

REGISTERED
MAY 1901
PERIODICAL DIV.

SUGGESTION

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. VII, No. 2.

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 1, 1901.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per annum.
Single Copies 10 Cents. Foreign Sub-
scription, 8 Shillings per annum.

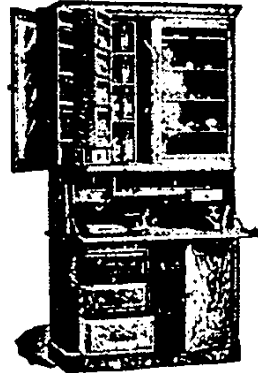
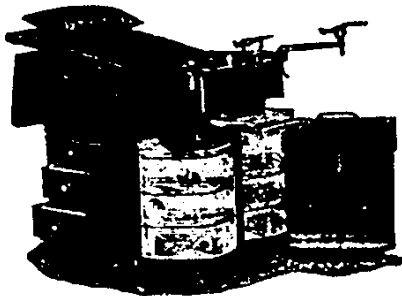
DEVOTED TO THE
Study and Advancement of Suggestive Therapeutics
ALSO TO THE
Scientific Investigation of All Occult Phenomena.

CONTENTS:

THE FRAUDS OF SPIRITUALISM	S. L. Krebs, A. M.	45
SEARCHING FOR THE SOUL	S. F. Meacham, M. D.	52
SUGGESTOGRAPHIA	George Bieser, M. D.	56
THE SYMPATHETIC MAN	E. H. Pratt, M. D.	64
HYPNOTIC SOMNAMBULISM	Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D.	68
A BOY AND A FEW MEN	William Walker Atkinson	73
"SECRETS OF THE SEANCE"	(Editorial)	78
BOOK REVIEWS		84
SHORT ARTICLES, MISCELLANY, JOTTINGS, CLIPPINGS, ETC.		

HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D., C. M., EDITOR.
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The Allison Physician's Table



HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

If you want the best you will take no other. This style, No. 34, our latest production, surpasses in beauty, convenience, and practical utility, anything of the kind ever seen.

The unique design, compact and harmonious, adjustable stirrups and leg crutches, glass trays in the revolving cabinets, detachable leg rests, the simple, convenient and ingenious mechanism, rendering it noiseless in its movements and easy of manipulation, and its immaculate finish, are the secrets of its popularity. It is used in the Post Graduate Schools of New York and Chicago—a distinction no other table enjoys.

.....
THE ALLISON CHAIR has been a leader for years and is one of the most convenient chairs made.

Our line of Instruments and Medicine Cabinets can not be equaled. Modern ideas prevail. Our combination Cabinet No. 61, as shown above, is a marvel, uniting in a single article an instrument cabinet, aseptic and dust-proof, a medicine cabinet with swinging racks for bottles, a writing desk, drawers for bandages, and compartment for wash basin.



W. D. ALLISON COMPANY

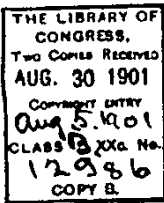
133 E. SOUTH ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
 Chicago Office and Salesroom, 4th Floor, Dyche Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
 For full particulars address

CHAS. H. KILLOUGH, Mgr.,

Dept. 8, 65 E. Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Our table is used and endorsed by Dr. Parkyn.

Telephone Central 1707.



SUGGESTION

"Man's whole education is the result of Suggestion."

VOL. VII. No. 2.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

THE FRAUDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY STANLEY L. KREBS, A. M., GREENSBURG, PA.

(Continued from July Number.)

Let us look back now a moment and see how this discovery explains the purpose of the ruse of the clairvoyant initials, S. L. K. It was to get the tablet over the slates while the attention of the sitter is diverted to thought on the initials and their meaning, and *under cover of the tablet push the wedge into place.* It is an easy matter to slip the wedge between the slates, for it is made of such dimensions, about thickness of a lead-pencil and about two and a half or three inches long (see cut No. 5), that, when lying on the table its point is just high enough to strike the crack or line of junction between the bound slates, and the latter being bound with rubber bands, easily give place to it, and even if tied with twine can readily be pried apart, inasmuch as the knots would give a little and the fibers and twists in the twine would, too, for the force of the wedge is very great, according to well-known mechanical principles. Moreover, the edges of the two slates at the line of junction *were not flush, because the frames of the slates were rounded on the outside.* Hence, when placed together, a *re-entrant* angle was formed, so that the

wedge as it was pushed along *under the letter tablet* on the table could readily find hole or point of application, i. e., strike the crack before mentioned, and thus readily pry apart the slates. (See cut No. 5, which shows rounded ends of slate frames.)

To proceed. Remember I had just finished my "Mary Smith" note, and folded and handed it to her. She took it, and after putting a small blot of ink on it, which she said the "spirits" would use in producing the writing, with her right hand dropped or threw it, with assumed carelessness, but really with considerable dexterity, upon the center of the upper of the two bound slates, apparently (that is, a careless or excited observer would have thought it had dropped into the center of the slate, but it actually fell on the wooden frame of the slate, with about one-half inch of the note projecting beyond the frame), and instantly, yea, almost in one and the same moment or act, she covered slates and note with a third slate, that she had picked up with her left hand, and which was larger than the lower two slates, projecting about one

inch all around, thus effectually hiding the projecting half inch of the note.

But at this point I, eagerly wishing to see the whole process repeated, in order to be doubly sure of my details, and wishing to get another chance to see the wedge and whether the letter was at this stage still between the slates or not, told her that I had written the note in such a hurry that I was afraid neither the "spirits" nor I

wedge, estimated its size and shape, and gazed into the space between the slates. *The letter was not there.* All this took but a second or two. I calmly replaced the slates, wrote the note to "Mary Smith," folded it, and more carefully, though with assumed indifference, watched her as she took it, placed ink blot on it as before, and then dropped it on frame of upper slate in such wise as to have half an inch of it



NO. 3. THE DETECTIVE MIRROR.

could read it. She said I certainly ought to write plainly, and "moreover," she added, "I do not think you held the note long enough to magnetize it." Thereupon she lifted the top slate off, brushing the note off with it, which fell on the table beside the two bound slates, handed me another small piece of paper, and turned her back. Steadily and rapidly I raised and turned the slates, as before described, and this time not only saw, but felt the

project outwardly, and simultaneously cover it with the large slate. But before proceeding, let us see how the letter was removed. Namely, as follows: At the end of the paragraph about the clairvoyant initials S. L. K., I said, "she then picked up the slates." Remember, at that point they already had the wedge between them, which she had just pushed into place. She moved the slates carelessly and naturally (talking all the while) towards her end or

edge of the table, and there *tilted them up a moment* (a brief moment, so brief it would not have attracted the attention, much less aroused the suspicion of the average, careless or "believing" sitter, especially when that sitter's attention was diverted to what she was saying in her voluble talk), so that the letter *could not help but slide down into her lap*, all unobserved. And there is where the letter is lying at the stage of the proceedings to

tending to see some more initials in the air and to write them down on the tablet, she straightened up in her chair, and thus carelessly moved the tablet over the pile of the three slates, and with the finger of her right hand under the tablet, she slips the projecting note out and holding it up against the under side of the tablet *removes it to her lap as easy as you please*, while she asks me to think who the *new initials stand for*. And whilst I am try-

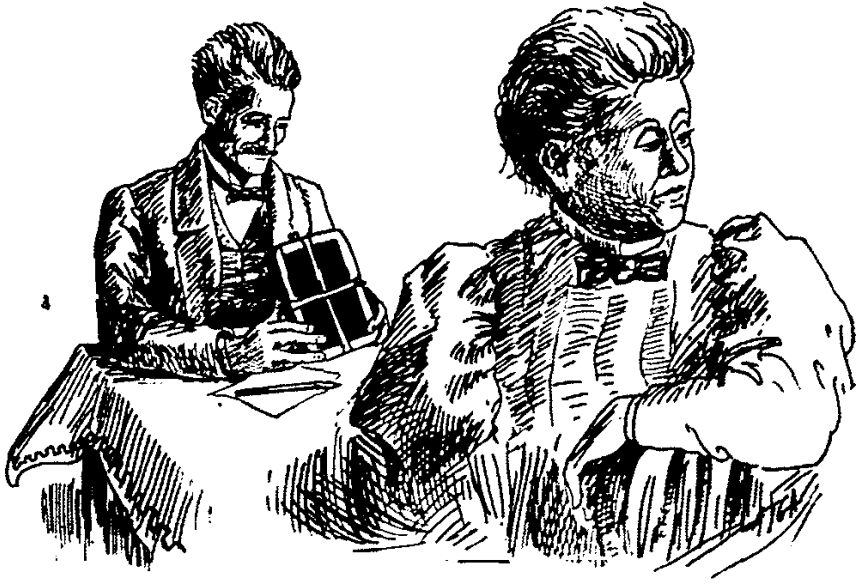


FIG. 4. THE DISCOVERY.

which we have now arrived. I know it was there, first from the negative evidence that it was *not* between the two slates, and secondly, from the extremely positive evidence that *I saw it with my own eyes in my little looking glass under the table*.

We now proceed. First, recognize the situation: The sealed letter is in her lap and the note to "Mary Smith" projecting under the large upper or third slate. Recourse is again had to the tablets. Pre-

ing to think (for they stand for nobody, being any letters that first enter her head), she deliberately unfolds the note in her lap, looks down and reads it. Then, apparently to secure a more restful position in her chair (but afterwards seen to be a *critical movement in the chain of processes*), she turns half around to the right *towards the door*, which, in our preliminary conversation, she had told me connected with the house of her sister,

half rises, *spreads out her skirts*, and resumes her seat, facing the door. (See Cut 3.)

At this point an unexpected digression occurred, which came very near spoiling the whole affair. I was eager to observe her every movement at this stage of the game, so anxious to discover the remaining secret, namely, *how the writing was done inside a sealed envelope*, which would round out the whole trick and my discovery as well, that I must have gazed too persistently and intently down into my lap-glass, for she suddenly exclaimed, look-

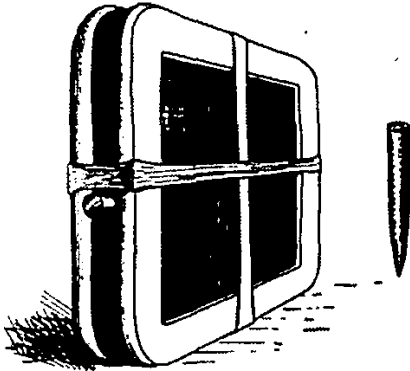


FIG. 5. SLATES WITH EDGE..

ing directly and searchingly at me, "Have you a looking glass in your lap?" A Fourth of July dynamite cracker exploding under my chair would not have astounded me more. But I had presence of mind enough to reply, "Whv, what makes you think so? Because I look down? The fact is I have studied hypnotism some, and having heard that mediums sometimes hypnotize their visitors, and desiring on this most interesting occasion to keep a clear head, and make a fair and impartial investigation, I did not wish to expose myself to the power of your eyes, whether you

can hypnotize or not." Whether this idea satisfied her reason or tickled her vanity, I did not know, but it had the much desired effect of removing her dangerous suspicions and allowing the proceedings to proceed, without her getting up, as I momentarily expected her to do, to come around the table and catch me with the tell-tale glass. The suppressed excitement of the moment was something unusual, as of all things I wished to avoid a scene, and yet was eaten up with an equally intense desire to continue the experiment (which had so obligingly turned into an expose) unto the climax and unto the end. My longings were destined to be gratified in a manner that left nothing more to be desired.

We now pick up the thread of the narrative where the medium, with the sealed letter in her lap, and the "Mary Smith" note, too, which she had just secured in the manner above described, had turned toward her sister's door. *That sister*, or some other accomplice, *was just on the other side of that door*, waiting to do her part. The sealed letter and the note must be gotten over to her, the letter opened, the questions answered as her ingenuity might suggest, and as she was aided by overhearing any answers that the sitter might make to the questions of the medium, or as the "underground system" (see later) enabled her, the letter must then be resealed and gotten back again to the medium, and into the slates. How was all this to be done? Well, I tried to keep my eyes both above and below the table, and on *the medium's eyes, too, as often as she looked at me after what had just happened*. I longed for another eye, or one in the back of my head, as Dr. Wilson said our evolutionary ancestors, the

apes, had long milleniums ago. What I succeeded in seeing with only two eyes was this. Miss Bangs picked up a tablet (as usual, a new act begins with a tablet) and saw the name "Mary" in letters of fire in the air. "Do you know a Mary in spirit life?" was asked. "Yes." "Does her last name begin with the letter S?" "It does." "Let me see, I'll try to get the whole last name. Is it Smuggle? No.—Shrive?—no—Simmer?—no—oh yes I see it now, it is Smith. Do you know anyone in spirit-life by the name of Mary Smith?" This, remember, is the name I had written on the note. Another sitter would have been surprised at her knowledge of it, as I was the first time I had a seance with Miss Bangs; but as I was now familiar with the peregrinations of that note, I wasn't surprised a bit, mirabile dictu! though pretended to be, in order to allay her suspicions. And now, notice, it was the moment while laboring under the crest of this wave of mimic surprise, which she, however, judged to be genuine and is genuine in other cases, that she chose to deliberately stoop down, place the sealed letter on something dark colored and about half a foot wide or less on the floor, which was in a moment or two drawn backward and disappeared with the letter and note on it under the closed door.

My Miss Bangs then, i. e., the visible Miss Bangs, i. e. the Miss Bangs on the hitherward side of the door, immediately began to see more clairvoyant (!) letters and messages, such as that I wanted "Mary" "to communicate," etc. Wonderful how she got this knowledge! (Sic!) She then asked me a lot of questions about "Mary," whether she was my sister, aun', cousin, how long dead, married or single, etc. This consumed eight or ten min-

utes of time. In the midst of it I heard a slight sliding sound and instantly looked into my glass as Miss Bangs, as though to change her position in her chair, stooped forward toward the door. *I saw her pick up a small piece of paper* from that before-mentioned dark-colored slide on the floor at the door, *place it in her lap and read it.* Whereupon she immediately began to see more clairvoyant names in the air, a number of them in fact, and, in short, mentioned *all the names I had written in my sealed letter*, giving them *exactly*, name for name, letter for letter, as well as the substance of the questions I had asked of each one. She asked me a good many questions about "Jack" (See the letters on subsequent pages), and about "Mary S." and "Yonkers," and do you know why? Simply because the questions I had written to these "spirits" were *difficult to answer*, and she wanted to elicit as much information as possible from me regarding them in the hope that I would let fall some remark or hint that would enable her sister, who was listening at the door, to frame a passably suitable reply for the letters, all of which, of course, *she wrote in the other room* on the blank sheets provided for the "spirit" replies.

