

SUGGESTIONS

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DEVOTED
TO THE
STUDY OF
SUGGESTIVE
THERAPY,
HYPNOTISM,
TELEPATHY,
SUGGESTIVE
EDUCATION OF
CHILDREN,
DREAMS, VISIONS,
AND ALL PSYCHICAL
PHENOMENA.

CONTENTS

- 923
THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTION. WHAT IS IT?
Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D.
- SUGGESTION IN VARIOUS GUISE.
M. S. Fielding.
- SUGGESTION IN NURSING.
Frances M. Barton.
- SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SICK ROOM.
Kate Eva Wilson.
- TELEPATHY.
Astra.
- LANCES OF GOLD.
Fiona Macleod.
- THE INTELLIGENT USE OF SUGGESTION
IN MOULDING THE CHARACTER OF
CHILDREN.
Carrie M. Hawley.
- SUGGESTIONS FOR CHINA PAINTERS.
Katherine Thomas.
- IMAGINATION; A REVERIE.
S. F. Meacham, M. D.
- CRYSTALLOMANCY.
Ernest Bennett.
- AFTER SANTIAGO.
"M."
- FROM AN OLD WINDOW.
Nora Hopper.

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SUGGESTIONS.

VOL. I.

AUGUST.

NO. I.

THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTION: WHAT IS IT?

HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D.

The term Suggestion is being used with a broader and broader meaning every day. Briefly, a suggestion may be said to be any impression which is consciously or unconsciously received through any of the senses.

A few moments' reflection on the above definition reveals the fact that one's whole education is created by suggestion, and that the effect of every suggestion is influenced entirely by those which have preceded it.

A therapeutic suggestion is a suggestion of such a nature, that when conveyed to an individual through one of his senses, it arouses in his mind a chain of thought, which will assist him to overcome unhealthy mental or physical conditions.

What a curious science is medicine as practiced to-day. There are at least a dozen different schools of healing, with as many different methods of treatment, and many of these are diametrically opposed in theory and practice. However, all have their successes and merits or they could not exist. A patient, who has been unable to find relief in one school, finds it in a second, while a second patient obtains relief for a similar complaint at the first, having failed to obtain it in the other. A third patient, suffering from the same trouble, having tried both schools, finds relief at another.

There are diseases, known as incurable diseases, which none of the schools seem to cure, while diseases, known as curable dis-

eases, may and are being cured by all—cured by the direct or indirect effects of suggestion.

Surely, there is something wrong somewhere. There must be some explanation for this state of affairs; some force of Nature which is unknowingly aroused into activity by all the different schools. There is, and that force, undoubtedly, is suggestion, and the cures are due to the laws of suggestion.

To the student of suggestion, the reason for the success or failure of any mode of treatment in a given case, becomes very plain, if he understands the individuality and suggestibility of the sufferer.

The force which enables a man to walk a mile is stored within himself, and the time expended in traveling that mile will depend on his mental condition. All the thrashing, abuse, drink and medicine in the world will not take him one step on his journey until his mind is in the right direction. Even then, the rate at which he would cover the distance would depend upon the nature of the suggestion which made him decide to move. For instance, if his mission should be an unpleasant one and the day hot, he would likely go slowly, the journey would seem long and he would tire. On the other hand, if his mission were pleasant and he had bright companionship, he would likely walk at a moderate speed, without consciousness of effort or time. If he should receive notice that a mile away some one very dear to him was injured and likely to die before he reached the spot, it is altogether likely he would run there at top speed. The rate, therefore, at which a man spends his strength and the manner in which he expends it, is dependent upon suggestion.

The healing of all the physical ailments to which man is heir, is accomplished through the blood. The circulation heals every wound, and the rapidity with which healing takes place depends upon the amount and quality of the blood supply to the affected part.

An ulcer may remain unhealed for years if the circulation in its vicinity is poor, or if the patient is suffering from general debility. Such troubles as constipation, dyspepsia, dysmenorrhea, headaches, kidney diseases, catarrh, congestions of all sorts, neu-

ralgias, rheumatism, etc., ad nauseum, are produced by troubles of the circulation. The blood supply to an organ or part may be insufficient, impure, or obstructed, and these troubles of the circulation are brought about by the failure of some organ to perform its functions.

Blood is the healing medium and is within man. The organ which propels the blood, the heart, is within man. The force which keeps the heart in action is generated within man and is dependent upon the quality and quantity of his blood. The quantity and quality of the blood depend upon the air taken into the lungs and the food digested and assimilated by the stomach and bowels. The quantity and quality of the food supplied to the stomach depend upon the selection by the individual and his selection should be made from knowledge. Knowledge is a product of suggestion.

Anything which will interfere with a man's necessary supply of food, or with his digestion and assimilation of food, will prevent the production of vital force and interfere with his health, or if he be sick, will prevent or retard his recovery.

The brain is the dominant organ of the body. Every muscle, nerve and organ are directly influenced by it and the mind.

Up to the present time, our physicians have studied the anatomy and physiology of the brain, but they have sadly neglected the study of its functions. The chief and greatest function of the brain is to receive, associate and store away all impressions received through the senses and to reproduce these impressions when necessary. The brain, in fact, is the guardian and at the same time the servant of the mind; for although thoughts are formed by associated suggestions, still they are dependent upon the brain for their retention and are unable to take form in expression without the assistance of the brain and nervous system.

Through the mind the function of every organ of the body may be assisted or retarded, and it is through unconscious action of the mind upon the body that so many diseases are produced and so many are cured. I am now speaking, not of troubles which are imaginary, or troubles, the symptoms of which are confined to mental phenomena; but I refer to diseases which every

physician is daily called upon to treat, and for which he generally prescribes.

How often we have heard physicians remark, when told of the effects of Suggestion upon a certain complaint: "Oh, that is very well for the imaginary complaints of weak people. Christian Science or anything else of that sort would have produced the same results; but of what use would Suggestion be in a case of anæmia, for instance?"

Answer:—"Yes, my friend; mental treatment will cure the imaginary complaints of a patient (and there are thousands of them), provided he obtains the proper mental stimulus, i. e., provided the suggestions he receives change his line of undesirable thought. Doctor, if the trouble is solely in the mind, why do you treat such a patient through the stomach? Why do you treat such a patient for months with medicines before you hand him over to the mental healers to have *them* demonstrate to you that the trouble you treated for months was an imaginary one? A study of psychology and suggestion will enable you, when a patient first consults you, to ascertain the part imagination plays in his complaint. Imaginary or not, however, it is real *to him* and to have it removed he pays you money, which, by the way, is not imaginary. (Even the Christian Scientist will reluctantly concede this point). You know how to move the bowels of your patient, why shouldn't you know how to move or influence his thoughts?"

Doctor:—"That is very true, but how is Suggestion, alone, going to cure the anæmic patient? Will Suggestion put iron into a patient's blood or make new blood corpuscles?"

Answer:—"My dear friend, now take yourself for example. You are unquestionably in perfect health; evidently you have plenty of iron and red blood corpuscles in your blood."

Doctor:—"Certainly."

Answer:—"Well, I suppose that you are aware of the fact that you are constantly replenishing these necessary constituents of your own circulation, and that you obtain the necessary supply from the ordinary food you eat and digest? Since the blood depends upon the stomach and bowels, don't you think the quick-

est and best method to adopt, to cure your anæmic patient, would be one which would encourage digestion and assimilation of good food?"

Doctor:—"But, supposing the stomach will not retain food long enough to digest it; what then?"

Answer:—"Well, *then*, you have a splendid opportunity to use Suggestion; for it will work like magic upon that weak stomach and the food will be retained long enough to be digested. The appetite, also, may be stimulated and the amount of food gradually increased, when, if the patient's mind is not interfering with his digestion or his appetite, he will pick up rapidly in vital force, and with the improvement in the circulation, all the symptoms which generally accompany anæmia, as well as the trouble itself, will disappear. I mean such symptoms as dysmenorrhœa, for which, as a rule, you have seldom been able to do anything satisfactory; constipation, for which you generally give purgatives (thereby depleting the patient still more); headaches, which are neuralgic and due to the lack of blood supply to the head, for which you generally give sedatives or anodynes (thereby lessening the already lowered vitality of the patient). For weak eyes, which are simply another evidence of a generally weakened condition, you send your patient to an oculist, who makes another 'double-window martyr.'"

