spoiling. There are many temperance theories spoiling from age. Our consciences have been trying to hatch something from nothing. It is to be expected this discovery should be met with opposition. Practical inoculation met with opposition. A sermon was

preached against it, and I venture that minister, were he alive to-night, would regret his utterance. Some of the preachers of Chicago will yet like to take back some of the sermons they have been preaching against the Keeley cure.

"I have met Dr. Keeley before. I have been to Dwight, but not for treatment. If I had I would not be ashamed of it, no more than I would be ashamed to wear the badge of the G. A. R. The Bi-Chloride of Gold club aims well. It wants the poorest man in the land to have the benefit of this discovery. Let some of the philanthropic men of Chicago come forward and help these men to reach this home of cure. Let those interested in the temperance cause come forward. The press, the long-abused, long-suffering, comes forward as a leader in this great work. It leads the pulpit. Let me say to the press we are all following on, and by and by we will catch up with you; by and by the politicians will catch up with you, and by and by, also, the Women's Christian Temperance Union will catch up with you. I don't believe in there being a conflict between Dr. Keeley and the Washingtonian Home. I know of many saved by the latter, some saved by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and I believe all can act together for the eradication of a great evil.

"Some say this formulæ of Dr. Keeley has no gold in it except for Dr. Keeley.

"O, yes; there is gold in it for the sufferer of years;

there is gold in it for the heart-sick wife, the pleading, innocent children, and there is gold in it for our civilization.

“Would it not be more reasonable for those who talk about the gold Dr. Keeley is making to first go and contemplate the gold the great brewers and distillers of this country are gathering in, and ask themselves this question: ‘How much good does their gold do the suffering ones of our land?’

“I feel glad and thankful that this great remedy will not be made public. If it was given to the public to-night, the largest saloon and richest saloon in Chicago would have a ‘Keeley Annex’ to-morrow morning in which they would sober up their poor victims only that they could make them drunk again. No, the world does not want this great blessing blasted by any such step. Common sense people care not how much Dr. Keeley receives. That is not the question. The great question of the day and hour is, ‘will the cure work? Not in heaven, but in Chicago. Not on the morning of the millenium, but on the evening of December 18th, 1891. This Keeley cure is a shot that has gone all around the world. It was a shot that encircled the earth and proclaimed another revolution—a revolution that settles the liquor habit through science. An intelligent son of Japan came to me the other day and asked me all about this great cure. He had heard of it and wanted to learn all he could, so that he could send the news back to his fair Japan where the blight of the curse has been felt.

"I believe in ethics but a great deal more in the science of medicine. Ethics never yet cured any one of a disease. I want the poorest man in the world to receive this blessing, and I thank God the poorest is just as good as the richest at Dwight.

"For centuries earnest prayers have gone up to God that He would send deliverance for this awful curse, and who shall say God has not raised up this, His human instrument, in answer to those prayers? No man should declare that God could not cure him. God has provided a way for him to be cured. Be grateful to your Heavenly Father for having placed an agency within your reach. I endorse with all my heart this grand remedy. I cannot doubt it."

In an interview, since his Chicago lecture, Dr. Keeley said:

"Now as to the formulæ. I can honestly say that if I believed my remedy would be made in all its purity, handled only by the educated members of the medical profession, and administered in the proper way, I would most cheerfully throw it open to the world. The fact of the matter is, however, that my cure is the result of a system, and cannot be accomplished by the simple administration of a sovereign remedy. It involves the intelligent use of powerful drugs, gradations to suit the physical condition of particular patients, changes in the immediate agents employed at different stages of the cure, and an exact knowledge of the pathological conditions of drunkenness and their results."

CHAPTER XIV.

KEELEY AND THE WORLD AT LARGE.

INTERESTING REMARKS BY THINKING MEN OF MEDICINE AND OF THE PLATFORM AND FORUM RELATIVE TO THE PERFECT KEELEY CURE.—A TESTIMONIAL.

Before deciding to present, in the pages of a book, the awfully solemn and terribly earnest story of Dwight and the heretofore helpless inebriate's positive rescue from the jaws of a death frequently so lamentable as to be heartrending when contemplated with the "what might have been," the author sought the advice of many good friends of high standing, a true appreciation of life and its varied miseries, as well as its manifold pleasures and blessings. He questioned these capable friends as to whether they believed such a work would prove a help and benefit to suffering men and women. The almost unanimous verdict was that an earnest work of this character could not fail to accomplish the only real end the writer had—the rescue of men suffering from the slavery of soul and body. In my earnest desire to aid those who are surely lost without this Keeley blessing, I questioned lawyers and judges, physicians

of the body and physicians of the soul, as well as observing and sympathetic, intelligent business men. The result of this research may be summed up thus:

As a result of careful questioning of judges and competent attorneys, the author was thoroughly convinced that there is an almost unanimous opinion among men of law, pleaders and judges of courts, that the present system in our enlightened, Christian land of trying and condemning poor, helpless, struggling inebriates—suffering from an admitted disease—is a cruelty and an inhumanity that should long ago have been relegated to the dusty and forgotten shelves where lie the senseless lore of the dark ages. The law that incarcerates, fines and robs the helpless drunkard or sends him to the work-house for a term, and the same law that protects the man who assisted him in getting there, are in direct conflict with true justice and contrary to the general ideas of humanity as exemplified in the enlightenment of this century. Not only does this seem to be the true opinion of many who daily practice the law as it is laid down, but they also seem to realize that the "legal cure" for inebriety is expensive and without a ray of hope for the afflicted victim of Justice as it is administered. The "legal cure" is a torture to the victim, and an endless expense to the community. Police court records show that 96 per cent. of the drunkards tried there return again and again for a repetition of the useless dose. They return simply because the swift and

mighty Arm of the Law returns them. As has been intimated in these pages elsewhere, deaths from alcoholism are of almost daily occurrence in the police stations of our large cities. These deaths simply mean that the legal cure is a cruel, wicked farce! For years the author was a police reporter of various papers in different cities, and he has frequently witnessed unnecessary cruelties to inebriates. Oftentimes no attention is paid to the pleadings of the incarcerated wretch for medical assistance, and he is suffering the agony of the damned every moment of this restraint without medical relief. The diseased victim of alcoholic stimulants must have whiskey, at a certain stage of his case, or death will be liable to swiftly follow this legalized sudden "shutting off." If Dr. Keeley shut off whiskey from his patients upon arrival at his institute, Dwight would be the most extensive morgue in this country.

A word, also, from good medical authority as to the disease of inebriety and the cruelty of incarcerating the helpless inebriate: At the close of a lecture delivered by the author some time ago before a large and intelligent and critical audience, Dr. U. O. B. Wingate, health commissioner of Milwaukee, Wis., said: "For the past twelve years I have been thoroughly of the belief, as have many physicians, that drunkenness is a disease. I am also painfully aware that the present legal process of disposing of the inebriate, is in the nature of a cruel farce." And I fully

believe that the day is near at hand when the police court for the trial and incarceration of the helpless drunkard will be regarded as being a public disgrace, if not as great an outrage and shame as the whipping post for the cure of insanity! The records of police courts show that about 96 per cent. of the 'legally cured' inebriates return regularly for their doses of legal cure."

A tribute from a prominent member of the bar, as to what the Keeley treatment has done and is doing for our brightest legal lights. Mr. D. D. O'Brien, one of the most eloquent and successful young attorneys of Chicago, a fellow graduate of the author, says, in a letter to the latter:

"I want to say to all good souls seeking freedom, light, virtue and happiness, that however great may be my future success in life, I honestly and truthfully believe and shall ever believe I owe it all to Dr. Keeley. He has my thanks and gratitude beyond expression. While multitudes of men and women for countless ages have prayed and preached, punished and prohibited, some with good and some others with evil intentions, it remained for Dr. Keeley, after years of patient toil and unremunerative labor, to find the panacea.

"His discovery is his. His neighbors unite in saying that for years he was kind to the poor. A wise man has said: 'If you would know a man's character, find out how he treats the poor.' A man who treated

them as Dr. Keeley has cannot be mercenary or base. Doctors are proverbially uncharitable to their fellows in the profession as a class. There are bright and shining exceptions. From the press we learn that it is only those of his own profession who, in a small minority, loudly declaim against Dr. Keeley because he does not make his discovery public property. If one discovers or invents a surgical instrument the use of which will be effectual to save life in cases otherwise helpless, he obtains a patent from the government. His rights are the same if he discovers a remedial agent in the medical world."

The public demand for this great reform (spoken of elsewhere in this work), will continue to grow, now that the chord has been touched by observing medical students, and ere long it will be so loud and so emphatic and so just that the ears of the handsome Justices that poise upon the domes of many temples of law and equity for all men, situated all over our law-abiding land, will tingle with the conviction of "deeds most dark and damnable," and the scales in her hands will be reversed, while the scales upon her eyes will fall to the earth and the prison-pen doors will no longer close upon the poor trembling, dying drunkard! And when this day comes, as come it must, the humanity and Christianity of our God-governed country will feel that they have looked over the border land and caught a glimpse of the millennium.

The world at large has noted, and has more or less to say about, the fact that, as a class, the clergy fight shy of the great blessing, and it is almost hourly asked, "Why does not the pulpit follow the press in sounding the glories of this thing?"

This apparent fact is, as I have hinted before, as much of a mystery to Keeley graduates as to the world at large, and I have noticed that men of the world, who have never entered a church and do not believe in it, have demonstrated a far superior quality of true Christianity to the church kind when it came to aiding a fallen man to secure this blessing.

While many of this country's brightest and strongest pulpit lights have publicly declared they see a great blessing in the Keeley cure, a majority of the cloth is observed painfully holding back. This class has not yet seen "the handwriting on the wall," but must behold it sooner or later. If such claim to believe the Keeley methods conflict with certain religious beliefs as to how a reformation should come about, they are not walking strictly in the path of our Blessed Saviour, for, when John reported to Him, saying: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us," the Great Teacher made this crushing reply: "Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us." Dr. Keeley has solemnly said he regarded his great discovery as given him in sacred trust by Almighty God for the good of mankind.

When visiting Dwight, Lady Henry Somerset, that grand and noted Christian worker and philanthropist of England, who is also England's foremost Christian temperance advocate, said to the author: "The grand evidences of good I see here are simply a marvel—a revelation to me. I feel that this must be the greatest temperance movement of the age. Dr. Keeley is surely accomplishing more real good than any person I know of. I cannot do otherwise than endorse the wonderful work I see here."

And thus do the truly broad Christian minds of the world, as well as the really sincere temperance workers, most heartily endorse Dr. Keeley and his work, and this hearty endorsement comes the more earnestly from the broader-minded "laborers in the vineyard" of the Great Master or on the temperance platform, even though they have for years labored in other great temperance channels. There are no quibblings or fault-findings or suspicions or objections from the real Christian thinkers and true Christian workers of the world. All such must come from other sources.

When we all remember that the great and good Gough fought his demon appetite from the day of his will-power reformation until the day of his death—fighting it with a desperation and success not one man in ten thousand could have commanded for a single day, and fighting the terrible fight thus inch

by inch every moment, hour, day and month for years—our sympathetic hearts go out tenderly and sorrowfully to the memory of the grand victor while our natures whisper, "What a quickly-sought blessing Dr. Keeley's positive and absolute relief would have been for the immortal John B. Gough." With that fearful, constant warfare with his hidden and persistent enemy for years, I have not the least doubt that had he known of it, or lived to learn, Mr. Gough would have been among the first to enter the wonderful "Pool of Bethesda" at Dwight and would there have been healed of his life-long disease, which twice caused him to fall during his life and death struggle.

