



Stage ~ ~
Hypnotism

By . . .
PROF. LEONIDAS.

STAGE HYPNOTISM

A TEXT BOOK OF OCCULT ENTERTAINMENTS

BY PROF. LEONIDAS.

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PROF. LEONIDAS.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

IN introducing this book to the English public, the Publishers wish to remind the reader that the work was written by an American Author for the American people. The English student, however, should find it comparatively easy to apply the information and principles laid down in it, at the same time making due allowance for the difference in the manners and customs of the two countries.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Having finished this little volume on the art of entertaining in the fields of psychology, I wish to call the attention of the reader to a few facts. They are as follows:

I am not presenting this as a volume of rare English. My attempt has been to make it clear and descriptive. With that end in view I have used the narrative in most instances, supplementing the story with explanations of *why* I did these things. It may be found that other stage hypnotists and mind-readers will differ with me when it comes to my method of production. That will indicate merely that they and I are both original. I warn you all that there is to be nothing gained by imposing anything dangerous or uncalled for upon your hypnotic subjects.

In my narrative and explanatory notes I have found it often necessary to repeat, as repetition at intervals not inconveniently close serves to keep before the mind of the reader the points upon which I wish to lay particular stress.

When I commenced the book just finished I intended to write upon hypnotism only, but I found that the opportunity was so much better to write upon the higher phenomena *now* than later that I added what is given as the Third part of this book.

As it stands, I feel satisfied that it is the most complete book on the art of entertaining in the psychic that has been presented to the public. I could not give you experience or talent in this volume, but I have supplied you with all other knowledge of the Hypnotic Show and the Psychic Entertainment.

If you seek an honorable profession, study, then apply!

PROF. LEONIDAS.

Chicago, March 15, 1901.

PART ONE.

There are distinctly three classes of hypnotic entertainments: The first is the twenty-minute vaudeville act, an entirely new departure from the old lines of entertainment; the second is the two-hour hypnotic entertainment, and the third is the thirty-minute lecture. These three classes cover all that could be popular in the hypnotic show. The first two aim at the entertaining features and are designed to please; the last is to instruct and must be dealt with in accordance with the well established rules of the hall, the fraternal assemblage or the clinic.

Hypnotic entertainments are something new. It is a field that is entered less than any other field of entertainment. It offers a paying profession to the man or the woman who will enter to win. But that can not be done without an understanding of the principles of a well-regulated entertainment of the hypnotic variety.

Never before has there been anything along the lines of hypnotism in the vaudeville bill offered to the public. There has been a great deal of fake work on the stage under the name or *levitation*, etc., all of which are due to legerdemain or mechanism constructed for producing optical illusions.

The old line hypnotic show has been seen in, perhaps, a fourth of the fair sized towns of the country. The larger cities generally have witnessed it to a certain extent. To them can be given the hypnotic vaudeville act. But to the residents of our smaller cities and towns, nothing appeals and draws like a good hypnotic show. A fair-minded above-board operator will always obtain audiences. His name will always draw. But he must give something to the public worth their while.

We are to first look at the personal make-up of the hypnotist before we take up the programme. A lady or a gentleman may be the interested and aspiring one. First, the operator must possess knowledge of his profession and then he can execute.

The popular costume is evening dress. The hypnotist who steps out upon the stage clothed in Prince Albert and high collar is the one who will win the attention of the audience. He must be the self-possessed individual who immediately steps into the good will and confidence of his audience. Were he to display nervousness or lack of confidence his doom is sealed and failure grasps his hand, and eventually holds it during the performance. The lady of genteel bearing is the woman for the hypnotic stage. She must never assume the masculine attitude. If she compels her audience to show her respect and to look upon her as a lady as well as a hypnotist she will always succeed.

The old vaudeville star needs no instruction as to his bearing. The moment he dons the high collar and the dress coat he is a vastly different man from the comedian he may have been in last season's play. The

actor, trained by years or experience, or so born, mayhap, is the one who must be the character he portrays. He can not be otherwise. But the young men or women who have appeared in nothing besides parlor entertainments will find that the story is vastly different. The audience have come to be amused; they are there to kill time and to go away light-hearted or filled with deep thought, as the temperament or the mood of the mind may dictate. You, professor, will deal with thinking, reasoning beings who know the true from the false, and who will never countenance the false unless it is cleverly clothed and given to them with a blase air. Clever people can do nearly anything on the stage. To be clever and to possess reason at the same time is to possess a sure means to wealth and the key to happiness. You cannot hide your thoughts and your feelings from the audience. If you step out before your patrons and the lights swim before you and you trip on a rug, you will hear from the gallery at once. The gallery is the critic. I speak of them collectively; there is nothing individual about them; they possess one thought, and express it in one way. The gallery likes the spectacular; it loves climaxes. The balcony and parquet are more considerate. They will feel sorry for you and look longingly for the next act. So much for fear.

But step out with a feeling of confidence; go through your act because you are in love with it and before you are away from the wings the gallery will give you a cheer that will set the whole theater vibrating, and the balcony and parquet will fall in line with a wholesome applause. There is nothing that cheers the heart of an actor, be he super or leading man, as an applause from all parts of the house. It is a powerful tonic. But acting, in any and every form, must be felt; it must come from the soul itself, or it falls short and loses its ring.

Personal neatness is, then, the first requisite. No matter how good an actor one may be, he cannot pose as a professor of hypnotism unless he is clothed in a professional manner.

Confidence and a liking for the act you are to do is the next greatest thing. And success must follow as day follows night.

I am with my brothers and sisters in vaudeville now, and no matter what their experience, I am going to go through the training school with them so that they will, each and every one, go out into the highways of vaudeville entertainment with a knowledge of the art they are to utilize.

The question immediately arises: "Is stage work genuine or is it faked?" Partly each, friends. You give them what you can and when you fail you call upon your powers as an entertainer. In other words, you get as many good subjects as possible from the audience and what you can't do with them you can and will do with your trained subject. This "horse," as he is commonly called, must be a genuine subject. They are comparatively easy to find and can be purchased for a small price. Offer any somnambulistic youth \$5 a week and expenses and an opportunity to travel, tell him that you will always tell others he is getting fifty a week and he is yours for as many seasons as you may desire his company. In fact, \$5 a week is good pay for a subject. There are lots of boys who would go for board and clothes and cigarette money. Yes, these long sleep artists want some vice, some glaring sin, and they are

happy. Get a good subject; one who can be put into catalepsy or made to eat the delusive strawberry that is supposed to grow on the fertile stage and he is the boy to purchase, hire or kidnap!

Of course, he must wear fair clothes, but the rural make-up is the catchy one and is a whole show in itself. He will object to the wearing of his stage clothes on the street if his attire and role is that of the country youth.

It is far better to have *two* trained subjects than only one. By "trained" I mean those who have been put into the various stages of hypnotism and upon whom you can rely, no matter how large the audience. The trained subject is a unique being and invariably thinks himself the entire show. He is very proud as a usual thing and expects every one to stop and look at him as he passes. This may prove an annoyance to the professor, but when it is considered that the subject is an all-important feature and that he must go through his daily performance as one would go through a sleep, he is a valuable addition to the hypnotic show.

These boys can be procured in various ways. If the town is a small country village or a prosperous country town of a few thousand, there are always enough boys doing nothing in particular that can be engaged for the season. But in a city it is often different. Where the operator is not known he will find that the subjects that are put in his path are those who may be termed "chronic" somnambulists and they value their services as would Mansfield or Miss Terry. To get the boys that you really want and can use without damaging your bank account, you will find it a wise plan to put an ad. in a daily paper, stating that you want one or two boys as hypnotic subjects; steady employment to the right boys. In answer to this you will have from twenty to thirty calls, and your youths will range in age from seven to thirty and in appearance from the newsboy to the broker. When you have received about the first ten, you will state what you want. About nine out of those ten will expect that you want some one to fake the act. Your assurance will do no good until you have worked on a few and found your man. Then, by the time you have run a hatpin into your sleeper, the others will decide that a vacation is really best after all.

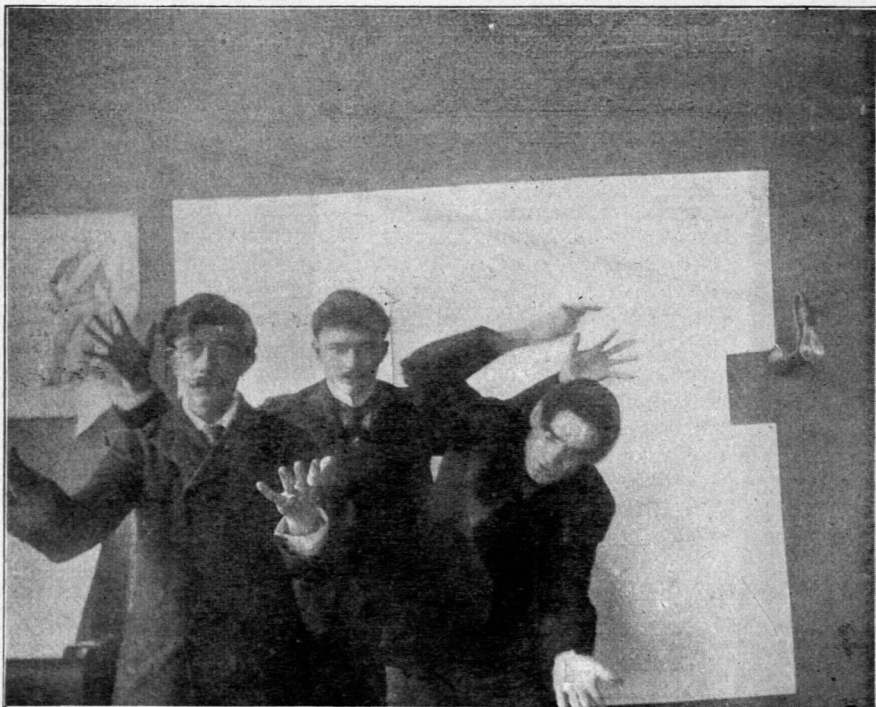
When you have found your subject or subjects, as the case may be, you will state that you might take them on the road, but you will consider the matter. You will not have to consider long and your agreement has been made.

So far so good. You can do your own booking for the vaudeville act or you can have an advance man, just as you like. That is, you can employ one to book you for the season. This will not take him a great while, as most of your engagements will be for a week and in the larger cities you can remain at least a month—providing you do your work as directed herein.

I wish to impress on the mind of the student that originality is the greatest thing in an entertainment. There will be many little things that will come up, but always be equal to the occasion. You will find that your *hits* are mostly scored in this way.

Now, in your city, twenty-minute vaudeville act, you will find that there is a great reluctance on the part of the audience to comply with your requests for subjects. You have two, that is true. Some people may come the second night and see your same subjects; that would be damaging evidence in a smaller town, but in a city it is of passing moment.

About three more boys should be scattered in the audience. Each of these will see the show for the little time that will be required to go upon the stage. In these you will likely find a good subject or two. Aside from this, you will in all probability catch two or three more.



That will give you good material and every entertainment is destined to be a success.

In order to present to you, both in dialogue and picture, the vaudeville act, I may be pardoned while I assume the role of the professor and appear before my audience, entertaining them and mystifying them for twenty minutes.

The bill at the Alhambra proclaims to the theater-going public that Prof. Raphael Sardonelli, the renowned hypnotist, will appear in vaudeville in his mysterious and amusing feats of hypnotism. What magic there is in a name! If you are plain Brown or Smith, the public cares not for your prowess. You must have an old world name; something

that savors of the pyramids, ancient, antique. When you walk, the very air must softly fan your cheeks. In your majestic glance—on the paper—the reader sees the expression of the commander. He buys a ticket. The better you pull, the more you will get per week.

Down in the audience I see my subject, Harry. I picked him and Albert up in the east. I know that the other boys are there; they will come up. If they don't—but, then, boys will not fail when they feel that the weight of an act is resting on their young shoulders. An improvised stairway has been placed from the stage to the orchestra circle into one of the aisles so that the subjects may come up without annoyance.

I am looking through a hole in the scenery, for I am stationed back in the wings. The Vandervere Sisters have been telling the audience in song that "I don't know why I loved you" and other rag-time stories. They have finished their turn in the sand and have retired for the last time. The green lights mingle with the red and white now and the orchestra strikes up a selection from "The Wizard of the Nile." A chill has passed over the audience. At the proper time the street scene is pushed back and I walk leisurely into the center of a mystic glen. I am confident. There is nothing that I like better than this. As I step out the gallery applauds and whistles. The audience in the lower part of the house give me an encouraging welcome and the music grows more weird and fainter as I approach the footlights. I am in no hurry to talk and am as much at home as a man could be.

As I step forward a silence falls over the house, and, with a slight bow, I address my audience thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It is with genuine pleasure that I am afforded this opportunity. My mission is not alone to entertain but to demonstrate the true side of hypnotism. This is a science that has been much abused. It has been decried as wrong, malicious, illegal. But this is the talk of the ignorant. Hypnotism is a mental condition differing but little from sleep. In this state the subject will accept suggestions and act upon them. Within a certain limit—or, within the domain of right—he will carry out all that he is asked to do, but beyond that limit he will refuse, awaking and returning to his normal state an independent individual. Believing that the oriental method might embody some hidden psychic force, I spent two years in the fastness of the Himalayas with the Swami Ladorrum, an Indian adept of the Yoga school. The methods I present here are those he taught me. True, they vary from the occidental methods to a certain extent, but that difference lies mainly in a greater knowledge of the subject rather than the possession of greater force or mental power. There is a common superstition that the hypnotist is a deep-dyed villain preying upon the weaker minds of those about him. That, I assure you, is quite untrue. I leave it to your own judgment. A good hypnotist must, of necessity, be a *good fellow*. In other words, the most successful hypnotists are those who are social and seek the warmth of the buffet rather than the seclusion of the Hindu temple.

"I now want a number of ladies and gentlemen to volunteer as subjects. I assure you that nothing will be done that is distasteful to the

individual or the audience. I will not promise you all sorts of things to get you up and then displease you. I want my subjects to be strangers to me and I pledge my word as a gentleman to do nothing unjust."

I pause. A heavy, deathlike silence reigns over this vast assemblage. My own subjects know that they must wait until another call or two before they respond.

I look over my audience with a smile. After all, how like clay is the human mind in the hands of the right man. True enough, but there are several kinds and degrees of clay. This audience is mostly well baked clay.

"If you would come but one at a time there would be a great deal more room left for myself. As it is, you crowd me. Don't be impatient. I will try to find a place for you."

Ah! My audience has awakened! Quick glances are cast about to see who will volunteer. Finally, from one corner of the parquet, comes my own beloved Harry. Trusty boy, he! He has evidently come from Quiller's Corners or some other crossroads town. His trousers flap about the tops of his shoes like a flag in the gentle breeze. I smile as I see Harry. Bravo, Harry! Good boy. He will be a real actor some day. This very triumphant entry is worth an extra treat to-night, my boy. You are doing well!

Of course, as Harry twitches his hat about nervously, he stumbles on the incline and the gallery go wild with excitement. The audience limber up, as it were, and are interested. Here, they think, I have victim *one*!

"Thank you, my-boy!" I say, grasping his hand with enthusiasm. "Take a seat and wait until I get a few more."

Whether Harry is nervous or not, I have never ascertained. But he looks about him just as a lamb would do before the cruel knife sent its young life out and reduced it to chops!

"A few more, please." And I scan the audience as though I am afraid that they would all want to come.

Here comes one of the boys I picked up during the afternoon. He is not as good an actor as Harry and I fancy that he wishes himself out of it all. But he climbs to the stage amid another volley of applause. All about the auditorium, I can see people whispering. Some are denouncing me as a rank fraud; some are decrying it all as an evil; others are telling of their experiences in this line and some more are wondering if their companions have nerve enough to volunteer.

In the meantime, I have found my other boy—Albert, who has come from the wings—and three others have come up besides him. In all, I have six boys, ranging in ages from fourteen to twenty years. They are a good lot and I really admire them from a professional standpoint.

This has taken, so far, about five minutes of my time. I have fifteen minutes left in which to give my act proper, or put the subjects through selected experiments that will please and mystify the audience. By this time the gallery is nervous and there is interest evinced in all parts of the house. There are a great many present who look on the whole as an immense fake. They are partly right and partly wrong. I am obliged

to deceive them to a certain extent to get subjects. I cannot depend upon the audience entirely or I would likely not get any. As it is I have two subjects on whom I can depend and there are four others who will likely be fair subjects. Out of these I expect at least two.

A strange lot, these stage somnambulists. They are like other mortals when they start out, but they soon learn that their "stunt" is as much a part of the show as the professor and that they must be approached in a certain way or results will never be received. They become horribly bigoted over their attainments and carry it oftentimes to the point of being nuisances. But they are not to be wholly blamed. Who, pray, would not feel slightly above the ordinary mortal were he to get up night after night and go into a trance and execute all sorts of grotesque things, at which he finally becomes an adept?

I step to the footlights and wave my hand gently over the audience. My face wears a complacent smile. But then I can be pardoned, in consideration of the great attraction this life has for me. I know that my entertainment will be a success. It could not be otherwise. Suppose that I did not succeed in hypnotizing my other four volunteers? What then? Nothing, I assure you. I would get Harry and Albert under the control and they are the best team on the evening's bill.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I begin, addressing with that same old salute that has been spoken millions of times from the platform, "I will now try my volunteers as a class. You may think, in fact you do think, that these gentlemen are hired subjects. One of them is (here I point out Albert) but the rest, I assure you, are not."

Turning to my subjects I ask them if they, with the exception of Albert, have ever been hypnotized. They assure me that they have not.

Continuing I say: "You will favor me for a minute or so by remaining as quiet as possible. It is necessary to have the surroundings quiet to place these subjects under hypnosis, which, really, is but a rapidly induced form of natural sleep."

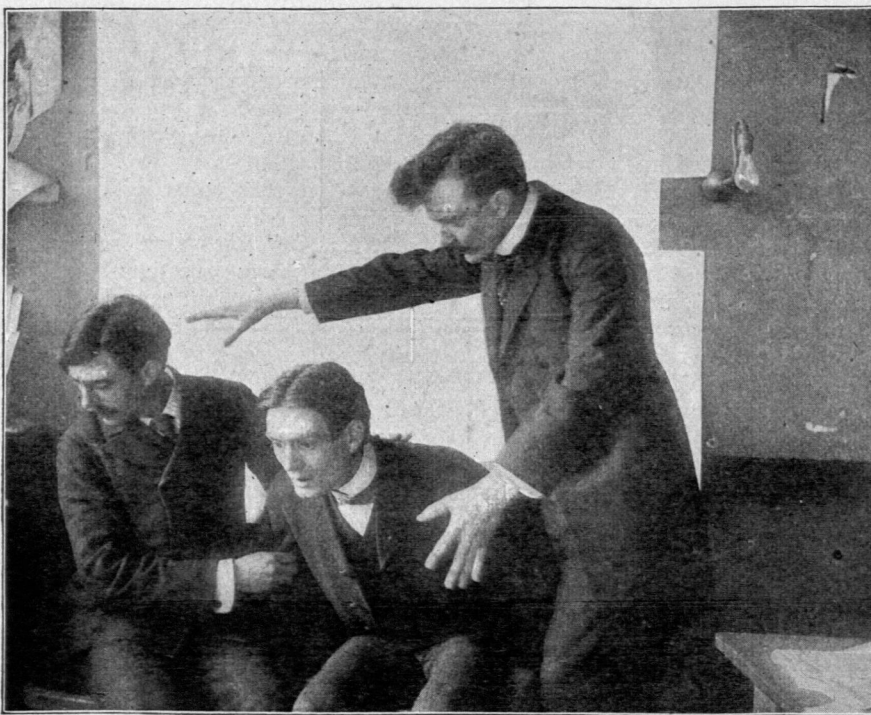
The chairs are arranged in the form of a semi-circle, each chair being about four feet away from the one next to it. In the rear I have a couple of fancy standards on which to place my cataleptic subject.

Stepping to one side of the stage, I direct the subjects thus: "Close your eyes and place both feet firmly on the floor. Now place your hands on your thighs. When I count, keep your eyes closed until I tell you to try to open them. Then you may try as hard as you can, but they will be *tight, very tight*. Don't look at the one next to you, but listen to me, *give me your attention!* I will count to ten and tell you to try to open your eyes, *but they will be tight, fast together. It will be impossible to open them. One, two, three, four—tighter and tighter—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten and they are tight; try hard, but they won't open!*"

They struggle bravely. Two open their eyes, but I notice that one of these had some difficulty in so doing. The gallery whistles and applauds with all its might. The gallery is with me, and what critics they are! The balcony and parquet titter and look on it as very funny, no matter what the cause.

Here I have at least four good subjects, and possibly five. So I have them open their eyes and try again. This time the five are under safely and the other presents that idiotic grin of he who has conquered. No matter where you go there is always the smart one, the cheerful idiot who is greater than the show. The audience feels sorry for him. The audience will always be with the professor if the show is worth their while. The face of this conquering one is red and he is excited. Before him everything dances. He must keep up his blase front or the audience will think that his *will power* is also weak! Popular delusion, that!

The actual time that I have taken since the moment I stepped on the stage is just eight minutes. In the next twelve, therefore, I must give the



audience enough to make merry over for the rest of the evening.

"Now I am going to snap my fingers. When I do you will all open your eyes and you will be a lot of school girls snowballing each other. Of course you will know just how little girls throw and you will do the same. You will have a good time until I wave my hand and then you will be riveted to the floor, forgetting everything; your minds will be blanks!"

I step to one side to give all parts of the house a good view of the antics that will be faithfully fulfilled by these overgrown boys. As I snap my finger, Harry and Albert open their eyes immediately and are in the

somnambulistic state in a second. The other three come out of it slower, looking around in a dazed manner.

"Hurry up, girls," I say. "There are the others playing snow ball. Get to work. See, they are throwing them at you!"

One jumps up quickly, and with Albert and Harry, he commences to pack the imaginary snow and throw it in an awkward manner over his shoulder. The two remaining subjects are now on the floor, up to their knees in snow, as they believe, throwing it as though their very lives depended upon it! They scream and scurry back, squealing and laughing to the tops of their voices! Truly it is an interesting sight. The audience are roaring and the gallery would do justice to a national jubilee. The little critics up in the "heaven" are cheering and laughing themselves hoarse. This stimulates the snowball party.

One now rushes up to another and picks up great handfuls of snow and rubs it in the other's neck. This brings forth new applause, and the show is at its height. Back in the wings are the vaudeville artists, from Mme. Silba, the prima donna, to Kelly & Kelly, the knockabout team. A grotesque set, they, painted and clothed in queer costumes. But they enjoy it, and I am thus afforded a scene denied the audience.

Chairs are overturned and the *schoolgirls* are panting and gasping as they exclaim "Oh, dear! Oh, mercy!" and other things characteristic of their sex.

Stepping forward I wave my hand. In an instant the five are rigidly fastened to the floor. Harry is on his knees with his hands clasped together as though packing a snowball. Albert is on his feet with his hands thrown back as though ready to heave a large ball of snow at one of his companions. One of the others is sitting on the stage gazing vacantly at the roaring audience. Another has his hand partly thrown back ready to cast a snowball and the fifth one is in the act of brushing some snow out of his collar.

There they stand like graven images, fastened to the floor, devoid of expression, as sober as so many sphinxes!

Before the audience is through cheering I again wave them to silence.

"You are now in an airship," I say. "On either side of you is a high railing and the big wings are far above you. We are going at the rate of eighty miles an hour and we are a mile above the land. I want you to all be careful and not fall out, for you have to guide the ship and bring it safely to port.

"We are now going over Chicago. Far below, if you look carefully over the sides, you can see the city and the glitter of Lake Michigan. To the northward you can see Milwaukee and the intermediate cities. You have a magnificent view. The day is clear and there is not a cloud in sight. But be sure and be careful, as you would fall and be dashed to pieces if you lost your balance."

Carefully they move to the sides of this imaginary airship, grasping what they suppose to be the railing. Some of them take hold of chairs, as it is impossible for them to imagine something where there is nothing. But Harry and Albert, always the stars in the hypnotic show, look

out over a railing which does not exist in any form except in their minds. It is indeed amusing to see the mingled looks of fear and admiration on the faces of these subjects as they peer out over the railing of the airship. Some are looking straight down on the metropolis of the middle west. Others are gazing farther northward, seeing Wisconsin's chief city and port as it appears to them in a haze.

One has chosen to look straight up at the rigging. It may be that the curtains above him serve to heighten his vision, but he is certainly interested. The audience look on with laughter and applause. That is, all except a few. Some think it is disgusting, and one has arisen and left, highly indignant at such proceedings. But this does not mar the procedure in the least. The majority enjoy it, and that is all that is expected by the management.

A few there are who look for the scientific points. There is an old gentleman down in the—yes, in the fifth row, who looks on with a combined pleased and studious expression. But these people are few. I notice that the world wants to be amused. It does not care for the scientific explanation of things. Give the world something to laugh at and you are a good fellow. But get serious with the world and you are at outs with all mankind.

I cite this because the audience before me reminds me of this fact. I do not tell them so. No, they are busy watching the aerial sailors away up in their dizzy riggings.

"We have passed Chicago now and are over the Mississippi river. Here and there we can see cities and the river glistens like a silvery ribbon far below. We are going faster and faster. Our speed now, I see, is over two hundred miles an hour. There is a very strong wind and I can see a cloud in the east. I believe that the wind will shift soon and strike us from the west. *Look out there, what was that?*"

The entire five are on their knees. Their faces are white and their eyes are fairly bulging from their heads. The audience is laughing right merrily now, but the poor sailors would by far choose to be back on earth than in a place without foundation.

"See the birds that are flying wildly back and forth. They are excited. There, you (pointing to Albert) catch that large bird. Hurry, now, or he will get away!"

Albert grabs and catches it by the legs, I should judge, by his antics.

"Look out, the bird is carrying you over the railing. Hang on; get on his back. There you are and away you go."

Albert has dropped to the floor and is straddling an imaginary bird, with his head lowered and his hands tightly grasping the bird's neck. The others are busy with their own work until I call their attention to the grotesque figure of Albert flying over the landscape. They stop and laugh with wild, unrestrained glee. They cheer him on and nearly fall over the real Albert, who believes that he is riding far out into space on the back of an immense bird.

I touch Albert on the head and tell him to look at the boy on the bird. He is up and cheering with the rest watching some one—who was himself but recently—sailing into space!

"See, the clouds are rising in the west; there is going to be a storm and we are right up in the midst of it. You will surely be thrown out if you do not do something. The best thing to do is to exhaust the gas and let the ship sink. That's right, we are dropping fast now; we will soon be down. *But, look!* We are dropping into the river. You had better jump over the sides and swim for shore as quickly as possible! That's right!"

And they have tumbled over the sides into the river. They flounder on the stage like so many fish thrown on the land. The audience think this extremely funny and they watch their antics with interest.

Here it is time to make a radical change in my act. So far there has been no music. It is always necessary to have that. Cakewalks are always acceptable in the hypnotic show, even though they may be on the decline as far as popularity is concerned.

I motion to the leader of the orchestra, and while the boys are still having their "swim" the notes of a familiar rag-time air fill the auditorium.

"Look here, boys, what are you doing down there? See, we are at a cakewalk. Don't you hear the music? Be up and join in; hurry up. Part of you are girls and the rest are boys. You are black as night and you are at the greatest gathering the colored race ever had at which a cake was offered as a token for the best steppers."

They are up and doing the light step arm in arm, and I find that I have to step lively to get the chairs out of their way. 'Round and round they go, with a regularity that is not half bad, but the burlesque convulses the house.

It is amusing, indeed, to see these boys, endowed in their waking states with as much sense as the ordinary boy, up in front of an audience of perhaps eighteen hundred people, oblivious to all except the things they do. True, they see the audience, but they see it as they would look at a picture at other times. It creates nothing in them that causes excitement. They take for granted the fact that there are so many people out in front of them, but as soon as the right suggestions are given, they are merry or frightened, as the case may be.

But the best entertainment in hypnotism is that which possesses the funny side, presents the grotesque and at the same time does not give anything that is really injurious to the subjects. They are the people you must depend upon to a certain extent. You can go to a great distance in the realm of foolery, but there is a limit, and when that has been overstepped the subject is very, very *sore*, as the common expression goes. It is always a good idea to do the right thing by the subject. If he is used rightly and his clothes are not soiled he will likely come back for you another night.

Of course, here I have Albert and Harry. They really don't care what I do, for they are seeing the country and having what they call a good time. They are up on the stage every night with one object in view, and that is to fulfill the suggestions that are given them. These vary to a certain degree each night, but the enactment is always the same; there is always an intense interest evinced that cannot be mistaken.

I have about four minutes left. This is just time enough for me to give my cataleptic exhibition, for which I use my all 'round star, Albert.

At a wave of the hand, the cakewalkers stand perfectly still.

"Come over here, boys, hurry up," I say, and they follow me to the footlights. I then pair them off and tell them that they are each one Romeo and Juliet, respectively. While they are embracing their companions I snap my fingers vigorously and they awaken amid the deafening shouts of the audience. The audience don't care now whether it is fake or genuine. They have seen something that made them laugh right heartily for several minutes and they are satisfied with that.

I wave the boys to their respective seats and the stage attendants bring forth the padded, gilded horses on which the cataleptic subject will rest during his state of rigidity.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I say, stepping forward with my subject, "I have here Master Albert Turner, who has traveled with me in the old world and the new. This is the gentlemen I buried for a period of eight days in Richmond, Virginia, four years ago. At that time he remained in a cataleptic state during the entire sleep. When I awakened him, after his being exhumed, he was none the worse for the experiment, and has since that time been buried at different places and for varying periods of time. I will now place Master Turner in the cataleptic state and place his head on one support and his feet on another. While he is in this state he is unconscious of his surroundings or of what is going on about him. He does not realize that he is in this condition and there are never any ill-effects following. While he is in this state of catalepsy or rigidity, I will stand upon his chest."

This is where the nervous women shrink back and do not care to look. There are many expressions of sympathy on the faces of the audience, and the professor poses as somewhat of a villain. Nevertheless, the hypnotic show without catalepsy is not of much account.

I bring my subject forward. Standing him directly in view of the audience, I am now ready to place him in the cataleptic state.

"Now," I begin, in a voice that can be heard distinctly in all parts of the house, "You will place your arms at your sides and your heels together. Keep your head erect and your eyes closed; that's right!"

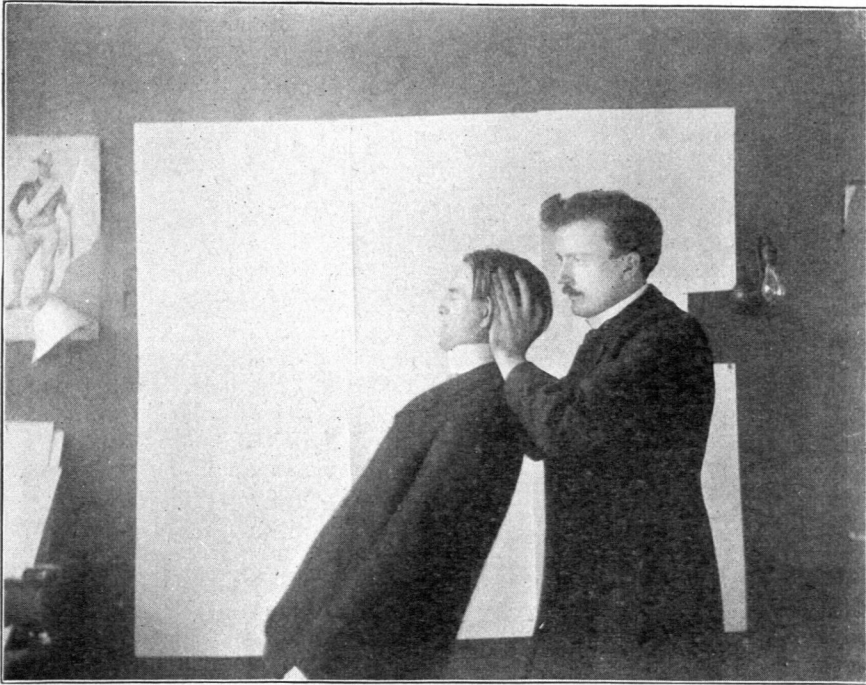
In a good subject like Albert it is but necessary to tell him that he is asleep and rigid and the act is done; but that isn't what the audience want. I could not make a substantial impression that way. There must be about it the element of mystery or it loses its flavor.

"You are getting rigid, very rigid, stiffening right out. Your eyes are closed tightly and you cannot open them. *Rigid; rigid.* Sleep, forget everything—*rigid!*" And his muscles are bound like bars of iron.

I have made passes and give him the harsh professional look.

If a man ever intends to be in earnest he must be severely so in the hypnotic show when the act calls for dramatic color. He must be the being of the *powerful will*—which may not always be the case. There are many hypnotists who seem to possess no will, judgment or ordinary sense. Yet, the public says that they do and the public must be pleased.

Do not try to force your opinions on the public. But, when you have learned to give them *their* opinions fantastically clothed, you will reap the harvest they have sown for you. The public must be pleased. One P. T. Barnum once said that the public wants to be humbugged. They do to a certain extent. That is, they—and especially the Americans—want to be entertained. They look for variety and not for reform. The world has a light vein and always will have it. The philosopher caters to knowledge and cares not what the world thinks, but the really wise man knows that he must live and if he can do so comfortably by giving the world something it is eternally crying for, so much the better for that same wise man.



FIRST STAGE OF CATALEPTIC TEST.

As I am thus soliloquizing, do not imagine that the audience is suffering from my remarks. I impose that horrible thing on you alone, gentle reader, for your benefit. I tell you what appears to me to be the best thing as I live out my stage life on paper, just as I have done it many times in reality. The student will understand the proceedings of the entertainment as I have put my speeches in quotations and my acts in explanatory phrases.

There are distinctly two classes of people who patronize the theatre—the one seeking entertainment and the one posing as a blatant ass under the cloak of a critic. Plainly, the man who enjoys Shakespearean plays

and then goes to the vaudeville just to let every one around him know that he knows a good thing when he sees it, and that he is not seeing it then; plainly, I say, that man or woman is a *fool!* He who goes to the vaudeville house should go there knowing that he gets a sort of a melo-drama-comedy-operatic hash! Knowing that, he should have but one object in view—enjoyment. And that, I am pleased to say, is the class you, as a vaudeville entertainer, be you “Prof.” or “Mme.,” will have to entertain for your brief period of twenty minutes.

Two stage assistants come forward, one grasping Albert by the feet and the other taking him by the back of his head. They tip him backward and place him on the supports, or horses. The back of his head, up near his bump of friendship, rests on the cushioned horse, and his heels, right near the tendon of Archilles, rest on the other horse.

“*Rigid, rigid,*” I repeat, making sweeping passes down him from his head to his feet. “*You are rigid as iron, you cannot bend, you feel no unpleasant sensations; sleep, rigid, sleep!*” And I step upon his stomach. He does not bend and a murmur goes around the hall. It would be the same if they saw it twenty times a year instead of about once every three years. They wonder and then applaud.

Just to make it more sensational I continue thus: “You will now relax slightly and bent toward the floor, but as soon as I say *rigid* you will again straighten.” He does as I command, and when it seems as though no power of his own could ever get him back, I repeat the magic word, and, behold! he is back so suddenly that I find it hard to keep my balance.

Stepping down from him, the assistants again place him on his feet and I approach him, making downward passes. “You will relax immediately and there will be no feeling of soreness in your muscles. You are relaxed and all right. Open your eyes.”

As he does so I lead him forward for his share of the applause. He likes this. Any boy would like it, and he is also glad that his act is finished.

“Gentlemen,” I say, turning to those who have volunteered as my subjects, “I thank you very much for your courtesy,” and I hand them each a check that will entitle them to admittance the next night.

This is an important feature. This thing will appear before them all the next day. They will swear that they will not go upon the stage another night to be made fools of, but as surely as night comes they think of it all, look at the little check that will entitle them to a good seat, and they go. They see me in my act and when I call for volunteers the next night, they will be there, and—well, the battle within them will rage for a few seconds and they will come up. They know that a “new bunch” is at the theatre and they like to appear before the footlights first rate!

But I am forgetting. Harry has gone down into the audience with the rest of them. He will go out afterward unless he wants to see the remaining acts. I step forward and smilingly thank the audience with a bow and retire as gracefully as possible behind the wings. Of course, as my act was well done, I receive my share of applause, and if it is hearty and genuine I will acknowledge it by another bow.

But I am forgetting. The street scene is again shoved into place and Clifford & Franklin are doing a rag-time promenade before the footlights, padded and painted for their character stunt!

