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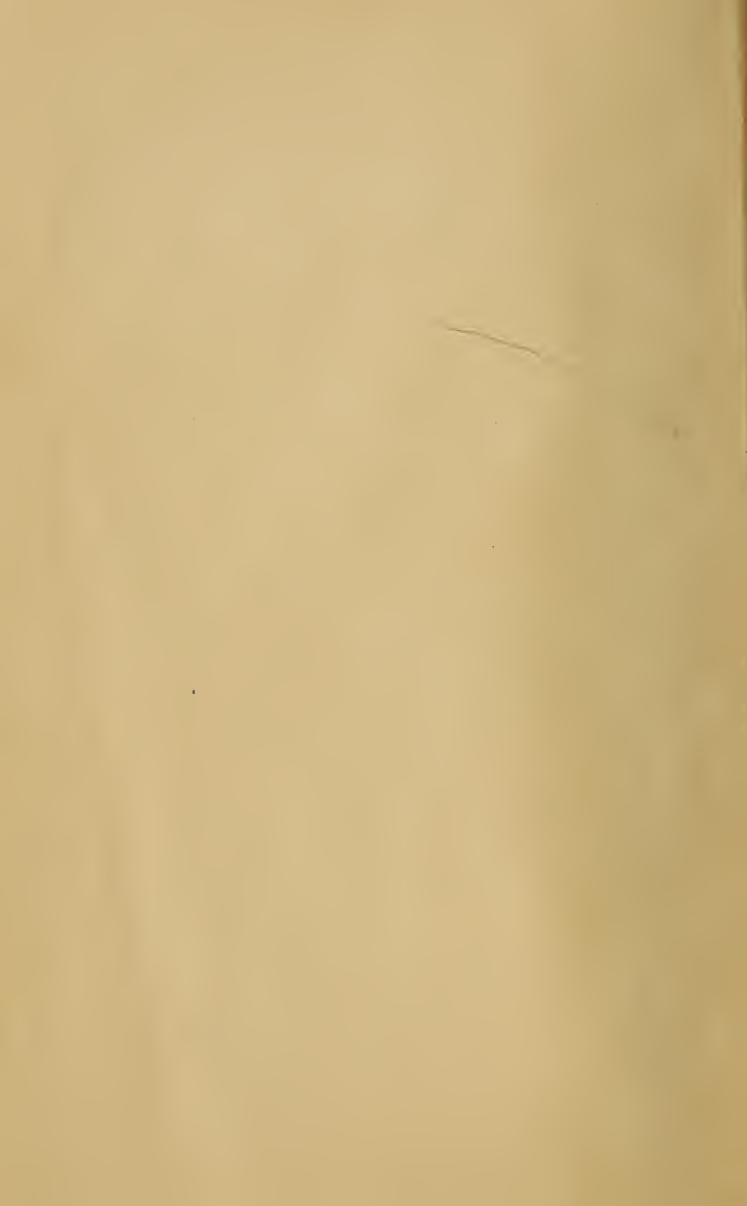














# HYPNOTISM UP TO DATE

BY

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SYDNEY FLOWER



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## PREFACE.

IF any should be disposed to give credit to the author of this book for his share in its production, let it be remembered that he is only the mouthpiece of another.

It is to such men as Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D., Lecturer on Psycho-Therapeutics in the Illinois Medical College of Chicago, the "doctor" of these pages, that the honor of rescuing hypnotism from the clutches of the charlatan, and of presenting it in its natural form to the world, properly belongs.

The simplicity of truth is wonderful.

To the human being of ordinary intelligence who reads the explanations here given, there will no longer be anything miraculous in the effects produced.

SYDNEY FLOWER.

*Toronto, Canada, Jan. 15, 1896.*



# HYPNOTISM UP TO DATE.

## CHAPTER I.

THE SIMPLICITY OF HYPNOSIS.—NOTHING TO DIFFERENTIATE IT FROM ORDINARY SLEEP.—HYPNOTIZED PERSONS CANNOT BE MADE TO DIVULGE SECRETS.—NO EVIDENCE OF SUPERNORMAL POWERS IN CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS.—TELEPATHY DUBIOUS.—MUSCLE-READING.

“It is a wonderful thing!” said I.

“If by wonderful you mean miraculous, hypnotism is not in the least wonderful,” replied the doctor. “Say, rather, that it is a valuable addition to medical science.”

“You surely would not belittle its marvelous properties?” I exclaimed.

“I am not belittling them,” he answered. “I merely wish to rid your mind of the idea that there is anything in hypnotism which is mysterious, awful, miraculous! Do you know that,

barring idiots, almost every man and woman is a hypnotist?"

"Then why have they never discovered this power in themselves?" I asked incredulously.

"They have not been educated up to it—that's all," he answered. "Hypnosis is only, if you find the term more comprehensible, self-delusion. If you will pay attention to me, I will make this thing so plain to you that you will have no difficulty in grasping my meaning; and first of all, I want to know if you understand what is meant by the terms 'subjective and objective' as applied to the mind."

"In a general way, y<sup>e</sup>s," I responded; "my objective mind is my everyday working mind; my subjective is the mind or soul in me which is working when I am asleep."

"That is it, roughly," the doctor said. "You might define your subjective mind as your conscience, or sub-conscious self, but remember that the subjective mind is working when you are perhaps least aware of the fact. You forget, for example, a certain name, and dismiss the matter from your mind. But with a feeling of relief in a few minutes, you pronounce the name aloud—your subjective consciousness has

found it for you. Hypnosis," he continued, "is the state in which the subjective consciousness is uppermost, and the objective has gone to sleep. It is the unreasoning, uncritical attitude of mind of the hypnotized person which leads him to accept as truth almost anything which the hypnotist tells him. Thus, if I tell my subject that I have given him a ham-sandwich, and I offer him a piece of cake, he will eat the cake, believing it to be a sandwich."

"Then he has lost the sense of taste?"

"He has lost nothing of the kind. If, after he has swallowed the cake, I ask him to describe what he has eaten, he says a 'ham-sandwich.' I ask him if it wasn't rather salt, and he replies, 'Yes, a little salt.' 'A little too much mustard, perhaps?' I suggest. 'Well, no, not too much!' he may reply. 'Still a glass of beer would be a pleasant accompaniment to the sandwich?' 'Yes,' he agrees that a glass of beer would be acceptable, and taking the empty glass I give him, he goes through the act of drinking, even pausing half-way to wipe his mouth, or draw a deep breath of appreciation. This is real beer to him, you understand, because I told him it was and he believes me. I could make him

quite drunk on several empty glasses by suggesting that he has had too much."

"A cheap drunk," I said."

"Before we go into the different phases of hypnotism," said the doctor, "which I may tell you are so varied and numerous that they have defied accurate classification, remember that in a dream you may see the most impossible things—men like trees walking—animals with human faces—curious and instantaneous metamorphoses of scenes and objects—yet it does not occur to you at the time to doubt the reality of what you see. It is only when you awake that the absurdity of these things becomes apparent to you. These dreams are a flash—no more—of your subjective consciousness. Now do you see just what I mean by self-delusion?"

"Taking the things that are not for the things that are?" I hazarded.

"Put it that way if you like," he assented. "Very well. There are two or three points which I wish to impress very carefully on your mind—on your objective, or reasoning consciousness, if you please. The first is that without your coöperation I cannot hypnotize you. You must assist me. Hypnosis is a 'blanket'



term which covers a great deal. When your eyes become rather heavy and you are disinclined to move after dinner, for instance, you are in a state of partial hypnosis. When you sleep you are in a more advanced stage. Very well; hypnosis is merely sleep, and hypnotism is the science or art of producing sleep at will. This is the dreaded hypnotic influence which we read of in the newspapers. Beyond the sleep stage there are many others; all, remember, harmless, but with them we will not deal at present. Now there is nothing in hypnotism to be afraid of. The laws which govern it are as fixed and unalterable as the laws which govern motion in the waking state. If you have been led to believe that the practice of hypnotism gives the operator a hold upon his subject, that is, of course, the person hypnotized, which may be used eventually to work evil, banish it from your mind. He has no such power. Suppose I hypnotize you, for example, and put you into the somnambulistic state, in which you receive my suggestions, answer my questions, and do my bidding. Now, if I tell you that to-morrow at noon you will take a knife from the table, and plunge it into the heart of your unsuspecting landlady, do you think you would do it?"

“I should certainly think so,” I answered, “much as I might afterwards regret the unfortunate, perhaps hasty action. There have been many cases of the kind you mention. Hypnotism and crime are inseparably connected.”

“Indeed!” said the doctor. “Then may I inform you that I have made it my business to track down some ten or twelve of the most notorious cases to which you, no doubt, have reference, and I have found, without exception, that hypnotic suggestion had nothing whatever to do with the crimes committed.”

“But the newspapers—” I began.

“The newspapers,” said the doctor, “print what will interest the public, without going too closely into the scientific aspect of the case. Newspapers understand that to connect the mysterious name of hypnotism with a murder is to give it an air of ‘witchcraft’ which lifts it above the level of an ordinary crime and makes the details eagerly sought after by a credulous public. You must confess yourself that those special cases had a great attraction for you.”

“They certainly had,” I admitted. “My chief regret lay in the fact that I could never get a satisfactory account of how they ended.”

“If you wish to know,” said the doctor, “they fizzled out into ordinary murders. But let us go back. Regarding this proposed experiment with yourself, at the hour of noon to-morrow, the thought, just as I had suggested, would flash into your brain that you were to take up a knife and stab your landlady. You would dismiss it at once as a ridiculous fancy. If you took the trouble to think of it again, which is very improbable, you would laugh at the bare idea of such a thing. It would be an impossible deed, because your subjective consciousness would tell you that it was wrong—simply that it was wicked, and you would not do it.”

“I thought right and wrong had nothing to do with the matter?” I queried.

“You never lose your moral sense,” the doctor answered impressively, “no matter how often you have been hypnotized, or what you are told to do. Hypnotism does not affect the fundamental principles of education, and right will be right to you, and wrong will be wrong, whether your subjective or objective consciousness is in play.”

“Hypnotism is very useful in detecting criminal action, is it not?” I asked.

"It is absolutely useless in that respect," he replied.

"Cannot a man be made to divulge the truth when he is in a hypnotic trance?" I persisted.

"A popular fallacy," replied the doctor, "which ought to have been long since exploded. A smart lawyer will fetch the truth out of a man in half the time a hypnotist could do it, and he may even induce a witness to disclose a secret which he had determined to keep, and that is something a hypnotist could never do."

"But a man must speak the truth under hypnotic pressure?" I continued.

"A man will lie as fluently in the hypnotic state," answered the doctor, "as in ordinary life. And mind you, you cannot extract a secret from a subject in the somnambulistic stage of hypnotism, if he has made up his mind, when in the waking state, to guard that secret. To illustrate this, I can give you the details of one of my experiments, which I undertook some time ago to satisfy myself upon this very point. To save repetition of names I will use the letters B and C in speaking of the other parties.

"C was a young man whom I had frequently hypnotized. He was an excellent subject, and

I could put him to sleep at almost any moment by merely snapping my fingers. B was a friend of mine and a friend of C's. I said to B, 'I want you to tell C some story about me, as a great secret. Tell him he is on no account to breathe a word to any one; and let the story be something personal, something affecting my character!' B carried out my plan, and three weeks went by before I referred to the matter. Then one day, when I had hypnotized C, I led the conversation round in an easy manner to the secret, and told C that I wished to know what B had told him. Appeals were no good, and I threatened and commanded him to tell me. He would say nothing at all concerning it. There was just one other thing to do, I thought, before giving C a bad time of it, and I assumed B's personality—that can be done, of course, quite easily in hypnotism—and said chaffingly: 'By the bye, you remember that story I told you about the doctor; I suppose you haven't mentioned it to any one?' 'Oh, not a word,' he said. 'Quite right,' I replied; 'let's see, I forget just how much I told you,—you remember, don't you?' 'Yes, I remember,' he said. 'Well, what was it?' I asked, 'I want

to hear it again.' 'I don't wish to refer to it again,' he answered. 'It is buried and I don't see any use talking about it.' I tried for some time to get it out of him, but he would not say a word. Then I took up my own personality again—the doctor, you understand—and tried by every means in my power to make him speak. A sweat-box was nothing to it. He suffered tortures. Heat, cold, hunger, thirst, exhaustion, were a few of the agonies he went through, but the end of the matter was that he told me nothing. What becomes now of the theory of detecting crime by hypnotic revelation?"

"Yet criminals and others have told the truth under hypnotic examination," I persisted.

"You are quite right," said the doctor, "but they would have been just as ready to tell the truth in their waking state. And you can depend upon it, that it would have been elicited with more rapidity by a cross-examining lawyer than by a hypnotist."

"H'm," I said. "Are you sure C had not forgotten the secret?"

"Quite sure. If he had, he would have told me so, either as myself or as B."

“Before you begin to hypnotize me, I want to know one or two things,” I said. “Can you, for instance, work on a subject at a distance, say in the next room, or wherever the sound of your voice would not carry?”

“No,” said the doctor, “certainly not! That is mental suggestion or telepathy. I have no proof that there is such a thing. The subject may imagine that I am suggesting that he shall perform a certain action, and he will have the impulse to do it; as, for instance, he may fall asleep at a certain time when I am not near; but the suggestion has come from himself or from some friend, or association of ideas; my mind is not working upon his.”

“There is another phase of this question,” I said. “Suppose a hypnotic ‘professor’ advertises that he can diagnose diseases, and that a patient calls, and is invited to take the hand of some person in a trance—a medium, in fact, and suppose this medium, who is evidently not shamming sleep, says in a far-away voice—, ‘You have neuralgic pains in your head; your condition is one of general debility, but your system can be easily built up by the following means,’ and proceeds to tell him what to do; is this all humbug?”

"It is all humbug," said the doctor decisively. "When I first began my researches into hypnotism, everything seemed to point to the possibility of telepathy being a fact; nay, it seemed the only possible conclusion to draw from the results of experiments, and I myself was most anxious to believe it true, and to establish it by proof. But the more I experimented, the more unwillingly certain I became that there was nothing provable in it, and I have been compelled so far to discard the theory."

"Then the medium was a fraud?" I asked.

"She may have been perfectly honest in telling you just what came into her mind. She may even believe that she is reading your physical condition by this telepathic process; therefore I should not describe her as a fraud. But as an infallible guide in telling disease she is mistaken in her knowledge, that's all. She is merely a quick observer, and may hit the truth sometimes. Whatever she tells you she has gathered either from her personal observation of you, or from scraps of information which you or the "professor" have dropped. The fraud or deception lies here, that you suppose she has a clear insight into the state of your physical



body. She has not; she speaks from observation only."

"Is there such a thing as mind-reading?" I asked.

"There is no such thing, to my knowledge, as telepathy or mind-reading," he replied.

"But I have seen some wonderful things done by mind-reading," I declared.

"I have said there is no such thing so far as my knowledge extends," he replied. "It is probably not mind-reading but muscle-reading that you have seen. Very wonderful apparently, but very simple after all."

"But at the hypnotic exhibitions," I cried, "a medium, blindfolded, will read off the date of a coin, or a written question asked by one of the committee, when there could have been no possible collusion between herself and the hypnotizer."

"There is always collusion," the doctor answered. "And these tricks have been explained again and again. They are only tricks."

"Can you explain them?" I asked.

"Nothing easier," he replied. "I may tell you that I have often performed them myself with great success at charitable entertainments, and so on."

The doctor then explained the various feats of mind-readers, the finding of hidden pins, reading numbers, and the rest, and so simple were his explanations and so convincing that I prefer not to publish them, seeing that it is a painful thing to make public the evidence of one's own gullibility.

## CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST EXPERIMENT.—SIMPLE SUGGESTION.  
—CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT A NECES-  
SITY. — WAKING DELUSIONS. — HYPNOTIC  
SLEEP CAN BE BROKEN AT WILL.—COMMAND  
OF SLEEP DESIRABLE.

“Now, if you are ready,” said the doctor, “we will begin the experiment. Remember that this is *only* an experiment, and that there are a hundred and one ways by which we can hypnotize a person. It is a question of temperament in the subject. If you were not of a naturally obstinate turn of mind; if you were of a determined disposition, having trained your body to act always as your will dictated, if you had admitted the dominion of your mind over your body; if you were a patient seeking relief from any ailment or imaginary ill; if, finally, you were phlegmatic or ignorant, I should merely give you a bright object to look at, and say to you, ‘Sleep; you will go to sleep at once. When

I count five you will be fast asleep'—or something of that kind. However, I understand that you would immediately say to yourself, 'I am not asleep. I am not going to sleep, however much I may wish to. I don't feel sleepy,' and your waking consciousness would at once be on the aggressive. This is not the right state of feeling to induce. Remember that the power to submit lies in yourself; you must bring your thoughts to bear on one thing only—you wish to sleep, therefore you *can* sleep. Think to yourself that you desire to do so; that your legs and arms are becoming numb and immovable, that your eyelids are pressing down, heavier and heavier, and you will find yourself passing into the sleeping condition. Don't reason about it. Let yourself go."

"I can't," I said, "I'm too excited."

"You're not excited," the doctor replied, soothingly. "You are evidently becoming sleepy. There is too much blood in your brain at present. In sleep this circulation is much lessened and the temperature is lowered. Your head already feels cooler, and in a little while you will be asleep. Now make yourself comfortable in this chair; get into the easiest posi-

tion possible, and then fix your eyes and your mind upon the knuckle of the third finger of your left hand. You will find that in the course of two or three minutes you will become conscious of the change of tissue that is continually going on through the system. In our everyday life we are unconscious of it, but fix your attention closely on any one part of your body for even a few minutes and it becomes apparent. It will make itself evident to you by a pain running up your arm, by a deadness in the finger you are looking at, or by a pricking of the joint. I shall leave you for a few minutes."

Left to myself, I endeavored conscientiously to do as I was bid, but the novelty of my surroundings, and the remembrance of what I had heard, prevented me from attending entirely to my knuckle. Therefore, when the doctor returned, I informed him that beyond a slight pricking in the knuckle I had felt nothing.

