

## The Home Doctor.

### Some Plain Truths.

By David R. Locke.

There are two lies which have always been accepted as truths, that ought to be exploded: The first is, "Men will drink in spite of all the law in the world."

Men will not drink until they have been educated to drink. No man was born with an appetite for liquor save those unfortunates born of drunken parents. They take to it more kindly than others, but it requires temptation to start even them on the steep road. No natural stomach ever craved for it. After the boy has been enticed into a whisky or beer shop, and has been plied with the horror a certain time, he wants it more and more every day, and the time comes when he will have it at no matter what cost, but it takes months of bedevilment to bring him to that pass. Of himself he is neither going to hunt the ruin nor take it after he has found it. It is a matter of education, and the brewer, and his agents, the saloon keepers, are the educators. The drunkard is made, not born.

The other lie is that quotation of Pope's, which is more quoted than almost any other in the language:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,

That to be hated needs but to be seen, But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,

First we endure, then pity, then embrace."

Pope sacrificed no sense to sound. Vice never puts itself up in frightful form at the beginning. On the contrary, vice is always clothed in light and is always pleasant and as alluring as the ingenuity of the devil can make it. Vice, in gin mills, has gorgeous mirrors, cut glass ornaments, bright, cheery furniture and the most gorgeously beautiful pictures that human genius can devise. Artists of the highest ability are employed to make these places beautiful, and their art is prostituted into a decoy. Is there anything frightful in the gorgeous bar room of the Hoffman House, with its walls mare luminous with nude nymphs warm from the sensuous brush of Bouguereau? Is there anything frightful in the wonderful pictures which speak to the senses from all the walls? Not at all. Thousands throng that wondrous place to see those jewels so appropriately set. What are they there for? The proprietor probably knows no more of art than the pig does of Sunday, but other people do, and he paid his money for the best in art. What for? In the interests of art? Ah, no. These pictures are so many decoys. The young man whose pulse quickens as he stands before this work of forbidden beauty, must patronize the bar, and he drinks, paying two prices for what he consumes. He takes this art bait kindly, and comes again, or goes straightway to other bars of the same kind, whose proprietors give him quite as tempting excuses. The proprietors are simply rum-sellers, and these fittings and accessories are their advertisements.

Vice does not stop with beauty on its walls. Vice has the liquors it kills with, of the warmest and most seductive colors. Its wines sparkle, it puts pure cold vestal ice into glasses, through which prismatic rays dart and glitter to the excitement of the eye; it adds to that sugar of the whitest and purest, lemon of the richest and coolest colors, and liquors that look as beautiful as a painter's dream, and it mixes the delicious compound in a way that would seduce an anchorite. And the compounder has diamonds blazing from his immaculate shirt front, his hair is combed and brushed in most careful particularity, his apron is of the whitest and his boots are polished to the last degree. And then this compound, which is seduction to the eyes as well as the stomach, is not shovled at the victim coarsely or carelessly. The very mixing of it is artistic. In the most tantalizing way the right hand of the low priest of vice pours the glitter-

ing mixture in a rainbow-like stream from one beautiful glass to another, permitting it to dance through the air, giving you as many tints as there are in a kaleidoscope, and filling space with delicious perfume. The drink is a work of art. There is a seduction in the clink of the ice against the sides of the glass, there is a treacherous kindness in the "glug glug, cloop, glug, glug" of the liquor as it leaps out in an amber stream over the ice, and lights up with brilliant color its crystal whiteness, and when the compound is completed it is permitted to stand a moment while the rim of another glass, as thin as paper and as beautiful as a fairy's dream is dipped into pure refined sugar, making an inexpressibly delicate frosting, the vision is poured into this, the whole then crowned with cool green leaves of mint, with slices of lemon artistically disposed, and with ripe luscious red strawberries nestling lovingly among them; well, talk of vice putting on a frightful mien. Why there is nothing more beautiful in the world. No housewife so decorates the dishes she places before her guests; nowhere can anything so absolutely aesthetic be found.

But the bottom, the foundation of the whole is alcohol, and that bites and stings just the same as though it came hot from the still, and was drunk out of a tin dipper. The eye, and sight, and the other senses are used to betray the young man at his vulnerable points, the stomach and brain, and the law gives the greedy seller the right to do it.

### Listen to the Doctor.

If a child has obstinate bleeding at the nose, place the arms at full length straight above the head and lift up on them for a few minutes, using sufficient strength to lift the child from the floor.

A large majority of the troubles of healthy born infants are digestive troubles, many of them being caused directly by the mother, who by too frequent feedings may prove her child's worst enemy. The child is caught up and nursed every time it cries to appease it, the warm milk doing this at first, but ultimately "adding fuel to the fire," since generally the child is crying from the effects of indigestion, and at this rate the family physician has finally to be called and finds his duty rather in the line of correcting the habits of the mother than in drugging the little sufferer.

If a child regurgitates its milk, or, as the mother says, vomits, nine times out of ten it has been overfed and simply needs stomach rest. Since this is a frequent fault and babies have to vomit so much, it is very fortunate they can do it so much more easily than an adult; indeed, it is their only salvation under these circumstances.

### Death.

Should a person who is seriously ill, and not likely to recover, be told of his danger? This is a question on which there is much difference of opinion—some arguing for, and some against, and all wishing an absolute rule to be laid down. This is, however, impossible; for there are so many points to be considered, both in connection with the disease and with the mental state of the patient. The doctor is the best judge of this delicate matter, and the breaking of the news that there is no hope had better be left to him; for he can tell as no one else can how far the disease has gone, how far it has still to go, and what resources the patient has at command to combat it. The whole of nature revolts against death; and the love of life, which is strong up to nearly the very last moment, nerves the sufferer to struggle against the disease. Hope acts the part of a tonic, for which there is no equivalent in the whole pharmacopoeia. Be

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## Dr. E. M. McLaughlin

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