Doctor:—"Granted that you have built up such a patient, what guarantee will she have that her old trouble won't return? You have cured her by faith and faith is a poor thing to depend on for health."

Answer:—"Yes, faith is a very poor support, I must admit, and the weak point in the armor of every system of healing, which does not embrace a thorough knowledge of Psychology and the effects of suggestion, lies in the fact that the permanency of the cures are dependent upon faith. Let us take your anæmic patient with the weak stomach, for example. Such a patient may be cured, by any method of treatment, which manages to quiet the stomach sufficiently to retain food. This quieting condition would result from any method of treatment which made a strong enough impression upon the mind to bring about the

The force which heals a man is within himself, and, when understood, may be controlled by himself, and just as the activity of the propelling force within a man who walks a mile, is stimulated or depressed by the nature of his thoughts, so, also, will suggestion, when properly directed, arouse the healing force within man and on the nature of the suggestions given will depend the extent to which it is aroused. Many a patient has lived for days after the "physician's allotted time" expired, sustained only by some stimulation of his vital force. For example, an intense desire to see some loved one, hastening to bid farewell. It is often this remnant of vital force, which, when intelligently directed by suggestion, suffices to arouse into activity some organ which for a long time has been hopelessly dormant, but which, when aroused, enables the patient's internal organism once more to resume its normal action, and draw him back from the very jaws of death.

A knowledge of suggestion enables the physician and patient to stimulate and direct the vital force intelligently, while all other methods of treatment, either through ignorance of its existence, or neglect of the proper study of its application and potency, strive blindly and with widely varied successes to arouse it into activity. Different methods are required to arouse it in different classes of individuals. A treatment which arouses it in one patient may not have the slightest effect on another, although the force is ever present and accessible in all.

It is through ignorance of the vital healing force and the forces which control it, on the part of the various practitioners, as well as the widely different individualities and the varied degrees of suggestibility of their patients, which have unconsciously co-operated to create so many methods or schools of healing. The sooner our physicians study medical psychology, the sooner will they cure and hold their patients; the sooner will there be no necessity for such absurdities as Christian Science, advertising quacks and charlatanry in general; the sooner will medicine become an exact science, and the sooner will we have one grand school of medicine.

Some of the conclusions which may be drawn from the facts mentioned in the above article are:

That the vital force which heals a patient is within the patient himself.

That the vital force is generated within the patient himself, by the digestion and assimilation of food.

That the amount of vital force generated depends on the quantity and quality of food introduced into the stomach.

That anything which will interfere with the necessary supply of properly selected food, or the digestion and assimilation of food, after it has been received by the stomach, will interfere with the generation of the vital healing power.

That the digestion may be retarded or completely stopped by certain mental states.

That the food supply should be regulated by a correct knowledge of the requirements of the body.

That knowledge is stored in the mind and that mind is created and influenced entirely by suggestion.

That the creation, expenditure and control of vital healing force are directly or indirectly dependent upon suggestion.

That if one would intelligently direct this healing force, he must have a thorough knowledge of the effects of suggestion. He must understand the simple means for ascertaining the individuality and suggestibility of his patient, so that he may determine in advance the mental and physical effect any given suggestion is likely to produce.

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SUGGESTIONS IN VARIOUS GUISE.

M. S. FIELDING.

The beneficial results of suggestion as a therapeutic agent are becoming so widely known, that there is no longer the voice of dissent among the intelligent classes; and the uninitiated are quite willing to try the effects of the new treatment.

Masquerading in many a guise, under different names, Christian Science, Mental Science, etc., we find suggestion doing its work, and doing it well.

Christian Science emphasizes the necessity of Christian faith, but the "unspeakable Turk" or the "Heathen Chineese" would be equally benefitted in proportion to his amenability to suggestion and power of concentration in the given direction.

Without being accused of having "set sail for Patmos", one might largely defend the axiom in Metaphysics:—"All ideas held in mind sooner or later picture themselves forth in condition or form."

Every inventor conceives mentally the thing he would make manifest; so that in reality the thing itself is the result of his thinking, in material form.

In healing, the dynamic force of thought is directed by suggestion to bring about physical results; or perhaps more correctly,—chemical changes in the body. It has been successfully demonstrated that change of thought and feeling does actually change the chemical conditions of the fluids of the body. Fear, anger, hate, etc., have been shown to have most disastrous effects; while courage, peace, love, etc., are healing and vivifying in their effects.

The "affirmations" and "denials" of the Christian Scientist are simply strong auto-suggestions; The "spoken word" is in most cases intended as a telepathic message, although the Christian Scientist does not call it by that name. The wonderful results of the "spoken word", that have come under my no-

tice in the last two years, leave me no room to doubt the truth of telepathy.

The Science of Being is an advanced offshoot of Christian Science. Its adherents do not ignore the material side of creation. The suggestions they employ are of a high and elevating character; the results are unquestionably desirable. Their working hypothesis is this:

"There is within you a Principle which will at your recognition spring forth and make your existence full of joy and happiness. This Principle is the source of your life, your health, your intelligence, your love; and you manifest it just in proportion to your acknowledgement of these qualities. This Principle is God."

This is a recognition of the soul or subjective mind which dwells in each of us: Its limitless possibilities have led many to the belief that it is not an entity apart from God, but a part of God, or in other words, we are each part of the whole, as a drop of water is part of the vast ocean. This is the Pantheism of Plato in a modern form. Such postulation cannot fail to bring results. The daily repetition of the following auto-suggestions have the inevitable effect. "I am strong and well;" "I am free from these appearances of sickness, poverty and sin!" "I am loving and kind;" "I am pure and holy in thought, act and deed;" "I am intelligent and wise;" "I am brave and fearless;" "I am just and truthful;" "I am patient and humble;" "I am one with Thee, O Mighty Counselor; Thy Wisdom, Life, Love, Health, and Truth is now manifest in me, and I do acknowledge Thee in all my ways."

Many of the people of this faith carry about with them this written creed as a sort of talisman or reminder; they say it helps by suggestion to link them with the finer forces that lie beyond the line of the strictly material world. The Agnus Dei of the devout Catholic is worn for a similar purpose.

If the subjective mind is the soul, and the effect of suggestion a psychological effect, there seems to be no difference, except in name, in the result of suggestion wherever employed.

So far no one has undertaken to explain fully the physical

and psychological process of suggestion. We see the effect; just as we see a teardrop as the effect of an emotion that lies deeper than we can probe. Who would attempt to explain emotion by a chemical analysis of the teardrop:—water, sodium chloride,—so many parts? Like sound, heat and light, the problem may be reduced to one of vibration some day. The whole universe is one great center of harmonious vibration, thought is vibratory, vivic, creative, transforming.

It has been demonstrated over and over again that changing the thought by suggestion changes the condition of a patient. Hope takes the place of despair; courage and cheerfulness supplant despondency; difficult and seemingly incurable physical conditions yield to suggestion when everything else fails. Can it be that suggestion sets us vibrating with the healing principle which pervades all Nature; tunes us to the same key, and produces harmony instead of discord?

This beneficent healing principle, or recuperative power is as general as sunshine: Any intelligent physician will admit that all that lies within his power in the majority of cases, is simply to put his patient in a condition where "Nature will do the rest."

In the realm of invention every material thing is the outward symbol of an inward thought. Every new combination of elements that serves to make life easier, and annihilates time and space, is the result of thinking. It is also the demonstration of the marvelous adaptability of the genus homo to circumstance and environment.

Longfellow beautifully speaks of flowers as "thoughts of God." There is an ever-growing tendency to recognize the subtle "something" that lies close to the material side of life; the something that is inseparable, yes, concomitant with life itself. Is it not reasonable to suppose there is a subjective side to everything as well as an objective?

Every cubic inch of matter is stamped with infinity. Divide it as we may, by the help of the finest microscope, we cannot reach the ultimate particles: neither can we with the largest telescope sweep a field of vision where nothing lies beyond; or where supreme order and law do not exist.