"But you rested your mind by trying to think of one object," he said reassuringly. "Now we will try something else. You are not to suppose that I expect you to sleep at once. That will come when you are trained a little. It rests with yourself. You will have to believe

that you will sleep, and you will do so. Now," and he drew a chair up beside me, "look into the pupils of my eyes. So. Say to yourself slowly, 'I am going to sleep. I want to go to sleep.'" Then he chanted in a soothing monotone, "Ah, your eyelids are getting heavy; they are getting heavier and heavier. Your legs are getting numb, they *are* numb. You don't want to move them. You know they are fastened to the floor. Your arms are tied tight to your side. You know you cannot move them. Close your eyes. Now you are going to sleep—sleep—sleep!" Pressing his thumbs hard against my eyeballs, he chanted, "Your lids are heavy; they are shut close, closer; shut fast. You don't want to open them. You know you can't. They are fastened down tight. You can't open your eyes till I count three."

Here the ludicrous side of the situation struck me, and I regret to say I giggled like any servant-girl.

"One," said the doctor, "two, three," and at the word "three" I opened my eyes and laughed aloud.

"I could have opened them long ago!" I said.

"Yes, but you didn't want to," he replied.

"I know I didn't," I said, "but that was out of politeness to you only."

"I don't think so," he answered. "You were quite conscious, but as soon as your eyes began to get heavy you were in one of the stages of hypnosis. I suggested to you that you did not want to do this thing, and you accepted the suggestion, because I had told you that you did not want to argue. Now then, stand up. Feet together. So. Look me in the eye. Your legs," he said, making a rapid pass with the hand before my eyes a couple of times, and then running it rapidly down to my feet—"Your legs are tied fast together. You cannot move them. They are bound with ropes. You know they are. You know you cannot move them. See if you can before I count five. One, two, three, four, five!"

At the last word I moved one leg forward.

"I could have done it before," said I.

"But you have got to *believe* that you could not," said the doctor, with much patience, "and when you believe that, it becomes impossible. Don't argue with yourself. You saw that because you believed for a moment that you were tied you could not move your leg. Now your

arms are tied fast with ropes. You cannot move them. The knots are cutting into your flesh. You may try, but you cannot move them."

I did try, and, curiously enough, it was only by a supreme effort that I managed to move an arm.

"You see," he said, "you *believed* that time. Now look at me. What is your first name?"

"Sydney," I said.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked in quick succession, at the same time making a circular pass in front of my eyes with his open hand. "What is it?"

"Sydney," I repeated.

"It is easier to say 'Thomas'," he said, making his hand revolve rapidly in front of me. "It is easier to say Thomas. Thomas. Your name is Thomas. What is it? What is your name?" he asked fiercely.

For some time my lips refused to utter a sound, then the name came to me like a flash, and "S-S-S-Sydney!" I cried, triumphantly.

"Oh no, it isn't!" he said. "Thomas. Thomas à Becket. Thomas à Becket. That's your name. Look at me, Thomas. Now what is it? Speak quick!"



I gazed at him for some little time while he repeated his question, and my eye left his face and wandered to the side of the room as I endeavored to think, but, "Look at me!" he repeated. "What is it?"

"Thomas," I said in desperation.

"What else? Thomas what?"

"Thomas à Beck—no, it isn't, it's Sydney," I yelled. "I couldn't think of it before."

"We'll go back to that in a minute," he said quietly. Then he shut my mouth tightly by pressing under the chin and upon the top of the head. "Ah, poor fellow!" he cried, "he has lockjaw!—dumb! The muscles of his jaw are knotted and contracted. He cannot open his mouth till I count five."

I found my jaw as rigid as a rock, and though I *knew* I was shutting it tight myself, and though I tried my hardest to open it, it was not till the word "five" that it came open with a jerk.

"That's very good," he said, closing my eyes with his fingers. "I told you what your name was just now. You have forgotten it. You never had a name. You cannot remember anything about it."

I searched my memory in vain for anything like a Christian name that might sound as if it belonged to me, but I had to give it up.

“Now when I snap my fingers you’ll remember it,” said the doctor, and he did so, and I cried out the name.

“Look at your hand,” said he; “it is dead, lifeless, quite cold!” and he brushed the sleeve of my coat back rapidly. “Dead from the wrist to the fingers. Not a bit of life in it. Numb and without feeling.” He pinched it and I felt nothing. He took a needle from his waistcoat, and ran it through a loop of the flesh. I saw in an idle way that he was doing something with my hand, but on a sudden my objective consciousness told me that it was a needle and that it would hurt. I therefore cried out promptly.

“You felt nothing at first,” said the doctor.

“No, but I did when I saw what you were up to,” I answered.

“Well, that is enough for to-day,” he said. “So ends your first experiment. You are neither a very good nor a very bad subject. Training will make you a good one. You must remember that you have been doing some things which, seeing that you were wide-awake and conscious

all the time, are manifestly absurd, now that you look back on them. You understand that you were partially hypnotized?"

"I suppose I was," I said, "though it didn't feel like it."

"How do you know what it feels like?" he asked. "Now you remember that when you cease to struggle against the suggestions given, you will find sleep come to you and not before."

"Can you sleep at will?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "It seldom takes me more than thirty seconds to get to sleep. I was very nearly off once or twice when I was giving you the first part of your lesson."

"Supposing you had slept," I said, "could I have wakened you?"

"Why, of course you could!"

"But you would have hypnotized yourself?"

"I should have gone to sleep, stupid, and you would have shaken me out of it."

"But isn't that very dangerous?"

"Great heavens! hear this!" he cried. "Dangerous? Where's the danger?"

"I have heard," I said, "that a hypnotized person cannot be wakened except by the voice of the operator, and that if anything should hap-

pen to him, the consequences would be very serious to the subject."

The doctor smiled. "Been reading 'Trilby,' haven't you?" he asked. "Supposing for a minute that Trilby owed her marvelous voice to hypnotic suggestion, and was singing on that eventful evening when Svengali occupied a box at the theater, you remember? Do you know what would have happened if Svengali had died in the middle of her song?"

"No."

"She would have sung her song to the end, and have waited for him behind the scenes as usual," answered the doctor. "I did not know anybody was so foolish as to take the hypnotic part of Trilby seriously. I am quite sure that Du Maurier himself worked it in as an effective byplay without regard to accuracy. In fact, the whole plot is more or less of a joke. No, no, don't suppose that a person will not wake from a hypnotic sleep; but don't imagine that there is any special reason why you should wake him. If I put a patient to sleep, and say, 'Now you will sleep until I wake you,' and then go away intending to return in an hour, but remain away for the rest of the day, what happens, do you think?"

“The patient sleeps till you return,” I answered.

“Not always; in fact seldom, if my return is delayed beyond an hour or two. I have known in very exceptional cases a hypnotic sleep to last for a day or even two, but there was some very good reason for it, which the doctors had not discovered in the psychical condition of the patient. Always on arousing, these patients have eaten a good meal and felt in excellent health. As a general rule, however, they will wake of their own accord in about an hour or less; but if they do not, I say again, there is no cause for alarm.”

“It would be an inexpensive way of spending a holiday,” I suggested.

“To command sleep,” said the doctor, “is one of the lessons which every man and woman should learn, and should utilize. It is a great preserver of health, and is merely a matter of concentration of the mind. Come to me tomorrow at half-past ten in the morning, and we will continue the experiment.”

## CHAPTER III.

AN EXPERIMENT IN SELF-SUGGESTION.—HOW  
HYPNOTISM RECONCILED A MARRIED COUPLE.  
—HOW IT REFORMED A DISAGREEABLE  
MAN.—NATURAL GOODNESS VERSUS ORIG-  
INAL SIN.

“YOU'RE late,” said the doctor, as I turned the handle of his door a quarter of an hour after the time appointed.

“It is my habit,” said I, “to be unpunctual, but it happens that I have an excuse. I had a bad night last night.”

“Ah, a heavy supper?” he suggested.

“No supper at all,” I replied. “But I tried putting myself to sleep by self-suggestion, auto-suggestion, as you advised, and the result kept me busy and watchful till 2 o'clock this morning.”

“You gave up too easily,” the doctor said.

“I never gave up at all,” I answered. “I kept on saying to myself, ‘I am going to sleep. I will sleep. I can go to sleep. I am asleep,’ just

as you do, you know, and then something within me—it could hardly have been my conscience, could it?—cried out, ‘You’re a liar, you’re not asleep!’ and I had to begin the repetition all over again. After an hour of this I got up and lit the gas, keeping a very small flame burning, and I stared and stared at this until I grew dizzy. It had no other effect. Then I hit upon a subtle idea. I thought to myself, ‘This is my landlady’s gas. I ought not to burn it. I ought to get up and turn it off. But I cannot get up. I am going to sleep!’ Even that didn’t work.”

“No, because you only went into it in a half-hearted way,” said the doctor. “Your reasoning consciousness told you that you had a right to burn the gas, because you paid for your share of it, and therefore, that the injury to your landlady’s pocket would not ‘lie,’ as the lawyers say. You were therefore conscious that your statement was merely a ruse to cheat yourself into going to sleep, and a transparent ruse at that.”

“That’s all very well,” I said. “But you must admit that if the ruse had succeeded, it would have been a case of inducing sleep by concentration of the mind, and that’s all that’s required.”

“If you have that,” answered the doctor, “there would be no need of the ruse in the first place.”

“Surely,” I said, “a little variety—”

“Your fault,” said the doctor, “lies in this principally, you are too fond of experimenting with yourself and then laughing at the experiments when they fail. That won’t do at all. There is no thoroughness discernible in your attempts. You are apt to trifle with your subjective mind, and that is something which your subjective mind is not going to stand. It will retire into its shell like any other animal that is being made a fool of.”

“Animals don’t have shells,” I retorted.

“It is of no consequence,” said the doctor, with a dignity that was proof against the thrust. “There must be no unseemly levity in connection with hypnotism,” he added.

“I will endeavor to make amends,” I said, “but I find it hard to take myself seriously.”

“Yet you must,” he said, “or you will fail. Remember that. Now before we begin experimenting to-day there are one or two illustrations I can give you of the good use to which hyp-



notic suggestion can be put in the ordinary affairs of life, apart from its application in pathology and the treatment of diseases," he explained.

"You know you agreed to speak in words of only one and two syllables," I remarked.

"Wherever possible," he admitted. "Some months ago I came across an excellent subject, whom I will call 'Kitty.' She was a little woman, honest and intelligent, and she was married to a husband with whom she did not agree. He used to drink, I understand, and when in that condition would illtreat her. Finally Kitty left her husband and went to live with her relations. The husband was a good fellow enough when he left drink alone, and it seemed quite possible that a little hypnotic suggestion would smooth away the difficulties which beset their home life. I knew Kitty very well, and found her, as I say, an excellent subject. After hypnotizing her a few times, I planted the suggestion in her mind that it would be a very good thing if she were reconciled to her husband. The suggestion was to recur to her at certain hours during the day when she was in her waking state. To give

point to the illustration, I ought to tell you that though Kitty was naturally a good little woman, she had come to feel that she had had about enough of her husband to last her a lifetime, and that she had evinced no desire whatever, when I questioned her on the matter, to return to him. I have no reason to doubt that at the beginning of the experiments a reunion with her husband was the last thing she desired. Having given her the suggestion of tenderness towards him, I looked for a speedy result. It came first in the shape of a remark she made in her waking state when she was looking out of the window on the street from my office. It was a pretty cold day, by the bye. 'I wonder,' she said, 'if poor Harry'—her husband's name—'has got a sore throat again. This weather always makes him ill.' To cut the story short, Harry gave up his drinking, and Kitty went back to him, and when I saw her a few days ago, she was well and happy."

"And they lived happily ever after," I suggested.

"They are living happily at the present time," said the doctor, "which is greatly to be desired."

"It seems to me," I said, "that this hypnotic

suggestion, if well understood and practiced by humanity, would provide a royal road to righteousness which would make sin difficult. By that I mean that there would be no merit in overcoming evil, because a moral life would be inevitably easy of compass. Too easy, in fact."

"On the 'No cross, no crown' principle?" asked the doctor. "I certainly believe that hypnotism will be the great moral force of the future, even if you and I do not live to see it. But what is it after all but self-training, an education in the control of matter by mind? If sin is simply an evil action, and if evil actions are evolved from evil thoughts, and if evil thoughts can be easily controlled by the mind when the operator has furnished the suggestion, it is evident that this science has a great field before it as an educator. We shall not eradicate evil by its use, but we shall certainly loosen the grip of that mythical personage whom we call Satan, upon the throat of humanity."

"But you have not answered my conjecture," I said. "Does it seem right that a man should be able to turn from evil to good without a struggle?"

"Why should he be 'evil' as you call it, in the

first place?" the doctor asked. "Who made him so? I answer, circumstance, environment, lack of education, and to a certain extent, parentage. I am not a believer in original sin. I say that life is one long struggle upwards, and that the child has implanted in his mind as many instincts for good as for evil. That both the good and the evil are suggested to him, and that according to the preponderance of either, his nature will develop, is my firm belief. A lazy father may have a lazy son, because the father's influence on the child's mind at its most receptive age tended to encourage the slothful habit. But heredity, pure and simple, has not much to answer for. It is the later influence that tells. Why should you assume that man is necessarily evil?"

"I only know that he is," I answered with conviction.

"Observe," said the doctor to the empty air, "once more the powerful influence of suggestion! You have been told," he went on, "that man is evil. But you have nothing to show in proof thereof. Wickedness? Bah! a disordered state of the physical or mental condition. Change that, alter that, find the cause and mend it, and the wick

edness is dispersed. The psychic nature of a man who seems absolutely depraved is really unaltered. The good in him is simply dormant, and his objective mind, which governs the body, and is very sensitive to any disorder of the nervous system, is paramount. This is so far from being right, that the man must be trained again to bring his psychic force into play, before he can return to a normal and healthy condition. When we speak of a perverted moral nature, it is erroneous to suppose that the man's soul or conscience is degenerate. The soul is dormant. It is simply the power for good which is always in the man. In the case of a suddenly converted man—you have seen hundreds, without doubt—the soul is awakened instantly. A sermon, a denunciation, a prayer, a song, any of these may do it. They are suggestions which take root."

"Some of them fade pretty quickly, too," I added.

"Granted," said the doctor, "but who knows what good they have done during their brief flourishing? Hypnotic suggestion awakens in the same way, and by repetition will acquire sufficient power over a man to change his moral

nature from bad to good. Let me illustrate this point. A man had become unbearably ill-tempered. He was in such an evil condition that he took no pleasure in his work, his books, or his family. He was a nuisance to himself and to his neighbors. At first he had his moments of remorse when he endeavored to make amends by a fit of unusual amiability towards his wife and friends, but these moments became fewer, and finally ceased. He was in a very good condition to commit either murder or suicide. It was just a mental derangement. He was capable of excessive cruelty towards his wife; of dishonesty in business; of treachery in friendship. The origin of the disorder is not of consequence; it may have been overwork; it may have been evil companionship, influence, and therefore suggestion. It all comes down to this at last—suggestion. If you say it is original sin, I reply that means defective education or evil suggestion again. Now do you know how we proceed? We begin by interesting him in little things. We work on him by suggestion. We compel the suggestion, because his subjective mind is too inert to evolve it of its own accord. We tell him that he is

naturally a kind man, and that he will remember on waking from his hypnotic sleep, and at times during the day, that he is fond of his children; that he takes an interest in gardening, or some simple thing like that. He believes this. We add the suggestion that he will take an interest in his daily work, but will be glad to get home when it is done. We tell him he is not an irritable man. He is good-tempered and bright. His nature is to enjoy life. We repeat the suggestions for a week or two, and what is the result? The lesson sticks. The man believes his suggestions. He reforms. You know there are people who have told fables so repeatedly that they now believe in them as absolute facts; hypnotic suggestion works on the same lines. Repeat a thing often enough, and a man will adopt it as a truth—a part of himself. It may take weeks, it may take months, but sooner or later this man is cured of his nervous ailment. He returns to his normal condition, cured by hypnotic suggestion.”

“But you make wickedness the consequence only of ill-health,” I argued.

“Well, it may be very difficult to trace it to that source in every case, but I know positively

that it is so very frequently. The healthy man is inclined naturally towards goodness. And the foundation of my belief in the natural goodness of the human race is given me by the results attained in just such a case as I have mentioned. If the man were an original sinner at heart, he would not accept the suggestion of good. But it is to his natural instinct of goodness that we appeal, and his soul triumphs over his acquired wickedness."

"It is a big problem," I said.

"It is too big for us to treat of at this time," he answered. "No more for to-day."



## CHAPTER IV.

FREE WILL NOT DESTROYED.—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE SUBJECT.—SELF-PRESERVING INSTINCT.—MENTAL SUGGESTION.—MINOR MANIFESTATIONS OF SPRITISM.—SUBJECTIVE MEMORY.—THE DIARY OF THE SOUL.—SUPERNATURAL POWER DISCREDITED.

“Do you remember,” said I, “stating that a hypnotized person never lost sight of the fact that right was right, and that wrong was wrong?”

“Certainly,” replied the doctor; “what of it?”

“But the operator has power to make that subject believe wrong is right?” I queried.

“Oh no, he hasn’t.”

“How is it, then, if you gave me a turnip to eat and told me it was an apple, I should eat it believing it to be an apple, as you said?”

“You would do this because you were willing to carry on the experiment,” he answered.

“Do you mean that I should know all the time that it was only an experiment?” I asked.

"Yes, you would know it, though you would not reason on the matter," he replied.

"But in that case," I said, "I should refuse to submit to the pains and penalties which you could subject me to, and awake."

"You might wake, certainly," the doctor answered, "but probably you would not. You are willing to go through the experiments, otherwise you would not consent to be hypnotized. You know that; you are conscious of it, although you do not argue about it to yourself. Thus you would know that you had really eaten a turnip and not an apple."

"Impossible," I said.

