

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE



THE Keeley Institute building, with interior views of the spacious club room, and one of the elegant sleeping rooms. The upper right hand picture shows Mr. Burns, the manager of the Omaha Institute, at his desk. Mr. Burns gives his personal attention to every detail of the institute, as well as answering all correspondence. The present home of the institute has been fitted up especially for Keeley Institute purposes, by Mr. Burns, after years of observation and experience as to what is desirable in such an establishment. It contains elegant sleeping rooms, perfectly heated and lighted by the most modern appliances; numerous bath and toilet rooms, with an abundant supply of hot water, etc., supplying as it does all the comforts and privacy of one's home. There are commodious club rooms and offices. The dining room is very artistic and convenient.

The building is perfectly sanitary in the strictest sense, extreme care having been exercised in this most essential particular. All patients are cared for in this perfectly appointed building, Write for Free Booklet, "Facts About the Keeley Cure," to The Keeley Institute, Omaha, Nebraska, Corner Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

TWENTY-SEVEN years of uninterrupted success, the indorsement of the friends of humanity, and the applause of more than three hundred and fifty thousand graduates, is the record of the Keeley cure for liquor and drug addictions. In 1880, when Doctor Keeley declared that drunkenness was a disease, and that he had discovered a remedy for it, the declaration was received much as the news of Galileo's discovery that the earth was round, or Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. Abuse and ridicule were heaped upon the bold scientist. Even so great a philosopher as Bacon did not believe in blood circulation. But truth is ever triumphant, and time and investigation have confirmed all that Doctor Keeley claimed for his twin discoveries—disease and the remedy. What Dr. Keeley said then, and what the pioneer institute at Dwight, Ill., and its many branches throughout the United States and elsewhere say today is, namely, that if the drink habit be continued long enough, the victim becomes a drunkard. This indicates a diseased condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent upon it, and will no longer perform their functions properly and painlessly except when under alcoholic influence. This condition proves that a craving exists. The craving proves a diseased condition of the nerve cells. As the physician diagnoses a cough as the symptom of diseased condition, the Keeley physician diagnoses the liquor desire as a symptom of diseased nerve cells. The general practitioner aims to remove the cause; when this is done the symptoms disappear. The Keeley treatment restores the cells to a normal condition and the craving for drink disappears.

NO ONE BUT DRUNKARD KNOWS.

None but the drunkard knows the abyssal depths into which he is plunged by alcoholic reaction during the "breeding" period. The most vivid description of the graphic pen of Zola does not exaggerate the reality. He has neither hope nor health, neither peace within or calm without. This craving, this desire for stimulation, the Keeley cure removes. In four weeks, self-control is revived, the will power is strengthened, and the man is sent back into the world a self-respecting, normal, sensible person.

Alcoholic tremor of the tortured nerve, delusions of the drunkard, and the outward physical indications of the hard drinker are also removed. In their place is a strong moral courage, a self-confidence that has not been manifested for years, and a renewed energy that means hope and contentment.

A philosopher once summed up foolishness thus: "When a man is a fool and knows that he is a fool, then he is a wise man; but when he is a fool and doesn't know it, then he is a fool." Many men fool themselves in regard to whiskey, but they do not deceive their friends. The "I-can-take-it-or-let-it-alone" man goes along nicely on that policy for a time; then, in the progressive process, he "takes it" and does not "let it alone." Of course, he says "I can quit," but the whistle seldom blows for his quitting time. He finds that he needs a constant dose for alcohol; that the day's work cannot be done without stimulants, and that stimulants are necessary to his even moderate comfort. The craving grows by what it feeds upon; the nerve cells and brain fail to perform their natural functions unless supplied with alcohol.

"CONSTANT DRINKER" IN DANGER.