A great thing this theatrical life. For a time, at least, I believe that I like it better than the country stands, for a man is not the object of universal comment in the city. In the little towns—but well, I may appear in them next season just for a change. It will do me good, for a fellow does get some of the conceit taken out of him in vaudeville life, and then, too, the life in urban theatrical circles usually grates on the nerves, a “Prof.” is supposed to be a *good fellow* among the other *boys*, and he can’t always do that and write cheques, nor take moonlight walks on the *board walk* at Atlantic City, or brave the Cave of the Winds at *The Falls* when summer comes around!

PART TWO

Yes, I remember, I met you last season at several vaudeville houses throughout the country. We were filling engagements at the same time when the fire broke out in Cook's. Haven't forgotten? Neither have I. No, I don't believe that I will try the larger cities this time. Country stands will suit me first rate. I was not discreet enough last season, and during the hottest weather I spend my vacation on a Wisconsin stump farm, one of the best nurseries on earth for horse flies and mosquitoes!

I intended to take in the season at Long Beach and Santa Barbara, but a man can't do that and live the way a vaudeville star tries to live!

Yes, I believe that the country is good enough for me. A man will lose his worth in time if he doesn't get out and do some hustling himself. I will admit, there are two straight hours of talking and action, but, then, when you have squared an insignificant hotel bill and met your other small obligations, the receipts are yours, and that is a good deal if the show is run on right lines. I will keep my two boys with me and make one and two night and week stands my specialty this season.

Harry and Albert did their turns at the museums this last summer and took but a couple of week's rest. I will have to raise them to ten a week, I guess, for they can make twice that at the museums, but they like the country air better, and so do I.

Now, figuring all things, there is a great deal of satisfaction in breathing air that is not polluted with smoke and germs wafted from the Ghetto, the levee, the stock yards, *et al!* A heap of satisfaction if a man or a woman knows how to appreciate life. I will not put on any mind-reading turn and then it will be easy. There is no need of killing one's self for the sake of popularity. What is being popular, anyway? Why, look at here, it should make an ordinary mortal swell an inch to know that, from the moment he strikes the little town of five or six thousand, everybody is sizing him up, from the retired merchant to the innocent school-boy. He has not stepped into the bus before there are a dozen strange stories of his life and powers circulating about the streets. If a man ever competed with a whole circus that man is a country professor of hypnotism; or, to be more considerate, the professor in a country town. It takes a well made head not to swell during the first few weeks, and then, well then, he, this much lauded professor, settles down to the sacred opinion that he is the whole Solar System, and the waiting, breathless world merely awaiting his arrival at various points! Now, to be honest, this is the case. But, to the man or the woman who would play wisely, I wish to call your attention to a few facts:

The hypnotist is a power in his country tour if he knows how to be a power. He must be clever, mysterious and polite. If he is a gentleman, that great body, the commercial travelers, will give him more good, substantial advertising than all the paper he has put out. But if he is unpardonably poor he will never be able to meet his obligations at two dollars per day. This is a sermon.

As a professional hypnotist, I say "Bless the traveling men." They are the best fellows on earth. They scatter more sunshine and more free advertising than all your advance men could ever do.

Yes, I admit, the long-distance—we call it the "toll" in town—telephone does its quota of good or bad work. I have known of shows to go out of commission simply because they were indiscrete enough to play along a route that was strung with copper wire!

But that is not the traveling man. It may chance that some wily knight of the grip will read these nice things and these deep-dyed plots, but he will say a fervent "Amen" and bless the profession of stage hypnotists.

If you see a traveling man hanging 'round on the day of your arrival, get acquainted with him. Manage to know somebody, somewhere that he knows; or, if that won't do, strike up the theme of popular resorts; give him Palm Garden talk and he is your friend. The first thing you know, you have given him a ticket and then a couple more and have passed a merry hour in the exchange of friendly confidences. The small boys will, undoubtedly, have managed to step on your toes and will have posed with wide open countenances at your wonderful revelations. But I really never did see a "Prof." or a traveling man who could not tolerate that, inasmuch as they both were boys with boyish aspirations at one time.

And never miss giving a traveling man a ticket or two if you can get him limbered up enough. Be social as far as possible and he will do the rest. That very afternoon when he has landed the "Cross Roads Mercantile and Provision Company" for a \$187 order, he will tell Mr. Jenkins, the business manager, that you, Prof. So-and-So, are the most wonderful man that ever gave a somnambulist a cruel look! And Mr. Jenkins will drop around to the drug store and buy four tickets. As soon as his partner and help know it—and he will incidentally tell them!—they will do likewise—except the boy who pulls nails out of boxes. He will hang 'round and get into the gallery if there is one, and you have landed fully a dozen paid people through the influence of that traveling man. In fact, it is safe to say that you will land ten dollars' worth of business through his recommendation of you. In Blankville, they know him and his word is law, because he travels out of Chicago, you know, and Chicago is a "big town!"

Yes, to be sure, I would rather have the traveling men with me than any other set. They will tell about you on trains, they will incidentally mention you in hotel lobbies, and they run things right your way. Be good to the traveling men and you will never lose.

There is a great deal in these little things. There is nothing like being popular in the country; it is a whole lot cheaper than being unpopular and the returns are many times greater. Indeed, there is much to this profession. It differs materially from the theatrical business and yet it can, in a way, be classed therewith. The commercial side is a highly important subject. I have known many a good hypnotist to fail to make a winning simply because he was crude and unschooled in the ways of the world and in handling the public. I have found that he who can tell the people just what he has and then shows them that it is good, is he who succeeds.



"SLEEP! SOUND ASLEEP!"

Let us figure these things out in a social way, taking our time in discussing matters. Then, and not until then, will I teach you the deportment of the regular stage operator.

I know a Professor who is one of the most successful operators who, a few years ago, was playing mere villages and school houses up in Wisconsin. An editor of a country weekly got hold of him, sold out his plant, advertised in the right way and the whole company have been able to enjoy what comfort they desired. They made money, lots of

money, and that is what the stage operator wants; he isn't in business for the pleasure of seeing his name in print!

The expenses of a hypnotist in his traveling are about as follows, assuming, of course, that he wants to do the thing as it should be done:

An advance man is necessary if actual success is desired. One can be obtained who will bill the entire season in two months, making contracts for stands from one night to a week. He will want about twenty dollars a week and expenses for that period; that will mean about fifty dollars a week for a period of two months, or, in other words, he will cost you about \$450. The paper he will put out will be worth about \$150. A subject will cost you—for a period of six months—\$250 and expenses. That is, unless you get a boy who is anxious to travel. That will pay his expenses right there for the season, with the exception of traveling expenses. Your traveling and hotel expenses will be about \$850 for the season of six months; that includes the expenses of your subject. Licenses and all other expenses will be about \$200. This is putting it in a general way. The total expense will be approximately, \$2,000. During that time you will appear before at least 100 audiences. You will have to take in an average of \$21 a performance to make money. That will mean, at popular prices, 15, 25 and 35 cents, an average of 84 people. Now, in reality, you should have 250 people at a performance. But we will drop the average as low as 150. If you have that many, you will clear, during the season of six months, \$1,400. But you should easily clear between \$3,000 and \$4,000. You will work for that from October to March, inclusive, and the remaining six months are yours to rest or to engage in some other branch of hypnotism.

However, if you engage a good manager, and have him bill you first and then come back and go over the route with you, zealously guarding your interests, you will clear even more and you will be free from the routine care of your work.

In the smaller towns where you feel that you will not have a large audience, you will find that it has cost less to bill it than the larger town. When you strike a city of thirty thousand, you will have to put up about an even hundred dollars for expenses and you will be lucky to get off with that. If you are disappointed with your audience you will be losing a fair-sized purse. But, if you know that ten dollars will clear you in a town, and you take out twenty, you are ahead, and much more so in proportion than you would be in a larger town.

I present these merely to let the student know about what to expect. These figures can vary either way. There are some hypnotists who figure on spending about seven or eight thousand dollars on the road during a season and taking in about twelve thousand. That takes a great deal of capital to start, and the man who has this will figure some time before he places that much money in a road venture. On the other hand, there is the hypnotist who has a good partner with a business understanding and capital equal to his own. He has a subject to carry with him to whom he pays nothing to speak of. He has good clothes and so does his manager. They play towns of from eight hundred to

three thousand. From ten to fifteen dollars will cover their expenses. They will make about that much clear in each town.

Or, again, if the Professor prefers to start out in a modest manner, he can increase his business, providing he goes about it in a business-like way. There are certain avenues that will always prey upon your purse; there are others that will try to but need not if you watch yourself.

But allow me to return to the narrative form as it is time to take you, reader, into the actual workings of the Professor's life on the country route.

Yes, I am going to try the good old country again. There are four weeks ahead of me before I really have to get uneasy; nevertheless, I am going to make preparations now. I am going to wait until the 15th of October this season—over two and one-half months hence—before I make my first stand. Today I have received a letter from Harris, saying that he will play the season with me on an even division of the receipts. He has the money to put into the business and I know he is reliable. True, there are many men as good as Harris when it comes to closing a deal, but I know that when Harris starts out this fall to bill the show he will do it right because it is as much to his interest as it is to my own to do so.

And another thing I might say for Harris; he is a little above the average good advance man because he is temperate and has enough pride to be one of the proprietors. He is not content with *so much* for the season's work. He wants something that will be good for the next season and many more beyond that. He is willing to place five hundred dollars in the treasury with five hundred of my own money and take chances on coming out with two thousand apiece, or a net gain of fifteen hundred dollars each.

Harris writes me that he will go down to Toledo to get a casket. To the ordinary mortal that would be a sad blow, but to me it is not. That casket is for Albert. He must do the long sleep and Harry will come in as an aid when Albert has had his share. I do not care to mention the name of the Toledo firm but their plate will appear on the casket. It is, withal, a unique way of advertising wares, but it is not half bad at that. I can remember when I was out with Harris four years ago. He got that casket—something that would have cost a hundred and fifty at retail—and the right to keep it in repair for nothing; merely for the display. You don't know how a casket firm would jump at a chance like that. But we were playing vaudeville then. Now we have a better opportunity. There was a firm in Milwaukee that would have done the same by us, but I find old friends are the best stand-bys.

Harris will be in town when he gets through with his Toledo people. When he comes we will get advertising deals closed and then we will be in a fair way to succeed.

It is the silent work that always tells. The mighty river flows majestically on and makes no noise; the silent forces are always powerful. Advertising and preparation are silent forces. They must be given their own good time or the enterprise fails.

I have known hypnotists to start out and come back the next week because they expected the crowds to gather and they had never given them any inducement to gather. They had failed because they had not devoted enough real mental activity to the work. When they arrive at a town the people must be looking for them. The hypnotist that comes to town and does not create gossip and an interest is no good.

How is that done? Well, here we will wait for Mr. Harris. He will be in shortly.

Harris and I will get to work on the advertising first and later on we will get to the real work, that of putting the facts before the public.

"Harris, what do you think will be the best plan to adopt this year in our advertising?"

Harris has been thinking of that, so have I; but his plans may be far better than my own. In that case, I am not bigoted enough to drop his view and raise an objection.

"There are several different methods that we must employ this trip," says Harris. "The first of these will be the old time eight-sheet stand. It will be old in that respect, but entirely new in another. We can get a very good poster effect and something that is out of the ordinary. It is a scene along the Nile. You will, therefore, have to be an Egyptian hypnotist. It has all the weird coloring that one could ask. Then, there is the six-sheet stand. They have our old plates and we can have about five hundred of them printed. They contain that funny stuff, if you remember. You can see that we will then be catering to two large classes. The first of these is the class that courts mystery; the second are those looking for amusement. When we have pulled these, the ordinary doubter and the rest will be there."

This strikes me as a good idea. Here are two designs. One is as weird as the most occult-loving mind could desire; the other is as full of levity as it is possible for a good sized stand to be.

"Now, besides these," continues Harris, "we will find it necessary to have a few thousand folders printed. We shall want about 300,000 of those for the season. That will see us through, I guess. And then we shall need the photographs to place in front of the drug stores and in the postoffices. We should put about three in each town. So we will have to get about sixty of these made, as you will be able to take them up as you come along after me. And I will have the season billed in two months all right and I believe that our advertising matter will pay us best just as I have stated."

"Now, what will be the actual cost of this printing, Harris?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," he replies. "That will see us through, I believe. If it don't, there will be but little trouble in ordering more. We will be able to do that in time."

My costumes are ready and there is no need worrying about them. The costumes that the boys wore in their museum work will hardly do for this business, and so I get them each a couple of suits of blue, trimmed with gold braid. This keeping your subjects looking prosperous speaks well for the management.

As soon as Harris has had the printing all done he will be ready to start out on the road billing the towns and making contracts. But that will be some time.

In the meantime I will rest and get in good shape for a hard season's work.

As this work has been conceived and written with one object in view—that of giving the student an understanding of stage hypnotism and the hypnotic show in general—I give these little details to illustrate the real inner workings.

Mr. Harris, my advance man and genial partner, deserves a little attention, as the show really depends to a great extent upon his efforts. He is a man of perhaps thirty-five. He has been a printer, reporter, editor and theatrical man for twenty years. During this period he has mixed with one great class of people—money makers. And this class has looked to one source for its money; that source has been advertising. He knows how to approach the people. He understands the psychological principles of the whole thing. It might be classed under "suggestion," this art of approaching the people on the billboards and in the papers. There is always an object in view in the show advertisement, and that is to enthrall the reader. When that is done, as soon as the show is in town there is a great desire to see it. You have the people wrought up to a certain extent and that extent is intense interest; yes, mad desire in half the cases. The rest of them want to go and would go if it were East Lynn or Uncle Tom's Cabin! Funny beings, these people. And yet, if the right kind of advertisement struck the wily advertiser and it was to his liking he would go into it just as quickly as the peaceable citizen does into the hypnotic show.

Mr. Harris always looks well. He smokes good cigars. If an advance man didn't do these things he would be a poor advance man. But this is part of his business. He never gets drunk. I do not mean this as a temperance lesson, but I do mean to say that the man who likes liquor better than he does his life's work will always manage to make a failure.

Harris always looks trim and prosperous. Let us follow him as he approaches the manager of the Belleville Opera House, who is, incidentally, proprietor of the store next door and who also handles real estate and is treasurer of the village. He is an important personage—in Belleville! In some good sized town he wouldn't amount to a great deal, but in Belleville he must be treated with all due respect.

"Mr. Andrews, I believe?" says Harris, approaching that worthy as he warms his hands at the store stove.

"Yes, sir," replies Mr. Andrews in a slow but certain tone, "what can I do for you?"

"I am," returns the mighty Harris, handing the town mogul his card, "J. W. Harris, Business Manager of Prof. Zendure, the Egyptian Hypnotist."

Here Mr. Andrews looks toward the floor in a deep study, clearing his throat once or twice before he ventures to speak on a subject of this nature.

"Yes, I see," he says. "You want to make arrangements fur the hall."

"Just so," replies Mr. Harris.

"Well, I can't say as to that. When would you want it?"

"On Dec. 7," Mr. Harris informs him.

Then follows a long discussion on the merits of the show and the hall. Once or twice Mr. Andrews comes out of his Belleville lethargy and evinces an interest. The contract is finally signed for the seventh of December in Belleville. The hall will cost us \$15. The town has a population of thirty-three hundred. We could make a two nights' stand



THE PEDDLERS.

there, but we are after all we can get the first night and then jump into our next town, a place of seven thousand, where we are billed for a week.

I assume that this is the way Mr. Andrews and Mr. Harris acted. At least, I am going to take Belleville as the typical country town and carry you, reader, with me through the whole thing, from the time we reach the town until the entertainment has been finished.

We will be there the day before the exhibition. This is to give us

the benefit of the advertising schemes. Mr. Harris is with me now. The casket is always sent on ahead by express so that the manager of the opera house will have an opportunity of putting it in place in a store window—drug stores are the usual ones. Of course, Mr. Andrews will not do this work himself but some one else will do it for him.

From the time the paper was put on the boards three weeks before, the town has been talking about this wonderful hypnotic exhibition. The usual, "I'll bet he can't hypnotize me," or "I ain't going to look in his eyes," or "Pooh! Who's afraid!" has been wafted about the street corners for these many days. The deep eyed, sallow youth has been thinking. Maybe someday he can be a hypnotist; perhaps he can appear on the stage. Why, he never sees the inside of that opera house except when there is a show there and he is down in front or up in the back, according to his pocketbook! He is silent and filled with wonder. He wants to know what a life of that kind is. He builds his aspirations there; no higher. He thinks of only the little country towns. He has seen Belleville and a few other places equally as large. He has never let his thoughts drift to the wide world beyond. The word "city" implies nothing to him greater than Belleville! He never tries to imagine anything greater than the power of Mr. Andrews. The President himself falls into dark oblivion in comparison to this wonder, the town boss, Mr. Andrews, and even he cannot equal in grandeur the mighty hypnotist!

Then there is the light headed girl, the dizzy maid, as it were, who giggles and says that "Ain't it funny how all these things are did, te he he!" And there is the wise young man who stands around the streets if the weather isn't cold, and inside if it is, and talks out of the corners of his mouth and tells why things are; why they happened as they did, etc. He gives quotations on the hypnotic market and tells that it is the powerful force of a strong mind directed against the unsuspecting weaker will; that the result cannot be otherwise. The weaker mind gives 'way. It is a crime—if he sees no prospects of getting in free—and it is a science if he sees that he can get a seat!

Then, to be exact, there is Mrs. Hiram Hicks, who says that this hypnotizing show is one of the worst evils that ever occurred. She solemnly avers that it is black and a part of the devil's arsenal. And the long-faced, angular old maid of the village, Miss Amelia Green—mark you, Miss!—agrees that it is "just scandalous!"

So the story goes. Some have discussed the things attributed to me freely. Others have passed them by and—thought. There has been a difference of opinions. I am at the same time held up as a benefactor and denounced as a fraud. I have advertised only what I can do; what any hypnotist would pass by without further comment and yet, Belleville doubts!

But right in this one fact I have gained the object of my advertising—or, rather, Harris' advertising. The people are looking for me, they eagerly expect me, no matter what they may say.

Tonight will be a big night in Belleville. The train has rolled out of Sanderton and in an hour-and-a-half we will be at Belleville. You

are then, readers and students, with me for the rest of the two days, or until I have finished my engagement of one night in Belleville!

Harris and I sit in the smoker. So do the boys—Albert and Harry.

We filled a two nights' bill at Sanderton. There were several traveling men there and we got them in and they have gone to various points. Sanderton is larger than Belleville. We did well there, came out with \$125 above all expenses, which is not so very bad after all.

Harris and I are figuring on seasons to follow. It is a strange thing, but the mind of the aspiring man never dwells wholly in the present. He sees and hears and acts. He enjoys or regrets, but he looks ever ahead. It is better, to be sure, than always looking back unless there is a brighter lesson in the past than we can see in the immediate future. Maybe Harris and I are too confident at times. But our five hundred apiece have already been returned to the treasury and so have seven hundred more! We are making money and we are saving it, too. We will, perhaps, go one way or another next season. Or we may go to Atlantic City for a month, or here or there.

Meanwhile we *are* going somewhere, and that is to Belleville!

As the train rolls into the station, I look out and see the usual crowd. This is a good town, all right. There is an interest taken. About twenty-five or thirty people are gathered directly in front of the depot door. Then there are about that many more scattered about. They are there for one cause, principally, and that cause is to see the Professor. No, I am not bigoted in this respect. I know from the way they act that they are there to see what a real, live hypnotist looks like. But they are not going to chance being put into a state of catalepsy right then and there.

There are a couple of school girls who look at us as we step from the train as though we were "something very, very funny. They grab each other and scream and laugh hysterically. Then there is the old oracle who sails around and warms himself at Mr. Andrews' stove or goes up in the office of the Belleville Clarion and makes himself a general nuisance. He is there to "git the latest," whatever that may be. As we stop to see that our baggage is not smashed more than is necessary to stimulate the joy of the baggageman, this old man asks me the time. He is aching to get into a conversation. As I tell him the time, he remarks, "Goin' to put one o' them boy to sleep in that there coffin?" Whereupon I ask Harris if the baggage is out safely and if it will be down to the hall in time.

Then we step into the Belleville House bus and are taken down to the "swellest hotel" to be the wonder during the remainder of our stay.

I see that the town is properly billed. There are plenty of stands for the size of the place and some of our folders lay upon the desk of the hotel office as we enter.

"Hello, Prof!" I hear, and turn to be greeted by one of my commercial friends. "Hello, Davis," I return.

"You're going to have a big house tonight, Prof.," he continues. "You should see the tickets that are sold over at the drug store. Must

be a hundred seats reserved. Going to be a great push there tonight. Nothing doin' in the old town and people are show hungry; besides you have worked up a pretty good name through curing that old man of rheumatism down in New Oxford."

Curing someone of something at every entertainment has ever been my aim. It is a good one, too, for, as in a case like this, the news will travel as many as a hundred miles and greet you with good returns.

It is but ten o'clock and Harris and I go out to take a stroll. Albert and Harry go to hunt a big stone for the stone-breaking contest.

The main street covers about two blocks, built up on both sides with substantial two-story brick buildings. Belleville shows signs of prosperity and we do not blame the denizens for liking their little town. After all, there they are and they don't care much what happens in the big world outside. They have certain manners that are peculiar to all little towns and their minds are just as bright as are those of a larger place. They don't see things and when the chance is offered to them, they greet it gladly. After all, if a blase city clubman were to be thrown into a little town like this and kept there for three long years and a show came to town; would he go? Would he? Why, you couldn't keep him away no matter how poor it was in every detail. No matter if he had been seated in the best opera houses of two continents and listened to all the great stars in Tragedy, Opera or Comedy, he would be that thirsty to be amused that he would cheer himself hoarse over Uncle Tom's Cabin, even though it was one of those tent varieties!

I always think these things when I get into a little town because the truth of it all is so strongly presented to me.

Harris and I walk across the street—the weather is very mild—to the drug store at which our tickets are on sale. When we step in, there are about a dozen or more in the store. There usually are in a little town. They size us up in a casual manner as though they wondered what we really were, honest people or rank frauds.

Harris holds a conversation with the proprietor just as though they were brothers. He introduces me and we are soon talking merrily. The seats have sold well and the prospects are that there will not be chairs enough in the hall. Most of these halls in country towns serve as opera house, dance hall or assembly room. In them everything is held, from the political speech to the mask ball.

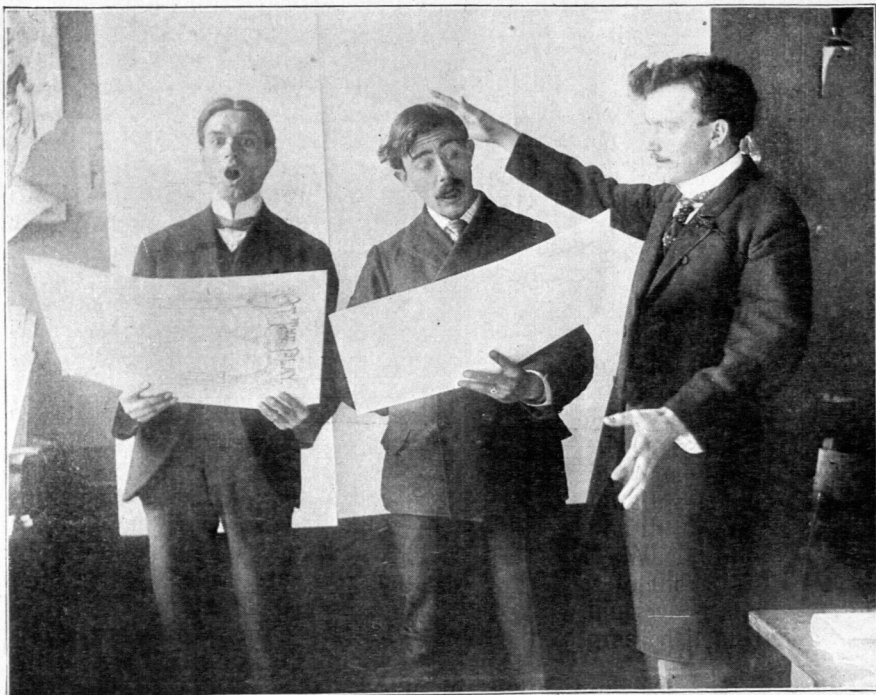
The three of us are soon laughing and talking, and the doctor is not slow in joining us. We have cigars and start to smoke. Then the attorney has something to say to the doctor and he is soon one of the crowd. It is added to one by one until there is quite a company of us, and Harris and I exchange stories with the village solons and surgeons. Here we are again advertising ourselves. We have met the "best people" in town and are already acquainted—just as we have been scores of times before, and just as we will be hundreds of times hence, let us hope.

Then I find it my duty to examine the casket. It has been placed in the big show window and is shown to an advantage. There is nothing

terrible about it. It has attracted crowds all day; that is, *crowds*, as Belleville would call them!

At seven o'clock tonight I will place Albert in a sleep. He will remain there until tomorrow night at eight, when he will be awakened on the stage.

Tonight half of Belleville will be down town to see the subject put to sleep. Then, all night long, someone will be watching him to see if he moves or if he is given anything to eat. And several times during the night there will be stories started that the subject was seen to get



THE NOTED VOCALISTS.

up during the night. These stories will be promptly denied, and so the process of advertising will go on.

When Harris and I go to dinner, it is in company with three of the *most prominent* and respected citizens of Belleville. There certainly is nothing like having the acquaintance of the best people in town. You will pull their friends and the others also. And the professional hypnotist will find that the "better class" even in a town like Belleville is usually a large per cent of the show-going people. They find out if some of the "leaders" are going and they follow the *queen bee*. So, when we get these prominent men on our side, we know that the remainder of the seats in the Belleville Opera House will be taken, and that the hall on tomorrow night will be crowded to the doors. We know, too, that our

total expenses in Belleville will not be over \$35. If the hall is filled, we will have a hundred dollar house, at the very least. I tell you it pays to be "one of the best."

Just to pass the time away in the afternoon I believe that I will place some of the good townspeople in a sleep. We are sitting in the lobby after dinner, smoking and talking over various things that have come to our notice in this and foreign countries. Mr. Smith, who sits across the way and who has developed a good deal of curiosity in his life and who, when a boy, used to ask more questions than all the rest of the children, asks me if I really am an Egyptian.

"Oh no," I return, "but I have studied in Egypt and it is for that reason that I advertise under the name of an Egyptian hypnotist." After which I proceed to tell the company many things that befell me in Egypt. As a traveler I am backed up in my assertions and reminiscences by Mr. Peters, who has always told his fellows that he sojourned in Egypt. Well, there is a fighting chance that he has. At any rate, he knows enough to coincide with me, for if he did not, the rest of the company would disbelieve him and he would never hear the end of it. It tickles him, as the phrase goes, for now he will never again be assailed with the remarks that have hitherto been hurled at him. He is immensely pleased and he is good for ten tickets himself.

So we pass away the day. I place two or three in the somnambulistic state and give a little demonstration for the doctors. They are pleased and decide to look into the science and see if there is anything in it for them.

In the evening I shall put my subject to sleep in the window in which the casket is displayed. There has been much talk about that feature of the show and many are excited over it, some thinking that it is radically wrong and others thinking that it is not wrong. So, with the variations of opinions, there will be a large enough crowd present at the appointed hour to look into the process carefully. This is a great advertising scheme and is well worth the trouble that may be put upon it.

For two hours before it is time to place the subject in the coffin for his twenty-five hour sleep, crowds of several hundred people have been gathering, until there are about a thousand on the street and in front of the drug store. Truly, an air of mystery surrounds everything and the village seems to be different—that is, to the denizens. But even we, seeing this sort of thing all the time, feel the tingle to it. There is something about the profession that makes it attractive to all who follow it. Day after day we follow the same sort of thing, we see the crowds gather, sometimes very large and at other times small. We get the same thing all the time. Yet, for the man without a family, or for the practical woman who is beyond youth's follies, there is nothing like the hypnotic exhibition. I view my audience; my open-air audience as I muse thus, for I feel that there is something in this profession quite above the ordinary.

As psychology deals with the minds of beings, so it is that the Professor sees the mental side. He lives in that atmosphere all the

time. If he is adapted to read the character of those with whom he comes in contact, he learns much of great value; if he is not, he finds something else just as interesting.

But the hypnotist does grow to be a character reader. This is not the youth who has just learned and feels that he knows it all. But I mean the good, entertaining, successful operator. There may always be poor operators on the road; some there are who should never approach an audience. But there are others who are fitted to that kind of work and they are successful.

I look out from the front of the store. I have these people here for a purpose. I want them to see the work, of course, but the advertising that it will give me is what I want out of it. If that is the case, I am not unwise in the least to make an opening speech before the crowd gathered to witness this feat. I may get a great many patrons right there. The inexperienced in any line think that a certain amount of effort will bring success; that anything beyond that certain amount is superfluous. But the man of experience will tell you, reader and student, that it is not a matter of doing a certain amount of work and then stopping, but it is a matter of doing work all the time. There is that great system of waste and repair in all branches of nature and it is just as true in business. Here, I will admit, there is every reason to believe that I will have a great audience for a town of this size. My manager and myself will make much money. We will likely have the S. R. O. sign out as it stands. But our name and fame will ever go on and on. Someone will hear of us in another town. We are ever looking out for the present and building for the future. So if I put this subject in the casket and have him do the long sleep I will get a greater crowd. We will find room for them all if we have to place chairs in the aisles. Somehow or other, there is just enough human weakness in theatre and business managers to crowd the houses to their utmost capacity when the opportunity presents itself! And why not? Here is where I figure the business of it all: In most cases I am paying a stipulated amount for the hall. This ranges from three to fifty dollars. My hotel and traveling expenses are so much no matter what audience I have. In Belleville I will clear myself when I get between thirty-five and forty dollars. All I get over that will mean a greater profit for the company. If I get ten more dollars through an additional effort, that will be ten more profit. There is a little philosophy and more common sense to the scheme. Follow it up and you will find that your efforts are rewarded.

It is seven o'clock. The evening is not cold and the crowd is as large as I could ever hope to have it in Belleville. There are many of those who will see the show tomorrow night and there are many of them drawn through idle curiosity.

I have a box out in front, upon which I will presently climb and address the audience, who are very attentive whenever I make a move in that direction.

My manager, Mr. Harris, always manages to look serious and business-like when this part of the entertainment is transpiring. He says

that he works on the rules of suggestion. I believe that he does; that every good business man does. And I wish that more were like Harris. He realizes that the way to make the best suggestions is sometimes to cease suggesting. To be plain, suggestions are often taken and acted upon when you appear as though you were offering the opposite thing. That is the way many good gold bricks are sold. The buyer takes the goods because he believes that the purchase of them is a profit. He doesn't buy the gold brick because his reason is asleep, but because the smooth confidence man has got his mind working along the wrong channel.

So it is with Harris. He walks about paying no attention to the crowd. His gaze, his interest, his every move points to myself and my subject. He is not bigoted enough to want the public to look at him. He knows that he can aid the real interest of the show if he can get them looking at me. So he goes about doing everything in an off-hand, business-like manner and the people take the suggestions and act upon them without further thought.

To Belleville, I face a vast throng. The average resident would scarcely believe that there ever could be a much greater gathering. I can hear one old man telling a boy that he "onct knew a crowd as much as seven times this size when the governor spoke at Lexington."

Follow me, student, for I am going to treat this crowd with suggestion, to be delivered in their waking state. We will see how well they take these suggestions and how they act upon them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I say, speaking in a slow, clear voice, for the voice must be thrown so that all can hear. "In a few minutes more, I shall place this boy, Master Albert Turner, in a sleep, in which he shall remain for a period of over twenty-five hours, to be awakened tomorrow night on the stage of the Belleville Opera House. During that time he will be in the casket which has been on exhibition in this store window for a day past. I wish to call your attention to several facts. The first one is this: In the hypnotic sleep the subject does not change from a human being to something supernatural. He is still a human being and subject to the same things that he would be subject to in his natural, waking state. That is, he could be bruised, even though he did not feel it for the time being. He could be maltreated even though he remained in a state of anaesthesia. He is still human no matter how deep his sleep. So when I place him in this casket he will move during the night just as you or I would move in our sleep. When he becomes tired of one position, he will assume another one. Do not think by this sign that he is awake. He will remain in front of you during all that time. There will never be a time during his sleep in which he will be obscured from the view of those who would look. You may ask how it is that his heart, liver and kidneys can be controlled when his moving from side to side cannot be. That movement of the body could be stopped, but it would then be necessary to put the subject in a cataleptic sleep, which is a severe strain on the nerves when it is done day after day.

"I carry two subjects with me, so that I can give each one a rest.

Master Turner will be put in the sleep to-day, and Friday the other boy will be put to sleep. There is no injury of any kind following this experiment. Yes, I save the board bill for this boy, which may be my real object in placing him in this sleep! But I do it for one main, chief purpose, and that is to advertise my work."

Here I stop and look over the crowd; they are listening intently, but it is best to stop before I touch them on the financial question. I want to give them an opportunity to absorb the majesty of these words which I have recently spoken! Plainly, I want to make an impression and cast about me an air of mystery.

"Four years ago I placed this same subject in a sleep for a period of eight days, during which time he was buried under six feet of earth. There was an air shaft running to his tomb to keep him from suffocating, and I visited the grave once each day to see that everything was all right. The experiment was carried out under the supervision and by the permission of the city authorities at Louisville. Two guards were on duty night and day to see that the experiment was perfectly fair. There were also a great many people present night and day and the grave was not deserted for a moment. During that time Master Turner did not eat, drink or move, remaining in the cataleptic sleep all the time. When, on the eighth day, I had the tomb opened, and there were officials to immediately arrest me should any harm have come to the subject, there was scarcely a sound among the ten thousand people gathered, except the noise the men made in digging up the casket. The box was drawn carefully up and the subject was awakened amid the cheers of this vast multitude. Since that time I have buried him in many different cities and the experiment has always proven a success.

"Tomorrow night I shall awaken this subject on the stage before the audience. After that will proceed the usual entertainment. I will entertain, amuse and instruct all for a period of two hours. The mysteries of hypnotism will be fully explained. The seats are now on sale, reserved for fifty cents apiece. The door prices will be twenty-five and thirty-five cents. The performance will commence at eight o'clock.

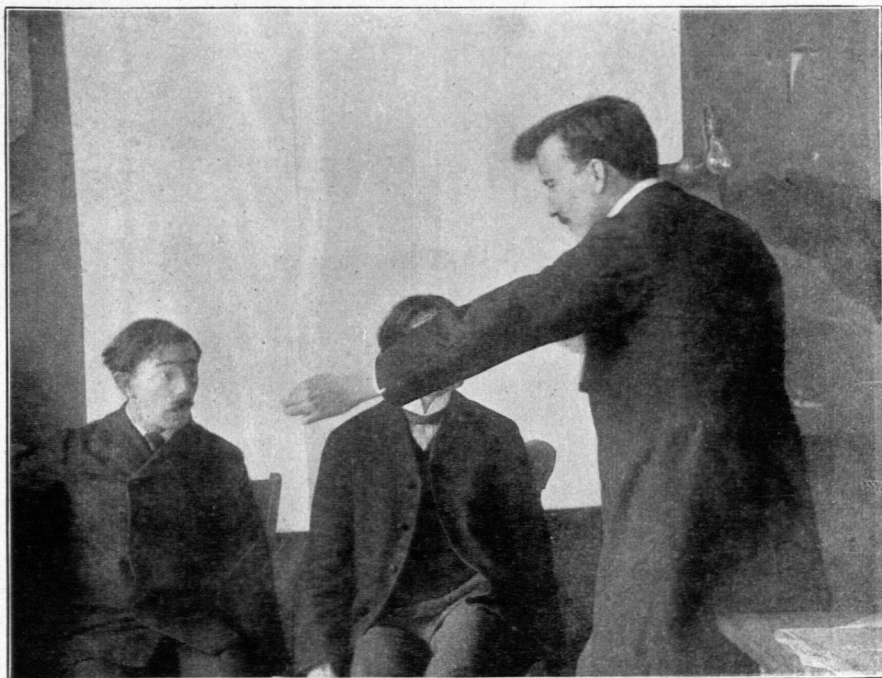
"I now call your attention to the store window, where I will put this subject to sleep, sewing his lips together with a common needle and white cotton thread."

The audience cheer and they all crowd forward eagerly to watch the process of putting the subject to sleep.

I get into the show window and Master Albert Turner comes forward clothed in an oriental robe. He has removed his waistcoat and suspenders. He wears a belt and has removed his shoes. This will insure comfort and the robe will cover this change. I place him carefully in front of the casket, directing him to stand erect while I hypnotize him. This, of course, is not necessary, but I do it merely to give the best impression to the crowd that I possibly can. Should I wave my hand and he immediately pass into sleep, they would say that it was a fake. Few there would be who could reason out the difference between the placing of a new subject under and using the old one. So I proceed as I would were I hypnotizing a new one.