"I'll prove to you that you *would* know it," he replied. "Sometimes after carrying through an experiment of this sort, I have said to the subject, 'Do you know what you have eaten?' He says, 'Yes, an apple,' or whatever I may have told him it was. We can take the apple and turnip example; it will do for all others. His first thought is that it was an apple. 'Sleep!' I say; 'now when you wake up you will remember what it was you ate. Quick, wake up, what was it?' 'A turnip,' he replies at once, with disgust. Proving, you see, that he knew

what he had eaten. I never told him it was a turnip. He evolved it from his own consciousness."

"He might have evolved it from the taste in his mouth," I said.

"Hardly," said the doctor. "He would at least require some little time to think over it."

"Suppose," said I, "that an operator purposed doing some wrong to his hypnotized subject, could the latter rebel with any hope of success?"

"I don't understand you; of course the subject would wake at once."

"But if the suggestion were given that the subject would not wake for an hour?"

"The suggestion would go for nothing, just as soon as the subject's instinct of right and wrong was aroused. In an instant consciousness would return."

"Why, then, the operator's power is very limited?"

"Good heavens! Must I tell you again that through all these experiments there runs the consciousness, not reasoned with, not argued about, only felt, in the subject's subjective mind, that these are *only* experiments, nothing more. I had a patient once whom I cured of stammer-

ing. Part of his treatment was to make him deliver an address before an imaginary audience. He spoke better and better each time, and finally his stammering left him altogether. He was one of those dignified men whose sense of decorum is strongly developed. His manners were excellent. He proved to me that the operator has only so much hold on the subject as the latter is willing to allow him, by his answer when I suggested that in beginning his address he should put his thumb to his nose and spread his fingers out. The gesture, as you know, is significantly derisive. I also commanded him to wink at the audience. The suggestion almost woke him up. He refused point-blank; oh no, he could not possibly do such a thing! His moral sense, on the alert, you perceive, told him that the action would be unbecoming."

"Does a subject ever refuse to accept your suggestion on the whole, while believing a part of it?"

"Yes. He does sometimes. It is not well to test this judgment of his too much, I think, or he might refuse to accept the suggestion altogether some day. But I can give you a case

in point. I say to a subject, 'Now you are going to skate. It is a race against time. You have your skates on, and this is a clear field of ice before you. Is it not?'

"'Yes,' he says, 'I see.' He is leaning down in the attitude of a skater all eagerness to be off. 'Are you ready?' I say. 'You see that there is nothing in your way; that the ice is clear from the start to finish? You see the flag at the end?'

"'Yes,' he says.

"'Then go,' I cry, and he goes like a shot. In this case I have wheeled an armchair a little way in front of the subject. As he goes he runs round the obstacle in his path. He accepted my suggestion that the course was clear, but he knew all the time that that armchair was in the road."

"'Too polite to call attention to the fact that you erred,'" I suggested.

"'No, it was just a case of self-preservation, and I think he thought it was not worth his while to remark on it,'" the doctor replied. "He accepted the suggestion, and with the subject there is always, as I say, this willingness to accept the suggestion up to a certain point. It is

like a man taking off his coat, and going through a game of romps with children. He is willing to do his share of the fun."

"How do you account for it," I said, "that some subjects can remember just what they have been doing when the fun is over, and some can remember nothing at all?"

"Of course you mean if they have not had the suggestion given them while in the hypnotic state that they *will* remember?"

"Of course."

"Well, I have been asked that question before," he answered, "and my theory is this. It depends upon the previous expectation of the subject himself. His expectation acts as a suggestion. If he says to himself, 'I ought to remember what has happened as soon as I wake,' he will do so; if he does not expect to, he will not."

"You do not believe that a person can be hypnotized by mental suggestion given from a distance, do you?" I asked.

"You are going back to telepathy again," replied the doctor, "and I must give you my previous answer, that although I have been informed that it is a fact, and can be done, I

have never seen it done by others, or been able to do it myself."

"Yet," said I, "I have seen an operator twenty feet away from a subject, who has his back turned, and his eyes closed, draw that subject towards him with a wave of his hand through the air, or even with no motion at all."

"It is very simple," said the doctor. "I have done it myself, but not by telepathy. It is the result of the vibration of the air caused either by my gesture, or in the latter case you mention by merely blowing gently with my mouth. The subject feels the breath distinctly on the back of his neck, because his sense of feeling is in an abnormally quickened state. His senses are all so sharpened that if I blow softly and continuously in his direction the vibration of the atmosphere causes him to raise his hands to the back of his neck. His natural impulse is to go backwards to where I may be standing. From a distance it looks as if the operator is mentally influencing the subject, but as a matter of fact he is giving and using a physical suggestion."

"Have you given any attention to the study of spiritualism, with its minor manifestations by means of the planchette, and table-rapping?" I asked.

“I have gone into them sufficiently to satisfy myself that everything I have personally seen could be explained on purely psycho-physical grounds,” he answered. “In speaking of it, I want to assure you that there is much less fraud about any of these phenomena than is commonly supposed. I believe that the majority of those who support their belief in the supernatural by accounts of singular things which have happened to them on certain occasions are not only honest themselves, but have actually heard the words, or read the writing which contained the seemingly supernatural intelligence that impressed them so much. But I say also, that if these good people had a knowledge of the power of ‘suggestion,’ of hypnotism, in fact, they would find the explanation of the phenomena not very difficult of comprehension.

“You have no doubt heard some one say in a tone of earnest conviction, ‘Well, this planchette must be in league with spirits. Last night it wrote off some extraordinary things for me; things which no one present remembered at all. I asked it what happened to me this day a year ago, and it gave an accurate account of many circumstances which had happened on that day,



of which I was quite unconscious, though when I read them out I remembered them quite well.' Now this person is much impressed, because he knows himself to be honest, and if he had remembered the occurrences he would have said so. Result, a convert to spiritism."

"Well, what's the explanation?" I asked.

"By concentrating his mind upon the planchette," the doctor replied, "he has passed into the passive or subjective state. His subjective mind is at work, and answers the question which his objective mind is unable to do correctly. Now, lest it should seem strange to you that the subjective mind could reply to such a question as was then proposed, I am going to tell you something which is, I think, really wonderful. No action, however trivial, which you have performed in the course of your life, passes out of the memory of the subjective mind. Think of it. Your soul has a complete record of all your doings, perhaps, for aught I know, of all your sayings, from your infancy. What's it for? Ah, that I don't know. Perhaps this diary is going to be of use in another life—perhaps it's not! How do I know this? By repeated experiments with hypnotic subjects. Take one

for an example. I had frequently hypnotized a young man whom we will call George. On one occasion I said to him, 'George, this is the sixteenth day of July. I want you to call to mind exactly what you were doing and how you spent this day three years ago. Give me all the incidents of the morning, afternoon and evening, and be quick. I'll just give you half a minute to get them all in order.' George thought for a little while, and then he began. He had taken his sisters to see an exhibition that day. It was very hot. He described the exhibition, many of the performances; told what his party had had for dinner and how much he had paid for it. Carried me on to the afternoon, and spoke of a cold in his head which was bothering him. Finally after a narration which extended over six minutes' steady talking, and the principal points of which I jotted down, he wound up with a description of a small party held at his house that evening, and gave me the names of those who were present. Now all this was very remarkable, but was useless as evidence in support of a scientific fact, unless proof of its correctness were obtainable. When I woke George up, therefore, I requested him to write to

his sisters and beg them to search their memories to see if their recollection of the incidents coincided with his own. I received a letter myself in a few days from one of the sisters, accompanied by an old diary of her brother's which had been left in her keeping, and which George had given her permission to forward to me. In the letter she said that she had thought over the matter, but believed that the events narrated by George had happened on the 17th and not the 16th, and that to endorse her opinion she had looked up this old diary of George's, and found the events accurately chronicled there under date of the 17th. This struck me as very peculiar until I referred to a calendar and found that the mistake had been my own. It was actually the 17th and not the 16th day of the month when I made the experiment."

"That is very extraordinary, indeed," I said, "and have you met with the same success with old people in trying to make them recall the scenes of their youth?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have turned old gentlemen for the time being into boys of twelve years of age, and they have so entered into the spirit of the thing that they have adopted a boy's

voice and speech, and have betrayed a fondness for marbles and peg-tops. I know an estimable lady," the doctor continued, "who is a firm believer in spiritism. She will, under the influence of a little music, fall into a trance, and will then assume the personality of her little son, who died when he was six years old. She will speak in a childish treble and act precisely as a small boy would. He says, through her, that he is very happy in Heaven, and that he is allowed to come down and see his mother whenever he wants to, and he will be very glad when she 'passes over' and joins him. Now this is a rather beautiful belief, and for its poetry alone, we might well wish that it could be true. I have been compelled to believe, however, that it is nothing more than the subjective mind, speaking of that which the mother conceives to be the present state of her dead child. On awakening from her trance she is not conscious of what she has been saying, but she knows she has been speaking as her son, because she has been told so before by others, and has accepted the suggestion. I am not anxious to destroy a belief which in itself is productive of such comfort to a bereaved heart."

“Concerning clairvoyance,” I said, “have you come to any conclusion in your own mind regarding it?”

“I have only the negative assurance,” replied the doctor, “that my own investigations have been productive of no result, and that Bernheim, who has conducted one hundred thousand experiments in hypnotism, has no facts to record in connection with it. He mentions it merely as an interesting study, to be further inquired into if one has the time. Although I have heard of many extraordinary examples of clairvoyance, I have not been able to conduct one experiment successfully—if the experiment was surrounded with scientific safeguards.”

“Have you had no better success in investigating thought transference, or the ‘astral body’ theory?” I asked.

“Unhappily, no better,” he replied. “I have seen no proofs of either one or the other. I may say that I am very anxious to obtain proofs if they are to be had.”

“So are we all,” I said. “Then as to ‘automatic writing,’ ‘crystal gazing’ and ‘fortune telling;’ you explain all these things on the basis of auto-suggestion or some stage of hypnotism?”

“Undoubtedly,” he replied. “There is nothing miraculous in them; they are manifestations of the subjective mind only.”

## CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND LESSON. — INVOLUNTARY PHYSICAL MOVEMENTS. — AIR CURRENTS. — A GOOD SUBJECT. — SENSE DELUSIONS. — ILLUSIONS. — RESTORING THE MEMORY.

“THIS morning,” said the doctor, when I arrived at his office, “I am going to give you your second lesson in hypnotism, and also vouchsafe you an opportunity of watching the effect of suggestion upon a subject. I am expecting a visitor in about half an hour, but we will see, first of all, whether you are willing to go to sleep yourself.”

“I have just got up from a very good breakfast,” I replied; “surely the time is ill-chosen.”

“The morning is always the best time,” he said, “because then the mind is best able to concentrate itself. Now sit down and go to sleep.”

I composed myself as I had been ordered, and he left me to myself for five minutes, dur-

ing which the ticking of the office clock seemed unnaturally loud and aggressive. Certainly I was nearly asleep once, but the satisfaction I derived from the thought was sufficient to recall me to consciousness. I opened my eyes when the doctor re-entered the room.

“You were asleep,” he said.

“I very nearly was,” I answered.

“You were sound asleep,” he repeated. “Remember that. Although your mind was active, consciousness had left you, and you were not aware that you were sitting in this room.”

The restraints which ordinary politeness exercises upon the least of us forbade me to express positively a contrary opinion.

“I have my doubts,” I said.

“You must have no doubts,” replied the doctor, conclusively. “To doubt is to disbelieve. It is at least the thin edge of the wedge. Now stand up. Back to the light. Arms tight to the sides. So. A good muscular figure. Hard as a rock. Legs firm and straight.”

Really he was very flattering, but I remembered his teaching and refrained from smiling. There is no such thing as levity in hypnotism.

“Head erect,” said the doctor. “Stiff as a



ramrod all over. You could not bend yourself."

I stiffened all over like a frozen fish. He passed his hands quickly down my sides. "Close the eyes," he said. "Now, when I snap my fingers you will fall backwards stiff as a poker."

At the sound I fell, stiff and unbending, as I have seen the heroine in melodrama fall ere the curtain descends upon her woes. The doctor caught me, however, as I knew he would, and as the heroine is caught by the hero on the stage, who supports her tenderly but with an evident effort.

The doctor laid my head upon a chair, and wheeling a stool into line, rested my feet upon it.

"You can't bend yourself," he said. "You don't feel the strain. Open your eyes. You could stay like that for an hour."

"I don't believe I could," I gasped.

"You can't bend yourself," he said; "it is nothing for you to do."

My vanity as an athlete was touched, yet it seemed to me that I could bend myself very easily if I tried, but I wasn't going to try. Without any muscular effort whatever, I kept my position while he removed the chair, and lifted me, still rigid, to my feet.

"It hurt my neck," I said.

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor. "You would have stayed there for an hour if I had told you to. I could have sat upon you."

"I am very glad you didn't," I said.

"You are going now," said the doctor, "to fall backward or forward according to my gestures. If you fall forward you will take one or two steps to save yourself. You will not lose your balance. If backward, ditto. Close your eyes. The air currents will guide you."

I carried out this part of the entertainment very satisfactorily. If he waved his hand to one side, I felt the current of air drawing me thither. Whichever way he moved, it was the same. I received no clue from the sound of his footsteps; my guide was the atmosphere.

A knock at the door interrupted us. "Wake up," said the doctor. "Come in," and he went forward to meet the subject he was expecting.

She was a bright looking woman, with a very colorless complexion, and she talked to the doctor as if he were an old friend. Her husband would not come with her, she said, having some business to attend to, but had no objection to her going alone.

"Well," said the doctor at length, after the introductions were over, and the weather had been satisfactorily disposed of, "it's a long time since you were here, Mrs. Brown; has any one put you to sleep in the meantime?"

"No," she said, "and I expect you'll have some trouble yourself."

"Oh no," he replied, "I don't think so; I shan't have any trouble with you. I've put you to sleep too often before," and he stroked her forehead. "Go off quietly now," he said soothingly. "You must be asleep before I count ten. Let yourself go. Quietly now. Quietly."

Mrs. Brown smiled in an apologetic way, but murmured that she was afraid he'd have some trouble, and so murmuring, her eyes closed, and her head fell back.

"I am going to show you," said the doctor to me, "one or two experiments which I have not so far tried with this subject, though I have carried them through with others. It is a curious thing in hypnotism that hardly any two persons act alike under its influence, just as no two are alike in features or character, though they may bear a strong resemblance to each other. This

lady is an active somnambulist when hypnotized, by which I mean she speaks and acts under suggestion."

"I thought every one did that," I exclaimed.

"By no means," he replied. "Some never reach the active somnambulistic stage at all, they are passive merely, while a large percentage only reach a state of lucid lethargy. She is a *good* subject, this woman; that is, she is intelligent, and is not hysterical. Watch now."

"Mrs. Brown!" he said, "you can hear me speaking to you?"

Mrs. Brown seemed to collect herself. "H'm?" she asked.

"You can hear me?" the doctor repeated.

She nodded.

"Very well, you are in a strange room. You were never here before. You can't see any person in this room. Can't see any one at all. I want you to notice the furniture. You won't wake up till I touch you on the shoulder. Remember you can't see any person, and you won't hear anything. Open your eyes."

Mrs. Brown opened her eyes and looked blankly about her. She was immediately attracted by the rocking-chair which the doctor

set in motion by a kick. She stopped it with her hand, and when he kicked it again, she looked in a puzzled way on each side of the piece of furniture, but could apparently make nothing of it. She was also rather interested in a stool which was wheeling round under the doctor's touch, and when it came towards her she put out her hand and held it.

"Nothing brings out the natural disposition of a person like hypnotism," the doctor said to me. "I have seen people very badly scared by the experiment. If they are hysterical, they are a good deal afraid of furniture which revolves without hands to move it, or a jug of water which moves along in mid air of its own accord and lowers itself apparently upon the table. This woman is of a phlegmatic turn of mind. She sees these wonders, but knows they will not hurt her. I will wake her and you can put any questions you like." He touched her on the shoulder and she looked up with a stare which changed to a smile.

"Well, where are you?" he said.

"Why, I know where I am," she answered.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

“Sleep,” he said, and her eyes closed. It may be noted here that it was sufficient always for the doctor to utter this one word to send her at once into the state of somnambulism. “Now when you wake up you will remember what you saw,” he said. “Wake up! What were you doing?”

“The furniture—” she said, “I wondered what made it move.”

“Were you frightened?” I asked.

“No,” she said.

“Why, what did you think about it?” I asked.

“It might have been a spirit,” she said, “but whatever it was, I knew it couldn’t hurt me.”

“Send her off,” I said to the doctor; “I want to ask her something.”

“Mrs. Brown,” said the doctor, “when you go to sleep I want you to talk to this gentleman. Sleep.”

“Why don’t you think spirits would hurt you?” I inquired.

“Because they never do,” she replied.

“Did you ever see a spirit?”

“No, but I lived in a house that was haunted for three months, and heard the voices,” she answered.

"Were you afraid?"

"No, I knew, whatever it was, it wouldn't do me any harm."

I tried to argue her out of the belief that there was anything more dreadful than a rat at the bottom of the "noises," but her convictions were too deeply rooted.

"When you open your eyes," said the doctor, "you will see me sitting in front of you, but you will be deaf and dumb. When I touch you on the shoulder you will wake up. Open your eyes."

Mrs. Brown complied, and at once by expressive pantomime showed that she was aware of her affliction. She pulled at her chin with her finger, at the same time looking hard at the doctor, who merely laughed. "It is a very fine day," he said. After a while he touched her on the shoulder, and told her she was all right. His touch did not take immediate effect, and she still continued to pull at her chin.

"What's the matter?" he said, touching her again. "You're all right. Wake up."

"What did you do to me?" said she. "I couldn't speak."

"Couldn't you hear me speaking?" he asked.

“No,” she said. “There was a buzzing in my ears and I couldn’t hear anything.”

“Sleep,” said the doctor. “Now I’ll show you something interesting,” he said to me.

“When you wake up, Mrs. Brown, you will remember what it was I said to you. Wake up! What did I say?”

“You said I was all right,” said Mrs. Brown.

“What else?” asked the doctor.

“And that it was a very fine day,” she added.