It is with these cases that the Keeley cure has met its greatest success. The Keeley statistics on the development, progress and climax of the drink disease on certain temperaments are startling and illuminating. Drinking men are classified as "constant drinkers," "periodicals," "chronic alcoholics" and "dipsomaniacs." The Keeley Institute does not treat true dipsomania. There is no cure for it so far as the Keeley cure is concerned, as it is not claimed that it will cure insanity.

The "constant drinker" outnumbers the others; but however cunningly he may plan to outwit alcohol, he is shunted on the same road and finds the same finish as the other victim. He is the "moderate drinker" at the beginning; then, as the disease develops, more whiskey is consumed and a tolerance for whiskey is established until many times the usual amount is required to produce the stage of exhilaration desired. Like the drug habit, the whiskey does not increase until the disease is thoroughly established. Though the "constant drinker" drinks daily, it is not necessarily to the point of intoxication; however, a large percentage also increase excessively at intervals, which become shorter and shorter.

Statistics show that a large majority of patients received at Keeley Institute have a history of moderate to excessive drinking extending over a period of from six to ten years previous to their arrival. Exceptions are limited where the moderate use of liquor was continued for twenty years or more. The Keeley diagnosis of alcoholism is that it is an acquired disease, not hereditary. The best proof of this is the disastrous effects of liquor upon the Indians, whose ancestors knew not its use. It is shown in families where boys fall victims to the habit and girls do not. An English commission of scientists, who recently investigated the subject, decided that drunkenness was not hereditary, but was an acquired disease. Several characteristics are transmissible, but not acquired habits or characteristics.

There is a destiny that shapes even the drunkard's end. He is moulded into the kind of a drunkard he is by circumstances and temperament. The "periodical" educates himself, one might say, in that fashion of drinking. He awakes from strict sobriety to excessive indulgence and back again. The "constant drinker" has passed through freshman, sophomore and junior classes until he graduates a wreck in the senior alcohol class.

So, too, with the condition of chronic alcoholism. Environment has much to do with the acquisition of the disease, but once established, environment has little effect. The farmer victim, leading the simple life, will indulge in excesses equal to his brother in the city. Of moderate drinkers, one man in every ten becomes a drinker. The reason he becomes a drunkard is because he has a nervous temperament, peculiarly susceptible to alcohol.

It is a fallacy to believe that the beer of the day is a substitute for whiskey, will establish the disease. It has been proven that many beer drinkers take into their systems quite as much alcohol as whiskey drinkers. In fact, the vital organs are overloaded and overworked, flabby muscles and fatty tissues develop from it, the heart is weakened and lung power diminished. Beer has been

put under the ban in the army of Imperial Germany, because it was discovered that the beer drinking troops could not stand the fatigue of marching as well as abstainers.

SOBERING-UP PROCESS.

The first "stepping stone" from "his dead self" is the sobering-up process. This requires a day—sometimes two or three. Victims to whom liquor has been a necessity for years are given liquor in such quantities as may be required to prevent suffering and until they are comfortable without it, and then it is withdrawn completely. This is invariably accomplished in a few days, but never before the patient's condition justifies it—there is no nausea as the object is to remove the craving or necessity, and not to create a disgust for liquor.

If upon arrival the patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant. Each patient is given a thorough examination to determine the condition of his mental and physical health in order that the treatment may be adapted to his requirements. A clinical record showing the patient's progress from day to day is kept. The hypodermic remedy is administered four times daily. At the same time, each patient's pulse is examined, and, if required, auxiliary medicines are prescribed.

There is no restraint on patients; they may go about as they please, gentlemenly deportment and regularity as regards the treatment only being insisted upon. They are required to attend one lecture a week. These lectures are given in the assembly room in the laboratory, and their object is to assist the patients in their efforts toward a better life. The personnel of the patients is a surprise to the student of humanity. The vulgar and tough element is not there. No drunkenness or disorder is visible. Cheerfulness is a feature of the cure. Among the Keeley graduates are senators, congressmen, business men, merchants, laboring men and physicians; of the last named seventeen thousand have taken the cure.