A FEW PLAIN QUESTIONS PLAINLY ANSWERED.

I am often asked, "How do you know you are cured, and what about these graduates of whose relapse we occasionally read?"

The answer to both these questions, suggesting suspicion and a desire to catch some floating straw of discord, in the cruel hope of finding excuse for denouncing the great blessing, is simple and brief. You know there were people, over eighteen hundred years ago, who anxiously watched for an opportunity to condemn and denounce the Saviour. The same class finally crucified him on "general principles." To the answers:

I know enough of myself to know that the last spark of alcoholic desire has been driven out. I also know enough of myself to know that I am neither fool nor idiot enough to go about deliberately building up another entirely new and independent demon within me to replace the one Dr. Keeley killed for me. Think you the cured consumptive would be fool enough to deliberately do those reckless things which would be in danger of throwing him again into consumption? Will the man just recovering from typhoid fever deliberately court its return by reckless exposures? Does the child usually stick its finger against the red-hot stove a second time? The recovery and escape from these diseases are precisely similar to the recovery and escape from the disease of alcoholism, and the man who has had his fingers burned is not idiot enough to again place them in jeopardy.

As to the second question: Dr. Keeley has never yet promised to supply any one with new brains, or a full set to fill an aching void. Since the world began, every reform movement, religious, philanthropic, scientific or otherwise, has been attended with an unfortunate percentage of failures, but history does not record a great, grand movement for good or the redemption of mankind where the smallness of the percentage of failures can begin to equal that attending Dr. Keeley's treatment for the past twelve years. The weak-minded will continue to go to the pool of Bethesda for relief, and will continue to demonstrate

their mental weakness by a reckless step and a new start down the toboggan-slide to eternal death and damnation.

The Keeley graduate is also frequently asked, "Is it not a terrible humiliation—a compromise with manhood—to proceed to a Keeley institute for the purpose of undergoing treatment, and does not a man show weakness in going?"

If it is humiliating or degrading for the consumptive to go to a good physician for consultation or in the hope of cure or benefit; or, if you humiliate yourself by calling a physician when a loved one lies suffering from typhoid fever, diphtheria or other disease, then it may possibly be humiliating to the sufferer from the kindred disease of inebriety to go to Dr. Keeley, but not until all such diseases are recognized as humiliating. They stand, scientifically, and from a medical point of view, in exactly the same position.

To the one who, through ignorance and a painful false modesty, entertains for a moment such mistaken idea, I would whisper that one debauch, unavoidable as it is, is a thousand times more humiliating than going in search of a known medical remedy for the cause of that debauch. Again, I would gently remind any and all such persons that the leading railway companies of this country, as well as other extensive business corporations, will give a Keeley graduate preference in all responsible positions over any and

all other applicants, all else being equal. Why? Simply because the intelligent, thinking business world of to-day knows a Keeley graduate, as a rule, is safer and surer than the man who has never tampered with the poison and who consequently does not know its miseries. The one has had his fingers burned once. The other has not, but is liable to.

“I am frequently asked “What kind of a temperance man is the Keeley graduate?”

For general information, also, I will add that, while no Keeley graduate has the least desire or thought of liquor in any form, the truly sincere and earnest graduate never goes, deliberately, into temptation. He no longer has anything in common with the liquor-dealer, and, whilst he is anything but a temperance fanatic and has nothing in common either with prohibition or so-called moral-suasion movements, he is above and beyond the saloon and is too proud to be seen there. He is now the dictator—not the one dictated to. The Keeley graduate stands before the world simply as a scientifically-reformed man—the safest and surest reformation yet discovered.

In closing this lengthy and rather general chapter, the author desires to pay a brief tribute to the “Perfect Keeley Cure,” as a sincere graduate of the Keeley Institute:

The glories of the Perfect Keeley Cure! To each

and all of the ninety thousand or more of God's noblemen, who have been scientifically reclaimed from the border land of the eternally lost, and who have been snatched just in time to save them from frightful wreck, mentally, financially, morally and socially; who have kneeled in silent, solemn sincerity at this earthly throne of grace and there received the greatest blessing of their lives—that grand army of redeemed men who have heard the glorious benediction, "Go thy way; thou art healed—" the Perfect Keeley Cure represents a theme and an actual existence not possessing a parallel for the happy, grateful graduates on earth.

With each and every breath the sincere Keeley regenerated man will praise the day he first heard of this blessing, and will thrice bless the discoverer. Nor is this praise fulsome laudation. It is the words and the deeds of gratitude which flow from the true heart as the pure water gushes from the perpetual spring. No gentleman will insult a Keeley graduate for this great enthusiasm and devotion to the *alma mater* of his new life and regenerated being, and no loafer or coarse person can. When the person, who knows nothing of Dr. Keeley, his cure or the methods used, or the true state of gratitude of the graduate, will decry the one or denounce the other, such person stamps upon his or her utterance one of three painfully apparent facts, ignorance, lack of true humanity or sour jealousy. Beware of such persons. They are

the enemies of humanity, and veritable snakes in the grass, ever crawling and hissing and watching the opportunity to strike the unsuspecting.

Of the results thus far of this wonderful scientific reformation of men and women, and of the results yet to come, the combined tongues and pens of the most eloquent on the platform or in the sanctum, would prove insufficient to portray to perfection the entire blessing to the real drunkard. Nor could the silver tongue of an Ingersoll, a Wendell Phillips or a Depew, or the pen of a Macaulay, or the brush of a Raphael be fully adequate to the task. None of these could do full justice to the scenes of love, the prayers and the thanksgivings to be witnessed or heard this night in over ninety thousand American homes, homes once dark and doomed, but now bright, peaceful and happy, where the names "Keeley and Dwight" are the glorious synonyms of simple trust, new life, perfect happiness and true prosperity, health and good cheer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OPIUM CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION, WHEN APPLIED TO
THE MARVELOUS BLESSINGS THE DRUG WRECK
RECEIVES AT DWIGHT—SOME STARTLING TRUTHS.

As I know and fully realize from blessed experience and close observation, that "The Wonderful Story of Keeley and Dwight," has never yet been fully told, and never can be, from the standpoint of the 100,000 once helpless, struggling slaves of Dipsomania, who are now free and well—that Wonderful Story of the tears that have been dried, of the aching hearts relieved of pain and grief, of the husbands and wives reunited all over this broad land, of the once darkened, blighted homes now smiled upon by the sun of plenty, peace and promise, of the aged and bent forms of sorrow-crushed, gray-haired fathers and mothers who again behold in favorite sons, men and supports, where were once worthless wrecks and shattered idols at the foot of the family altar; of the prayers and songs of praise which daily go up to God for freedom through the agency of man, and of the sweet music of childish glee as the strange dis-

covery is made that "papa don't get sick now," such music of innocent youth as would be fit to re-echo in heaven—blessed as all this wonderful story is, I am sincerely constrained to believe that Dr. Keeley and Dwight are doing as much, or more, for a much greater army of still more helpless, wretched slaves than that vast multitude of which this work has treated more particularly. I refer to the slaves of opium and morphine, the twin or dual fiends, born of the same parent, and wrecking millions more lives than alcohol!

Many men and women can painfully trace their opium slavery to the thoughtless enthusiasm and interest bestowed upon a perusal of DeQuincey's pernicious, dangerous story. Hundreds can say, with a Keeley cured slave, a fine lawyer, I recently met: "The first essay by DeQuincey kindled within me a desire to experience for myself the grand dreams to which the damnable drug gave birth in him. His later essay, 'Suspiria Profundus,' failed to warn me. It was too late. I had plucked the fruit of a forbidden tree. I did not know that with the first taste there was thrown lightly around me a coil of the serpent whose folds were at last to envelope another abject slave in a bondage more horrible than hell, and more dreadful than a thousand deaths."

The indescribable agonies, the constant tortures when without the drug, the abject, degraded and most damnable bondage the opium victim suffers,

and the lost, ruined and helpless wretch he or she becomes, can only be known to the pitiful subjects themselves. No pen can correctly portray the true suffering and real horror, and when we stop to consider that as long ago as 1876—the Centennial anniversary of the birth of the greatest nation on earth—there were 225,000 opium users in the United States alone, of which two-thirds were members of the better class of our country's society, and that at the present time the most careful estimates possible place the number of drug slaves at one and a half million men and women, we begin to get a faint idea of the enormity and growth of this awful curse to a suicidal people of nervous, high-strung Americans.

Some years ago I received my first shock and impressions of the terrible results of opium using by a careful perusal of one of the late E. P. Roe's graphic stories of Southern life, "Without a Home;" how a once proud, wealthy and refined family, of a talented man, a magnificent woman and her two daughters, were dragged to a hovel, disgrace, poverty and untold sufferings by reason of the gradual slavery of the husband and father, who, from a proud and prominent business man of wealth and influence, became a worthless, tortured wreck, as a result of wooing the morphia god. Some five years ago I had my ideas as to the misery of such slavery enlarged and extended by meeting, after some years of absence, a warm friend, a railroad man of some stand-

ing. He told me, briefly, the story of an abject and awful slavery from which he had a year previous been rescued by Dr. Keeley, after he himself gave up all hope and concluded death could be his only certain release. The pathetic story that he unfolded for me vividly recalled the horrors depicted by Roe in his terrible story. Here I had a living witness to the same tortures as the novel portrayed, and the suffering that friend had endured, as bravely portrayed by himself, haunt me now as I write, because I knew and loved the man. In brief, his recital concluded with these words: "But, thank God, I escaped at last. After doing everything I ever heard of, and taking all the 'cures' I could find at the cost of several thousands of dollars, and after I had given up and prayed for release by death, a friend told me of a Dr. Keeley, located at Dwight, Ill., who had cured him without suffering, and he was as far gone as any man I ever knew, barring myself. I hastened to Dr. Keeley. He did what he told me he could do for me, and what you see me to-day, well, strong and in the best of health, I owe to Dr. Keeley and his wonderful remedy, whatever it is. There is not money enough in the vaults of the government at Washington to tempt me to do again what caused it all, take opium for neuralgia."

Knowing this splendid type of manhood as I did, and knowing his truthfulness and goodness of heart, I realized that every word he uttered as to his slip,

downfall, horrible slavery and final complete cure, came from the depths of a sincere heart.

Since then I have learned much more of the blessed relief to be had only at the hands of Dr. Keeley and physicians using his great remedy for this slavery, and investigation strengthens me in the belief that there is no other safe and positive cure or escape for dipsomania or the drug bondage known in the world to-day. I know from a happy experience of the positive cure Dr. Keeley has for the former, and from careful investigation and acquaintance, that his remedies insure positive escape from the latter.

Unlike inebriety, the drug slavery is, to a very great extent, carried on secretly. For this reason few cured men and women who were drug slaves are willing to testify to the world that they ever suffered the tortures of this cruel dual existence, while the cured inebriate, who was "known and read of all men" while in bondage, will come manfully up and declare, "I am one of the army redeemed and I am proud in my escape to be known as such." It will therefore be seen that, while in every hamlet, village, town and city in this broad land, can now be found good citizens who will proudly proclaim the blessed news of their deliverance from the bondage of alcohol, the secret drug fiend will retain his secret, and silently, and in the darkness of his chamber at midnight, will thank God that at last he is free. Nor would I urge him to come boldly out from his seclusion and pro-

claim to the world that opium had entrapped him and held him its utterly helpless, degraded slave, but I believe he has the duty to perform of whispering the glad tidings of great joy into the ears of others who suffer, telling them the Wonderful Story of Keeley and Dwight.