I repeat the words, "Sleepy, drowsy, sleepy, deeper and deeper to sleep," in a loud, deep voice, staring hard at the subject in the meantime. He is trained to this and passes into the sleep much slower than he would were I trying some experiment on him. He knows that this is a "grand stand play" and that he will be the object of much comment; therefore, he will do well to pass into the sleep without any hitch.

I now impress on the audience—and eventually upon the subject—the fact that he will not feel anything at all. I then take the needle and thread and proceed to sew his lips together. However, I have



THE RUBBER NOSES.

already stated that I cannot make anything but a human being out of this subject and he will be as open to blood infections as anyone. With this point ever in view, I will always observe one point, and that is keeping the needles I use antiseptic. The best and safest way is to get a little bichloride and dissolve a tablet in a two ounce bottle of water. Then push the needles through the cork and keep them in this water.

After I have sewed him up so that the crowd can plainly see the process and the stitches, I have Mr. Harris help me and we lift him into the casket and pull a fancy quilt about him to keep him warm during the night and the next day. Of course, I do not leave in the stitches. I then relieve him of his cataleptic condition. I am now free for the rest of the time, up to the hour of the entertainment; the seeds of advertising

have all been pretty well sown, and the rest of the time I must improve to the best of my ability in making my advertisement stronger.

As I step away from the window to get a cigar and smoke with Harris and a few of the local celebrities, I notice that the tickets for the coming evening are nearly all sold. And experience has taught me that when the reserved seats are sold, there is no danger of the rest of the house being empty. There are not more than twenty vacant seats on the chart. That means that by tomorrow night, there will be calls for about twenty more than we have. It is better so.

I have taken Belleville as an ideal town. There will be many in which we will have a small audience; there may be some where we will not nearly clear our expenses. But if we can strike such towns as Belleville often we are making a good deal of money out of our enterprise.

The successful advertiser is he who works along psychological lines. He is the man who knows how to approach the public in a practical manner and yet, were you or I to ask him what his theory is regarding advertising, he would laugh and say that he had never thought of the theory; he would tell us that he is a practical man and never pays any attention to theory. It is this practical set that we must pattern after when it comes down to real enterprise. There is the theoretical man who jumps into a fortune; but he is just as apt to have another theory and jump out again. Student, while we are awaiting the passing of the hours, let us become acquainted with this great thing—the show advertisement.

In Belleville, as in every other town, we have approached the people in several different ways. In the first place, Harris and I realize that we cannot conduct a successful business unless we get into the right territory. How often I have heard salesmen and showmen talking about different parts of the country. Some say that it is "good" and some declare that it is "bad," referring to the town or the county or state, as the case may be. Thus, when I step into the Belleville House, and have got into a pleasant conversation, a gentleman who is introduced as Mr. Lewis, asks me if I have ever been in Pennsylvania.

I assure Mr. Lewis that I have been in that state several times and that I have crossed and recrossed it enough times to make a complete geographical drawings of its mines, creeks, tunnels, "et al!"

"What is your opinion of Pennsylvania, Professor?" asks Mr. Lewis.

"Well," I return, "I like the western part of the state first rate. For instance, all the territory between Washington and Altoona or Tyrone. Pittsburgh was always a good town. But the eastern part is not right up-to-date, according to my estimation. I will except the country around Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. That is and always was pretty good. But we will take Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Lancaster and many other towns in that section. I don't like them."

"That is where I disagree with you," says Mr. Lewis. "I have always found that very section you condemn very good territory. The western part is not bad, but it isn't up to the eastern in my estimation."

Thus we find that our opinions differ greatly in this respect. The cause is easy to trace. I had always found the state just so because I based my judgment of it upon my success financially. It is ever so. Mr. Lewis based his opinion of the state upon his acquaintance with it from a financial standpoint.

Student, I again advise you to study your territory before you bill it. Then you will have some idea of what your advertising will do. But you might bill a "poor" town for your business and where would you be? You might as well have put out some of the cheapest paper and kept in doors during your entire stay in town.

But, knowing that Belleville and the country through which we are playing, is all "good" for our business, we proceed to bill it accordingly.

That is, first we have some six and eight sheet stands. They are lithographs in black and white and colors. Some give scenes from the River Nile and show mystery in all its splendor. Others give the funny phases of the show. Besides these, I have large lithographs of myself posted alongside the others.

Through the town we have had bills distributed; they being in the form of folders, printed on good paper and bearing my portrait and a lot of press testimonials. These are read in half the houses into which they are placed and they attract a great deal of attention in the stores.

On the day of our show we will have little dodgers scattered about the streets to remind the people that we are to exhibit. Out in front of the postoffice and in the hotel and drug stores are pictures neatly pasted on display boards. They are photographs, showing different stages of our entertainment.

Now, there are usually from two to a dozen drug stores in these country towns, and the way Harris selects the best one is to notice the amount of trade and popularity. Besides this, he asks the manager of the opera house, who generally will give an unbiased opinion. I have known shows to fail because they didn't have their tickets on sale at a popular place.

The successful show is the one that gives a certain amount of complimentary tickets. It is not necessary to give a great quantity away but there are a certain few who must have them or they are greatly offended and will do all in their power to keep their friends away from the show.

First of all in my estimation we must remember the printers. If you neglect a printer he is filled with rage. Harris always attends to that when he bills the town or when we arrive to show.

Next to this fixing of the printers—they always should receive tickets and for the first night only, except the editors, who are good for the week if the show is billed for that length of time; and they must be liberally remembered—I deem that the theatre owners must come in for a share of the attention. Of course, they have their passes, good any time. But it is best to see that they and their families have good seats.

Then there are a few traveling men, the people who lend their show windows for your posters and the retinue of bill board owners, etc., who will always have their application on file with the opera house manager!

In Belleville we have given twenty-five reserved seat passes and about fifteen more to other seats.

Aside from this, all that we get in the house will be our gain, and I am sure from indications that they will be many.

But up to the eleventh hour Harris always keeps his eye open for any meandering member of the theatrical profession, who must be admitted at any time and under any circumstances. If he can quote a little real good theatrical language and demonstrate that he has been "on the boards" he is *good*, and we let him in and seat him on the cushions if the theatre is built that way!

For the day, I am through. I will meet you in the morning and you will accompany me while I put the finishing touches to the preparations. Then evening will come and we will visit the opera house, while you, student, will pay marked attention to all I say and do in the course of my performance.

Yes, it is afternoon of the day of the entertainment. All night and all day great crowds—great for Belleville!—have been gathered around the sleeping form of my subject. Smart boys have tried to make him laugh and girls have grabbed each other, giggling and pushing, anxious to make it known that they are on earth!

I have taken a stroll in the morning out to the limit of the sidewalks, smoking and enjoying the fresh morning air.

Harry has located a stone that weighs in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. This is to be used for the catalepsy. I do not care about a stone weighing too much, but the truth of the matter is, a heavy stone will break with practically no jar to the sleeping subject, while a smaller one would shake him severely.

I will take a walk over to the opera house and see that everything is in shape. As I enter I see that the chairs are all arranged nicely and that everything about the place bears an air of care and order. The drop curtain is raised and from the stage to the floor there is a slanting stairway, made of boards, and on which have been nailed cleates. This is so that the subjects can go to and from the stage without any trouble.

The stage is remarkably clean for an opera house, but I have noticed that they do things in good style in Belleville. In fact, it seems to me that I have always lived in this village. I have the same feeling everywhere. It is due, I suppose, to the fact that I have changed localities so often that I can accustom myself to any place or any conditions. The Professional Hypnotist will find this particularly true.

But I will pass on from the stage and the opera house to the opening of the evening's performance.

THE HYPNOTIC SHOW.

It is nearly eight o'clock, the seats in the Belleville Opera House are rapidly being filled. The orchestra is playing one of its modest selec-

tions. I call it an orchestra because the villagers do. It is really nothing more than a piano, a violin and a mandolin. A great combination, but there is music in it. It is strange how these people in little towns possess the talent they often do. I do not say this in the light of ridicule, but I really mean it. It is likely due to want of attractions; the talents are allowed to grow and are cultivated and the result is that we get our best people from little unheard-of towns.

The Belleville Opera House has not been filled before like this for many a month. It is a *star* occasion. People are clad in their best. The



THE HOT FINGER.

show has been looked forward to with much interest and those who do not go know they are missing something.

The sleeper has been taken from the window and is now resting in the closed casket on the stage. Of course he gets plenty of air, but he still sleeps. The stage hands keep track of this part of the entertainment, because they know that if it is *faked* they will be aware of it before anyone else. I have known these stage hands to do much damage with their stories of seeing the sleeper get up and have a light lunch back of the

scenes when he was never awakened until he was brought to consciousness on the stage in front of the audience.

The scenes are arranged with the casket in front and occupying a vantage point on the stage. In a few minutes the curtain will go up and then show will commence; that is, the address will be given.

During my stay in town I have met and hypnotized just seven different good somnambulists who will be up on the stage to-night. I have my own two men, giving me nine subjects, a goodly number and enough for any entertainment. Besides these it is likely that I will get several more. But that is a matter that does not trouble me at all. There have been seasons when I did not take the trouble to get a subject before the entertainment. I never failed in getting enough good ones on the stage to do the work. It is not necessary to fake this thing—hypnotism. But if that were the easiest way out of giving the public phenomena I don't know of a public hypnotist who would refuse. I sit back of the scenes, smoke dreamily and muse o'er the many things that have occurred. It is fascinating, to say the least.

As I watch a ring of smoke curl toward the cobwebs on the rafters above me, I can see myself in my early career, and then myself as I am now. Then, I would rather have given every man, woman and child his money back than have produced any fake phenomena. Now, well, *now* I would rather give the real phenomena if I hadn't things too much against me, but if they were I would not object to a subject *acting*. I tell these things because the story of this show is meant for the student who should know how to stage the hypnotic entertainment and how to handle the audience. True, you lack that one great thing even then; you are not there and do not go through it. I call upon your imagination to call you there and I can do not more.

But I forget! I was saying that there was a time when I would have done anything rather than fake. Now I would laugh if any one should accuse me of *faking*. I have grown blase as far as the road goes. I would never take the trouble to stop a performer if he were doing *fake* work so long as he did not try to do anything to make *little* of me before the audience. Should he do that, I might, well—if one does to-night I will show you then!

But, listen, there it is, "Sweet Bunch of Daisies!" That tune has always been my curtain-raiser in little towns. It is part of my show, and when I hear it, I am ready. Yes, the curtain is up and a hush has fallen over the audience as they view the casket before them.

As the music continues, I step out before the audience, slowly and with a mysterious air of precision. The show, students, is opened.

Experience is a good teacher. It has taught me that I must be cool and go about things with method if I expect to hold the attention of the audience. I, therefore, advance slowly toward the footlights and make my bow, not a low, awkward bow, but just a slight one. I address them thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Before entering upon the actual work of this entertainment, I wish to speak briefly upon hypnotism and psychic phenomena in general. The common beliefs, and the light which is generally thrown upon hypnotism and kindred subjects, have tended to cause a

great deal of prejudice among the public. This prejudice, I am pleased to state, is rapidly giving way to common sense and judgment in weighing matters of this kind.

"The average man or woman comes to the hypnotic entertainment with two general ideas: The first is that it is a very funny thing, without depth or reason for its being; the second comes because he wishes to be entertained and does not care for the scientific part of it at all. He believes that it is a fraud and were one to tell him differently he would ridicule the statement.

"These, I say, are the two general classes. Besides these there are several others who come to look into the mysteries; while a very limited number understand something of the subject from a scientific standpoint. With your attention, therefore, I wish to draw the distinction between the different phases of psychic phenomena as they relate to hypnotism, and hypnotism itself.

"Ideas are conveyed to the mind either through the agency of the five senses or through *intuition*. That is, telepathically, or through the transference of thought. Ordinarily we take the ideas thus presented, weigh them for what they are worth and cast part aside. This becomes so much a matter of habit that we do not see any difference between the two forms of gathering knowledge.

"Telepathy is likely the base of much of the psychic phenomena presented. The fact that thought can be transferred without the aid of the five senses is well known among men of science. Carefully conducted experiments and ordinary occurrences have proved this time and again. For example: Two people are sitting in a parlor talking about various topics, when one exclaims: 'Have you seen Mr. Brown lately? I haven't seen him for a month.' The other is about to reply when, who should pass but Mr. Brown! The matter is generally dismissed without further comment. Again, two friends have not corresponded for months. Finally, one sitting alone one night decides to write to the other. At the same time the second one is seized with the same idea; they write, the letters pass each other on their respective journeys in the mails, and reach their destinations at the same time. They both are about the same. The average man would call this *coincidence*, but the coincidence theory is often more complicated than giving the credit to telepathy.

"Clairvoyance is another example of what we term the 'sub-conscious' powers. The clairvoyant is asked to 'see' for a person. He closes his eyes and before his mental vision floats a picture that he interprets as meaning something, as yet to transpire, generally. One after another of these visions come and go until the seance is ended. As time passes, some of them come true. To attempt to explain these things from a scientific standpoint is folly. We know that many of them are genuine, some are frauds. But the desire for occult knowledge has ever given man the impetus—provided his temperament is of the right kind—to delve into the hidden and ferret out what he can of the secrets of life.

"Hypnotism is as wonderful as these and far more useful. Clairvoyance often fails; telepathy would do no particular good to the busi-

ness man, but hypnotism has a field of its own that is broad and useful. In surgery it can be seldom used; not because it would not be of benefit, but because of the difficulty of using it for purposes of that nature.

"The audience before me have gathered here for the purpose of seeing the demonstrations of this wonderful thing—hypnotism. It approaches the standpoint of a science more than any other occult study. You will see the amusing side of hypnotism tonight. It is necessary to present that phase in public because the scientific demonstrations would soon grow wearisome to the mind of him seeking entertainment and recreation. But I wish you all to bear in mind the fact that, as a therapeutic agent, hypnotism has no equal in nervous disorders. The functions of the body are under the direct control of the mind through the agency of the nervous system, the duty of which is to regulate these functions. The mind, in turn, is controllable by suggestion. I do not say that everything we do is promoted by suggestion, but suggestion has a great deal to do with the shaping of the affairs of our life. In our waking state it is a potent factor. In our sleeping state, with the ordinary faculties at rest, it is much more powerful, as it then acts directly upon the *subconscious*, or *motor*, brain of man and thereby touches the *power-house*, or the central station of the nervous system.

"Suggestion is more of an art than a science, for the things that may work admirably as suggestions on the mind of one would ingloriously fail on another. But suggestion, if properly used, will win its point. For example, I will call your attention to an ordinary little scene that is enacted every day in every town and city and village of the country: Mrs. A. is going up town to see if she has any mail in the postoffice. On her way there, she meets Mrs. B. They exchange greetings, and Mrs. A. asks of Mrs. B. what she has been buying. Mrs. B. shows her some article of household value and remarks that 'there is a sale on them, and this is the only day that they will be sold for 49 cents!' Whereupon Mrs. A. hurries to the postoffice, gets her mail and goes to the store and purchases her article. She did not intend to buy anything when she started out, but the suggestion was presented to her, she grasped it and acted upon it immediately.

"It is this power of suggestion that the hypnotist uses. True, he does not alone use verbal suggestions, but he suggests through all the senses. The more senses impressed, the greater the force of the suggestions and the longer their effects will last.

"If you will look at dream phenomena a moment, the fact that the hypnotized subject accepts the suggestions that he is a butterfly does not appear so strange after all. A person will become restless in the night, he will toss about until the covers have been thrown off him, and he will become chilly as the fires die out toward morning. Invariably he will dream of wading through snow, or of being in some very cold place. Without waking, he will reach down and pull the covers over himself, and his dreams are again peaceful. This is an example of his dual consciousness. His dream-mind is the one that accepts the suggestions of the hypnotic operator. The only difference between the natural and the hypnotic sleep lies in the fact that, in natural sleep, the conscious mind

has become inactive without being in harmony with another mind; in hypnotic sleep, the opposite is the case; the senses are utilized by the subconscious mind and, instead of their becoming dulled, they are intensified.

"The cures wrought through the agency of hypnotism are, to say the least, often wonderful. Many of the diseases of mankind are imaginary. The mind becomes diseased and the body will be no better unless the trend of the thoughts is changed. Hypnotism will often affect this cure.

"In this evening's entertainment, I will ask a number of ladies and gentlemen to step upon the stage and submit to a few hypnotic tests. I do not want you up here to make *fools* of you. I will not misuse any of you, and I can assure you that there is no danger whatever of weakening your mind. I would ask about twenty to step upon the platform. *Remember, there is absolutely no power in hypnotism.* If you intend to come upon the platform for the sole purpose of showing your friends that your mind is powerful enough to withstand my *influence*, I would ask you not to come. If you do *your* best toward being hypnotized, I will do all *I* can. Should I then fail, it is no one's fault.

"Besides those who will come up for the purpose of being hypnotized, I would ask one or two physicians and as many other business or professional men to step upon the stage at the same time and examine the subject, who is still sleeping in the casket. I will awaken this subject, who has slept ever since last evening. Then I will proceed with the entertainment."

I pause; no one moves, several shift about uneasily in their seats. There is an awkward silence. It is best that this should fall upon the audience. When I speak again, I will get some volunteers. It is the power of suggestion. The audience dislike this silence; it is oppressive, horribly so.

"There are over twenty chairs here waiting to be filled by as many people. If two or three will start, more will follow. You are right among your home people; it is almost like a parlor entertainment, except that it is upon a larger scale. Come now, there is no need of this pause."

There is another silence which lasts about ten seconds; then two young men in the front come forward. Before they are upon the stage, several more have started. Four of the prominent men are upon the stage to keep track of things and my chairs are soon filled. There is a general hum passing through the audience and I know that they are all interested.

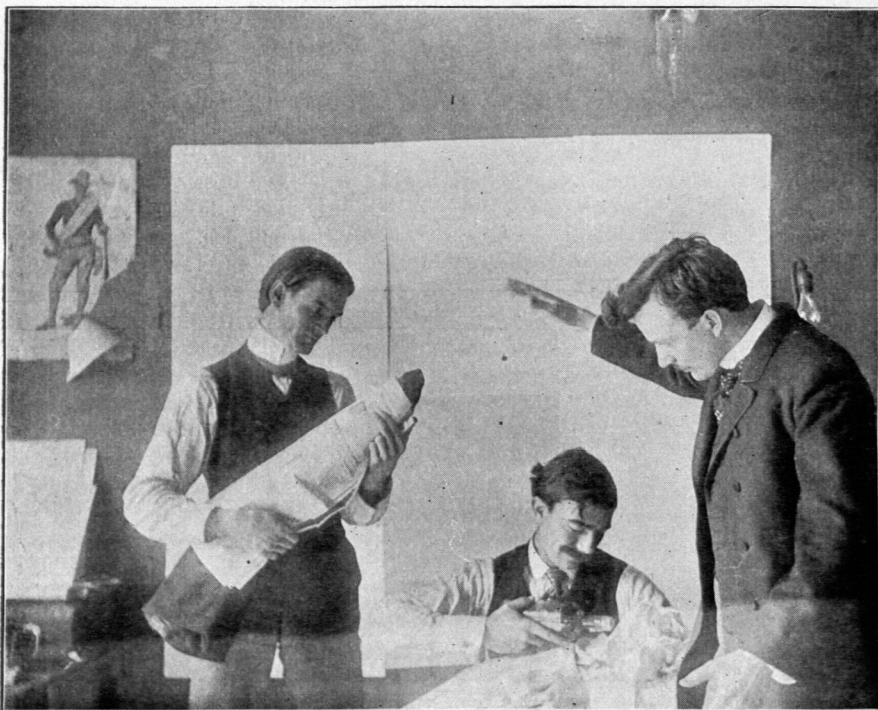
Every seat in the hall is taken; many chairs have been brought from adjoining furniture stores and placed in the aisles.

The hall is indeed well filled. The heart of the operator is always lighter when the "S. R. O." sign is out. It is not only due to the fact that there is a good house from a financial standpoint, but because there are enough present to appreciate the entertainment.

I step toward the casket, and lower the side. Albert lies there asleep. There are many nervous women who do not like this and I presume that many of the men feel a little nervous about it, as well.

Turning to the committee and partly to the audience in general I say, in a loud, even voice, "Now, gentlemen of the committee, I wish you all to make a careful inspection of this subject. Any test that is in reason you may impose. Here is a needle that you may run through his flesh at any part so that you do not puncture a large vein or artery. By lifting the eye-lids, you will notice that the eyes are not affected by the light. Study his physical condition carefully and when you are convinced that he is still asleep, I will awaken him."

Most of the subjects who have taken places on the stage turn about



NURSING RAG BABIES.

to take a look at the sleeper. The doctors look him over carefully, feeling his pulse and applying various tests. The proceedings cover about two or three minutes and at the end of that time, they pronounce the boy asleep.

"Gentlemen, do you believe that this is a case of deep sleep?"

"We do," returns Dr. Green, who has been appointed spokesman.

Stepping toward the forepart of the stage, and aside so that the audience has no difficulty in seeing, I say, in a deep, solemn voice, "When I

count *three* and snap my fingers, you will awake; you have had a long sleep and you will feel rested and refreshed. You will awaken slowly and will feel refreshed after it. Remember, when I count to *three* you will awake. Ready, *One, two, three!*"

For a few seconds, there is no move on the part of the sleeper, but he gradually awakens, rubs his eyes, yawns, and sits up. He looks around the hall, sees the many faces, as he has done many times before, gets up, makes a bow and retires back of the scenes to clothe himself in a costume that will do for the stage.

There is a general applause and the audience are now ready for the entertainment to begin in earnest.

I will, therefore, ask the student to pay particular attention to the methods I use and the system I have of changing the acts, of the manner I employ for keeping the minds of the audience occupied and without leaving a moment idle.

"Now, if you gentlemen sitting in the center of the semi-circle will kindly move your chairs so that you fill up that gap left in order that the sleeper could be awakened, I will be greatly obliged."

As the chairs are moved up, the casket is removed from the stage, as it would be an uninviting thing for the majority of the audience. Harris has had a man call for it and before the entertainment is half over, it will be on its way to the next town and will be in place by tomorrow morning.

All of the addresses of the hypnotic show should be made partly to the audience, whether the subject is the real one addressed or not for the audience want to hear and understand every phase of the show.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will try you as a class. I ask for your co-operation in this matter. With your aid, I can hypnotize many of you, but with your opposition, I can accomplish nothing. Sit erect, your feet on the floor, your hands palm down on your laps, your heads erect, your eyes closed and rolled back as soon as they are closed. I will count to five and when I say *five* I want you to make an effort to open your eyes; if they are closed, it is all right, and if they come open there is no objection. Keep your eyes closed and do not look to see if your neighbor is looking. Every one has his eyes closed now and keep them that way. I will count slowly, very slowly and when I say *five*, try your best to open your eyes. They are sticking tighter and tighter now. They are becoming faster and faster. Keep your attention on what I am saying. Don't let your mind wander. Your eyes are becoming tighter and tighter and when I count *five* you will find that they are so tight that it is impossible to open them. Your eyes are very tight now and they will not open. *One*, tighter and tighter, closed very tight; *two*, you cannot open them; they are tight, very tight; *three*, try hard when I say five, but they will not open; *four*, very, very tight, in another second, they will not open. *Five!* They are tight, try as hard as you can; they will not open."

Out of twenty-three up on the stage, seventeen have found it impossible to open their eyes. Of course, many of these were subjects I had tried. But with seventeen subjects, the best entertainment possible

can be given. But I believe that I can get even more and the more I have the greater will be the enjoyment on the part of the audience.

"When I snap my fingers, your eyes will open all right!"

I snap my fingers and the eyes are all opened, some easily and some with great difficulty. I will now try them again.

"Now, I want you all to do the same thing again. Close your eyes and *all* of you will find them closed this time. Roll them back just as you did before. There is nothing to be afraid of. Now, that's right. You are feeling drowsy, every one. That is the reason your eyes stick. You are in want of sleep. You are drowsy, very drowsy. When I count to *four* this time, your eyes will be stuck; every one of you will find that it is impossible to open your eyes. *One*; your eyes are sticking tighter and tighter; *two*, you cannot open them; *three*, they are very, very tight and you are all sleeping. *Four! You cannot open them. Sleep!*"

And this time only two open their eyes. I can see that there is no use trying these two. They can stay upon the stage if they wish and watch operations close at hand.

I wish to add, to the student, that this is not an average number of subjects to get. But with the audience I have taken, and combining this with the fact that I have been in town for nearly two days, I have had every opportunity possible to *work up* subjects and become popular. That is the reason I have so many good subjects. Every one is genuine.

I will give the first test to them as a class. My reason lies here: If the show is started in reality with a good act, the interest of the audience is with me through the entire performance; if it is started with an act of little importance, it takes time to work up the interest of the audience and get them enthused. I have started out with acts so far that have given me the rapt attention of every one present. I have the attention of the entire audience. As an entertainer it is my duty to hold their attention and interest. That is part of the art of conducting an entertainment of any kind. The ability to hypnotize is really small when all other things are taken into consideration. There is always an opportunity on the part of the hypnotist to work up a number of subjects in a town. Even if he does not, there will always be enough good subjects on the stage when the call for volunteers has been made, so that the hypnotist does not have to fear the outcome of his entertainment. The main object always is the entertainment of the audience, and that point must ever be kept foremost. In starting out, the audience are more interested in the process of putting the subjects under the "influence" than they would be in anything else. It is the natural opening of an entertainment and must follow the little speech the operator makes at the beginning of his show.

As I have stated, I will start out with an act that will capture the house. When this act has ended, I will be at liberty to go into various branches of the entertainment which would appear a trifle annoying at the outset.

Turning to the subjects, I say, "Now, close your eyes."

They obey. I may find that half a dozen of these subjects are not somnambulists, in which case they would not obey the commands given them later on, or when they are asleep.

"Now, sleep, all sleep. You are going to forget your surroundings entirely. You will find that, as you go sounder and sounder to sleep, your eyes will be stuck tightly. You cannot open them. It is useless to try. Sleep, sleep soundly now, and when you awake you will all be in a passenger coach on the B. & O. The road will be very rough, but you will all be feeling first rate; you will feel good. I am going to have a conductor, a porter, a brakeman, a newsagent, and the rest of you will be passengers. Of course, when the train is well on its way, the conductor will collect fares and the brakeman will call out the stations. *Sleep, sleep; your eyes are stuck tightly, and you cannot open them. Sleep!*"

Some of them are sound asleep; others are on the *borderland*. It is impossible to get a group of subjects together like I have here and find that they will all respond to the same suggestions and to the same degree. There, on the extreme right, is a boy whose head has fallen away over. He is very sound asleep. Next to him, and with his head on his breast, is another sound sleeper. Then there are two who are not so sound asleep. In fact, they are thinking about their eyes and I have noticed that they have tried in vain to open them several times. They will come out of the sleep and go into somnambulism at the command rapidly, while the others will be longer in coming out of their sleep and accepting the suggestions that I will give them.

It is by far better to make sure of the subjects where that is possible, so I will command them again and get them all sleeping as soundly as possible.

"Deeper and deeper to sleep. Sleep soundly, and when I count *five* and set my foot heavily on the floor, you will all open your eyes and you will be in the day coach of an eastern train. You are sleeping soundly now, but I am going to count to *five* and you will all be awake. *One, two, three, four, five! Awake and in the train!*"

About 50 per cent have responded readily and are looking about them. One is completely awake and a little dazed over his sleep. The rest of them come out of it more slowly, but they accept the suggestions and they are now ready for the further suggestions which will assign them to their respective posts.

"You," I say, turning to a boy of large stature, "are the conductor. The train will soon be on its way and you will have to go through the coach and collect the tickets and punch them, giving those back to the people who have to change cars. And you (to another) are the brakeman. Your duty is to call out the stations as we come to them. You will think of the names all right and you will sing them out so that all in the car can hear you without difficulty. And you (to a boy who seems to be rather sleepy) are the newsagent. I want you to take this basket and go through the train and sell as much as you can. You have evening papers, apples, fruit and books. Don't be afraid of crying your wares. That will be the only way you can sell them. You are the porter (to still another), and you will look after the comfort of the passengers.

"Now, when I snap my fingers, the rest of you will enjoy the scenery or talk, and the officials of the train will look after their respective duties.

I want you all to have a good time and make as much noise as you please. That is the only way to enjoy yourselves."

I snap my finger and the comedy is opened. The conductor immediately realizes that it is necessary to punch the tickets and he loses no time in going in and out among the passengers, asking for their tickets and punching them with an imaginary punch. The brakeman is up on his chair calling off stations which exist principally in his own mind. He is evidently not acquainted with road in question and he composes a list of names to suit his own convenience. The porter, a sedate-looking man who might be the deacon of a church, is very obliging and he does not miss an opportunity to make every passenger as comfortable as possible. Some of the passengers are busy talking, while others are looking out of imaginary windows, each one seeing something different. The newsagent passes up and down and does his best to sell his evening papers. Once in a while he tries to get rid of his apples or his books, but his paper trade is what is interesting him the most.

The audience is greatly amused and the whole house is literally shaking with laughter. The noise on the stage increases as that in the auditorium does, and there is as much noise as one would justly hope to find at a church social.

I find that I have all that I can possibly attend to in keeping the various members of the train load in "working order." For instance, the newsboy goes into a trance and stands near one of the chairs holding out his hand and looking blankly into space, blinking his eyes and swaying to and fro. It is very necessary to keep him active, and when I have him again yelling to the top of his voice, I find that the conductor is looking a little dreamy. Others are wide awake and do not trouble me in the least. The operator unacquainted with the work on the stage will find that his subjects act very differently and that he has all he can attend to in keeping the ball rolling and plenty—but not too much—life in the scenes.

Constant suggestions are necessary. Thus, I step in and out of the circle of subjects, touching one and then another, giving individual suggestions: "Now, keep wide awake; see, we are going through a tunnel now. Never been through a tunnel before? Keep awake, then. And you, hurry up and punch the rest of those tickets; there are several that you have missed. And sell those apples; you are getting too slow; first thing you know some one else will get some apples and fruit and books and start to sell them and you will be beaten out of your trade. That's right, you four talk and look out of the windows once in a while. There, you two girls mustn't get too excited or you will be tired by the time you get to Washington."

And so I have to keep it up, the audience seeing only the very funny side of the whole story. Some of my subjects are sleepy, while others evince too much life. It is hard to keep them all *working* smoothly. Some hypnotists do not look after these details enough and treat their subjects like so many automatons. This is due to rank ignorance on the part of the operator. A man or a woman brought up with any regard for humanity will go into the profession of stage hypnotism with a little heart and will take a great deal of care to see that no subject is left with the sugges-

tions of fright clinging to him. He will also look after the welfare of the sickly looking ones, who would fare ill were suggestions of extreme activity given them. There are many sides to the really successful entertainment, and the operator who possesses a little "horse sense" will look after these details.

Thus it is that my audience is entertained and my subjects are not abused. When the act is finished, I must see that every one comes out of his sleep without any ill effects.

"Now," I say, "when I snap my fingers we will have arrived at our station and you will all be at your destination. Gradually you will all fall back into a sleep and rest for a moment; then I will snap my fingers again and you will all wake up, not with a start, but feeling refreshed. *Attention, now!*"

I snap my fingers. The subjects look about them in a dazed manner, some looking at the imaginary depot, others looking nowhere in particular. Then, one by one, their heads drop and they are sound asleep. I let them rest a minute or two, or until I see that their excitement has all vanished, and I snap my fingers again. There is always a certain amount of surprise portrayed in the faces of subjects just awakened and this never fails to furnish additional amusement for the audience.

I have now presented an act which has taken me about ten or eleven minutes. I figure on presenting one similar in ten minutes. But the time always depends to a great extent upon the number of subjects I have.

I will now take two of the gentlemen and give the audience a treat from the standpoint of oratory. The hypnotic political speaker is always acceptable to an audience, and more especially if a dignified man can be induced to speak with all his might and main before a gathering of his fellow-townsmen.

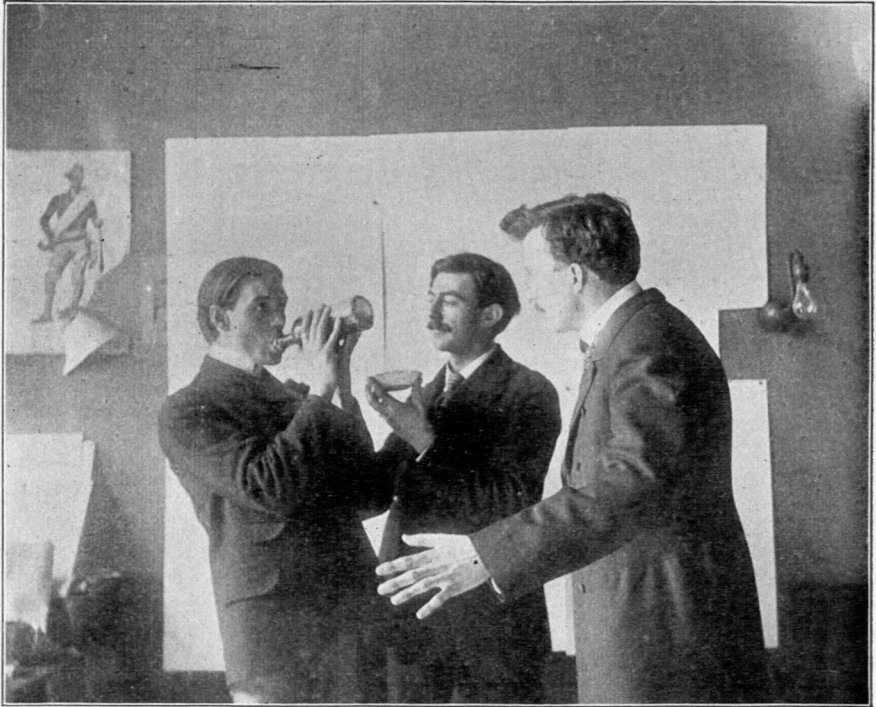
I pick out two who are good somnambulists and take them in front of the audience. The remainder of the subjects are in a semi-circle. I seat these two side by side and stand in front of them. Holding my forefinger in front of them, I soon have them in a sound sleep. Here is another point I wish the student to bear in mind—give as many methods as possible. It serves to give the audience a variety and it also deepens the mystery of the performance. The operator who has but one or two methods accomplishes but little in the eyes of the audience. Before his performance is half through, about half the audience are certain that they can produce the same effects if they had some one to work upon. Now, this is just what the operator must not allow the audience to think about. There must be enough interest on the part of the onlookers and enough to the show to cause that interest, so that the last thing they would think of would be how they might do the same thing, for the moment that thought creeps into their minds, that moment they begin to lose their real interest in the show.

My two subjects are soon sound asleep and I will awaken them as silver-tongued orators.

"The moment I pass my hands over your heads, you will awaken and be orators. The world has never heard the like before. Before you are thousands of people all anxious to hear your oratory. They are eager to

greet you. This gentleman (touching one of the sleepers) is an orator on temperance and the other is a lecturer on political corruption. He is against all existing institutions that are under political control and he will denounce them with all his might. Now, remember, you must both talk, and at the same time, as you have never talked before. The audience will be able to understand you both. Neither one must pay any attention to the other."

I pass my hands over their heads and they are on their feet almost immediately. How they do talk! It is not necessary to tell them again for they are drowning each other, as it were, in the deluge of sound that



DRINKING MEDICINE.

each pours forth. This is just what the audience wish to see and they greet it with shouts of laughter. I sometimes wonder if passersby do not think that the opera house has been turned into an asylum.

There is really no comedy half so funny as that in which people, who have always been rational, are before their fellows laboring under a delusion or hallucination, going through grotesque movements and in the earnest belief that they are genuine and that things could not be otherwise!

I allow the orators to talk a couple of minutes and I step up and snap my fingers before them vigorously. They are awake in an instant, and as they look about the house, dazed and wondering and, incidentally perspir-

ing, there is another burst of applause that would do justice to a prima donna.

But it is now time to have a number of the subjects passing out among the audience. That is a feature that tends to open a new avenue of merriment.

I will take four for this scene, having two pass down each aisle. They must be salesmen, and, to heighten the coloring, they must offer for sale something *impossible*.

"Now, if four of you gentlemen will kindly take these seats," I say, addressing my subjects and at the same time moving two more chairs forward, "I will be greatly obliged."

There is but little reluctance on the part of the subjects now. They enjoy it just as much as the audience and they rather like to pose as actors in any form before their fellow-citizens.

I seat them in their respective chairs and stand before them for a moment. Then I say, "I will pass before you and slowly count to *ten* and when I have reached the last number you will all be asleep. Your eyes will be fastened upon me as I pass before you. Now ready: *One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!*" And they are sleeping soundly.