While thousands upon thousands of testimonials have been given by the cured, the Keeley Institute takes much pride in the testimonials and indorsements of prominent men, who, not requiring treatment themselves, have observed its wonderful effect. The late Joseph Medill, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, after a thorough test, wrote:

"I sent Doctor Keeley five of the worst drinkers and opium eaters I could find. After a month they were sent back cured. The poison had been expelled from their systems. They looked as if a miracle had been performed upon them."

TESTIMONIALS.

"The Keeley treatment for alcoholism has won for itself so many warm friends that I could not refrain from giving it the credit it has earned. I believe it to be a most efficient remedy against the destroying appetite for strong drink."—Rev. J. M. Cleary, Pres., C. T. U. America.

"I am thoroughly in sympathy with the Keeley Cure."—Dr. Parkhurst, New York.

"I say in conjunction and union with the mothers who have been blessed: "God bless and prosper the Keeley Gold Treatment."—Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, Third Vice-President C. T. A. U.

SHOWS GOOD RESULTS.

As has been stated, the Keeley cure was established in 1880, and consequently it is in its twenty-seventh year, long enough to convince the most skeptical of the permanent benefits derived from the Keeley treatment. A business can be conducted for a certain length of time on advertising alone, but results must be shown to insure continued prosperity, and prosperity is observable everywhere in the Keeley work.

CAUTION.

The Keeley Cure or Remedies are not given or used in Nebraska by any Sanitarium or Institution outside the OMAHA KEELEY INSTITUTE. The only INSTITUTE IN NEBRASKA. The Remedies are obtained from the Laboratory of the Leslie E. Keeley Company. The only cure endorsed by the United States government.

Beware of Imitations.

To the Public: The Keeley Institute, corner of 26th and Cass streets, Omaha, Nebraska, is the only place in the state where the genuine Keeley Remedies and Treatment is given.

[Signed] THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Dwight, Ill. Curtis J. Judd, Secretary.

Scenes Around the Old Den Door Where Knights and Strangers Meet

ON MONDAY evening, the regular initiation nights, the south entrance to the den is invariably the scene of the liveliest animation. The interior of the big building is ablaze with electric light, as is the spacious lobby and the big covered, air porch extending out from the main entrance is brilliantly illuminated with incandescents lights, making it an ideal lounging place. The prospect of some new stunt or improvement in the torture of the rookies is sure to draw a big crowd of old, battle-scarred knights, who have won their spurs in conquering the emerald steed or in successfully overcoming the intricacies of a muster into the Signal Corps of King Ak-Sar-Ben's army of the XIIIth dynasty, and who are anxious to see how the latest installment of recruits is likely to endure the perils of enlistment into the Knighthood of Quivera.

Prospective recruits are notified to be on hand not later than 8 o'clock each Monday night at the Den, and there under the spacious porch they are sure to be greeted by sympathizing friends amply supplied with "first aid for the wounded" appliances and are given a cordiality of welcome that in a measure dispels the anxiety that animates them with varying degrees of suspicion and terror. Chairs and benches are provided and the working team has seen to it in the meanwhile that a number of knights have been detailed to hunt out the stranger visitors and that they are made to feel at home and that their welcome shall be sincere and cordial.

The crowd rapidly increases from 8 o'clock with each arriving street car, and many come in automobiles, carriages and afoot. The gathering is thoroughly democratic and here, on a common level, free from any stiffness or formality, meet men of every class, profession and age. Clerks, stenographers, college presidents, college professors, teachers, ministers, priests, rabbis, congressmen, governors, railway magnates, railway agents, conductors, stockmen, motormen, engineers, surveyors, judges, lawyers, doctors, mayors, councilmen, superintendents, traveling men, hotel men, army officers, newspaper men and men of every calling and profession who bear a respectable name, from every or anywhere. It is not an unusual thing to discover in any of these gathering representatives not only from every state in the union, but also men from England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Portugal, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, South America, Panama, Alaska, Mexico, Canada, South Africa, Japan and China.