Kate Field was in the habit of saying, "I look to science to prove immortality." It seems to me we shall find the proof in the unexplored field that lies within us, rather than outside of ourselves. We are like that chariot of old, whose one wheel rolled upon the earth, while the other circumscribed the heavens. Suggestion is one way of measuring our possibilities, somewhat, and using them for the uplifting of the human race, and for the higher development of ourselves.

SUGGESTION IN NURSING.

The trained nurse has now become, not merely a luxury, but an imperative necessity where the science of surgery is brought to the relief of a sufferer, not only during the critical moments of the operation, but in the anxious hours that follow. In her skillful care the surgeon confidently leaves his patient, well aware that every variation of pulse and temperature, is conscientiously watched. The unceasing watchfulness of the nurse at the critical period, the proper administration of the correct doses, and her interested care has dragged many a patient out of the valley of the shadow of death, into the sunshine of life and health.

Let us draw two pictures,—, and they are but a few years apart. In one, we will let the reader's imagination paint in dark colors a room where lies a delicate woman on an untidy bed. The room, a fair sized one, is littered with clothing and sundry other articles thrown carelessly about. A table stands in one corner, on which are bottles of medicine, the contents of which have marked the outsides of each vial with dribbling stains, latterly broadened out by finger marks. A dirty tumbler and a couple of still dirtier spoons, in whose bowls lie encrusted the remnants of the last doses which they measured out; a couple of plates on which the scarcely tasted food lends its unpleasant aroma to the already fetid air; some orange rinds, and surmounting all, an ill-smelling, untrimmed kerosene lamp, whose angu-

lar, smoky flame casts a ghastly look about the place. Note the fevered patient on the bed, a bed which has not been made in weeks, perhaps, and from her parched lips there comes a feeble moan for water; a moan that falls unheeded on the ears of an ancient dame who serves as nurse. Lost in sweet dreams of by-gone days, the fan fallen from her nerveless grasp, she sends back snores in answer to the sufferer's moan. This was the nurse of yore; the "skillful old woman," to whom, even now, so many pin their faith. Worn out by a life of toil in the fields, ignorant of the simplest hygienic rules, and professing a profound contempt for the physician, whose instructions she rarely carried out, because he ignored her advice; such was the ancient nurse. Your mother, kind reader, and mine, too, knew her. Looking at her from our modern scientific perch, we must confess that we believe the patient, if she did recover, got well in spite of her.

Dip your brushes now in brighter colors and we'll paint the modern picture. On a couch, white and spotless as the driven snow, lies a fragile girl, in whose delicate body is ensuing a mighty struggle between life and death. The room has a sweet and wholesome odor, born of thorough ventilation, while now and then a breath of air wafts to the nostrils of the invalid the ethereal fragrance of some wood violets, tastefully arranged in a vase upon the table near the bedside. A well-cared lamp, whose light is shaded from the patient's eyes casts a glow about the room and reveals a state of rare neatness and order. There are no soiled towels or clothes, no uncleanly glasses, cups or dishes; medicines are out of the invalid's sight, and were it not for the presence of the sufferer, it would be difficult to imagine yourself in a sick room. On the table in the corner, rests the nurse's temperature chart, her pencil, watch and thermometer, while a second vase of cut flowers serves to screen the necessary vials of medicine. The nurse, herself, is like her work, the perfection of neatness. Her fingers are soft, and deftly they arrange the patient's hair or smooth the pain-racked brow until they summon sleep to assist the worn-out forces of nature to restore the vital energy. Her step is light; she seems to glide, so noiseless

falls her foot. The soft tones of her voice bring comfort and hope, while her smile beams down on the sufferer, who eagerly looks for it to cheer her in her misery. Night and day that tireless vigil is kept, and the patient is nursed into health or her last hours are soothed by the same gentleness and tender solicitude. Such is the nurse of to-day. Having seen both pictures, it is not difficult to surmise which the reader will choose. The "skillful old woman" knew how to *boil* a pot of tea, toast some bread and make some gruel,—yes, and serve it, too, in a manner calculated to disgust a sensitive person; the modern nurse is trained in the art of cooking for the sick; she can concoct a dainty dish and serve it in so appetizing a manner, that an epicure might consider it a privilege to be sick.

This is a part of our nurse's education. Food plays too important a role in the healing art to be neglected. Well versed in anatomy, physiology and diagnosis, she knows instantly when a new symptom manifests itself, at once recognizes the slightest change which may occur, and in the absence of the physician in charge, is thoroughly capable of handling the case in an emergency.

Suggestion, or rather its laws, is a subject of which most nurses are ignorant. I do not mean that they do not know the value of favorable or adverse suggestion, but the effective treatment of disease by Suggestion, such as is now being taught at several schools specially instituted for that purpose.

It may be asked: "What can a nurse do with Suggestion?" Much! much that will lighten her ever arduous labor and bring peace to herself and patient in those

"—Nights devoid of ease."

The inert appetite of the invalid may be stimulated into demanding food; the stomach may be made to retain the food until it is thoroughly digested. No nurse of experience can decry the value of food. It means vitality, it means life. Our patient is nervous and fretful; she cannot sleep; her head aches; the bed clothing distresses her by its weight and she is altogether in discomfort. In charge of the ordinary nurse she must lie there and suffer, constantly getting worse, until the doctor can be reached by tele-

phone or messenger and the usual sedatives prescribed. Not so with the nurse trained in suggestion. Her education enables her, at the premonitory symptoms of such a condition, to quiet the nerves of the patient, by properly applied suggestion, until a restful sleep ensues, out of which she arouses refreshed and with none of the after effects of heart-depressing drugs. Should her patient coin strange fancies, unreasonable dislikes to people or food, slight hallucinations or peculiar delusions, she knows how to apply the suggestive treatment and the ghosts vanish as though banished through enchantment. The hysterical patient becomes a rational being under the mystical influence of suggestion and that horror of all physicians and nurses, a morbid mental condition, is an impossibility.

Now we have pictured the nurse of the future. Five years hence, physicians will search them out, and in less than ten years a nurse who does not understand Suggestive Treatment will be shunned by every practitioner who has the welfare of his patients at heart. As an instance of its value in surgery, let me cite a little personal experience.

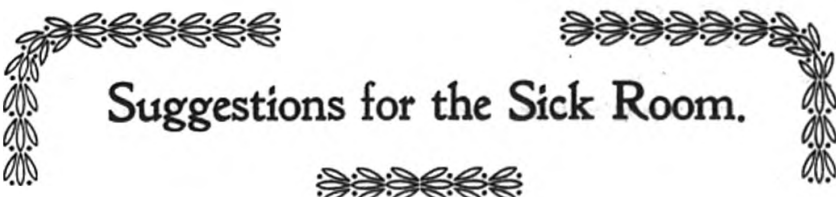
A short time ago I was attending a patient who was about to undergo a serious operation. The risk, the horror of the knife and the chloroform, the ensuing torture all filled her mind. She was in a most pitiable state. As the time appointed for the operation grew near she became more nervous and hysterical. The agonies suffered were ten-fold worse than death. Such was her condition when laid upon the operating table. After the operation, as she came out of the anaesthesia, I had considerable difficulty in quieting her sufficiently to command her attention. I then placed her in the Suggestive condition and bade her have patience, suggesting that at the end of that time she would be resting free from pain. She was told that the operation was a success and that she had nothing whatever to worry about. Suggestions to this effect were repeated and precisely at the expiration of the half hour, she disclosed that she was quite comfortable. I then suggested to her that she would have no return of the pain, but would rest, sleep well, and make a splendid recovery. To the surprise of her physician, and, I will confess, to

mine also, she rested well from the first, and there was no recurrence of hysteria or nervousness while I was with her. Had this patient been taken in time, suggestive treatment would have reduced to a minimum the mental agonies she endured in anticipation of the operation.

In getting a patient ready for an operation, the nurse will find it an omnipotent ally. With the mind freed from fears, the appetite may be stimulated and the food digested, which will raise the vitality to a point where an operation is safe. After the operation, the quieting of the nerves, the soothing of the pain and the elevation of the patient's spirits will do much towards bringing her beyond the critical period. Suggestion is the force that will accomplish these things and the education of a nurse who has neglected the study of Suggestive laws, is, to say the least, sadly incomplete. For the sake of your patients, for your own sakes, you must learn to apply Suggestion properly. It enables you to see your work in a new light, it points out new paths to tread and it places in your hands a power to do good that is immeasurable in its limits. Suggestion is one of the great forces of nature: it is God-given.