I let them sleep a few seconds and then give them the suggestions. In giving suggestions, it is highly essential that the audience hear every word distinctly.

"When I say *three* you will all be salesmen. You (touching one) will have blackbirds and roasted snakes to sell. You are going to call your products as loudly as possible. And you (touching the next) will have little Indians to sell; you must get them sold quickly or you will have them all left on your hands, which would be very, very sad. You (to the next) will be a Hebrew rag peddler. Call for rags, old iron and old bottles as loudly as you can. And you (to the last) will be a fisherman trying to sell whales. You all have baskets and each one has his respective wares in his own basket. When I awaken you, two will start down each aisle of this great hall. Don't forget to cry your wares as loudly as you possible can. Hundreds of people are awaiting your arrival and you will have lots of good luck! Now, *one, two, three!*"

They awake, look about them for a moment in a dazed manner, pick up what they consider to be baskets and are soon down the planks and in the aisles. The Hebrew labors under a great load of rags and he lustily calls for a greater bundle.

"Rags, rags! Old iron, old bottles, rubbers, rags!" He calls as he passes a company of school girls who cheer him on and nearly go into hysterics over the fact that one of their school-mates should sink so low as to imagine himself a Jewish rag-peddler!

"Blackbirds, roasted snakes; only a few more left! Right this way, blackbirds and roasted snakes!" And side by side he and the ragman go down their assigned aisle, oblivious to their real situation.

"Little Indians, assorted Indians, right here; I've just got a few of 'em left! Little Indians; selling them cheap! Who wants a little Indian? Who wants to buy a papoose?"

And the dignified leader of a young men's church club goes through the audience with no thought of his future unhappiness that is sure to come when he is again a rational, thinking being. To see him, above all others, sets the audience wild with merriment.

"Fresh whales, come and buy my fresh whales; just caught this mornin'; fresh whales!" And the fisherman goes down beside the man with the young Indians, staggering under his heavy load of whales.

The mingled cries of "Little Indians!" "Fresh roasted snakes and blackbirds!" "Whales, fresh whales!" "Rags, old iron, bottles, rags!" produces a discord that is greeted with shouts of laughter from every one present, excepting the ones engaged in the sale of their imaginary wares.

But the audience must be treated to something different now, so I call out to those who have cried their strange assortment of goods and bid them come back, telling them that they have sold out. But they do not hear me; they are calling to the tops of their voices, so I find it necessary to go down among the audience and remind them that they are through.

As I step down the planks, or the "gangway" as it might be called, a new burst of applause greets me. I might add that there is always an additional interest evinced by an audience when the operator finds it necessary to go among them. Sometimes it is to get a subject and at others it is to bring one back whom you have already "got."

As I pass down the aisle after my venders, I notice a boy of about nineteen who looks very *self-conscious*. As I glance at him going down, I notice that he has given up to severe concentration. I know that he feels that all the audience were lower than he and looking directly at him. He is the subject who can be "fetched" with little effort, and, although I have enough subjects, it is to the end of entertaining the audience that I decide to get this one also. The matter has come before my notice within the fraction of a second, it might be said, and I have made up my mind while I am taking but one step. I pause directly opposite this boy, look at him sharply, make a rapid pass with my right hand before his face and say, "Hurry up, get up, come!" He is looking wildly at me, he arises and the applause that greets this new feature is immense. "Hurry and tell those boys that they have sold out and bring them back onto the stage." I go with him and remind the four salesmen that he is authorized to bring them back. They look at him blankly and follow. I allow the five to go before me and they are seated—with the exception of the new boy—by the time I am with them.

It will be quite in keeping with general events to make this new subject do something real funny before I go on with my performance with some of the others. So I take him before the audience and tell him that he is a cow. He gets down on his hands and knees and is soon eating grass; at least, he thinks that he is, which is far better. The three boys who were with him in the audience are laughing themselves hoarse, not alone at his present antics, but at the thought of the future fun they will have with him!

While he is thus busily engaged, I tell him that he will awaken when I snap my fingers and that he will then get up and take a seat with the

rest of the subjects. I snap my finger and he blinks his eyes and then looks sheepishly at the audience. The last he remembers was looking at me as I paused before him; the rest has been a blank and he racks his brain trying to ascertain what he was doing on the stage when he was awakened.

I will now take about eight of my subjects and have them pick strawberries. The strawberry act is as essential to the hypnotic show as the climax could be in the melodrama. It is a time-honored act that is looked forward to with interest. I might add that it is not alone the grotesque part that appeals to the audience, but it is the accuracy that is shown by the subjects in going through these various performances. They—the audience—seem to be unconscious that they enjoy this part, but it is the strict adherence to natural effects that really entertains them. Student, bear this point in mind, for it will serve you well in dealing with an audience: You will notice in writings, in speeches or in acting, those who succeed are they who come the closest to nature and natural effects. When we read something that appeals to us as particularly true of ourselves, we like that writing. Thus it is that the audience, seemingly thoughtless, admire anything that is true to nature and nature's effects.

As there is nothing in this next act that would reflect in any way upon a young lady, I will have three in this scene—the strawberry-picking party. When I have selected my eight, I ask them to draw their seats up in front, so that I can work upon them as a class. It is best to take a number like this and put them all "under" at once, as those who remained awake would be apt to refrain from their task were they to be put to sleep one at a time.

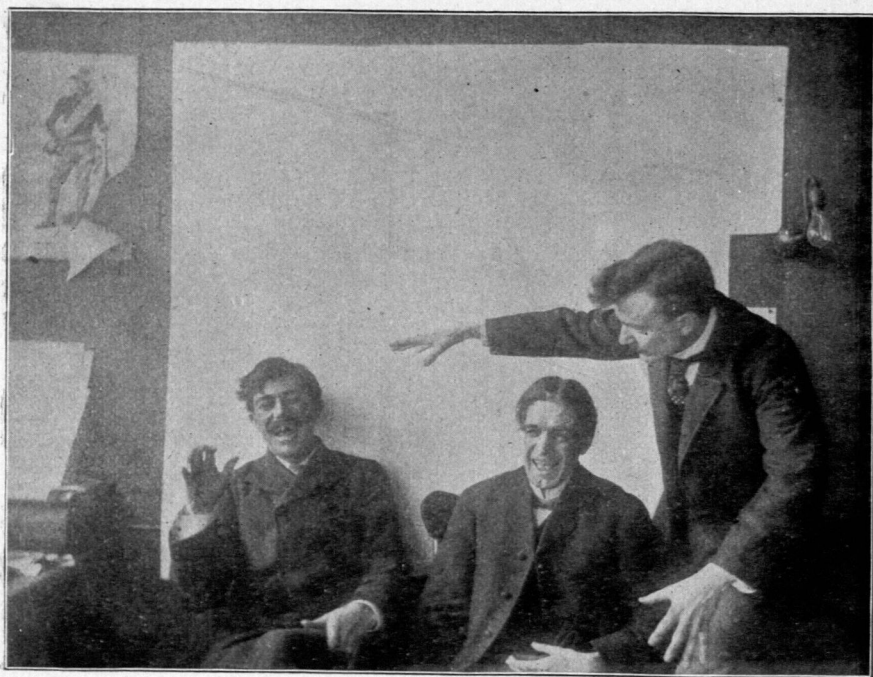
"I want you to watch my finger as I move it backward and forward. When I have moved it to the right the *seventh* time, you will all have to close your eyes and go right to sleep. Now, watch my finger."

I move it slowly from right to left and back again, standing so that the audience can see the movements. Everything is very quiet in the hall. It always is if the operator explains to the audience that it is necessary to have it quiet. Audiences are always polite if they are treated in the same manner. When I move my finger back to the right the seventh time, all their eyes have closed. Some of them have been closed since my finger returned to the right the third time and only two out of the eight have remained awake until the seventh time my finger returned.

"When I clap my hands *twice*, you will all awake and be in a field where there are lots of nice wild strawberries. You will immediately get down in the grass and commence to eat them. They will be there and the grass will be there; there will be a few stumps in the field, but you will look out for them. When I clap my hands *twice* you will awaken.

I pace backward and forward a couple of times to give them a good sleep and also to make the act a little more impressive than it otherwise would be. Then I clap my hands loudly—but only once! The audience look, expecting to see them awaken, but when they realize that they still sleep a little laugh goes through the house. They, in their waking states and in full possession of their conscious senses have *forgotten* that there were to be *two* claps, but the hypnotized subjects have not forgotten it

and there is not a move on their parts. I now clap my hands loudly *twice* and they all start. Some—the more active somnambulists—are on the floor in an instant, pushing aside the imaginary grass and eating the berries. Others take longer, while one girl shows a disposition to sleep. I repeat the suggestions to her loudly, but she has sunk into a lethargy. Here is a case in which the inexperienced operator will find his heart growing weak. These cases are rather frequent and must be treated “heroically.” That is, the subject must be brought to the waking state without delay or—well, there might be a bit of a sensation. These subjects,



EVERYTHING IS FUNNY.

although coming into prominence every now and then, are not met in every town. They would, likely, make long sleepers. If left alone they might come out of the sleep in half an hour or they might sleep a week. I believe that it is a constitutional weakness and I have noticed that those who act in this manner are usually pale, they *wobble* perceptibly when they are going into a sleep and they want to drop down limp and lifeless and seem to take on a condition of anaesthesia, which makes it very uncomfortable for the operator. But this is a phase of stage work that will come before

every operator and I must deal with it as a part of the instruction to the aspirant to stage honors.

First, I must draw the attention of the audience to the berrypickers. I will give them suggestions so that their acts are sufficiently funny to keep the audience in good humor; then I will work upon my sleep-laden subject and bring her out before any one really knows that anything has transpired.

"See," I call to my subjects; "there are some monkeys picking strawberries with you. They are very funny and you will have to stop and laugh every few moments. Now, pick the berries with them!"

And the audience are taken, completely captured by the funny antics of the pickers.

I now step to the sleeper and say to her sharply, "This chair is getting very warm, you will have to move; it will be impossible for you to stand it much longer; it is getting *hot, very, very hot*; this chair is getting hot and *when I snap my fingers it will be so warm that you will wake right up, wide awake.*"

I repeat these suggestions, giving them tone and intensity. It is not the best thing to do, I will admit, this working so directly upon the nervous system of my subject, but I must do something to awaken her, and these forcible suggestions will do it. She squirms from time to time and is getting uneasy. She tries to shift her position, but I give her no opportunity whatever. I keep up my suggestions until I see that the time is ripe for the snapping of the fingers, so I snap them loudly in front of her eyes, *one, two, three* times! She blinks and opens her eyes and looks wildly round.

"You are all right," I assure her; "now keep wide awake; take a few good breaths and you will feel all right." And I snap my fingers again and she wakens with a start. These subjects will often pass from the deep sleep into a state of active somnambulism. Their condition will so closely resemble the waking state that the operator will believe that they are all right unless he is accustomed to dealing with this class of people. Should he leave them alone, they will almost immediately pass into a state of sleep and he will have it all to go through with again, which is not pleasant, especially before an audience. Violent suggestions, therefore, are the best. That is, suggestions that act with force directly upon the nerves.

I have my subject awake and make her change seats, going to the opposite side of the stage. She is soon all right and is talking with one of the others and watching the antics of the subjects on the floor. When she starts in to laugh heartily I know that she has passed from under the cloud completely and that there is no danger of further trouble, so long as I do not try anything else along the lines of hypnotism with her, and I am quite positive that I will not!

The audience have paid but little attention to this subject. They have been busy watching the boys and girls—yes, and men—who are picking the delusive strawberry and having a good time with the monkeys.

"Now, I want you all to get good handfuls of strawberries and then turn around this way and eat them."

They obey and are soon heaping their hands full of the fruit which cannot be seen by others, but which is so real to themselves. When they

have gotten their hands full, they turn and are facing the audience, some of them seated and others stooping. They present a grotesque sight as they hold their hands before them, waiting for the permission to eat the fruit.

"Now, you can all eat your berries just as fast as possible and try to see who can eat his the fastest."

When they believe their mouths are full, I say, "My, but those berries are sour; I don't see how you can eat them. But you are going to eat them even if you do have to make faces over them."

Then their faces are puckered; some seem to enjoy the sour taste, while others squint and make terrible faces over the job. Truly, one cannot blame the audience for laughing, and even though I see this class of procedure right along, night after night, day after day, I can see the funny side of it. Again, it is so "true to nature," as the average man would express it, that the audience are mightily pleased over the sight. I can see many in the audience with wrinkled faces, unconscious of their imitation; doing the same thing that the subjects are—obeying the laws of suggestion!

While they are in these very funny attitudes, I advance and snap my fingers before them several times and they awaken, most of them still wearing the grimaces that were caused by the extremely sour fruit. And they look about them, first at the audience, then into their empty hands, then upon the stage and then at each other, dimly realizing that something has transpired, but not knowing exactly what it is.

How many times have you, students, when children, awakened in the night-time or in the morning, wondering where some toy or some candy has gone to; something, in fact, which you possessed in dreamland only and which has gone from your grasp—how many have done this very thing? Slowly the picture fades, the mind works in vain to hold the fleeting memory and it vanishes! There is a blank, a wondering what it is all about and finally the active conscious mind introduces something new and the phantom has faded! I have known children to be cross all day because they have had a shadow of this memory and wanted to know what it was they wanted! A strange complication, to be sure, but it is common among children and sometimes happens among grown people. So it is with these subjects. At first they missed something; their environments were gone, their strawberries had gone and a sour taste in their mouths was leaving. They tried to retain a knowledge of something, but it slipped away from them, and the laughter of the crowd was of little consequence to them. Then it grated on their ears; their attention was drawn to the auditorium and then they realized that they were—well, dupes! And all this took but the interval of ten seconds!

One by one they get up and take their seats, feeling a little ashamed, perhaps, but enjoying it for all that. There are many people who find much fault at their fellows being "made fools of" by a stranger, or at a "weaker mind being controlled by a strong one!" which, to the mind of the psychologist might appeal or might not appeal. These subjects are *not* duped into coming upon the stage. They are not forced; they come of their own free will and are at liberty to go at any time. True, the work

that is seen in the average hypnotic show is not illustrative of the highest type of psychology. But it has its mission and it always will have—or until people have been educated to that point wherein they can utilize the mental forces in every-day life. The hypnotic show starts many people to thinking; it brings forth advocates and bitter enemies. Opponents are always necessary; if there were none, the world would be a much blinder place than it is at the present time. When opposition is created toward any study, the false is bound to be weeded from the true in time, the radical will be eliminated and that which will be of some aid to humanity will remain.

Now, it will be well to use most of the subjects. Of course, the girl who recently gave me the trouble will be excused, and, so that she will not feel slighted, I have placed her back with three others, who are not good subjects. I want the best somnambulists for this next act, which is to be the balloon ascension. Half of my subjects will be on the ground among the spectators and the other half will be in the balloon. Many things must necessarily happen or the work of sending the aeronauts skyward will be of no avail.

I arrange them in two sections. The section over to the right will be the party to ascend; those to the left will be the spectators. I have instructed them all to look at a wand which I hold. It is a good idea to work in the wand, as it lends a little more local color to the majesty of the hypnotist.

As I wave it, I tell them that the party on the right-hand side will find themselves in a balloon when I allow them to cast their eyes from the wand; the other party will look at the balloon as it swings upward into the clouds. Thus I suggest:

"As I swing this wand you are forgetting all about your surroundings; you are being transported and when you come back to environments, they will be entirely changed and you will find yourselves in the two different parties in which you were before the change took place, those on the right hand being in the basket of a balloon which is rapidly rising. You will not feel it until I tell you to look, then every one of the balloon party will grasp the sides of the swaying balloon and look down on the left, and this party in turn will look up at their friends who are in the balloon. You are all watching this wand as I wave it and when you come out of this trance in which this wand has placed you, you will find things as I tell you. Watch the wand closely now and when I swing it downward with force and then stop it, you will see sparks fly from it; then things will suddenly change and you will be in the two parties, the one at the right up in the ascending balloon and looking down at the vanishing crowd and town and the other party on the ground looking upward at the rising balloon party!"

I have spoken with force; I have been swinging the wand from side to side with a rhythmic movement. As I stop speaking, I bring the wand downward with a sudden jerk and the subjects blink their eyes and look around. Immediately the crowd on the right grasps at the sides of the car of the balloon. Some—who cannot accept suggestions of something where there is nothing—grasp chairs and others take hold of the *thin air* and look cautiously over. The crowd to the left are looking upward, some

waving their hands and others standing open-mouthed, gazing at the vanishing balloon.

This is something new to the audience. I am repeating what I have advocated to my students, and that is *variety*. Here the audience have seen some seventeen subjects put directly into the somnambulistic state without taking them through the stages of sleep. To the thinker there is herewith presented much food for thought. To the man who believes in the work, there is room for much wonder. He sees these subjects placed in somnambulism and he does not understand it. So, I repeat, always figure on taking the audience by surprise. Give them something new and your success is far greater. The hypnotist with the true heart of the entertainer will not stop at getting his hall filled, but when it is filled, he will use all his art to entertain and to instruct through that entertainment. If he is really interested in the deeper branches of psychology he will make his hypnotic entertainment a *school* and while his audience laugh, they will learn and later it is even possible that they will realize the wonderful power of suggestion and some of them may apply it in their ordinary routine.

I step toward those who are supposed to be in the balloon. "You are getting up higher and higher; soon you will not be able to see the crowd beneath you and it is getting cold away up there, very cold."

They grasp the suggestions at once and they are straining their eyes looking down the dizzy heights. When I say that it is getting cold, they commence to shiver and their teeth chatter. The boys button their coats and the girls try in vain to pull their scant collars over their ears.

Now I turn to the crowd watching the ascension. "You can scarcely see the balloon now; it is high, nearly out of sight. Keep track of it as long as you can."

They are looking upward and swaying from side to side, trying to catch a glimpse of the disappearing balloon.

Turning again to the aeronauts, I tell them that they are in the clouds and that they can wash their hands and faces if they so desire. They immediately commence to busy themselves with washing in the clouds and their earnestness brings forth new applause from the audience.

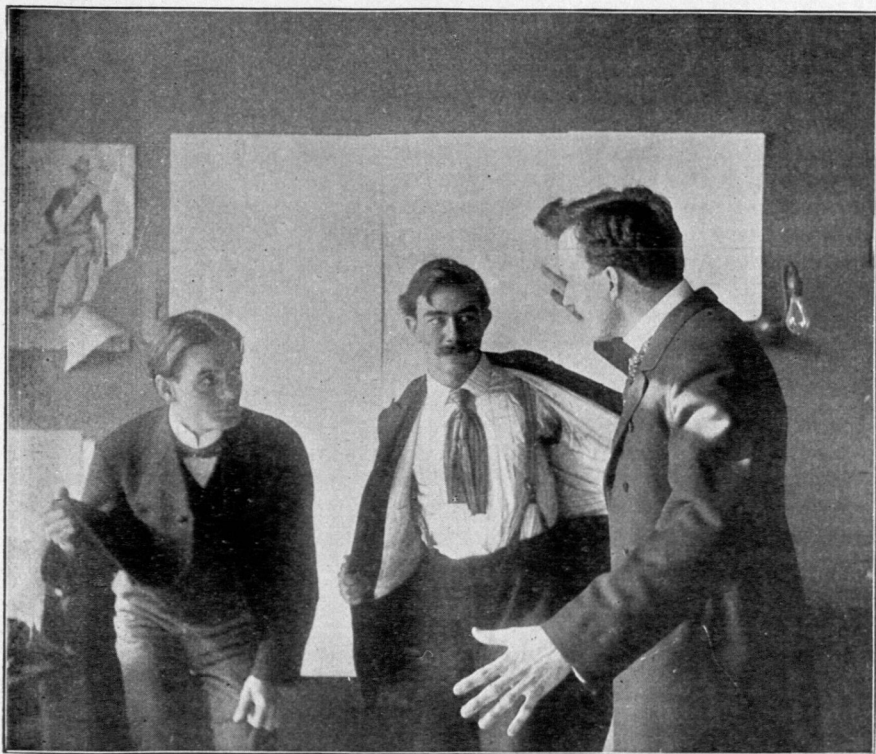
When they have finished washing, I tell them that the balloon is descending rapidly. "Look out, now, for when it strikes it will shake you all unless you stand on your toes. Do this and you will avoid the shock." They are on their toes at once and I now turn to the others and address them thus: "Here the balloon is nearly down; it will be on the ground in another minute. The occupants have been away up in the clouds and when they come a little closer I want you all to cheer them and welcome them back! Now, *one, two, three, hurrah!*" And cheer after cheer shakes the house as the balloon comes down and the two parties meet as I say, "Here they are! Now, you, look out for the shock and you will land in a minute!"

There are some very expectant faces as they strike the earth and then the two parties meet with a cheer.

To them the ride has been realistic. They have not cared for the audience; they have seen the crowd, but they have not taken the trouble to *reason* why they were there. Consequently, they have enjoyed their ride and the others have enjoyed watching them.

"Now you are all statues," I say and they immediately become cataleptic, retaining the positions in which the suggestion found them. I step forward and snap my fingers. They awaken and look at the audience in a wondering manner. There is always merriment in the audience when a subject is awakened. They like to see the blank look on his face and the "nothing-to-say" expression that he has shortly after his awakening! And the amusement is always heightened when the number awakened is larger.

When they have recovered from their surprise somewhat, I motion them to their seats.



CLOTHES ON FIRE.

I will now take one—I have him in mind, a Mr. Williams—and bring him before the audience as an elocutionist; at least, I will make him think that he is, while the audience will likely have a different opinion of the matter!

In selecting one this way, especially where you want an especial one, you, as an operator, must always bear in mind that diplomacy is always the wisest plan to follow. For instance, should I turn to Mr. Williams and say, "I want you to come up here and be hypnotized," he would object, and I would not have him at all. I never saw the subject who would respond

willingly to a blunt request of that kind. There is too much of the element of failure in it to chance that mode of procedure.

Here, then, is the way I get Mr. Williams. It is like leading a lamb to the slaughter! "Now, I would like one, *one* gentleman to come forward. I have had you all as a class and it will be more interesting to have just one. Who will volunteer?" I do not wait for any one to come forward, but I make a start for a boy several feet away from Mr. Williams and reach out my hand for him. Mr. Williams, with the rest, looks on with interest. But before I touch the boy, I suddenly turn to Mr. Williams and say, "All right, thank you; I guess if you are seated it will be better," and I take him by the arm with my left hand and swing a chair out in the opening of the semi-circle with the other hand. Mr. Williams is taken by surprise. He might have objected otherwise, but it all happened so suddenly and in such a matter-of-fact way that he is out of his chair and before the audience before he thoroughly realizes the situation. He will not refuse now and I have him as my subject for the experiment. Mr. Williams is a man who likely has a store or is in business. He is about forty years of age and is a home-appearing man; just the man, in fact, who makes the best subject for anything of the kind.

"Now, you will close your eyes, Mr. Williams," I say, and I pass my hand over his face, stroking his forehead as I do so. "Your eyes are getting tighter and tighter, and you will not be able to open them. There, they are perfectly tight now." And I remove my hand from his eyes. He tries to open them, but it is of no avail. The audience greet him with a hearty cheer.

"When I say *ready*, Mr. Williams, you will no longer be yourself, but you will be a little boy of seven and you will be in the school-room on the last day of school. You have learned your little piece, 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' and you will open your eyes, get up before the audience, make your little bow and speak your piece. Remember, you will be only seven years old and you will not be able to speak plainly. Now, *Ready!*"

Mr. Williams opens his eyes and looks blankly around him. He sees the audience, but no longer as a man would see it. He is a little boy, and he arises, holding his clasped hands in front of him and wearing a very foolish expression for a grown man!

He walks reluctantly before the audience and makes his bow, a bow that would do justice to a little boy, but a very funny thing for a grown man to do. The audience go into convulsions of laughter over it and before he has started to speak, they are wild with enthusiastic excitement.

"Now hurry up, Robby," I say; "your name is Robby now and they are waiting for you to speak. Hurry up! You know the piece—'Mary Had a Little Lamb'"—and he catches my words:

"Mary had a little lamb, a little——"

Mary had a lamb and it was white as snow and everywhere,

That Mary went, and everywhere that Mary went, went——"

And he is biting his fingers and looking down, trying to recall the words. But it would make but little difference if he did recall them. The audience are merry, very merry and the very hall shakes with their laughter!

"That will do for the piece. You did very well, Robby. But," I say, passing my hands before his eyes, "You are no longer Robby; you are Madam Squeeba, the great singer, noted in all parts of the world. You are going to sing now, and you must sing to the top of your voice. You have a very beautiful voice and you are dainty; yes, a very dainty woman. Hurry up and sing! Let me see, 'A Hot Time' is your song; it is classic, very classic. Hurry up and sing, the great theatre is packed and waiting for you!"

Mr. Williams blinks his eyes, moistens his lips and trips lightly toward the footlights. What a funny sight, this full-grown, well-matured man, believing that he is a dainty woman with a voice like a lark!

He swings from side to side a few times, clears his throat a few more times and commences to rend the air with a horrible production of that old familiar song, if song it can be called—"There'll be a hot time," etc.! How everybody does laugh. Some of the people cover their ears in a suggestive manner, but Mr. Williams never smiles. He keeps right on singing until I think he has accomplished enough and I snap my fingers before his face just as he is getting in the "M-y B-a-b-y!" He starts and looks foolishly at the audience, who shout and laugh all the louder. I fancy that Mr. Williams doesn't enjoy the scene, but he has gone through it and the wisest thing to do is to make the best of it.

Now, student, a word as to why I chose Mr. Williams: It was not merely because he was a rather somber, quiet-looking man, but because he was a good subject and an excellent, active somnambulist. Besides, his age was greatly in my favor, for the act he was to go through would appear more ridiculous for a man of his age than it would were a boy of fifteen to go through it. I had noticed him in some of the other acts and knew that he was well adapted for the one through which he has just gone. Always keep an eye open for these things. You know your programme before you start. Of course, you will see opportunities of working in many little things additional, but on the whole you have a good idea just what you will present, having a certain number of subjects. All of the acts I have given could be given with but three or four subjects. But the more the operator has, the better the show, for he can vary his acts and assemble more in a good act than he could were his numbers smaller.

Mr. Williams has gone back to his seat now and I will present for the next act a case of anaesthesia. As I stated when I was preparing my subject for the window, I always take care to have my needles antiseptic. There is no need of running chances. There might be such a thing as one of the subjects being in a bad condition physically, in which case a little rust on the needle might produce blood-poisoning. I am always disgusted with these hair-brained youth who plunge into this thing with an idea that they change the subject from something human to something inanimate and impose all kinds of things upon him. Such children should be restricted by law and kept off the stage and, in short, compelled to go out of business entirely, from the hypnotic standpoint.

In placing the subject in anaesthesia, the work must be done so that it is presented to the audience as a scientific demonstration and not as an act of cruelty. There will be many who object to such proceedings strenu-

ously, but the operator can always overcome all opposition if he demonstrates to the audience that he is doing this in the interest of science. Here it will be wise to have a doctor come upon the stage; or two or three would be still better.

So I step forward and say: "Will two or three of the physicians present step forward and examine my next subject? I wish to present the scientific side of hypnotism and physicians are the most competent judges when it comes to matters of this kind. Don't be backward, gentlemen; two, three or four or half a dozen—as many as there are present. Kindly step up on the stage."

The doctors respond readily enough, and I have three of them up on the stage before any time has been lost. I will now take two of the boys and place them in anaesthesia and when they are thoroughly hypnotized I will proceed to demonstrate to the doctors—which is the most direct way of demonstrating to the audience—the possibilities of hypnotism in a therapeutic sense. The medical side of the subject should always be shown to the audience, as it tones down the lighter sides and gives the spectators something over which to feel sober. Too much laughter at one time must be avoided; it becomes very tiresome to the audience and they grow weary of it. But, by adding a little of the serious side, they will fully appreciate anything funny that is given them afterward.

I call two of the boys forward and they are placed in somnambulism while they are standing. I now seat them side by side and tell one to go sound to sleep. When his head is away down on his breast, I take the other one in hand in this manner:

"As I rub your arm, all the feeling will go out of it, the circulation will decrease, you can feel nothing, all the feeling has gone. Now, I want you to tell me when I touch your arm." I hold my hand aloft, but do not lower it. The subject's eyes are tightly closed. "Did you feel that?" "No," he answers in a whisper. This time I touch him gently. "Did you feel that?" "No," he again says, and I touch him harder and harder, finally pinching him severely, but he feels nothing. His arm has a chalky appearance and the doctors are deeply interested.

"You will feel nothing whatever in that arm until I tell you that you will. All the feeling has gone. Of course, I am not going to do anything to your arm but keep it without feeling, so that you will rest. Now, sleep soundly, sleep."

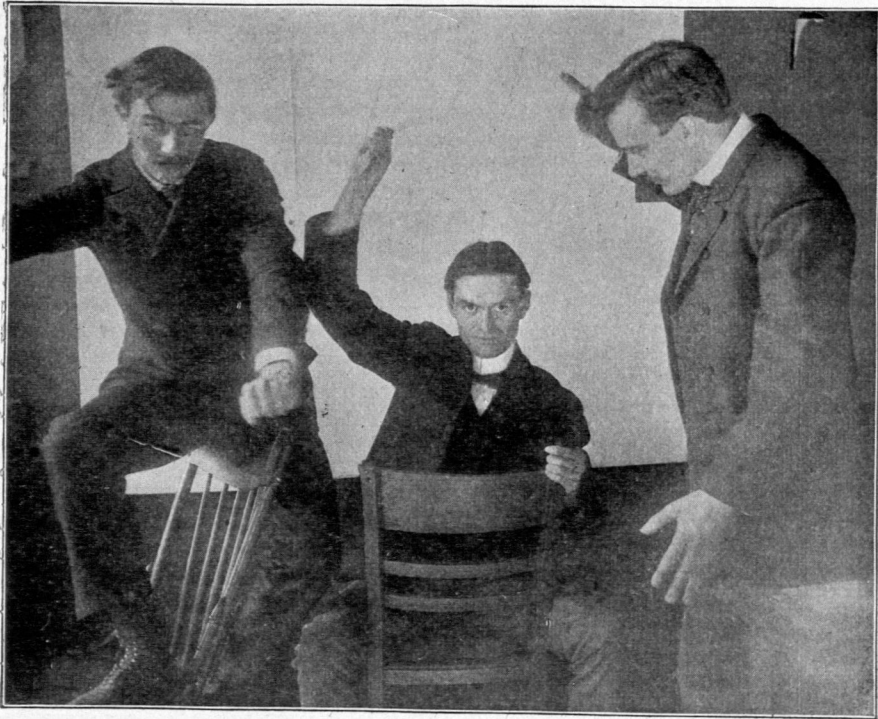
I take the bottle in which my needles are placed and, taking the largest needle out, I run it through the fleshy part of the arm. There is a perceptible squirm on the part of many in the audience, but the boy is insensible to pain. I take his hand and hold his arm out straight, so as to assure the doctors that I have placed nothing under his arm to stop the circulation. The physicians feel his pulse and find it very low. This statement I have them make aloud, so that the audience will hear it distinctly. Stepping forward, I address the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen: This boy is insensible to pain. There is no more pain in this to him than there would be were his arm made of wood. I do not do this to show you the cruel side to hypnotism, but to demonstrate to you the possibilities it has in surgery. Many operations are per-

formed in this manner and they are always successful. Where hypnotism can be used in surgery, it is far better than an anaesthetic of a material nature, for in hypnotism there are no ill effects left; nothing in the system that will injure the health or well-being of the subject."

I again turn to my subject and draw out the needle. One very small drop of blood comes out and I drop the arm of the subject. No more blood flows.

"Isn't that peculiar?" says one physician to the others. They admit that it is, and are very busy examining the patient's heart-beat, his pulse and the puncture in the arm.



THE HORSE RACE.

"Now the feeling is coming into your arm. Nothing whatever has happened to it. You will feel no pain on regaining the feeling in that arm. There will be nothing out of the ordinary. The arm will feel all right."

As the pink color comes back into the arm, the physicians again feel the pulse and are surprised to find it normal. I will now take the same subject and produce anaesthesia in his face. Rubbing his right cheek gently with my hand I suggest that the feeling has all left his cheek and test him as I did with his arm. The feeling soon leaves and I take my needle and run it through his cheek. Again the doctors examine and again they pronounce their surprise. But I must give the audience something

about this that has the element of humor in it, so I produce anaesthesia in the faces of both and tell them that they will open their eyes but will feel no pain whatever when I sew them together.

When they are on their feet with their eyes open, I take a needle and white thread and sew their lips together—that is, I pass the thread through the lips of one and then through the lips of the other and there they stand.

“Here you are sewed together. It is very funny and you are going to have a good hard laugh over it, *Laugh, it's funny!*”

And as they burst out laughing at their peculiar plight, the audience is awakened from its chill and sees the funny side of the act. When they have had a laugh of a minute or so, I remove the stitches and give them powerful suggestions that they will feel nothing of it afterward and that there will be no blood at all. Seating them in their chairs, I put them to sleep and thank the doctors for the time and trouble of superintending the tests. As the physicians take their seats there is a loud applause and they naturally feel a trifle flattered. Besides, it serves as an advertisement for them and they lose nothing by obliging me.

The next act must be one of active somnambulism, so after I awaken these two subjects, I take two more boys and bring them forward.

In putting them to sleep, I will place them, facing the audience and looking at me. I stand a little to one side, so that they will be in full view of the house. “Look at me closely, don't let your eyes wander anywhere. You are no longer in the opera house; you are on the tops of two different stores and you are tight-rope walkers. When I tell you to walk you will find the long poles with which you are to balance yourselves at your sides and you will walk from one building to the other. You each have a rope, but they run parallel. Now, fasten your attention on me; you are tight-rope walkers; ready, get your poles, *walk, hurry, walk!*”

They each look around and grasp the imaginary poles. As they slide out carefully on their respective ropes, they look down with an expression that tells that they would rather be on the ground than in their dangerous positions. But they do bravely, balancing with great care as they go out over the street.

“Take great care,” I caution them. “See, below you are large crowds and there are the boys holding the ropes, so that you will be more steady. When you get a little farther out, you can do some of your best work, balancing on one leg, walking backward, etc.”

They obey my suggestions, but they look very funny going over the stage so carefully, their hands extended and tightly gripped onto something which does not exist.

When they get out a few steps, they start to balance on one leg and to get down close to the rope, one even lying upon the stage on his back, in the belief that he is upon the rope. He gets up very carefully and continues his feats. After they have had about two minutes of this professional exercise, I pass my hands before their faces and leave them staring blankly into space.

“Come, you are no longer tight-rope walkers; you are pugilists and you would like very much to strike each other, but the moment you get close enough to strike, you will be frozen solid; just as your hands are

raised and you feel certain that you will strike. You are very angry at each other. Rush now!"

They grit their teeth, clench their fists and start for each other with the avowed intention of doing bodily harm, but, just as they raise their fists ready to strike, they are thrown into a condition of catalepsy and cannot move.

"No, you don't want to strike each other. You are old friends who have not met for a long time. Shake hands, you are so pleased to see one another again."

Their hard features melt at once into smiles and they grasp each other's hands with a fervor that is seldom seen in every-day life. But while they are shaking, I again change their expressions and attitudes by saying:

"Here, there must be some mistake. You people don't know each other; you never did know each other. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves to make a mistake like this in a crowded depot?"

They lose no time in loosening their grips and turn with their backs toward each other and look extremely downcast, feeling heartily ashamed of themselves for their serious mistake. This increases the merriment of the audience and the other subjects on the stage.

"Don't feel blue. Cheer up. Why, here, Charley, this is your sweetheart. Come right over here and hug her."

I bring them directly in front of the footlights and, when they are in each other's embrace, I bring them back to consciousness and light and they look at each other in dismay and seek their chairs in downcast silence. Notwithstanding their remorse at having been so horribly duped before their fellows, those same fellow-creatures cheer them as the stars of the evening so far, and if there is any hard feeling on the part of these two subjects, it vanishes, because they realize the uselessness of it all. The subject on the stage may often experience many little things unpleasant, but he is so dazed when he comes from his subconscious playground that he is in no position to resent his situation to any great extent. But each subject has the opportunity to have the laugh on some one else and that is compensation, in the eyes of the average boy.

I will give these two subjects a rest, then, and take three others who will go through something quite as funny and which will be real refreshing to the two who have lately "starred."

I draw three chairs up in front and call three of the other boys. There is not much resistance on their parts and they are soon in the chairs ready to be placed in any state that I deem necessary for the welfare of the show.