The fact of the great secrecy of the drug victim has resulted in comparatively little having been said or written of the deliverance thousands have had at Dr. Keeley's hands from their awful tortures. While thousands of these "secret slaves" go to Dwight and return to their homes entirely cured, their nearest neighbors know nothing of it, as they never knew of their slavery. I recently resided in a neighborhood where a wealthy man and woman, high in all circles, lived. To all appearances perfect peace dwelt in that household, when suddenly an awful cloud arose above it, a fearful secret became public property, and a collapse came which shook the city to its very foundations. No longer able to endure the tortures of the damned while yet on earth, the seemingly proud, happy and prosperous man suicided, after writing a heart-rending confession that he had been for years an abject slave to opium! A year later the wife died in torture and each cry of bitterness of that departing life was as the agonized wail of a lost soul from the confines of a nethermost hell of indescribable torture. Her last days were days of unutterable anguish and to friends a sicken-

ing experience of horror. Again was the veil of dreadful mystery and secrecy rent asunder by the explanation of a confidant, after the wretched woman's painful death, as an explanation of the miserable mystery seemed due to all. It was but the sequel to the first chapter of a city's surprise, and friends learned that the wife was a companion in the fearful opium debauch that destroyed the husband. I have ever since carried within my heart a holy awe and dread for opium, and would prefer to endure the most intense pain and suffering from injury or sickness than to knowingly alleviate them with this insidious, treacherous, damnable drug. My fall was on the other side of the fence, and hard as that fall was it was certainly upon a "flowery bed of ease" compared to that of the poor wretch unfortunate enough to fall on the opposite side.

A year ago, in the course of a lengthy letter I received from a man whom I have since learned is a talented and prominent lawyer in a well-known West Virginia town, but whom I have never met, occurred the following: "I secured one of your books on a railway train the other day and became so interested that I would have left the car without paying for it, had the newsboy not reminded me. I recently returned from Dwight thoroughly cured of the most abject slavery that ever cursed man—the morphine habit. I believe that in comparison to it the most pernicious case of inebriety of however long duration

or severity is white-robed and saintly. I fought the drug many battles, at home, in every one of which I was completely whipped. My addiction was of long standing. I went to Dwight and returned home completely cured, and beside myself with the first happiness I have known in many long, tortuous years, which happiness increases daily, hourly. I wish you could graphically depict the tortuous nightmare of the drug habit as you do that of the tamer monster, whisky, and tell the vast army of slaves of the positive relief to be had of Dr. Keeley, and by his treatment alone, as I solemnly believe."

Upon receipt of this manly letter I resolved to endeavor, in subsequent editions of my little effort, to try and assist in rescuing from his and her hell on earth, the man or woman who is in the drug bondage. To portray this slavery I find it impossible for a novice as it would also be incomplete from one who has not passed through it. The more I study, read and enquire concerning it, the more awful in its suffering and all-powerful bondage I find it to be, while the magnitude and extent of the evil has become so great in our own country alone that to contemplate it for a moment is sufficient to cause the investigator to tremble and grow faint.

In closing this chapter of a horrible reality in our every day life, together with the endeavor to "turn on the light," the writer would point out several features for the benefit of any reader who may be or

may become a drug slave and would then earnestly refer him or her to Dr. Keeley's most complete, able and valuable treatise on the subject, a neat work of 170 pages, entitled, "Opium, its Use, Abuse and Cure," which I believe can be had by writing the Keeley Company, with postage.

For the information of the refined, shrinking man and woman suffering from opium, I would say that by a journey to and sojourn at Dwight they ennoble themselves rather than cast discredit upon them, besides they enter upon a new life by going. They will learn at Dwight that men and women just as wealthy, high-born and as refined have been there and are glad because they were made whole; women will find they are in no manner exposed to the eyes of the people, as they can remain in seclusion and be treated in private if desired. This feature of the cure and treatment is in the hands of a special physician, who visits the private boarding houses of the patients and treats them there, or treats a number together at a private house maintained for that purpose, as many of the patients prefer it. This physician is one of God's noblemen, is from my own state and a man whom I respect for his grandeur of character, earnest, sympathetic and true physician's nature; of mature years and one who has long stood at the head in his profession. Into such careful medical hands are the drug slaves placed at Dwight.

Of the misery, agony and absolute uncertainty of

all attempts at self-cure, or cure by the so-called Levenstein method, the Vass-motoric system, etc., I would earnestly warn the slave, as a result of research and personal interviews. An able writer on the former method says:

“I will not attempt the impossible task of picturing the sufferings which patients experience under these methods of treatment.”

Of the Levenstein system the author himself makes this strange admission:

“Some persons will bear up with fortitude under all these trials; they will quietly remain in bed, and will endure the unavoidable suffering, hardly uttering a complaint. Of the others, although a great majority of them sleep and doze (?) during this trying time, some can find rest nowhere; they jump out of bed, run about the room in a state of fear, crying and shrieking. Gradually they become calmer, although their excitement increases. A state of frenzy brought on by hallucinations and illusions of all the sensitive organs, at last causes a morbid condition, to which I have given the name of delirium tremens, resulting from morbid craving for morphia, it being similar to that caused by alcohol. Some of the patients, however, will be found walking about in deep despair, hoping to find an opportunity of freeing themselves forever from their wretched condition.”

What words are these to be read by an opium sufferer who is crying aloud for relief or help? The

“self-cure” or systems of “rapid-reductions” have long ago been demonstrated to be tortuous delusions and snares, and to those who suffer I would say, “Place yourselves under Dr. Keeley’s care, either at home, at Dwight or some one of his branch institutes and receive the only certain cure known in the world to-day, and which is declared to be a cure without suffering, and one which is made so complete that the patient does not even know when the drug, as used at first with the treatment, is taken entirely away.” Let me illustrate this great point: Several years ago, a helpless opium slave from the east went to Dwight. After being there three weeks he one day said to Dr. Keeley: “Doctor, I honestly believe I can get along to-day without any of the drug. Do you believe I can?” With a smile of encouragement and in neat sarcasm the good physician replied: “Yes; I honestly believe you can, as you have not been given a single particle of the drug for ten days now.” When the drug user doesn’t know his supply has been entirely shut off, the dullest being alive can comprehend the thoroughness of the cure and the absence of suffering.

With a few timely quotations from Dr. Keeley’s own book upon this greatest of human slavery and the greatest known blessing for the slave, I will leave the case with the jury of my readers:

Opium is the Mephistopheles of the age! Insidious and deceitful in its character, it has permeated all classes of

society with its baleful influence, and in thousands of homes it holds an autocratic sway. The physician daily meets it in some of its Protean forms, for it has defiled the sacred desk, sullied the pure ermine of justice, ruthlessly entered every profession; nay fastened its terrible and pitiless fangs upon every class and condition of our people.

* * * * *

Three grains of morphine will, as a general rule, cause death. This fact is not generally known to those unacquainted with the properties of morphine, but it ought to be well understood by everybody. Our high schools ought to teach this fact, and also the greater truth, that when a man can so accustom his system to the use of a poison in doses more than sufficient to cause death in ordinary cases, he subjects his system to abnormal effects, which must have a disastrous, and in time, a deadly influence upon the mind and the body.

* * * * *

When Livingstone had been rescued from the lion's jaws, there came a reaction, and fever and pain. And to the opium or morphine victim, gripped by a fiercer and more terrible monster than any wild beast of the jungle, there comes, when he rallies from his torpor, and endeavors to loosen the clutch of the fangs which hold him, an experience of indescribable torture, involving the whole nature in its agonies. A more full reference to this experience will be found in another chapter of this book. For the present it is enough to say that the chief result of such unaided attempts to escape from the opium monster, is simply to plunge the sufferer into the opium user's Hell—the Gehenna of burning torment and hopeless despair! While Dr. J. V. R., of Southern Illinois, was under my treatment, he said, in reference to this subject:

"When I had been taking thirty grains of sulphate of morphia every twenty-four hours for a long time, I got to thinking one day how the 'drug' was utterly ruining my life and killing me by inches, and I resolved firmly for the first time after forming the habit, to stop its use. And for four days I did stop. But if I had gone without it one day, or even a few hours longer, I should have been a raving maniac. No brain could endure such agonies for any longer period. 'Hell tortures' is no name for them."

* * * * *

The first thought of the opium or morphine user, whose opiate-life has reached a crisis, is to cure himself, without

seeking the assistance of medicine. He usually does not ask the aid or counsel of a physician, for the instinct of concealment continues even to the latest stages of his habit, and he shrinks from revealing, even to the doctor whom he trusts, the secret which he has so long endeavored to guard. But even if he should tell his doctor the story of his misfortune, he would, in the vast majority of cases, simply be told that he must gradually reduce his daily "quantum" of the "drug," and thus in time learn to do without it. If he turns to the one enduring work which the opium habit has produced, the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," he will find that its author based all his hopes of recovery from the abyss into which he had fallen, and whose dark depths were stirred by the sound of his "Suspiria de Profundis," upon the method of self-cure by "gradual reduction." And, unless he read the words of the famous essayist more carefully than many have done, he may fail to notice the fact, which is half hidden and half revealed, that DeQuincey never found the deliverance for which he strove. The last words of his last utterance on the subject end in an awful plagal cadence, of hopeless despair.

* * * * *

One who describes his own experience of self-cure, writes:

"It may aid the reader to form some adequate notion of the dreary length to which these nights drew themselves along, to mention that on one occasion I resolved neither to look at the clock nor open my eyes for the next two hours. It then wanted ten minutes to one. * * * * For what seemed thousands upon thousands of times, I listened to the clock's steady ticking. I heard it repeat with murderous iteration, 'Ret-ri-bu-tion,' varied occasionally, under some new access of pain, with other utterances. * * * * With these allotted tasks accomplished, and with the suspicion that the allotted hours must have long expired, I would yet remind myself that I was in a condition to exaggerate the lapse of time; and then, to give myself every assurance of fidelity to my purpose, I would start off on a new term of endurance. I seemed to myself to have borne the penance for hours, to have made myself a shining example of what a resolute will can do under circumstances the most inauspicious. At length, when certain that the

time must have much more than expired, and with no little elation over the happy result of the experiment, I looked up at the clock and found it to have been just three minutes past one!"

There are tens of thousands of women in this country from whose eyes the morphine habit has long since blotted out beauty and brightness and tenderness and love, leaving only a dull gaze, an unseeing, lifeless look. And yet they were once lovely to behold, and strong men have humbled themselves and passed anxious days and sleepless nights in their desire and endeavor to win from them but a glance of trustfulness and love. To how many of these women, now opium-wrecked, have been repeated by voices trembling with honest passion:

"Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Thy lashes are the herbs that look
On their reflections in the brook."

But now, not only has the use of opiates ruined all their beauty, it has made them repulsive to look upon, and often those who once loved them avoid their gaze and even forget that their glances were sweet in days gone by. One of the earliest effects of the proper and successful treatment of opium patients is seen in the clearing and brightening of their eyes. The opium cloud passes away, and there is a clear shining after the long and dreary darkness.

The disease that shall destroy at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
—Pope.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power.
—Shakespeare.