FRANCES M. BARTON.





Suggestions for the Sick Room.

KATE EVA WILSON.

One of the very first cares of the nurse in charge of a case should be to select the most desirable location for a sick room. That, in which the least noise and sound reaches the ear of the invalid ; which commands a sunny, cheerful aspect, and, if possible, with an open fire-place to insure good ventilation, should be chosen.



The patient's visitors should be carefully watched, and those who relate long and uninteresting stories, or inflict their tales of woe upon the invalid, should be excluded from the sick room. Callers who are profuse in their expressions of sympathy are another grievous nuisance.



Either from love or interest, endeavor to learn the temperament of the patient. To know this well, will enable you to do much that will rapidly advance her recovery.



A little table by the bedside, covered by a pretty cloth, and upon which are placed some of her favorite books, her watch, smelling-salts, and a little vase of flowers, will add much to her pleasure and comfort.



Select for reading the books in keeping with the patient's

tastes. She should not be compelled to listen to you through politeness, but through interest. Choose a position where your patient can see as well as hear you. The interest in the story will be enhanced by watching the reader's face.



Be quick to ascertain that which most takes your patient out of herself, and indulge and encourage that to the limit. Whenever her mind reverts to her own condition, try to change the subject and establish a more wholesome and cheerful line of thought.



If possible, the patient's hair should be brushed gently every morning, and a tonic used on the scalp twice a week. This, to a great extent, will prevent the hair falling out, as is most usual after an illness; will prove very refreshing to the patient, and add much to her happiness on recovery.



The teeth, during sickness, require care. They should be thoroughly brushed, with a soft brush and reliable tooth powder, each morning. The mouth should be rinsed twice a day and the last thing at night. Either a few drops of tincture of myrrh in half a tumbler of water, or a little glycerine and lemon juice in water, or listerine, or cologne, form a grateful mouth wash.



Watch the temperature of the sick room. Very often a nervous condition in the patient may be traced to the heat or bad ventilation of the room.



To the nurse, who understands the proper application of Suggestion, the alleviation of nausea, and the quieting of the stomach by Suggestive Treatment, are an easy matter. Those, who are uninitiated, however, will find the following hints of value: Fanning the face will be found most beneficial in a slight attack of nausea; but in a bad attack, I have found sure relief in a mustard paste (mustard, one teaspoonful, to six of flour, and wet with milk), applied over the region of the stomach.



The Occult World.

TELEPATHY.

ASTRA.

From the far-off, mystical hills of the orient a spirit seems to have come into our midst. A spirit of mystery in whose heart is the flame of yearning and whose finger points toward a star of peace. Whomsoever its wing touches in its flight finds his heart aflame with that same fierce yearning, and reaches not the star of peace until Nature, our all-wise mother, quenches that heart-flame with her breath of secret knowledge. In silent supplication we strain our eyes toward the East in the hope that from the home of that spirit we may obtain the assistance we need. The East replies by pointing out that eternal law of compensation which bids us labor for that which we would enjoy. Our eyes return and 'neath a western sun they fall on the pages of Nature's book, whereon the mighty secrets are written, and we seek to unfold their meaning,

Among the many secrets held by the oriental mystics, is that of communicating a vivid impression in the mind of one person to the mind of another, without the intervening assistance of the recognized organs of sensation. To this strange art are ascribed many of the marvelous occurrences in India during the Sepoy rebellion. It was claimed that the learned Yogi and other adepts were enabled by this or some similar psychic process of communication, to send the news of revolt and stimulate a religious war throughout the country. It would be well to think twice before accepting this assertion, and yet, how can we disprove it? Well we know that the mystic of the orient is a psy-

chic of no ordinary power. If he can, as it is claimed, through some great psychic force send an image of himself to a given point, utterly regardless of time or distance, why can he not send a communication of importance which may be correctly interpreted by the percipient?

Of late years an interest in this science has been developed in the western world. At first, the number of believers in a psychic process of communication was a small one. They were menaced by the hostile attitude of western thought, ever hard and practical in trend, and not alone hostile towards such a science, but even towards any inquiry in that direction.

At first, the idea of there being any such process of thought transference was scoffed at and the enthusiastic searchers classed among harmless lunatics. To the world at large, psychical communication seemed, as Professor Barrett aptly puts it, "relegated to the limbo of exploded fallacies." The repetition of efforts, however, increased public interest in the subject and Telepathy, as it latterly became known, engrossed the attention of many able minds. Discussions on the subject became frequent and the existence of such a process of mental communication became established. Its mechanism then became the ground for dispute. The scientist, who held to a physiological explanation, inquired if it could be proved that the impression were not derived through a rare and partially developed sensory organ. Psychologists doubted that the mental percept could be evoked directly without any antecedent sense-percept. The leading question then became: "Can evidence be obtained that will convince us that there is any possibility of transmitting a single mental concept, except through the five senses?"

Fortunately for Telepathy, when the London Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882, the subject of thought transference received the attention of that body. A committee of investigators was appointed and W. F. Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers, both Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, were selected. It would have been difficult to secure three more conscientious or scholarly investigators than their

work proved them to be, and the results obtained by their labors have stimulated the interest in Telepathy more than anything that had been done up to that time. The evidence produced by them not only established beyond doubt the existence of a process of communicating mental impressions, but proved also that it was a science which was more general than usually supposed and possible of cultivation.

One of the obstacles with which they met was the discovery of a process used by stage performers, miscalled "mind readers," whereby communications were made by unconscious muscular action on the part of one person and automatically interpreted by another. This method was named "muscle reading" and the foes of thought transference at once instituted the broad claim that all apparent phenomena in the way of thought reading could be done only by this and similar processes. Thanks to the efforts of Messrs. Barrett, Gurney and Myers, however, a mass of indubitable evidence was secured which compelled the world to acknowledge that a purely physical basis could not offer explanations for all the existing phenomena.

To this committee also belongs the honor of classifying the various phenomena attendant on this branch of psychical science. A distinction was also made by it between Thought Reading and Telepathy. Under the former heading were classed such experiments as reading names or sentences, describing a card, number, color or any object agreed upon and upon which the minds of the committee were centered.

Under Telepathy were classified such phenomena as communication between two persons, generally a considerable distance apart, and the impression received by means other than the usual channels of sensation. This classification was then subdivided, as follows: when the agent, or person who sends the impression, and the percipient, or receiver, are both in a normal state.

An example of this class of phenomena may be found in the Review of Reviews (English Edition) for April, 1893, pp. 428-430. We will substitute "Miss Ackfield" for "A." Mr. Stead, in relating this experience, changed the sex of the correspondent as an additional precaution against identification.

Mr. Stead gives the following account :

One day in August (1892), "Julia,"—as I call the invisible intelligence that from time to time controls my hand—suddenly wrote: "Why do you think it is strange that I should write with your hand? Any one can write with your hand." I asked her what she meant, and she answered: "Any of your friends." "On this earth?" I asked, incredulously. She wrote: "Try it." "Need they know about it?" "No." "Then," I said, "there will be an end of all the secrets in the world." She wrote, "No; mind is in contact with mind all over the world. Any one to whom you could speak, if you were within range of the physical senses, you could speak to mentally wherever he is, because the mind is not trammelled by the limitations of matter." She explained that the real self, the Ego, had both mind and body as its investments, by which it could communicate with the outside world. Both were instruments; either could be used, but each was not always informed of the use which had been made of the other. That is to say, it was perfectly possible for the Ego to use your mind to direct my hand, without finding it necessary to inform your physical consciousness that any such communication had taken place. But the mind would no more communicate a secret, which the Ego did not wish to be known, than the tongue would be guilty of such an indiscretion; for tongue and mind are alike the servants of the real self.