All this maneuvering consumed considerable time, time enough to do twice as much writing as was actually done.

At last I saw, through the glass, (Glorious little policeman!), the letter thrust through beneath the door on the dark slide, and safely lodged in Miss Bang's lap. Now, *how is she going to get it back between the slates?* The thoughtful reader may easily judge in advance, namely, by manipulating the tablets. Even so. She coolly placed one

tablet against her end of the lowest slate, which tablet was just as thick as the slate so as to bring its surface *even* with the crack or opening between the two bound and wedged slates. Under another tablet she held the letter fast by a finger or two and after placing this second tablet over the other one and *partly, too, over the pile of slates*, easily, with a quick filip of the finger reenforced by a lead-pencil which she *deliberately used to push the letter in, slid the letter back into place between the slates*, withdrew the wedge between her fingers under the tablet, removed the tablets, and all was done, in far less time too than it takes to tell it.

(Remark. This maneuvering with the tablets does not arouse suspicion in the unprepared or unsuspecting beholder, for it did not arouse it in the hundreds and thousands that have sat with her, during the past ten or fifteen years, simply because they firmly *believe* it is but the preparation to receive other clairvoyant messages, or are *over-awed* by the entire ensemble and their wishes, prejudices, hopes and expectations, and so lose keenness of observation.)

After the wedge is withdrawn, we held the slates between us as we did at the out-start, and in a moment or two three faint raps are heard—easily made by the finger nails on the hard slate or in other ways—which she announces as the “spirit” signal that the messages are written and all is over, “the spirits have done their work.” I took off the upper slate. The note was, of course, gone. I untied the other two slates, and found the letter there with the note inside of it and the messages in reply to the questions I had asked.

Does any one wonder how Miss Bangs No. 2 opened the sealed letter without

tearing the paper or otherwise marking or disfiguring the envelope? This is a very simple matter, as I have since ascertained by repeated experiment. Just wet the sealed envelope along the lap or line of mucilage, let it stand three or four minutes, when it will open almost of itself. Take off the water with a blotter, or iron over the blotter with a hot iron, which dries the lap sufficiently to permit resealing. The fold will bring it down with accuracy upon the place it occupied before, and thus any crosses or other marks put on it will fall exactly into their places. Or the letter can be opened by steaming the lap.

In conclusion, this is the whole of the trick, this *the secret of the fraud*. It consists of various stages of development, carefully thought out, naturally connected cleverly executed. *The tablets form one of the most essential features, the wedges another, the crack under the door a third*, and all else is grouped around these.

On this particular occasion, after the whole was over, I arose and thanked Miss Bangs for the most interesting exhibition she had given me, whereupon she kindly offered still more, namely to take me into her sister's house and show me the “spirit portraits” there. This was precisely the one thing I still desired, the only thing remaining to complete the discovery thus far made, for I wanted to get near the door, which was on her side of the table, in order to see *how the letter and notes were passed through it*. At her offer, therefore, I instantly stepped over near the door, engaging her in conversation about some trivial matter on the wall in order to prevent her opening it at once, and there I saw that the *door was uneven, fitting close to the carpet at the hinge side,*

but being fully a half inch or more away from the floor at the knob side, just in front of which Miss B. sat during the entire seance, thus making a crack wide enough to pass even larger packets to and fro than a letter and a note. This opening is hidden from the eyes of the sitter at the table by an innocent looking waste paper basket, which is shown in cut No. 3.

As Miss B. opened the door, I caught a glimpse of her sister, a woman older and larger than herself, who at that particular moment, with a look of surprise and annoyance on her face, was flying out of the opposite door into the hall way, where she disappeared up the stairs.

These are the facts of that Chicago seance. Comment is unnecessary. "Facts speak louder than words." In the name of Truth, let them speak.

(To be continued.)

The next installment of this series of articles will contain an account of Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn's visit to the Bangs sisters.

3 External Bounds.

It is being proved that external bounds give way just in the degree that mental bonds are overcome.

So many people say, "Oh, if I could just have a better environment I should soon be free."

This is the very place where they make a mistake. The environment is based on the mental, and help must be mental.

Those who say, "I am so hampered by my surroundings that there seems no hope for me, and I am discouraged," are making a mental law that will really hold them back, but the delay will be solely due to the fact that they recognize their surroundings as limitations, instead of the result of past thought. They bemoan their unhappy lot, and beat against their bonds, when if they would but take stock

of their own forces and the law by which conditions must conform to the inner thought-moods, they could drop all burdens and begin to enjoy a new external world.

I have never seen an instance of failure to demonstrate this law by anyone who made a practical application of the principle. Some have made a partial attempt, but lacked the courage and persistence to stand by the law fully.

I remember particularly a case which was so thoroughly overwhelmed by a belief in the power of environment to prevent growth, that he did not begin to work on the "new thought" until he got to a point where "something had to be done."

Then he went to work in earnest. He quit looking at "environments," he paid attention only to his intellectual food; he emphasized strength and mastery, and held to an almighty demand for more knowledge. His hopes materialized; his expectations became realities; new knowledge and new opportunities came to him, and all forms of bondage disappeared as if by magic. His freedom was exemplified as much in business as in health, and as much in religious beliefs, as in other matters of opinion.

This was accomplished in a year's time. The man was a merchant, who had lost his "grip" on health and business, so that he felt that he was beyond all relief. He thought conditions were so much against him that nothing could make a change unless something would remove those conditions, and, of course, he did not believe that the power to remove them could come from within his own mind.

He sees now very clearly how he made the only limitations by which he was bound.—A. Z. Makorney, in *Freedom*.

SEARCHING FOR THE SOUL.

BY S. F. MEACHAM, M. D., OAKLAND, CAL.

This is getting to be quite a common occupation. It seems to be becoming epidemic. Its rapid spread has led me to spend some little time investigating this trade and the character of the wares handled. If any of my readers are interested and will do as I have done, I can promise them some surprises and an interesting time while so engaged.

I wish it distinctly understood that I have not the least objection to any one searching for his Soul, if he thinks that it is lost. In fact, I am inclined to think that such a search would, under the circumstances, be strictly in order.

But it seems to me in order to inquire first as to the probability of its being lost, and also as to what it is that is lost, if it is?

How do they know it needs looking after? Supposing that something about them is lost, strayed, stolen or unhinged, why the Soul? Why not the conscience? That seems to me to be as likely to be on a jaunt when needed at home as almost anything about us. In fact, in some climates, it, the conscience seems to live mostly out of doors and to be on the tramp the greater part of the time.

But, possibly this is the Soul. If so, let's call it that, for while it, conscience, has been made to do all kinds of duty, it has never meant the same at any two periods of time, nor to any two races, nor to any two people living. It is, after all, possible to guess nearer to what might

be amiss if the conscience was on the strike than the Soul.

The Soul, what is it?

Ask every man with whom you chance to speak for the next six weeks; look into all the books, magazines and papers at your command, and you will by that time commence to understand what an enormous task these poor creatures have on hand when they undertake to look for their Souls.

There was so much talk of the need of looking for the Soul, of becoming acquainted with one's Soul, etc., that I thought probably mine had wandered or was a stranger to me, and I am free to confess that if the ordinary searcher (as I meet him on the street or in the newer type of literature) is to be taken as an example and guide, then there is certainly something radically wrong with my make-up, for I am unable to understand what he is after, or to see any common utility in his actions or teachings if they could be enforced just as he is doing.

In order that you may know the species of animal I refer to, the soulless variety, I wish to give a few illustrations of how it, *the it* of whom I am speaking, acts and endeavors to live.

I met one in a restaurant not long ago and it claimed to have found its soul, and said that it could get anything it wanted by *going into the silence* and asking for it.

I said: "Can you get information on an absolutely new subject that way?" He,

as I will call him for convenience, said: "Yes." "Not necessary to read or inquire what others have done to get a start," said I. "And can you get material benefits that way, too?" He said "Yes" to both. He said: "The universe has a perfect memory and her records are open and readable by all who learn how to go into the silence."

"Everything nature or men have ever done or thought is recorded and at the command of the fellow who can get out of the noise."

I made up my mind that that was the most wonderful piece of silence that I heard of, and I immediately commenced rummaging around for a method of ordering a bolt for my own special use. But before doing so it occurred to me to investigate and see what it was really doing for my informant. So I commenced looking him over for signs, or special brands, but in vain. I noticed, however, that his shoes should have been discarded last year, and that his hat looked as if he might have been fishing and caught it, instead of fish, and his clothes had many places that appeared to be for air holes. All in all, I thought he might better catch a hunk of that silence and squeeze a suit of clothes out of it. But I thought that he was so happy, that probably he did not care for small matters like clothes. But I looked farther and found out the following:

He was married and had six children. Wife and children all clad about like himself. The neighbors said they had little to eat, and paid rent by moving, and that the doctor who attended the family was minus, and that he, the man, the father, had lately been discharged from his place in a little store for carelessness, or inability to attend to duty, and that he had

met with similar success everywhere he had been, save that I heard some wonderful stories of healing he had done.

When I tried to chase these down they all escaped.

The cases I found were either acute and of a type that needed time only, or he had simply worked in conjunction with some one else, a doctor, for instance, who knew nothing of his indebtedness to him.

I was not very highly delighted with this outlook, but I thought that probably he was modest and afraid to ask for too much, for fear it would appear selfish, so I passed on.

I found another who could get anything he wanted by catching the right variety of silence. I find that you need to be very careful as to the kind of silence you get hold of, for some varieties are extremely dangerous.

Well, on investigation, I found this party in very poor health, out of money, and out of a job. This had been the condition for the greater part of the time for years.

Another modest one.

I then read an advertisement of one who gave "treatments for success." Here, says I, is my man. He has the right variety. I found him in a small room with bare walls, worn carpet, and attired—well, I thought he must have traded for number one's suit of clothes. I learned during my talk that he was living on borrowed capital, and had never had enough to buy the tail feathers of a dead hen. He was just going to get rich, for he had lately learned the secret. He could get into the silence.

He was thin, sallow, and really looked like a faded flower. I could think of several squeezes he might have given that silence, and not have done any special

damage unless his variety was everlastingly touchy.

I didn't take any lessons in success.

I have put in quite a little of my spare time looking into the working of this soul-searching scheme, after the new pattern, and I could relate experiences by the dozen, all after the above pattern.

Most of those who have succeeded have done so by telling others what a good thing they have found and how wonderfully it works with them, and running a magazine that tells the secret at so much a line. But the ones who attempt to apply the schemes are always just *going to be flush*.

There is one other type that is well represented now, and I had the chance to see quite a noted one not long ago. These people *have found the soul so much* that it is going to keep the present body in good repair forever, or longer. They are not going to die. They have the process patented, and sell it to fools at so much a think. I bought several thinks myself, just to help along the good work and see how it was done.

Well, I found my man. He was tall, would weigh about 120 pounds, his head would measure about 21 inches and was fastened on to his shoulders with a shoe-string-like neck. His legs looked like tooth-picks stuck into a crab apple. "Well," say I to myself, "if he has a brand of think that can keep him here a million years or so, I should like a yard or two of it." So I tackled him.

"Well, my friend, I understand that you are not going to die."

"No, sir," he squeaked—that's as near as I can name the noise he made, voice is too voluminous to apply to it. "How are you going to succeed?"

"Oh! I wor't die. I have found my

Soul and can go into the silence;" and I thought (on the side, for fear he might hear it) that it would take a good quantity of silence, and one that was used to the business, to keep him here very long.

I asked him how he come to find out that his Soul was lost; what it looked like when he found it; what he was looking for while searching, and what kind of a noise the right kind of silence made, so I would know it when I found it? He told me; but I give it up. That neck of his was so small that he chewed his food so fine, and swallowed it in such small bits, that I couldn't taste it, so I am sorry that I can't give it to you.

All that I could make out of it was, that he went daily into the silence that he found roosting quietly in the center of his Soul, and by a peculiar squeeze, which cost money and practice to learn, he squeezed a little more life out of it each day than he used up, and there you are.

I asked him if he had spoken for a conveyance from the earth when it got too cool here for comfort, and when all his friends and neighbors had died, and he quietly remarked that his silence recognized no limitations. A little matter like the earth freezing clear through, and the sun having the chills, didn't shake his faith at all. That silence of his could make more noise than all the worlds falling together at once.

I wish I had a pocketful of it. When I shake my purse I usually have silence, too, but he said that wasn't the kind, though I notice that all whom I have seen look just like I feel when my purse is filled with that awful silence.

He was dressed just like the rest of them.

Strange how little these people care for clothes.

I have made up my mind that if I have to look so hard, in order to find my Soul, that I lose my clothes and dinner bucket, that I am not going to look for it by the new road.

SOUL is a great word, filled with deep meaning and uplift to men, when the subject is handled by some one who is familiar with its psychological import. The subject is one that, in its deeper aspect, baffles the best minds, but it always pays for time spent in its rational contemplation and study.

I also believe very firmly that concentration of mind on the topics handled, is something one should cultivate carefully, and that intuition, and relaxation of mind from all stress and strain that we may at times hear and see what may well up from the depths, unaided, is not to be passed over too lightly.

Again, it is acknowledged by all that one should strive constantly to live on the side of the highest and best; to look ever to the ideal that is the grandest and purest we know; but all these things can be done and not take leave of common sense, nor lead people to dream of attempting the impossible.

When people of all walks of life, and with all degrees of lack of cultivation and mind, are taught that there is *something or some place of silence, or noise* either, where they can commune daily for a time and immediately become seers and prophets, able at once to teach the world, and to be able to see the fallacies in the works of men of profound reach of mind, who have spent a life time in its cultivation, and learning how to avoid pitfalls and snares, there can be but one outcome, and *that* such as we see on every hand and fully as ridiculous as portrayed above, all of which are from real life.