The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.
—Shakespeare.

Timely advised, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
—Pryor.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME CLOSING THOUGHTS.

A GRAVE GENERAL MISTAKE CORRECTED BY EDUCATION—BIRTH OF THE GRANDEST PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATION ON EARTH—HUMANITARIAN WORK OF THE “KEELEY LEAGUE”—THE FALSE AND MALIGNANT STORIES OF INJURY FROM THE KEELEY TREATMENT—FULL ENDORSEMENT AND USE BY THE GOVERNMENT—TALMAGE AND MURPHY DECLARE FOR KEELEY.

The time was, and that not a great while ago, when the world at large made the grave mistake of condemning inebriety as a crime and a reckless abandon, as well as a sin. The same thoughtless world made the mistake, also, of frequently denouncing the “worthless, drunken vagabond” as a creature not capable or susceptible of anything great or good, refined or ennobling. The world is now learning, by reason of having its eyes opened and its taken-for-granted conclusions greatly changed, as a direct result of the great work of Dr. Keeley; the presence in this country of 100,000 men and women he has

saved, and the grand work of education and enlightenment by the "Keeley League of America," the social, working and practical organization which has sprung up as a result of the greatest practical temperance movement yet chronicled in the world's history. While the facts contradicting these thoughtless conclusions and opinions have ever and always existed, the world has never until now been brought face to face with the truth, an achievement of this great movement. In considering the vast army of inebriates, past and present, the world is compelled to behold its former verdict completely reversed by that more careful, just and competent court—Education. The education upon the all-important truth that drunkenness is a disease, and not a crime, has at last aroused the world, heretofore dormant upon the serious subject, to a realization of the fact that not only are many of our most intellectual and refined men victims of the disease of dipsomania, but history points to many of the world's benefactors, statesmen, philosophers, poets and generals, as unfortunate victims of the greatest curse to humanity. He who would desire to trace genealogy in inebriety, would point you to such immortal fathers of a new race as Noah, and then to a long line of writers and statesmen whose immortal names are enshrined in every heart that loves liberty, greatness, literature and conquering power. Perhaps the most touching reference to the nobility of character a helpless ineb-

riate can possess, is one brought out with all its stains and grandeur by the immortal Dickens. Who of us can trace the life and nobleness of character, yet hopeless helplessness, of Dickens' Sydney Carton, in the "Tale of Two Cities," and not pause to wipe away a tear or steady the voice, as we read of that martyr's heroic act in freely laying down his own liquor-blighted life that his successful rival in woman's love might be spared to her? That prophetic vision of poor Carton at the foot of the scaffold contains as pathetic a gem of true heroism as we have to-day in our literature. Listen: "I see the lives for which I lay down my life peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy in that England which I shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom which bears my name. I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts and in the hearts of their descendants generations hence. It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known." The great author adds: "They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest man's face ever beheld there." So much for a helpless inebriate martyr as seen by the greatest word-painter of human nature of our century.

In a small, tumble-down blacksmith shop, in a little prairie town in Illinois, there was born, less than three years ago, an organization which is to-day the exponent and official representative of the grandest

practical temperance movement that the world's history records. In that shanty, in the presence of a half dozen brave men, and beneath the humble roof of a lowly disciple of Vulcan, who had for years contented himself with hammering into shape those symbols of "Good Luck" for the "surer-footing" of man's noblest animal friend, the first step was taken to place in active being a society whose influence for good and the salvation of fallen mankind has already reached every nation on earth; a working society, at the head of which stand some of the brightest business men and philanthropists in the country; which to-day has a membership of about 20,000 active men, and has recently granted a work-charter to a woman's auxiliary, while the main body maintained in its organization, on Dec. 1, 1892, 133 local societies, divided between thirty-seven states and territories. The Woman's Auxiliary, organized in Sept., 1892, now has eight or ten flourishing societies, or local leagues as they are termed. What was, less than three years ago, a small social club, at Dwight, Ill., known as the "Bi-Chloride of Gold Club," has become what is to-day known as the "Keeley League," the extent of which is referred to in the foregoing. The first club president was Major Samuel E. Moore, a prominent business man of Pittsburg, Pa., and an earnest Keeley graduate.

On Sept. 14, 1892, a national convention of what a year before became the "Bi-Chloride of Gold Club

of the World" was held at Dwight, its place of birth. Over 600 delegates were present. A complete reorganization was there perfected and the associate clubs of the world became "The Keeley League." Its officers now are: President, Major Samuel E. Moore, Pittsburg, Pa.; Vice-Presidents, John W. Mullahey, Denver, Colo., A. W. Hall, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Kelly, Pittsburg, and the Executive Committee, Hon. John J. Flinn, Chicago, Ill., chairman; Captain A. M. Mattox, Madisonville, O.; Waller Young, St. Joseph, Mo.; John A. Stratton, Louisville, Ky., and H. B. Elliott, Ft. Payne, Alabama, with state committeemen in the thirty-seven states where local leagues exist, one in Cuba, one in New South Wales and one in Nova Scotia. The object of the Keeley League is the dissemination of knowledge and all information relative to the greatest blessing to mankind of the nineteenth century, the encouragement of suffering fellow-men, assistance to secure the blessing, and the social perpetuation of the fraternal bonds surrounding this, the greatest order for good on earth, "the Universal Brotherhood of Man."

Such is the great army of regenerated and made-over men and women to which I am proud, in my escape, to belong, and I write to-day to boldly declare and prove that this, our universal brotherhood of man, represents in its ranks more practical temperance achievement and positive permanent relief and future possibilities than can be shown by all

the temperance organizations, religious or otherwise, singly or combined, that have existed since "Noah lay drunken in his tent."

There are to-day 100,000 Keeley graduates in this country who were once helpless slaves, now proud, strong, new men.

In "The Wonderful Story of Keeley and Dwight," first published a year ago, the author declared that among the grand achievements of the near future, as a direct result of Dr. Keeley's discovery of the disease of inebriety and a positive cure, would be a revolution in public sentiment, which would result in laws and courts intended to save the drunkard by sentencing him to a Keeley Institute instead of to prison without hope of reformation, but with added torture only. The writer to-day rejoices to know that his prophesy is thus soon in a position of realization, and by another year will be realized in fact. Says the Pittsburg Daily Dispatch of Sept. 30, 1892:

"The outcast and gutter drunkard are to occupy a part of the time of the next session of Pennsylvania's Legislature. The Keeley League has taken it upon itself to do what it can for this fallen portion of humanity and at the same time keep down the expenses of seven or eight Commonwealths. Temperance societies have in numerous ways brought before legislative bodies bills that looked toward a redemption of this class of mankind, but there never has been a plan so unique. If the Keeley League's wish is gratified, every prison in the State will become a Keeley Institute."

In explaining this move, National Secretary Kelly writes:

"The idea of the bill is to introduce into the prisons the use of the Keeley cure. It has both temperance and economic features. To those familiar with crime and intemperance it will be easily understood how there is to be a benefit. Take our own county jail. Hundreds of drunkards, both men and women, are sent there annually to serve short sentences. They are of the worst classes, people who have fallen so low that liquor is their only desire. As soon as they are given their liberty they at once return to drinking. Time soon finds them in jail again, a great bother to the officials and a greater cost to the county. A large percentage of them are attacked with delirium tremens, and this only makes their cure all the harder. It is with this class our bill deals. We think the Keeley cure will wipe out this bother and expense.

"The idea is to have the Legislature make it compulsory that these people, as soon as they are imprisoned, undergo the Keeley treatment. The medicine will be furnished the prisons the same as it is to the United States Government."

The author of this little work, also a year ago, declared that the time was not far distant when the great blessing would "take the wings of the messenger of renewed life and hope and peace, and cross the great waters of the earth, to bless thousands in every nation." That also, is already partially realized, and to-day there flourish successful Keeley Institutes in London, England; Stockholm, Sweden, and Copenhagen, Denmark, with others now being negotiated for in other foreign lands.

In the United States there are at the present time nearly 100 Keeley Branch or Auxiliary Institutes, where the remedies, direct from the laboratory at Dwight, are administered by competent physicians

trained at Dwight. These are in every state of the Union, some states having half a dozen.

The genuine Keeley Institute and remedies should not be confounded with the 300 or more "base imitations" now scattered all over the country under various names, many of them as near the genuine name of "Double-Chloride of Gold Cure" as the law will permit the humbugs to go. I believe all these imitations or fakes are worthless and many of them absolutely dangerous, many deaths having already been recorded of men who enter some of them for treatment.

The history of the 300 or more miserable "fake" institutions now struggling in this country, gently piping their lays, and solemnly claiming to have positive cures for the liquor or drug habits, is an amusing one. About a year ago a New York paper published a series of articles claiming that Dr. Keeley was making millions every year, the falsehood being written and printed for the admitted purpose of "stimulating other physicians to get up something." The fact is one for serious regret by all honest and sincere people, that there are in this country a number of newspapers, conducted by small-souled men, whose every thought emanates from a mercenary source, and who have become leagued with these "imitation cures for pecuniary profits only," for the purpose of injuring the Keeley reputation by heralding "Another Death from the Keeley Treatment"

every time a poor wretch succumbs to the mysterious treatment accorded at some of these alleged cures, which base system of assault upon the genuine discovery necessarily keeps the lying penny-a-liners busy at a profit. Thus far, every case investigated of reported death or injury as a result of taking the Keeley treatment has brought to light the fact that the Keeley remedies had no more to do with it than Adam had to do with the discovery of America. And intelligent people are no longer being misled by the work of hypocrites and designing money-getters. While Dr. Keeley challenges the world to produce a single case where his remedies proved in the least injurious, the fact exists that a number of deceived men have died as a result of trying some of the wretched imitations. There is but one positively demonstrated, harmless cure for the various habits mentioned, and that is the "Perfect Keeley Cure." No sensible man will risk a base imitation if he prizes life and health.

The various reports constantly made to the effect that the Keeley treatment injures the general health, drives men insane or accomplishes some other evil result, are not only one and all false, but are the base emanations of men who would gladly rob a fellow being of his greatest blessings—restored health and true manhood—and all such stories are born of a depraved ignorance; a jealous hatred that is dangerous and murderous in its malignity, or a damnable pro-

ensity for evil by a villainous effort to retard the progress of the most blessed boon to mankind since the days on earth of that Grandest Character in the world's history who once declared, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Since the first edition of this little volume was placed before the public, a year ago, the author has noted with rejoicing such distinguished additions to the now large number of noted men who have endorsed the grand work of Dr. Keeley, as Rev. Dr. Talmage, the brightest pulpit light now shining, and Francis Murphy, the second Gough of this century, who is now working with the Keeley League. Both of these eminent men have visited Dwight for study and left there thoroughly convinced of the inestimable value of the great cure.

The great government of the United States has also officially endorsed Dr. Keeley and his work. On February 13, 1892, General Wm. B. Franklin, President of the Board of Managers of the National Military Homes for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, authorized a contract with The Leslie E. Keeley Co., for the use of Dr. Keeley's remedies in the seven National and twenty-one State Homes in the United States.

Gen. Franklin, in a letter regarding this contract and Dr. Keeley's remedies, speaks emphatically of "the great good the future has in store for the un-

fortunate victims of alcoholism," giving personal thanks to Dr. Keeley for enabling the board of managers to grant this "great boon to the unfortunate veterans under their charge."