I was rather incredulous, but I began experimenting with a friend in London, who was sympathetic. I found that it succeeded to a marvel. That is to say, I found that my friend had no difficulty whatever in using my hand to communicate information, or the expression of the mood of the moment. When my friend, whom I will call Miss Ackfield, was writing, I said to her in the middle of the communication, "Are you really writing, or is it only my subliminal consciousness?" My hand wrote, "I will try and prove to you that I am really writing. There is an object in my hand just now, which I will try and bring to your office. I am sitting at my table. It is a small present that I want to make to you. It is an old thistle."

"What!" I said, "a thistle?"

"Yes, an old thistle; it played a part in my life that made it dear to me. I will give it to you to-morrow. I will explain to you when I give it. I hope you will accept it." Next day, when my friend came, I asked her if she had brought a present for me. She said, no; she had not. She had thought of bringing one, but she had left it at home. I asked her what it was. She said it was such an absurd thing, she did not like to mention it. When I pressed her, she said it was a piece of scented soap. I was considerably disgusted at this apparent failure and told her why. She said at once: "That is very curious. Everything happened as you have it written there, and it is a thistle, and an

old thistle. But it is a thistle that is stamped on the piece of soap. I will bring it to you the next time I see you. It did play a part in my life," and she then proceeded to explain. I have the soap now in my possession. It is stamped with a thistle.

The incident, explained to Mr. Stead, showed clearly that it was the old thistle, stamped on the soap, which gave that object its significance. Miss Ackfield had thought of the gift before Mr. Stead's hand wrote,—perhaps at the exact time of his writing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LANCES OF GOLD.

FIONA MACLEOD.

The afternoon has drowsed through the sun-flood. The green leaves have grown golden, saturated with light. And now, at the sudden whirling of the lances of gold, a cloud of wild-doves arises from the pines, wheels against the sun-blaze, and flashes out of sight, flames of purple and rose, of foam-white and pink. I know the green hidden nests of the wild doves, when ye come again, O whirling lances of gold!



THE INTELLIGENT USE OF SUGGESTION IN MOULDING THE CHARACTER OF CHILDREN.

CARRIE M. HAWLEY.

There is an old legend of a prince who was born in days of peace and prosperity. The most beautiful gardens in the world had been his playground, and underneath the rich foliage of an eastern clime he had listened many hours to tales, selected by his noble mother to be read to him, of kind deeds of kings and knights. When ten years of age, he was a fair, beautiful boy, with a spiritual face and eyes of wondrous power. Poets sang of his sweetness and artists longed to have him as a model for their saints. But war arose. The most cruel crimes were perpetrated throughout the land. The magnificent palace was destroyed and no one escaped the fury of the mob that assailed it but the little lad. He looked with such tearful pity and compassion at the wild, frenzied faces before him, that their swords fell to the ground ere they could thrust them into the child's heart. A relative of the prince carried him off into a wild, mountainous region to keep him in seclusion until he should be old enough to avenge those who brought about such an unjust war, slayed his good parents, and destroyed his beautiful palace home. Seeing that the lad had a spirit of forgiveness and love, rather than of malice and hate, the shrewd uncle realized that the tender heart must be made hard and cold ere the boy could be brought to make any creature suffer. So he gave the lad only weapons of death with which to play ; he poured into his ears tales of cruelty ; he made him witness daily combats between the wild beasts of the forest, and taught him to slay whatever came in his way. Years passed and the boy grew to manhood. He took his place on the throne and became one of the most cruel kings the world had ever seen.

Primitive historians chronicled the illustrious acts of their great men that their deeds might shine out as stars to guide the feet of coming generations. Philosophers built up codes of ethics

whereby men might gauge their conduct toward one another. The nineteenth century, by the aid of science, the king of the world to-day, is accounting for the good and bad in the world's history, and teaching mankind, by sure and simple methods, how the coming generation may mount to higher peaks of greatness and nobility.

A few years ago a department was instituted in the Smithsonian Institute, called Psychophysics. Professor Elmer Gates of Philadelphia, who was neither a psychologist nor a metaphysician, was placed in charge, so that all experiments were conducted on a purely scientific basis. In a somewhat lengthy report of his investigations he shows that scientific laws govern the mental and moral nature of man, and that when these laws are known and obeyed, a new era will dawn in which man may be master of himself, as an engineer is master of his engine. Professor Gates says: "Every thought which enters the brain is registered by a change in the structure of its cells. Those cells which are useful for good thinking may be developed, while those that are productive of evil may be shrunk."

Heredity has more the apparel of suggestion and outwardly resembled it so long, that the mass of people have been unable to distinguish one from the other. While, without doubt, there is much truth in the saying that "blood will tell," we overlook the fact that there are other things beside blood that tell.

One of the strongest arguments brought forth to prove that parents are largely responsible for the sins of the children is this: A man, who is deeply interested in the subject of heredity, after carefully examining prison records, found that twelve hundred criminals came from the union of one criminal pair. On account of their ancestors, was not a thought thrown out to every one of those criminals from the moment of his birth such as would tend to make him a criminal? Does not the world, unconsciously perhaps, show a distrust of people who have "bad blood" and confidence in those more fortunately born? If heredity is a law, it must be unchanging, and we know that from an ancestry of inferior minds have come some of the most brilliant men of the world.

Did not the environment of those sons and daughters of criminals tend to make them law-breakers? Environment often suggests evil, and stamps upon the plastic mind that which nothing but death can efface.

The effect of unfavorable suggestions to children may be seen in many of our best homes. Tell a child day after day that he is untruthful, thievish, bad, and in nine cases out of ten he will become so. Occasionally, you will find a boy or girl like little Dorothy, who, for some act of disobedience was told by her Mamma that she was very wicked and that she must go and ask God to forgive her. As with a very important air the child soon returned, the anxious mother said, "Dorothy, did you ask God to forgive you?" "Yes," was the reply, "and God said, 'Great Scott! Dorothy, that wasn't very bad. I know lots of little girls worser than you are. Don't feel too bad about such a little thing as that.'"

A woman, living on the banks of the Hudson River, is the mother of five unusually fine boys. When asked one day about her method of bringing up children, her reply was, "I don't know that I have any method unless it be this—I always talk to them of the right way to do and mention no other; and I always instill it into their minds that I know *my* boys will never do a mean or unmanly thing."

Suggestion is the motor power of action, and, although hundreds of years ago King Solomou said to his people, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," the world has been looking over the head of this truth, trying to find other methods of character building, even as a boy thinks he would find a road paved with diamonds at the end of a rainbow.

In a New England town a baby boy was born whose first plaything was a piece of gold attached to a chain. When he was old enough he was taught to count with silver dollars. When the lesson was over, he was told to put every one of these dollars into his bank and keep them, and then some day he would be very rich. No key was given him to unlock the little iron safe, for he was told that he must keep his money if he would be wealthy. Beggars came to the door; bare-footed children went

past the house on icy sidewalks ; pale and hungry faces looked up at him from the street as he piled his money on the window sill. So avaricious did he become that even his broken toys were laid away and kept, while the father fondly smiled upon his son and said, "You are going to be rich, my lad ; you are going to be rich." This boy became a millionaire, but so mean and miserly was his soul that no one shed a tear above his grave when the words were spoken, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

Whoever opens his eyes can see the effects of unconscious suggestion. Directed suggestion, when its principles are understood and followed, is the mystic key that will unlock the gates of the kingdom of righteousness.





Suggestions for China Painters.



MRS. KATHERINE THOMAS.

The beginner in china painting should have his mind disabused of the deep nooked mystery that is supposed to cling round this branch of decoration, that is, that nothing is as it seems. For instance, from blue or green, when it goes into the kiln, they are to expect almost any effect other than the one desired after its having been burned. This is a wrong idea, and experience will teach us, that with exception of carmines and purples, they come out as they went in, except they are softer in tone and with the addition of the glaze.

A good palette is the first requisite for the mixing of colors.

The most uniform light can be obtained from a window facing north.

The hardness of effect so often observed in china painting can frequently be attributed to the use of small brushes.

Always have in mind the effect you are trying to produce when the article is finished. This will cause you to be more cautious in your work.

The terms used to express the two degrees of heat required in firing are: "Rose color" for gold, carmines and purple. "Regular kiln" a cherry heat, which glazes all other colors, if the kiln fires evenly.

The proportion of flux necessary is one fourth of any quantity and thoroughly mixed with the colors. With soft paste English ware, fluxing is not necessary.