“Proving,” said the doctor complacently to me, “that the deafness produced was merely an imaginary ailment, and not an actual fact, even temporarily, since the patient hears with the subjective consciousness.”

“Sleep!” he said. “Stand up.” Then going to the far end of the room, he blew gently towards her.

The subject started, and swayed forward a few steps. He continued to blow, and she continued to move towards him two or three steps at a time. Then he dodged to one side, and back again, and she followed obediently in response to his blowing. Placing her in position a few yards from him, with my chair between them, he blew softly, and she came against the



chair. She did not wake, though I half expected she would.

"Go back," said the doctor, "a few steps, and turn round twice. Now when I say 'Three,' open your eyes. You will only see me in the room, and you will immediately come forward to my hand."

"One, two, three!"

At the word the subject opened her eyes and came forward, but as she came she struck against my legs, which were in the way. She looked down, then she looked at me, and was awake.

"I thought that would wake her," said the doctor.

"So far," he said to me, "you have only seen a few interesting experiments which you believe in because you see them, and because you know that this subject is really asleep, but which, if you recounted them, others unconversant with hypnotism might doubt. I'm going to give you an illustration now of the *power* of hypnotism.

"Sleep," he said. "Now, Mrs. Brown, you can sing."

She shook her head.

"Oh yes, you can," he asserted. "You can

sing, and you want to sing. You sing beautifully. Now I want you to sing me a verse of—let me see—What song do you know best?"

"I don't know any very well," she said, dubiously.

"Just think a minute," he said. "What song do you know best?"

"I can remember 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,'" she said.

"Excellent," cried the doctor. "The very thing I want to hear. A verse of that, please, and stop directly I snap my fingers or call 'Stop.' Begin."

Mrs Brown coughed delicately, and in a thin, small voice sang the first two lines. Half-way through the third the doctor snapped his fingers, and she stopped dead in the middle of a long note.

"What else do you know?" he asked.

"I know 'Suwanee River,' and 'Ben Bolt,'" she said.

"Good! Let's have 'Suwanee River,'" said the doctor cheerfully. "A capital old song, Mrs. Brown, and you are in good voice to-day!"

Mrs. Brown began boldly and got as far as "'Way down upon the Suwanee Riv—," when

the doctor cried, "Stop," and she stopped, dumb.

"Go back to where you left off in the other song. Quick!" he said.

Without an instant's hesitation, Mrs. Brown took up the half-note, and completed the verse of "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

"Bravo!" said the doctor.

Then he took her half-way through "Ben Bolt," and sent her back instantly to "Suwanee River." Mrs. Brown instantly began "—ver Far, far, I roam," etc., and, having completed it, and engaged in some desultory conversation with the doctor about her husband, was sent back like a retriever, to rescue the remainder of "Ben Bolt."

It was, I thought, a remarkable achievement, and I said so.

"Yes, it is a curious thing," said the doctor. "I have not tried the experiment with her before, but I had a quartette whom I put through more difficult exercises than this. They were improving, too, with practice, and it is difficult to say what their powers might have attained to eventually if I had persevered with the experiment, which change of residence forced me to discontinue."

“Can the voice be improved by hypnotic suggestion?” I asked.

“Unquestionably,” he said, “although I certainly think it could be done equally well, but in a longer period, during the waking state. The advantage of hypnotism here is that we have the power to banish nervousness and self-consciousness, which in themselves are quite sufficient to retard the cultivation of the voice. I believe that all good singers on the concert stage are in a subjective state while singing. If they become conscious of the audience, they suffer in having their attention diverted for an instant from their song. A really great artist is unconscious of the audience.

“Attend to me, Mrs. Brown,” he continued.

The subject, or the hypnotee, had been contentedly standing with her eyes closed, just in front of the doctor.

“I want you,” he said, “when you leave this office, to go down to the corner, and dance a jig in the middle of the crossing.”

Mrs. Brown shook her head in protest.

“You will dance a jig,” the doctor repeated. “Remember,” stroking her forehead, “when you come to the crossing, you will dance a jig.

You must, because I order you to do so. Don't forget."

Mrs. Brown continued to frown, and to shake her head emphatically.

"What are you to do now?" inquired the doctor. "Repeat it to me. What are you to do?"

It seemed that it was impossible to repeat. Mrs. Brown merely continued to shake her head, half raising her hand.

"She would wake up," said the doctor to me in an undertone, "if the suggestion were persisted in."

"Sleep!" he said. "Mrs. Brown, when you leave this office this morning, you will go down to the house at the corner, and when you get there, you will forget your name, and where you live. You will come back opposite this window, and then you will remember who you are and go straight home."

He repeated this suggestion to her several times and she received it passively. Then he woke her up.

"Well, how do you feel?" I asked.

"Very well," she said, "only I must go home now. It is surely twelve o'clock."

"Sleep," said the doctor. "Ah! you feel so miserable, so wretched! You are broken-hearted. A good cry would make you feel better."

Mrs. Brown, albeit she did not look as if she were much given to crying, looked very depressed, and sighed grievously.

"Ah, too bad, too bad," murmured the doctor, sympathetically. "Tears will relieve you."

Two large tears coursed slowly down her cheeks, and she began to sob quietly.

"Is she enjoying herself?" I asked.

"It is a great relief," said the doctor.

"Now, when I count three," he said, "you will wake up laughing, and you will feel as well as you ever felt in your life; feel in splendid health; quite well and happy! nothing the matter with you. One, two, three!"—and Mrs. Brown returned to consciousness smiling broadly, though the tears were wet on her cheeks.

"Well," she said, "I must go home now. Good-bye."

The doctor saw her to the door, while I watched from the window. Mrs. Brown walked briskly down the street, stopped at the corner, hesitated, and returned. Just as she came opposite the office window she whirled round

quickly and went back the way she had come.

"As mad," said the doctor, who had rejoined me and was looking over my shoulder chuckling, "as a hatter, I know!"

"With you?" I asked.

"Oh no, with herself for forgetting. Now mark me, if she had known from whom that suggestion came, she could not have forborne, being a woman, from looking up at this window."

"Tell me," I said, "how is it you could make her laugh and cry and yet could not influence her to dance that jig?"

"Because laughing, and crying are natural expressions of emotion," he answered. "She is in the habit of doing them, but she does not dance jigs, least of all in the public street. You saw that she refused to entertain that suggestion at all."

"Will it recur to her?" I asked.

"Probably not," he said. "I don't think it will ever cross her mind."

"Suppose," said I, "that you had chosen to personate her husband, and had asked her to kiss you; would she have done it?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor. "She would either have evaded the topic of the kiss alto-

gether, and spoken of other matters, or, if driven into a corner, she would have refused point-blank and perhaps awaked."

"So she would have known that you were not really her husband?"

"Of course she would have known."



## CHAPTER VI.

AUTO-SUGGESTION.—THE IMPORTANCE THERE-  
OF OVERLOOKED BY WRITERS ON HYPNO-  
TISM.—RECOGNIZED BY THE NANCY SCHOOL  
AS A FACTOR.—AN OBSTINATE PATIENT.—  
AN AUTO-SUGGESTION OF PAIN.—AUTO-SUG-  
GESTION CONSTITUTES RESISTANCE. — A  
MATTER OF PRINCIPLE. — A MATTER OF  
TRAINING.—A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.—  
AUTO-SUGGESTION LATENT AND ACTIVE.—  
VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY.—SUBMIS-  
SION MORE A VOLUNTARY THAN AN INVOL-  
UNTARY CONDITION.

WHEN I reached the doctor's office the fol-  
lowing morning, I found him turning over the  
pages of a manuscript which, on a closer scru-  
tiny, proved to be in his own handwriting.

“What have you there?” I asked.

“An address which I intended to deliver be-  
fore our society,” he replied, “upon the sub-  
ject of ‘Auto-suggestion.’ It was hastily put

together, and I think I'll polish it up a little."

"Better deliver it now before me," I said.  
"Try it on the dog, you know."

"I suppose you could understand it?" he remarked dubiously.

"Take care," I cried.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"You are making a depressing suggestion even now," I replied. "You say, 'I suppose you could understand it,' meaning thereby, 'I doubt if you will be able to,' *i. e.*, 'Your talents are of an inferior order.' Results: I believe my talents to be of an inferior order."

"I am glad you are beginning at least to understand the importance of suggestion," said the doctor, "but in this case I was thinking more of your brief apprenticeship than your mental caliber. However, you may find some points interesting, and if you wish to ask any questions, don't hesitate to interrupt."

"I never do," I answered pleasantly. "Read on."

"Auto-suggestion," announced the doctor in a clear voice, and began:

"In almost every branch of study, be it what it may, the amount of knowledge gained by the

student does not, as a rule, depend on the number or the length of the lectures he attends, but upon the reading, study, and practical work which he performs outside of the lecture room.

“Especially is this true of the subject we have been studying lately. It is impossible, in the length of time we have devoted to it, to have acquired a finite knowledge of the very important and all-absorbing science of hypnotism. We have rushed through, and demonstrated, some of the various phenomena of hypnosis—the practical methods of inducing this state; the relation of hypnosis to crime; and the effect of suggestion in the waking and sleeping states.

“Now there is any quantity, even a superabundance, of literature at our disposal, dealing with all these branches, but there is one very important side of the subject which, though extensively recognized, has not, so far as I am aware, received a chapter to itself in any of the published works on hypnotism. I refer to Autosuggestion.

“That it is a very important study, we must all admit; that it plays a very important part in our every-day life in health, sickness, and disease, is generally admitted also, and since it is

difficult to tell where it begins or ends, nay, even what it is or what it is not, I do not wonder that we have very little literature on the subject; and you may imagine, therefore, that it is with much timidity that I approach this branch of our subject this evening."

"That hardly sounds genuine to me," I said. "You don't really feel any timidity concerning the reading of your papers before that society, do you?"

"I feel that my study is necessarily incomplete," said the doctor warmly, "and therefore—"

"Well, well," I said. "But you might have put it more ingenuously, I think. Go on."

"Now what is auto-suggestion? It is really a suggestion which arises entirely within one's own mind from some thought, or from some bodily sensation, either real or imaginary.

"Hudson describes it well when he says: 'In its broad signification it embraces not only the assertions of the objective mind of an individual, addressed to his own subjective mind, but also the habits of thought of the individual, and the settled principles and convictions of his whole life; and the more deeply rooted are these habits of thought, principles, and convictions, the

stronger and more potent are the auto-suggestions, and the more difficult they are to overcome by the contrary suggestions of another.'

"Auto-suggestion is now recognized as a factor in hypnotism by all the followers of the Nancy school. The Christian Scientists recognize it, and coupled with sufficient faith depend upon it as a cure for disease.

"Professor Bernheim says it is an obstacle in the way of the cure of some of his patients, and he cites the case of a young girl suffering from a sprained ankle. 'I tried to hypnotize her, and she gave up to it with bad grace, saying it would do no good. I succeeded, however, in putting her into a deep enough sleep two or three times, but she seemed to take a malicious delight in proving to the other patients in the service that I did her no good, that she always felt worse, etc. The inrooted idea of antagonism, the unconscious auto-suggestion that hypnotism could not cure her, seemed to be all-potent in this case. Was it this idea, so deeply rooted in her brain, which neutralized not only our efforts, but her own wish to be cured?'

"It is this auto-suggestion that prevents hypnosis from becoming almost a general anæst-

thetic. Patients who to-day become profoundly anæsthetized for an operation, on the morrow frequently become hyper-sensitive. The reason for this is quite plain. Being accustomed to see and hear of drugs being given for the relief and cure of pain, they are unable to understand how it may be controlled in any other way; and the self-suggestion that they necessarily must experience pain, conflicts with the suggestion of the operator and causes confusion in the mind of the patient, who either awakens or, as I say, becomes even hyper sensitive."

"That could be very easily got over," I said. "I would not trust to hypnotic suggestions of sleep alone, in performing a difficult operation; give the patient an empty bottle and tell him to inhale the fumes of chloroform; where would be his auto-suggestion of pain then?"

"We know all that," replied the doctor. "I am reading a paper on auto-suggestion, if you will allow me.

"Moll recognizes the power of auto-suggestion as a potent factor which must always be taken into account in conducting experiments, although neither he nor Bernheim recognizes it in discussing the legal aspect of hypnotism. It

is in fact impossible for an operator to impress a suggestion so strongly upon a subject as to cause him actually to perform an act in violation of the settled principles of his whole life. The more repulsive a suggestion is to the hypnotee, the stronger is his resistance. Habit and education play a very important part here, and it is very difficult to successfully suggest anything that is opposed to the confirmed habits or contrary to the sense of propriety of the subject. In support of this I have conducted numerous experiments, one of the most interesting of which had for its subject a Catholic priest, who was apparently well hypnotized, and willing to obey every suggestion. On being presented with a glass of water to drink, however, he waked up, and asked the time, and on being assured that it was not twelve o'clock, he drank the water and slept. When we questioned him afterwards about the occurrence, he informed us that as he had to say mass in the morning, nothing was allowed to pass his lips after 12 P. M.

“Another splendid example of the force of auto-suggestion was given me a few days ago. I had never been able to make an active somnambulist out of a certain friend of mine, nor

had I been able to successfully suggest anything that was contrary to his sense of propriety, without having a dehypnotized subject on my hands.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked.

“He woke up,” responded the doctor, briefly. “In conversation with him, however, I gathered that if it were not that he did not wish to become a somnambulist he knew that he could readily be put into that condition. He agreed for once to let himself go, and the result was that in a few minutes he was out on the street hunting for a policeman to arrest me, believing that I had thrown a can of dynamite out of the window to kill some person in a carriage below.

“Another subject refused to take a glass of ale offered to him by a Professor Gale, and the reason afterwards given was that he imagined if he did so, the Professor would have a lower opinion of him in consequence.”

“Might not the association of ‘ale’ with ‘gale’ have suggested to the subject some hidden practical joke,” I asked, “to which he was unwilling to become a party?”

“He also stated,” continued the doctor, “that he was not thirsty.”



“That I should judge,” said I, “to be the more powerful reason for his refusal, though, in a student, it is inconceivable.”

“I have seen a student,” resumed the doctor, “on whom you could foist any illusion—changing his personality, for instance, to a dog, a rooster, or a horse—refuse absolutely to become a pig. He kept repeating ‘No, I am not a pig—not a pig,’ and do what I would it was impossible to make him accept the suggestion.”

“Doubtless,” said I, “he had been christened ‘Pig’ at school, on account of his gluttonous instincts. Hence his rooted, or might we not in this instance say ‘rooting,’ antipathy to the epithet.”

“We have heard a great deal lately about the possibilities of extracting evidence, or secrets, from a hypnotized individual. I have reason to conclude, however, that it is an impossible task.

“I refer here,” he continued, turning to me, “to that case I told you of where I tried to extract a secret from my friend. You remember?”

“Perfectly,” I answered. “Go on with something else.”

“I once made the superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school dance, play cards with the

devil, and although a married man, flirt beyond bounds—”

“A nice distinction,” I interrupted.

—“with imaginary ladies. I was surprised at the time, but recent developments have explained everything to the strengthening of the theory, for he has turned out an embezzler and a rogue, in fact a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

“Auto-suggestion is, as a rule, the child of imagination, and depends largely for its existence on one’s previous experience, training and education. It constitutes one of the chief differences between somnambulism and the other stages of hypnosis, for in the somnambulist we find it in its most intense form. Given a verbal suggestion of any kind, he will grasp it and complete the illusion by using the fruits of his imagination (or auto-suggestion), as in the following instance. I once told an old gentleman that he was a fat little school-boy, and he immediately said, ‘Oh, come on and let’s play, Bob.’ ‘Play what?’ I asked. ‘Marbles,’ he said. ‘Or say, let’s go for a swim,’ and he held up two fingers, the school-boy sign for a swim, and started off on a hop, step and jump.

“In the other stages of hypnotism the auto-

suggestion element is generally, though not always, latent. It is, in fact, like the subject, perfectly passive, and is only aroused by some suggestion that is distasteful to the hypnotee. It is interesting to watch the effects of distasteful suggestions upon different subjects; some will contract their muscles, others grow red in the face, or grind their teeth and clench their hands; while others, again, will become dehypnotized, or will ask to be awakened. They may also cry out, 'No, no!' or, 'I don't want to.'

"I once saw a lady patient, who was hypnotized in the presence of a number of friends, suddenly stand up and shout, 'Don't you dare to, or I will tell George!' Now this patient had been in a passive state for some time, and had not been receiving any special attention, there being a number of other patients in the room. Although she was immediately awakened, it took a great deal of persuasion on the part of her friends and every one present to assure her that a certain friend of hers had not taken her in his arms and tried to kiss her."

"Ha!" said I, "I scent a romance here. This patient was fond of George. She knew George was in the room, and adopted this simple arti-

fice to fan his general regard into a fiercer flame. It was cleverly done. What was the result?"

"George was her husband," replied the doctor, with smiling scorn, "and he was at home."

"Then all I have to say is," I said, "that her remark was very flattering to George. Go on."

"This sort of auto-suggestion, although rare, is undoubtedly very powerful, and its effects are lasting. I have already pointed out that there is such a thing as latent auto-suggestion, or we might more fitly designate it 'the conscience.' There are also both voluntary and involuntary auto-suggestions. By the latter I mean one that is the result of a logical sequence of ideas that have arisen from some impulse from without, or from some sensation within the body. For example, a subject, or even the person in the waking state, is told that it is 1 P. M., when it is really 11 A. M. Immediately he will experience the sensation of hunger. Again he believes that his skin is itching and imagines that he has some skin-disease. When my mind is occupied I may hear the blood throbbing in my ears, the natural result of carotid pulsation, and I picture to myself certain forms of heart-disease which I fear I may have. Just how much of man's ill-

health or predisposition to disease is due to this fact we will probably never know, although day by day we are beginning to recognize it more fully, and it is by the conquering or arguing away of this auto-suggestion that we obtain such wonderful results from treating by hypnosis—of course I mean in those cases in which auto-suggestion was the prime factor in the original production of the disease.”