AROUND THE CLERK'S DESK AT THE OLD DEN DOOR.

timism prevails everywhere and men enthused with the prevailing spirit tell of the best happenings of their localities. The grouch, the knacker or the kicker will find himself in a very un congenial atmosphere about the door of the Den. Though the legend is not written over the portal to Samson's castle, yet it does not take a man long to know that "All ye who have abandoned hope will find a brand new installment of it here."

Usually an hour or more is spent at the door of the Den in story telling, smoking and visiting. Occasionally some kodak fiend in order to get a living picture of what a real, live, energetic, enthusiastic bunch of Nebraska boosters looks like will take a snap shot at the crowd. There is an unceasing buzz of conversation, broken only by some outburst of hearty laughter responsive to a well told story. Every one seems anxious to tell some good thing of Nebraska and from the visitors come the invariable expression of amazement over the tremendous growth of Omaha during the last year, and all accord to Ak-Sar-Ben the honor and glory of all these good things. The trip of the Commercial club "boosters" to the northwest is talked about and all unite in ascribing to that trip abounding future good to Nebraska and Omaha.

With the appearance of some choice spirit among the visitors who will make a good subject for the torture at the hands of Gus Renze's minions, knowing glances are exchanged among the old staidys who have been through the mill. And so goes the merry hour along until the appearance of several of the working team, resplendent in uniforms of yellow, red or green, which is the signal that something will be doing before many more minutes. These uniformed knights are generally out among the crowd for a purpose which is only divulged in the secret work.

Friends who have thus far cared for and looked

after their special rookies advise them to get ready for business and implicitly follow the instructions of the uniformed centurions. The big, cool lobby, with its equipment of chairs, is also thronged with knights and their friends. In a farther corner is a huge pile of square cushions which are zealously guarded by the working crew. Strangers are introduced to new friends and the scenes outside the big doors are repeated in the lobby, when suddenly is heard the stentorian voice of the centurion commanding the recruits to get ready. The strains of a band are heard, and then, as of one impulse, the old knights crowd through the Den entrance to get a view of the proceedings about to begin on the inside. The recruits, seldom less than 200 in number, are each provided with one of the cushions and told to follow their file leader and before they know what is happening they are being marched through another entrance, led by the Ak-Sar-Ben band into the place of sacrifice to doleful music. The bestowal of a cushion upon each of the recruits looks a little suspicious to them, but with a courage born of confusion and mingled hope and desperation they take the cushion mechanically and disappear with their fellow miseries into the winding passage way and are not seen again outside until they have been invested with all the dignities of knighthood in the Kingdom of Quivera.

With each new installment of knights is made that many more boosters for Nebraska and Omaha. After the ceremonies the new-made knights as special guests of Ak-Sar-Ben are given additional entertainment, and the season of good fellowship is resumed. They have discovered that they have become inoculated with a fever of loyalty to all things that can go to the upbuilding of the Ak-Sar-Ben state. They realize that Omaha is wholly and absolutely for all of Nebraska, for with its growth so is the growth of the state stim-

ulated. They have discovered that the motive spirits of Ak-Sar-Ben are not professional showmen looking only to the advancement of a personal interest, but that they are the live, virile, energetic and responsible business men of Omaha, who, knowing what Omaha and Nebraska is capable of doing and being, will spare not of means, energy and enthusiasm to effect a realization of those needs.

Thirteen and Its History as a Hoodoo

WILL the figure "13" after the official name of this year's ruler of the kingdom of Quivera prove a Jonah or a charm?

Is it possible that it will come to pass that the 13th year of the reign of his majesty, King Ak-Sar-Ben, will be the most prosperous of all the thriving years since his royal personage took the throne?