The old world has at last endorsed "Keeley and Dwight," and the eminent medical men of Europe have accepted the cure as the greatest discovery of the age, while a number of Keeley Institutes now flourish in several foreign countries, as stated.

What is now known to the world as the Leslie E. Keeley Company, consists of Leslie E. Keeley, M. D., LL. D., discoverer of the great remedies, and president and surgeon in chief; John R. Oughton, vice-president and chemist, and Maj. Curtis J. Judd, secretary and treasurer, with a corps of able assistants. Dr. Keeley has as his assistants, six or eight very able and competent physicians, all but one of whom are remarkable monuments to the great remedies they now so earnestly assist in applying to their suffering fellow men.

Thorough treatment at Dwight or any branch costs \$25 per week for medicines and attendance, board extra. The cure requires from three to four weeks. Home treatment for all the habits successfully cured by Dr. Keeley's remedies can be secured at the following prices, advice and reports by mail:

For the Opium Habit (per pair)	- - -	\$10.00
For Drunkenness (per pair)	- - - - -	9.00
For Neurasthenia (per pair)	- - - - -	8.00
For the Tobacco Habit (per pair)	- - -	5.00

“Old Tom was a ‘character’ of the town, and, as usual, was a slave to liquor,” says Opie P. Read in one of his stories. “Tom was a favorite and was often made drunk by the men of the town. On one occasion they left him helplessly drunk on the river bank where he slept all night. Awakening from the debauch, he found his head resting in the lap of his devoted wife, who had set in one position all night, her thin clothes saturated with dew. She treated him kindly and asked him if he would drink some cold water. He said it would revive him. As she handed him the glass a tear from her heavy eyes fell into the water. Old Tom said: ‘My dear Mary, for twenty-five years I have been drinking your tears. It will soon be over and I will be out of your way. Bear with my weakness a little longer and God will reward you.’ A few months later the ‘boys’ noted a strange change in ‘Old Tom.’ He looked younger, stronger and much better, was well dressed and perfectly sober. They said they would get him drunk again, and invited him to join a party to go again to the river. This was the old man’s answer:

“‘Boys, you must excuse me; I never will drink again. For twenty-five years I drank my poor wife’s tears, but now her sorrow and my misery and suffering are past and forgotten. I have been to Dwight and Dr. Keeley has made not only a sober but an entirely new man of me. Good day.’”

In the past year, the author of this work has noted with a sense of relief and gratification, that the broad-minded, more intelligent Christian people of the land have openly declared in favor of the blessings of the Keeley Cure. As a class, the Religionists are now alone in their efforts to prove that there are no redeeming features in the inebriate or the Keeley Treatment. While the brightest religious minds of the nation hail with delight and thanksgiving this Light-ship of Liberty, it is noted that the hide-bound religionist stands alone in the vacant places and poorly attended synagogues and declaims, "There is nothing in it—God alone cures," and hearing these claims of mistaken and blinded fanaticism, intelligent people turn away in pity and disgust and simply point to the 100,000 noble men once dying in slavery, and calmly whisper, "Behold the evidences! There is the work of man with a God-given remedy for a positive disease."

How can the poor, but worthy man, get there and pay the \$100 necessary for the \$50,000 blessing, do you ask? I will tell you just how thousands do get there and receive the cure. Through the personal efforts and philanthropic generosity of broad, grand men of the wicked world—business men who, although they never cross the threshold of your church or mine, possess that Christian charity first shown by the meek and lowly Nazarene, and who willingly advance the funds necessary to lift up and help a

fallen brother. Thus have thousands been saved, while too often the church, the medical fraternity and the liquor dealer—not three of a kind, but in this instance linked—“passed by on the other side” and questioned, doubted, and sneered.

I know one of these, a young man for ten years a helpless slave, who, periodically, suffered the tortures of the thrice damned, with whom each succeeding fall was harder and more severe, and who was long ago given up by his friends as hopelessly lost; a man born of Christian, strict temperance parents, in whose veins for generations coursed not a single drop of the poison that ruined the boy; a young man fitted by birth and training for usefulness in life, but who through the evil demon and the bondage that chained him, saw all opportunities in life slip from his early palsied grasp and himself left stranded and alone upon the rum-washed rocks of earthly perdition, and no hope of heaven; who, while in this tortured, helpless condition suffered grief after grief, and deep sorrow was written in letters of black upon every side.

This man became a member of the church, where he earnestly strove for release, but found it not. At the time of his last fall, in the agony of grief he went to his pastor and told him he believed he had better go to Dwight. The good man simply said: “I believe I would try it; go and God bless you.” An hour later a prominent business man, who never gets

to church, met the sufferer, quietly invited him into his private office, handed him \$100, saying: 'I know you desire to go to Dwight. I hope you will, and knowing you haven't the money I want you to accept this. If you need more write to me.' He didn't say "God bless you," but he did make it possible for the sufferer to go and receive that which he needed. The man of the cold-hearted world furnished the sinews of war and made possible the mighty conflict which resulted in complete victory. Men of the world are daily doing the same thing.

This was more than a year ago, and this same man has been instrumental in saving 300 or 400 other equally as helpless slaves. His case, and that of others, have assisted to open the eyes of the liberally-inclined religious world.

In a recent address at Dwight, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage said: "In my church in Brooklyn there are sitting before me, Sabbath by Sabbath, men who once were under the serfdom of strong drink, but are now clothed and in their right minds, and when I say, 'What has been their history?' they say, 'We were restored through the Keeley Cure.'

"I am mightily impressed with this whole Keeley Cure. There will not be a neighborhood in the United States or in the world that will not be blessed by it. What a very unfair thing it is to condemn a whole system because one man fails in it.

"Hundreds and thousands of men who belong to

the church have fallen. Is that anything against the church? No. And if fifty per cent., if seventy-five per cent. under the cure went back, and only twenty-five per cent. were saved—such a discovery and such a cure, ought to be extolled throughout all the earth and all the heavens.

“This world has so many troubles, so many struggles, it wants all the help it can get, human and divine. We want the grace of God and we want surgery and we want the Keeley Cure.

“There are certain things that the grace of God doesn't propose to do.

“Never let the time come in my history when I cease to extol the grace of God, but there are other men who need something beside that. Dr. Keeley struck the key-note when he said, ‘This evil is a disease.’

“I have now in my mind a young man who had broken his father's heart and his mother's heart. He was bolstered up and he fell—he was put in an inebriate asylum and fell; everything tried with him possible. He became a converted man, joined the church; but this awful disease drew him down and down and there seemed no cure. He is redeemed to-day. The Keeley Cure saved him, and nothing else under Heaven would.

“We cannot read it down, we cannot talk it down, it will become triumphant and be recognized in all the land and all the lands of the earth. It has on it the mark of approval of the Lord God Almighty.

“Dr. Keeley’s finger is on the world, and I shall do all in my power to tell the world so. I am satisfied now, for I have seen Keeley, Dwight, and the Double Chloride of Gold Cure.”

John. V. Farwell, one of the merchant princes of the world, in addressing the convention of Keeley League clubs, held at Dwight, Illinois, September 13th to 16th, said:

“I see before me men who ‘have been there’ and who ought to do the talking here to-night.

“To-night you are not slaves, but free men—free by the grace of God through His providence in giving to you Dr. Keeley and his wonderful cure.

“I was prejudiced against it, coming as it did to me through the newspapers.

“But I see in your faces to-night a different story. I have found in all the inquiries I have made in London and here and New York that all my first impressions have been wiped out.

“Yes, friends and fellow citizens, another name has been added to the list of public benefactors, and that name is Dr. Leslie E. Keeley.”

Francis Murphy, the world-renowned temperance reformer, in reply to questions propounded him by Judge Arnold at Dwight, Illinois, October 22, 1892, said:

Q. "What do you think of the Keeley treatment?"

A. "I am fully persuaded that the Dr. Keeley Cure for inebriety can be justly called miraculous. I have met multitudes of men from every walk of life, who testify to its saving power; men who were given up as forever lost; and, as an eminent Judge said to me recently, 'I did not think God could save them.' They went to Dwight and took Dr. Keeley's treatment, and have been sober, industrious and honored men ever since. Such testimony is unimpeachable."

Q. "What relation, in your judgment and from your observation, does the Keeley treatment hold to gospel temperance?"

A. "In my experience of twenty-two years as a gospel temperance man, I have always felt that I needed something to aid men who were what was known as hard drinkers; men who were possessed with the devil of alcohol; men who had their dwellings in the tombs, and no man could tame them. I visited the most distinguished doctors and asked them to aid me in giving relief to these men. They did to the best of their ability; but there was no permanent relief for them. I needed medical assistance; without it thousands have been left on the field to perish. Thank God for Dr. Keeley, who has found a sure cure for the alcoholic poison. Now, the cause of gospel temperance can go forth to meet the Goliath of drunkenness without any doubts or fears,

because Dr. Keeley has proved to the world by a great multitude of witnesses, that God has revealed to him the Divine secret that has killed the pestilence of drunkenness."

Q. "Do you endorse the Keeley Treatment?"

A. "I do, with my whole heart, and pray that our blessed Lord and Master may continue His abundant blessing upon Dr. Keeley and his treatment."

Until within a year ago a great hue and cry went up from all sections of the country demanding that the Keeley remedies should be made public or be relegated to the shades of suspicion and oblivion. Then followed base and designing rumors of evil effects as a result of taking the treatment. Both these ludicrous delusions have been dropped by all save three classes of interested, designing people, viz.: Quack and humbug imitators, jealous practitioners and religionists, who can see no good come out of Nazareth.

Dr. Keeley's reasonable claim for withholding his formula from the world is the easily proven fact that to make it public would not only ruin it forever as a positive cure but would frequently result in death to victims of experiment (as is now the case in some of the hundreds of alleged cures and imitations) by reckless and unintelligent administration or the use of adulterated remedies. Is there anyone willing to

see its usefulness destroyed to satisfy a selfish avarice or to appease the wrath of fraternal jealousy or the wailings of a sickly sentimentality that would have the "poor drunkard cured without money and without price?" It costs some one thousands or hundreds of dollars to make every drunkard, and it ought to willingly cost some one a single hundred to rescue him from the absolute oblivion of uselessness and to make of him once more a worthy citizen and a bread-winner.

The thrice-blessed Perfect Keeley Cure is yet in its infancy, but it has already taken the place among the intelligent people of the earth as the grandest and most successful temperance movement in the history of the world.

Upon the lowly prairies of Illinois, more than twelve years ago, a Moses arose and planted a firm standard, upon which was written in letters of Double Gold this inspiring legend: "Here is scientific security from the awful storm and the tempest of darkness." It was the great beacon-light of hope and happiness and peace, and becoming the leader of 100,000 members of the vast army of half a million of inebriated Israelites and helpless children of King Alcohol's cruel bondage, this Moses of scientific, divinely-whispered sobriety led them into the promised land, while the God-given wand of medical power forced back the mighty walls of the Red Sea of a liquor-deluged world and the victims of a dark night

of 4,000 long and weary years of slavery passed over, dry-shod, to serene, scientific sobriety and new life.

And this is the "Perfect Keeley Cure," even yet in its swaddling clothes as the greatest temperance deliverer of this or any other century. And this is the marvelous medical emancipator of human slavery, up to which the "Wonderful Story of Keeley and Dwight" simply aims to hold the mirror of plain truth and reflected solemn fact and simple trust. The Wonderful Story itself can never be fully told.

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. KEELEY AND THE MEDICAL WORLD.