In the average stage subject, the power of resistance is slightly subdued for the time being and he will submit to things on the stage that he never would countenance at any other time. Afterward, he may solemnly swear that he knew what he was doing all the time and that it was within his power to break away from the bonds that held him. Generally speaking, this latter statement is true. It is seldom that a subject does anything of this kind. There is that pleasantness to it that might characterize an opium smoke, although the effects are vastly different. I have known

some of my best subjects in my earlier days as a hypnotist who solemnly swear that Prof. Leonidas, or any other person, never had them hypnotized. Left alone, their reason gradually tells them that they did not have these hallucinations and they come to believe it. Just as one who has told a falsehood numberless times comes to believe it himself. On the part of the subject, he generally does not tell this as a falsehood, but he believes it slightly in the start and his reason does the rest. Which all goes to prove that the conscious and the subconscious are separated by a mighty gulf. In the case of the hypnotic subject on the stage, he does not care to resist and his resistance is very weak. This is caused partly by the power the suggestions have had on him and partly through the influence of being before an audience. It is much easier to be placed in a sleep than it is to resist and have the eyes of all in the hall turned upon you!

So it is that my three subjects come forward without any trouble and are soon fast asleep: I turn to the wings and get three straight pieces of wood; to the home-mind, I might present them as "broom-sticks," for such they are. They are part of my property and I carry them, together with several other little things that are of use in presenting the hypnotic show.

"I will count to *seven*, and when I have reached that number, you will awake and at your sides you will find fish poles. Before you is a large pool of water. At your sides, besides this log are cans of bait. I will expect you to bait your hooks and cast your lines into the water. Sleep now, deeply, and remember that when you awake, you will be fishermen."

As I say this, I slowly attach to each pole a long strip of knotted cotton cloth that hangs down about a yard; these are *fish lines*.

"*One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!*"

They are awake; they look about them and rub their eyes. Finally they remember the suggestions and they each grasp a pole. Then comes the task of putting on the bait, all of which is very funny, and when the lines are cast into the imaginary pool, there is much merriment and applause. Indeed, they are a queer-looking set of fishermen. How grotesque they are, sitting there with those heavy poles and those impossible lines! But they fish quite contentedly.

"See," I say, nudging one of the boys, "you have a bite. Hurry up and pull your line out, or you won't get that fish!"

The fisherman jerks at his line and the cotton goes sailing over his head. He nearly overturns his chair in his eagerness to grab the imaginary fish. But he finally has it and has taken it off, rebaited his hook and is again fishing. From time to time I give similar suggestions to them all and keep them fishing for a period of about two minutes.

So far, I have taken up about forty-five minutes. I still have an hour-and-a-quarter to give them in entertainment, which will all be taken up with new and novel features.

As it is always much more pleasing to awaken the subjects when they are in some act that is extremely funny, I bring them to consciousness—these three—just as they are settling down for another "bite"!

In the show the somnambulist always takes and holds the leading role. He is the real subject, so far as the interest goes, and he is the one upon whom the operator must depend. The cataleptic subject is always

essential in his place, anaesthesia is useful in its place, but the somnambulist takes up nine-tenths of the time, and the variety of the show must depend a great deal upon the variety of the "sleep walker's" acts that can be given. The others act more as "fillers" than anything else.

I will now take two subjects and give the audience the real "hypnotic jag," which, interpreted, means that I will cause two boys to become very drunk on water.

Here is an opportunity to present somnambulism in a different phase, so I take two boys and bring them before the audience ; or, properly, up



THE BARBER SHOP.

to the footlights so that the full glare of the light will fall upon them. I motion to Albert, who brings me two glasses of water and draws out a small table. As Albert appears, he is greeted with applause from the audience, who by this time look upon any one who is connected with the hypnotic show as a hero. Which all goes to prove that the mind of man is fickle!

"Now, boys, I want you to drink this water. It is nothing but pure water, but it is going to make you very drunk. You will not be sick nor will you destroy or overturn anything, but you will be gloriously

drunk. As soon as I snap my fingers you will be sober and you will be disgusted with liquor of any kind. Now drink the water. I will not hypnotize you, but you will be drunk very soon after you have swallowed the last of the water."

They pick up the glasses and drink slowly. As they do so, it is easy for me to see that they pass into somnambulism. The audience do not see this and they are again set to thinking. Here are two boys showing marked signs of intoxication. They were not hypnotized; they are getting drunk. How did it happen? That is just what I want them to think about. Not understanding hypnotism or suggestion, they fail to see how any one could be made drunk or to act drunk where there was no liquor or no hypnotism!

One of the boys is already happy. He looks foolishly at the audience, staggers a little closer to the footlights with an uncertain step and, running his fingers through his hair he shouts, "Whee! Hurrah! Come on fellows, hu-raa!" And, as he staggers backward and forward, the shouts of the spectators could not be outclassed.

The other boy is now awake to his duty and he is trying to dance. His antics are those exactly of a drunken man.

The thoughtful student might say, "Here are two boys; under hypnosis they are made drunk, they act like drunken men, they stagger and carry out their parts well. It appears to me that this is deductive reasoning. If it is, they must have been drunk before."

I will assume that these boys have never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor in their lives. In fact, I firmly believe that to be the case. The reason they act drunk is simple: *They are drunk!* I have produced the same condition in their minds, or, properly, in their brains, that would have been produced by an intoxicating beverage. The difference lies in the fact that, as soon as I snap my fingers they will be sober, whereas, if an actual material stimulant were there, the effect would not pass at the mere suggestion. Furthermore, it is a hopeless task to place an intoxicated man under hypnosis. He is almost certain to pass into a drunken sleep if he goes to sleep at all.

I judge that the boys have been "drunk" long enough, so I snap my fingers and they come out, one just pulling his fingers through his hair and the other leaning against a chair. When the dazed condition has passed they are thoroughly disgusted with their drunk. They are not disgusted with my procedure, but the thought that angers them is that there might ever be a possibility of their getting drunk. Had I left on their minds only pleasant remembrances of that affair they would, in the future, likely seek to bring about a repetition of the condition. As it is, there is left in their minds a wholesome disgust for intoxicating drinks. And hypnotism has thus scored another victory.

As they take their seats I address the audience. It is essential that the audience are addressed a few times during the evening's entertainment. The object is not to take up time, but to give them the impression that you are giving these tests for their benefit and not to please any whims of your own. They like to have you stop and explain a few little things here and there. It is instructive and it is entertaining.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I say, wiping my forehead with a handkerchief, for this is warm work in a crowded hall, "I wish to call your attention to a few peculiarities of the mind. Before you have been a varied number of subjects. I have put them through various performances and will put them through a great many more before the evening's entertainment is closed. You have seen mostly the funny side of the question. As an operator, I see the deeper side. I will illustrate: In these two subjects which I have lately had, you saw them only in their hypnotic drunk. Many of you will decry it as wrong; others have looked at it merely for its value as a laugh-provoking act. The real work of that little act lies deeper than you would believe. There is now implanted in the minds of these two young men a wholesome dislike for liquor. This incident will pass and will leave no impressions on their minds—that is, on the conscious minds, but their subconscious or sleep minds will hold the secret, and should temptation come in their path the suggested idea would awaken a *something* within them that would recall this incident and their present disgust for liquor.

"I will now take the subjects as a class and have them enjoy a banquet. I want you to watch the details. There will be many things funny, very funny, about it, but there is such a wonderful adherence to details that the mind of the thinking man or woman must necessarily be drawn to the act. I call your attention, therefore, to the details which will be herewith presented. The wonders of deductive reasoning will be made more apparent to you in this act than in any other. The subjects will believe that they are eating, they will be hungry and their hunger will be satisfied—providing it is not a real hunger. You may ask why it is that I can allay this imaginary hunger through the power of suggestion and cannot do the same thing with real hunger. For a time I could. In some cases it is even possible that there would be no feeling of hunger through a long fast. Yet for all that, the body would be starving and the subject would become weaker and weaker, though he might be buoyed up for several days through the influence of hypnotism. Nature would in time be heard and the reward would have to be paid. On the other hand, if hypnotism is used to coincide with nature, to work in harmony with nature, the results will always be beneficial. It is sometimes made to work directly against nature, in which case sorrow will surely result.

"Used with reason, hypnotism can be of no harm in the hypnotic entertainment, but without a knowledge of the laws governing it there is no saying what the harm might be."

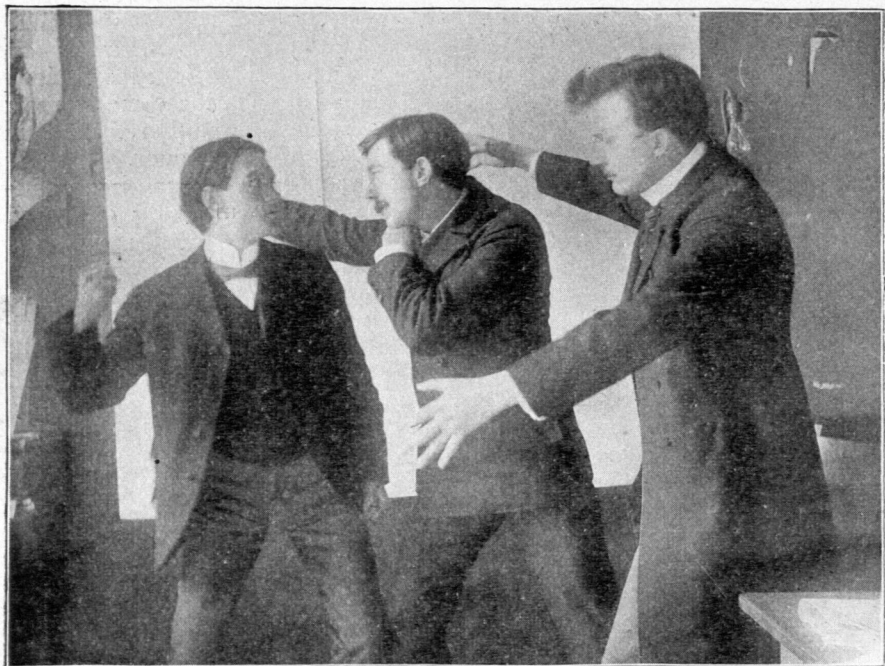
My subjects as well as my audience are interested. Again have they been tamed down from a long spell of laughter, and the next act will draw from them some serious thought which will last for a few minutes, and when it is finally dispersed by mirth the laughter is again genuine. Turning to the subjects I say, "Now, if you will kindly draw up your chairs so that the semi-circle is again formed, I will again try you as a class."

In the meantime I have taken care to keep the girl with whom I had so much trouble out of it. I find that four of the others do not care to take part so I place her with those. I am then ready to take up the work of giving to the audience a new and novel feature, which will be a

banquet. This act will last about fifteen minutes. That is time enough to cover it.

"All close your eyes, tightly, keep them closed. That's right. They are fast now, very fast; you cannot open them. Try!"

They struggle in vain and I am now at liberty to tell them that they are at a banquet. In the meantime, I will let them sleep, so I repeat to them a few suggestions along that line, and with their heads drooping and their minds at ease, I proceed, with the aid of my two subjects—Harry and Albert—to bring the things they are to eat. First, I bring in a large pasteboard ham. I manage to get hold of these things in grocery



THE BATTLE.

stores. Or the boys or Harris see to that. The next thing that is brought out is a large cloth link of sausage. It is nearly three feet long and part of the property of the company. Then we have a cloth pie that is twenty-four inches in diameter. These are laid beside the sleepers in turn, just as they are brought out. I fancy that the audience has already forgotten its interest in the deeper thought and the laughter that greets each newcomer in the field of victuals will warrant my statement.

It is a good idea to have a few little things like this. It serves to break the monotony of the show. You are mixing real comedy with the hypnotic act and all tends to lend more color to the performance.

The next article of *food* that is ushered in is a doughnut but little smaller than the pie. This also is of cloth. Then comes a wooden sand-

wich, about a foot square. This is painted to represent rye bread and ham and the whole is tacked together. Then we bring on our chicken, likewise made of cloth, and which excites quite as much merriment as any of the others. These are brought on one at a time to give the audience the full benefit of the farce. After the chicken a wooden "bone" three feet in length is placed beside one of the sleepers. These articles of food must be of about the same size; else they will contrast too strongly. Next we bring in our *papier mache* edibles. There are two loaves of bread, a large green bullfrog, a couple of quarters of beef, a young pig, several apples of impossible size and other fruit in proportion, and other articles which add to the grotesque clothing of the scene.

Beside each of the sleepers is placed an article of *food* and in front, piled on the floor, are several others. I now pace before the sleepers, telling them that when they awake they will find some very fine food before them; they must eat heartily and they will find plenty. When I count to the given number they slowly open their eyes and begin to view the "spread" with great satisfaction. The girl over toward the right has taken up the large bone and is soon engaged in eating the meat she supposes clings to it. The audience are convulsed, laughter runs riot. The other subjects fall in line and are soon engaged with their respective "contracts," as the funny man in the audience will call them.

The man with the paper ham is having a terrible time and he is sinking his teeth into the pasteboard and imagines that each time he is rewarded with a mouthful of delicious ham! The boy who has captured the cloth pie is slamming it everlastingly against his face trying to bite off large pieces, and his neighbor, Mr. Williams, is just as ardent over his doughnut. Together they present a funny scene. Amid the laughter in the audience, I can hear some one call out and ask if it is as good "as mother used to make." Those who hear it cheer the eaters on and all are soon engaged in such a banquet as was never seen before in Belleville and which will likely never be seen there again.

The "rubber hen" has fallen to one of the young ladies and she is certainly making merry in her efforts to get that bird dissected. She is a somnambulist who has to see things actually happen to believe them. She never doubts that she has a real chicken, but she does doubt that she is eating it. This could not have happened better. Here is a young woman who is doing everything in her power to eat that cloth chicken. She cannot make an indenture with her teeth and she is wildly determined to accomplish her feat. In her efforts she forgets her dignified bearing and has the chicken in both hands forcing her face down into the cloth, but to no avail. Somewhere in that audience she has a particular friend; that particular friend will ever recall the banquet, and it is quite certain that this girl will never really be through with that chicken!

Those who have the *papier mache* bread and fruit are intensely in earnest over their efforts and are actually enjoying the feast. One of the boys has sprawled himself out on the floor and is dividing his time between a loaf of bread and an apple, which, were they actually that size and "real," would last him a week. Another one has the apple between his knees and has bent over it in his desires to satisfy his appetite.

"That apple is sour, very sour," I say, pointing toward the boy on the floor. He sits up and commences to spit with all his might. What a face he is making over it!

I turn to the girl with the hen: "Your face is stuck to that hen and will be until I snap my fingers." She has the chicken jammed up to her mouth and there it stays.

"And you, Mr. Williams, will find that doughnut very cold, but you cannot let go of it; you will have to hold on to it until you hear me snap my fingers."

Mr. Williams, already much abused, tries with all his might to drop the doughnut, but it is useless trying.

"There, that pie is stuck all over your face and your hands are dirty! What a job you have made of eating that pie. Now put it in your lap. That's right. It is stuck there and your hands are stuck to the pie. Keep them there until I snap my fingers."

So I go from one to another until all of them are in some grotesque position, their troubles being aroused by the edibles and not by the shouts of their friends in the auditorium.

Standing in front of them I say: "When I snap my fingers you will all be wide awake."

I snap my fingers, and, behold! they are awake and looking at the queer things they find in their hands. They do not know whether they are awake or not and it is several seconds before the subjects are brought to their senses by the shouts of the audience. Finally they realize the whole situation, but still wonder how these funny looking things were brought to them and what they could be doing with them.

On the whole they cannot be blamed. Suppose you, student, were to suddenly awake in front of a large audience and find in your hands something like a cloth chicken, what would you do? And then, when you had recovered from the surprise somewhat, you were to look about you and see others with things just as peculiar. Would you be surprised? I believe any one would.

But my subjects gradually come out of it and understand the joke. They enjoy it almost as well as do those in the audience and have no ill-feelings whatever.

Albert and Harry collect the curious articles of food and return them to the fastness of the wings. My subjects are seated comfortably back now, and for the next act I will take two subjects and make them believe that they possess rubber noses. Although this has been seen so often it is always mirth-provoking.

"If you two boys will take seats out here," I say, turning to two who have not been troubled for some time, "I will be greatly obliged to you. Thank you."

"Close your eyes; that's right." And their eyes are closed ready to receive and put into action any suggestion that I may give them.

"When I count to *three* you will open your eyes, but your noses will be made of rubber. They will stretch easily and I will pull them away out and let them fly back."

They are sound asleep. So much for *good subjects*. If subjects are any good at all, they will respond to the commands of the operator readily when he offers them his suggestions; that is, after they have been on the stage a short time and have been through their share of the performance.

"*One, two, three!* There, your noses are of rubber. I am going to stretch them now. See them? Here they are away out here. Now *look out!* I am going to let go of them!"

And as I "let go" they dodge and nearly fall over each other in their efforts to get out of the way. I have known subjects to have a nose-bleed through this alone. But as suggestion was the cause, suggestion usually has been the remedy, and the bleeding has been stopped in a short time.

"Now this time I am going to pull them out and tie them together. Then I will leave it to you to get them apart."

I reach and get hold of their "rubber noses" and pull my hand out a distance of several feet. Then I go through the motions of tying their noses together. Their faces are so funny that the audience find a new source of merriment. They squirm and twist and reach for their noses in vain. They apparently find the knot going farther away from them when they attempt to grasp it. So I relieve their efforts after a few seconds' work by telling them that the knot is no longer there and that their noses are all right.

"Sit down here," I say, motioning them to the chairs, and they are soon seated. "When I turn your faces to the right, you will laugh, everything will be very, very funny. But when I turn your faces to the left, you will be sad."

I stand behind them so that I can turn their heads without effort. "When I touch your heads you will offer no resistance, but you will move them as I indicate by my touch."

I turn both to the right and they are both laughing with all their might; the audience is laughing with them. I turn their heads to the left and the smiles fade into lines of deep grief. The audience ceases laughing and a silence falls over the throng. Again I turn their heads to the right and again all are laughing. Now, to vary it, I turn one head to the right and the other to the left. One laughs with all his might and the other is hopelessly despondent. I reverse the order and the opposite state of affairs takes place. The sad one laughs and the happy one is sad.

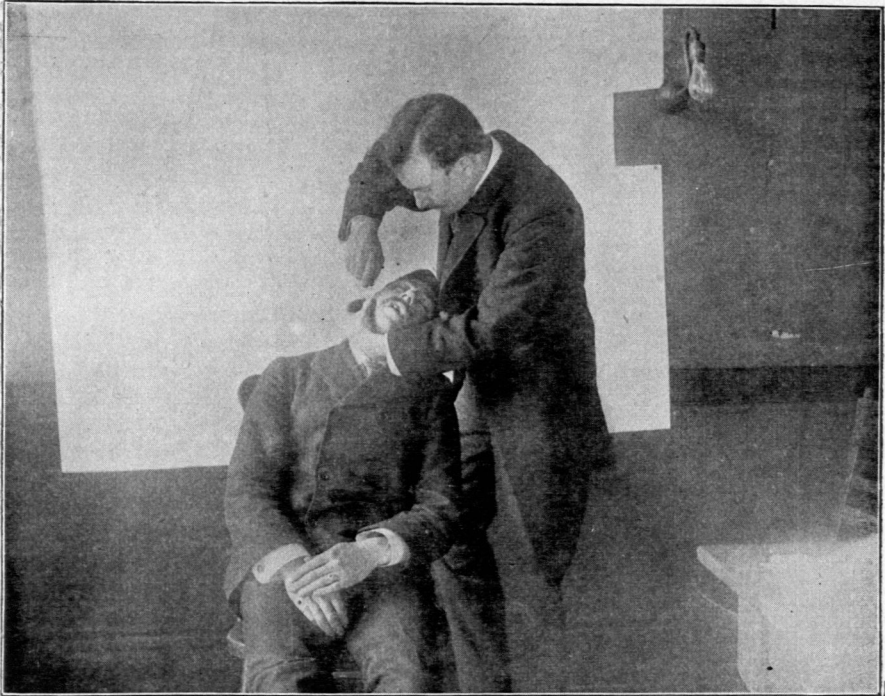
"Now your faces are all right, you feel first rate now. But, let me see! Yes, you have a stomach-ache, each one of you. How does it hurt you! What have you been eating, green apples? You are all cramped up!"

And there is no mistake about it, for they are doubled up and groaning. It is a shame to leave subjects in this condition for any length of time, as the pain is real and not imaginary. The suggestions act upon their nervous systems directly and the pains are actually produced in their stomachs. So I tell them that they are all right and ask them to laugh over the joke. They just thought that they had stomach aches anyway. They were not real. And they burst out in a peal of laughter that is quite refreshing after their attack.

"Now, look out, my finger is red hot and if I touch you it will burn you. You can't get out of your chairs. You are there fast, very tight, and my finger is hot. I am going to touch you!"

As I approach them, their faces assume the expression of terror and their fear is genuine. As I touch them they squirm backward, but I immediately allay their fears by telling them that the finger is not hot. In fact, I have no finger there. Where did it go to?

They look for the finger, feeling under their chairs and looking around for it.



ANAESTHESIA.

"Here it is," I say, holding out the other hand as though I held something between the thumb and forefinger. "Here, you take it and stick it back on."

One of the boys takes the imaginary finger and then grasps my other hand and proceeds to push it on. He keeps at his work until I tell him that he has succeeded.

Thus I have filled in a couple of minutes with acts that are small but which fill in nicely after the one participated in by so many.

A skating party will be well received, I believe, so I will invite some eight or nine to participate in this affair. There is little trouble in getting them to comply now and I soon have the required number. Placing

their chairs in a position in which they will not be in the way of the "pond" I soon have them soundly sleeping. Here I wish to draw a lesson on the wonders of the subconscious mind, so, while the sleepers are still in dreamland, I address the audience on the subject:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will now call your particular attention to the powers of the subconscious mind and I wish to draw a parallel between the phenomena of dreams and the phenomena you see presented on this stage this evening. Theoretically, there is a waking mind and a dream mind; the latter carries on the system of life—it never sleeps. The conscious mind is the one that we use in our waking state. In natural sleep the five senses slumber, but in the case of the sleep-walker or the hypnotized subject, the five senses are intensified and used by this subconscious mind. Thus, when I awake these sleepers they will be skaters, taking and following my suggestions. In an ordinary sleep, we often dream that we see grotesque things, beings of an impossible nature. Yet, during that sleep we do not doubt that these things exist. So, with these somnambulists, they will take for granted that they are on an ice pond, that they have skates on, and they will believe that they are skating. They will see the chairs, but they will not *think* of them as chairs or anything else. Hence, they dodge them because they know the chairs are there. At the same time, they enjoy their skate. I will now awaken them."

"You are skaters, all of you have skates on your feet and you are upon a frozen pond, the ice being smooth. I want you to awaken when I snap my fingers and start to skate. When I clap my hands, you will all come out your natural selves and you will remember all about your skate."

I snap my fingers, and, one by one, they get up and start to skate, cutting fancy figures, trying to skate backward and making themselves generally happy. I fancy that the audience appreciate the philosophy of the thing a little, although audiences usually care naught for philosophy.

I keep my skaters active for a period of about a minute-and-a-half. In all, with this act, I have taken about three minutes. It is lively sport, and when I clap my hands the skaters find it difficult to convince themselves that they are not on the ice. They look at their feet, wondering where the skates have gone.

When they have quite recovered from their surprise they take their seats and are soon conversing, discussing and laughingly comparing notes. They enjoy this act and those who have so far not had the pleasure of remembering what they did are asking the others questions.

Here, after having conducted the show for one hour, or having given one-half of the entertainment, I am strengthening my grip on the subjects by arousing their curiosity. They want to know just how it is to remember what was done during hypnosis. Some of them have a faint remembrance, but it is indistinct. One asks one of the recent skaters what the sensation is. "Oh," he replies, "it is just like a dream, only I remember it distinctly. It seemed just as though there was a pond out there and I could hardly believe that I didn't have skates on my feet when I came out of the dream."

Whereupon the other is anxious to be hypnotized to see what it really is like when one can remember it.

So I take this boy and two others and tell them to come forward and be seated. Their chairs are close together and they are away out in the full light of the footlights. I have them look at me intently for a minute and then tell them that they are fast to their chairs. They struggle a while and finally give it up as hopeless.

"Close your eyes. That's right. Now, sleep, deeper and deeper. Sleep, sleep." And their heads are over on their breasts, their breathing is slow and deep and they are soon sound asleep. I now take a bundle of newspapers and make three paper babies. I am going to have these three boys act as nurses, and, incidentally, give them a taste of what it is to remember their acts.

Having placed these "babies" in their laps, I say: "When you awake you will all be nurses with babies to care for. The babies are cross and you will have to walk up and down with them trying to quiet them. You will be very affectionate with these babies. *Wake up*, care for those babies. That's right."

And they open their eyes slowly and look at the bundles of paper in their laps. They are not slow in taking them up and are soon walking back and forth on the stage, trying to quiet the cries that are so real with them.

"Suppose you sing a lullaby?" I suggest.

They start to sing, each favoring the audience with something original in the lullaby line, and each sending forth horrible discords!

"See, your baby is upside down; turn him around, quickly!"

And the one to whom I have spoken tosses the paper up the other way and is undoubtedly worried over his carelessness in caring for his infant charge.

"Oh, spank that baby," I say to another, and he follows out the suggestion admirably. There is no mistake, this boy certainly must be the envy of many a fond parent in the audience, for he spanks the paper baby with all his might, and with an originality of touch above censure.

"Now, when I snap my fingers you are going to remember everything and you are going to stand right here before the audience and realize everything." I snap my fingers and the boys "come to" with the paper babies in their grasp. They look at each other and then at the shouting audience. Indeed, this is enough to vex any one, but they are having just what they asked for, and there is nothing to say. They feel too "sheepish" to even make the statement that this is the last time they will ever be hypnotized. They realize what they have done and they are willing to quietly retire to their respective seats.

Now for a little of the spectacular. I will rearrange the semi-circle and take as many as I can get as participants in the cakewalk. A hypnotic cakewalk is always the proper thing. There is a great deal of color lent to the show and the audience never fails to realize the importance of acts of this kind. It is different from the feast. That was funny, but it lacked music, and music is always acceptable, even though it is of no better quality than that furnished by the Belleville orchestra. I have

informed the musicians that I will be ready for a cakewalk at about this period and they are all ready for me whenever I shall give the signal.

I arrange the semi-circle and have twelve in this act. That will be about as many as the stage will accommodate at one time.

Standing many feet back from them, I raise my hand—which has been idle for some time—and waving it gently above my head, I say:

"Keep your attention on this hand and you will drop off to sleep, one by one. You are all getting sleepy as you look at this hand and you cannot hold your eyes open. Sleepy, going to sleep."

And they are soon nodding and shortly after all are sound asleep.

"You will hear cakewalk music soon. When you hear the ragtime you will be up and going through the light step of the cakewalk. You are all colored people, dressed in the height of colored fashion. Part of you will be ladies and the rest will be gentlemen. I want you to do your grandest. *There is the music!*"

The notes of "A Georgia Camp Meeting" float through the hall and the sleepers open their eyes and look about them. I can hear the steady beat of feet in the audience keeping time to the music. They have awakened, if that term is not uncomplimentary, and they have found a new interest. How monotonous a hypnotic entertainment would become if the hypnotist did not have the ability to vary things and to entertain. As it is, I have changed the form of procedure at least a dozen times and have attacked some particular avenue of their entertainment-loving nature at each change. The intellect likes recreation, change, amusement. It tires of the steady grind and when one can amuse in a manner that keeps the mind alert and expectant, he is a success as an entertainer.

The cakewalkers are up and starting to *step*. They do their act first rate and I do not blame them for enjoying the pastime. Even the sedate old deacon—I judge him to be—who would scarcely lower his dignity for anything so common as a cakewalk, is stepping right merrily with one of the fair maidens.

I gave the cakewalkers the suggestions that "part would be ladies and the rest gentlemen," which leaves them in doubt, and so it is that a couple going down the stage may each think he is a man or each believe the opposite, which serves to make it all the more interesting, as there is just enough uncertainty about it to make the participants go through some laugh-provoking movements.

To this act I give about four minutes, and by that time the cakewalkers are ready to be seated. They have done well and the applause that they get is sufficient to encourage them if at any time their interest waned.

"As you pass around this time you will escort your partners to their seats and then be seated yourselves," I say, as they circle in rather systematic order.

As they come around the stage this last time they circle over toward the chairs and are soon seated. No sooner are they in their chairs than they are off to sleep. I will awake some of them and the remainder—three of the boys will do—I will put through some minor acts for the variation of the programme.

So I awaken nine and the remainder are left asleep.

"You will come forward as soon as I have counted ten," I say. "And you will be three ladies. Of course, you will be wide awake, but there will be a muddy crossing in front of you and you will raise your skirts and cross, being as careful as possible to keep out of the mud."

I count to ten and when that number is reached, they open their eyes, blink a few times and then arise. As they come toward me they discover the muddy crossing and lift their imaginary skirts. This pleases the audience greatly; partly because the act is so *natural* and partly because it is so out of the ordinary. To make it more realistic these three "ladies" walk on their heels and swing from side to side, just as members of the



"WIDE AWAKE!"

fairer sex sometimes do when they want to make their mud-wading exhibition as graceful as possible.

"That is right," I say, greeting them as they reach me. "You did very well, but I see you all lost your shoes in the mud, and here are several hundred people out before you. What are you going to do?"

They look down at their feet and actually blush as they behold their shoes gone. They look around in a frightened manner and then seat themselves on the stage, trying to hide their stocking feet—as they believe them to be.

This touches the audience in a funny spot and there is much laughter as these unfortunate "women" try to hide the fact that they have lost their shoes.

"No, your shoes are all right. Get up and look into these shop windows. Here are some pretty displays."

And they are again on their feet, having forgotten their troubles and enjoying what they think is a display in store windows.

While they are gazing into the windows I go over and wave my hand at two other boys who are deeply interested, and they are soon up following my extended fingers as I back away from them.

"Here, you are not ladies looking into store windows; you are baseball players. Come, you must all come over here to the ball grounds and get in the game at once."

They are all following me and are eager as I twist a newspaper into a baseball "bat" and another one into a "baseball." I give the bat to one and the ball to another.

"You are to be the pitcher," I say to the one with the ball, "so I will have you come over here. Be sure that you do not get out of the box or the umpire will call the game to a close. Everything must be conducted on square lines."

I lead him over to the center of the stage. Then I go to the one with the bat. "You are in for first batter," I say, "and you must be sure and hit that ball as hard as you can and make as many home runs as possible."

I then go about the stage and place the other three players. One is to be the catcher and he stands directly back of the batter in a position where he is sure to be hit with the bat at the outset.

I have but one base, and that is about eight feet away from the "home plate." There is a baseman for this and the other boy is out in the "field," where he can catch the balls should there be any "flies" sent out that far.

"I will be umpire and I want to see a fair game. You are all good players and you are going to do your best. There is a great crowd watching you and you must make some good plays."

To impress the subject with the fact that he is being watched by a great many people, tickles his pride a good deal and he is apt to be so intent that his acts will be much funnier than they would be were he not impressed with the fact.

"All ready, *play!*"

The pitcher spits on his hands, raises his right leg and goes through the antics that the ball players in the funny papers execute. He makes a great effort and sends the paper ball over the plate. The batter hits it with all his strength and knocks it out to the *fielder*. Having hit the ball so well he throws his bat and runs with all his might, touches the paper base and is back again before the ball has reached home plate.

"That is one score for this gentleman. Let me see, your name is King Leopold, I believe!"

Whereat the "king" swells up and takes his bat with great eagerness. He spits on his hands and then gets down and rubs them on the *ground*, to get enough dirt on them to grasp the bat with a surer hold.

"*All right!*"

Again the ball is thrown, but alas! this time the *royal batter* fails to hit it and the catcher gets it in his hands as lively as possible.

"One strike!"

The ball is returned to the pitcher and is again thrown. This time the batter hits it very gently and runs nimbly toward the base, but he is cut short, for the catcher gets it and touches the home plate before the man at the bat can return. He is *out!*

He has to go to the field and the rest are promoted.

So the game goes on for about five minutes, each batter doing his best. It is an interesting game and there is very little shouting done by the players. The audience and the others on the stage are the people who cheer them on. They are the "fans" and they do their work well. By the time the players have been awakened in their respective positions, they are ready to take their seats, flushed and panting over their late exercise. When it is remembered that three of them took no part in the cakewalk and have not had a rest since, you will not wonder at their fatigue.

A good lively horse race will not be a bad thing and after that I will again trouble the doctors to try a "fever" experiment.

Three will be enough for the horse race, and so I get three who have had a rest. They are brought up in front so that they will be in good view of the audience. After I place them in a sleep I explain the coming act to the audience:

"In this act, ladies and gentlemen," I say, "You will see the three most famous jockies of the world. They are going to give you a realistic horse race and the one who comes in under the wire the first will receive a prize of ten thousand dollars."

Turning to the sleepers, I outline the work they are to go through as follows: "You will now be jockies. When I snap my fingers you will be on your horses. This is the American Derby and you must put up the best showing possible. There are over one hundred entries in this race and this is the last heat. You are the three who have come in under the wire first. You must whip your horses with all your strength and win first, second and third money. *All ready!*"

I snap my fingers and as they awake, they climb over their chairs in different manners. One has turned his chair around so that he can get on it to the best advantage. Another has jumped up and is seated on the top of his chair and the third one has his chair turned about, but is leaning far over one side urging his trusty steed on to victory.

"Git ap, git ap there!" cries one.

"Steady boy, get ap, get ap, go, go!" And the other jockey is following closely.

The third one says nothing, but he comes down heroically with his imaginary whip and looks back of him with his eyes bulging from their sockets.

So they urge on their horses and the shouts of the audience mingle with their own.

"Whoa!" I cry. "There you are under the wire. Each one of you came in first. Well done!"

And I snap my fingers in front of the eyes of the riders, and they come back to consciousness with a start, looking at their late horses, amazement written on their faces.

"I will now ask the physicians to come upon the stage again, if they will kindly oblige me, as I want to demonstrate to them the wonderful power of suggestion as it can be applied to the curing of disease. I will also ask if there is any one in the audience suffering from stammering or any habit of which he would like to rid himself. If there is I will do what I can toward curing him. This I will gladly do. Are there any present? All right, doctors, I am ready."

Those who would like to be cured are often reticent when it comes to coming up. There are many towns I show in, in which it is impossible to get any of these people up on the stage, although they may have traveled miles for that express purpose. However, I will see if I can get any one in this town—Belleville.

From the point of advertising, I find this very profitable. And for the help that I can give some one I have a feeling of satisfaction. Thus I am cheering myself and—advertising, which, I will admit, is likely the real motive of affecting the cures.

The doctors come up on the stage, and so does an old gentleman, limping and bearing his weight on a crutch. Now, old people are not the easiest to cure, but when one will come up on a crowded stage to be cured, there is certainly proof enough in the act of the man's faith.

I offer the doctors seats and greet the old gentleman with a handshake. This reassures him. "Well, sir?" I say, and await his reply.

"I came up to see if you can cure me of my rheumatism," he explains.

I ask him how long he has had it and if the joints are swelled any. He tells me that he has suffered to some extent for the past twenty years, and that he is not troubled with swelling joints. Where that is the case, hypnotism often affects a cure, but where the rheumatism is inflammatory the case is somewhat different.

"I will do the best I can," I assure him.

In my advertising I promise to cure any one possible and state the list of ills that can be reached through the influence of hypnotism.

I bring a chair forward and the old gentleman takes a seat, every movement being accompanied with pain. When he is in the chair I step forward and offer a few words of explanation to the audience:

"I cannot guarantee to cure this gentleman, but it is possible that I will relieve him. Where rheumatism has had an active hold for twenty years, there is considerable difficulty in bringing about a cure. However, I will do all in my power."

"If you will just close your eyes, I will see what I can do for you," I say. I do not like to get up before an audience and make any *wildcat* promises that I may not be able to live up to, but I tell them that I will do all in my power. Inexperienced hypnotists might tell the old gentleman that there would be no doubt as to curing him. They would boast before the audience and then—perhaps fail! They would smooth over

matters by telling the audience that it was all a matter of *suggestion*. But, student, apply the suggestions that you are going to use to your own betterment. If you must suggest see that you are included in the fold on the safe side. Never brag before an audience. If you have to tell them something unlikely, do so in a modest manner. Then if defeat meets you, it is passed by with little comment by the audience. But if you make wild claims and fail to fulfill them, you are doomed to meeting the disgust of your hearers.

In regard to working on a subject of this kind before an audience, I wish to call your attention to a few valuable facts: Take a method that will induce sleep. Do not try to place your subject in somnambulism. They are not up there for show. They have come because they have *hope*, one of the grandest of human attributes. They have placed confidence in you, as an operator. They have watched your every act with feverish interest and they believe that you can cure them. Be courteous to them. Be grave and sober; impress your audience with the fact that there is nothing *funny* in this. Let them know that you are going to try to relieve some poor suffering human being of pain and discomfort. They will appreciate it and you will be doing something for the advancement of psychological studies.