For high lights use Aufsetzweis' Relief to be reserved for last firing. This precaution will apply to all enamel.

Accustom yourself as far as practical to large size brushes. A little experience will soon teach you that a broad even tint can be thus easily obtained, while with the same brush pointed on your palette, finer touches can be produced.

A drop of tar oil added to paste for raised gold will prevent its peeling. The powder should be thoroughly sifted through bolting cloth to remove grit.

Greens change very little in firing. Require regular kiln fire. Carmines are the test colors for all kilns. If light fired, they are yellow red; if fired too strong, a violet tint will result.

Brown-green is a most useful color, used extensively as a shading green for leaves.

Deep blue green—Very useful color and not green, as its name implies, but a soft blue, for forget-me-nots and blue flowers. It modifies greens and is used in distant effects in foliage, and if used delicately, for tinting back grounds. It mixes with all greens and carmines.

Deep violet of gold for dark violets, and with ruby purple and blue makes the dark rich pansies.

For decorating with wild roses I would suggest that you set your palettes with carmine No. 2, a little gray for flowers, and ivory yellow, and for the stamens use touches of yellow-brown.

In selecting china, particularly for figures, be sure that it is free from black specks, scratches, indentations and fire cracks, and have it perfectly white. Berlin china requires a strong fire to "fuse" colors. Its highly finished surface makes it much sought after for figures.

French china fires beautifully and all colors "fuse" well. Do not decorate china which has been in use, expecting it to come out of the kiln looking as well as unused pieces, for it frequently turns black in spots in firing and they cannot be removed.

IMAGINATION, A REVERIE.

S. F. MEACHAM, M. D., QUINCY, ILL.

What is imagination, anyway? From expressions like the following from many people, including physicians, we would be forced to conclude that many know, or imagine they know, much more about the what and how, and where of imagination than I do.

It is all in her *imagination*, there is *nothing much* the matter with her, she only *thinks so*, it's all in her *mind*.

Suggestion may be all right for *mental troubles*, when *nothing but hysteria* is the matter, but when the parties are *really sick*, then they need a doctor.

You can't cure *organic disease* by means of Suggestion.

These fads will all do for fools, but scientific men do not dabble with them.

The above, and thousands such expressions would almost force one to think that the parties using them were perfectly familiar with that something called mind, imagination, from the ease with which it drops from their tongues and from their freedom in juggling with it.

"It is all in her imagination." Well, suppose it is; where is it, then? Is it outside or inside the body? Is it where it can do no harm, or where it is not likely to do harm? Has the body nothing to do with imagination, or imagination nothing to do with the body? Is the imagination anything, or any place, or of so little importance from any standpoint whatever as to justify us in dismissing the matter, as above? Let us see.

Imagination, whatever else it may be, is an element, or a faculty, or a manifestation of the mind. But what is mind? Is it an entity? A something independent of matter? A spiritual something that has always been and always will be; or has it a material base? Is it as dependent on brain and nerve, as heat and light and chemism are supposed to be on matter? Can any intelligent answer be given to any of the above that will justify the expression, "*only the mind?*"

If it is an entity, spiritual or otherwise, that is independent of matter, and uses it for its own purposes, then a disorder of

this entity, the mind, is a disorder of the real man, the independent, self-acting, eternal portion of us. The body would be only a tool. A disease of the body might be of grave importance, as hindering the efficient working of mind on the material plane, but it would sink into insignificance when compared with the former, for *it* would be the prime something, the important something.

And, if the mind has a material base, then the material changes are the important things. The mentality, itself, would be an effect, and could not be imagined to exist apart from those material changes.

If this supposition be true, then every mental action is, in reality, a material action, or is underlaid by such, and is nothing apart from it. The mind would be indissolubly connected with the whirl of atom and molecule, of brain and nerve. The whirl and swing may be supposed to be of some *definite* and *special* kind; but no whirl, no mind. Now, the nervous system is connected throughout, and a disturbance in one place is likely to reverberate in every part. There could be no disease of the mind, apart from a disease of the nerves, and the expression, "only in the mind," or, "only in the imagination," would mean only in the nerves. But the nervous system is universally regarded as the most important system of the body. How, then, can a diseased condition of it be so lightly regarded? But, possibly, that part of its action constituting imagination, is not important.

But imagination has been known to kill. Diseased states of body are by all often attributed to it. It is regarded as aiding or hindering a cure, so *that* will not explain the matter. I feel certain that the parties do not have any definite idea; do not think clearly at all. There is also probably present a vague notion, that because mental symptoms of a disordered kind may exist apart from coarse lesions, they are, therefore, of little moment. We are so in the habit of measuring importance in pounds, yards, or dollars, that other matters, not so determinable, are cast aside lightly. The gravity of this is happily becoming well known by the few. The many always follow the few; so that we may possibly expect a time when mind will be estimated by its effects.

By its effects, did I say? Has it any effects? Many claim that the mind is to the matter of no more causal efficacy, than the shadow to the stick. That it, in fact, has no causal efficacy, whatever. If this be true, then the mind is without importance, save as pointing to processes going on beneath it. Does my mind count for nothing? If not, why are intelligent animals and men longer lived than others, and how do they manage to rule the world, and why do we look to intelligent people for advice when in trouble? Is the mind in these cases but an index of a more perfectly adjusted brain, a better equipped organism? Are the real forces, at work here, blind and purposeless? Oh, if one could but answer this one question with certainty, what a load of pessimism would immediately be lifted from the mind! If they are blind, then the true and only reformation is transplantation like flowers. No use appealing to any force within. It has no power. Soil and climate are all in all. There is no vice, simply lack of adjustment. No one is to blame for what he is, or for what he does.

On the other hand, if these laws are not blind; if there is an intelligent supervision; if the mind can choose and has power; then we must look to the within, not the without. Transplantation *alone* will not do; we must know the mind we deal with. Man, then, is responsible. He, by choosing, makes his own environment, or determines what it shall be. Which is true? No trouble to see which is the more hopeful, the grander conception. But is it the true one?

Again, no article was ever written, no essay delivered, that did not, some place, assume independence and power for the mind. Conversation is all but impossible, without this assumption. Why this universality? Why this necessity? If it is all untrue, why do we all, whether we will or not, act and talk just as if it were true?

Imagination, the artistic faculty of the soul; the poetic power, that dreams and blesses while it dreams; the creative power of man; the power, that gilds the future with love and hope, and speaks aspiration to the present; is it a nothing? An effect of blind force, that cannot become a spontaneous cause, or a cause

at all? All—all, simply whirling, atom and flying world. Who can tell? Apart from our sympathies, which is true?

We long to be free, to believe that we are free. Something within each of us whispers that we have the power of choice, and that we are not the slaves of circumstances. Yet, a thousand things are ever going on 'neath our consciousness that we know not of. The origin and real nature of every thought is a sealed mystery. Hypnotism has proven that one may be made to remember or forget at the word of command; that the mind will accept hints from the hypnotizer, and utilize them as its own, never suspecting the difference. Negative suggestion proves that the mind can, at command, be made blind, deaf, and senseless, to what is evidently quite apparent to it; or, it, at least, acts like deaf and blind, but as it can, at command, reproduce all that occurred, it evidently *was* impressed by the occurrences. Did it know what was going on? If not, how did it describe it later, at command? If it did know, how did it ignore what at other times it would be forced to react to? Who knows? Will any hypothesis, known to us, explain? "Only in the mind!" What does it mean? Science has proven, beyond all question, that something about us sees what we are not conscious of seeing, and hears what we are not conscious of hearing. What is it that does this? How does it do it?

"She only imagines that she is sick." Imagination is either something or nothing. If nothing, how does it make itself manifest? If something, it has power, and should be reckoned with, explained or studied. Let us acknowledge that we do not know; that *nothing* seems to be permanent; that right and wrong, true and false, science and myth, are liquid, flowing ever, changing always to our view. Let us study, reflect, accept the probable, and cease dogmatizing; get out of that rut of "Cocksureness;" it is dangerous to advancement.