PRAISES AND FULL ENDORSEMENT OF THE CURE BY LEADING PHYSICIANS OF THE COUNTRY.—SOME STRONG LETTERS.

During the year and one-half since The Chicago Tribune first called attention to Dr. Keeley's method of curing the disease of inebriety, a remarkable change has taken place in public opinion on this subject. Many thousands of men have been cured, and while some have returned to the gutter, the great majority have become living evidences of the truth of Dr. Keeley's disease theory, and have fully justified the press for giving up so much space to this effort for practical temperance. The movement has undoubtedly resulted in the large pecuniary success of Dr. Keeley and his associates, but with this the public has but little to do. When Dr. Keeley's theories were first made public in the columns of the papers, they were subjected to bitter criticism on the part of the great majority of the medical profession. Recent letters furnished to the Tribune show that now the leading members of the profession are becoming con-

verts to the disease theory of inebriety. Appended are extracts from some of the letters from physicians who are in positions to speak for the profession:

Dr. J. K. Bauduy, LL. D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System in the medical department of the University of Missouri, writes as follows:

"It has been my good fortune for several years to be thoroughly and intimately conversant with Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's cure of the opium and liquor habits. I consider its success marvelous—more so than any words are adequate to express. I have sent the doctor not less than 100 patients in whom I was personally interested. They have gone to him physical and moral wrecks and in a few short weeks have returned in vigorous health and perfectly cured, with not the slightest proclivity or the least craving for their former vicious indulgences. Most of them remained permanently cured, and if a few relapsed it was only through a perverseness and devilishness perfectly inexcusable. As a physician of thirty years' experience I characterize as malicious, absurd and utterly untrue, the statements that the doctor's methods ever produce the slightest ill effects. This fact, however, is too well substantiated and generally known to thousands of individuals from all classes of society that the doctor has cured, and to too many honest and grateful hearts to need any special refutation."

Dr. S. K. Crawford, late Professor of Surgical An-

atomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, and an old army surgeon, writes as follows:

“Having made a careful and special study of the employment of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley’s remedy in the treatment of inebriety and the opium and tobacco diseases, I have no hesitancy in testifying to its reliability and efficacy. I am fully convinced that this is the only trustworthy remedy that has yet been employed in these diseases. A very careful review of the record of the 56,000 cases treated in the parent institute at Dwight alone, and a critical study of the thousand cases undergoing treatment there now, noting their progress indiscriminately notwithstanding the various nervous discrasiaë, both hereditary and acquired, that present themselves, I no longer hesitate to give the treatment my unqualified indorsement.”

Dr. Oscar D. De Wolf, well known in Chicago as the Commissioner of Health for many years, and who is at present a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is enthusiastic over the results achieved by the Keeley methods and writes as follows:

“Five years since, I occasionally met individuals who had visited Dwight for treatment, and who claimed to be entirely cured of the desire for alcohol. They were simply objects of curiosity to me; similar claims were made by other methods and they had proved ephemeral. I doubted the permanency of the

Keeley treatment. In time many graduates of Dwight came to my notice; nearly every manufacturing establishment and large business office in the city had some employe that had been cured. The press began to notice the fact, and I felt impelled to investigate. I visited Dwight last autumn, where I found 658 men under treatment. There were more than 100 women, but I did not see them. I talked with many patients and knew their history. It was a stupendous fact that these men—representing not only some of the brightest men in all the lines of professional and political life, but also the worthless and degraded outcasts gathered from 60,000,000 of our population—were all clothed and in their right mind, happy and hopeful of recovery. I saw no evidence of harm from treatment, and to this day, although I have carefully sought for it, I have never seen one patient from Dwight that had not been benefitted by this treatment. I mean by this, vitality and physical vigor had been increased, and in well-doing and well-being the individual has risen in the scale of manhood. I have heard of lapses, but I have not met them. I need not individualize. There are hundreds of examples all about me of men who, from worthless sots, have become useful citizens, and I believe that Dr. Keeley will stand in history as among the few benefactors of his race."

Dr. Romaine J. Curtiss, the surgeon of the Illinois Steel Company, surgeon in charge at St. Joseph's

Hospital, of Joliet, formerly Health Commissioner of that city, and formerly professor of Pathology, Hygiene and Bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, writes at length, among his statements being the following:

"I have been acquainted with Dr. L. E. Keeley's method of treatment of inebriety and the remarkable cures he has performed ever since he began the specialty of treating this and kindred diseases. During this time I have been a resident of Joliet, Ill., within forty miles of Dwight, and have had all the opportunities an observer could wish for, accurately observing and studying his methods and results.

"I have no interest in Dr. Keeley's business; I have not been treated as a patient, nor am I using his remedy as a physician, my business and practice being surgery.

"I have visited Dwight several times during the last few years. I have seen the large numbers of people who were his patients under treatment. I have been made familiar with the statistics of cure. I have read the criticisms made by eminent medical men on the cure. I have studied the subject from its pathological standpoint, and am personally acquainted with 100 men from my own city and vicinity, many of whom I sent to Dr. Keeley myself, who are cured and who remain cured, several of them of five years' standing.

"I have studied carefully the cases I have had

under observation who have been treated and cured by Dr. Keeley. I could give very accurate statistics relating to details. Some of these were drunkards for ten and twenty years—they were diseased, broken down, morally, physically and mentally. They went to Dwight and returned transformed after three weeks. The result was a surprise to all—and particularly a surprise to medical men. It was like seeing a worm spin a cocoon, and after a few days see emerge an insect with its many colored wings.

“I cannot avoid speaking of the outward social and general appearances in these men, because the transformation from inebriety and all-round degradation to sobriety and manhood in so short a period of time is so very striking. Seeing these things, my scientific curiosity was excited, and being well acquainted with Dr. Keeley I think he has particularly favored me with a knowledge of his methods of cure for inebriety. I therefore know that his pathological foundations are built on solid rock and will stand as long as the primeval granite. There is no error in Dr. Keeley’s foundation theories, from the standpoint of pathological science. He regards inebriety as a disease—having its symptoms and having its social and moral relations. He does not attempt a cure by ‘moral’ or ‘religious’ or ‘social’ therapeutics, but in the treatment of this disease he has simply applied the old and tried general principles of cure to disease. The special treatment is, of course, Dr. Keeley’s own

discovery. The special method is as much his own discovery as the transmission of sound by the telephone was an individual discovery. And the discovery of a person who applied the known principle of electricity to the sound waves and the instrument he named a telephone.

“Dr. Keeley’s personal property or personal rights as a discoverer consist in his special pathology or the special nature of the disease of drunkenness. No man before him ever said or ever knew that the disease of alcoholism was a variation in type of nerve cells, caused and caused only by alcohol. No man before him ever said, or thought or dreamed that any remedy could take away the necessity which exists in alcohol poisoning for the presence periodically of alcohol.

“So far as general results go, no criticism of any unfavorable character can be given by the world against Dr. Keeley’s discoveries. The small per cent. of apparent failures only prove the truth of the general rule. The general principles of telephony are true, though an occasional telephone may fail to work. Dr. Keeley’s general principles of the cure of inebriety are true, though an occasional drunkard may fail.

“I regard Dr. Keeley’s discovery, in its medical relation, greater than that of inoculation or the use of anæsthetics. Socially it is greater than the abolition of slavery as a moral evil. Keeley’s cure will

emancipate more and nobler slaves than Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

"In fact, from the scientific and social standpoints, and from the standpoint particularly of political economy, I regard Dr. Keeley's discovery as the crowning glory in human development of the nineteenth century."

Several of the leading medical men of the Old World have at last seen the "error of their way" and have openly and strongly endorsed the grandest and greatest medical blessing of this century.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRUNKENNESS, A CURABLE DISEASE.

A MOST INTERESTING AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE
UPON THE DISEASE OF DRUNKENNESS, FROM THE
PEN OF DR. KEELEY.

That Dr. Leslie E. Keeley will ever have the credit and honor of being the first physician in the world to demonstrate that drunkenness is a curable disease, is an established and admitted fact. "Why is it a disease?" "What constitutes the disease, and where the dividing line between mere habit and helpless enslavement?" are important questions frequently asked by earnest searchers for enlightenment. In response to many importunities from editors of leading medical and scientific publications all over the world, Dr. Keeley recently wrote the following able, complete, comprehensive and interesting treatise upon the subject, "Drunkenness, a Curable Disease:"

During the past few years, medical writers have occasionally appeared who have timidly suggested that drunkenness is a disease. This suggestion has always been overwhelmed by the popular sentiment derived from religious and moral reformers, that drunkenness is simply a moral evil, a sin, very often a crime; that it is altogether wicked, and is to be cured only by religious and moral influences.

Long after diseases were recognized in part as material, actual physiological perversions, caused by some kind of poison, insanity and kindred mental nervous diseases were still held to be either supernatural or else obliquities of the moral character. Many of the germ diseases were believed to be "dispensations of Providence" and punishments for violation of Divine laws. This state of the public mind existed because the etiology of diseases, or their causes, was unknown. Science had not ventilated the case of typhoid, consumption, small-pox, scarlet fever, and infectious diseases. These things are now better understood; and it is the analogy of some of these diseases to drunkenness that has finally suggested to the medical mind that drunkenness is a disease and is curable.

I may say, however, that many of the writers on this subject, with whom I am acquainted, have rather ignored the fact that alcohol causes its own disease; although they have succeeded in clearly proving that drunkenness is associated with and, in one sense, caused by various and numerous diseases of the nervous and general system.

There is a relation of very definite character between bodily and mental diseases and drunkenness; but drunkenness is a disease caused by alcohol; while other diseases have other causes, as I shall try to make clear as I develop this question. It is sufficient now to make the statement that other diseases may lead a person to begin drinking, though not from a craving or necessity for alcohol; but alcohol causes the disease of drunkenness, and the craving for drink. In order to be a drunkard, a person must begin drinking from some cause, then continue drinking until the disease is produced; and after this the person will drink rhythmically, because he is a drunkard and his disease requires alcohol.

WHY DO PEOPLE BEGIN TO DRINK?

Of course no man is a drunkard when he begins drinking. This fact follows the proposition that drunkenness can be caused by nothing else than alcohol. People do not inherit the drink mania. The laws of heredity prevent any such inheritance, as I will explain. But people begin to drink from example, fashion, disease, for medicine; and from the one thousand and one well-known causes which belong to social and physiological existence and life. But drunkards continue to drink because the disease causes a craving for alcohol.

No man has a craving for alcohol before he is a drunkard, and when he begins to drink; such an idea is absurd. I want to make the distinction clear, so that it will not be forgotten, that people may begin to drink from any cause or no cause, and always when free from the disease of drunkenness; but the drunkard drinks because the craving for liquor is a symptom of his disease.

THE RELATION OF HEREDITY TO DRINK.

Most writers quote heredity as the principal cause of drinking and drunkenness. I do not think so. I do not think the laws of heredity permit this deduction. The laws of heredity tend to prevent drunkenness just as they tend to prevent other diseases. No disease can be transmitted by heredity in any other way than by transmission of the germs to the ovum, or egg, or spermatozoa, or "cell impregnation." Even when disease does extend itself in this manner of germ invasion, the poison or modification of the germ is creating in the tissues a variation in the type of the cells, which is transmitted by heredity. If a resistance to disease were not built up in this way, this world would have been depopulated—certainly during the Middle Ages, if not before.