Slowly, easily, carefully, I give this old gentleman the suggestions of sleep. My mind is absorbed in the task. I bend every effort to accomplish what the old gentleman desires. I forget the "laws of suggestion" and am the possessor of *power* for the time being. Ask any hypnotist who has had a career and he will tell you that, back in the days when he didn't understand a thing he did, back when he believed that he possessed a power, his work was always better, his successes were twice as numerous. And this may give the one who claims *all* for suggestion a few things to think about. He will be wafted back to the days of Mesmer and to days in which he believed the same theory. Who knows but that the mental influence is really the most powerful; that the spoken language loses some of its force? Ask the philosopher who has delved in occult mysteries and made them his lifework. Don't ask the one who has recently finished a few "courses," for his wisdom is that of the idiot. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing!"

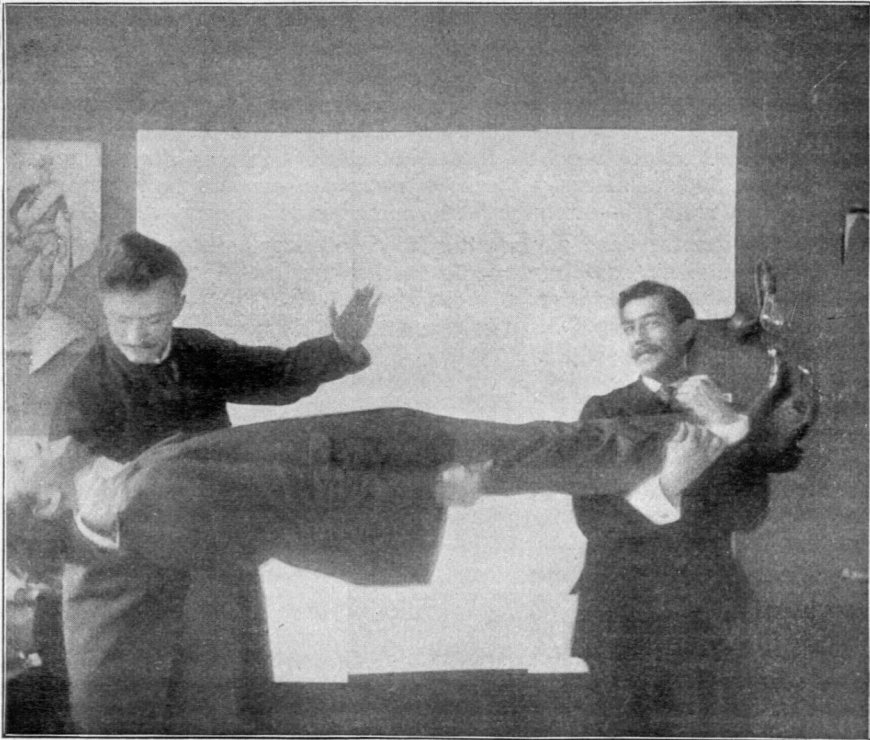
As I work, the perspiration trickles down my cheeks, but I see the old gray head nod and nod and finally drop to one side, while his breathing is deep and his lethargy pronounced.

I give him one or two simple little tests, such as telling him that, as he goes to sleep, his head will want to fall the other way. Then his head moves a little and is brought to the other side. I am on the road to success, and my suggestions are so intent that I have forgotten the audience, I have forgotten Belleville, I have forgotten all but this old man. And when I tell him that he will awake refreshed, that his rheumatism will be a thing of the past and that he can walk, I believe it with all my heart. That is the spirit of success. Be a good hypnotist or don't be one at all. Be an entertainer or a healer just as the case may be. Always enter upon your task whole-hearted and you will win.

As I step back and the old gentleman gradually awakens, there is not a sound in the hall. Every one has been rapt in attention just as I have been, and why not? Why should they not catch the atmosphere of this intense concentration and feel what I feel?

The old gentleman looks about him and arises. He smiles and walks down from the stage, leaving his crutch. Cheer after cheer echoes and re-echoes through the hall. A cure has been effected.

When the excitement has subsided, I go on with my fever experiment. Taking one of the boys, I place him in a deep sleep and have the doctors take his temperature. This gives me an opportunity to rest, for I have become somewhat fatigued with my work on the patient.



CATALEPSY.

The physicians find the temperature normal. Standing before the boy I now give him the suggestions of a fever: *"Your temperature is rising very fast, you are getting heated all over, you are burning up with a fever!"* And I keep this up with force, for it is necessary to make the suggestions powerful. I spend about three minutes on this and then have them take the temperature again, keeping up the suggestions all the time the test is being carried on. At the close of the experiment the temperature is found to be a degree-and-one-half above normal!

This interests the physicians and also proves instructive to the audience.

I have about twenty minutes left in which to give the remainder of my acts. Of course, the last one will be the stone-breaking act, but before then I will have to give a few good lively acts so that the last one will not grate too severely on the nerves of the timid spectators.

I call two of the boys forward and place them in chairs in the center of the stage. Looking at them, I operate as follows:

"Now, boys, when I pass my hands before your face one of you, this one over here, will be a barber and the other one will be the victim. The victim is in the shop to get a shave. Of course the razor will be dull and it will pull a great deal, but you have to stand it as it is the best shave that you can get. When I pass my hand before your face all this will transpire."

I step up to them and make a swinging pass before their faces and they are the characters so recently suggested. But it is necessary to make the act just as funny as possible, so I go to the wings and get a pail and a brush, such as are used for whitewashing purposes. These "properties" are all looked after by the boys when we get into a town. I will explain that later on—after the performance is at a close.

For a razor I have a long, thin piece of board, nearly four feet in length. Handing these implements to the "barber" I await his action. For an apron he takes a large sheet of newspaper, which has also been given him, and pushing the victim down on the chair and placing his heels on the other one, he proceeds to tuck the apron in his neck. When that part is finished, he commences to lather his victim, making great sweeps as though painting a house. This takes about a minute to get the patron ready and then comes the scraping process. The board is smooth; if it were not I cannot say just what would be the fate of the man in the chair. This pleases the audience immensely, for they like to see things all out of proportion!

"Let us see what faces you can make," I say, and the barber and his patron immediately stop their work and sit before the audience, twisting their features all out of shape. There is nothing so funny in this except when we take into consideration that these same boys would not get up before an audience in their normal waking states and do anything of this kind. Now, they don't care. Anything is all right—so long as it is in the bounds of reason and nothing is asked of the subject that is absolutely wrong.

When they are in the midst of their face-making performance I cry, "*Look out, boys, your clothes are on fire. Be quick or you will burn!*"

And they forget all about their barber shop or their faces. In an instant they are up and their coats are off. Then there is wild grabbing for their arms, their legs and all parts of their persons.

"Here, what's the matter with you boys? You haven't any fire in your clothes, but your clothes are full of bees!"

Then the dancing about would do credit to a Green Corn dance on a

reservation. I let them spend about fifteen seconds thus and then bring them back to a more quiet state of mind.

Handing them two large dishes, I say: "Here is some medicine. You have to take a quart at a dose. It is very bitter, but it will not make you sick. I want you to drink it slowly and let the audience see how you dislike it. *Very bitter!* But when you come to the last, it will be sweet

Take care and do not tell your subjects that they will be sick or things are apt to be exciting on the stage for a while.

As the boys drink their "medicine" they pull some horrible faces and this furnishes additional glee for the audience. When they reach the last their expression changes to one of pleasure and they are happy, very happy, over the change in taste.

One more act and then I will take my subject, Harry, and place him in catalepsy.

Taking these two subjects and putting them in a sleep, I get six more and have them arranged in a semi-circle in front of the others.

"Sounder and sounder asleep," I command. "And when you awake you will find that there are hundreds of mice running about the stage. You will all jump on your chairs and keep out of their way. Don't be afraid to scream."

As two of the party are girls, there is apt to be a lively time for a while when they come out of their sleep.

"When I count to three, you will all be awake and the mice will be running about the floor. *One, two, three!*" And they are awake in an instant. The girls are the first to get upon the chairs. They scream and pull their skirts about them so naturally that the boys are following them rapidly.

They cling to the chairs in wild despair, lest the little mice should succeed in getting to them.

When their positions are the most artistic—I refer to the artistic from a hypnotic standpoint, which means that the poses would be most inartistic—I approach them with, "*Now, you are frozen to the chairs in just the positions you are in at present.*" There are no mice, but you are all statues. *You cannot move!*"

There they are, every one of them, just as though they were carved out of marble. And as I wave my hand and tell them that they are all right, they assume an upright position.

"You are all monkeys," I tell them. "Hurry up and come out here so that the people can see you. Hop along." And they come forward in various attitudes. When they are directly in front of the audience and in laughable positions, I awaken them. This is the last act with the volunteer subjects, and, although they do not like the awakening very well, they take it good naturedly.

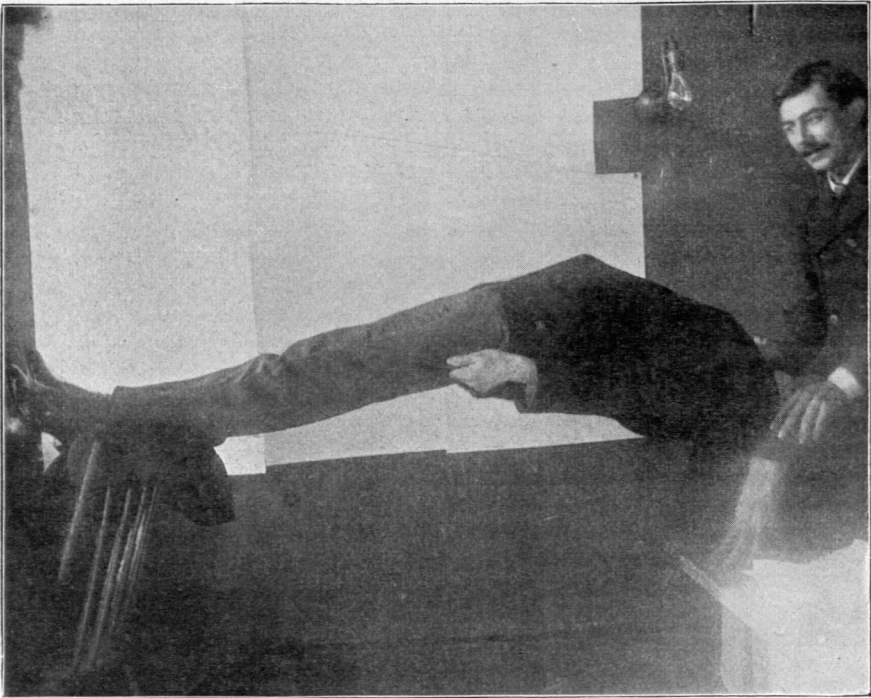
I place the subjects all back so that I can have plenty of room for my stone-breaking test.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I say, stepping up to the footlights, "this will be the last act of the entertainment. It is that of placing my subject, Master Harry Smith, in a state of catalepsy, and, while he is in this state, having some strong man break this large stone on his chest with a sledge hammer."

I then bring Harry forward, and after he has received his applause, we bring out the "horses" on which he is to rest during the experiment. I will take him through several different stages, showing the audience the wonderful rigidity that can be produced through the power of hypnotism.

"If there is some man in the audience who is very strong, I would like him to come upon the stage and break this stone when it has been placed on the chest of the subject. Will some strong man kindly volunteer?"

After a short delay a powerful looking man, some six feet in height, comes forward. I should judge from his appearance that he is a blacksmith. And my guess is correct.



THE PROFESSIONAL, CATALEPTIC BOW.

Giving him a seat, I bring Harry out where every one can see the process plainly. Standing behind him, I have him close his eyes.

Passing my hands from his head downward, I suggest thus: "*You are becoming rigid, just as rigid as a bar of steel. You cannot bend. Your neck is rigid, you are rigid all over. You cannot bend. Now, I will pull you backwards and you will not bend. You are rigid!*"

I pull him over and catch his head with my hands, but he does not bend. When I have lowered him a short distance I motion to Albert, who comes forward and holds Harry's feet while I keep my arm under his

neck. In this manner we raise him and hold him aloft, I still repeating suggestions of rigidity.

You may notice, reader, that the good cataleptic subject always has a slight upward bend when he is placed on supports. So it is with Harry. As I place him on the standards, with his head on one—the back of his neck resting on the cushion—and his heels resting on the other, there is a perceptible bow to his anatomy, the convex side pointing upward.

"If you gentlemen will kindly help me with this stone," I say, turning to the blacksmith and the members of my stage party, "I will be greatly obliged."

The physicians have remained on the stage to watch this phase of the performance, and they stand around when the stone is lifted on the sleeper. In the meantime I have placed a heavy piece of carpet, folded many times, on the sleeper's chest. This is to insure the safety of the subject when it comes to the striking of the heavy blows.

As I stated when we reached Belleville and when I sent the boys to get a stone, the heavy stone is the one that takes up all the jar, the lighter one being the one that will transmit the effect of the blows to the sleeper.

When the stone is placed on the boy I again give him powerful suggestions of sleep: "*Sounder and sounder asleep. You can feel nothing of this weight, you are rigid, perfectly rigid, you can not bend. When this stone is broken you will feel nothing of it. Sleep, rigid, sleep!*"

I do not do this as a *grand-stand play*, but because it is necessary. There is a weight of over two hundred pounds on Harry and I want to be sure that he does not give way at the last moment.

I then call forth the blacksmith, who seizes the heavy sledge. Every one gets out of his way. Silence has settled on every being present.

"All right," I say, "strike until you break the stone."

The heavy sledge swings, once, twice, three times—four times and the stone breaks and falls in a hundred pieces. There is an immense cheer from the audience and I lose no time in again placing Harry on his feet, giving him suggestions that his muscles would not be sore and that he will feel all right. He awakens and I am now ready to close the entertainment.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I say, "I wish to thank you for your kind and liberal patronage and for your attention during the entertainment. I trust that you will see the deeper side of hypnotism and that it will furnish you with food for thought. I also wish to thank these ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly given their time to the carrying out of the entertainment and to the physicians for their kindness in the several experiments conducted, and I also wish to thank the gentleman who loaned his strength in breaking the stone on the chest of the sleeper. Thank you!" And I bow and retire. The entertainment is closed.

* * * * *

I now wish to call the attention of the student to several points of interest and importance. In the first place, I have endeavored to explain, by the use of the narrative, the procedure of a hypnotic entertainment. I have stated that this entertainment may vary in many ways and that the operator must always be ready for emergencies. There are sometimes

some very unpleasant things that occur on the stage. For example: There is usually the smart boy, sometimes several of them. The best way to deal with these people is to make them feel heartily ashamed of themselves. This cannot always be done. The professor will sometimes get into university or college towns where students have been waiting for him. They go upon the stage with the avowed intention of making the entertainment a failure. Such idiots must be dealt with with a strong hand and it may even be necessary to ask the protection of the law to quiet them. I do not offer this to discourage the aspirant for stage honors, but I offer it merely as a warning. These things sometimes do happen; it is the duty of this work to tell the student so.

Again, all the "properties" that I carried in this Belleville entertainment need not be carried. Most of the things needed can be found around an opera house. But, as in the case of the "banquet," there is a great deal of *light* added to the scene where something out of the ordinary is introduced.

The entertainment can always vary from this model. But by giving the acts from a carefully selected list, giving the little speeches as they should be worked in, and the many other little details of the show, I believe that all points have been successfully covered. The entertainer who is on the road for a short time will begin to see how he can be exclusively original. The original man is the one who succeeds. He always is equal to everything that may come up.

Good advertising, neatness and an undisputed interest in your work will win more success than anything else. If you are a *professor*, do not offer a dirty, greasy looking card. Have things neat or else keep off the road.

Those hypnotists who have not been in the work long and who have never branched into any other phases of psychology are intolerable bores. They labor under the delusion that they are good entertainers, excellent instructors and wonderful people generally. Some will make the statement that they are as competent to teach any branch of hypnotism or psychology as some man who has been in the business for years and who has won success and money through his clever ways. They believe that they can do all they say, yet the truth of the matter is they cannot carry on a conversation that would do credit to a boy of seven.

If you are a young student, go into this work with the understanding that you have superiors. If you meet those superiors, listen to their advice, but if you *know* that you are right, let no one dictate to you. The way of the stage hypnotist is not as smooth as it might be, yet there is enough of interest in the work that will serve to stimulate him in his efforts.

Life on "the road" costs money. Be saving. Don't go in with the idea that, because you have cleared fifty dollars in a town, you can immediately put forty of it into *circulation*. You are out on the road as a professor. That means that you are in this line of business for the money there is in it. A man cannot live on a name alone. There are expenses to meet, there are obligations on every hand that must be cancelled each day. You are out for the profit; at the same time you want

to give people what they pay for. You should carry on your private studies in all branches of psychology and above all things avoid being a crank! Cranks in any line of business or in any phase of life are never welcome. If you believe that there is anything in hypnotism that is helpful to humanity, give that part to them. Do not get a lot of subjects up on the stage and, when they are in the somnambulistic state, make them eat potatoes for apples, or make them wash their hands and faces in flour. This often ruins their clothing and can certainly do the subjects no good. There are other things that are just as funny and are a great deal more the act of a gentleman.

The pictures I have presented are taken back of the scenes, in a country opera house. In giving but two subjects in an act, I have considered it best to present details rather than stage effects. If you see the stage manner of presenting two subjects, I consider it far better than trying to grasp too much and thereby run chances of failure. Learn details—the effects of “breadth” naturally follow.

In the next part of this work, I will enter into the presentation of the higher phenomena on the stage, showing how an entertainment can be varied and how the operator should present his acts.

For the man or woman who wants nothing aside from hypnotism, there is information sufficient contained in this second part to guide him on the path of the professional hypnotist.

PART THREE

So far I have been dealing with hypnotism. Now I am going to branch out into the broader fields of the occult and show how the *Higher Phenomena* can be produced on the stage. When I speak of these phenomena I wish it distinctly understood that I mean genuine phenomena and not fraudulent work. It is not the purpose of this book to argue upon the philosophy, or the theoretical side of these subjects. I have written it for those who wish to become professionals. Others may read it and comment, but the active ones will grasp its teachings and apply them. Therefore, I wish to state that it is immaterial in this work whether what I choose to term "mind reading" is due to muscular contact or to the transference of thought, pure and simple. For the sake of making my point clear, I wish to state that even though the work of mind-reading where there is contact may be due to muscular or nervous action entirely it is quite as wonderful as the transference of thought without material contact. Again, if we wish to be exact, we come to this proposition: It is impossible to get anywhere in the universe and not have physical contact. Scientists tell us that this element we call "ether" is an actual existing substance that permeates all solids—everything. If this is the case, there are merely *degrees* of solids. The sun, for instance, is a large collection of more compact substances. This being the case—if it really is—mind can get nowhere and find "nothing." It cannot break the bonds of physical communication. If all these things depend upon the laws of vibration, it is quite as wonderful to witness the feat of a blindfolded man doing "muscle reading" as it would be to know that the physical contact had nothing to do with it. For example, he opens a safe. He could not do this by the sense of touch in his normal state. Yet, it may be touch that does it. But it is so intensified that we cannot fail to see the wonders of Mind shining through the material covering.

Furthermore, the writer of this work has conducted long distance experiments in telepathy which convinced him that there is such a thing as the transference of thought. We will go to church oftentimes, listen to a sermon and believe that man has a soul. Then we will come home and say that there is no such thing as thought transference. That is one side. I believe in being liberal, so will give the other side. It is this: Suppose telepathy were proved to scientists. What then? Would we cease to talk? Would we discontinue our mail service? No. We would be able to get demonstrations if careful, or they would come to us as they have come to others—without warning. What good would it do the world if telepathy were proven? No good at all.

But, the mind loves recreation. It dabbles often in the mire and longs for something elevating. The hypnotist bills his town and draws a certain class. Then time passes. The windows of the stores of that same

town are billed with pretty, yet plain, "hangers," which announce an "Entertainment Extraordinary." There is a chill that passes down one's back when he reads it. Here is a man who says that he will "read unuttered thought." He is greeted with a goodly audience. He succeeds. His entertainment is refined and quite above the ordinary. It is not my duty to teach how these things are done. There are instructions enough to be had for almost the asking. It is not difficult to get hold of rules for practice if you are not proficient. One who takes up hypnotic work is destined to drift into other psychological branches. He soon learns how to produce these phenomena.

There is the *fake* operator. But I am not dealing with him. In hypnotism, the public often has to be *faked* to the extent of the operator having one or two subjects. But the work he does is genuine.

The hypnotic show can be combined with the mind-reading, clairvoyant, or general psychic show. On the other hand, a complete entertainment of psychic phenomena without hypnotism could be given.

Before taking up the actual presentation of the work on the stage, I wish to make clear to my pupils the methods of approaching the public, in the matter of advertising and presenting the show. Or, to be more proper, the *entertainment*, or *engagement*. When the Professor gets up into the clearer atmosphere of psychic phenomena, and culls therefrom the ordinary, he must be somewhat different from the hypnotist who seeks only to please through somnambulistic and cataleptic feats.

Again, it is better to appear on your bills as "Mr." rather than "Prof." It is more dignified. The "Prof." is as essential to the hypnotist as the "Hon." is to the Senator. It is part of his life and if he drops it he ceases to "draw," as the managers say.

Plain white paper, type of unique style, and black ink, will make the best looking poster for this class of work. The hanger should be about twenty inches long by nine inches wide. The "form" should be sixteen inches in length by six inches wide. Have your matter set "solid," but in type large enough to make it easily read. The style of the letters must be "fancy," as the public would say; that is, choose a face of type that has many graceful curves and which prints a clear black copy.

The "hanger" should be run something on the following lines:

In the first place, it should be modest, yet state clearly the nature of the entertainment. In the second place, it should leave on the minds of its readers the impression that there is about to be presented to them something quite extraordinary. In the third place, it should furnish food for deep thought, giving little sketches of the possibility of thought transference or the employment of Clairvoyance.

These are the essential points. As in the case of the large stands of the hypnotic show, one object is held foremost; that is the advertising value of the paper. A poster—or hanger—might be started on the following lines:

"There journeys a stranger from the far east, a man of mystery, a student of Oriental Sorcery, an adept in the fields of Mental Power, a reader of unuttered thought, a Seer. From the east he comes, and unto the east he shall return."

And continue it on those lines, giving nothing definite on that hanger, but making your announcement on another. Or, again, the hanger might be written on modern lines, giving just as much mystery and putting it forth in an explanatory manner. As follows:

"Mr. S. Francis Wayne, a Student of the Occult, will present his Entertainment Extraordinary in your city, reading unuttered thought, driving blindfolded on the streets, locating hidden articles and unfolding the hidden forces of Mind." This is different from the first and yet it cannot be charged that it is not clear.

Besides these, the folders are necessary; they are, in fact, indispensable. They should contain half-tone engravings, press notices and well-written notices of the power and ability of the gentleman who is to exhibit.

Then the ride will have to be advertised. This will be touched upon more fully later, but I call your attention to it in its advertising sense. Little cards, with strings passed through the upper corner—the cards to be diamond-shaped—to be hung in windows and other prominent places, are serviceable as announcers of the event. They may bear an inscription something like the following, the same to be printed on both sides, so that it will be displayed to the public whether it swings or not:

"Watch for the Perilous Drive Blindfolded."

Below this can be given the date, or else the date can be advertised on the bottom of the hangers. In fact, date lines should be attached to the hangers, whether they announce the drive or not.

As to billing the town, you may employ the services of an advance man, connect yourself with some entertainment bureau or do your own billing.

Here, remember, I refer to the entertainment devoid of hypnotism.

When hypnotism is to be given as part of the evening's programme, bill your town just as you would for the hypnotic entertainment alone, announcing your mind reading feats prominently on the stands. The notice in the local papers is quite as essential as in the hypnotic entertainment proper and the fact that you do mind-reading or Clairvoyant work should be prominently displayed, but not given as much attention as hypnotism.

But that part can await the time of its explanation. At present, let us content ourselves with taking up the Telepathic entertainment as an entirely separate affair.

Here is where the safer side of playing a town comes in. The Mind Reading entertainment is much more at home in a hall than it is in an Opera House. In billing the town, strive to get in and play a "benefit" for some society. In many parts of the country, secret orders will bill entertainments of this nature. In some localities, the local firemen will sign a contract. At others, the high schools will gladly take up the matter. The most important thing is to catch a society at the time it is looking for some means of replenishing its treasury. The better your press notices and recommendations, the more likely you are to perfect your arrangements. We will assume that I am about to play through a section of country in which the towns do not run over

10,000 in population and most of them are not over 3,000. I approach the secretary or some official of a lodge—which I understand is likely to be open to engagements of this kind—either through correspondence or through the agency of an advance man—which is really the surest. The press notices and recommendations from prominent people in various localities are shown him and he is enthused. He promises to call the attention of the members to the scheme at the next meeting, which will be held in three days. My advance man outlines the matter to him fully, and leaves. He writes him the next day and tells him something else that is interesting; the second day, the secretary gets a reply to the letter he has written and the third day there is more correspondence. Thus, my advance man does not allow the matter to wane a moment. He keeps it fresh in the mind of the secretary. The proposition is to give an entertainment to last a period of two hours. The nature of it is strictly psychic. The hangers are read to the society when that part of the meeting has been reached. All the advertising is looked over carefully. Here the secretary reads to the meeting the proposition as laid out by the business manager:

"Prof. Leonidas proposes to give an entertainment of two hours' duration, revealing the wonders of the transference of thought and of Clairvoyance. He will give, during the afternoon of the performance—providing the weather does not prevent—a free street test, which will embrace the driving of a span of horses, while he is blindfolded, through the streets of your city, following the exact route as that followed by a committee who are to be selected by your society and who are to accompany him on his drive, and the finding of an article which shall be chosen and securely hidden by that committee.

"Your society is asked to guarantee to Prof. Leonidas the sum of \$35.00 if that amount is received from the sale of seats either prior to or on the day and evening of the performance, and a percentage of all moneys over the sum of \$35.00, said portion to amount to 25 per cent. Provided the society has taken from all moneys received an amount sufficient to cover the actual expenses incurred by the presentation of such entertainment, which will include the rental of a hall if other than their own, the employment of help, or bills for fuel and lights."

This, of course, is general. The advance man has, in reality, left a contract which is to be filled out on these lines if acceptable to the society.

The matter is discussed pro and con, and another letter is read stating that arrangements will have to be closed at once, as there are few open dates left. For convenience, I will say that the terms are accepted and that they are forwarded to my manager, who sends on hangers, folders and other advertising matter.

As the society has a hall of its own that is quite large enough to seat all who will come, they decide to use that, inasmuch as it is the most important hall of the town, aside from the opera house.

I might state that many of these societies own the opera halls in the smaller towns, especially in villages of from 800 to 1,800.

Here is the advantage of making arrangements of this kind: There are some 200 members of this lodge. Nearly everyone of them will be there. They are willing to see a very large percentage of their profits go if they are given a good entertainment for their money. They know that they will get enough out of it to help them in their finances. They also know that something of an unusual nature will be readily greeted by the citizens. I will state, in behalf of the lodges of these smaller towns throughout the country, that they are progressive and that they aim to give their villagers something, instead of keeping it all themselves. I am to get "first money," which means that I will get, after the expenses have been deducted, \$35.00 and one-quarter of all that is taken in over that. My expenses in that town, including those incurred by my advance man, his salary, advertising and all, will be about \$14.00. If we have any house at all, I will make money and be well paid for my time.

Besides these two hundred members, many of them have families and the rest have friends. There should be an audience of four hundred in this town, and the receipts should be over \$100.00. Now, I take it for granted that this will be the case. I would as soon have a "first money" contract in these little towns as an out-and-out contract for a stipulated amount. Every member will work and do his best to secure a large house. He has the honor of his lodge at stake somewhat and, besides, the lodge will be getting something for its treasury if its efforts are energetically put forth.

Always play lodges and societies if it is possible. There is money in it. This calls to my mind the actual story of two shows up in Wisconsin. One was an aggregation of colored singers, who played "first money" contracts; the other was a dramatic organization, having a good show for country towns. The vocalists played in towns of 500 and up. I have known of their clearing over \$100.00 in a little town that one would not think contained enough people to possibly make up that amount. Their entertainment was of a nature that would be accepted by Sunday schools, church organizations or public schools. In other towns, they have cleared \$300.00. And the dramatic organization actually was starved out of the same territory and at a much better time of the year. The one played under "first money" contracts; the other, well, the other just rented the halls and billed the towns. What a vast difference!

This work will fall into the hands of many young and inexperienced gentlemen who aspire to a career of this kind. They may possess exceptional ability in psychic lines and yet, were they to start out without system, they would not make any money. They want to see the country, they want to appear before the public, and back of it all, why try to hide the desire to make money? It is essential to life. Exert your energies in the right direction and you will succeed. There is a "system" to all things. If one succeeds in getting into this system, he will very likely win, if he is of the right caliber. But if he is one of these people who is looking for an easy means of making money and expects to put forth no energies of his own, he is doomed to failure.

The work that will teach a man or a woman a profession must also teach that man or woman the practical side. Some very worthy shows have been starved out of existence simply because they have not gone at matters in the right manner. And, when it is known that one is giving entertainments, be they in the nature of a show or a more refined programme, the people with whom you come in contact financially will always regard you with suspicion. You will find that, if you haven't the money, you cannot make arrangements with a hotel manager. Be cautious. The business side of any scheme is always the paying side. The other side must be worthy if it is to succeed, but the man who counts the cash, writes the checks and balances the books, handles the most important end of the business.

Let it be clearly understood that energy must always be put forth. The efforts of today will bring their harvest days hence. But there must be an unceasing attack on the skirmishing lines of business. Psychology presents an excellent means of entertainment, but there must be some certain means of getting "houses!"

To the inexperienced, I wish to say a word about launching an entertainment: No matter how much you read, no matter how well you are instructed, no man's experience will ever be of real value to you. You have but one teacher in this world and that is *Experience!* Some are taught their lessons less severely than are others; some learn more readily. But they all have to go *through the mill!* That is why the aged merchant looks at the young man, hears the boy's theories and shakes his head and says, "My boy, you will find that after you have gone through as many years of experience as I have you will look at things in a different light."

And another point: If a man has succeeded, his life-story is of some value to you; study his methods. But if a man has gone through life and has never made a success in any of his undertakings, pay no attention to his advice. The man who has made the success will tell you his candid opinion in a few words, but he who knows not will lengthen his argument. His wisdom is blind, desert him.

I would say to the young man or old man, young woman or matron, whatever you propose to do in these lines, get all the experience you can at the least possible expense. You will always meet some reverses on the road. There are towns that will cost you something to visit that can not be avoided. That will occur in any part of the country. But if you make money in the majority of towns, you are succeeding.

Do not go into districts where there is a large foreign element, do not play districts observing religious feasts and periods during those times, do not cause needless expense and do not let a few dollars stand between you and success.

The majority of my readers will not be Chicago people; they will live in small towns. Some of them—most of them—will not desire to enter into this business exclusively, but they will want to take it up so that they can fill in dates here and there, either for parlor entertainments or opera house or hall engagements. They will get their dress suits and will have neat letter heads printed by some good show-printing

house. Without trying to cast any reflections, I wish to state that country printing offices are not capable of doing show printing. I have no printing office that I would recommend. There are scores in all the large and good-sized cities in the country. Look them up for yourself. But always get your printing done at these houses. Letter heads and envelopes and cards—the latter can be printed by the local printer—will do for the young man who has regular employment but who wishes to fill in an engagement now and then in his locality. In time his fame will spread, and if he ever decides to go on the road as a professional, he will have had experience that will serve him well. And that is really the wisest course to pursue for the young. But, where the man is old enough to understand the world, he can feel pretty safe, after having made a few stands in little towns, to take up the work over a long route.

We will suppose that a gentleman in a little town in any part of the country studies this book. He decides to try his hand at public work. He is a good hypnotist, a good mind reader and has talked before lodges and meetings. That is important: Don't be frightened when you face an audience. I called your attention to this fact in the first part of this work.

But this gentleman is undecided about getting fifty or a hundred dollars' worth of printing done, and of putting some two hundred dollars into his enterprise. He has a friend with a horse and carriage—or sleigh, according to the season of the year—and he asks that friend to drive him over to a little town a few miles distant. He is taken there and makes arrangements for an entertainment, signing his agreement with the members of a local society. He goes to the local printer—provided the town is large enough to have a well equipped job office—and gets some posters printed in neat style on white paper. Some fourth, eighth and, maybe, sixteenth sheets will do. See that the cost is not over \$4.00 for your printing. Then you will need some tickets. Get a couple of hundred of one color and a hundred of another. Don't get too many; you might have them on your hands after that first entertainment. I don't want to discourage you, but it is hard saying just what a young entertainer will do after his first real performance.

Then get the bills up in prominent places and give the members of the society a certain number of tickets to sell. Don't trust any little boys to go out and sell them. I remember a hypnotic show that lost money that way once. It never tried it again! The manager gave some "honest looking boys" tickets to sell for ten cents apiece, or something like that. They were children's tickets and were to sell much less than the adults' tickets were sold at. When the performance was to come off, there were not enough present to pay expenses and so it was decided to close the hall. Refunds were in order and when these tickets were presented it was found that the holders gave twice as much as they—the tickets—were to have cost. Beware!

When you have worked up the interest of the people and have given your first entertainment, you will have gained some experience that will aid you later on. Then give more entertainments in the same way if you are not losing money on them. Your expenses will not be

great; they will be nominal. But I would caution the beginner in these lines that there will always be some one who wants to go in with him and divide. Some of these people can do a little something in the line of entertaining, but it is not enough to warrant an out-and-out *split* in the receipts by any means. I am reminded of a hypnotist who billed a small town, drew a large audience and did not have enough out of it to pay him a day's wages were he working at ordinary labor. There were just about twelve that came in for the "split." It was a neatly arranged thing; the hypnotist did all the work and got less than any of the others.

Four were musicians. One worked himself in as manager. Another took tickets and, incidentally, let boys in for what he could get out of them, making about five dollars besides his share of the dividends. One boy came down to the town and was let in without paying. Then he wanted to have his expenses paid: There were over thirty-five dollars taken in at the door. The hypnotist got about a dollar out of it besides his expenses. Positively refuse to have anything to do with this class of people. You will find them in small towns, in cities or anywhere. Work independently. Pay your own expenses and reap your own harvest. If you know that you don't want a manager, don't allow anyone to talk you into having one. If you want a manager when you know that you are able to entertain and have a little money to put into your enterprise, get a good one; they are always the cheapest in the end. Don't send any unschooled boy out ahead of you. Get a man and one who has billed shows before. Then make your contract binding on him as well as yourself and you will make money or know that it wasn't your fault if you fail!

I have given these words of advice because they come under this part of my book. We will now go on and take the higher phenomena, considering it carefully, both in relation to its presentation on a public stage and the phenomena themselves considered separately from public work.

Telepathy is the easiest by far to produce in public of any of the higher phenomena. The contact mind-reading is much easier than any other, because there is much in the physical contact that aids the reader in his work.

Clairvoyance is difficult of production on the stage. I refer to genuine phenomena. The reason lies principally in the fact that clairvoyants—so-called—deceive themselves more than any other class of psychics. They get to that point of concentration where they can close their eyes and "see things." Then, when this has been accomplished, they take for granted that everything they see is genuine and they give it out as that. They are mildly insane on the subject. In my travels, I have met them deranged to such an extent that they would want to have learning of clairvoyance, psychometry, etc., made compulsory. They would rant about their higher plane and then—well, then, they would go and do something quite beneath the *lower* mortals! Take care in selecting a clairvoyant, if you are not one yourself. Do not give the public fraudulent phenomena. If you give mind-reading, or muscle-reading, give

real phenomena, and the public will appreciate it. Some will always decry it as *fake*. They are interested along different lines, so do not blame them or call them fools. They should be considerate enough not to injure a man's business, but the mind-reader has no moral right to try to disabuse their minds of their beliefs.

Thought-transference without contact is the most difficult phenomenon to produce. I would say that it is too difficult to produce with exactness. There is much fraud done in this line, but real mind-reading without contact is—well, it is rarely seen in public!

Except—in the case of a hypnotized subject. Here you can illustrate the transference of thought. You can sometimes get a subject trained down to that degree where you can hold cards behind him and he will tell you the card without error. But when the subject is not hypnotized, the work in public can be put down as nearly all fraud.

Regarding the production of these phenomena, I will divide this part into two sections, giving first the procedure of one just launching in the sea of public entertainments, and the other, the work for one fully established.