Nature has her own good time and way, and that is always the way of growth, and for the great masses of us this is the only way. Geniuses we cannot all be, and Theosophy tells us that even they have earned this by the same means that the rest of us must pursue. Be that as it may, the masses must advance by obeying the fixed order of things, not by flying in the face of it. Let us learn to be cheerful and obedient children of our great mother Nature, and, in good time and place, health and happiness shall be ours, but not by leaps and bounds.

Nature does not work in that way. She teaches patience, "learn to labor and to wait."

Leaving out a stray case here and there, all of which could be explained in a rational manner, neither health nor wealth can come by the mere asking, but must be purchased by thought-control; by living the life of temperance and obedience; and by control of our desires, selecting those that lead along the line of our abilities, and permit us to start on life's journey from where our feet are planted now, and climb, climb toward the top. Think and pray, and affirm, but *labor, climb, act*, also.

The Mental Mansion.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarrys so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the center of joy."—Henry Ward Beecher.

damage unless his variety was everlastingly touchy.

I didn't take any lessons in success.

I have put in quite a little of my spare time looking into the working of this soul-searching scheme, after the new pattern, and I could relate experiences by the dozen, all after the above pattern.

Most of those who have succeeded have done so by telling others what a good thing they have found and how wonderfully it works with them, and running a magazine that tells the secret at so much a line. But the ones who attempt to apply the schemes are always just *going to be flush*.

There is one other type that is well represented now, and I had the chance to see quite a noted one not long ago. These people *have found the soul so much* that it is going to keep the present body in good repair forever, or longer. They are not going to die. They have the process patented, and sell it to fools at so much a think. I bought several thinks myself, just to help along the good work and see how it was done.

Well, I found my man. He was tall, would weigh about 120 pounds, his head would measure about 21 inches and was fastened on to his shoulders with a shoestring-like neck. His legs looked like tooth-picks stuck into a crab apple. "Well," say I to myself, "if he has a brand of think that can keep him here a million years or so, I should like a yard or two of it." So I tackled him.

"Well, my friend, I understand that you are not going to die."

"No, sir," he squeaked—that's as near as I can name the noise he made, voice is too voluminous to apply to it. "How are you going to succeed?"

"Oh! I won't die. I have found my

Soul and can go into the silence;" and I thought (on the side, for fear he might hear it) that it would take a good quantity of silence, and one that was used to the business, to keep him here very long.

I asked him how he come to find out that his Soul was lost; what it looked like when he found it; what he was looking for while searching, and what kind of a noise the right kind of silence made, so I would know it when I found it? He told me; but I give it up. That neck of his was so small that he chewed his food so fine, and swallowed it in such small bits, that I couldn't taste it, so I am sorry that I can't give it to you.

All that I could make out of it was, that he went daily into the silence that he found roosting quietly in the center of his Soul, and by a peculiar squeeze, which cost money and practice to learn, he squeezed a little more life out of it each day than he used up, and there you are.

I asked him if he had spoken for a conveyance from the earth when it got too cool here for comfort, and when all his friends and neighbors had died, and he quietly remarked that his silence recognized no limitations. A little matter like the earth freezing clear through, and the sun having the chills, didn't shake his faith at all. That silence of his could make more noise than all the worlds falling together at once.

I wish I had a pocketful of it. When I shake my purse I usually have silence, too, but he said that wasn't the kind, though I notice that all whom I have seen look just like I feel when my purse is filled with that awful silence.

He was dressed just like the rest of them.

Strange how little these people care for clothes.

I have made up my mind that if I have to look so hard, in order to find my Soul, that I lose my clothes and dinner bucket, that I am not going to look for it by the new road.

SOUL is a great word, filled with deep meaning and uplift to men, when the subject is handled by some one who is familiar with its psychological import. The subject is one that, in its deeper aspect, baffles the best minds, but it always pays for time spent in its rational contemplation and study.

I also believe very firmly that concentration of mind on the topics handled, is something one should cultivate carefully, and that intuition, and relaxation of mind from all stress and strain that we may at times hear and see what may well up from the depths, unaided, is not to be passed over too lightly.

Again, it is acknowledged by all that one should strive constantly to live on the side of the highest and best; to look ever to the ideal that is the grandest and purest we know; but all these things can be done and not take leave of common sense, nor lead people to dream of attempting the impossible.

When people of all walks of life, and with all degrees of lack of cultivation and mind, are taught that there is *something or some place of silence, or noise* either, where they can commune daily for a time and immediately become seers and prophets, able at once to teach the world, and to be able to see the fallacies in the works of men of profound reach of mind, who have spent a life time in its cultivation, and learning how to avoid pitfalls and snares, there can be but one outcome, and *that* such as we see on every hand and fully as ridiculous as portrayed above, all of which are from real life.

Nature has her own good time and way, and that is always the way of growth, and for the great masses of us this is the only way. Geniuses we cannot all be, and Theosophy tells us that even they have earned this by the same means that the rest of us must pursue. Be that as it may, the masses must advance by obeying the fixed order of things, not by flying in the face of it. Let us learn to be cheerful and obedient children of our great mother Nature, and, in good time and place, health and happiness shall be ours, but not by leaps and bounds.

Nature does not work in that way. She teaches patience, "learn to labor and to wait."

Leaving out a stray case here and there, all of which could be explained in a rational manner, neither health nor wealth can come by the mere asking, but must be purchased by thought-control; by living the life of temperance and obedience; and by control of our desires, selecting those that lead along the line of our abilities, and permit us to start on life's journey from where our feet are planted now, and climb, climb toward the top. Think and pray, and affirm, but *labor, climb, act*, also.

The Mental Mansion.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the center of joy."—Henry Ward Beecher.

SUGGESTOGRAPHIA.

BY GEORGE BIESER, M. D., 186 W. 102D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ARTICLE VIII.

In the previous article, entitled Suggestographia, transcendentalism and transcendence were briefly outlined and a few examples of transcendence in both the physical and psychical sciences given. This brings us to the consideration of certain data assumed, without criticism by many psychic researchers to exist in abstract reality, which data are made the bases, elements or principles of science, or of pseudo-science, whether it be biology, Mental Science or the modern scientific psychology. Most investigators refuse to challenge the reality of these data from which they draw their deductions, and as a result of which they believe the physical and psychical laws, observed by them, obtain.

Many psychic and biologic researchers assume that there exist at least three ultimate principles in the universe which, for our purpose, we will designate matter, energy and intelligence. Other researchers assume that there are but two principles, matter and energy, while others again assume that there is only one principle which is either matter, or energy, or Mind; hence we have numerous doctrines of *materialism*, *idealism*, *pantheism* and other *isms*. All these *isms* obviously transcend experience and, in spite of the ingenious play upon words, do not explain well-known phenomena. To make either matter, or energy, or intelligence, the ultimate something in our experience of physical and psychical phenomena, is to

transcend experience and to fall into speculation and error. If we take "matter" for example, we find that those elements and qualities or attributes of experience, which exist or which seem to exist independent of the experiencing person or persons, have been abstracted from the whole of human experience and have been set up by themselves under the name of *matter*, as if they really existed by themselves, in order that a working hypothesis for the natural sciences might be formulated. As a matter of fact, all those elements and qualities or attributes associated by us with matter do not exist by themselves, for many exist only in the psychical realm as forms, the result of the response to impressions received through the various sense avenues by the cortex of the brain; and individuals, who know the nature of human knowledge, know that such elements and qualities or attributes do not exist by themselves. Briefly, matter, energy and intelligence are merely sorts of personification of the independent aspects of experience which investigators, for convenience of study, have abstracted from their general experience and have set up by themselves.

Many of the qualities as such do not actually exist in, nor form part of, the makeup of matter, energy and intelligence, but only exist in the psychical realm because they are formed by the workings of the psychical processes going on in the nervous system of the experi-

encing person. We attribute many qualities to articles and persons which they do not possess, but only seem to possess. Bells are said to emit sound when struck, flowers to possess color and odor, ice to be cold, a fascinating person to possess personal magnetism, and yet, careful analysis shows us that the experiencing of these qualities by individuals, who observe these articles and persons, are the result of psychical or psycho-physiological processes. Aroused into action by sensorial impressions which are caused by modes of motion emanating from these objects. Thus a bell, that is struck, vibrates, this vibration is transmitted to a surrounding medium, usually air, which vibration of air in turn sets the tympanic membranes of the ears in vibration. The vibration of the ear drums through the mechanism of the complicated structures of the internal ears and the auditory nerves, finally impresses the brain cortex of the individual who then experiences the phenomenon called sound. So sound is really a quality called into existence by changes wrought in the nervous system of an organism by a vibrating medium in conjunction with the surface of the body and is not a quality of the article or object from which the vibrations emanate.

Objects, capable of emitting sound such as bells, are called sonorous bodies; but strictly speaking we should call ringing bells vibrating or vibratory bodies and the experiencing brains the sonorous bodies. Viewed from the standpoint of the natural sciences, sound exists only in the mind; while in abstract reality, there exists only emanations of vibrations—modes of motion—from environmental matter—living or dead. Vibrations, resulting in the phenomenon of sound because of certain brain states or conditions

present in experiencing persons, are not really qualities of matter; therefore sound itself is not a quality of environmental matter. The conclusion that we must naturally draw from observation and experiment is that there is no sound as such in the universe where there is no cortex or its equivalent to be impressed by vibrations, or where there are no brain states produced which are associated with sound as we experience it. That the foregoing conclusion is probably correct seems to be proved by the fact that the deaf can feel vibrations of the air or other transmitting medium during the ringing of a bell, but they do not experience the phenomenon of sound. No device can alter this condition of affairs in the deaf if thereby the necessary brain states are not produced. For similar reasons, to persons who are blind, flowers have no color; to persons who suffer from anosia, flowers have no odor; to persons who suffer from anaesthesia, ice is not cold; and to persons who are not suggestible to a marked degree or who are hard to please, so-called fascinating persons have no personal magnetism. Those, with an up-to-date knowledge of suggestion, use the term personal magnetism to express technically the faculty which some persons possess of arousing, augmenting and directing pleasing thoughts in susceptible persons by sense impressions, by suggestions or by suggestive procedures. The modern mental or philosophical sciences recognize the qualities of sound, color, odor, cold, personal magnetism, etc., because these are phenomena experienced by individuals; and the modern scientific psychology (a natural science) recognizes that these qualities are creations or accompaniments of mental processes when certain conditions

obtain between organisms and their environment.

The phenomenon called "life" is a very important subject to be considered by the students of both Mental Science and psychology as well as those of biology. Without a clear understanding of what is meant by the term life, psychic researchers find themselves, as it were, in a chaos of theories, assertions, arguments etc., with no possible way of extracting themselves. All know what life is, only our friends, who "wallow in the mire" of metaphysical and theological thought, persist in stating that we do not. As we believe only in the practical value and in the common-sense view of any subject for study and as the readers of SUGGESTION are, in the main practical men and women, who govern their every day lives by reason and by the results of experience, and to whom the bare truth (pleasing or otherwise) is the all important thing in any question, we shall consider life, in this series of articles, from the scientific point of view only.

Physiologists tell us that "life is an inborn inherited power by which animals and plants grow, develop and exist for a time, and resist the destruction, decay and final oxidation to which they must sooner or later submit." Psychologists and physicists tell us that "life is a group, a total of physical and chemical processes, complicated beyond the usual complexity of processes classed for study under physics and chemistry, but none the less physical and chemical in their nature." Biologists and anthropologists tell us that "life is the sum of the phenomena, which we call living." By definitions we attempt to give general ideas of something vast in a few words; hence the best definitions are never as thoroughly explanatory as we

would desire them to be. Though these definitions of life are not, in fullness and clearness of explanation, "as deep as a well or as wide as a church door," they will serve for our present purpose. In the definition of the physiologists, the term *power* must not be taken to mean a distinct force, for, understood or accepted in that sense, the definition, scientifically considered, would be transcendental and useless because science has no evidence of such a force. If used in the philosophical sense, it would express simply a conception of the ability or capacity of doing or performing something by intelligent beings; for, strictly speaking, no being destitute of intelligence, can exert power.

There are in operation in the bodies of living organisms, potential and dynamic forces (*energies*); but, as yet, no one has actually demonstrated that any living being contains a force, or forces, different from those of our environment or from those already known to the students of natural sciences. The subject of intelligence is embraced in the study of biology and psychology, but neither of these sciences have furnished, thus far, any evidence that intelligence is an energy or a mere property of matter.

Many psychologists, biologists, scientists and others, have attempted to explain, and many are still attempting to explain, the various physiological and psycho-physiological phenomena by assuming that there exists in the body a force which they have called "vital force," "vital magnetism," "animal force," and what not. To speak of the forces in the living body as *vital, life, magnetic, animal*, or the like, in the sense that there exists in the living body forces different from those in our environment, is to transcend experience or to confound the

apparent differences of forces manifesting under different conditions. Thus far there is no evidence furnished by science that such forces in living organisms exist; therefore, it is proper for us to refuse to accept the statements of those who claim the presence of such strange forces in the body, where such forces can not be demonstrated. What we observe are various processes or rather the results of processes; and no phenomenon or process or force in the living body is explained by calling it *vital* or *animal* or *magnetic*—no more explained than is the process of combustion and the energies of light and heat explained by calling them *phlogistic* or *caloric*. To say that dynamite explodes because it possesses *explosive force*, is no real or useful explanation—no more an explanation of the process of explosion with its accompanying phenomena than is Moore's epigram "Platonic love is the one thing that Nature abhors more than a vacuum," a real explanation of the extreme rarity of Platonic love or Platonics.