In spite of 2,000 years of superstition declaring the contrary, there are over 1,000 loyal knights of the realm who will answer a vigorous "yes" to both of these questions. And if you quiz them further they will point out the well-known fact that it was in the 13th year of the reign the number of the loyal subjects of the king mounted above the 1,000 mark. They will also point out the broad fields of growing crops, the coffers of the merchants bursting with coin of the realm and the streams of people thronging to the capital city of the kingdom to buy their wares for the coming twelve months. Then still further to give plausibility to their hopes they will point out instances in which the much-dreaded number proved to be, like the old hag in the fairy story, who turned out to be a beautiful angel in disguise, a mascot instead of a hoodoo.

They may point out a story published a few days ago in the newspapers of the man who served 13 years in the penitentiary. During the 13th year, when the superstitious would naturally expect the worst luck of his whole term, it was discovered he was innocent and steps will be taken to have him released. The tale of the old woman who placed 13 eggs under a hen and at the proper time found fourteen chicks alive and healthy in the nest. And so the hopeful knight will multiply instances until all but those who are most firmly grounded in their superstitions will be convinced.

But the old-fashioned man who plants his potatoes in the dark of the moon, picks his picnic days by the use of the goose bone and runs when he sees a black cat coming, will stand his ground and shake his head at the recklessness of the wearers of the little button bearing the mystic figures. To him the 13th day of the month is full of weird and dreadful significance. When that day happens to fall on Friday he walks around town with cat-like tread and refuses to take any part in the activities of life until the next day.

Why has all this dark and dreadful significance attached itself to the spooky number 13? The savant who trails superstitions and other uncanny things to their lairs will say it was because Christ and His twelve disciples sat down to the last supper together, and within a few days Christ was crucified and Judas, the betrayer, hung himself. But the man who takes his comfort from ghostly beliefs will shake his head at this explanation. According to his version something dreadful had to happen because the party was made up of the mystic number,

But whatever may have been the origin of the idea, it is true that a shudder and a holding of the breath in horror has always gone with the number, and when the knights of the king made it their symbol for the year's campaign they were overturning the superstitions of ages. Even among the Turks the number is viewed with alarm and among some of the tribes the word meaning 13 is not used at all, but another word, "ziyadeh," is substituted for it. This logical way of getting around a real difficulty is taken as an indication that the dark-skinned Mohammedan is a shark at breaking hoodoos.

Whatever canny doubters may say, there are authentic instances in which the number 13 has proven to be the most fatal of all hoodoos. In medieval England the wages of the hangman was always 13 pence half penny. According to custom every man had to pay his own hangman unless he was a pauper. This he did just before the black cap was drawn over his face. So it came to pass in a large number of well-authenticated cases that the payment of 13 coins to the hangman was a sure sign of a sudden death in the immediate family of the payee. In the superstitious awe of the middle ages, drops of blood were seen on each one of these 13 coins and naturally there grew up among the cultured classes of the kingdom a great aversion to giving the tainted money to the official rope manipulator.

Sometimes the penurious gentleman went so far as to kick on paying for his own hanging, even if the amount was only 13 pence. In order to administer a rebuke to him and deal out proper punishment for trying to argue the question, the king would send him to the block and charge him as many pounds for the execution as he would have had to pay pence had he been reasonable in his demands. This form of rebuke is said to have been very popular with the great common people, because it enabled them to witness a real bloody decapitation for the price of an ordinary hanging.

It is only natural that the most widespread form of the 13 superstition should have reference to that number of persons sitting at the same table. This is due to the origin of the belief, and many are the dinner parties that have been interfered with because someone refused to sit at the same table with twelve others. The old Dutch proverb, "The 13th man brings death," is a crystallization of this same table superstition.

The statistician has tried to cry down this belief by relating that statistics will demonstrate that of 13 people of average age who may be together at any particular time, one at least is very likely to be called hence within a year, and he will point to insurance tables to back up his belief. He may talk by the hour to demonstrate that the number has nothing to do with the calamity, but the loyal members of the 13 club will still refuse to be convinced that natural

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