To understand this law of heredity one must remember that the forces of the world as well as the living things are so formed and arranged as to antagonize one another. We could have no phenomena of nature otherwise; neither seasons, light, darkness, living things, nor life. If forces and living things opposed each other equally, the same results would follow; but they oppose each other unequally, and there is in every conflict, as a rule, a result which is the coefficient of the balance of power. The result of the conflict of bulls and bears determines the price of breadstuffs, as an instance.

But the conflict of poisons with the resisting forces of the body produces a type of cell which in time may resist the poison. It is this law of resistance that prevents diseases from destroying every living thing. This inhibitory resistance is an acquired and the most highly developed type of cell function, which acquisition is brought about only by resisting a poison; and this type being, in some instances, transmitted by heredity, enables the person to resist the disease.

By resisting a disease, in this manner, is meant a power of successful resistance when attacked by the poison.

From this law of heredity we see what must be the result of the forces of heredity. It must be that heredity will not always make drunkards or drunkenness or cause people to drink; or, at least, it cannot cause a craving for drink which has not already been initiated by indulgence; but it may give a person the power of resisting, to a great extent, the poisonous effects of alcohol, whenever alcohol is drunk.

But something else may be said to be transmitted by heredity. A weak resistance to alcohol or no resistance at all may be transmitted. If a person inherits a weak resistance to alcohol, and begins drinking, from any cause, he will become a drunkard much easier than if he inherited a resistance to alcoholic poisoning, which resistance was acquired by his ancestry.

Now let us see if these general laws of heredity, derived from biological studies, will explain the phenomena we observe in drunkenness:

The children of drunken parents are likely to be inebriates, and are said to inherit the disease or the habit.

This is undoubtedly true, but the inheritance is not alcoholism, or the habit of drinking. The inheritance is a weak resistance of the tissue cells to the poison of alcohol. If the child inherited a sufficient cellular resistance to alcohol to prevent him from becoming a drunkard, he might drink because his father or both parents did; but would drink "temperately;" as it is called. The greater quantity of alcohol manufactured is drunk by the fashionable drinkers—the people who keep sideboards and wine cellars and who drink, but are not known as drunkards. They do not become drunkards, because they drink wine and not the stronger alcoholic liquors. They can "control their appetites," as people say. They can drink moderately.

But why do the children of drunkards drink? They do so, to a certain extent, by the force of example. It is noticeable that these people drink, because they become intoxicated, and become drunkards; but they may not be greater drunkards than are the people whose ancestry were drinkers, but not drunkards.

If this law of heredity is true, it must hold good in the transmission of other diseases and the transmission of the power of resisting diseases, which all people inherit more or less.

The power of resisting a disease may be acquired in no other way than by having the disease, in a modified form. The poison of a disease, during an attack, causes a variation

in the type of the tissue cells that are poisoned, and the physiology of this variation is simply increased power of resisting disease. A man may be protected from scarlet fever during his lifetime, because he had the disease during early life; but his children may not be protected because the parent thus acquired and enjoyed an immunity. However, when a variation in type of vegetable or animal cells, or the cells of either, is acquired from any cause, a part of this variation will be transmitted by heredity. If one-fourth of total immunity is thus transmitted in each generation, in eight generations—provided one parent transmits an acquired immunity—the immunity will be perfect; and this disease must come to an end, provided all people are equal in their relations and conditions to this disease.

Now we find that many old epidemic diseases have practically terminated, as the plague, sweating sickness, and the typhus fever. These diseases raged with terrible energy during the Dark Ages, and they terminated before any sanitary measures could have accomplished anything radical or effective.

It is an old and common observation that consumption is a hereditary disease. This is true in one sense, but not true in another sense. The germ may be transmitted to the unborn child; but beyond this, so far as the poisoning effect goes on in the cells, the only inheritance which predisposes to consumption is that of a weak resistance to the poison. Consumption now kills one-seventh of the people born. This disease has existed for centuries. It is safe to assume that all people are equally exposed to the disease, if the soil for its development is favorable, and that the disease is communicable through the sputa containing "Koch's tubercular *bacillus*." The only reason then, if other things are equal, why consumption does not kill all people, is because the remaining six-sevenths inherit an immunity to the disease from an ancestry who acquired the immunity by having the disease. I think the question then must be clear in its solution that alcoholism, or drunkenness, is not always hereditary, but that people who become drunkards inherit sometimes a weak resistance to the poisoning power of alcohol.

THE DISEASE OF DRUNKENNESS.

Alcoholic inebriety, alcoholism and drunkenness are convertible terms, meaning the same pathological condition. The disease consists of the variation in type of the nervous

and other cells and nuclei, which has alcohol as its factor, and this new function of variation from the physiological type is single in character and consists simply in a craving for alcohol. These conditions and symptoms are rhythmical or periodical in character. Acute intoxication is the immediate effect of a large quantity of alcohol overcoming by its poisonous action the physiological resistance of the cells of the nervous system. The mental manifestation varies from the cerebral excitement, or stupor of intoxication, to the condition known as delirium tremens.

Alcoholism must be studied in its relations to other diseases and in the light of the known action of all poisons, including the poison called ptomaines—the products of the metabolic changes in the germs of disease. There is no great difference, in general terms, between these poisons. They each cause a special disease, depending upon the facts that they are specifically different from each other, and the resistance they engender is different. They all cause a variation in cell type and all cause modifications of cell activity, relating to the cell functions of reproduction, nutrition and special physiological perversions. But it must be remembered that in pathology like causes meeting with like resistance, produce like results. One kind of poison, we will say, as a resultant of its resistance, causes a cancer, another a high temperature, and another gangrene, another degeneration, another atrophy, another hypertrophy, etc., etc.

Now, the rule is that one kind of poison may pave the way for another. A person may have pneumonia from a specific germ which may weaken the resistance to tubercle bacilli, and consumption may result. The acute zymotic or mycotic fevers, as typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, measles, etc., may be followed by secondary invasions. If an old rheumatic joint takes on a tuberculous disease, no surgeon will affirm that the poison of rheumatism causes the tubercles, but their presence invites the secondary invasion of *bacillus tuberculosis*. If *septicæmia* follows typhoid the physician will acknowledge the secondary invasion and the presence of the *streptococcus* which causes that disease.

However, during the excitement in the medical public mind which followed Pasteur's method of the prevention of hydrophobia, this great general law of pathology appeared to be forgotten by the many writers who published results of experiments tending to prove that animals starved or fed on shavings or inoculated with various substances would have hydrophobia. It will make no difference how an ani-

mal is fed or with what it is inoculated; if it has hydrophobia the reason is, so far as pathological light has been shed and observed, because the germ specific or infection of the disease is present in the animal's spinal chord.

Alcohol causes drunkenness directly and nothing else. It does not cause tumors, degeneration, tubercles, inflammation,—that is, "true inflammation," or any other pathological condition. Alcoholism is not brain suffering or nerve hardening or nerve degeneration or tuberculosis or an inflammation. It may predispose to these conditions by nutritive perversions, interstitial and parenchymatous degenerations; but when any of these diseases are present in alcoholism they simply prove that their special cause was there before them, excited or aggravated by alcoholic indulgence.

Various nervous diseases, as epilepsy, insanity, paralysis, nerve degeneration, etc., etc., as well as various other bodily diseases, may exist in inebriates; but these conditions bear no relation to the disease of alcoholism except as aggravated thereby they may weaken the inebriate's physical resistance to alcohol, and lead him to begin drinking and cause him to be a drunkard. But all this makes no difference in the character of the disease of alcoholism. The individuality of the disease is just the same. The intoxication is the same, the lessened resistance while increased, the variation in cell type, the periodicity or rhythm are the same. An existing disease, leading a person to drink, stands in the same pathological relation to alcoholism in any particular person as does the saloon bar, the wine cellar, example and personal temptation. None of these things starts the "craving for drink" which belongs to alcoholism after alcohol has caused the disease. A man cannot be a drunkard until he has drunk sufficiently to cause the disease.

The law of all poisoning is that it causes modifications in type of the cells and nuclei that are poisoned. Unless death is caused, profound perversions of cells necessarily follow poisoning and are more or less perpetuated by continued additions of the poison. The variation of type gives the cell the power to resist the poison. In other words, the cells thereby acquire more or less tolerance to the poison. This is why a person may begin with a small dose of morphine, arsenic, hashish, alcohol, ether, or any other poison, and gradually acquire from being poisoned a tolerance to ten times the ordinary dose. The characteristic of alcohol is that the tolerance to alcohol, up to the limit of the power

of resistance, is acquired in a short time. A man may get intoxicated in an afternoon on a pint of Old Rye, but the next morning he can drink a pint of the same whisky to "sober up" and get an appetite for breakfast. In fact, many men, hundreds of them, have come under my observation who have habitually taken from twenty to thirty drinks a day without apparent intoxication or the appearance of drunkenness.

But in all poisoning when the poison is withdrawn a new variation in type of the cells and nuclei of the tissues must follow. If the conditions were like those before the person began taking them, the new type will be like the old type. It will be a variation backward. We all know that an inebriate, when on a spree, will tolerate a pint or two of whisky each day for many days, before he succumbs; and a large quantity, a quart or more, is required to make him drunk. Some of these drunkards take delight and pride in the great quantities of whisky they can "carry." This power can be acquired only by gaining and establishing a tolerance given by habitual poisoning. The more a man drinks, the more whisky he can "carry."

In poisoning, the battle is between the nerve cells on one side and the poisoning power of alcohol on the other. The cells resist the poison. They build fortifications and defenses—forts, redoubts, and trenches. The meaning of this is in general terms that the cells acquire inhibitory power the better to resist the poison.

When an army invades a country there is an immediate change in the activities of the people of that country. Everything changes; their plowshares into swords and pruning hooks into spears. All industrial, manufacturing and commercial pursuits are checked. In a short time a variation in the appearance of the country is seen. There are forts, long lines of intrenchments, and the other changes which only war can bring. As we readily perceive, this revolution in the type of the country and its people is brought about in consequence of the invasion of an enemy. We readily see, also, that this alteration in type is for the purpose of resistance. The analogy holds good in all particulars. The variation, we may say, enables the country to tolerate the army to a greater extent. If a country is not prepared for war it can support only a small army of invasion, but if it is not conquered, the more it resists the greater will be its war defenses.

If the invading army retires, then immediately begins

another change. Prices settle down to a peace basis. Public morals assume a higher degree of development. The brigadiers doff their shoulder straps and go into politics with glory as their capital in trade. The sutlers buy corner lots and put up sky-scraping buildings. The forts and unsightly intrenchments disappear under the plow.

This retrogression in type backward, whether of countries after war, or of brain substance after debauch, is called atavism. The meaning of this is that the country and brain return to their former type of structure and function.

But there is another feature or factor of these changes which I must mention in order to have the question understood. I have said that the chief symptom of drunkenness is a craving for liquor, and that, while it is true that a man may begin drinking from any cause or no apparent cause, he drinks when he is a drunkard because he has the disease of alcoholism, the symptom of which is a craving for liquor. This is the subjective side of the question; but objectively, the poisoned nerve cells demand the presence of alcohol in order to subserve their perverted functions. The sudden deprivation of alcohol causes misery, varying in degree from sleepless, nervous, tremulous suffering, up to delirium tremens.

When a nerve cell is habituated to a poison; when an animal is adapted to a certain climate; when a nation is warlike, then a sudden change for a time works trouble and inconvenience, more or less serious, though the final result may in every way be beneficial.