There are many investigators who attempt to explain every phenomenon observed by them, in living organisms, by stating its analogy to those observable in inorganic nature, and what they cannot explain by such analogy, they think they are justified in attributing to *vital force* or *vital magnetism* or other *imaginary force*. But, this is not the proper way, not the scientific way, to search for the nature of things; and such persons, with their speculations and their conceptions of transcendental forces, when musing upon their knowledge of biological phenomena, cannot rightly exclaim, "Happy is he, who can find out the nature of things." "*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*" Is it not better to say

that an animal manifests such and such phenomena because it is alive, than to attribute manifestations to some transcendental force or forces, such as *vital force*, *vital magnetism* and the like? To attribute biological phenomena to such strange forces, has a tendency to check analysis, and the idea of *vital force* or of *vital magnetism transcends experience* because we have in our observations of living organisms and in our experiments upon them, not the manifestations of *vital*, *magnetic* or other strange forces, but only the phenomena, the result of processes, called living—the facts of living. When you assume *vital force* to exist and to be the exciting, or the actual, or the intermediate, or the ultimate cause of biological phenomena, you are speculating—not hypothesizing, and you are not sticking to the bare facts of experience; hence you are not scientific in your assumption, and such assumption is not actual knowledge, neither does it give an explanation of what it pretends to explain. In a general sense then, life is that state of animals and plants in which their functions are normally or abnormally performed, or in which their organs are capable of performing more or less perfectly specialized and non-specialized functions. Animals and plants are not dead, strictly speaking, until the functions of their organs are incapable of being restored. Plants during winter, lower animals during their torpitude or hibernation in winter, and human beings during syncope, coma and suspended animation, are not destitute of life. The non-specialized functions of the human body are growth development, heredity, chemical change and heat production, and the specialized functions are generation (a) *reparation* (b) *reproduction*,

fool absorption, oxygen absorption, secretion, circulation, contraction, sensation, co-ordination (a) *reflex* (b) *automatic*, and psychosis (a) *voluntary* (b) *involuntary*.

In a manner analogous to that of physiologists of former generations, who assumed that life and organic matter were the expressions of *vital force* (in the sense that vital force is an entity), we see mental scientists, metaphysicians, occultists, and psychic researchers of all kind, regarding psychical and psychophysiological phenomena as expressions of *mental force* or *Mind*. Here again we have the assumption of an entity which is incapable of demonstration, which checks analysis, which clearly transcends experience and which does not explain that which it pretends to explain. Nothing in psychic research is explained by such speculation. You simply cloak your ignorance by words, when you say that this or that psychical phenomenon is caused by, or is the result of the manifestations of, a thinking feeling and willing entity or being with its abode in the body, which being you call *Mind*, *Spirit*, *Ego* and what not. In your experience you have only psychical or mental processes or facts to deal with, and not the manifestations of a demonstrable entity or being; and from the standpoint of science, you have no right to assume such strange entities where they cannot be demonstrated. Science advances cautiously and rejects forces and entities which are incapable of demonstration.

The traditional definition of psychology—the science of the *Mind*—is a fallacy, because science knows no such entity or being as *Mind*. The so-called “science of the *Mind*” would be more properly named if called the “metaphysics of the *Mind*.” Of metaphysics, we

will have more to say under metaphysical healing, in a later article. In using the term *mind*, we can speak literally or we can speak figuratively; therefore many persons speak of *mind* not in the sense that it is an entity, or a real being, or a thinking, feeling and willing ultimate something, or a creature residing in a living organism, but only as the sum total of psychical or mental processes manifesting in their experience. In this sense, investigators may with propriety speak of psychology as the “science of *mind*,” but in no other sense. In reading over the numerous works upon *Mental Science* and upon the old fashioned or speculative psychology, we find *Mind* spoken of as a distinct entity or being, possessing at least three powers which are classed, first, as the intellect or intelligence or as the ratiocinative side of the *mind*, second, as the feeling or emotion or as the affective side of the *mind*, and third, as the will or volition or as the conative side of the *mind*. By virtue of its intellect, the *Mind* is assumed to have the power to perceive, to remember, to know, to judge and to reason; by virtue of its feeling, the *Mind* is assumed to have the power to enjoy and to suffer; and by virtue of its will, the *Mind* is assumed to have the power to choose and to act. This method of classifying psychic processes is unscientific and the attributing of powers, ascertained empirically, to such a metaphysical entity as *Mind*, is pure speculation because transcendence is there. *Thoughts* and *feelings*, and a *physical world* in time and space relation, with which in conscious individuals thoughts and feelings coexist, and of which thoughts and feelings and physical world, individuals are *conscious* or of which they *know*, are the data of psychology;

but no one has furnished any evidence to show that these demonstrable data of psychology are products or integral parts of some transcendental deep-lying entity, variously called Mind, Ego, Soul, Spirit, Divine Principle, etc. Of course, the data of the modern scientific psychology are discussable, or they are subjects for endless and useless speculation, but that belongs to the province of metaphysics and not science. In metaphysical works, probably because Mind and similar assumed entities are looked upon as of a higher order than matter, they are symbolized by terms written with capital letters.

It is true that, in a way, you can explain psychical phenomena by the assumed principles of "Mental Science" and you can even employ the principles of "Mental Science" with some success in the art of Suggestion; but then you must guess at the results which you will attain by the use of Suggestion for remedial, moral and educational purposes, because Suggestion is then applied solely for the reason that some other person or persons had previously used it successfully under conditions apparently identical. In other words, the employment of Suggestion according to the principles of Mental Science, is its use based upon *empiricism*. We know that numerous authorities laud the application of the principles of Mental Science as the application of knowledge gained by *experience*—individual and collective, and founded upon observation and experiment; but nevertheless, it is empiricism and, when applied for remedial purposes, most of it is no better than the empirical use of saffron tea for measles. A gives saffron tea to his child afflicted with measles and this child recovers. A tells B, whose child has measles, to administer it to his child.

B administers it to his child and that child also recovers from its measles. A's experience is confirmed; therefore A feels justified in recommending saffron tea as a remedy for measles to C, whose child has measles. A does not know whether saffron tea cures measles or how it can cure, but his experience with it was favorable and was confirmed, and he necessarily gets an exaggerated idea of the value of saffron tea in the treatment of measles. We know that many, whose use of Suggestion is based upon empiricism and upon the principles of Mental Science, have gotten their exaggerated ideas of the value of Suggestion, psychic force, Mind, magnetism and what not, for healing purposes, from experience similar to A's experience with saffron tea in the treatment of measles. Until recent years Mental Science reigned as the doctrine by which psychical phenomena were explained. Mental Science, which is a study of psychical phenomena based upon empiricism, was, and is still with many, the basis for the practical application of Suggestion; but Mental Science, at its best, is utterly unscientific and its principles, if allowed unchallenged to remain the basis of the art of Suggestion, would tend to render the psychical field of the healing art destitute of all exactness in therapeutical progress and would render pedagogics mere formalism.

The modern scientific psychology has become a natural science worthy of the confidence of all classes of investigators of psychical phenomena and of those seeking skill in the "ART of arts—Psychurgy." In order to become a true science, it was necessary to eliminate from psychology the numerous transcendental entities, such as Mind, Ego, Divine Principle, Spirit, I Am and the like. Thus

psychology, like the other natural sciences, had to pass from the consideration of elements or data which transcend experience, or which are in existence only because of speculation, to the consideration of those which can actually be experienced or demonstrated. The history of psychology may be summed up in the phrase, "from speculation to hypothesis." The operation of the principles of the modern scientific psychology are open for observation and demonstration by any one. The psychurgeon can employ its principles for the purpose of preventing, mitigating or curing disease in cases in which Suggestion, or an allied psychological remedy, method or procedure, is indicated; the suggestionist of suggester can use its principles for educational or scientific purposes; the showman or the hypnotist for purposes of entertainment; the clergyman for purposes of his profession; the charlatan or quack for the purpose of imposing upon susceptible persons, in order to get their money; the lover for bringing about conditions favorable to his suit or for the purpose of fascinating or charming his sweetheart; while the metaphysician or the idealist, can employ the same principles for building up his system of thought from which to form ideals or ideas of the universe or part of it; but psychology, as a science, cares for none of these things and pursues its course for its own sake in order to teach the truth only—facts of experience. Idealism with its results belongs to metaphysics and is as much out of place in psychology or psychics, as it is out of place in natural philosophy or physics.

With the understanding then, that psychology treats only of psychical or mental processes, of natural laws, and of

demonstrable data whose ultimate nature is unknown to us, we make the plea that the art of Suggestion be based upon the modern scientific psychology rather than upon Mental Science. Deception should be guarded against, and the worst form of deception is self-deception. One is really astonished to see how mankind indulges in self-deception. Many persons, perhaps the majority, have not the ability required for the quiet weighing of facts, or they have not the shrewdness to gather facts, or they have not the desire to know the facts when they are disagreeable. The result is that the lives of an immense number of persons—many so-called scientists included—are passed in quite an artificial atmosphere of fancy or careless blindness to reality, and they are in danger of suffering terribly at any moment from the paralyzing wind of cold naked truth. How many persons estimate correctly, without flattery or timidity, their own capacity as a worker in the world? How few have probed their own convictions, so as to be sure which knowledge, ideals and beliefs they hold perfunctorily and traditionally, and which they hold truly? How many unattractive women and men think they are attractive, brilliant, and magnetic, and how many, who are really attractive, think that they are not? Do not most parents hold better opinions of their children than they are justified in doing? Do not many parents overlook in their children grievous faults which are so evident to others and which failure by the parents, to look squarely at the bare truth, is responsible for so much failure, humility and even criminality in adults because as children such individuals were handicapped and overweighted by parental ambition and by failure of parental recognition and sup-

pression of bad habits or tendencies? How many persons' existences have been rendered miserable because, when they were children, their parents persisted in thinking or believing them bright and caused them to undertake studies which were useless for such dull intellects? And so on all sides, we see numerous examples of the disregard of the bare truth with its resulting dishonor, poverty, misery and sickness. Who sees more and perhaps understands better, the results of wickedness, stupidity and weakness of mankind upon the moral, intellectual and physical man, than the physician?

Some authors, by the ingenious use of words, pithy and pregnant phrases, make the psychological methods of healing, not based upon science, appear better than they really are, to the uninitiated. This reminds us of the late Bill Nye, who once set the country roaring by solemnly explaining that he had been told that Wagner's music was better than it sounded. Let all investigators of psychological phenomena avoid deceiving themselves and others concerning psychic science and therapy, then the art of psycho-therapy will progress and its true value will be appreciated. Study the principles of the sciences relating to man and apply their principles intelligently, skillfully, perseveringly and honestly, so that the practitioners of psychotherapy, as a class, will be free from the charges of ignorance, lack of skill, carelessness and quackery. We know that the speculative line of demarkation where science ends and empiricism begins, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable. Employ scientific principles where you can in the psychological field of the healing art, and remember Dwight's warning: "Shudder to destroy life, either by the naked knife, or by the

surer and safer medium of *empiricism*."
(To be continued.)

"Some Mental Philosophy."

There are a number of axioms underlying therapeutics which are as inflexibly true as those fundamental to mathematics. Thus,

"1. No morbid effect can be dissipated except by a removal of its cause.

"2. What will make, or tend to make, a well man sick will make a sick man sicker.

"3. Medicine is medicine, food is food.

"4. Each drug has a specific affinity (kindly or not) for a particular nerve center. (A fairy tale.)

"5. A drug, to be remedial, must not, at least in the long run, oppose natural reparative effort.

"6. A drug's capacity for doing good, when indicated, is invariably less than its capacity for doing harm when not indicated.

"7. A drug is double-edged, so that however much it may cut in the right direction, it will cut some in the wrong direction.

"8. There is no such thing as a drug tonic—drugs are heterogeneous to the animal organism.

"9. Hygiene is the big brother of drugs, physiology being included in this branch."—*Dr. W. C. Cooper, in Merk's Archives.*

ENDORSED.

The leading medical journals of the country are endorsing the work of THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF PSYCHOLOGY and are bestowing unstinted praise upon *Dr. Parkyn's Mail Course*. We have published dozens of extracts from these medical journals in a neat pamphlet which we will send to anyone upon application. No other mail course on Hypnotism and Suggestive Therapeutics has been endorsed by the medical press. This pamphlet also contains hundreds of endorsements from physicians and others. The Chicago School of Psychology, Dept., S. 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

SERIES OF IMPERSONATIONS.

BY E. H. PRATT, M. D., 100 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

IMPERSONATION No. 10—THE SYMPATHETIC MAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I feel deeply grateful to my brother, the tubular man, for preceding me on the programme prepared for your consideration by our family of human shapes. You see he has no tissue peculiar to himself, but is made up entirely of contributions from other members of our family, taking his outer coat from the areolar man, his middle coat from the muscular man, and his inner coat from the skin man, and claiming a part of the vascular and lymphatic men as belonging to himself, and altogether, as he is so apparently lacking in individuality, he is seldom looked upon by casual observers as a distinct member of our composite family. And yet, as I think he has convinced you, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, he has his individuality and is really possessed of as perfect a shape as any of us, and is by no means the least important member of our family. Hence it was proper that he, as well as his brothers, should appear upon the platform and make his autobiographic remarks. His speech was not quite as comprehensive as it might have been, as I think he felt sort of half forgotten, and that he was really made use of as a forerunner of myself, and so got through with the occasion as briefly as possible. However, his remarks were sufficiently complete to serve as an appropriate introduction to the story which with your forbearance it is now my place to tell.

I feel as though the cerebro-spinal man, if he had been so inclined, could have made my task an easier one, but undoubtedly he either thought it would please you better to have me tell my own story, although he knew my natural diffidence and inexperience in speaking, or else he had exaggerated ideas of my being able to take care of myself on the platform without his friendly assistance. It seems to me that he should have been much kinder than this, for our lives are so closely entwined that much of our work is in common and he knows all about me, and can talk so much better than I can that I confess to a little disappointment that he did not find it in his heart to lighten my task by making more extended reference than he has seen fit to do to the part which I play in the human economy. So with thanks to the tubular man for his generosity, and regrets to the cerebro-spinal man for his lack of the same quality, I shall proceed with my story the best I can.