“Ah, but how are you going to determine that?” I asked.

“Medical training will tell you at least whether the ailment is functional or organic,” replied the doctor.

“Hysteria is nothing if not auto-suggestion, and no remedy works so well in the cure of hysteria as suggestion. Now with reference to voluntary auto suggestion—by which I mean a suggestion which one voluntarily gives to oneself; while we can do this slightly, it seems that to obtain the best results, one must needs be first put into the hypnotic state. We have this fact demonstrated by every hypnotic subject. They have all developed the power to put themselves to sleep in a few minutes, and to wake up at their own will. They can sug-

gest away a pain, or a tired feeling. They obtain from every self-suggestion a practical result.

“We have all gone to bed with the self-suggestion that we must be up by a certain hour in the morning, and have awakened to find that we have kept the appointment with ourselves almost to the minute. I have already pointed out that auto-suggestion is more powerful than suggestion by a second person, so that we find the best results in hypnosis produced by working along the line of auto-suggestion. To this end, it has been suggested that there are five essentials to successful hypnosis by auto-suggestion: 1. Willingness. 2. Desire. 3. Faith. 4. Necessity. 5. Assumption.

“These should be followed in giving ourselves auto-suggestions, whether we are hypnotic subjects or not, and it is the best mode of procedure in the production of hypnosis in a new subject.

“A subject must be willing to be hypnotized, as you all know. He must also have the desire, and although faith is sometimes a later production, it is still a necessity to absolute success; and where there is necessity for hypnosis and auto-suggestion they will seldom be found to fail.

Lastly, the assumption is half the battle in hypnosis, as in all other things which we desire to possess or conquer."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the doctor.

"Not at all a bad paper," I replied. "A little redundant here and there, but not objectionably so. Vain repetition sometimes impresses more than variety of argument. But I think I have you on one point."

"State it," said the doctor.

"You say that no one can be hypnotized against his will?"

"I certainly do."

"Then you are wrong, because I myself have seen a person transfixed to the floor, and compelled to sleep, though a few minutes previously he had loudly boasted that no one living could hypnotize him."

"And can you not account for that?" the doctor inquired.

"Only by admitting that the operator was more strong-willed than the subject."

"Wait a moment. The subject refuses to believe in hypnotism, does he not?"

"Generally, yes."

“What is it that convinces him?”

“As I say, it is the operator’s power.”

“Oh no, it isn’t,” said the doctor. “This is a fine point and I am not sorry you mentioned it. It is his *belief* in the operator’s power. The latter replies to the subject’s incredulity somewhat as follows: ‘You say that, but I can tell you that before half a minute has gone by you will be asleep!’ From time to time the operator, with his calm but positive assertion, ‘rubs it in’ a little stronger. He shakes the other’s convictions, he paralyzes his reasoning powers by his stronger suggestions. He says this and that will happen to you, and the subject half believes that he is right. He says this and that *is* happening to you now, and the subject accepts the statement. It is only a different way of arriving at the same end; to induce a belief in hypnotism is to produce hypnosis. But if the subject were as firm as the operator, if the suggestions on each side were pretty evenly balanced, there would be no example of hypnotic influence in such a case. It is not necessary for the subject to submit to the experiment. The very fact that the subject submits to the experiment is an admission that he is willing.”



## CHAPTER VII.

THE REASON WHY.—ALTERNATE ENDINGS.—  
DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.—NO MIRACU-  
LOUS GIFTS OF WRITING OBTAINED.—A  
HELP TO DIFFIDENCE NEVERTHELESS.—  
A CARD TRICK.—VERY SIMPLE AFTER ALL.  
—A CLEVER TRICK PERFORMED BY INVOL-  
UNTARY MUSCULAR ACTION.

“Do you know,” I remarked, lighting my pipe, “that I had a deep laid plot in my mind when I first came to you to be hypnotized?”

“Had you?” said the doctor, indifferently. “Wanted some copy for a newspaper article, I suppose?”

“That had something to do with it,” I admitted, “but it went further than that. I wanted to conduct a rather curious experiment, and I wanted to make capital out of it, whichever way it turned out. My idea was briefly this. I had written a magazine story, a stupid thing—”

“Naturally,” interjected the doctor.  
—“but quite up to the standard of the aver-

age short story," I continued, "and I wanted to try an experiment."

"Well, well, get on!" he said impatiently. "What did you want to try?"

"I wanted," said I, "to be thrown into a hypnotic trance by you. Then I wished you to say to me, 'Why, you are a really brilliant writer! you are a supremely gifted author—'"

"You would have known I was joking," said the doctor. I affected not to notice his remark.

"'You are the recognized wit of the century,' you would say," I continued. "'Really, you could do much better things than that little story you have just completed. But never mind, never mind. It is very good as it is, with the exception of the ending. You could improve on that, I think. Begin at the line which reads 'Doth it please my lord the king?' she asked, courtesying demurely"—and rewrite the whole of the ending. Make it brilliant; make it witty, as only you know how; let it flash and scintillate like—'"

"There, there!" said the doctor. "I understand."

"Very well, I should then have immediately seated myself at the table, seized a pen and

written a splendid ending to the story; should I not?"

"You might," said the doctor, non-committally.

"After that," I said, "you would have observed, 'Will you oblige me by forgetting what you have just done? Now I want you to rewrite that story you have just completed; to rewrite the ending, beginning at the words, "Doth it please my lord the king?"' The story is good, it is admirable, but I do not think it is worthy of your divine power. For of all the writers of the present day you alone have the supreme gift of presenting pathos. Ah! you melt the hearts of your readers! How your exquisite productions enthrall us with their beauty while they affect us with their tender melancholy!' Do you catch on to the idea? You would have to lay it on pretty thick, of course, but in such a way that I should swallow it all."

"Oh, I think your suspicions would not be too alert," remarked the doctor.

"Well, the question is, should I have done it? Because my idea was to have printed the story with the two separate endings, written in the subjective state. Both endings would start from

the same line, but the story itself would be printed as it was originally written. Would it work?"

"It might," said the doctor again.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Well, merely this," he replied. "You might not be an active somnambulist at all. But supposing you were, the advantage in writing which you would gain from the employment of hypnotic suggestion would merely be an increase of confidence—forgive me if I say that you do not seem to suffer from over-timidity, even now—and, secondly, the power of concentrating your thought without the forced effort of the will. Writing, as I take it, is a matter of voluntary subjectivity. That is to say, every writer who puts anything on paper that is worth reading gives his whole mind for the time being to his work, and is oblivious of his surroundings. This is really the subjective state, into which he has unconsciously passed."

"Yes," I said, "but if I were hypnotized while I wrote I should be unconscious of effort!"

"If you are conscious of effort when you write now," he said, "you have mistaken your vocation. You are not a writer. Under the cir-

cumstances you mention," he continued, "you would not be endowed with miraculous gifts of wit and pathos. Do you suppose these are stored in your brain to be turned on to order? If these qualities are not in you already, and if they have never yet responded to your call, you need not look for their instant development under hypnotic suggestion. I am really sorry that we did not carry the experiment out, because I think your divine pathos would have been very funny on paper."

"But at least," I argued, "there is a chance that the experiment might do much for diffident writers."

"I admit that," he answered. "It might, with practice, do much good to you also. There is room for improvement. It would, however, be a matter of practice, I think; you would get through your daily task rather easier, I should judge; but would that be of real benefit in the end?"

"Undoubtedly," I said, "because I should be able to do so much more work."

"How about the quality, then?" asked the doctor. "Would that suffer?"

"You appear to think, from your previous remarks," said I, "that it couldn't very well."

“The question is, would the writing be worth reading when it was done?” suggested the doctor. “Would you not be more critical, and would your judgment not be clearer if you could now and then bring your objective mind to bear on what you had written, as a man does in his waking state?”

“I could supply all the necessary amendments,” I said, “when I woke up.”

“So you could,” he said, “to the finished article. But would it not be probably an entirely different production in its completion from what it would have been if you had diverted your stream of thought by lapses into critical consciousness of what you were writing?”

“The point is,” said I, “whether you could be critical in the subjective state, as well as inspired; and whether hypnotism would not prove a valuable assistant to an author.”

“By jove!” he said, “I believe you have me there. It is the first time you have originated a decent argument. It would be a pret'y experiment, and one which I should like to see carried through for a month of days. Beyond the undoubted facts that your memory would be sharpened, your mind concentrated, and your

confidence unbounded, I do not think any special advantages would accrue,"

"These alone would be enough," I said. "Give me these, and add the fact that you could suggest to me that at the end of my task I should wake up feeling as fresh as a lark, and who knows what I might accomplish?"

"Yes," mused the doctor, "there is something in it. We will go carefully into it some day together; meanwhile fit yourself for receiving suggestion by controlling your mind at intervals. Bring yourself up short now and then, during the day, and make your mind a blank. Then let me know if even this does not seem to impart renewed activity to the mind when it is, so to speak, turned loose again."

"All right," said I, "I'll try it."

For some moments I enjoyed my victory in silence, then I remarked:

"By the way, I went to a hypnotic entertainment last evening, and I came away with the idea that there might be something in telepathy after all."

The doctor sniffed audibly.

"I am inclined to think," I continued, "that we should not be too hasty in declining to believe."

“Who declines to believe?” inquired the doctor, with asperity. “Every student of psychological phenomena is anxious to believe. Tell me what you saw.”

“Two experiments, or feats, I should rather call them,” I said, “which struck me with remarkable force. They are absolutely unexplainable except by telepathic communication.” I waited for a remark, but the doctor was silent, and I proceeded.

“The operator chose a subject from the audience, and put her into the somnambulistic state—she was a lady whom I know quite well, and who is absolutely above suspicion as an accomplice or coadjutor of the operator; then taking a pack of cards from his pocket, he handed them round to the audience to be examined, and requested some one in the audience to put a small private mark on the face of a card and to hand the card so marked to him, the operator, with the rest of the pack. Some one near me happened to have a new pack of cards in his pocket, and he substituted these for the other pack, handing his own to the performer, and saying, ‘I have put a mark upon the face of the top card in the pack.’ Of course the performer



must have noticed the exchange, but he probably did not wish to make a fuss, and he felt sure of success anyhow. So he took the pack, and going to the subject, handed her the pack just as he received it, with the marked card face downwards, upon the top of the pack. 'I want you,' he said, 'to look hard at this portrait,' and she gazed steadily at the back of the card he gave her. 'It is a portrait of your sister,' he said, 'and is considered an excellent likeness. I want you to remember that portrait, so that when you see it again you will be able to pick it out at once. Is it a good likeness?' 'Yes, very good,' she replied. 'Very well,' said he, 'look at it again, and be sure to remember it. Just describe how she appears there.' Well, the subject went into all the details, you know—dress, hair, hat, and everything, and then he took the cards from her and handed the pack to some one to shuffle. He shuffled them well, for I watched him, and then returned them to the performer. He said to the subject, 'I want you to take this handful of portraits, and pick out your sister's photograph from among them.' You understand that she was only looking at the backs of the cards. Well, she went

straight through the pack, and stopped at a certain card. The performer passed it to the man beside me. 'Is that your card?' he asked. 'It certainly is,' he replied. 'Here's my mark.' I was very glad he picked this man out, because the result of this feat settled his skepticism for that evening."

"Wonderful indeed!" sneered the doctor, when I had finished. "So she only saw the backs of the cards, eh? Ah, clairvoyance without doubt—and it convinced the skeptic? Truly we are a credulous people."

"Come, then," I said; "since you're so cocksure, let's have the explanation."

"Would you like to see me do the trick?" he asked, "or would you rather waive that and have the explanation at once?"

"I want the explanation," I said.

"Very well," he said quietly. "It hardly becomes me to laugh at you, I suppose, seeing that it took me some time to satisfy myself that there was nothing in the trick beyond a certain quick observation, but after performing it correctly myself with an ordinary pack of cards while I was in my waking condition, I was satisfied that there were at least two ways of doing it."

"Nonsense," I said.

"I did it six times running with six different packs, and that was enough for me! Do you know the explanation? No two cards are ever alike. Look fixedly at the back of a card in any pack, and then see if you can't pick out the card any time you want to. You can, if your observation is fairly acute."

"But there's more than that in it," I cried.

"Of course there is," said the doctor. "That's only half the trick. We know how it can be done; now to prove how it is done. How do you suppose we got at the truth? Simplest thing in the world. We woke the subject up and asked her how she remembered the photograph. She couldn't remember, didn't know how she did it. Made her do the trick again, and told her that this time she *would* remember. Woke her up again. 'How did you know this card?' 'I knew it by the spot in the corner,' she replied. 'Didn't you see your sister's face in it?' we inquired. 'Not the second time,' she replied; 'I did when I was first told to look at the card.' Very simple, you see. Anything odd in the appearance of this particular card was firmly fixed in her memory. Yet she didn't know in her

subjective state that that was how she chose the right card. Hence she was perfectly honest in her work; you see both she and I, she with the subjective, I with the objective consciousness, performed the trick alike."

"It is very remarkable," I said, "that these things are susceptible of such commonplace explanations! But I've got another stickler. Perhaps you can solve this. The performer himself declared before Heaven that there could be only one explanation of the result—'telepathy clairvoyance.' As for the subject, I assure you I know her, and—"

"It would be all the same if you did not," the doctor remarked. "I tell you again that it is not often that a medium is conscious of fraud. They who condemn her without positive proof have very little acquaintance with the conditions she is working under. The majority are perfectly honest, and are merely self-deceived."

"Well, this is what happened," I said. "The subject was standing up fast asleep, with her eyes shut, and the operator stood in front of her. 'Ah,' he said, 'you have a pain in your tooth.' She made a grimace, as if she had a touch of toothache. 'Now it is in your head,'

said he, 'now in your shoulder! See, we draw it right down the arm; so, and now it is in your hand. Is it not?' The subject nodded violently, at the same time showing great pain by her expression. 'What's to be done?' he said. 'Ah! I have it; we will pass the pain into the right-hand glove which we draw off; so; and you will only feel the pain whenever and wherever this glove, touches you.' He touched her then with the glove on the forehead, on the arm, and on the shoulder, and she complained of pain at those places. Then he performed the extraordinary part of the trick. He took off her other glove, and touched her with it, and she felt nothing. Then he told her to hold out her hands, and he mixed the gloves up behind his back and put one into each of her hands. The hand which held the right-hand glove dropped as if stung, the other remained motionless. This happened three or four times in succession, and the hand which touched the right-hand glove dropped every time. How do you account for it?"

"In this way," said the doctor. "By experimenting with a subject myself I discovered that as long as I remembered which of my hands

held the hypnotized glove, I could do the trick successfully. If I forgot, it might come right or it might come wrong, but there was no certainty in it. This seemed curious. Could I convey this sense of perception to the subject's mind? I practiced for half an hour steadily and then I hit it. Quite unconsciously to myself, I, knowing which hand of mine held the important glove, advanced it perhaps half an inch, perhaps a quarter of an inch—aye, even less than a hair's breadth further forward than the other. The result was that it was the first to touch her hand, and whichever of her hands was first touched, was the hand which she believed to have been touched by the affected glove. This forward movement of the hand on my part was involuntary. But I found that unless I deliberately advanced the other, it would naturally take the foremost position. That's the explanation."

"It is enough," I said; "I pass for to-day."

## CHAPTER VIII.

A REVIEW OF A POPULAR ROMANCE.—FALSE PREMISES AND THEREFORE ERRONEOUS CONCLUSIONS.—OBSESSION.—NONSENSE.

“I FEEL much annoyed to-day,” said the doctor; “excessively annoyed.”

He held a book in his hand, and resumed his pacing up and down the room as I dropped into my accustomed seat.

“It is incredible,” he resumed, “that a man can so prostitute his talents as to try to make people believe that wrong is right.”

“Perhaps it *is* right to him,” I said. “It all depends on the point of view, you see.”

“He knows!” said the doctor emphatically. “The author of this book has deliberately set himself to surround his subject with an air of devilish mystery. With consummate art he has depicted the gradual and unwilling, but complete subjection of a carefully trained, logical mind,

to the insidious wiles of a woman endowed with hypnotic powers."

"Oh, ho! that is it?" said I. "No wonder you're annoyed. He is trenching on your domain."

"He is not," cried the doctor, with some fierceness. "He is pandering to the love for sensation which permeates all readers of imaginative fiction. His motive is popularity. He is a man of intellect himself, who has enchained his readers in his previous works by his careful analysis of the process of induction. His detective stories are almost works of genius. He has made induction all but a science; certainly a study. And now for what paltry motive, unless popularity, can he have stooped to publish to the world such a tissue of misrepresentations, false assertions, and illogical deductions as are contained in this book?"

"What *is* the book, and who is the author?" I asked.

"'A Parasite,' by Conan Doyle," he replied.

"Well, what does it matter?" I asked. "No one will take his fascinating story seriously outside of his coterie of readers."

"And how do you define the limit to that cir-



cle of readers?" he asked. "Does not all the world read 'fiction,' which is or should be, truth set forth in an attractive form? What right has any man to juggle with the truth? Besides, he has not merely supposed a case, and left his readers to draw their own conclusions. Poe did that in his wonderful 'Mesmeric Revelations,' but though we know he erred in his conception of hypnotism, he did not vest the power with all imaginary diabolism."

"Perhaps Doyle is a firm disbeliever in hypnotism," I suggested.

"It is not that," said the doctor. "That would be nothing. Half the world disbelieves in hypnotism, because it knows nothing about it. But this man, with a half knowledge of his subject, has chosen to deliberately pervert his knowledge; not, as I say, from conviction that hypnotism is evil, but because the subject if treated as an evil could be made repellently fascinating to his readers. He has hired himself at so much per line to disseminate error, and to strengthen ignorance. Oh, there is no end to the harm this book will do."

"What's the good of making a fuss?" I said. "You don't even know that he was not sincere

when he wrote this thing. Perhaps he really believed that people had better let hypnotism alone. At the worst, he can only have hindered the spread of knowledge on this subject a little while, and may even indirectly have turned attention more strongly towards it."