A child accustomed to home is homesick if sent off to school. Homesickness can even cause death. A baby accustomed to a warm bath every morning in a temperature of 80 degrees is adapted to that condition and would very likely be killed if bathed in snow; yet, in northern latitudes, the mother gives her babe a bath every morning in a snow-bank. Any sudden change from adaptation to any condition to another is more or less painful and dangerous. A country at war must undergo a change preparing it for that condition. "War is cruelty," but nevertheless a change back to a peace basis is often difficult, though the remote results may be good. Thousands of men are turned out and must seek work and business in an impoverished country. It requires time to procure a new adaptation to a peace basis. The reason is that war was the condition to which all things were accustomed, and war, therefore, was a present necessity in order to maintain and prevent the tempor

any difficulties that belong to a change of base from war to peace.

The drunkard requires alcohol for the same general reason. The cells have habituated themselves to the presence of alcohol as a stimulus and food supply, and they perform their general and special functions of reproduction and nutrition under this false stimulus or poison. Reformation, or the withdrawal of alcohol, and the atavism or variation of the cells backward, must be in every way beneficial in remote results; but the change involves a revolution which requires time and the expenditure of energy and hence the drunkard finds it difficult and painful in this sense to reform, so he continues periodically to drink.

The next feature of the pathology of drunkenness for explanation is the periodicity or rhythm of the habit of drinking. This is the feature or faculty of inebriety which belongs to the domain of pure mental habit and perversion of nervous impression. By habit is meant the repetition of coördinated mental and bodily acts. Instinct is inherited habit. Habit belongs to the instinctive part of the mental life, and is mostly independent of consciousness and will. The physical substratum, or the general factor of expression of physical character from which living things derive habit, is the rhythm of forces. All physical force is rhythmical. A beam of light is rhythmical in its intensity. A current of electricity is rhythmical. The action of the magnet also shows this variability. Running water in a natural or artificial stream will show a rhythm in its speed and volume. No machine—timepiece, engine, electrical apparatus, or any other machine—can run without this exhibition of rhythmical action. The reason is that all motion is the result of other forces, acting in opposition to each other; and the opposition cannot always be an equal quantity.

Habit in the lower animals is inherited instinct. The faculty, or power, of performing the given act was learned by its ancestry from generations of experience, and became an organic quality of its nerve tissues, and was transmitted as such by heredity. Migratory birds, inheriting the migrating instinct, at the proper season will migrate or make the attempt. A bird's nest is the product of many generations of bird experience, in labors and failures, before the faculty is formed which enables the bird to build the nest; but after the trade is learned this species of birds is hatched as nest builders. They will instinctively build a nest like the one they were hatched in, without any instruc-

tion in the art except the inherited habit. Coördinate acts, as I have said, if even automatically repeated, become habits independent of consciousness or volition. Most of the habits of this nature belong to the automaticity of life. The nerve centers discharging force will discharge it in the direction of least resistance, and the direction of least resistance is that which is most frequently traveled. We all know that coördinate actions at first are slowly and with difficulty learned. Learning a trade is, in the commencement, slow, and requires education, or frequent repetition of certain definite and coördinate acts, involving volition and consciousness of nerve centers and voluntary responsive muscles. As the trade is learned, more and more of these acts are performed automatically, in a measure independent of conscious volition. The more independent these acts are of conscious volition, the more likely they are to repeat themselves at rhythmic intervals. There may be a general volitional movement which sets the machinery in motion, but this is all.

When people have learned to eat, they consciously go to dinner; but the spinal cord and automatic nerve centers "do the rest." A piano player spends years in educating nerve centers and muscles to perform and execute music on the piano. When the art is learned and a piece of music becomes "familiar," the automatic centers mechanically do most of the work of playing the piece, as a habit. A man always does work the best if he is in the habit of doing it; which means that the automatic nerve centers have learned the art in question.

After a man has been on a dozen or two dozen sprees, he has given his nerve cells or nerve centers a habit; thus originating the factors of his habit. A debauch poisons the cells. The cells, like a country invaded by an army bent on spoils, resist as best they can. The cells undergo a variation in type, which enables them to resist a dangerous degree of poisoning.

But the rhythm of reaction comes—the debauch ends. The man goes through the torment of recovery from his spree. Possibly he gradually tapers off, or he quits at once and has a touch of delirium. The cells react and resume their former physiological type.

But again, for some reason or no reason, the man repeats the spree—the same results follow. Now this periodical conduct in its effect upon the cells, or variation forward and backward, is educating the higher nerve centers. The

automatic centers are learning a habit, in a morbid direction. They are learning to require periodically the presence of alcohol. In time they learn it; the sprees continue; and attempted reforms and remorse follow them as regularly as the seasons,—the seedtime and harvest,—and the man is a drunkard.

The duration of this periodical interval of drunkenness and sobriety or reform may vary greatly. It may be an affair of twenty-four hours or of several months; but the same general law governs in each case.

THE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

The chief evidence of the cure of any disease is the recovery of the patient after taking appropriate remedies. It is not sufficient that a patient may believe and say he is cured; the patient may be deceived; he must present the objective test that he is well. People must verify by observation and test that the patient is cured. On the other hand, people are not cured unless they are sick or diseased. Some people imagine themselves sick, as well as cured.

Drunkenness is a disease that cannot deceive. The symptoms are always the same. No expert or technical knowledge or instruments of precision in diagnosis are required to diagnose the case. When a drunkard is cured the evidence is equally clear. If the patient says he has no appetite or craving for liquor, and does not drink or get drunk, then why is he not cured? It makes no difference if he sooner or later relapses. If a man is cured of rheumatism, he may present the evidence of cure that is satisfactory to himself, his friends, and the critics; but he may some time have the rheumatism again. If he does, would it disprove the claim that he was once cured? I have cured, or my treatment has cured, nearly sixty thousand drunkards. There have been a few relapses; but there is not so large a proportion of relapses as in other diseases. I estimate from the data at hand, that five per cent. of cases relapse. There are at least cases of relapse sufficient to prove the general rule of cure.

I consider myself a pioneer in this department of pathology and therapeutics. I think the medical profession will give me credit, and so will the public, of studying this subject from the standpoint of pathology and bringing the drunkard and his malady into the scope of practical medical study and placing him among the patients of the medical profession, rather than among the convicts and the

"sinners." I know of no reason why the drunkard, after he is a drunkard, should be considered a moral reprobate any more than the patient with typhoid fever or consumption. Neither, I think, is morally responsible, but if one is, the other is equally so. The state is also responsible for one of these diseases as much as for the other. The state permits the public sale of alcohol; and the state also permits the cultivation and propagation of the germs of typhoid fever and consumption, through neglect of enforced hygienic measures.

My treatment for drunkenness is a method of cure no different from the general principles of treatment employed by physicians in other diseases. I am no magician, but a physician. I have never dabbled in hypnotism; I know nothing about it. I am not a shrine-builder. I have done nothing but study as best I could drunkenness as a disease, and look for a method of curing the disease. It is admitted that the success is phenomenal; but when I began the treatment of drunkenness, I was the only man in the world who was treating drunkenness as a disease, exclusively from the standpoint of medicine. If thousands of patients sought a cure, and were cured, it was simply because the treatment was a success.

I may say that, until within a few months, the few institutions treating inebriates prescribed treatment which was largely "moral" in method. Typhoid patients should also have good "moral" treatment; but if this method is useful in either typhoid or drunkenness, it is just as much an "indication" in one as in the other. I admit that many drunkards are cured by these moral means. Many cure themselves by will power. This fact proves nothing against the theory that drunkenness is a disease and is curable. Typhoid patients will recover without treatment; so do patients with rheumatism, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, consumption, cholera and yellow fever. Yet these diseases receive treatment.

Perhaps in some instances all they need is moral support. As is well known, many of these diseases are self-limited. But drunkenness is also a self-limited disease in this same sense. The duration of drunkenness is, however, very long in most cases and incurable without treatment; but in a large percentage of cases the disease is self-limited. Almost any middle-aged man can recall people whom he has known for twenty-five years, who were in youth, or early life, drunkards, but who stopped drinking without

cure or any particular moral influence. The disease "spontaneously" came to an end.

There is no disease, caused by a poison, in the nosology of human ailments, which is so speedily and so successfully cured by scientific medication, as drunkenness.

The only reason that drunkenness is so prevalent is simply because it is not considered a disease nor treated as such.

All diseases have this same history, even during the past few hundred years. In the Middle Ages the physicians of Europe were driven from the country, and the clergy took care of the sick. Many of these physicians had a scientific medical education, acquired at the University of Alexandria. The history of diseases, therefore, shows that little by little they were taken from the domain of theology and classed under the rules of science.

The cure of drunkenness is not difficult. It yields readily to medicine. Treatment will antagonize the habit—the craving for liquor. In thousands of cases which I have personally observed, I have never known the craving for liquor to last the patient over three or four days after beginning treatment. As every one knows I give the patient liquor, which he takes with him. He will not drink it after the third day.

There is much criticism regarding my method of cure. The profession claim I should publish my method. The principal drug I use in the cure of drunkenness, the chloride of gold and sodium, or the "double chloride of gold," is known throughout civilization. So far as other drugs are concerned, I may say that in using them, I do as all other physicians do; I treat each case on its individual merits.

No physician treats all his cases of typhoid alike. Doctors do not agree on the method of treating this or any other disease, so far as special methods are employed. They have no special formulæ which they would agree to publish as a cure for typhoid. In all diseases as treated by competent physicians these gentlemen apply the general principles of therapeutics to the "indications" given by the disease, and do the best they know. They cure their patients by the knife or drug or antagonistic poison as the case may seem to demand.

I claim that the drugs and methods I use are harmless to everything but drunkenness. The cure of drunkenness does not cause insanity or tuberculosis or hypertrophy, gangrene, inflammation, or degeneration. Neither does the

cure for drunkenness cure other diseases. If a drunkard happens to have a tumor of the brain, the drunkenness can be cured; but this has no effect upon the brain tumor. If the drunkard has epilepsy, insanity, chorea, or is a criminal; or, if he has tubercles or cancer or hobnailed liver or Bright's disease,—curing his drunkenness will not have any direct effect on these other diseases. A man may "go insane" or have epilepsy or chorea or tubercles, after amputation of a leg for a railroad injury; but these results cannot be properly charged up to the amputation.

I have been censured greatly for not making my cure and formulæ public. Doctors, generally, do not always believe in "cures;" though they may believe in the general principles of the treatment of disease. I have no formulæ to make public. There is no secret in the cure of drunkenness; nor is there anything to reveal, except a knowledge of the general principles of the cure of disease. If a doctor were to reveal his formula for the treatment of typhoid fever he would be considered erratic; and the public would be a fool to use it without the advice, personal experience, and presence of the doctor. It is as impossible to publish a formula for the cure of disease that the public can use, as it is to publish a general formula for the surgical extirpation of cancers. It would be dangerous to publish formulæ of either kind for the use of the public; nor would a wise public use them, if published. A few years ago books were published on: "Every Man His Own Lawyer" and "Every Man His Own Doctor." The burden of these books was to send for a doctor if you are ill, and get a lawyer if you are in legal trouble.

In conclusion, I will say that I consider the question of drunkenness as a disease, and its curability solved. I believe drunkenness is a disease, that it is curable, and that hereafter it will always be cured. People may oppose it for selfish reasons or business interests; but it is useless to fight scientific truth and utility in this world; they will conquer.

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