You know that the cerebro-spinal brother and myself are the sole means by which life flows in from all its unseen sources and animates our composite nature. Not a sensation is recorded, not a muscle is moved, not a function is performed, not a shadow of growth or repair can take place in the human body that is not presided over and accomplished by means of nervous messages for which one or both of us are responsible. Now the

cerebro-spinal man has already addressed you, and you will remember something of the part which he plays in our family of shapes. The part which I play is the part which he leaves undone. He is busy with the sensations of consciousness, which include the five senses, and with all physical activities that are under the control of the same. That is, he can walk and talk and dominate the entire system of voluntary muscles to his heart's content so long as they have strength enough left to follow his bidding. But as the tubular man has told you, there is a set of muscles over which he has no control, and those are the muscles which are known as the involuntary type and constitute one of the coats of the tubular man, and the action of these muscles, and consequently the entire activity of the tubular man, is wholly dependent upon me for activity. The heart cannot throb, the arteries cannot pulsate, the air cannot reach the lungs, the blood cannot get back to and from the heart, the various glands and tubular structures of the body cannot work; in short, no bodily commerce whatever can be accomplished except under my direct personal supervision. The cerebro-spinal system may boast of his senses and his power to transport the body from place to place and employ it to his liking, but he would have no body to domineer over if it were not for me. Body building and repairing are my personal function, and my task is so confining that it would be a wearisome one indeed if it were not a labor of love. You see the cerebro-spinal man can sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four and loaf a good deal of the remaining time if he chooses to do so. But if I should sleep for an hour our entire family would be completely wiped out of existence; and

whenever I loaf or drag in my work, as I sometimes do from sheer exhaustion, serious mischief is sure to be visited upon some part of the human body, and the loss must be quickly made up or apparent disaster is sure to follow.

The tubular man has told you that he is responsible for all bodily commerce, for all organic activity, for all body building and repairing, for no building or renewal of physical texture can be accomplished except through his agency. Now while that is true, it is equally true that it is myself who furnishes the tubular man with all his inspiration. I am the steam which runs his machinery. Without me he can do nothing. So long as I am vigorous and in good working order the tubular man can perform his important functions in a satisfactory manner, but when I am weak or from any cause run down so that I am unable to furnish the tubular man with the customary amount of inspiration all the wheels of the human organism run more slowly, and some of them are sure to clog, and the entire body becomes like sweet bells jangling out of tune. So you see I must be the first human shape to be born, the last one to die, and must be in such constant and forceful presence as to supply the tubular man constantly with all the stimulus which he needs for his important operations. The entire body can do nothing without me, and my occupation of supplying the inspiration for our entire family is so constant and engaging that I am compelled to attend strictly to business night and day from one end of life to the other and have no time whatever for observation, education or amusement outside of my daily tasks. As a rule, I perform my work so noiselessly that the rest of the family are scarcely conscious of

my existence, for when I am well everything works all right, each organ plays its part as usual, and the entire machinery of life is operated noiselessly and without friction. When I am not well, however, and am not quite equal to the demands made upon me, I have two ways of making it known to the family. One is by appealing to self-consciousness through the assistance of my cerebro-spinal brother, with whom I am closely associated, thereby causing some disturbance of sensation or locomotion (the most frequent disturbance in this direction being the instituting of some form of pain); or I sometimes take it into my head to say nothing to my cerebro-spinal brother about my affairs, but simply shirk my duties, and my inefficiency becomes manifest only when some one or all of the organs suffer from some function poorly performed.

There are two of our brotherhood that belong to the unseen realm. One of them is known as the conscious and the other as the unconscious man. The conscious man inhabits the cerebro-spinal system. My own organization is the dwelling place for the unconscious man. These human shapes are to address you as best they can in a short time. My purpose in making any mention of them in the present connection is to inform you that it is by way of the unconscious man that my intuitions and impulses and inspirations flow out into the bodily tissues and move and invite the composite man to some form of activity. So you see that in a way the important powers which I have been arrogating to myself are really those of the unconscious man, and I am simply the humble instrument by which he exercises his influence in the bodily counsels. Just as the tubular man acts as my agent

for carrying out my purposes in the human economy, so I am merely the agent of the unconscious man. So although it may appear to you that I talk as though I had power within myself it is always with this mental reservation, acknowledging my entire dependence upon the soul within me, who will claim your attention later. I am, then, simply his messenger or agent.

Now like any other messenger or agent, if I am well and in good working order I transmit these emotions and inspirations to the conscious man for his consideration and judgment with accuracy and clearness, but if I am exhausted or ill-conditioned in any way and the rhythm of my usually harmonious activity is in the slightest disturbed I am unable to perform satisfactorily this highest duty of my life. You know that it takes a glass perfectly smooth and without a flaw to transmit white light unbroken. Distorted or imperfect glass will break up rays of white light which are passed through it into rainbow hues, so that it gives the observer an erroneous impression of the nature of light itself. In much the same way may clean purposes, wholesome aspirations, worthy impulses, heaven-sent inspirations intrusted to me for delivery to the composite man be delivered by me as faithfully and true as they were received if I am in a normal state. But unfortunately if from any cause whatever my strength is weakened or the rhythm of my various parts disturbed as these various messages pass through my organism on their way to the tissues, they are changed in their coloring, distorted in their meaning, converted into different and unworthy messages from mind to matter, thereby transforming truth into falsity, good into evil, vir-

tue into vice, and very generally upsetting the moral, intellectual and physical standards of excellence according to the degree of my disability as I undertake the task of conveying to the various bodily tissues the messages with which I am intrusted by the unconscious man who dwells within me. In other words, to put this same thought in plainer language, for I feel that I have but poorly expressed it as it is, you cannot transmit white light through crooked glass, you cannot produce good music upon an instrument which is out of tune, nor can the body receive clean inspirations and impulses when the sympathetic nervous man, through whom only they can be transmitted from mind to matter is ill-conditioned. Such being the case, you would naturally think that my importance would long since have been recognized by the medical profession, and by the laity as well, and that the study of the waste and repair of the sympathetic nerve would have been regarded as one of vital importance. Astonishing as it may seem, however, it is only of recent years that much notice has been taken of me; and although I am responsible for all bodily conditions, the manner in which every organ in the entire body performs its function, my characteristics of habits and necessities have been badly slighted. If I do my duty on the present occasion, however, I am sure such will no longer be the case with those who are within sound of my voice, for you will be made to realize that it is through my agency only that physical perfection can be attained and physical defects, either inherited or acquired, can be corrected. But I have detained you long enough with generalities, and now to the more spe-

cific business which is expected of me on the present occasion.

I must first tell you something of my physical make-up, and then furnish you with brief reference to my physiology. Of course, like my brothers, I am prone to sickness and can get up as interesting pathology when conditions are right as any of my fellows, but pathological considerations would have to be extensive to do them justice on the present occasion, and so will be omitted. So, first of all, permit me to make brief reference to my anatomical structure.

(To be continued.)

Superior to Fate.

I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the key-note of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to “blossom, like Aaron’s rod, with flowers.”—*Helen Keller.*

Needless Alarm.

Mr. Fondpar—Tell the doctor to come to my house immediately. My wife doesn’t quite like the baby’s looks.”

Norah—“He’s out, sure, but don’t yez worry—the homeliest babies sometimes grow up quite good-looking.”

HYPNOTISM.
Dr. Parkyn's new 400 page, illustrated, mail course, gives in detail over 100 Methods for inducing Hypnosis. It also goes thoroughly into the treatment of all diseases amenable to Suggestive Therapeutics. Send for descriptive pamphlet to the Chicago School of Psychology, Dept., S. 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

HYPNOTIC SOMNAMBULISM.

AN ANALYSIS.

BY HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D., 4020 DREXEL BOUL., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from July Number.)

Not long ago a physician who practices hypnotism, and has written several popular books on the subject, stated to me that he was convinced hypnosis could be employed to make the subject steal or even commit more serious crimes. I asked him what foundation he had for his conclusions, and he said that during a seance in a private house, before forty guests, he had made one of his subjects steal a watch from one of the spectators. I asked him if he thought his subject had done anything for which he could be held criminally liable in a court of justice. He said he did not believe the boy could have been convicted for what he had done, as it was simply an experiment carried out before forty persons. I then asked him if he supposed his subject also was not aware that it was only an experiment and that he was not actually committing a crime. "But," said the physician, "he did not know there was any one watching him, for I told him he could see no one in the room except the man from whom he was to steal the watch, and he declared the owner of the watch was the only person he saw in the room."

I was greatly surprised and disappointed to hear such an absurd statement made by one who posed as an authority on hypnosis, for persons who have not investigated the subject extensively are apt to be influenced by the ideas of one who is looked upon as authority, and the beliefs

and conclusions of the authority quoted in this case are, without a shadow of doubt, erroneous. But two reasons can be given to account for his conclusion in this instance, i. e., limited experience or inability to make logical deductions.

Had this operator taken his subject to one side and said to him positively, "Now I want you to tell me everything you saw. Do you hear? Everything you saw. Tell me at once, at once, everything you saw. Tell me everything." The subject would have told him everything that had been said and done in the room, also who were present, where they sat and possibly even the expression on their faces; thus showing that he saw everything in the room, as well as everyone present, and knew his action was not theft as well as the others. When we remember that such a subject is present as part of the show, that he is there to follow the suggestions of the operator and is merely acquiescing, in obeying the suggestions of the operator, the absurdity of the whole proceeding becomes apparent.

If this operator wishes to make a satisfactory test of the question of hypnosis and crime, let him select a good somnambule from among his patients who are paying for their treatment, and I venture to say he will soon have reason to change his views. The weak point in most of the experiments which have been tried is that they are generally made with boys

who submit themselves for experiment just for the fun there is in it, and so long as they know they are the center of attraction *and are being watched*, they will carry out every experiment. But, as I said before, let this operator try an experiment, such as the following, with a new, pay patient who knows nothing about hypnotic phenomena, and he will have the question properly solved.

Select a somnambule of mature years from among your regular paying patients and, after he has received several treatments, suggest that he is completely under your control and must obey your slightest wish; that he will not remember at any time what you say to him, but will appear to act from his own impulses. Then tell him with every simulation of earnestness that you are going to commission him to carry out a scheme for you which is very simple and devoid of any element of danger; that it is simply to secure and bring to you a package of valuable papers which will be found in a certain house, probably in a desk or in one of the bureau drawers; that you know nothing about the arrangement of the rooms in the house, nor in which bureau they are likely to be found, but that he must arrange to get into that house, breaking in if necessary, secure those papers and bring them to you; that he will not remember doing the deed, and that under no circumstances will he ever remember that you told him to do it. Then give him the number of a house on a certain street, the inmates of which are strangers to you, and tell him that he will feel compelled to follow your instructions. Arouse the patient after you have finished your usual treatment and send him away. If he has not already aroused and given you a "piece of his mind," do not follow him

or allow anyone else to follow him. Personally, I know the suggestions will not be followed out. But if you are afraid they might be, tell what you have done to some of your friends and the policeman on the beat in the locality where the house is situated. This will enable you to get your patient out of difficulty should he attempt to carry out your suggestions. But whatever you do not let the patient know that he is to be watched or that you are experimenting with him. Go into the thing as earnestly as if you actually wanted the papers.

A subject who takes pride in offering himself for experiment might carry out the suggestions if he felt that others were watching him and following him along the street to see what he would do, or if he felt that you were merely experimenting to see how far you could go and knew that you would come to his rescue in the end. But I am certain that even a professional subject would refuse to carry out the suggestions if you went about your work with him by yourself with apparent earnestness. I do not advise anyone to try this experiment on an interesting patient who is paying for his treatment, for I know what the result will be. Either he will open his eyes and ask you what you mean and what your suggestions have to do with his treatment, or, if he has a very weak will, he will leave your office quietly and never come back, unless it is with some friend or relative who will demand an explanation from you. The majority of laboratory experiments are valueless, for the subject generally knows that he is being watched with the intention that he shall carry out a given suggestion, and, as a rule, he has been experimented with scores of times, doing all sorts of things and knowing the while,

that he is safe in carrying out everything usually suggested as the operator invariably comes to his assistance in a crisis.

One evening, while in Minneapolis. I attended a hypnotic entertainment given by a man named Barnes, in one of the large theatres of that city. Barnes had advertised that he would show how a murder could be committed by hypnosis. The entertainment was given during the Haywood murder trial, and was well attended, as Blixt, the actual murderer, had set up the plea of "hypnotic control," in defense of his action.

When the murder scene was to be enacted, Barnes took one of his subjects aside and said to him, "Would you like to make \$2,000" and, on receiving an affirmative answer, said to him, "Well, I expect a man to pass here shortly, and if you will kill him I will give you \$2,000 in cash. I would do it myself as there is no danger of being caught around here, only I am not strong enough to do it and my eyesight is defective, but I can point out the man to you, and if you will do it I will pay you the \$2,000 on the spot. Will you do it?" "Yes!" said the subject, "I will." Barnes then handed him an ordinary, thin, pine ruler, about a foot long, and said "Hit him over the head with this." "Oh," said Harry (this was the subject's name) "this thing won't do. Give me an axe." "Well," said Barnes, "I haven't an axe here." "Never mind," said Harry, "I have something here which will answer the purpose." whereupon he produced an ordinary pocket knife and opened it. "I can stick him with this just as well." "All right said Barnes, "now you hide and I will whistle when the victim passes. You must step out and kill him." Harry then hid behind one of the "stage" trees and a man

walked on to the stage from the opposite wing. Barnes whistled, and Harry rushed forward with the knife uplifted and appeared to be on the point of plunging it into his victim when Barnes stepped in between the pair of actors and snapping his fingers said "right!" Harry apparently came to his senses, changed his facial expression and looking at the open knife in his hand said, "How did this get into my hand and what was I doing with it?" Barnes said "you were going to whittle this ruler." "Oh! was that it?" said Harry.

In the audience I could hear persons around me give a deep sigh of relief as the murder was averted and some said "Isn't that terrible. He would certainly have killed that man if let go on." Others said, "He looked just like a murderer. Didn't he?" I heard one man say "that is a terrible power. I wouldn't allow myself to be hypnotized for a million dollars."