"He may, certainly, with the few," said the doctor. "But he has increased popular prejudice, which is a potent factor in regard to public progress. What percentage of educated people, do you suppose, habitually or even occasionally read scientific pamphlets on hypnotism?"

"Not a large one," I admitted. "But remember that even scientific papers on this subject are very contradictory. I have myself read all sorts of conflicting theories concerning it. Perhaps the popular novel of the future will deal with hypnotic suggestion in the light of a blessing rather than a terror."

"Let's get what comfort we can out of the fact at any rate," said the doctor, "that research brings knowledge, and that knowledge will dispel the popular disbelief, or, worse still, fear."

"Instead of railing at the book," I said, "why don't you disprove its statements?"

"And thereby advertise the author and his handiwork?" he queried.

"The author does not need advertising," I said, "and it doesn't matter if people are anxious to read the book if they do so merely to laugh at the absurdity of its matter."

"I could expose the writer as a quack," said the doctor.

"You would have some difficulty in doing that," I answered; "and denunciation is not argument."

"H'm," he grunted, "well, I suppose the best weapon to employ against presumption is ridicule."

"Read me some parts of the book," I said. The doctor turned over the leaves absently.

"It is well written," he said, with unwilling admiration. "It is rather powerfully written; hence its danger. If it were the work of a nobody, it would be of no account, in spite of the neatness of its style. But it is his name that makes it dangerous. Briefly its *motif* may be condensed into a few words. There is a man named Austin Gilroy, Professor of Physiology at some university, and there is a woman, a cripple, who walks with a crutch, a Miss Penelosa, clairvoyant, hypnotist, and she-devil. The Professor is a materialist, a skeptic. He is en-

gaged to a beautiful girl. The first evidence he receives of the supernatural powers of Miss Penelosa is when his fiancée visits him one morning after breakfast, and informs him that their engagement is at an end. It would have been more delicate, perhaps, if she had written to apprise him of the fact, and more natural, but she is supposed to be under post-hypnotic suggestion. The Professor stammers and staggers under the blow. He says it is very sudden. She replies tersely that all is over. There is no hint, however, of her intention of being a sister to him. Here is the passage:

““It is useless, Austin. All is over.” Her voice was cold and measured; her manner strangely formal and hard.’ Shortly after this,” continued the doctor, “when the lady has gone home, the Professor opens a note upon his desk, given him by the hypnotist the night before, in which he reads that this is only an experiment to convince him of the power of post-hypnotic suggestion. He rushes to his fiancée’s home, and she greets him warmly. He questions her closely in what manner she had passed the morning, and she denies having been out of the house. She is much hurt when he almost doubts her word.

The Professor becomes convinced that the experiment was conducted without her consent, and does not inform her of what has transpired. He is, however, reluctantly forced to admit to himself that hypnotism is a fact.

“Now I need hardly tell you,” said the doctor, “that so far from the experiment as a whole being possible, it could never have been even begun; because the subject, the fiancée, having no wish to break off her engagement when in the waking state, would have refused to entertain the suggestion when she was hypnotized. We are told also that it was given her by means of a whisper in her ear. It would have required a very impressive repetition of each word to give the suggestion sufficient grip on the subject’s consciousness to be even recalled to her mind at the appointed time, and it would have been dismissed before it took shape in her brain. In the case of an unwilling subject, I do not think it would even recur to her at all. I said just now that the author’s deductions were illogical. I did him an injustice. They are logical enough. The point is that the whole argument of the book is untrue, because his premises are impossible.

“Here is a conversation which took place shortly afterwards between the hypnotist and the Professor. The latter is speaking.

“‘And if the suggestion had been to assassinate me?’

“‘She would most inevitably have done so.’

“‘But this is a terrible power,’ I cried.

“‘It is, as you say, a terrible power,’ she answered gravely. ‘And the more you know of it, the more terrible will it seem to you.’

\* \* \* \*

“‘It is possible for an operator to gain complete control over his subject,’ she continued; ‘without any previous suggestion he may make him do whatever he likes.’

“‘Would he have lost his own will-power then?’

“‘It would be overridden by another stronger one.’

\* \* \* \*

“‘Well, it does not entirely depend upon that (*i. e.* strong will). Many have strong wills which are not detachable from themselves. The thing is to have the gift of projecting it into another person, and superseding their own. I find the power varies with my own strength and health.’

“‘Practically you sent your soul into another person’s body?’

“‘Well, you might put it that way.’

\* \* \* \*

“When asked if there were no danger to her own health she replies, ‘There might be; you have to be careful never to let your own consciousness absolutely go, otherwise you might experience some difficulty in finding your way back again. You must always preserve the connection, as it were.’

“Then,” said the doctor, “the professor goes away and wrestles manfully with himself. But he is forced to admit there is something in it, and when on the next day he consents to be hypnotized as an experiment, he is thrown into a delightful slumber. The experiments are repeated on several successive evenings, and shortly afterwards a complication presents itself.

“Attracted by his clear Spanish features and dark eyes, the hypnotist falls in love with him. He records the fact in his diary with scientific accuracy of detail. He writes that for some time there have been signs which he has brushed aside, and refused to think of. He has tried to believe that they were to be accounted for by her ardent West Indian temperament. But last night at the close of the experiment, their hands were locked together, and he felt compelled to talk to her of love. How he would have loathed himself if he had yielded to the temptation of

the moment! Thank God! he was strong enough to spring up, and to hurry from the room. He feared that he was rude, too, but she knew that he was an engaged man; she understood how he was placed.

“He fairly gasps, this professor,” said the doctor, “at the idea that this woman should wish him to make love to her. I have yet to learn that the fact of a man’s engagement to one woman is sufficient to debar another from trying to secure him.”

“I have certainly heard,” I admitted, “that the fact you mention is commonly supposed to lend interest to the pursuit, and zest to the capture.”

“The professor perceives that his struggles are useless,” continued the doctor, “and actually finds that he has gone so far as to profess violent love for this woman, while sitting at her feet. He determines that he will break the spell which holds him, and to this end, locks his door, and slips the key outside underneath the sill. He then composes himself for a comfortable evening on the sofa with one of Dumas’ novels. But suddenly—suddenly, he is gripped and dragged from the couch. He claws at the coverlid; he



clings to the wood-work. But he goes. He fishes the key out with a paper-knife from the place where he has hidden it, and snatching up a photograph of himself, writes something across the back of it, and thrusts it into his pocket. He flies to the house of the hypnotist. She is reclining upon a sofa, and a tiger-skin rug has been partly thrown over her. She is pale and thin, having just recovered from an illness. He kisses her hand passionately, presents her with the photograph, and tells of his love for her, of his regret at her illness, and of his joy at her recovery. He rejoices in his slavery, and when she strokes his head with her hand, I have no doubt he purrs audibly. Here," said the doctor, "I wish to quote *verbatim*. Listen:

"And then came the change, the blessed change."

("This is taken from his diary, you understand.")

"Never tell me that there is not a Providence! I was on the brink of perdition. My feet were on the edge. Was it a coincidence that at that very moment help should come? No, no, no, there is a Providence, and His hand has drawn me back. There is something in the universe stronger than this devil-woman with her tricks. Ah! what a balm to my heart to think so!"

“A little melodrama of this kind,” said the doctor, “impresses the masses wonderfully.

“‘I have tried to do too much,’ she whispered. ‘I was not strong enough. You won’t leave me, Austin? This is a passing weakness. If you will only give me five minutes I shall be myself again. Give me the small decanter from the table in the window.’

“We must presume from this,” said the doctor, “that this power is strengthened by the use of alcohol.

“But the Professor had regained his soul. His soul, mark you! Her influence had cleared away, and left him stern and aggressive; bitterly, fiercely aggressive. It was the savage, murderous passion of the revolted serf.

“‘The brandy,’ she gasped, ‘the brandy.’

“The professor took the decanter, and poured it over the roots of a palm in the window.

“It was effective, no doubt,” said the doctor, “but I am not aware that he had any right to meddle with her cordials.”

“It was rather rough on the palm,” I said.

“Then,” continued the doctor, “the professor had his innings.

“‘You vile woman! You shameless creature! You knew how I stood. And yet you used your vile power to bring me to your side.’

"I cannot forbear marveling," said the doctor, "at the stress this gentle professor lays upon her knowledge of his engagement! 'You knew how I stood.' Can you imagine a more lamb-like bleat? But he pays her out and goes home with a glow of inward satisfaction. Of course Miss Penelosa's love then turns to hate, and the professor had a very bad time of it. How he curses his fatal gift of beauty as he looks at the glass! 'Ah,' he cries, 'when I look in the glass and see my own dark eyes and clear-cut Spanish face I long for a vitriol splash, or a bout of the smallpox.'

"His engagement keeps him near the upas tree; otherwise, like a man, he would fly the danger.

"'If I were free,' he says, 'my course would be obvious. I should start at once, and travel in Persia.'

"Why Persia, I wonder? However, to resume. The hypnotist pursues the professor remorselessly. First she turns him into a buffoon, so that he loses his professorship; then she tries to make him rob a bank. When delivering a lecture, he would begin well enough and until the weird seizure came, would make good

points, but suddenly he would begin to talk nonsense, make silly jokes, propound conundrums, propose toasts, sing snatches of songs, and even personally abuse the members of his class."

"Very jolly for the class," I said, "I suppose his lectures were well attended?"

"Crowded," said the doctor, "with students who came to see and hear what the eccentric professor would do or say next. After trying to break into the bank with a chisel—a curiously inefficient instrument for the purpose, I should have thought—he naturally raves against the lady who has obsessed him.

"'Ah, that accursed woman,' he cries. 'That thrice accursed woman! She has taken my professorship; now she would take my honor.'

"'My physical condition,' he remarks, 'is deplorable! I suffer from perpetual hiccough, and ptosis of the left eyelid!'

"'Might not the hiccough—'" I began.

"'Brandy?'" inquired the doctor. "Possibly! But to continue. A friend of his comes one afternoon to pay him a visit, and the professor knocks him into the mud, and kicks his hat

after him. One of the professor's hands is greatly swollen the next day, and he remarks parenthetically that 'God knows he has never had the heart to hurt a fly.' A statement which his battered friend finds some difficulty, when they next meet, in accepting. Then the idea of murdering this woman comes to this much badgered professor.

"'Murder! it has an ugly sound. But you don't talk of murdering a tiger. Let her have a care now.'

"Finally by her influence he is about to throw vitriol in the face of his fiancée, from which awful fate she is rescued by a delay in meeting him, and when she arrives, the fit has passed. He remembers what he was going to do, and rushed out of the house with murder in his heart, but on inquiring at the door of the house where the hypnotist abides he is met with the news that she expired that afternoon at half-past three, the exact time of his release. And so ends the story," said the doctor.

## CHAPTER IX.

COURAGE CAN BE DEVELOPED.—STRONG AND WEAK WILLS.—DEFINITION OF SUGGESTION.—SIMPLE EXAMPLES.—HYPNOTISM NOT AN INFLUENCE FOR EVIL.—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF CLASSIFYING THE STATES.—THE MESMERIC PASS IS A SUGGESTION.—PATENT MEDICINES.

“WHAT is fear?” I inquired.

“Generally speaking, it is absence of courage,” the doctor replied.

“Then you make courage a virtue natural to man?” I said.

“Say that it is inherent in the natural man,” he answered, “and you get the point.”

“So habitual fear or cowardice is a nervous disease?” I continued.

“Generally, yes. It is a depressed state of the mind, unreasoning, blind, ranging all the way from apprehension to madness.”

“Then,” said I, finally, “fear is curable by hypnotism?”

“Undoubtedly,” said the doctor.

“And you can implant courage?”

“Courage is not implanted by us,” he replied, “it is there already. We only reason it into activity, if I may so express myself. Are you referring to moral or physical courage?” he asked.

“To physical,” I answered. “Moral courage, as I understand it, is a question of education.”

“A question of the acceptance and application of education,” amended the doctor.

“Never mind,” I said. “The point that interests me is whether you can take a youth who is inclined to be a coward, and make him physically courageous.”

“There is not a doubt of it,” replied the doctor; “we do it by the simplest process of reasoning.”

“And can you turn a weak will into a strong one?”

“There are no such things as weak and strong wills,” he answered. “That is a suggestion which you have picked up from your teachers, friends and relations, and it is calculated to work, if it has not done so already, a great amount of harm. A man who believes that he

can do a certain thing does it, whereas a man who does not believe, does not do it, and if he attempts it at all, fails to carry it through. A strong will and a weak will are only expressions of a character which is susceptible to change. Thus a strong-willed man may be diffident in the presence of a small woman. A domineering man is really one who believes in himself during his domineering periods, whenever they occur, and if he has gained an ascendancy over you, for instance, it is because you are willing to believe that he is more powerful or more clever than yourself."

"But supposing he really is?" I persisted.

"How would you know it?" the doctor asked. "Did he tell you himself, or did your friends say so? Did you read it in the papers? Or did the conviction come from yourself?"

"My own sense told me so, perhaps," I answered.

"That is, it was a case of auto-suggestion, but had your auto-suggestions been more favorable, you might have rivaled this man who was, as you say, strong-willed."

"I might have wished to," I said.

"There is all the difference in the world," he



replied, "between a wish and a desire. A wish is an idle thing, but a desire means business. There is no desire in a man which he cannot attain. It rests with himself."

"How do you define suggestion?" I asked, waiving the point.

"It is not a very easy task to condense a definition of the word. It has been said that by this term we mean every thought, motion, scene, object, sound, command, taste, smell—everything, in fact, that causes some involuntary effect in a living being, the impulse to which passes through the intellect. There are direct and indirect suggestions. Of the latter it is only necessary to take one familiar example. You ask the time—one o'clock—suggestion, hunger and lunch. I should like to go more fully, though, into the discussion of verbal or direct suggestion, and its influence on a person in the waking state. But I haven't the time. However, here are a couple of instances. The child is the most receptive of living beings. Every gesture and remark of parents, friends, nurses or companions carries a suggestion with it. A mother brings the child to my office, and the youngster on entering the room peeps shyly

round the skirts of her mother. Very possibly that lady remarks unthinkingly, 'Oh, she won't go to you. She is *so* bashful and shy in the presence of strangers!' Direct verbal suggestion. Result, instant acceptance of the suggestion by the child and a habit of confirmed shyness is formed, against which only counter-suggestions of the most positive kind will prevail."

"Just to go back for a minute," I said. "Why, if you can influence through hypnosis so strongly for good, is it not to be dreaded as an equally powerful influence for evil?"

"Because an evil result is impossible unless the subject is habitually evil," replied the doctor, "and by 'habitually' I mean, whose training has been generally bad."

"That doesn't cover the case," I said. "Suppose an evil operator suggested a crime to a weak subject, and the subject committed it; he would have done it under hypnotic influence."

"No, because, don't you see," said the doctor, "that you are blaming hypnotism for something with which it has nothing to do? Given a criminal operator and a criminal subject, and the result might be evil, but the subject would have

been just as strongly influenced, and would have committed the crime more surely and more intelligently if he had been awake. You miss the point which those who have not studied hypnotism are so needlessly worried about, that an evil hypnotist may induce a moral subject to commit wrong. That is where they think the danger lies—and that, I say, is impossible.”

“Ah, I see,” said I. “Well, never mind going any further into suggestion. I recognize its importance very fully. Tell me what you consider to be the most important function of hypnosis.”

“I should say, briefly, the alleviation of suffering, both mental and physical.”

“Can you minister to a mind diseased—cure a settled grief, as well as, say, a headache? How,—by argument?”

“By simple argument when the subject is hypnotized. You should witness an experiment of the kind. We go slowly and quietly over the same ground, explaining, arguing, pointing out the foolishness of this, or the wrong of that, and the subject in time receives its lesson and believes. Belief is cure. The beauty of it is that the subject is not inclined to argue, but *is*

inclined to believe. In a word, he is open to reason, but will not reason with himself. Hence, conviction."

"Dentists should make use of hypnotism," I said.

"Some of them are wise enough to do so already," he replied. "If I had my way a training in hypnotism should be part of the course, not only of medical students, but of every living boy and girl. And the first lesson which they would be required to commit to memory would be the suggestion that they were not born with a natural inclination to sin."

"You'd have to revolutionize Christian teaching then," I remarked.

"Well, we won't go into that. What else do you want to know?" asked the doctor.

"I want to know how you classify the different hypnotic states," I said.

"It can't be done," he replied.

"Has it never been tried?"

"Oh, yes, some divide it into three, some into five. There are, I gather from my own small number of experiments, some hundred different states, each of which is capable of subdivision. No man under hypnotic influence is

exactly like another. You, for example, though not even in a state of simple sleep, had become cataleptic when your muscles were rigid."

"But I thought catalepsy was trance," I said,—“a deep and abiding trance.”

"Not at all," said the doctor. "There may be catalepsy and trance combined. But I cannot possibly go into all the particulars," he said. "It would take hours."

"Well, but about the somnambulistic state," I said, "which is, I suppose, the most interesting?"

"Yes, if active," replied the doctor.

"What's the proportion of active somnambulists in persons hypnotized?" I asked.

"Ten per cent," he answered.

"Tell me, is it necessary to make use of the passes, gestures etc., which operators employ to send their subjects to sleep?" I asked.

"You know yourself that it is *not* necessary," he responded, "but we do it to heighten or strengthen the suggestion. It is easier for you to believe that I am going to send you to sleep if I press my hands over your forehead; or if I tell you your arm is paralyzed, you will more readily accept it if I touch your elbow. To

strengthen the assertion that there is nothing in the passes beyond this, I can assure you that I have put more than one good subject to sleep, over the telephone."

"That seems conclusive that gestures or passes are not always necessary," I said.

"They are never necessary," he replied, "but they are generally useful. There is one thing that should not be lost sight of in hypnotic effects," he continued. "It is always desirable to induce a feeling of pleasure in the patients when they are going under the influence, and some patients may by means of their auto-suggestiveness feel anything but happy as hypnosis is produced. It is easy to offset this by previous suggestion, but I knew a dentist who achieved his point by starting his musical box and the hypnotic passes at the same time. The plan worked admirably."

"Hypnotism will cure drunkenness, I suppose?"