"Nothing but hysteria!" How often we use it, and as though it had a definite meaning. Has it? If so, what and to whom? Do we know what it is? Do we know that it is not dangerous? Does experience justify us in saying that their suffering is not real, and that mental or physical dangers are not present? If mentality is the resultant of physical changes only, then how

can hysteria or anything else exist apart from organic physical changes? If organic changes are present, how can we, in the light of the fact of our present ignorance of what changes are really present, claim them not dangerous?

Experience will not justify us in claiming hysteria unimportant to the sufferers, at least. Let us cease hedging ourselves in with our own theories, and refusing to see beyond them. Let us worship at the shrine of *the true only*, and *acknowledge frankly that it is at present unknown to us in all departments*, and that we are searchers only.

All disease has more or less mystery connected with it; all cures are more or less hypothetical; the light of medical lore is constantly increasing and widening, but as yet we are only in the gloaming.

Let us worship the true only, *that is the ideal*, for the truth is not known, but desired, searched after; and what we really know is approximately true only, and should be so regarded.

Our minds should be free to accept, free to reject; *not enslaved* by any theory or hypothesis, whatever. Mental causation and cure should be studied, not condemned unheard. The wheat, if any, should be selected from the weeds. Let us be rational and liberal. Our surroundings are largely dark. Let us search for the light.

❧ From a Window ❧

NORA HOPPER.

Four men sat at cards in an upper room of the shabbiest house in the shabbiest quarter of dear, dirty Dublin, one Christmas Eve some ten years ago, an Armenian money-lender, master of the house, and a very patriarch in aspect, a half-breed gambler, his partner, christened Michel St. Ange by some humorous chance; and one of their clients, a boy from Connaught, who had somehow managed to win the hearts of the men who had ruined him, and who earned a precarious living in ways that were good humoredly accepted by Papozian and Michel as being unnecessarily honest.

The fourth of the party was a tawny-haired, gypsy-eyed fellow, who spoke many languages indifferently ill, and answered to one name as readily as to another.

"I've lost enough, and more than enough," Isaac Papozian said, as he threw his cards down, "and you've won enough, Donnacha, for one night. You have the devil's luck at cards."

"The luck of the Great Dhoul," the Connaught lad said, softly, as he rose from the table. "Well, why not, Papozian? this is the devil's house."

"So you think!" the half-breed said, with his low, pleasant laugh. "P'tit, you do not know. Vrai! you do not know. Why, you have eaten one little apple, an' fin' it sour, an' you think you know the whol' orchar'. Mon cher, you do not know one tree yet, not one. Every apple have a different taste—c'est ca!"

"He does not know," Donnacha said, with a flash of mischief in his dark eyes. "And this was not always the Great Dhoul's house. When Dublin was the city behind the Hazelwood, there was a rath and the good people danced here."

"Maybe," Michel said, smiling still, "they dance here still, hein? What do you think, Pere Papozian?"

"Leave talking of apples and good people, and put the cards away, Michel," grunted the Armenian, as he turned up the wicks of the dim oil lamps, swinging from the painted ceiling. "Get out the whiskey, you Donnacha; Michel there is not to be trusted with good liquor."

The peccant Michel smiled good humoredly and shrugged his shoulders. "But, look you, apples make good food and good drink and good talk, Pere Papozian. Do you remember la p'tite Cerisette, and the pleasant evenings in Paris, and how round and rosy her cheeks were—like apples, hein? But you look black, Donnacha—did you never know such a Cerisette?"

"No; but once I knew a woman of the Shee," Donnacha said, in his slow, sleepy voice. "I danced with her and I kissed her, and she laid a curse upon me."

"Because you danced so ill?" Michel said, mockingly.

Maurice O'Hillan turned away wearily from the two, and

went across the untidy room to the large window, where he might kneel at ease on the moth-eaten velvet cushions of the wide window seat, and look up at the new moon stealing up behind the church spires and wonder if his Connaught kinsfolk were greeting it kindly even now; or where one might muse upon a spoiled life, and kindness met with unkindness, the while he looked down into the frowsy garden below, where amid piles of heavy boxes and a litter of straw and shavings, one willow-tree dragged out a blighted existence.

"The night is fine an' the moon new, an' that is lucky," the half-breed was saying gaily as O'Hillan pushed open the reluctant lattice and leaned out to cool his flushed face in the moonlight. "Won' you make us a little magic, hein? You can, Donnacha, vaurien!"

"I could, once," Donnacha said, wearily. "She taught me—the woman of the Shee. But I have forgotten, now, mavrone!"

"Pouf!" Michel said scornfully. "As if one ever forgets! Come now! it is Noel; do you give us the magic, Donnacha. Shall we join hands in a ring an' sing 'Noel,' hein?" "No—" Donnacha said, frowning. "Wait—it is coming to me." There was on the table a long-necked Venetian glass, half full of water, and Donnacha drew a wet forefinger slowly along its edge, bringing out a clear tinkling note. "Wait, do you hear?" he said, again, as Michel opened his lips to speak. "It is all coming back to me again;—whisht, whisht now—" and his words trailed off into broken mutterings, of which, O'Hillan listening with idle interest, could overhear only such scraps as the following:

"—Arise and come,
 Speak, thou that hast so long been dumb,
 and let me greet
 The whiteness of thy wandering feet.
 Dear eyes, once kind,
 That have been blind
 To every hope of mine, and every fear,
 So many and so many a heavy year.
 Answer me, answer me.
 Shule, shule, shule, aroon,
 Answer me soon.
 Night of my darkened eyes,
 Awake, arise
 And come to me!

Shule, shule, shule, aroon.
Cushla machree.
Dark Rose, unbind their eyes
And let them see."

There was a minute's pause: then the faintest of winds rustled through the willow-boughs, and was gone; and Donnacha's voice said, very softly, "Look out, and see your hearts' desire." As he spoke, Michel leaned over O'Hillan's shoulder, and stared down into the squalid garden, speaking as he gazed, in a voice that was broken and tender as they had never heard it yet: "What diablerie is here? What dost thou wi' my old mother—la pauvette that she come there to your spells like—Ah!" breaking off with something like a sob "la pauvette! Go back to thy grave, Mere—an' stay there till jour des morts nex' year. Go back bonne Mere, p'tite Mere! thy Michel will come soon—dors bien! dors bien!" O'Hillan bent forward to look out next; but the Armenian was quicker, and he thrust the Irish lad aside and peered down into the dusky garden, his thin, dark face hot with some intense desire, despite the scorn with which he had hitherto looked upon Donnacha's proceedings.

"What do you see, M'sieu?" Michel asked, with some quiet malice. "Gol', hein,' barrels full? hats full? oui? et une maisonnette—mais jolie, jolie! et la p'tite Cerisette? et chapeau bas le pauvre Michel hein?"

The Armenian muttered a word or two in a tongue none there understood, and drew back from the window, looking as if in that brief space he had shaken off ten years of money-getting. "It was Raissa," he said, half to himself. Then aloud, and to Donnacha, who was watching the three excited faces with tired eyes. "When were you in my country? When did you see her? Speak, man, can't you? I'll pay you for it."

"I don't know," Donnacha said, dully. "What you see, you see; and I don't know what you see—or care. If I could see for myself," fiercely, "do you suppose I would help *you*? And," more quietly, "if it were not a holy night you would not see anything. I know that—and little more."

"Let him see," Isaac Papozian said, as Donnacha wrung a few more chiming notes from the Venetian glass. Michel

nodded and laid his hand gently on O'Hillan's shoulder.

"Come—look, p'tit!" he said, gaily. "'Tis your turn now. Look well, then! and you will see—who knows what? *Your* p'tite mere, perhaps; *your* belle demoiselle—who knows?"

"Carey O'Hillan—" Donnacha said, in a half whisper. "Margaret Ker? which?" Maurice O'Hillan turned and looked with startled eyes at Donnacha's unmoved face. "What do you know of my mother?" he said hoarsely "or of Peggy Ker?"

"Look and see," Donnacha said, impassively; and slowly, and almost unwillingly, the lad bent forward and looked down into the shadowy garden. Michel's hand was still on his shoulder, and as he looked he caught at it with fingers that had grown suddenly cold; then holding it fast he stooped forward, and looked down again.