I suppose the authority I mentioned at the beginning of this article would agree, also, that murder would have been committed if Harry had been allowed to proceed, for the conditions were similar to those surrounding the stealing of the watch. But there is a sequel to this murder scene, in which I was interested personally. I took pains to become acquainted with Harry and arranged for him to meet me at the West Hotel in Minneapolis on a certain evening. Harry appeared at the appointed hour, and by questioning him I discovered that he had been a professional hypnotic subject for some time, and was being paid by Barnes for his part of the performance. There were a number of persons present, including several of the best known physicians in Minneapolis, so I asked Harry if I

might hypnotize him and carry out some experiments. He agreed and I went through one of the usual old fashioned methods of inducing hypnosis. Harry was soon in deep hypnosis and the physicians passed needles through his flesh, lifted his eyelids and touched his eyeball. They declared he gave no evidence of pain, but was sound asleep and in an excellent anesthetic condition. I next placed the subject's heels on one chair, while his head rested on another. In this position he sustained the combined weight of three persons who sat upon him. When aroused he declared he had enjoyed a splendid sleep on a feather bed. (Of course I had suggested to him that he would say this). I then had him go through a number of other tricks commonly seen at stage exhibitions of hypnotism, ending the performance by telling him I wished him to murder a man for me and I promised him \$2,000 if it was well done. He agreed. For the victim I pointed out a man who had his back turned, and thrusting a knife made of paper into Harry's hand I commanded him to strike. He jumped forward and made two vicious lunges with the paper striking the victim on the back in the region of the heart. This looked as though he might have killed the man for Barnes at the stage performance had he not been checked in time.

However, I had prepared a test which I proceeded to carry out. That afternoon I had rented a stage dagger from a theatrical supply house. The point of the dagger was dull and there was a spring on the handle which allowed the blade to sink into it whenever the point of the weapon came into contact with anything offering resistance. I carried this dagger in my hip pocket and no one knew of its

presence at the seance but myself. Accordingly I took Harry aside, a second time and made another and better bargain with him to murder a man, and again gave him a paper knife with which to commit the deed. He was all prepared to strike his victim and had his hand raised for the blow when I took the paper knife from him and substituted the stage dagger, which had every external appearance of being the genuine article. However, Harry gave no sign to show he was aware a change had been made in the weapons, and as soon as I told him to strike he jumped forward and struck the victim two vicious blows on the back. The subject was between myself and the victim so I did not see the knife actually touch the victim's body, although I saw the motion of the murderer's arm. At the time of this incident I had not made up my mind fully on the relation between hypnosis and crime, but I was astounded when I saw the blows actually struck, for I knew the subject had every reason to believe he held a genuine dagger. I was speechless for a few moments, while the majority of those present laughed very heartily. I understood the joke a moment later, for although Harry had actually struck his victim, he had turned his hand so that he struck with the end of the hilt of the knife, instead of with the point of the blade. Thus ended what I consider an excellent test of the much mooted questions of unconsciousness during hypnosis and hypnotic crime.

Some years later while performing this test with a subject I substituted a large jackknife for the paper dagger, and, although the subject had struck his victim with the paper dagger, he threw away the genuine weapon and began to wrestle with the victim selected for the test.

Another incident which forced me to question the genuineness of the hypnotic sleep occurred shortly after I began my work at the Chicago School of Psychology.

A patient who had been receiving free treatment at the morning clinic for a few weeks, and had improved in health, decided to take private treatment until she was perfectly cured. This patient was a somnambule and she would declare she went sound asleep and heard nothing; that there was no one in the room, even when a score of students were present. She carried on conversations with departed spirits whose presence had been suggested to her. In fact, she acquiesced in every suggestion I made and was exhibited to students as an excellent hypnotic somnambule.

I began to treat her at my downtown office and had done so for about ten days, when, one afternoon, I invited a friend of mine, a physician, who was passing through the city to be present while I gave her treatment. The friend said he did not wish to intrude on my private patients, but I assured him that the patient would be sound asleep, and that after I had put her to sleep he could open one of the doors leading into my operating room and watch the treatment and the manner in which she accepted suggestions. My friend was in a private room adjoining my office when the patient came in for treatment, and after I had put her even sounder to sleep than usual (my belief in the unconscious state had not been shaken at that time) he opened the door at a given signal. A little noise was made in opening the door, but I had told the patient she was sound asleep and could hear nothing except my voice, so I was not at all alarmed. I suggested sounder sleep than usual and made a few tests

such as I had done before the students at the clinic but which I had avoided during the treatments in private. Suddenly the patient opened her eyes turned her head and looked at my friend standing in the doorway. Then she looked up at me and said: "I thought I was to receive private treatment down here."

The reader can readily imagine my chagrin for the moment. I know I stumbled through some sort of an apology, but the incident shook my faith in the unconsciousness of the somnambule and I took a vow then, always to treat a somnambule with as much respect and consideration as I would show to the strongest willed and most highly esteemed patient.

After this incident I began a careful study of hypnotic somnambulism and the hypnotic somnambule with the result that I have been forced to the conclusions given in the previous articles of this series.

Next month I will give in detail some experiments which were carried on by students at the school who desired to ascertain for themselves whether or not the subject is unconscious of what occurs around him during the so-called hypnotic sleep.

Private Treatment

by

Suggestive Therapeutics

Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn will receive a limited number of private patients for treatment at his office. Address

HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D.,

4020 Drexel Boulevard,

CHICAGO, ILL.

A BOY AND A FEW MEN.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

"Yes," said the Bowling Fiend, "that South Side chap broke me up completely. Just as I was about to bowl, and saw exactly how I could put the ball in between the 1 and 2 pins, and bring down the whole bunch, that chap spoke up, and, says he: 'just watch him hit the 4 pin.' That spoiled the whole business for me, for from that moment I was afraid of the 4 pin—couldn't get my mind off of it. I kept on looking where I wanted the ball to go, *but my mind was on the 4 pin*, and I was so afraid of hitting it that I got rattled, and away went the ball and struck the 4 pin fair and square, and instead of making a ten strike, I only got a 'split.' That South Sider hoodooed me, sure."

"Well, I don't know," said the Medical Student, "I was riding on the Cottage Grove cable line the other day, and had a seat on the front bench of the grip car. Just about 35th street, I heard the grip-man break into vigorous speech, and, looking ahead, I saw a colored man, on a bicycle, trying to cross the street on the bias, ~~at~~ the girls would say. Just as he was about half-way across, he seemed to get afraid of the car, and try as he would, he could not keep his wheel from pointing straight at the front of the grip car, and the next moment 'bang' he went into the car. Ran square into it, just as if he had actually tried to. I am perfectly satisfied that if he had not seen the car, or had not been scared, he could have crossed its path safely, as he had plenty of time, and

was away ahead of us when he lost his head. It was the funniest thing I ever saw—the moment he got scared, the direction of his wheel changed and instead of crossing on the slant, he headed straight toward us with bulging eyes and with skin turned into a sickly gray color. The poor chap escaped injury, but his bike was smashed. Now, what in the world caused that chap to head his machine toward the car?"

"That reminds me of the time when I was learning to ride the wheel," said The Other Fellow, "I was getting along pretty well and could manage to steer half-way straight, although in a somewhat wobbly manner, until I happened to see a telegraph pole. Now, that pole was just a plain, ordinary, everyday affair, but it hypnotized me completely. Try as I would, I could not keep away from that pole. My front wheel seemed to be drawn toward it as a needle toward the magnet, and 'bump' I went against it. I remounted, and tried it over and over with the same result. At last, I made up my mind that I would conquer that pole somehow, and proceeded to invent a number of plans to get the better of it. Nothing seemed to work, however. I even mounted the machine with my back toward the pole, but lo! the front wheel described a semi-circle and back to the pole I went. Then I gave it up. Now, was I hypnotized, or what?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said The Boy, "You're making a big fuss over nothing. Every

feller knows that you've got to think about a thing if you want to hit it, and if you think about the wrong thing, why, you'll *hit* the wrong thing. If I fire a stone at a tin can, why I just look square at the can and think about the can for all I'm worth, and the can's a dead one, sure. If I happen to let my mind wander to the cat what's on the shed over to the left of the can—well, so much the worse for the cat, that's all. To shoot straight, you've got to aim straight; and to aim straight you've got to look straight; and to look straight you've got to think straight. Every kid knows that, or he couldn't even play marbles. If I get my heart set on a beauty marble in the ring, I just want it the worst way, and, says I to myself, 'you're my marble.' Then I look at him strong and steady-like and don't think about nothing else in the world but that beauty. Maybe I'm late for school, but I clean forget it. I don't see nothing—nor think nothing—but that there marble what I want. As the piece in my reader says, it's my 'Heart's Desire,' and I don't care whether school keeps or not, just so as I get it. Then I shoot, and the marble's mine. And, at school, when our drawing teacher tells us how to draw a straight line, she makes two dots, several inches away from each other. Then she makes us put our pencils on the first dot and look steady at the other and move our pencil towards it. The more you keep thinking about the far off dot, and the less you think about the starting dot or your hand, the straighter you're going to get your line. Wunst I looked straight at the far off dot with my eyes, but I kept thinking about a red-headed girl on the other side of the room, and what do you think, the line I was drawing slanted away off in her direction, although I had kept

my eyes glued on the far-away dot and never even peeped in the kid's direction. That shows, sure, that it's the *thinking* as well as the looking. See?"

"Well," said The Psychologist, "we have touched upon a very interesting subject. Each and every example which has been shown us affords an excellent illustration of the tendency of thought to take form, or manifest itself, in action, as the result of suggestion or auto-suggestion. It is also an illustration of Unconscious Cerebration. It is a well-known fact that, if we think intently of a certain object, we are almost certain to incline in the direction of that object, or, if we are on our feet, to even move toward the object. The moment our attention is fully given, and our ordinary watchfulness temporarily relaxed, we find our involuntary mentality urging us, and taking us, toward the object of our interest. I might cite you many instances of this, if time permitted. An interesting experiment along these lines may be tried by the use of a lady's watch and chain, or similar object (a piece of metal attached to a string will answer equally well). Grasp the end of the chain between the thumb and the fore-finger, and allow the watch to swing as a pendulum, on the level of your eyes, the hand being, of course, raised much higher. Fix your eyes *and attention* fully on the watch, and forget that you have such a thing as an arm or hand. Then *will* that the watch swing forward and backward, to and fro. In a few moments you will notice a tremulous motion of the watch, followed by a slight swing in the indicated direction. The motion will then increase, until the watch is swinging at a lively rate. You can then *will* that the watch change the direction and swing from right to left; then, later

on, swing in a circle. If you have concentrated your attention properly upon the watch, you will not be conscious of having imparted the motion by means of your arm or hand, in fact, we have seen persons who have insisted that it was the result of Will Power, pure and simple, without the use of their muscles. This phenomenon is caused by what is known as Unconscious Cerebration, which causes the manifestation of Thought, by Involuntary Muscular Motion. It is *very* simple and easily understood, and fully explains the phenomena mentioned by our several friends this afternoon. There is no mystery, whatsoever, about it.

"Well, all this is highly interesting," said The Crank. "and we have greatly enjoyed and appreciated the explanation and illustration of our friend The Psychologist, but I do not agree with him, entirely, when he tells us that it is all so very 'simple and easily understood,' and that there is 'no mystery, whatsoever, about it.' To my mind it is anything else but simple and easily understood, and there still remains considerable mystery, for me at least. Our friend has told us the *How* but not the *WHY* of it all—he has ticketed it with a name, but the naming of a thing is far different from explaining it; very far from throwing a light upon the *Why*ness of it. This is a very common fault among our scientific men. They dismiss a subject by giving it a name, and think that they have thus fully explained it. To say that a thing is 'merely' Unconscious Cerebration, and then get rid of it, is a very cheap way of disposing of it. Many of us dispose of extremely interesting phenomena and facts, by shrugging our shoulders and saying it is *merely* Suggestion; and pitying the ignorance of mortals who feel

that the matter is still unexplained and unsettled. What is Suggestion, anyway? What is Unconscious Cerebration? What is Involuntary Muscular Action? What is 'a manifestation of Thought,' or 'Thought taking form in Action?' These phrases and terms are all very well, and they help us to express an idea in a few words, but do they really explain the matter? I think not! Our learned friend The Psychologist has shown us that, when we forget our arm and hand and concentrate on the watch, we cause the watch to oscillate by the movement of the muscles of our arm and hand, although we are not conscious of the muscular movement, nor do we *consciously* send forth the mental current which causes the muscles to move. All that we are *conscious* of is the strong *DESIRE* that the watch shall move, and the sub-conscious part of us 'does the rest.' So far as our *conscious* self is concerned, it is as if the watch was moving in obedience to our will-force projected through space without traveling along the channel of nerve and muscle. The nerves and muscles do not exist for our conscious self—to all intents and purposes they are illusions, and yet they are the media through which the Sub-conscious manifests the Desire of the Conscious. Is this so very 'simple'? I think not.

"But enough of this for the present," continued The Crank, "it looks to me as if The Boy has turned this phenomena to better and more practical use than any of us grown-ups. While we are theorizing about it, and relating incidents illustrating the casual use of this force, the child has shown us that he understands its workings and its practical application to the affairs of his little everyday life. It is not the first time that I have gone to

the babe for wisdom. The workings of the mind of the child is worthy of the careful and constant study of the sage—that is, so long as the child is kept free from the fears, follies, illusions and delusions of the grown-ups. Although the child has an imagination beyond our comprehension, he is, at the same time, painfully and even brutally, matter-of-fact. He wants to know the *WHY* of everything, as well as *how things are done*. He has an abiding faith in the Goodness of things, until we pollute his mind with Fearthoughts and ideas of Evil. He has an abiding belief in Justice and Truth, until he profits by our example and beats us at our own game. He has Confidence and Trust, until we seare it out of him.