"It is the *only* cure," replied the doctor gravely. "This is a positive statement, but I make it on these grounds. Drunkenness is a disease which can only be cured by suggestion. I wouldn't give five cents for any local treat-

ment. It isn't the bichloride of gold that removes the drunkard's longing for drink. The injection into his arm so many times a day is a suggestion to him that he is losing his unnatural craving. He is told by the doctors that he is progressing favorably, and that in a certain time he will be cured. That is all very well while the suggestion retains its power. But it is not sufficiently strong to subdue the disease, and in the course of time it breaks out afresh. Had hypnotism been employed with scientific medical treatment there would have been no relapses. I solemnly assure you I have never lost a single case treated by hypnotic suggestion. Now, which would strike you as the most difficult to cure, drunkenness or gambling?"

"I should say gambling," I replied. "Because it is not a disease."

"Wrong again," said the doctor. "It must at least be a nervous disorder, or hypnotism would not remove it."

"But gambling is a voluntary action," I cried.

"Very seldom," he answered; "but if it were, we remove the desire to gamble. The answer to my query is that one is as easy to cure as the other."

“For a doctor,” I said, “you don’t seem, if I may say so, to attach much importance to medicine.”

“I attach great importance to it,” he replied, “but I attach more to the hypnotic or even direct suggestion that is given with it. You know, perhaps, that there are about fifty different schools of medicine, the Allopaths, Homœopaths, Hydropaths, etc. Each has its followers. Each points to its cures. Their methods are diametrically opposite, but they are all more or less successful. Why? You don’t require to be told.”

“Suggestion?” said I.

“Undoubtedly,” he answered. “Patent medicines are, on careful investigation, acknowledged to have effected hundreds and thousands of seemingly marvelous cures. Did you ever read one of those suggestively worded advertisements? Of course you have. It is impossible to escape them. What could be more alluring to the sufferer than to read that ‘Mary’s case had been considered hopeless by the doctors, and she had been left to die while still a young woman; but by the mighty grace, etc., etc.’? They do much good, these people with their trumpery wares. They bring hope to the



sufferer, and she buys seventeen or two dozen bottles of the stuff and gets well. Of course, the cure is in herself."

"I take it," said I, "that hopefulness is the normal condition of man?"

"Certainly. When hope is absolutely dead, disease gets firm hold. It doesn't matter whether it be real or imaginary, it is equally fatal. Revive hope and all will be well. Melancholia is a thing we often have to combat. It is very easy."

"Not always, surely."

"Always," said the doctor, "with the aid of hypnotism."

"Well, there is one thing it cannot do," I said. "It may cure every nervous disease under the sun, but it cannot set a broken limb."

"No, but a doctor with the assistance of hypnotism can set that limb without pain to the patient and command the sleep for him that is necessary to recovery. Don't you see what a friend, what a powerful ally hypnotism is to the surgeon? What is chloroform in comparison with this agent, simple, innocuous, inexpensive? Great Heavens! to think that men can turn their backs with indifference when this God given power is ready to their hand!"

## CHAPTER X.

RESISTANCE OF THE SUBJECT IS NOT WEAKENED.

—A CHILD'S AUTO SUGGESTION.—AN EXPERIMENT WITH CRIMINAL SUGGESTION.—A LIKELY SUBJECT.—CATALEPTIC AND SOMNAMBULIC.—A BLOODTHIRSTY ATTACK.—THEORY SUSTAINED.—RESPIRATION ALTERED AT WILL.—INVESTIGATION MAY BE LOOKED FOR.

“HULLO!” said the doctor, when I entered his room on the following day “I thought you’d gone!”

“We certainly said good-bye,” I admitted, “but I have come back, you see, and have brought my trunk. I’m going to stay awhile—Trunk and hands and feet,” I added, seeing that the doctor looked alarmed,—“an anatomical joke, you know!”

“I don’t know!” he replied wearily. “However, I’m glad to see you. What do you want

to ask me about now? I see a question in your eye.”

“I am not satisfied yet,” I replied, “as to the possibility or otherwise of weakening the will of the subject through continued suggestion. For instance, although I am ready to admit that you could not make a man of good morals commit a crime, could you not, by varying the suggestion, by twisting it round in all manner of ways, make him see that what you wished him to do was really not a heinous offense after all? Could you not blunt the edge of his instincts? Would there always be the same resistance?”

“I have always found the resistance as strong,” said the doctor, “at the last as at the first. There is no perceptible difference in the subject’s revolt against the suggestion offered and insisted upon, even if that suggestion is varied, as you say, in all manner of ways, and even if it is carried over from day to day.”

“Then you cannot wear the moral instinct out?”

“No, the constant dropping that wears away a stone, does not apply to such a case. It might if the man were awake; but his resistance is really more active when he is asleep. In the

waking state there is more material relationship. I should say emphatically that an experiment of this nature, carried on from day to day, actually meets with more resistance from the subject at the last than at the first, and if persisted in would probably prevent the subject from sleeping at all. Suppose that for three days I had endeavored to make a subject do a certain thing which he was unwilling to do, and suppose that he was willing to accept the suggestion that in his waking state he would remember nothing that I had said to him during hypnosis, and admitting for a moment—and this is an extreme admission—that he might actually forget in his waking state all that had actually occurred in previous hypnoses, still, when hypnosis was induced upon the fourth day, the subject would be fortified by the remembrance of the resistance which he had previously made to this suggestion, and would, as I say, be less likely to accept it than at first.”

“Did you ever try to mould the will of a hypnotized child?” I asked.

“Yes. I had an interesting example of the impossibility of breaking down auto-suggestion in such a case some years ago. I have always

regarded this as a very valuable example, since it can not be classed as a 'laboratory experiment.' The child was only five years old—too young even to understand that the suggestion I wished her to accept was for her own ultimate benefit. The matter of it was this. The child's teeth had given out two years before they should have done so, and she was, in consequence, put to great trouble in masticating her food. Her father, a physician, came to me, and asked if anything could be done to quiet her fears while a temporary filling was put in her teeth. He had previously induced her to submit to the operation, but the dentist employed had hurt her, and she now regarded him as her enemy, and would not allow him to touch her. It seemed to me that the child was too young to yield to hypnotic suggestion, but I agreed to try what could be done. The next evening, accordingly, I went to the house and was introduced (of course the mother was in the secret) as a friend staying in the city for a day or two. We romped with the children, and I showed them all sorts of tricks, paying special attention to this little girl always, and singling her out from the others. Well, she became jealous of

her sisters if I seemed to neglect her at all, and later on I said that I would show her a new game, and that she was to act the principal part in it. This new game consisted in putting her to sleep. In a little while, under the verbal suggestion method, she went sound asleep, and for fifteen minutes the game of romps with the other children proceeded. There was no doubt that the child was asleep, and the father satisfied himself on the point of her insensibility to pain by running a pin through her arm under my direction. It was agreed then that I should hypnotize her the next day in the dentist's office, and her teeth should be filled while she was asleep. At the time appointed we met in the dental parlor, and the little girl was very glad to see me. The purpose of her visit had been carefully concealed from her, and she was quite willing to play the game again which had amused her on the previous evening. In a few minutes she was sound asleep, and showed no trace of sensibility to pain when her eyelid was lifted and the ball touched; nor did she feel the prick of a pin. I carried her to the dentist's chair, and when she was comfortably arranged told her to open her mouth, and to keep it open.

She did so. I told her she could not shut it, and she could not. She tried to shut it at my bidding, and could not. Everything seemed ripe for the operation, and the dentist came quietly forward while I talked gently to the youngster. At the first touch of his hand on her mouth the jaws came together with a snap, and I could not by any means in my power get her to open her mouth again. She simply would not. It was no use, the operation had to be abandoned, and the child woke up crying at my insistence. Observe that the auto-suggestion of a child of five years was too powerful for the parents, myself, and the dentist combined."

"Do you suppose the child would have objected if you had performed the operation yourself?"

"No; if I had been a dentist, I am quite sure that I could have filled that little thing's teeth without pain, and it would all have worked in as a part of the game."

"If I could see an experiment myself bearing on the relationship of hypnotism and crime," I said, "I should be very glad. Could you not manage this for me?"

The doctor reflected. "How about your train?" he inquired.

“It has gone without me,” I answered, “so I have the whole day to spare.”

“If you can be here at three o’clock this afternoon,” he said, “I will see what can be done. There is a young man in the city here who was used by a traveling professor of hypnotism to illustrate the theory that crime could be committed through the agency of hypnotic suggestion. His mode of illustration was to cause this subject to assault a man on the stage, and to steal a sum of money from him. The usual procedure was adopted—rousing the subject’s cupidity, working on his passions, suggesting immunity from punishment, etc.,—of course, with great success. The assault and robbery took place, and the audience gasped. Now, I don’t know this young man personally, but I have heard that he is not a lovable character when he is in his normal condition. He has been in several scrapes of a serious nature, and if we were describing his moral character according to copy-book, we should call it evil. If you like, I will try to get him here this afternoon, and will use every endeavor to make him commit a crime—a real crime. It must, of course, still remain ‘a laboratory experiment,’ since it



takes place in this office, but we will endeavor to so arrange details that if he carries out my suggestion literally *we may believe* that there is a relation possible between crime and hypnotism. I am going to make him stab a person with this stage dagger—you see that it looks and feels like a real knife, but the blade runs back to the hilt, so that injury from a blow with this weapon is impossible. He will not be aware of this, however, and then, if he buries the knife, as he supposes, in the heart of the victim, he will have done much to shake my convictions on the point. Even this would not be conclusive evidence, however, because he may in his subjective state consider that if he commit a crime in my office, I am responsible, and not he; whereas, if I suggested that some days after date he should commit a crime at a distance from me, he would reflect that I should not be near him to assume the blame, and on those grounds might refuse to carry out the suggestion. Therefore, I say that the experiment cannot be considered conclusive, but I can hardly believe that he can be even induced to strike a man in the breast with an instrument which he supposes to be a real weapon. We shall see. Can you come?"

“I shall be on time,” I answered. “At three o’clock, then.”

This, I felt, as I made my way home, would be worth staying over another day for, and I sincerely hoped that nothing might interfere with the doctor’s plans so far as the securing of this subject was concerned. I reflected that he might have left the city, might be ill, might be engaged, or might be unwilling to submit to hypnosis—fifty possibilities presented themselves, and the relief I experienced, when, at three o’clock precisely, I entered the doctor’s office, and found there the doctor, the subject, and two other medical gentlemen, was good evidence of the importance of the occasion in my opinion. The young man was not pleasant to look upon—if there is anything in physiognomy, he was of a vicious disposition, but my conclusions were probably derived from the doctor’s description beforehand, and are in themselves of no value. The doctor was engaged in making the subject, whose name was Harry, give an account of his late employer, the traveling hypnotist, and was laughing at the description of certain of his tricks when I entered the room.

“Let us see if you will do a few things for me, Harry,” he said.

“Say, ye don’t want any fake ’bout this, do yer?” inquired Harry. “What I mean is, it’s on the square. It didn’t make no diff’runce to the boss whether I was asleep or not, jes’ so long as I done the tricks an’ fooled the people; thet’s all he cared fur. But I kin sleep ef I want, an’ sometimes I jes’ used ter keep awake on my own account. Ef you say ‘sleep,’ then sleep it is, boss!”

“Yes, I want no faking here,” said the doctor. “The sounder you sleep the better. I’m not going to show you off before a crowd of people and I don’t care whether you do the things I want you to do or not—but remember, no shamming sleep! If I catch you at that you’ll not get the money I promised you.”

“It’s all right—it’s all right,” said Harry. “Jes’ as easy ter go to sleep as not, boss, an’ when you say it’s got ter be on the level, why—that goes. Don’t make no diff’runce ter me, jes’ accordin’ as I’m paid fer the job.”

The doctor smiled inscrutably, and directed the subject to look at a bright object on the wall—“or, no,” he added, “look me straight in the eyes.”

“I b’lieve I kin go quicker ef I look squar’ at you,” said the latter.

“Stand up, then,” said the doctor. “Look at me. So. Right into the pupils of my eyes. Just there. Don’t move. Right into the pupils. Keep steady now. Now you’re going. Sleep standing on your feet. Quite easily now; letting yourself go, and sleeping on your feet. Now your muscles are getting hard and stiff. Your eyes are closing. Your whole body is rigid and stiff as a board. You are fast asleep and falling forward. I shall catch you. Let yourself come. You’re coming. You can’t resist. Now you’re coming. Quicker. Quicker. Here you come,”—and the subject, with his eyes shut, fell forward like a marble image. The doctor caught him, and supported him while I arranged a couple of chairs, in response to a nod, and the subject was accordingly laid out, head on one chair and heels on the other.

“This is catalepsy,” said the doctor, to one of the physicians, “and I think we shall also find profound anæsthesia present. However, I will get you to test this. Raise his eyelid.”

The latter did so, and the eyeball was seen to have receded, leaving only the white visible. This was insensible to touch. The breathing was very faint, and the extremities cold. The

doctor produced a hat pin, and silently handed it to the physician, signaling at the same time that he should test the subject's insensibility to pain. Accordingly, the latter ran the pin suddenly through the biceps muscle of the subject's arm, and failed to elicit a wink of the eyelids, a tremor of the frame, or even an increase in the respiration. Having tested the subject's insensibility in the same manner in various other parts of the body, commonly found to be sensitive in the normal condition, the physician declared himself to be satisfied that the young man was not shamming sleep.

"I want you to be quite certain," said the doctor, "before we proceed."

"We are both satisfied," they replied.

"Your body," said the doctor, addressing the subject, and passing his hand slowly down him from the head to the feet, "is rigid, stiff, and cannot be bent. An iron rod runs through you from your head to your feet, and you cannot bend. You can feel nothing, and you cannot bend yourself. You could support a ton weight in the position in which you are now. You are made of iron."

"He could, in this condition, support a great

weight," said the doctor, turning to us. "It is a common platform experiment, as you know, for the operator to stand upon the abdomen of his cataleptic subject." One of the physicians present sat upon the body, which remained as rigid as steel.

"An abnormal muscular development induced by special training," said he.

"No training at all," replied the doctor. "An unusual physical condition induced by suggestion, if you will allow me."

Having been relieved of the physician's weight, the subject was told that his muscles were quietly and easily relaxing, and he unbent slowly till he touched the floor.

"It would be just as easy to make him bend up from this position till he was curved like a bow between these chairs," said the doctor, "but he has done enough in the cataleptic state, I think. Harry," he called, sharply, "you will get up now and stand on your feet."

The subject slowly did as he was ordered.

"You can open your eyes, and look at me. You can talk. You can speak clearly. You are fast asleep, but your eyes are open. You can see me plainly—see me standing before you?"

"Why, yes, I see you," he answered.

"You have been fighting," said the doctor.

"No, I have not."

"Why, you're all cut about the face and hands. Come here," and he took him over to a mirror. "Look at yourself in this glass. Don't you see that your hands and face are all cut? You see the marks. You see the blood. It was that man standing behind you who did this to you. He struck you when you were not looking. He struck you and kicked you. You had done nothing to him. You had not spoken to him, and he kicked you into the gutter. For nothing at all. You had done nothing to him."

"Blast him, no!" said Harry, his features convulsed with rage. "I done nothing to him. What did he cut me like this for? I'll get even with him. I'll make him sorry for this."

"He has always been your enemy," pursued the tempter. "He has injured you before. Now he says he will murder you the next time you meet."

"He will, will he?" said Harry, with a snarl, struggling in the doctor's grasp. "Let me at him. We'll see about that!"

"He is there behind me," said the doctor,

pointing to one of the physicians, who had been prepared beforehand, and was standing with his back to the doctor. "He is there, with his back turned. He can't see you. Now's your chance. Kill him. You want his life. If you don't kill him, he'll have your blood. Kill him now. He struck you for nothing."

Harry's face was like a devil's as he freed himself and stood for a second with glaring eyes, half crouching, as if he were about to spring upon his enemy's back and drag him to the ground. "Take this," said the doctor quickly, whipping the stage dagger out of his pocket, and thrusting it into the other's hand. "Stab him in the back now, before he can turn round. If he turns round you're done for."

With a cry of rage the subject, whose hand had closed involuntarily upon the weapon given him, but who had not for an instant taken his eyes off the man before him, sprang forward, and struck twice viciously at the latter's back. The other physician and myself were watching closely. The doctor could not from his position see the whole action, though he heard the blows. As the subject struck, the victim, according to arrangement, threw up his arms and fell face forward on the floor.



“By God, I’ve killed him!” said Harry.—  
“And a good job, too,” he muttered savagely  
between his teeth.

“A nice day’s work this,” said the doctor,  
coming forward. “What did you kill him for?”

“Because I wanted to,” was the sullen reply.

“Because I told you to?”

“No, because I wanted to.”

“Well, you’ll probably hang for it,” said the  
doctor. “Give me the knife, it’s covered with  
blood,”—and he wiped the imaginary clots of  
gore from the blade.

Harry was regarding his victim with fixed  
eyes. “I wanted to kill him,” he said.

“Go and sit down over there,” said the doc-  
tor, peremptorily. “I shall speak to you later  
about this. Can’t have a murder committed in  
my office, and let the murderer go free. You  
will probably hang for this piece of work.”

“I wanted to kill him,” answered the subject  
imperturbably, “an’ I done it.”

Turning to us, the doctor said: “Well, I’m  
rather surprised at this thing myself. I never  
expected that he would really strike with the  
knife, because he certainly believed it was a  
genuine dagger.”

“He did *not* strike with it,” said the physician who had watched the experiment, and I echoed his remark. “He did not use the point of the dagger at all.”

“Is that possible?” asked the doctor.

“Fact,” said the victim, who had returned to life. “I felt the blows, but they were delivered with the hand, and not with the weapon.”

“How on earth did he manage it?” the doctor inquired.

“He turned his hand,” I said, “as he struck. We could see the dagger’s blade sticking out in the other direction, and both times he struck with his hand turned. That old fraud of a dagger was just as real to him as a bowieknife.”