"What do you see?" Michel said, with his eyes intent on the face that flushed first, and then grew very pale. "What do you see, mon p'tit? something good—" as Maurice O'Hillan's set lips relaxed into a vague smile. "Tell us, mon p'tit, what you see. Whisper now—was it la mere—or la Marguerite?" The next minute Donnacha thrust Michel aside and caught the lad up in his arms, crying out something in Irish. The minute after that both Michel and the Armenian understood. Whatever the Holy Eve charm had conjured up for Maurice O'Hillan's eyes—the wonder and delight of it had killed him; and as Michel whispered, as they stood looking reverently down on the smiling face, "it must have been something very good for him to look so—hein?" It surely must have been something better and dearer even than the faces of his little mother and Margaret Ker.

AFTER SANTIAGO.

M.

Afar in the West, the sun has sunk, reposeful, into his couch of molten gold, and Night's sombre curtains, enfringed with flame, are closing around him. Over the dark-green eastern hills rises the silver shield of Night, and from the North there breathes a zephyr, cool and sweet. The Day is exhausted with bitter strife; its battle is o'er. The Night sends down a flood of glory on the heroic dead, and the North Wind bears an incense between its wings, the homage of our grateful hearts.

SUGGESTIONS.

Devoted to the study of all natural phenomena, the dissemination of the most advanced ideas in Suggestive Therapeutics, and Suggestive Education of Children, as well as facts gained from experiments in Hypnotism, Telepathy, Crystal Vision and other Occult Sciences.

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EDITORIAL.

SUGGESTIONS extends greeting to the world of thought.

A reason for its inception may be asked, when the market is flooded with many excellent magazines bearing on the same and similar subjects. We can only answer that our ideas differ

materially from most psychologists and it is our aim to place these unique views before the public, or rather that portion of the public which is interested in Suggestive Therapy and other branches of psychic science.

It is generally agreed that the phenomena of the mind are but little understood. The demarcation between natural and supernatural phenomena has not yet been placed. Much has been attributed to Spiritism that can be explained by natural law, supernormally applied, and, again, many attempts have been made to explain by natural law, occurrences which were undoubtedly of supernatural origin.

Whether we are believers or unbelievers in the existence of such phenomena as Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Thought Reading, Clairaudience and Crystal Vision, we are compelled to recognize the fact that interest in these things has become intense enough to warrant a careful sifting of the evidence of conscientious experimenters. Hypnotism, until a very recent period, has been credited by the world at large with having His Satanic Majesty for a progenitor, if not a more immediate relation. Even to-day the prejudice is so strongly arrayed against it, that the unlucky individual, who is known to be conversant with the science, is kept at a safe distance, while the sprouting of a pair of horns, a spear-pointed caudal appendage and other evidences of his diabolical character are anxiously awaited for by his good Christian friends. This psychic devil is a very harmless personage after all. Scientific investigation has proved the fact, and we rely on its findings. We know now that hypnosis is merely a harmless condition, into which unreasoning, somnambulic people will pass, in which they are perfectly cognizant of all transpiring around them, and out of which they can emerge at any time they wish to do so. The phenomena of this condition are too many and too varied to be discussed in this column; they will be treated more satisfactorily in special articles from time to time.

Compared with other scientific problems, upon which years of patient investigation have been spent, the phenomena of psychology have had no proportionate amount of labor devoted to them. Much has been done, however, and upon the results obtained, we have laid our plans.

Interesting articles on all matters pertaining to psychical research will be published in every issue, and we will be pleased to receive contributions of the same kind from any of our readers.

SUGGESTIONS will not touch upon Spiritism or Spirit Phenomena in any issue. We shall deal with those phenomena which are found in Telepathy, Clairvoyance and similar branches of occult science, and which we believe to be based upon natural law.

We possess no desire to arrogate to ourselves a superior knowledge of scientific methods or of psychic laws. At all times and from all sources we are willing to learn some new truth, let it be ever so small. One thing we do possess, and that is an accumulation of evidence that many of the hitherto mysterious psychical phenomena have been greatly misunderstood and are but results of absurd conditions. This evidence is at the service of SUGGESTIONS' readers and will be presented in its columns from month to month.



In "Imagination, A Reverie," Dr. Meacham's charming article, there is a little passage upon which we feel called to express an opinion. The author says: "Hypnotism has proved that one may be made to remember or forget at the word of command. That the mind will accept hints from the hypnotizer, and utilize them as its own, never suspecting the difference." Very recent experiments have demonstrated that while this is apparently the fact, it is not really so. The somnambulist does not forget; he yields to the suggestion of the operator, or being slow to reason, he admits that he forgets, rather than take the trouble to think over the matter. Give him a few moments' time and his memory will return. This same inability to reason quickly will make him coincide with the hypnotist in the latter's views. As soon as he is allowed the time to reason a little, his own will assert themselves. Let the hypnotizer try to change a deep-rooted conviction in the subject's mind and he will find it an impossible task. The mind will not be made blind or deaf to occurrences around them. The senses of the hypnotic somnambulist are open, and he is fully cognizant of all that is happening.

One great trouble has been that too many experimenters have taken the word of the subject unquestioningly, and the average somnambulist is so proud of his ability to go into an apparent trance, that he will hardly be prevailed upon to tell the whole truth. We have never yet seen a somnambulist, who became apparently deaf or blind under hypnosis, who could not tell us everything that had been said or done around him while supposedly bereft of his senses. Dr. Meacham is not alone in his opinion. He has many eminent authorities to support it. We, although humble workers in the field, have discovered the above facts in actual practice and proved them in a number of very careful experiments. The author of "Imagination, A Reverie," is a thinker, as his writing shows. We will be glad to hear from him often.



A new branch of psychical work has recently been opened up for discussion by the Society for Psychical Research. It is termed "Faces in the Dark." The images are obtained either by closing the eyes in daylight, or opening them in a perfectly dark room. In the July number of the Society's "Journal," there are several communications upon the subject. An extract from one of the letters, published therein, will give our readers a good idea of the subject. The writer says: "I began this cultivation several years ago by forcing myself, when in the dark, to see the letters of the alphabet, one by one—a gold thread on a black ground. Faces do not come so easily when I am willing them, and vanish quickly. Sometimes, however, they come spontaneously, and are then life size, and very close to my eyes.

"Frequently entire figures will appear in a landscape and remain several minutes, moving about in a most natural way. The most frequent experience occurs just after waking from a short sleep, when I have remembered not to open my eyes. In a brilliant yellow light will appear the most beautiful decorative patterns, finials, curves, spirals, leaves and blossoms, but all in black.

"This interests me particularly, because for several generations back in my family, decorative engraving has been practised, and this would seem to be the result. The drawing of such designs comes as naturally to me as writing."

If any of the readers of SUGGESTIONS has had any similar experiences in conjuring up faces in the dark, we would be very glad to have them send us a communication on that subject. It is a new field and we would like to see it taken up and studied.

BOOK REVIEWS.



HYPNOTISM EXPLAINED; Rev. L. F. Schlathoelter. Published by the author, Moberly, Mo. One of the cleverest little works ever written on the subject. Father Schlathoelter's book is none the less valuable in that it expresses the views of a Roman Catholic Clergyman on the subject, and, judging from the contents, is intended particularly for people of his own faith. It is very practical and most of his ideas are well in advance of the times. There are a few points on which we cannot agree with Father Schlathoelter, however. He has failed to find a difference between hypnotic and natural sleep. In point of fact there is but little resemblance. The eyes are closed but they open and shut at the will of the subject. All the senses, although very much relaxed, are still awake and any one sense may be used to convey an impression to the mind without arousing the others into great activity. In natural sleep this is impossible. Another point is his unique theory of hypnotism being the power of the soul over its own body, directed by some one else. While we believe in the soul controlling the body, we do not believe it has any more control over the body when hypnotized than at any other time. Hypnosis is a misnomer at all times. The deep, trance-like sleep of the subject is only a condition of mental apathy or laziness brought about by Suggestion. It is too much like hard work to reason, and on this account he will act on impulse rather than think. He is always awake and always conscious of his surroundings. These points, however, throw no discredit on the author. He but shares the general opinion on the somnambule condition. There is much that is very good in the book; in fact, more sound, common sense arguments than in any book of its size that we have ever seen. It is a long stride in the right direction.