“Now, look at ‘The Boy,’” shouted The Crank, “He knows by intuition or instinct what we find it hard to get by reason. He knows that in order to get things that we want, we must first earnestly Desire them; then we must Will that our Desire will be attained; then we must *confidently expect* the desired result. As he has told us, we must ‘want it the worst way,’ and not ‘care whether school keeps or not,’ just so we get the marble; and we must say confidently, as he did, ‘you’re my marble;’ then we must ‘look at him strong and steady-like;’ and then *act*, and lo! the ‘beauty’ glass marble is ours. If we would only put into our daily tasks the interest and attention that the boy puts into his game, we would see quite a difference in things. Of course it’s true that the boy finds his ‘beauty’ marble to be far less attractive in his hand than it appeared when in the ring, but what of that—so do we. The thing is this: while you are in the Great Game, take a boy’s interest in it; play with a zest; play your level best and *get the marble*. Of course,

if you are wise, you will know (and so does the boy) that it’s all a childish game, and that the joy is in the playing rather than in the possession of the spoils, but that needn’t spoil the game. The boy knows enough to enjoy the playing for a few marbles that he could buy for a penny a-fist-full at the corner store. But what of that—he finds a joy in Living, Acting, Doing; in Expressing his Life; in living it out; in Growing and Out-growing; in the acquiring of experiences. And is it not true that these things (together with Love) yield about all that we may expect to gain from living? And he has sense enough to know the truth of this, instinctively, while we poor grown-ups vainly imagine that our pleasure will come only in the possession of the trophies of the game—the glass marbles of life, and look upon the playing of the game as drudgery and work imposed upon us as a punishment of the sins of our forefathers. The boy lives in the Now and enjoys every moment of his existence—his winnings, his losings, his victories, his defeats, while we, his elders and superiors in wisdom, groan at the heat of the day and the rigor of the game, and are only reconciled to our task by the thought of how we will enjoy the possession of the marbles—when we get them at the end of the game. The boy sucks his orange and extracts every particle of its sweet contents, while we throw away the juicy meat and aim only to secure the pips. Oh, yes! the boy not only knows how to ‘get there,’ but he has also a sane philosophy of Life. Many of us grown-ups are now re-learning that which we lost with our youth.

“And then,” concluded The Crank, “you will notice that The Bowler, the bicyclists and the others, got what they

didn't want, because they were afraid of it, and allowed it to distract their thoughts from the object of their Desire. To Fear a thing is akin to Desiring it—in either case you are attracted toward it, or it to you. It's a rule that works both ways. You must think about the Thing you Want—not about the Thing you Don't Want, for the thoughts you are thinking are the ones that are going to 'take form in action,' as our good Psychologist would say. As The Boy said; 'You've got to think about a thing if you want to hit it, and if you think about the wrong thing, why, you're going to hit the wrong thing.' Watch your Ideal, not your Bugbear. Concentrate on your Ideal—fix your thought and gaze upon it, like the boy upon his marble—and don't allow Fear-thoughts to sidetrack you. Select the thing you want to be, and then grow steadily into it. Pick out the thing you want, and then go straight and steadily to it. Replace your old song of 'I Fear' with the New Thought anthem, 'I Can and I Will.' Then you will experience an illustration of our good Psychologist's theory of 'Thought taking form in Action.'"

"Humph," grunted The Psychologist, "that is the way with these transcendentalists. They are always making mysteries, and building up fancy theories about simple things that are readily explained by those of us who understand the first principles of the Science of the Mind."

"What is Mind," queried The Boy, innocently. "Children should be seen and not heard," retorted the Psychologist, rather testily, "run away and play marbles, while your elders discuss matters of importance."

And The Boy departed, and with him The Crank. For they were Brothers.

A Paying Investment.

Thriftywon—"Do you find that it pays to hire a physician by the year?"

Geezer—"Well, it paid me last year, all right. Our doctor has kept my wife's mother in California for her health during the past fifteen months, and I'm seriously thinking of raising his salary."

A Question of Schools.

Mrs. Quiverful—Run for the doctor, quick, baby's bumped his little head on the piano pedal!

Mr. Quiverful—Nonsense! It was the soft pedal which he struck. Send for the piano repairer.

If a dog wants to bark, you can keep him quiet by holding his jaws shut, but the bark is still in him. So, when you give a man morphine, he may not know he is in pain, but the pain is still there.

Smith—I saw you carrying home a couple of nice looking cucumbers last night, Brown; how much did they cost you?

Brown—I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now.—*The Doctor.*

Nutrition and Consumption.

Dr. Osler thinks that the cure of consumption is one entirely of nutrition, and the essential factor is so to improve the resisting forces of the body that the bacilli cannot make further progress, but are so hemmed in that they are either prevented effectually from breaking through the intrenchments, or in rare cases they are forced to capitulate and are put to the sword.—*Health.*

SUGGESTION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

Suggestion Publishing Company,

Office: 4020 Drexel Boul., Chicago, Ill.

HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D., C. M., Editor.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON, Associate Editor.

VOL. VII.

AUGUST 1, 1901.

No. 2.

"SECRETS OF THE SEANCE."

In the June number of *The Sermon*, "a monthly magazine devoted to New Theology and Psychic Research," published in Toronto, Canada, appears the following editorial from the pen of B. F. Austin, the editor of the said magazine, who is a prominent exponent of Spiritualism:

Suggestion, an able monthly magazine devoted to "Suggestive Therapeutics and the Scientific Study of all Occult Phenomena," Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D., editor, is before us, and we call our readers' attention to the May and June issues.

In the May number, and quoted with editorial approval, is an article from *The Sunday Tribune* entitled "Secrets of the Seance," by Henry Ridgley Evans, of Washington, who is introduced to his readers by Editor Parkyn as one who has made a "life-long study" of ghosts, and hence would be well qualified to give the "secrets of the seance" to the public in a magazine devoted to the "Scientific Investigation of all Occult Phenomena."

Our readers will understand how thoroughly "scientific" the investigation of psychic phenomena on the part of Mr. Evans and Editor Parkyn has been when they are told in this article, written and approved by these gentle-

men, that "the actual writing upon the slate is always the work of the medium," and Mr. Evans proceeds to explain the part that wigs, beards, muslin, gossamer robes, grease paint and powder play in the seance. Such an article would be quite in place in a juvenile magazine or in a work devoted to parlor magic for the amusement of children, but as an explanation of the seance and its phenomena is about as puerile and silly as anything we have seen of late in a "scientific" magazine.

Now, either Mr. Evans is profoundly ignorant of the work of such psychics as Fred. Evans, Pierre Keeler, S. C. Fenner, W. E. Cole, the Bangs Sisters, and a host of other mediums for psychography whose spirit communications are attested by the testimony of thousands, including such names as Alfred Russel Wallace, Epes Sargent and other scientists, or he is maliciously slandering the psychics. And a journal professedly devoted to "a scientific study of all occult phenomena" that has no better explanation of the attested psychography of today than that of fraud is, itself, a fine illustration of humbuggery. The question of the genuineness of slate-writing is not a present issue, and has not been for a quarter of a century among candid truth-seekers who have taken the pains to investigate fully and fairly. As Thomas J. Hudson declares, "the man who denies the phenomena of Spiritualism today is not entitled to be

called a skeptic; he is simply ignorant," and the magazine that attempts to foist the "fraud" theory upon its readers as an explanation of slate-writing is simply half a century behind the procession. In another column will be found a proposition from Mr. S. C. Fenner, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Evans, which should lead him to make further investigations before writing down every slate-writing medium as dishonest.

Quite in keeping with the tenor and spirit of this article by Mr. Evans will be found in the June number of the same magazine a page advertisement by a Chicago firm in which apparatus for counterfeiting a seance—by trickery and manipulation—is advertised under the heading "Spiritualistic Effects," and the purchaser is told that "the mystery of the seance is not lessened by the knowledge 'how it is done.' We teach you 'how to do it.'"

Now, on this advertisement, also editorially endorsed by Editor Parkyn, we rise to remark:

1. That the merest tyro in psychic investigation today knows perfectly well that the seance proper—whatever the explanation of its profound phenomena—is not a matter of apparatus, trickery and manipulation, but its phenomena indubitably occur under circumstances utterly precluding any possibility of fraud. In advertising, therefore, to teach the mystery of the seance, and "how it is done," the firm is advertising transparent fraud, and the editor who introduces and indorses such advertising is a party to an imposition on the public.

2. Such an advertisement is a gross insult to all believers in spirit return, who see in such advertising the most sacred features of spirit communion misrepresented and held up to the public as matters of trickery and deceit. No self-respecting Spiritualist should read such a magazine or handle it without a pitchfork.

3. In advertising apparatus, etc., and secrets for producing fraudulent seances—bogus representations of spirit manifestations—the firm so advertising and the magazine which accepts the "dirty dollar" are aiding a class of tricksters to fleece and cheat the public. And all this under the idea of "scientific investigation."

Now this is rather strong, isn't it? Well, let's see about it. In the first place it may be as well to state that we do not feel the least bit vexed at Brother Austin's attack. It's all in the business, and then the article is really a good advertisement for us, and has caused quite a demand for copies of this magazine from the readers of *The Sermon*, which favor we appreciate and will endeavor to return by giving Brother Austin an equally good send-off. We believe in reciprocity. This being fully understood, let us see what there is to our good Spiritualistic brother's remarks.

He starts off by saying that *SUGGESTION*, is "an able monthly magazine." Now, there's no ground for a dispute upon this point, as we agree fully with the brother's opinion of the said journal. But he then goes on to say that the author of the article is introduced by Dr. Parkyn as one well qualified to give the secrets of the science, etc., and then speaks of the article in question as if it were written in part by the editor of this magazine. Readers of our May number will see at a glance that the article was written by a reporter of the *Chicago Tribune*, as the result of an interview with Mr. Henry Ridgely Evans, of Washington, D. C., and that we gave full credit to that journal for the article, in the usual manner, at its conclusion. We printed the article just as we do many others clipped from the columns of our exchanges and other journals, without a word of comment, and with full credit to the journal from which the clipping is made. We call attention to this point merely to show that Brother Austin is not a close observer, and is apt to lose sight of the true facts of a thing when his prejudices or beliefs are in question. If he wishes to

become a "scientific" observer of phenomena, he must get over this failing, else he, like any other bigot, will be carried away by a theory and become blind to any facts which do not square with the said theory. This is a common fault with enthusiasts and interferes with their obtaining the *facts*, and renders them "dead easy marks" for the bogus mediums. Don't get excited, Brother Austin, but keep your pet theories out of sight, and, above all, *use your eyes*. The saving sense of humor will also be useful to you, and will prevent you from being gulled by tricks which would be detected by a school boy familiar with parlor magic. One of the greatest crimes a man can commit is to take himself too seriously. Take a hearty laugh, and clear away from your brain some of the cob-webs which have been gathering there. You smell of the tomb—go let the wind blow on you and the sun freshen you up a little.

But to get back to the subject, we have no hesitation in saying that we fully agree with the opinion of the many readers of Mr. Evans' works ("Hours with the Ghosts" and others of like nature) and believe him to be a careful and conscientious observer of the modus operandi of the methods of the public mediums, and one apt to uncover the fraud practiced by many of these people. We *didn't* endorse him in the May number, because we saw no occasion for it, but we take this occasion to place ourselves on record regarding this gentleman's work. Brother Austin will *now* tell the truth if he says we approve of Mr. Evans' work.

It may be that Mr. Evans' May article is better fitted for a "juvenile magazine devoted to Parlor Magic for the amusement of children." It may also be true that Brother Austin's articles on "What

Converted Me to Spiritualism" are better fitted for a magazine to be called "The Eternally Gullible," devoted to the interests of purchasers of psychic goldbricks or spiritualistic green-goods. Brother Austin's confessions, in his articles relating his experience with so-called mediums, are enough to make a magic-loving school boy shriek with joy. They would be laughable were they not so pitiable. The writer of them is a subject for compassion rather than mirth. The perusal of some "juvenile magazine, or work devoted to Parlor Magic" would have saved him from the humiliating revelations of his articles, which show how a credulous enthusiastic man may be made the victim of tricks which would not fool a wide-awake school boy. But more of this, anon.

Bro. Austin then goes on to intimate that Mr. Evans is "profoundly ignorant of the work of such psychics" as a number of public mediums, *including the Bang Sisters*. We do not know whether or not Mr. Evans has heard of the Sisters Bangs, but we *do* know that Stanley L. Krebs and Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn have both heard of, seen, and fully understand the work of these "psychics." These gentlemen have received communications through the mediumship of these gifted ladies, and are now giving to the world the result of their sittings, through the columns of SUGGESTION. Mr. Krebs' experiences with these celebrated mediums are related in our July and August numbers, and Dr. Parkyn's article, telling what *he* saw, will be printed in our September number. Without anticipating Dr. Parkyn's article, we think it well to say here that *his investigations fully corroborated Mr. Krebs' discoveries and brought to light even new evidences of the nature of their "spirit communications."*

Now, right here is a good chance to say something about Bro. Austin and his experiences with the Bangs Sisters. The gentleman in question was, until about two years ago, a Methodist preacher in Toronto. He became interested in Spiritualism, and became converted to that faith by means of "results" obtained through a few mediums, *prominent among whom were the Bangs Sisters*. He left his church, and espoused the cause of Spiritualism, and started the publication of "The Sermon." In one of the early numbers of his journal he published an article, entitled "What Converted Me to Spiritualism," in which he gave the results of *what apparently happened* at the seances of several mediums, including our friends, the Sisters Bangs. He gave the Sisters full credit for producing the wonderful manifestations which they claim to produce, *and published an account of their seance as a convincing proof of the truth of Spirit Return*. Whether or not he will consider our articles as "an explanation of the seance and its phenomena about as puerile and silly as anything we have seen of late in a 'scientific' magazine," we can not say. Judging from his credulity, as exhibited in the past, he may think that we are "maliciously slandering the psychics." Some people get to a stage when they should have a grown person around to take care of them.

Oh, yes, Bro. Austin, we know that "other scientists" have testified to the genuineness of the phenomena of the Bangs Sisters, and others of their kind. There's nobody so easy to fool in these matters as some of our "prominent" men. Their training is along entirely different lines, and they fail to see the hocus-pocus business going on under their very eyes. Some of the investigators are now taking

lessons in elementary Parlor Magic, etc., which will enable them to better understand the possibilities of fraud at a seance, and we think the day is coming when any one who claims to be a "scientific investigator" of these subjects will be able to eliminate the possibility of fraud at seances. When that time comes we may look for interesting results. All Spiritualists having Truth at heart should welcome that day. There has never yet been a bogus medium exposed, without his having previously duped scores of "eminent" men. The old saying that "it takes a thief to catch a thief," applies here, and no one who has not acquainted himself with the way in which bogus spirit manifestations are accomplished, can expect to cope with the people who do the "bogus work." The honest Spiritualist will lose nothing by an expose of the fraudulent methods of the other kind of people.