“And he was afraid to use it,” said the doctor, much gratified. “Well, gentlemen, I am not sorry that this experiment has turned out as it has done, because I have been contending for years that the subject will not commit even a ‘laboratory’ crime with a weapon which he feels to be genuine. If I had given him a pasteboard dagger, he would have, no doubt, struck with the blade, but he was unable to detect the difference between the weapon he held and a genuine knife, in point of size, weight, or feeling, and

his instinct of self preservation warned him to have none of it."

"It seems almost incredible that he is asleep," said one of the physicians. "Yet I am satisfied that he is. May we experiment further?"

"What would you like to see?" asked the doctor. "Ah, perhaps this will interest you. Come here, Harry. Sit down in this chair. You are in a deep sleep. You are feeling quite comfortable now. Pulse quite even, and normal," and one of the physicians satisfied himself on that point.

"Seventy-four beats," he announced.

"You are beginning to get warm, Harry," said the doctor. "You are very warm now. You are hot, boiling hot. You have been running a race. You are panting with the exertion. In a high fever. Your blood is heated to a fearful degree. You are getting hotter. You are in a raging fever."

The subject manifested many signs of discomfort, gasping and breathing quickly as he shifted about in his chair, and after a couple of minutes had elapsed, during which period the doctor unceasingly plied him with suggestions, the subject's pulse was taken by the same physician, who observed:

“One hundred and thirty!”

“Now you are getting cooler,” said the doctor, soothingly. “Now all that heat and distress have passed away, and you are quite cool again. No more heat now. You are getting cold, getting very cold. You are having a cold bath. There. I have thrown a bucket of cold water over you. Ugh! How deadly cold it feels! You are encased in ice. Packed like a corpse in ice. Getting colder and colder. Pulse getting slower and slower. Slower and slower.”

In the course of a little while the physician announced “Sixty!” and his friend caught the subject’s wrist to assure himself of the fact.

“A very singular thing!” he said. “I confess I have not believed these stories of hypnotic wonders, but it would be foolish to doubt the evidence of one’s senses. Could such suggestions as these be of service in real fevers?”

“Of the greatest service,” said the doctor. “Your pulse is getting up again to its normal state,” he added to the patient. “You are feeling quite well, and in five minutes will be wide awake, with nothing the matter with you. No pain or ache of any kind in your body, and you will feel no ill effects whatever from anything

you have done this afternoon. Now you are quite well, and resting quietly."

The physician took the pulse.

"Seventy," he said, after a little.

The physicians were carefully watching the quick, deep respirations of the sleeper, and stroked their chins reflectively—a favorite habit with the members of the profession, I am told.

At the expiration of his appointed five minutes the subject awoke, stretching himself, and rubbing his eyes.

"You have been asleep for five minutes," said the doctor.

"Sure."

"Been sound asleep?"

"Been as sound as a man kin be and not be dead, I guess."

"What have you been doing?" asked one of the visitors.

"Been sleeping."

"Walking about at all?"

"Dunno. Don't think so. Don't remember it."

"Well, you very nearly murdered one of these gentlemen," said the doctor, "and if you had, hanging would have been the end of you."

Harry's face expressed no surprise. He had been used before for experimental crimes, and there was no room for wonder.

"I must have been pretty quick about it," he said with a grin.

"You have been just an hour and ten minutes," said the doctor.

The subject jumped to his feet. "Git out!" he cried. "I ain't bin asleep more'n five minutes, an' that I'll take my oath to."

"The time was an hour and ten minutes, nevertheless," said the doctor. "Here's your money, Harry. You have been 'on the square,' as you call it, all through this experiment. See that you never sham with me, and if I ever want you again, and for some reason or other you can't go to sleep, why, say so. I know that you were not shamming to-day."

"I kin sleep when I wanter," said Harry. "Good-day, gents," and he departed.

"Parkyn," said one of the physicians, as he shook hands, "I must go further into this thing. It is really remarkable."

"You can experiment for yourself," said the doctor, with a shrug. "There are no miracles in connection with it, and there is no reason

why you cannot use suggestion with great advantage yourself in your practice. Try medicine *and* suggestion."

"What do you think?" said I, when we were alone. "Will they investigate for themselves?"

"I think they will," he replied. "It is beginning to dawn upon the profession that by its attitude of hostility towards the employment of hypnotism it has stultified itself in the eyes of progressive thinkers the world over, and that if it refuses to recognize facts it must expect to lose caste. The profession will not take kindly to the idea of being behind the age, so that we may look for active research in this direction."

## CHAPTER XI.

THERAPEUTIC POSSIBILITIES OF HYPNOTISM.—  
NEGLECT OF THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER  
TO INVESTIGATE PHENOMENA. — IMPOR-  
TANCE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT.—  
THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE REGULAR  
PRACTITIONER ARE MOST VALUABLE IN  
CONJUNCTION WITH PSYCHOLOGICAL  
TREATMENT.—EXAMPLES. — DISEASES IN  
WHICH SUGGESTION IS OF VALUE.

THE purpose of this book, as set forth in the preceding chapters, has been more in the direction of divesting hypnotism of its terrors than of pointing out its advantages as a therapeutic agent over material remedies, or in conjunction with the material remedies employed by the medical profession. But it is evident that the chief value of hypnotic suggestion to the world at large lies in its therapeutic possibilities. Hypnotism is not a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to, but it does afford a simple means of attacking and removing many kinds of actual as



well as imaginary diseases, the roots of which are engrafted as firmly in the mind as in the body of the patient. It has been said that hypnotic suggestion is an imaginary cure for an imaginary disease, but this contention, in the light of the abundant proof at hand to the contrary, is as foolish as the claim of the enthusiast that every disease, hysterical or organic, must absolutely yield to hypnotic treatment. Upon the temperament of the patient, the efficacy of the means employed for his restoration to health will depend, but it must not be forgotten that while hypnotism alone may be unable to effect a cure, hypnotism and medicine together, or in other words, psychical and material remedies conjoined, form the most powerful weapon of attack. The power of the mind over the body is being generally recognized, and will eventually be established as a scientific fact. It is something of a stain upon the escutcheon of medical science that it should be, with some notable exceptions, so loath to investigate the claims of hypnotism for recognition as an honorable ally, and so unwilling to admit the existence of phenomena which are daily, if not hourly, in evidence. The medical profession condemns

the performance of the public hypnotist, and with some reason; but it should be remembered that if the doctors had done their duty in the matter of investigating the phenomena presented, and had made use of the agency themselves in legitimate practice, the marvels which the traveling hypnotist presents to his audience in the feats of his subjects would have ceased to be marvels long ago, and the "professor" would have played to empty houses. It is because the public generally knows nothing of hypnotism that it is regarded as a mysterious power, and hostility towards it on the part of medical science is only calculated to confirm this belief. For it must be always borne in mind that hypnotic phenomena are facts, and when the public has the facts before it, it is contented to accept them without inquiring too closely into the deductions which the "professor" may draw therefrom to his own advantage.

It is well for the prestige of the medical profession that even at the eleventh hour its members are reluctantly beginning to investigate for themselves as to the value of psychology in its relation to physiology and diseased conditions. It might have happened that the reaction against the

inefficiency of drugs, which may alone account for the existence of Christian Science to day, might have spread to all classes of society, and the physician's art have fallen itself into disrepute.

Cures by faith and prayer have been accomplished in all ages, but it is only at the close of this, the nineteenth, century that we recognize the power by which these cures are accomplished and realize that the soul of man is an organizing or creative entity. By means of hypnotic suggestion it is possible to scientifically direct this force of the soul among all men in all lands, regardless of race or creed.

The point which the medical profession has tardily conceded is that it is better for it to take upon itself the cure of the mind of the patient, if it can be done by suggestion, than to direct its attention solely, as has been its wont, to the prescribing of material medicines. They have left the ministering to minds diseased to the clergy, forgetting that the latter, whose splendid achievements I would not for one moment depreciate, have no such opportunities for diagnosing the case as are presented to the family practitioner. The faculty has long studied the anatomy and physiology of the

brain, but to the function of the dominant organ, the all-powerful soul, they have paid but scanty attention. While those who have given their time and attention to this study have not been slow to give the results of their labors to the world, I feel that the knowledge of the power inherent in man is still very limited. That Christ understood it perfectly there cannot be a doubt. Some of the miracles that he performed are being daily repeated, and when the laws which govern this psychic force are understood our lepers will again be healed, and destroyed tissues restored.

It is self-evident that this force can be most successfully directed by one who combines with its acquaintance a thorough knowledge of anatomy, physiology, diagnosis, surgery and medicine, and one who, in addition to this, enjoys the confidence of the patient. A physician of note has wisely said: "Our doctors have been too materialistic; our so-called metaphysicians, Christian Scientists, and mental healers too ignorant of medicine and the law of suggestion. The work should be combined. We cannot ignore the body. We cannot do without either food or medicine. Hunger and thirst may well

be classified as disease. What are the remedies? Bread and butter, beefsteak, potatoes, and pure water. Show us how to do without these, and then we can think of doing without medicines of all kinds.”

The human system might be aptly likened to an electric street railway. The brain is the dynamo; the organs of the body are the street cars. These sometimes stop running, and no amount of attention given to the car itself will be of benefit when the trouble is really in the dynamo. On the other hand, an accident may happen to the car itself, and local repairs are necessary to remove the obstruction. An experienced electrician can find the cause of the disturbance in both cases, and remove it. Similarly, the man who attempts to regulate the human system must have acquired a portion of his knowledge in the dissecting-room and the laboratory.

In almost every case in which it is necessary to make use of drugs, suggestion will be found to heighten the effect of their employment, and many of the attending symptoms may be relieved. It has been found efficacious, for example, in controlling the headache of typhoid

fever, lowering the temperature, and removing or even preventing the delirium. I have yet to hear of a case of typhoid fever ending fatally in which suggestion was given a fair trial in addition to the regular treatment.

I hope in a future work to give detailed accounts of cases benefited by the employment of suggestion; it is only possible here to call attention to two cases of acute peritonitis which I cull from the records of Dr. Parkyn. While the headache was still intense and the vomiting persistent, he succeeded in inducing hypnosis, withdrew the morphine, and caused the disappearance of the distressing symptoms immediately. The patients were able to retain and assimilate food perfectly. Except that hypnosis was also employed here, both cases were treated according to the regular methods, and a remarkably quick recovery ensued.

Hypnosis will probably never take the place of chloroform or ether as a general anæsthetic, but it can be used successfully in a very large number of cases for even major operations and is of special value where the use of a stupefying drug is contra-indicated. In obstetrical practice it has been found useful in the removal of

pain, and seems to place the civilized woman on a par with her more ignorant, but in this respect more fortunate, sister, the savage woman, with whom child-birth is not a function to be dreaded.

Briefly the diseases in which hypnotism has been proved to be of service are the following:

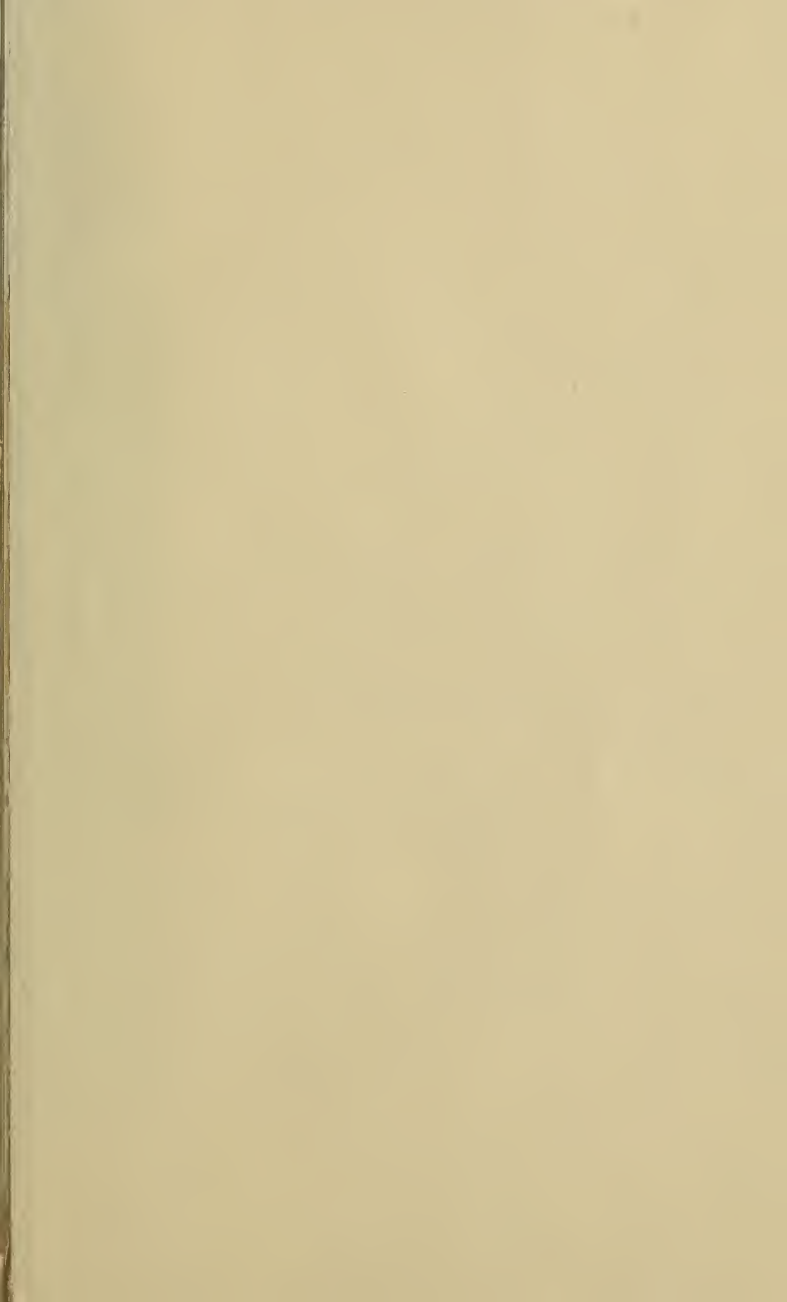
Hysteria, or all forms of imaginary ailments and diseases. Alcoholism, morphine and cocaine habits, stammering, sciatica and all forms of neuralgia, sick-headache, rheumatism, vicious habits, bad temper, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, nervous dyspepsia, constipation, dysmenorrhœa, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, insomnia, chronic sprains, deranged conditions of the circulation of the blood, and monomania. It is most useful in diagnosing a disease, as, for instance, in enabling a physician to distinguish between an actual disease and a hysterical complaint simulating that disease.

In conclusion it may be said that the value of the application of hypnotic suggestion in dentistry is self-evident, and the time is not far distant when the knowledge of hypnotism will be rightly regarded as worthy of acquirement both by men of science and the public at large.

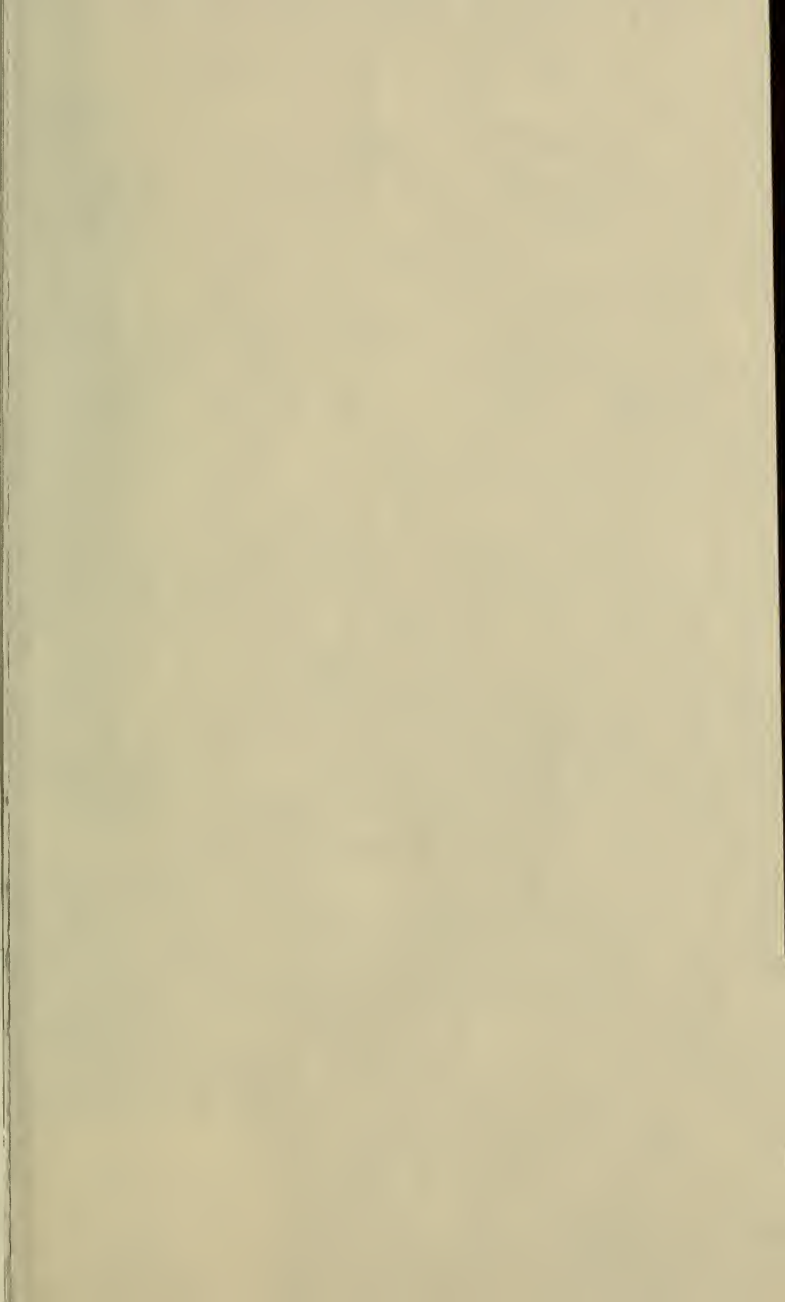
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