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The Student on the prairie.







## THE STUDENT ON THE PRAIRIE.

If the truth in all discoveries were at once accepted by the world progress would soon become commonplace and the votaries of science would, by lack of opposition, lose occasion for that persistency which, having been successful is looked back upon as inspired force. A thrilling theory may soon become recognized as an unstimulating fact and a truth may be too bright for calm consideration. It may bedazzle the eyes of the critic, and seem distorted. A something for which we most hopefully wish, having come, invokes our strongest doubt. Human nature, afraid of itself, clings to this saying, "Too good to be true." But nothing is too good to be true, for truth is the source of all goodness.

It is now about two years since the world began to listen to a marvelous story that came from Dwight, a village on a prairie in Illinois. It was said that a doctor there had declared inebriety a physical ailment, and that he could cure it. During many years this doctor had been at work and many cures stood out as a result, but the nation at large, not only the state of Illinois, paid special attention to the work. After a time, the investigation of thinking men was drawn to this village, and what followed is now known to the world.

Dr. Keeley's treatment is a subject of international discussion. It is hemmed in by no geography and is not confined to the realm of science. Bitter enemies have arisen, but all truth has its bitter enemies. It is fought by the rabid prohibitionist, for it wipes out the pretext upon which his party is founded, it excites the rage of certain religionists for it commands them to drop vague glorification and resort to science. Eighty thousand men—think of it—eighty thousand men have been cured by this treatment. In Chicago, within the sound of the Board of Trade clock, three thousand men who four years ago were confirmed inebriates, mainly out of employment, and many of them feeling that they were forever disgraced in the eyes of their former friends, are now not only restored to sobriety and social respectability but are a mighty factor in the commerce of this great city. Moral training had failed; the pleading of wives and the wretchedness of children had been in vain. The churches had done a

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noble work; they had lifted men from the gutter, but could not hold them up. The prohibitionists had raved and had excited derision; but a scientific discovery, a medical fact, did the work of reformation—did it as truth ever does her work—without noise. A short time ago the newspapers cited individual cures, now cures are spoken of by the thousand. The letters of mothers and wives, received at Dwight, would make a library of gratitude.

But there are failures. There are. Nothing is sure; nothing except death and the first of the month. But what is the percentage of failure? The Keeley company says five per cent but an investigation conducted by the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club proves that three and one-half per cent is a liberal estimate. What class of men comprise the failures? They are not men. They are boys who really have not the disease of inebriety but who drink "for fun," and imbeciles who for years have had no brain, and who by the aid of whisky have kept the fact well concealed. The man who wants to be cured has had all the fun that liquor can inspire, and he does not continue to drink through convivial inducements but because his system has become so deranged that he is in physical need of a stimulant. It is no longer a temptation; it has become a necessity. He cannot eat, sleep or work. He knows of one temporary relief—alcohol. Of what use is it to preach temperance to this man? The orator speaks one language, and the man's system speaks another. One is the language of persuasion and the other is that of demand. One advises and the other compels. The orator says, "Be a man;" and the system replies: "A little rye and ginger ale, if you please." And because the system refuses to hearken to the orator and thereby glorify him the orator denounces the Keeley cure. Indeed, the more of a certainty this treatment becomes, the more will the temperance fanatic denounce it. To persuade men to be manly is a virtuous undertaking, but how foolish it would be for an orator to go into a hospital and preach morality as a cure to patients who need the surgeon's knife.

Many imitators of Dr. Keeley's treatment have come forward and temperance societies have indorsed them. These imitations claim only to be as good as the original. Reason teaches us that all imitations are bad, yet these temperance people indorse them. Why? Because they are not true reformers. They want to dash into the circus of conspicuousness on the back of a prancing hobby. Acknowledge the truth and support it, and what then? The joints of the hobby are stiff.

Branches of the Keeley treatment are now being established over all Europe. Medical journals which fought the treatment but which really did not combat the theory that drunkenness is a disease are now beginning to recognize that a wonderful discovery has been made. The curing of hopeless wrecks has given them a thought to digest, and nothing hurts the digestion of a medical journal so much as a lucid thought. They are generally edited by men who have failed as practitioners, and who like all critics, seek revenge in denouncing a success which they could never hope to attain.

In the United States there are more than one hundred institutes, and including the main institute at Dwight, there are about ten thousand men now taking the treatment. The number is constantly increasing, and it is safe to say that at least nine thousand cures are effected every month. Could there be a more important movement than this? Is there a religious or political reform that is in any way equal to it? Hardly, for this means a moral and consequently a political reform. It is the gradual closing of saloons, and that means a purer ballot box. It is said that a large distillery has recently failed on account of the Keeley cure. How many distilleries have the prohibitionists shut up? The prohibitionist sells his corn to the distiller, and then exclaims against the rum power. The selling of his corn is well enough—he must do something with it, but he is feeding the rum power. I know of a number of saloons that have been closed by the treatment at Dwight; I know of a number of saloon keepers who, having taken the treatment, closed their bars and sought other employment. The saloon will go when the demand for it ceases to exist. In one Missouri town which once boasted—or b'ushed—of fifteen saloons, there are now but six. Did the prohibitionists accomplish this? No, the Keeley treatment did. The prohibitionists did at one time close the front doors of all the saloons in that town, but then whisky drunk by stealth is just as boisterous when it comes out on the public square as though it had been bought at a conspicuous booth.

There is many a home in this country that has been blessed by Dr. Keeley, and he who blesses the home blesses the nation. "What is good for the bee is good for the hive," said Marcus Aurelius. The hearthstone is the altar of a nation's happiness; its reforms and its glories begin there. How then can any well-wisher of men assail a discovery that has found a wayward hope,

wandering in a winter's blustering night, and has led it home to the fireside to thrill with joy a mother's heart.

Result is everything. Don't preach of reformatations yet to come, but let us join the one that is now at hand. Theories are propped by well trimmed arguments, but the truth that we present is held aloft by eighty thousand witnesses. Can the criticism of a carping doctor effect this momentous result? Can the denunciation of a furious declaimer, seeking political prominence, loosen one stone of this mighty monument?

A student of the ailments of men worked for years in an unheard-of village. That lone student passed through many a dark hour, but the sun is shining now, and the village once so obscure is famous throughout the world.

*Chicago, Ill.*

OPIE READ.

### TWO CONQUERORS.

Two conquerors sought—but one obtained—the prize.  
 To grace a Greek boy's royal gala-joust  
 Wide Asia heaped up stones and precious dust,  
 Till halting under farthest Indian skies,  
 Before the unrevealing sea, he sighs,  
 To think his sword must henceforth gather rust  
 Because no new world springs to feed its lust;  
 So, draining a mad, boastful cup, he dies!

That new world which the Scourge of Asia sought  
 (And vainly sought), when age on age had fled,  
 Its mirage on a dreamer's vision wrought,  
 Who at a convent gate once begged for bread.  
 The shadow he pursued, the substance caught,  
 And Time's large hungering heart with wonder fed!

*New London, Conn.*

EDITH M. THOMAS.