Bro. Austin goes on to say that "the question of the genuineness of slate-writing" is not a present issue, and has not been for a quarter of a century among candid truth-seekers who have taken the pains to investigate fully and fairly," and that "the magazine that attempts to foist the 'fraud' theory upon its readers as an explanation of slate-writing is simply half a century behind the procession." Well, now that's very sad, isn't it? Really, we hate to be such a "back-number," but we don't see just how we can help it. The "issue" may be half a century behind the procession, but the slate-writing trick is evidently doing business at the old stand, and is fooling hundreds of such credulous mortals as Bro. Austin. Oh, say Austin, this won't do at all—go and subscribe to some "juvenile magazine or work devoted to Parlor Magic for the amusement of

children." Get somebody to buy you a ninety-eight cent box of magic tricks for your birthday. In your present state of mind, you could scarcely be trusted to go by yourself to a country fair—the "now you see it and now you don't" man might catch you. You must remember, Bro. Austin, that there are many people who have been investigating these things for years before you ever thought of them, and many of them have gone through *your* stage of experience, and have cut their eye teeth by this time. You may, later on perhaps. Remember, that the bumble-bee is always largest when first born—he shrinks later on. Investigators of the "occult" seem to manifest the same law of growth.

It's all nonsense to take the position that, because one believes in spirit return, he must refrain from speaking right out when he sees that some one is "faking." We are very much interested in Hypnotism and Suggestive Therapeutics, as our readers know, but what would be thought of us if we were to shriek when anyone tore the mask from some "fakir" who was deceiving the public along these lines. We don't shriek worth a cent at such times, and, in fact, from the first, have waged war on "Hypnotism as it isn't." We are after the Truth in our line of work, and fully realize that the best interests of all honest investigators of the subject are served by smiting a mighty blow to Fraud and "Fakism." We fail to see why any honest investigator of Spiritualism should object to a like principle of action in his line of work. Understand, we don't believe in condemning a thing because we do not understand it, or because it conflicts with our preconceived notions of the subject, but when we see a counterfeit masquerading as "the real thing," we believe

in going for it for all we're worth.

We note Bro. Austin's remarks about the advertisement of the firm dealing in "Spiritualistic Effects," appearing in our journal. Before accepting this advertisement, we carefully investigated the standing of the said firm, and found it to be a leading house in the line of the manufacture and sale of magic tricks, apparatus, effects, etc., and that they enjoyed the confidence and patronage of the leading men in that line of work. We also found that some of their "Spiritualistic" effects had been purchased by many leading mediums all over the country, who were passing them off on "easy" people like Bro. Austin, as genuine phenomena. Taking all these things into consideration, we accepted their advertisements, and shall continue to do so as long as they may see fit to favor us with them. We believe that if they sell one of their "effects" to a man or woman, he or she will never again be fooled by a bogus-medium, at least so far as that particular trick is concerned. For example, if Bro. Austin had paid this firm for a "slate-writing effect," he would not have been so easily hoodwinked by some of the people who undoubtedly "did" him in the most approved style, for he says that "the merest tyro in psychic investigation today knows perfectly well that the seance proper—whatever the explanation of its profound phenomena—is not a matter of apparatus trickery and manipulation, but its phenomena indubitably occur under circumstances utterly precluding any possibility of fraud." *How does he know this?*

Our good brother goes on to say that in publishing the advertisement in question, we are "a party to an imposition on the public." We don't see it in just that way, and are rather inclined to think that

by thus calling the attention of the public to the modus operandi of the bogus mediums we are preventing the editors of papers who endorse such mediums from imposing on the public. It's all a matter of point of view though, take your choice. Our unsophisticated brother also says that "no self-respecting Spiritualist should read such a magazine or handle it without a pitchfork." Well, well!! Judging from the numerous request for copies of this magazine, which we have received from readers of Bro. Austin's article, his readers do not agree with him, and we have discovered that *The Sermon* is a good advertising medium. So far as the "pitchfork" is concerned, we do not wonder that Bro. Austin thought of that article. His guileless, trusting, childlike nature is characteristic of the plain, honest, unsuspecting, artless handler of that article. And, like his bucolic counterpart, he has met the gold-brick man.

Our poor deluded and bunkoed brother winds up by saying that "in advertising apparatus, etc., and secrets for producing fraudulent seances—bogus representations of spirit manifestations—the firm so advertising and the magazine which accepts the 'dirty dollar' are aiding a class of tricksters to fleecce and cheat the public. And all this, under the idea of 'scientific investigation.'" Now, isn't Bro. Austin "too mean for anything" to say such "horrid things" about us. To say that we are "aiding a class of tricksters to fleecce and cheat the public" is quite refreshing, in view of the facts of the case, and considering that the reason that our flim-flammed brother is pitching into us is simply because we are *exposing* the tricksters who "fleecce and cheat the public." But then, we suppose that Ephraim is joined to his idols.

But say, Brer. Austin, before we drop you, we would like to ask you what figure is cut by the "dirty dollar" in certain advertisements appearing in your *June Sermon*, for instance, the one entitled "Spirit Photographs," in which your subscribers are told that if they send \$3.00, accompanied by a cabinet photograph of themselves, the said photograph having been pressed between their hands for ten minutes in silence, they will receive from a medium a new picture of themselves surrounded by the portraits of their spirit friends and guides. The advertisement states that one "can have a picture of the guides that are about you, though you do not see them, and of your dead relatives, friends or children, who are invisible, but ever with you." Come now, Mister Austin, tell us honestly whether you consider that sort of thing *true* Spiritualism? Does that embody "the most sacred features of spirit communion?" Is that your idea of "scientific investigation?" Should self-respecting Spiritualists read the magazine containing that advertisement, or should they "handle it with a pitchfork?" It's up to you, Brother Austin! Don't try to dodge the question! *Tell us whether in your opinion this "Spirit Photograph" business is "the real thing."* Put yourself on record!

In conclusion, friends, we have to say that this question of spirit return is too serious a matter to be left in the hands of the people who are imposing bogus phenomena upon the public every day. It means too much to the many who believe that they have received communications from departed relatives and friends. It means too much to all of us who are facing the problems of twentieth century thought. It is a subject worthy of the thought and careful consideration of every

intelligent man or woman of today. It is a subject which is entitled to the most careful, thorough and intelligent investigation at the hands of those who are best qualified to conduct such investigations. And every investigator who allows his feelings to run away with his judgment—who refuses to apply the strictest tests to all alleged phenomena, or who neglects to acquaint himself with the means by which the bogus mediums do their work, that he may be enabled to detect fraud when it appears, does incalculable harm to mankind. The *true* Spiritualist is not the gullible, credulous creature with which we are all too well acquainted, but the calm, careful, earnest investigator who plods along, separating the wheat from the chaff, and acquainting himself with the means whereby men are defrauded, in order that such fraud may not be practiced upon himself or upon others who look to him for light. We know of a few such men—a few. We trust that their numbers may increase.

Chicago School of Psychology.

Judging from the number of replies received from the notice of the Combined Class to be held on August 5th, it is likely that the said class will be a very large one. In this connection it may be as well to state that this is the *last* combined class that will be held at the special rate, and those who have neglected this chance have missed a valuable opportunity. The Chicago School of Psychology will, of course, hold its regular classes in the future, but its special summer arrangement with the schools for Osteopathy and Electro-Therapeutics having expired, students wishing to take a course of instruction in the two said branches will be required to pay the regular fees, and will have to arrange for

the instruction with the respective schools giving the same. The special combined course afforded an excellent opportunity for students wishing to receive instruction in the several branches named, at a nominal fee, and those who were wise enough to take advantage of the reduced prices and combined instruction are to be congratulated. Those who deferred the matter until a later day have lost their chance.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD, by Charles B. Newcomb, and DISCOVERY OF A LOST TRAIL, by the same author, are two of the most popular "New Thought" books of the day. They have met with a deservedly large sale and have helped thousands of people. They are optimistic in spirit and uplifting in effect. The author's style is epigrammatic, sparkling and quickening, and one can open these books at any page and have his attention fastened at once by some bright, timely truth. We have enjoyed reading these books, and feel that anyone interested in the subject will fare likewise. Both of these books are good, but we prefer the later production, "Discovery of a Lost Trail." Bound in cloth; price, \$1.50 each. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE PSYCHIC AND PSYCHISM, is a new work by A. C. Halphide, A. B., M. D., B. D., etc. It is a companion work to the author's book "Mind and Body." The author goes into the subject of Suggestion, Psychopathy, Telepathy, Clairvoyance and Clairaudience, Psychometry, Sleeps and Dreams, Somnambulism and Trances, Spiritism, etc. He has evidently devoted considerable time to the preparation and writing of this work, and it will

probably meet with an encouraging sale. While we find it impossible to agree with the author in many of his theories and deductions, the book will most likely please many who look at the matter from a different point of view. Bound in cloth; price, \$1.00. Published by The Authors' Publishing Co., 3217 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

A SYSTEM OF PHYSIOLOGIC THERAPEUTICS is the title of a series of eleven volumes comprising the works of American, English, German and French authors, giving a practical exposition of the methods, other than drug-giving, of curing disease. The series is edited by Solomon Solis Cohen, A. M., M. D., the well-known Philadelphia practitioner, who is also professor of Medicine and Therapeutics in the Philadelphia Polyclinic, lecturer on Clinical Medicine at Jefferson Medical College, etc., etc. The series will comprise treatises on Electrotherapy, Climatology, Prophylaxis, Personal Hygiene, Nursing and Care of the Sick, Dietotherapy, Mechanotherapy, Rest, Mental Therapeutics, Suggestion, Hydrotherapy, Thermotherapy, Phototherapy, Balneology, Pneumatotherapy and Inhalation Methods, Serotherapy, Organotherapy, etc., by eminent authorities on the several subjects noted. The first two volumes have been issued, and the remainder will follow at short intervals. Volumes I and II are by George W. Jacoby, M. D., and treat of Electrotherapy, the first volume taking up the general subject of Electrophysics as well as treating of the apparatus required for the Therapeutic and Diagnostic use of Electricity, and the second volume being devoted to the subject of Diagnosis. Each volume contains valuable information upon the subject treat-

ed, and the two furnish the practitioner with a thorough text-book upon Electrotherapy. This series gives promise of being of the greatest value to the wide-awake practitioner who wishes to keep abreast of modern thought in his profession, and we look forward with great interest to the forthcoming volumes. The publishers will mail a descriptive circular upon application to those mentioning SUGGESTION. Published by P. Blakiston's Sons & Co., 1012 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

SELF-EXAMINATION is a useful little quiz book for medical students, containing 3,500 questions, with reference to answers, also the questions of the Examining Boards of Pennsylvania, New York and Illinois. The book is well adapted for its purpose, and is proving very popular, being now in its third edition. The publishers will mail a sample copy, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents, to any person mentioning SUGGESTION. Published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., 1012 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Books Received.

The Murderous Fads in the Practice of Medicine, by M. J. Rodermund, M. D. Twentieth Century Publishing Co., Chicago.

All's Well with the World, by Charles B. Newcomb. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Discovery of a Lost Trail, by Charles B. Newcomb. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Psychic and Psychism, by A. C. Halphide, M. D. Author's Publishing Co., Chicago.

Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington, D. C.

A System of Physiologic Therapeutics, edited by Solomon Solis Cohen, A. M., M. D. (2 vols.). P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia.

THE HYPNO-METRONOME HYPNOTISES EVERYBODY.

A DISCOVERY.

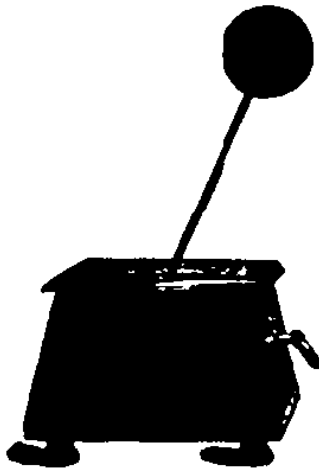
From France, the home of Hypnotism, comes the latest discovery in the production of Hypnosis. The French Scientist, Dr. Paul Saint Martin, has invented the Hypno-Metronome, by which two of the senses are played upon in place of one.

AN ADVANCE.

This is a great advance over the old method in which mirrors alone were employed. By the use of this instrument any operator can induce hypnosis in every subject, and can hypnotise himself if necessary. Self Hypnotic healing is made very easy by this method.

We have just received a large consignment of these Metronomes and full particulars will be sent to anyone upon application. An extensive course on Hypnotism is sent with every instrument, as well as a book giving full instructions in the use of the Hypno-Metronome for Hypnotic and Therapeutic practice and self healing.

Address, **The University of Psychic Science, (Inc.) 3885 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.**



SUMMER COURSE

ELECTRO-THERAPEUTICS

A course in a new and original system of treatment by electricity will be given during the summer months at the Edison College of Electro-Therapeutics. Full instruction will also be given in

- Removal of Growths and Hairs,
- X Ray in the Treatment of Cancer
- X Ray in the Treatment of Tuberculosis,
- X Ray in Tubercular Arthritis,
- X Ray as a Means of Diagnosis.

Clinical cases under treatment will be exhibited and the student will be instructed in the taking and developing of skiagraphs. The theory and physics of electricity will be taught and the student made familiar with the use of all electrical apparatus. So thorough is this course that every graduate becomes a master of the Science of Electro-Therapeutics.

INSTRUCTORS.

F. H. BLACKMARR, M. D., formerly Professor of Electro-Therapeutics at Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago.

CHARLES H. TREADWELL, B. S., formerly instructor in Physics in Syracuse University.

Courses begin the first Monday in each month and are completed in two weeks. Price of course \$25.00. This college is incorporated under the laws of Illinois, and a diploma conferring the degree Master of Electro-Therapeutics is conferred on all graduates. For further particulars, address:

L. A. ELMSLIE, SECRETARY,
The Edison College of Electro-Therapeutics,
3977 Cottage Grove Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.