When I have outlined the work for the amateur, I will return to the town I have billed. Meanwhile, we will suppose that the society is doing its best to work up a good sale of seats.

The young man who has read my instructions, decides to give an entertainment. He bills a neighboring town as I have directed and has gathered a good-sized audience on the event of his *debut* in professional fields. He is attired in full dress and is ready to step out on the platform to make his speech. As a matter of fact, he has made speeches before. He has debated, delivered orations, etc. He has nothing to fear on those lines. All he now wants is something to say. He can make his speech original if he chooses. I give this speech merely to illustrate the points to be touched and the manner of touching them. It is highly probable that the society that has engaged him has decided to aid him—as he has suggested—by delivering a song or two of the classic order and a little music. This has put the minds of the audience in a good state. There are about one hundred and thirty present. They are the best class of people in town. This is another advantage of playing a well-established society. In these little towns, you do not have to bill extensively if you have something energetic at your back. Let other people do as much work for you—and, incidentally, themselves—as is possible.

There is great satisfaction in stepping out before an intelligent audience and telling them *facts*. Even though they may not believe in your teachings, they are *thinking* people and they will do their share of reasoning. There is much real live interest shown in these little towns. People *think* there; they are not “blase,” they do not worry about the rise and fall of stocks, they do not spend their time and money in “leading a rag-time life;” they are thinkers, reasoners.

The songs have been completed and some twenty minutes of your time has been taken up. You step before the audience in company with the president, or secretary, of the society. He introduces you to the audience something after the following style:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Frank D. Smith, who will entertain and instruct us with his feats of mind-reading and other psychic phenomena."

You address the "chair" and then you are reading. Thus, turning to the officer: "Mr. President."

Then you turn to the audience with:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: In presenting psychic phenomena to you this evening, I wish to call your attention to a few simple facts regarding the underlying principles. My entertainment will consist chiefly of mind-reading, or reading the unuttered thoughts of those who shall be chosen as a committee by the audience. There are distinctly two classes of the reading of thought: The first is that in which there is no contact. This is difficult of production in public as it depends almost entirely upon the passive condition of the operator. The other kind consists of mind-reading through physical contact. This has been called 'muscle reading,' inasmuch as it is aided by the physical contact of the operator and the one whose thoughts are to be read. But muscle-reading does not express it exactly, even though there is some aid given by the contact. If there is anything transmitted to the mind of the operator other than through the transference of thought, the *nerves of sensation* transfer that message. If you burn your finger, your *muscles* have nothing to do with telegraphing the information to your brain. Your *sensory nerves* do the work. Therefore, if I am blindfolded securely and have hold of someone's hand, and if he thinks that he would like to have my right hand move, there is nothing in his touch that tells me that. I might get it from his nerves. But I perform the act and do it without the use of reason. Again, when I have a certain experiment to carry out, I will 'see' the object I am in quest of before I touch it, even though I have not been told the identity of the article.

"At first sight, this appears rather lazy. But after I have called your attention to a few facts, you will see that there is nothing impossible in the act. How often have you suddenly thought of some person of your acquaintance and seen him immediately afterward? How often have you talked about someone and he has come into your presence? "Speak of angels and you will hear the flapping of the wings," or "Speak of the devil and he is sure to appear," are two odd ways of expressing this occurrence. Take the number of times that this occurs, times when nothing in the approach of the other party could have suggested the thought. Can you conscientiously call it coincidence? Or, talking with a friend, you take the very words out of his mouth, though he was about to change the subject. Is this coincidence?

"Or, getting into the subject a little deeper, have you ever seen the shadowy form of a friend who was not present, have you never heard your name called when there was no one near to speak it? And still you deny the wonders of your own mind? This common belief that there is little in these things is due to the active employment of the mind, to our mercenary methods of transacting business and to our general mode of life. In our quiet moments we get flashes of this power, sometimes we meet people who are strangely 'gifted' in these lines. It

sets us to thinking. We will find, if we continue our research, that part of what we get is due to our own minds, another part is due to the minds of some one else. The actual transference of thought must have two conditions: *Concentration* on the part of one mind; *receptivity* on the part of the other. Thus we have one mind acting as the 'transmitter' and the other as the 'receiver.'

"In my entertainment this evening, it will be impossible for me to give you genuine phenomena in the transference of thought *without contact* because I cannot get into a condition receptive enough to get and interpret your messages. On the other hand, I will do my work by contact. Here I rely upon active nervous energy. This does not make every little sound annoying. I will ask that the audience select a committee of gentlemen well known and respected. I want you to be satisfied in knowing that my work, real or aided by nervous contact, is genuine; that it is not a fraud and that the results are obtained under the supervision of men of integrity. I want you to select about five or six gentlemen upon whose word you can depend. It is immaterial to me whether they believe in this kind of work or not. If they discover a fraud I want them to consider it their duty to report it to the audience. Will you kindly select this committee?"

On the stage the operator has a table—or little stand—upon which he has placed his absorbent cotton, to be used as pads for the eyes, and a pitcher of water, together with a glass. He must also have something to act as a bandage. A large silk handkerchief will do. If the committee desire to impose any greater test by way of a blindfold, the operator must submit to it.

This must be the method of the amateur in approaching his entertainers. The professional may object to the music, he may wade into the subject to such a depth that the audience are swayed and held in awe at his marvelous recital of the mysteries of Mind. But he can give only a certain amount of work; the amateur can give as much. Remember, I expect that anyone giving an entertainment of this nature has done the work before at his home and in the company of friends. He must not be timid and without faith in himself. There will be a rather peculiar feeling about it all when the blindfold is adjusted. Think of what a predicament one would be in were he incompetent to carry on the work! He must be good at his work, for there will never be any excuse for a failure in an entertainment. Failure must never be allowed to enter into your work as part of it.

I will now return to the hall where I am supposed to exhibit and show you how the entertainment should be carried out. The instructions will be practically the same for the amateur as for the professional. I have shown the latter how to bill his town. I have told the beginner how to make his arrangements. The show in either case cannot greatly differ.

I will assume that I have just delivered the above speech and am awaiting the selection of a committee. This is different from asking for volunteers for the hypnotic show. The gentlemen who will come upon the platform know that they are wanted to use their judgment, to

use the power of their thoughts, to watch my every movement and to see that I am giving the audience something genuine. They are not belittled at all by the request.

"Will you kindly name some gentlemen who may act as committeemen?" I ask.

"I will name Mr. John Hartford," says one old gentleman arising, and the motion is "seconded" in all parts of the house.

"I name Mr. J. W. Thomas," says another.

Mr. Thomas immediately declines, saying that he has been suffering from a cold and does not feel that he is able to act in the capacity on account of his recent illness. Mr. Thomas, of course, is excused, and I await the naming of others.

They are named, one at a time, until six have been chosen. The gentlemen come upon the stage two at a time and take the seats I have arranged for them.

In most of these little halls, it is not necessary to have a place to walk down from the stage. The stage is little more than a platform in this case and there are steps sufficient to allow two to pass readily from the stage to the floor of the hall. In the smaller opera houses, there are usually steps at one side. These will do quite as well as taking the trouble to put up anything additional.

"Now, gentlemen," I say, "I wish you to take every precaution in blindfolding me. Place the blindfold on tightly, but not too tight for the welfare of the eyes. Then, when I am securely blindfolded, I will instruct you as to the procedure of the entertainment."

I am seated in a chair and two of the committee—one a physician; and a physician is always important—proceed to blindfold me. They take the cotton. Always have absorbent cotton, as there will be considerable moisture that must be taken up or the eyes will suffer. This cotton is torn up into small pieces and placed over each eye, one of the gentlemen holding the cotton while the other places more on the increasing pads. When they are through, they take the bandage and wrap it carefully over the cotton. Over this they place another bandage of gauze. This is wrapped around many times so that, when the job is finished, there is absolutely no chance of seeing. This is just what the committee desire, it is just what the audience desire and it most assuredly is what the operator desires!

Arising, I turn to the audience and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, now that the blindfold is securely fastened so that there is no chance of seeing, I will instruct the committee and, incidentally, the audience as to the procedure of this entertainment. In the first place, I will ask one of the committeemen to take an ordinary pocket knife and hide it in some convenient place in the audience. This is to give me an opportunity to get worked up gradually toward the more difficult feats. When this gentleman has returned, I am to take his hand and he is to hold his mind on my movements, thinking of the way he wishes me to go, of turning out of the way of anything that is in my way and of stopping when I reach the object. I want him to think of my stopping and then he is to think of the movements my hand is to make when I am to pick

up the object. For this first experiment, do not put the knife in a pocket or any place difficult to find. These other experiments will be taken up later. Kindly remember that you are to *think* and I am to read your thoughts and translate them into action."

One of the men goes down into the audience. As a guarantee of good faith, I have turned my face away from the audience. The knife is securely hidden and the gentleman returns to the stage.

"Now, remember, keep your arm limp, your thoughts concentrated on the *actions* you wish me to perform and let me take your hand. Thanks. I will go first. Now, center your thoughts, ready!"

The mind-reader knows the sensations that come to him when he grasps the hand of the man who is thinking. I start out at once. The first experiment is usually the hardest one. Not always, I admit. But the mind of the operator has to get worked up to that point wherein he can perform his feats without any more fatigue than is absolutely necessary and with more accuracy than he would show in his first experiment. As I go I do not think of the chairs, or the people or anything but getting that knife. I do not listen to hear if the audience are informing me as to where it is hidden. I wait for the impressions to come from the man I am with. As I rush down what is likely an aisle, a sudden *brake* has been applied. I stop and the gentleman whose hand I hold nearly stumbles over me. Then I move restlessly from side to side and my right hand goes down toward the floor. I am nearly on my knees when my hand touches the knife and as I hold it aloft the audience is well pleased and greets me with applause.

In hypnotism the operator knows just what he is doing. In mind-reading, he is deprived of the light. All is chaotic darkness. He soon forms strange ideas and forgets just what he is doing. Here he is using the subconscious powers. He goes through his acts without really knowing just what movements he makes, without any idea of the routes he takes and wholly at the mercy of the men who aid him. It is this fact that appeals to the audience, to the committee and makes your work a success. They soon see that, if they think wrongly—and they are sure to test you—you will obey their thoughts. When they realize that, no matter what force it is you use, you are genuine, and that you are at their mercy to produce exact phenomena, they will do their part and do it well.

Take it on the whole, there is no entertainment in the psychic line that is open to success as is that of contact mind-reading.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, for the next experiment, I will ask another of these gentlemen to take some object that I do not know. He is to take something that is not too large, something that I am not inconvenienced in carrying. Then he is to place it in any place that can be reached without any especial danger to myself. After he comes back I will take his hand as I did that of the other gentleman and will find the object."

Here there is a little whispering on the part of the committee and finally I hear one of them going down among the audience. He does a great deal of walking. I can plainly hear him, as his shoes have a

slight squeak. When he returns he tells me that he is ready and I take his hand and push him behind me.

Student, you are giving genuine work. All you want is to have the committeemen think and you will do your part. But the audience want to see every sign of honesty on the part of the operator. They must be shown that there is nothing fraudulent. They want your proof and they are willing to give their own. Therefore, to the student, to the one who has not spent the days of his "apprenticeship" in this line of work, I caution you against anything that will reflect upon your work. If you find that, with one man, you cannot "read," don't be afraid of telling him and the audience how things stand. Don't try to make light of the mental powers of your assistant. He has brains, but you cannot get the impressions from him. Politely tell him that this sometimes happens and there will be no ill feelings. And, it is for this same reason that I take the gentleman and push him back of me. If I *lead* and his arm is seen to be limp, it is clear that he is not leading me. Let everything reflect to your credit; not against it.

The operator in these lines who has had enough experience to do his work well will find that he does many little things of which he is not aware while performing his experiments during the course of his evening's entertainment. He will make little moves, take steps here and there that he does not realize he takes. These may be made to dodge a chair, to step over someone's extended foot or something of the kind. The audience see these things and the operator is held in view as a wonderful being.

This time I go among the audience more rapidly and am not long in locating the object sought. It is often difficult to locate an article at the start. But when it is found, although it may seem a long time to the operator, the audience always greet the act with an applause. There is seldom anything to laugh at in any entertainment of this kind. In fact, most of the people look at it seriously. It awakens a something within them that they have not had stimulated before; that is their innate desire to solve mysteries, to look into the future and to avoid pending evils. It would astonish the reader, perhaps, to know of the superstitions of people. Strange things occur and yet these same people would say that they were not superstitious if reminded about it.

Not long ago I was about to cross State street in Chicago, at its intersection with Washington street. As I stepped out on State street, a funeral was passing northward. Without paying any attention to what I did, I stopped to wait until the funeral passed. It might have been an act of respect and it might have been—superstition. It was involuntary. When I thought of the reason for waiting, I looked at both sides of the street and was surprised to see fully six hundred people at this corner who refused to break through a funeral procession. Even in this great city, where everything is done in a hurry, people had time to wait until the funeral procession passed. No more than fifty people crossed at this corner. Out of the six hundred or so who waited, perhaps not forty really thought why they did it. They had an "ingrown" superstition and their reason was not allowed to argue against it.

So it is with an audience; they have an awakening of their subconscious, they feel that they have powers within themselves and they are put in harmony with nature at once. Therefore, an audience that assembles to witness an exhibition of this nature is usually the most sympathetic audience that one could ever address. When they see the mind-reader perspiring and working intently and doing his work well, they cast aside all thought of fraud and are with him, every one.

When I return to the stage, it is necessary to have a drink of water. Those who have done the work know what it means. After that, I enlighten the audience on the tenor of the next experiment, which will be much more complicated than either of the two preceding it.

"My next experiment will be as follows: I want one of these gentlemen—again a new one—to go into the audience and select some lady's ring. Remember the hand and the finger on which it belongs. Then hide it anywhere you please. Return to me, I will take your hand and find the ring, the party it belongs to and place it on the correct finger."

There is a gentle murmur as I finish my speech and the committee again select a gentleman to do the work. He goes out among the audience while I take a few long, deep, even breaths to rest myself from the fatigue I am undergoing. The man or woman who has given only parlor entertainments and has not spent more than fifteen minutes at a time at the work will hardly appreciate the real strain that a mind-reader has to undergo in his stage work. In the first place, the hall is usually warm by the time it is filled. In the second place, he keeps his bandage on for a long time; usually really an hour before removing it. I have met some men in this line, among them very prominent mind-readers, who had a bandage made that would fit over the eyes and not make the pressure too severe. This bandage was made of felt, I believe, having two convex lobes to place over the eyes. It fitted tightly on the brows so that there could be no possibility of fraud. The pads were also used and over these was placed a silk handkerchief. This was easily removed. After each act, he would remove it and address the audience with the blindfold off, replacing it every time.

But I must return to my experiments: The gentleman has returned. I ask him if he has placed the ring in a good place and if he knows just where the lady sits and which hand and finger the ring belongs on. He states that he has arranged everything just as instructed. I take him by the hand and we start for the audience. I will describe the sensations I experience in fulfilling this experiment:

As I leave the stage, the floor seems to move under me, turning now and then. I lower my foot when I come to the steps, not feeling for them. I know nothing about them and I care less. Again the floor twists and turns rapidly and I am wandering somewhere. Sometimes I realize that I am going very fast and at others I feel as though I scarcely move. Finally, after having felt the floor turn many times under me, I stop. No longer do I have any desire to move my legs. I usually take hold of the assistant's right hand with my left, running his arm under mine so that I can hold his hand with its back to my temple. I get the best impressions in this way. I always have my right hand free. I now feel

a desire to move my right hand and my body. I am reaching up, higher and higher. There is a desire to reach very high, and I step upward. As I do so my foot touches a chair and I am soon up, reaching on the wall—I presume. After passing my hand back and forth once or twice, I let it touch the wall and I have the ring.

I take the ring, get down from the chair and have started again, and the floor is once more twisting under my feet. Having made several turns, I stop and reach out my hand. I let it rest on the head of a lady and I know—because my hand is not imbued with a desire to travel further—that I have found the right party. After some difficulty in getting in a convenient position, I reach out and pick up one of her hands.

“Hold this out—so!” I place the fingers so that they are spread out. I then take the ring between my thumb and forefinger and again I forget surroundings. In front of me I see a wheel without a tire. The spokes are turning rapidly toward me. I hold a ring, or rather, a hoop. The wheel goes faster and faster and finally stops. The spoke in front of me is very distinct. I hold the ring by the rim with my hand and carelessly place it over the spoke. While I believe that I am doing this, I am placing the ring on the finger of the lady. The applause of the audience usually serves to bring me back to my surroundings.

Having again returned to the stage, I will make my next experiment a little more interesting. In the meantime, I wish to discuss briefly a few popular mistakes regarding the manner in which this work is done. At one time I had an orchestra with me and, because the audience knew that they were of my party, they immediately made the statement that the music did the work in directing me, not thinking that this would be next to impossible, due to the fact that I changed my locality nearly every day, that I was in strange halls and that the musicians had no way of telling some of the things most important. The statement was not made aloud, but it reached my ears. I then performed an experiment or two, forbidding the musicians to play a note or to make a sound of any nature. Those who have “solved” the system were somewhat nonplussed at this. Then the sense of touch is accused of being the criminal. Or, I have heard some say, it is easy to tell whether one is near an object or not as there is always that suppression of noise when the object is reached. This is always the utterance of one who has never done the work himself. The student who has done anything in this line, or the professional who has performed the work for years, both know that they would far rather not have these influences reach them. They pay no attention to them and are more annoyed than anything else at the occurrences.

As I said, I will see that things are a little more complicated for the next experiment. The audience like to have these called “experiments” or “tests” rather than acts. If a thing is an act, it is something that you have done time and time again without variation. With mind-reading the conditions ever change and the carrying out of the test is always different one night from the night before.

“For the next test, ladies and gentlemen, I will have one of the committee select six hats from gentlemen in different parts of the hall.

He will kindly keep track of the owners of these hats, or those owning them may let the committeeman know in some manner or other when I get his hat. When these hats have been selected, they can be piled up in some part of the hall and I will get them one at a time, return them to their respective owners and place them on their heads."

Again the man leaves and again there is the whispering in the audience. I have another drink of water and then, while the hats are being selected, I arise and say, so that the audience can hear me: "Now, will one of you gentlemen hold out your hand and show the rest a finger you wish me to touch?"

One of them having shown the finger he wishes me to touch, I am taken over to him and I stand so that every one can see. I take the hand he has selected—finding this by mind-reading—and extend the fingers. As I move my hand over the tips of his fingers—keeping the other one around his free hand, I gradually am inclined to stop at his little finger. That is the one! I repeat this test several times and when the gentleman has returned from the audience, I have held the attention of every one with this one act—or test.

Taking the hand of the committeeman I start out, first locating the hats and then picking one up and going about the hall to the place where the owner is located. I lift it to the right height without paying any attention to his posture and place it on his head. Every time this is done there is applause. But applause does not amount to much with a mind-reader. Sometimes he hears it as though it were far away and at others he can hear it more distinctly. In either case it makes but little impression on his mind. He is concentrated on one thing and that is never lost sight of.

There is no form of concentration any more intense than that exhibited by the public mind-reader. He hears nothing, feels nothing, experiences nothing aside from his desire to accomplish the feat he has set out to do, and he seldom fails. Without the use of sight, not knowing where he is going, having no desire for directions, he runs here and there, dragging behind him a man whose mind he reads. He finds the object he seeks and his task is finished. Then, and not until then, he realizes what a terrible strain he has imposed upon himself. He knows that he is suffering, that a terrible heat is burning within him and that he either must go through another test or be liberated from his prison.

I find the other hats, one at a time, and return them to their owners in the same manner as I did the first one. This feat does not differ materially from the others. It is not as difficult—or no more so—as the one in which I find the ring and place it upon the right finger. And yet it is so conceded by the audience.

The Mock Murder and trial forms an interesting test, but it is rather difficult to carry out as it takes a good deal of time, and time amounts to something in mind-reading work. The test, which I distinctly outline to the committee and the audience is this: The committee is to send out one or two men who will pick out a man or a woman somewhere in the audience who is to be the victim. He is supposed to be murdered and

the body is supposed to be in some out-of-the-way place. However, he is seated in the audience. This is a great deal better than hiding the person, as it is much more difficult to find him in the audience than if he were alone. I tell the audience this and they see the point. When the murdered one has been selected, the committeeman will select the murderer. Like the victim, he is in some part of the hall, mixed in with many other people. The next step will be to select the weapon and hide it somewhere. A knife, or pencil, or anything that can be picked up without inconvenience will do. When this has been done, he selects six jurymen and the judge. Of course, it is sometimes difficult to remember the exact location of all these, but he is reminded of it by others present. This takes about ten minutes and in the meantime I have an excellent opportunity to rest. Here is a point that I wish to impress on the minds of the students: Always arrange your experiments, or tests, so that your committee relieve you of much of the work. The audience do not lose their interest for a moment, and, even though the coming test will take some time, the mind-reader will find himself equal to the task. As I have stated in other tests, it is best to give the student an idea of the feelings, the sensations of the operator while he is going through the performance of these feats, as they differ from those of the home entertainment. The entertainment at home can have a great many failures in it, but the one in public must be carried out without a flaw.

The man returns from the audience—I take for granted that we have had but one in this experiment—and before I take his hand, I say: “Now, are you sure that you know the location of the *murdered one*?” He says that he knows it. I take his hand, tell him to “think hard,” and in another instant I am *off*. As the floor once more winds under my feet, I can feel that there will be a period of several minutes—perhaps three—during which I can do a great amount of work. It is right here that one is apt to lose his patience if the man who is with him does not think properly. I cannot say what causes some of them to relax their minds just at the moment you wish their co-operation. It happens; perhaps it is, in some cases, due to *brain fag*. Perhaps the man gets excited and forgets that he is to think. At any rate, I have been lead blindly into posts and other objects that I never would have touched had the man done his work properly. This could happen by a sudden change in his thoughts. For instance, we will suppose that I am going toward a post. He is afraid that I will run into it. He thinks that he will have me go around to the right. As I start to do so, he is afraid that there may not be enough room there, so he suddenly decides to have me go to the left. The consequence is easily seen: I run into the post.

As I get nearer and nearer the object of my search, the murdered man, a shudder comes over me. All mind-readers, after having been on the road a certain length of time, have their peculiar manners of interpretation. I always dread to touch another person—besides the one I have hold of—when I am blindfolded. It gives me a sudden shock that I can feel throughout my entire frame. Others might not be affected in this manner. So, when I am nearing the victim of the “murder” I am quite certain of the fact. As I draw closer, I feel that chill penetrating to my

very bones. I cannot resist; I am being drawn there by a great force—mind!

Suddenly I stop and my right hand points out toward a something that I fear to touch. I know that I must touch "it," but I dread to do so. Finally I thrust my hand out farther and a chill shuts out my surroundings. I touch the victim and applause greets my effort.

It is very necessary to give these experiments in detail as the student will have many little things to learn no matter how good a psychic he may be. So, I turn to the man who is with me and remind him of the next object we are to find. "Do you know the exact location of the murderer?" He assures me that he does, and again the floor is twisting under my feet. It takes a very short time to locate the murderer, and I again ask him if he knows the location of the weapon. It often happens that some one—just to "test" the mind-reader—hides the things selected in a different place. They think that, if the work is genuine, the mind-reader will go to the new place, irrespective of the thoughts of the man who is with him. There are always a happy class of idiots at any entertainment, people who are degenerates, whose parents and grandparents had sloping foreheads. Little wonder then that their progeny are wanting in "gray matter!" I have known of mind-readers narrowly escaping injury at their idiotic hands.

The location of the weapon is not unlike the location of any other object. I usually find that it is located in some place quite difficult to get at. One of the most annoying things is to have an article that is very small secreted in the pocket of a coat and then have the man with you think of some impossible way of getting into that pocket. Time and time again I have taken out and replaced articles. There would not be the slightest doubt when I took out the article. But the moment I held it in my hands, I would replace it. I have had my man tell me that I had selected it some three or four times. Then I try again, telling him that, when I have found it, he is to think of my moving away and keeping away. The trouble has been here: He was all right while I hunted for it; he has kept his mind there until I hold it in my hands and am uncertain. Then his own mind would shift and he would create a doubt. The natural consequence was that I returned it to the pocket and he, seeing my hand returning in that direction, would give up and let me replace it and then he would again resume the strength of his thoughts. This is done unconsciously by the assistant. He does not do so purposely, but he gets his mind rather chaotic, which makes the work of the mind-reader very difficult.

When I have found the weapon, I hold it aloft and ask of the man with me if he knows whom it belongs to. He tells me that he does and I ask him if it is someone other than himself. When he says that it is, it takes me but a short time to return it to its owner. Working in these addition tests, never fails to please the audience.

Those with experience in mind-reading will know that there is often confusion resulting from trying to locate an article that is secreted upon the person of the man whose hand you hold. He may think of

himself but you, the operator, will be at sea. I have found that this is too confusing to put on, or allow at all, in an entertainment. I always instruct the committee on this point and they usually remember it. The successful operator is he who takes time in explaining every detail of his work before he attempts the test.

Having given this article—a pencil—to a gentleman who loaned it, I proceed to find the six jurymen and the judge. I lose count and tell the gentleman with me to keep careful count of the number so that he will know when I am through. It takes me less time to carry out my part of the test than it did to locate and select these different people.

I will give one more test and then we will have an intermission. When I go up to the stage I find that I am greatly exhausted and that it is with difficulty that I can walk. Still I will give one more test and then we will have ten or fifteen minutes of rest.

Having taken a drink of water—which the student will find he will do without any previous instruction!—I address the committee and the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, in this next test, I will have one of the gentlemen of the committee go down among the audience, have someone address a card, or a piece of paper. When this has been done, he will read the address, give the card back and then follow out a certain circuit down the aisles, keeping track of where he goes and finally reaching the one the letter is to be delivered to. He will remember just the movements he made and then he will come back here and I will take his hand, take him to the person holding the addressed card and will follow out his route, handing the card to the person to whom it is addressed in the same manner he was handed the imaginary card.

"I wish to caution the gentleman who does this to take me over the route as he went over and not backwards, as some have done."

After a wait of a few minutes he is back and I take his hand and am once more going down among the audience. There is no hitch in particular and I deliver the card as he has done, going over the same route.

A variation of mind-reading feats always looks to the audience as the exhibition of some new power. For example, we will say that an entertainer has just performed that test of finding the ring. His next test will be finding the hats. The movements are varied, the articles sought are changed, but the test does not vary. There are divisions, however, that I wish to take up later. They are much more difficult than those that have been given and must be worked up to through a series of tests, as I have been giving them. Start in with the simple ones and you will bring yourself up to that point at which you can do things quite out of your reach in the beginning.

I return to the stage and again address the audience:

"We will now have an intermission of a few minutes. It is necessary for me to remove this blindfold from my eyes for a few minutes and take a general rest. After that I will continue my tests, giving some much more difficult than any I have so far given."

I then turn to the committee and request them to take me to some dark corner where I can remove the bandage without danger of the

light affecting my eyes too strongly. It does not take a great deal of imagination to see that the pupil of the eye will be greatly dilated. Were the light to strike it strongly, the contraction would be so rapid that pain and possible injury would result.

I am taken to some dark corner, or rather, I "take" the one whose hand I have. Then I carefully remove the bandage from my eyes. There is always a feeling of great exhaustion as soon as my eyes are again free. The entertainment that varies this and gives only about half an hour of mind-reading is by far the most sensible. I am telling my pupils how to carry out the psychic entertainment. I want to cover the ground for all. Some very good men in these lines have given entertainments for a long time without giving way. Some have never been seriously injured through the effects of mind-reading. That it is tiring, cannot be denied by anyone. It is exhausting in the extreme. But the people who witness it know that it is entertaining and they are willing to pay to witness its performance.

When I have outlined the remainder of this entertainment, I will take up the street drive, showing how to conduct it. I was to have taken it up in this town, but I have combined the entertainment to be given by the amateur and that to be given by the professional after it has been clearly shown just what preliminary steps are to be taken in either case. So it will be with the mind-reading. The operator who is well up in mind-reading may not be able to give the street test. That is what I will show. Where it can be taken up, it will act as an advertising means for any psychic entertainment. After we have discussed all this, I will show the student how to give the psychic show in general, combining mind-reading, hypnotism, clairvoyance, etc.

Student, do not be *too* enthusiastic. You will find that you will only wear yourself out if you try to pile more on your shoulders than you can stand. If experience has taught you that you cannot stand an hour without rest in this class of work, see that you remove your bandage and give yourself a rest after the performance of either one or two tests.

There was once a mind-reader by the name of Washington Irving Bishop. His name and fame have spread all over the civilized world. His feats were among the first of this nature seen. Mr. Bishop, like many who have followed him, realized that he was open to that peculiar malady known as "suspended animation." Like others, he carried a card in his pocket instructing any one who should find him in a comatose condition to see that he was left under certain conditions. Just what his instructions were I do not know. But others usually instruct the public to see that they are placed in a room where no one will interfere with them, to see that they have plenty of fresh air in the room and *not* to call an undertaker as long as there are signs of life. Stimulants can be used to advantage. This lethargy, or trance state, is caused by the severe nervous strain combined with the nature of the mind-reader himself. One constitution might withstand this kind of work for years; another might succumb in three weeks.

In the case of Mr. Bishop, he was hurried to a medical college or

an infirmary of some kind and, before any of his relatives could get word of his plight or interfere, he was put on a dissecting table and his head was cut into. There is much question as to the outcome of that act. It is probable—yet the charge cannot be made—that Mr. Bishop was still alive, that he was killed then and there by medical students or surgeons desirous of getting someone to cut up.

There are others who have had a much worse fate than Washington Irving Bishop. Many have been buried and have regained consciousness in the tomb, only to meet death a thousand times worse than having the skull laid open and the brain examined.

In my entertainments, I never failed to call the attention of my audience to the actual occurrences of people buried alive. Some cases have come before my personal notice. I remember a lady who was taken ill with neuralgic pains. A physician, who was in the habit of drinking heavily, was called. He administered an opiate and the lady fell into a deep sleep. She never awoke. When every sign of death was apparent, preparations were made for her funeral and when she was encased in her casket, her form was still limp and on her face was a healthy flush, while there was not the slightest sign of decomposition. Always look for this discoloration in death and always tell your audience about it. It is the one great sign that nature has given us—where putrefaction sets in, life cannot exist! This, I admit, is a gloomy subject to bind between the covers of a book purporting to teach the profession of *Psychic Entertaining*. But, student, you become a dealer in the secrets of life when you don your professional garb, and you can do much good and no great harm by telling your hearers that there ever lurks a terror a thousand times worse than a quiet death—a living tomb!

But I am forgetting. I believe that I have taken up most of my time and I want to get through so that I can escort my students into many other branches of this work. I usually find it necessary to change my collars, despite the fact that I have kept a handkerchief tucked in at my neck during my tests. I also wash my hands and face, which greatly refreshes me. When it can be procured I find a cup of strong coffee without any milk or sugar will revive my waning spirits considerably. Take warning, you who would make a profession of this work: Never indulge in strong drink as a pacifier of your nerves. It is bad enough to drink strong coffee, but when it comes to an intoxicant, although it will likely relieve you for the time being, you must bear in mind that you are ruining your future in this very act. No matter how great your exhaustion, you will come out of it in time and that time will not be extended at the longest. Keep away from "bracers," for they will ruin you and your business, they will in time unfit you for this kind of work and if you become a nervous wreck from following up mind-reading and whisky, you will be no good to yourself, your fellows or the world.

There never was a profession that did not have its setbacks. The ordinary man gets to that point where he receives the brunt of their influence; then he stops. He is entangled in the snares that are always set and he ceases to be progressive. Instead of stopping at this point, were he to go ahead and withstand these annoying influences, he would succeed.

The Telepathist is not out of the embrace of these influences. A desire for stimulants is his weakness. If he gives up, he is lost.

But I will go back to the stage—or platform—and deliver the little speech that is always necessary when a “new chapter” is reached.

My committee will be there and I will take up about thirty-five minutes in the continuance of my tests. This will give me time to perform about four tests.

I once more step upon the platform: “Ladies and gentlemen, in the tests which are to follow, I wish to call your attention to several facts relating to the higher phenomena of the Mind, as witnessed in entertainments of this nature and in real life. You may have had some experiences that you dismissed with the thought that they were “queer” and you may have had experiences that you still do not attempt to explain. In fact, explanations are difficult when we consider the limit of human knowledge relating to the laws and future of Life! I once knew a woman who related to me the following experience:

“‘When I was a girl, mother and I were standing in our kitchen one day,’ related the lady, ‘preparing our noonday meal. While we were thus engaged, the door opened and into the room came an uncle—a brother of my mother—whom we had not seen for some time. We both advanced to greet him, but he faded before us. Some two weeks later we received news that he had died at that hour and on that day at sea.’

“There is one peculiar thing about these spectres: They never speak, nor do they remain while others speak; that is, if they are real phantoms. You may see fit to explain this on the grounds of spiritism or the transference of thought. Just as you like, I have no reason to doubt that it occurred. It simply goes to illustrate that there is something about Mind that baffles mind itself! There is something in our organisms that is hidden from our conscious view. Now and then we get a glimpse and the vision vanishes. We struggle ever for some unknown goal. If, in my tests this evening, I have aroused any deep thought among any of the audience, I trust that they will reason along the lines of the good there could come of a fuller knowledge of this work, and not of the evil that is supposed to prompt it.

“I will now ask the gentlemen of the committee to kindly step upon the stage. I am not particular whether they are the same or not, although I would be greatly pleased to *see* them back.”

At the mention of the word “see” there is a little laugh in the audience, as they are reminded that sight pays so small a part in my entertainment.

My old committee come back—they rarely refuse—and I am again blindfolded.

“My next test, ladies and gentlemen, will be to pick out of a pack of cards a certain one selected by the committee. I have here a pack with the seal still intact. I will hand it to the committee, who will break the seal, open the pack and, while my back is turned to the audience so that you will be doubly sure that I cannot see, I will have them select a card and show it to the audience. Then I will go through the deck and pick out the card selected. I trust that the gentlemen of the committee

will not detain the entertainment by indulging in a game of poker!"

A little merriment, to relieve the solemnity that oppresses every one, is always acceptable, and, where it can be indulged in to the extent of saying something bright and catchy, it should be taken up by the entertainer.

The committee busy themselves with the cards, breaking the seals and selecting a card. Then I am turned with my back to the audience and the card is shown them. I do not worry about the card. I know that I will get it as soon as I come to it. It is not once in fifty times that I fail in this.

"Now, if you two gentlemen will kindly put your finger tips on my temples and stand behind me, I will read your card, or rather, pick it out. Thanks. Now, will some one hand me the deck? There. Now think whether it is face up or not. All right!"

Then I go through the deck, tossing one card after another off the deck, and telling them that they are to think of the card and when they see it they are to mentally inform me. I deal out about half the deck when something seems to say, "That is your card." I do not hesitate to pick it up, and hold it so that every one can see. There is an applause, and I know conclusively that I have located the right card.

To the mind-reader who has practiced much, this is not difficult. It is different from the first tests and pleases the audience greatly.

For the next, I will try something a little more difficult. That is to say, I will perform practically the same act, but add more to it, which will strengthen my claim that this part of the entertainment is to be something quite above the tests given in the first half.

"Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly select a poker hand, I will go through the deck and pick out the cards. I will explain to you what a hand in poker is if you don't know! But—well, you will kindly pick it out!"

Of course, it makes no difference to me whether they pick out a flush, straight, a full house, two pair, four of a kind—or anything else; I get my impressions the same.

I wish to clearly state that I am not now presenting the highest phenomena. I am presenting it in the most difficult phase I have ever shown it in public. In private work I have gone into other branches, but on account of the practical ease of presenting mind-reading, when taken in comparison with clairvoyance, I am quite contented to give the telepathic side of occultism to the public.

The cards have been selected and shuffled with the rest of the pack. I again have the gentlemen place their hands on my head and I once more go through the deck, picking out the five cards as I come to them.

This takes about seven or eight minutes. For the next test, I will have the committee pick out a book or a paper. Then they are to take a certain word, and, remembering its location, etc., they will hide the book or paper somewhere in the hall. I will find it and turn to the page on which the word is printed and later place the point of a pencil upon it.

Having so instructed them, they get their book or paper and when the word is picked out, they go down among the audience and hide it,

returning for me to do my part in fulfilling the requirements of the test. They have secreted the book—so it proves to be—on the stage, but went down among the audience simply to “test” me fully. As soon as I have hold of the assistant’s hand, however, I swing rapidly around and get the book from under the chair of one of the committee.

Then, asking a second one to assist me, I place the book on the table which is on the platform and slowly turn the pages until I have the inclination to stop. Then, taking a pencil, I place it over the spot to which it is “drawn,” and the word has been found. In private I would not hesitate to attempt to tell the word, or at least to make an attempt at telling it, but in public it is far wiser to take the safe side.

An experiment of this kind takes another eight minutes. I have about fifteen minutes left. This will be sufficient time for the last test, but I will not work in any more. In all, the entertainment will have lasted about two hours, which is quite long enough for anything of this nature.

“For this test, which will be the last one, ladies and gentlemen, I will have one of the committee take an ordinary pin, go down in the hall, and make a pinhole in the wall or in any of the woodwork that will not be difficult to reach, either from its height or from its location. Then he will hide the pin and return to the stage. I will ask another member of the committee to time him, counting the time from the moment he leaves the stage until he is back again.

“Kindly remember, this pinhole is to be made on about the level of my breast, or not a great deal higher or lower. When you have made the hole, take a pencil and draw a mark—a circle—around it so that you will have no difficulty in locating it. See that it is not in a place where we will be crowded. There must be room for us both. The light should be good. Is some one ready?”

I wait for an answer and I am soon informed that one of the gentlemen is ready to start out. I ask him if he is certain of what he has to do and he assures me that he is. Then the man with the watch says that he is all ready and the man with the pin starts out.

It takes him just one minute and forty-eight seconds to get back to the stage. Here is where I must beat his record by several seconds.

“Now, remember, I am to be taken to the pin first and get that, then I am to go to the place where the pin-hole was made and you are to get in a position where you can see the hole plainly while I place the pin in it, without making a scratch on either side.”

I sometimes find it necessary to request that “the gentleman who assisted in such-an-such a test will assist me in this one.” Again, I find that all of the committee are easily read, so this request is superfluous.

“Now,” I say, taking hold of my assistant’s hand, “Are you all ready?” He says that he is. “And is the timer ready with his watch?”

He says that everything is in readiness. So I start. All my energies are bent on this one object, all the work of the evening has been getting me up to the successful performance of this one test. I am feverishly oblivious to all but one thing and that is to find the pin and put it in the hole.

. As the floor twists under my feet I know that I must be traveling

very fast. Then I stop. My hand shoots downward and grasps the pin, which has been thrust into the dress or an overcoat of a spectator. Then again the floor twists and I find myself brought to an abrupt stop before a wall. Here is where the real work comes in.

"Can you see the pin-hole?" I ask. "Yes," is the reply. "I can see it plainly."

Then I grasp the pin with my right thumb and finger and every nerve in my body is bent on the one purpose. My hand slides here and there, then suddenly I see, as though pasted to my forehead and I were viewing it from the *inside*, a big disc. In my hand I seem to hold a bar which goes closer and closer and finally comes to the center of the disc. I jab in the bar and the pin goes in its hole without touching the sides. I do not stop for applause, but remind my assistant that we must go back to the stage. Again the floor twists and I am soon back on the stage. I am dizzy and drop into a chair. But I hear the words, "One minute and thirty-two seconds!"

I have beaten the time of the committeeman by sixteen seconds, taking him over his route, I blindfolded, having to find what he has hidden!

When I have recovered my breath and my equilibrium sufficiently to speak, I step to the front of the platform and thank the audience thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you heartily on behalf of the lodge and myself. Your attention and your kindness have both assisted me in this exhausting work. I thank, too, the members of the committee for their kindness and consideration. Thank you all!"

There is applause, but my object is to get that bandage off my eyes and get some rest.

As I never followed up any of my enterprises after carefully going through graded steps of entertainments, I can tell the beginner how to make his debut. The first time I ever presented mind-reading in public; that is, in a hall, I made a complete success. It was somewhat of a novelty to me, but I realized that I must make things run smoothly. So, when I got hold of the hand of the assistant for the first time I put all my soul and energy into the task; *I concentrated!* And if you, student, will but keep your attention wholly absorbed in your work, if you will ever work for your own advancement, you will certainly succeed.

But I must initiate you into the secrets of the street test. Like my first entertainment, I gave my first street test without any previous preparation. I knew that, since I have allowed it to be advertised, it was a "do or die" proposition. I put myself in the position of either making a pronounced success of it or a rank failure. Again I believe that the narrative will illustrate this better than I can do through the agency of directions. This test is the one in the little town, and, necessarily, on foot.

My manager thought that it would be a good thing to put on a street test. I had given a great many hypnotic entertainments previous to this and had done much in the line of public mind-reading, but I had never put on the street test. However, in due consideration of the fact that I had said that the street test was one of my old favorites, I could not refuse when the first real nice day of our trip greeted us. The test was accordingly advertised on the streets through the agency of little hand

bills. There was a goodly crowd of farmers in town and the one business street of the village was well crowded.

I was nervous, extremely so, when the time drew nigh for the test. It was to take place at 2:30, I believe. But a street test should take place before then. That is a rather late hour. Half-past one is a good time. There was some little time lost in selecting the committee. But finally a furniture man—suffering, by the way, with a slight attack of rheumatism—and another business man were selected to take an envelope, address it, hide it in some store and then return to the hotel, where two others zealously watched me.

I have experienced nervousness many times when performing tests on the stage, I have been anxious over affairs of various natures, but I never experienced anything to outclass this. I felt weak and sick; that is, until I got that bandage on, then I knew that I must do my best.

I could not keep my mind off the fact that I was going down the street; I was a little anxious about keeping on the sidewalk. I was afraid of making a failure. Then my assistants told me that I was a long way past the store, but I begged them to concentrate again. Again I was going, but this time as I would do in a hall. I went into that store without realizing that I turned. Where the envelope was I cannot say. But I found it and was once more out of the store dragging the poor rheumatic undertaker along the streets despite his protests that the pace was too fast. Then I found the man to whom the letter was addressed. When that bandage was off my eyes I was at a loss to know where I was. But I had succeeded.

With the street test in a carriage it is quite another story. If you have never tried this, be sure that you get plenty of practice before you attempt it. Get out in the country where there is lots of room and where you can follow certain routes, turn out for one thing and another and handle the horse the way those with you wish you to handle it; you will then be in a fair way to succeed on the street. In our little towns the driver will not encounter a great many difficulties. The main trouble lies in the narrow roadways on the side streets where it takes a steady hand and a sure eye to keep a galloping team from running into a passing buggy.

I stated in the first pages of this part that the mind-reading street test should be advertised by little diamond-shaped cards, which are to hang in store windows or any place where they will be read.

The street drive is quite an important thing and, as I passed over the test on foot without definite instructions, I will demonstrate to the student the methods he is to pursue whether he is to go in a carriage or on foot. On foot will do in towns up to six thousand, but when you are in places larger than that you will find that the drive is the only thing that will take.

You are to give your test at 1 o'clock, as the advertisements say. That means that you will give it about a quarter of two. But the crowd begins to assemble early. You have gone to the manager of the opera house or the one who is really conducting your entertainment or is at the head of the society under whose auspices you are playing. He has thought of various names and has finally made up a list. Your manager

or the other gentleman will go to these various people and try to get their consent to act in that capacity. This is not always possible, but there is never much difficulty in getting four or five men—usually four will be enough—to take charge of the test.

Quite a number of men are lounging around the hotel to see the test while others have gathered about the entrance to see you when you start. When the men are ready, do not address them in private, but let those in the lobby hear you so that there will be no false impression as to your intentions. The man who gives the hypnotic entertainment would give his speech to the assembled crowd if he saw fit. But when the mind-reader is putting on this feature all alone, he must not lower his dignity enough to give a street-corner talk.

You have your cotton and your bandages there. There are two physicians, perhaps, who are awaiting the opportunity to blindfold you. You have told the public that a test would be given, in which some of their fellow-townsmen would act as fair judges and as supervisors of the test, you have told them that some article would be hidden, that you would, when blindfolded, drive over the same route as that taken by these merchants and professional men and that you would find that article.

Out in front of the hotel is the carriage. This must always be about the finest that the town affords. If it has a high front seat so much the better. Of course you do not need a driver, so he will have to remain at the hotel and take back the span and carriage after the test has been finished.

Everything is ready. When that moment arrives, and not until then, will you make your little explanatory speech to the committee, and, incidentally, to those who are gathered to hear or to see what may be enacted.

"Now, gentlemen," you say, stepping toward the committee who are seated in the hotel lobby—or "office," as it generally is called in these smaller towns—"I will outline to you the test that is to be given. None of you are aware of the exact nature of the test. I have not given it out in detail. Every test varies so that it cannot be charged that I have a particular trick that I am imposing on the public. I realize that many gathered here this afternoon expect to see trickery. Perhaps all of you expect that I am about to perpetrate some *fake* upon you. I want you to take that light. All I ask of you is to give me a fair trial and I know that you will. If my work is trickery, I want you to publicly denounce me as a fraud.

"I am going to have two of you gentlemen address a letter. See that there is a stamp on it and that it is sealed. See also that it has something inside of it. Make it as near like other letters as possible. Then, you will go to the carriage, drive around as many squares as you care to, only being careful to remember your route, and deposit that letter in a lockbox of the postoffice. Then take that key, drive wherever you please and hide it. Come back to the hotel and then I will be blindfolded and will drive over your exact route from the time you started from here until you hid the key and then to the postoffice over any route you may choose. Cover your tracks as carefully as you please. Hide the key anywhere in town, in a store, a church, a school or a private dwelling.

One of the committee will remain here to watch me. You understand me, do you, gentlemen?"

They assure you that they do, and then you retire to a room in which the shades are drawn and sit there with the committeeman and two or three others who have come in. Be sure that no one in any way connected with you is allowed to come in.

It takes about fifteen minutes before the committee come back. In the meantime the crowds are gathering on the street. You have become worked up to a nervous pitch over the matter by this time and you are all ready to do your work well.

When the committee are ushered into your room, instruct them to adjust your bandages. Have the pressure on the eyes moderate and have the pads plainly showing so that the crowds can see them. It is probable that two or three men experienced in adjusting bandages will do the work and you are blindfolded as securely as any one was ever blindfolded in his life. But you must be sure that the gentlemen of the committee feel the same way about it.

"Now, gentlemen, are you quite sure that it is impossible for me to see through these bandages?" They will not hesitate in telling you that, if you have depended upon sight, you will be sadly disappointed. To the man who is actually doing honest work, this is most welcome. Were one inclined to think he could work a *fake* on these people simply because they reside in a little town, he will find that he is greatly mistaken.

"You have taken the letter and placed it in a lock box of the post-office and then hidden the key?"

"We have," answered the spokesman.

Then you adjust the copper wire if you use it, or you use twine if you are expert enough at that.

Where you catch the vibrations, if vibrations they can be called, through a copper wire, it takes a good deal of time in practice. But it is certain in your drive that you cannot get your vibrations as you would in your test on foot or in your tests in the hall, because you have to use both your hands in driving the horses.

The copper wire can be fastened to the head, passing around the back and the fore portions of the head, with plates over the temples. You can have but two short wires for the men who are to be seated with you, or you may have one or two wires running so that those in the rear seat can grasp it. Some of the carriages will admit of two people in the front seat besides the mind-reader, while others will only admit of one; hence, I say that the more experience that you get in this line the better it will be for you.

At any rate, whatever is your method of getting the vibrations from those with you, you have them take the wire, the string, or whatever else you may use, and you are ready. When you start out you do not think of doors or anything else. Your next instructions will be to them when you are all in the carriage. If you are to be seated between two men on the front seat it will then be necessary to inform them that one will have to get in first and the other after you are in. You must take the driver's side.

When you are all in, you say, so that all of your committee can hear you: "Now, gentlemen, I wish to call your attention to three points, the first of which is this: If, in this drive, you see that I am nearing an approaching team, you will have me drive to the right if there is room or to the left if there is not room to the right. Or, if I am about to turn a corner, you will think of having me slacken the speed of the team and then turn the corner. Think my actions for me and I will do the driving."

When everything is in readiness, you grasp the reins in your hands and, with a command to the horses, you are off. Then the crowds hold their breath in awe as you drive that span as no horses are driven at other times on the streets of this little town. You turn corners, and it is likely that the members of the committee wish themselves safely through with it all. It is even probable that they will *think* so that you will check their speed.

Then you stop, you know not where, and get out. This is the most difficult part of the whole thing. You are rather cramped no matter how short a time you have been seated in this carriage, but with the help of the committee you soon alight. You have, although you do not likely realize it, driven right up to the curb and when you get out you are directly opposite the door of the place wherein the key to the postoffice box is hidden. Sometimes they will hide it in a safe for you. In a case like that see that you are able to open the safe. If you know that you are not equal to this task, be sure and tell them before and that you do not want it locked up.

Then, when you have found the key, you once more get back into the carriage with your committee and are again on your way, this time to the postoffice. Again you alight, and, with the key in one hand, you go almost directly to the box and insert the key. When the letters are taken out, spread them out fan fashion and hold them in one hand, while with the other you reach and pick out the right letter. Then you have to deliver it, after which you will remove your bandage carefully, not stopping to drive back.

This is the sum and substance of the street test. The main object, of course, is to advertise your entertainment. It is rather weakening, but this is a weakening business. I am not giving my hearty indorsement to this class of work. It is not productive of long life and happiness. But there are many who are willing to take it up. Let me offer you a word or two of advice: Do not give too many entertainments, and see that your season is short. You will need a great deal of rest and recreation. You will find in mind-reading that you may not have practiced for a year or two, but that two or three weeks' practice will bring you back to your old position, and generally advanced!

Three months at a trip is a long time. I would advise, during the entertainment season—from October to May—that you divide it into about three or four parts, giving your entertainment and taking a rest between a series of engagements.

There are many things that can be given by way of a street test.

For example, there can be a variety of things hidden in the form of letters, keys or anything else convenient to handle.

But we will pass from that to the other phases that can be given on the stage. Avoid all *fake* work if you are engaged in the genuine. The purpose of this book is to teach the presentation of genuine entertainments in this line. There is nothing in the field of false productions of the psychic that can be given half so entertainingly as the real phenomena. You, if you have noticed, will know that the fake stage spiritualistic tricks with the cabinets and ropes-tying tests have been relegated to the scrap-heap of worn-out performances. You will also know that the public want something good.

There is no objection whatever to giving legerdemain if you are proficient at it. It is quite entertaining if you have something unusual, but tell your audience that that particular part of your entertainments is made up of trickery. Do not mix it with the other acts and the audience will fully appreciate your efforts.

The best clairvoyant and all-around psychic is the one you train yourself. Therefore, be very careful whom you are training. You may spend days, weeks or months on a good subject, and at the end of that time, he will leave you and seek some other channel of displaying his powers, perhaps getting some one to go with him while he reaps the benefits of the show and you are out your time, your money and all your plans! Prospects of this kind can hardly be said to be agreeable. When you select your *psychic*, be sure that he is honest; at least, as far as his friendship to you is concerned. If you have a near relative it is a little better; he will be held in honor bound to go if he has so planned.

Still, I am speaking as though boys or men were the only ones qualified in this class of work. The opposite is the rule generally. The boy makes the best hypnotic subject. It would scarcely do to keep a girl under the same condition that you would put the boy under. And yet one of the greatest hypnotists who ever lived had his daughter with him. A daughter, however, is quite different from a paid subject.

But in psychic work you will find that you can get girls that will far excel anything you might be fortunate to get among boys. It is better to have girls or boys for this class of work; that is, *young* ladies or gentlemen. They are much more attractive on the stage. I speak from a purely commercial point of view. I am looking at the advertising there is in all these things. I want my pupils to learn to do the same thing. Never lose track of the fact that you are endeavoring to make impressions on the public mind. Then you are in a good way to succeed.

If you step off the train accompanied by a good-looking young lady you will create more favorable comment than you would do were you to step onto the platform with some shriveled up old woman at your elbow. Avoid these old females that try to pose as young. I am not putting beauty as the requisite, but I know that it counts for a great deal. It is far better if you have your wife or a sister, for then you can fulfill your duty of caring for her.

That is to say, you are to choose a woman of comely appearance if you can. If you cannot, by all means do not advertise her as some young

girl. It will cause disgust on the part of that element who are still unmarried or who are married and seem to forget the fact. But do not take the best appearing woman on earth into your company if you know that her work is faulty. Know through practical experience that your subject can do the work. Boys are the best where you can get a good one, because they are fitted to withstand the travel, etc., incident to a life on the road.

Having chosen your subject you will start in to train him along the lines of psychic development. A good somnambulist will often develop into a good clairvoyant, psychometrist or mind-reader. You will find that through the influence of hypnotism you will bring about that development much more rapidly than you would through working in the waking state. I have known of clairvoyants who persisted in keeping on in their own faulty way.

Never take the word of a clairvoyant or mind-reader that he can accomplish the feats he claims. When you blindfold him, do so under "test conditions." I will admit that many a fraud has been exposed under these circumstances, but I also know that there is a genuine side to these psychological phases and that much of it can be given in public.

The spirit medium in public usually endeavors to deceive his audience. He does so because there is seldom a real medium who will give public demonstrations of his powers. When you have blindfolded your subject, be sure that you are alone. Then submit your tests. If he fails, give him two or three more trials at different times. But if he can give you nothing genuine make up your mind that his work is fraud from beginning to end.

The lives of these people always prove that false work does not pay in the long run. I know a young man who would rather give rank fraud than anything real. He is to-day in no standing among his home people, an outcast, as it were, among his fellows. He was thought "clever" in the beginning, but his cleverness finally showed itself and he failed.

Pursue something legitimate and something that is not "crankism" and you will win in time. I have in mind a hypnotist who failed in his work time and time again; that is, in the financial part of it. He traveled thousands of miles, but he kept right at it. Finally he won. So it is with you all. If you are faint-hearted keep away from the road, or if you read these instructions with the idea of giving dishonest work, keep away from the road. If you have something genuine you are not afraid to produce it anywhere or under any test conditions. If you are giving the public their value as they have paid for it, they will recommend you.

We will assume that you have a good clairvoyant, one also who is a good mind-reader, and with whom you can do much without contact. Your entertainment contains hypnotism and many other phases of psychic work. In short, it is a varied entertainment. Here is the way you should divide it:

If you are in a town for only one night, give your street test in the afternoon. If you have your window sleeper, you will have to be there the day before. When it comes to your entertainment, the first part should be mind-reading. Do not spend over thirty minutes at this, giving just

a few tests. This you are to do yourself if you are a mind-reader, or your subject will do it if you are not capable.

After the mind-reading you will put on another half hour with your subject, illustrating his ability in whatever directions that may lie. If he is a very accomplished subject—or psychic, rather—you may advertise to have him read messages that the audience bring with them. This can be done. If you can blindfold him and have him perform certain acts merely through the direction of your mind, give a test or two in that. If you can take cards or articles and hold them back of him, allowing one of the committee to ask him what they are and the committee to select them, so that the audience will plainly see that you are not deceiving them, give a few short tests in this line. If he can give a psychometric reading, introduce that in your programme.

Then will follow an intermission, after which you will put on your hypnotic show.

I will divide these shows into their respective classes. In the first and second parts of the book I told you all that is necessary about the production of the hypnotic entertainment. Throughout the work I have given a variety of speeches and I have taught you that each act should be explained to the audience just prior to its performance. In this, the third part of this work, I have shown you how to carry on the mind-reading entertainment, in regard to advertising or to the production of the engagement from the standpoint of an amateur or a professional, which, I told you, will differ merely in the manner of making business arrangements. In the one you are venturing and know that you can lose but little; in the other, you have been on the road for some time and know that it is a means of livelihood to you.

Then I illustrated the performance of the street tests, taking both those in which you will drive and those in which you will walk or run. Later you have been told that you are to select your subjects with due caution, and now I will divide the show into its respective classes, giving the entertainment that is partly hypnotism, partly mind-reading and partly other branches of the higher phenomena.

The first division will explain that entertainment that is undertaken on the large order in which you carry two hypnotic subjects and a psychic. You have a manager and an advance man. You bill the towns "like a country circus." Your entertainment is to catch the general public. From the time you arrive in town until the end of the performance, your procedure will be as follows:

Assignment of duty to boys of getting large stone and ordering dray to take it to opera house.

Putting subject to sleep in show window, preceded by a little speech similar to one given in second part of book.

Street drive next day.

Opening of entertainment with a speech on the wonders of the transference of thought, saying but little in regard to hypnotism. The speech can be framed after the one preceding the mind-reading entertainment as contained in this part.

Selection of committee by audience.

Awakening of subject.

Mind-reading test of finding an article hidden in audience.

Test of finding a ring and taking it to party to whom it belongs and placing on correct finger.

Finding several hats and their owners, placing them on their heads.

The test with the pin.

Here you will remove your bandage, informing the audience that as soon as your eyes have become used to light you will proceed with entertainment.

Then introduce your psychic, boy or girl, or woman, as the case may be.

First test will be the blindfolding of the subject. After explaining the test to be given, one of the committee hides a knife on the stage somewhere and tells you by motion when everything is ready. Then, through force of thought-transference alone and without making a noise, you direct your psychic to the place where knife is hidden.

Next test will be the reading of a card selected by the committee. You do not speak a word or touch the psychic nor does any one else of your company come on stage during this part of entertainment.

Next test will be telling what some one in the audience holds up, you seeing it and projecting the thought.

Next test will be the reading of a few sealed questions held by parties in the audience.

Telling the time by a watch which has purposely been turned by a member of the committee.

Two or three Clairvoyant readings.

Now your speech to the effect that you will have a short intermission, after which you will put on the hypnotic show.

Thanks to committee.

The speech introducing the hypnotic show as given in the second part of this volume.

Trying subjects as class and picking out of best subjects.

Picking strawberries. Have as many as possible.

Three or four believing that they are fishing.

The cakewalk.

Two nursing babies.

The hypnotic jag.

The horse race.

The man thinking he is the little boy in school, speaking some childish piece.

The orators.

Anaesthesia. Puncturing arm and sewing lips.

The cataleptic subject—who will be your own.

Placing him in various stages and finally getting strong man on stage for stone-breaking act.

Thanking audience, strong man and subjects.

Intermingled with this will be the little speeches that you will have to make from time to time explaining your tests and your acts.

This is the expensive show, the one that costs much to stage and the

one which will reap the harvest. You will play towns from 5,000 to 100,000 or more.

The next is the modest psychic entertainment, where you have a psychic but no other subject. They you depend upon from the audience. You will be in town on and during the day of the entertainment. You have no window sleeper.

Your procedure of entertainment will be on the following lines:

At the appointed time you give your street drive. You avoid in this class of entertainment anything of the speech on the street. The man with the larger show can do so, and profitably, but the one with the smaller one will gain more by not doing so.

At the opening of your entertainment you deliver a speech similar to the one he of the larger show would deliver, or along the lines given for the opening of the mind-reading entertainment.

Then you have the audience select your committee.

Your tests will then be similar to the ones given by the man in the larger show.

The second half—the psychic, or higher phenomena part—will depend upon your psychic. If you have a good one you can make it as elaborate as the other man did.

Nor do your speeches or tests have to vary. In the hypnotic part you will have fewer to take part and may not have enough to introduce a cake-walk. If this is the case, in its stead you may bring in some such tests as having a tight rope walker, the rubber nose, the barbers, or numerous other tests.

The principal difference comes in the towns you play, the way you bill them, the money you expend and the money you take in.

Never enter into an enterprise of this kind on a large scale until your own experience tells you that you can safely do so. No matter what any book may say, no matter what any other hypnotist tells you, you have one teacher greater and better than all the rest—Experience. If you are an apt pupil you will learn many valuable lessons; if you are dull, you may learn many things to your bitter sorrow. But do not fear on this account. It would be the same if you stayed back of the counter of a grocery store. You are the same until experience, in its many and varied forms, has changed you.

In the presentation of these entertainments I have given you the *idea*. I cannot give you the intellect nor the experience. I have told you all I can tell you to a certain limit; beyond that you must learn.

Of course, this book will fall into the hands of many who do not care a rap for the show nor for the profession of stage hypnotism or public entertaining of any sort. They want to get what there is in it and may be curious to know how these things are produced. If they have labored under the impression that this was going to teach them the science or the art of hypnotism or mind-reading, they have been mistaken. I cannot conscientiously say to a man: "Here is a course of instruction; study it and you will be able to hypnotize and then give your entertainments." Personally instructing him I could tell him these things. There is a vast difference between personal instruction and that contained in a book.

When you purchase this book, I expect that you will be able to perform either hypnotism or mind-reading. If you cannot, then study them before you attempt to go out on the road. I would say that, in the case of he who has just picked up the work himself, about six months' experience in experimenting would be required before an attempt should be made to give an exhibition on the stage. This has nothing to do with mind-reading. One may be adapted to it and pick it up readily while another might not learn it for years. But I referred to hypnotism.

No matter whether you are experienced to some extent or not, take my advice and never give an entertainment until you know your business. Don't be compelled to allow one of your audience to tell you anything about your work!

When you step out upon the stage, be able to address an audience. Then there are hopes of success. Remember all I have said in regard to advance men. You must have a good one—no inexperienced child. And be sure that this *good one* is not of the kind that will rob you of all you have and then leave you. Have a business head upon your shoulders; then sign contracts.

But I will pass on now to the last part of this book—the *address* on hypnotism and useful psychology.

PART FOUR.

Now that we have finished with the show—the entertaining part of psychology—we will consider it as it will be presented on the lecture platform. The field as a lecturer along these lines is not inviting. There are too many cranks on these subjects set on no other purpose than revising all existing statutes, varying the laws of God and man. Student, *never let religion enter into your work; never get up before an audience and combine psychology and religion.* I know that there is the religious phase, there is the *life principle* that ever comes up before us, but *we must keep our opinions* and not give them to our audience. Remember that you have in your audience Catholics, Protestants, agnostics, etc. They are there; not to hear *your* opinions, on religion. They will perhaps be polite enough to countenance them. But by delivering those opinions you are doing them an injustice, yourself an injustice and humanity an injustice. If your hobby is to present religion, give that and nothing else. Tell the public through your advertisements that you are going to deliver a lecture on religion and you may have a following. But if you tell them that you are going to lecture on psychology and then tell them they have been lingering these many years under the cloud of false ideals you will insult them.

In the show you are supposed to give them tests and entertaining features. In the address you will give them what they expect to hear—your views on psychological subjects. They may differ from you, but if you keep out the element of religion they will have no harsh feelings.

Regarding the lecture, or address, I will say that you will not find the work profitable enough to make a business of it, but you will often find—if you are known as a psychologist—that you will be invited to deliver an address before medical colleges or societies of various natures. These are generally on educational lines. If you speak before the medi-

cal students, you will have to tell them how hypnotism can be used, cite cases where it has been used and tell them its limitations as well as its advantages. If you have never spoken before a medical class, be prepared to meet the most materialistic set of fellows you ever met in your life. You must remember that they get nothing but that material grind, and they usually leave college doubting God, man and themselves. Then they gradually get back to their normal condition.

Again, when you are before a set of medical students, be careful how you handle technical terms. You may find that you will want to say something about anatomy. *Know*—then speak!

You will be called upon—especially if you are of a social nature and attend social meetings—to make a speech on Hypnotism, on Mind-Reading, on Suggestive-Therapeutics, on Clairvoyance, on Psychometry, or on many and any of the various branches of psychology. It may be that you will be asked to show the educational side, or the moral side. Be that as it may, I will combine the psychic address in one, you can study it and use what you desire. If you want a ten-minute address, figure out what you would say in that time. If you are to deliver a fifteen-minute address, know just how you are to cover the ground during that talk. Be a careful student of the occult. Become conversant with liberal views of the subject, study the objections of the materialistic opponent and see why he is materialistic. I have often found that many of the objections raised by men and women opposed to this class of work were based on very sound foundations. For example: A hypnotist has put a girl to sleep; she has been of the type I illustrated in my stage performance in hypnotism—the one who was hard to wake—who went into a deep lethargy. He finds that he cannot easily awaken her. She may be suffering with epilepsy. In that case, she would likely favor the spectators with a fit. The hypnotist—inexperienced—flees. The girl goes into one fit after another and dies. This is the only case this opponent to hypnotism has seen. Little wonder that she is earnest in her declarations that anything of this nature should be suppressed. Be tolerant with one who opposes. He may have good grounds.

Figure on delivering from two hundred to two-hundred-and-fifty words a minute in speaking. A ten-minute lecture would be a lecture—or rather a talk—containing about twenty-two hundred words. That would mean of these pages, about three-and-one-half. I will devote about eleven pages to a lecture; you can study the points I cover and frame your own talk along the same lines.

Some people prefer to “learn by heart” anything they are to deliver. Personally I prefer to deliver an impromptu talk. *Talks* are always interesting. In order to do this, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the subject and of the things to say in this talk. Lectures are often dry attempts at philosophy. I will call this an *address*:

* * * * *

Ladies and Gentlemen: As I have been asked to speak on the subject of psychology, I will endeavor to point out only those things of interest along the theoretical and practical lines. Practice is always more welcome than theory, but we must often look to the latter in order to aid

the former. Psychology has two great divisions; it is so divided because the time is not ripe for uniting the two halves:

The first class embraces all relating to the *conscious* powers, and considers mind as it relates to *Knowing, Willing* and *Feeling*. It applies the processes of reason, logic and imagination to the systems of education that have proved so useful in the past half century. It teaches its students to analyze the child mind and the mind of the adult. Sometimes it wanders into the other field, but it is seldom, and with caution.

The second class embraces that process of *Double Consciousness* from which spring our phenomena that sets the first class of students wondering! It is in this latter class that investigators often overdo themselves and give way to false deductions.

Primarily, we are told, the mind expresses itself through the material brain in two ways: One is the *conscious*, or the Observation, the Will, the Judgment and the Senses, while the other is through *phenomena* that appear to be distinct from material causes: Telepathy, Clairvoyance, etc. The Conscious is the Every-Day Mind and the Sub-Conscious is the Sleep-Mind.

In sleep, we see strange things and believe that they exist. When we awake, we wonder how we could have believed anything so grotesque! What does this indicate? Simply: This dream mind can deduce but it cannot reason *back* into a premise. It means, also, that it contains a perfect knowledge of all our acts, or experiences, and of everything we learn, either through the agency of experience or the routine of study. It is this mind that the hypnotist works on: He puts the conscious mind to sleep and suggests, his suggestions are received by the Sub-Conscious mind and are fulfilled. Thus, I tell a hypnotized person that he is a bird and he immediately believes that he has wings, that he can fly and do all that his perfect memory tells him a bird can do. I say he will do this, but I must add that he must be a somnambulistic or sleep-walking subject. But to the average person these little scenes produced by the stage hypnotist have become settled facts. We must now begin to see what this branch of psychology holds for the advancement of man, either through education, or the therapeutic application of suggestion, or of sleep-treatment.

I will assume that I have two subjects: One is told that he is a lecturer. This boy has never been before the public to speak in any manner. He apparently does not possess the least talent. But, while he sleeps I tell him that he is a wonderful orator; that the world awaits his debut in the field of oratory with wonder, admiration and great expectation. I drill into that subconscious mind—that mind that never sleeps, the mind that carries on through the agency of the nervous system all the processes of mortal life—the idea that he possesses talent. I tell him that he *can speak* and that he *will speak*. And, when he bows before the audience, they are charmed with the wonderful power of his oratory; they marvel at the force of the figures of speech he employs, they applaud him, not for the little act he is presenting in his dream-state, but because they realize that a great power is exhibited.

This little illustration teaches us the first lesson I wish to present: The awakening of latent talents. We cannot, through the agency of hypnotism nor of all the magic of the world, *create* something where there is nothing. If it can be done, we, as mortals, cannot do so. But we can awake the sleeper and, instead of his ability remaining concealed all his life, we bring it out, develop it and give him the power thus awakened.

Where this ability is more prominent; where it is not concealed, the Conscious mind realizes that it possesses talent and the person so endowed has a desire to develop it. Therefore, we will have two young ladies as our examples. The first one has a subconscious talent, but it is hidden so deeply that she gets only fleeting glimpses of it and does not feel that *desire*, that *longing* for a fuller knowledge along the lines of her subconscious ability. The second young lady has a firmer conscious hold of her ability. It may be music. She knows that she likes music and that she would like to play. As she is taught, she realizes that there is something in music that fills her with rapture. Thus she is bringing out her dormant abilities along this line. The first young lady may be hypnotized and, accidentally, I should say, her talent would be discovered. She would be given a conscious knowledge of the fact and she, too, would soon bring into warmth that innate love she possesses—a thing subconscious.

So it was that "Trilby" sprung into being. At the time the book appeared the story was considered wildly improbable; it may have been that fact that made it popular. But there are armies of Trilbies on this earth, all with a talent. We cannot give them what they have not, but we can often hand them the key to the *Powers Within*.

This is along educational lines. Yet there are several phases of educational work that I wish to take up later with you even more wonderful than this.

I now take my second subject and say to him: "You are a lazy boy. When boys get lazy they should be taken to the river and thrown in. But if you will work I will be more lenient with you. You do not do the work for your mother that you should do. You do not carry in wood and water for her. Instead of that you lay around stores and in indecent places and smoke cigarettes. Now I am going to make you feel very sick if you ever get hold of another cigarette and smoke it. You will be sick for a day. Your stomach will not hold any food and you will want to have me come and relieve you. If you send for me I will help you."

It may be an hour or two before he smokes. As soon as he does smoke—if he is the right kind of subject—he will be very sick. He will go home and when it seems to him that he will never be cured he sends for me. When I come I again put him to sleep and instil in his sleep-mind the disgust for cigarettes that he would be better to possess, and, by gradual steps, I bring him to that point where he is useful to his mother and an honor to the neighborhood.

But there are many boys that cannot be reached in this way. When we see that we cannot use hypnotism generally for the correction of vice, it is our duty to look at the principles that underlie hypnotism. Here we

find it approaching a science closer than it does at any other point. We find that certain conditions of the mind are necessary. We learn that we can correct bad habits often when we have only the conscious mind to work on. We find that the power of Suggestion is one of the principle causes of bringing about or curing habits. Then it becomes our duty to study the principles of suggestion. We find that environment, associates, occupation, etc., will all tend to mold one's character. There are exceptions. Some men could be born in the slums and still rise on the summit whole and clean. Others could be born among the most moral surroundings and yet die on the gallows, slayers of their kind!

However, psychology rightly applied may become a moral agent. There are millions who will not seek betterment in a church. They will refuse to take up the formalities of any creed. Why, I cannot say. But they may be reached through the power we see in hypnotism. It is all *education*; some of it is moral and some commercial.

The "crank" who learns hypnotism and nothing more will see in it the ability to reform the world. One of these—a tailor by trade—walked into the police station of one of our smaller eastern cities not long since and asked permission to join the force as the "Official Hypnotist." He said that a man really is no good until he has been hypnotized. He was earnest in his entreaties and begged permission to try it on the members of the local force. The chief thought it a capital joke and perhaps considered it a favor to let the man go free!

This man had seen the possibilities of a great means of elevating the morals of mortals. But he had not looked deep enough. Phenomena are what we might term "surface indications." We look at the spouting volcano and see the *effect*; down in the interior of the earth somewhere there is a *cause*. So it is with these two subjects I am supposed to have: I show you but the phenomena. I must cast aside the term "Hypnotism" if I am to interest you in this work. As it is, I am willing to not make mention of the name. I will consent to drop the demonstrations and talk to you on—well, on suggestion, or education through environment. Or, again, it might be on memory, on concentration, or on anything that would appeal to you. People are interested in subjects for two reasons: The first is because they are cranks on the subject; this crankism may be mild or chronic. The second reason is because there is something in its ring that appeals to them as being worth their while hearing. It is just this same principle that the man who sells bogus jewelry on the corner utilizes. He knows that the mind of man will grasp things if properly suggested. Knowing this he proceeds to show them that they are "getting something for nothing."

There is coming a time—and that in the near future—when the public will be shown these psychological features through the agency of their utility. They will be shown wherein they can better their present conditions by the application of some principle that inheres in the mind of every living being. They will learn to apply these principles and the result is certain to be the betterment of mankind. It may be very small at first, but it will increase in time. I am not here to prophesy how long

it will take. I am dealing partly with possibilities and partly with things as they exist at the present time.

Again we will turn to hypnotism and see what there is in it to commend. I have said that, in its educational sense, there would be a way discovered in the future by which we would not need to produce the phenomena of deep sleep, somnambulism or any other phase so common to-day, but I will have to admit that there are certain phases that never can be modified unless evolution succeeds in changing the construction of the mind of man. I refer to the therapeutic sense.

In hospitals, in the sick room and in all walks and conditions of life, we will find hypnotism of use. Before us, we will imagine that we have a woman who has been in bed for weeks, suffering with a lingering fever. She has not slept for days. She rolls back and forth in agony. Here we will use the hypnotist. He does not advance in the full dress coat nor with the professional air. He tiptoes gently into the room and goes to the bed-side of the sleeper. He is a relative, perhaps a son. As he touches her forehead with his cool hand, he says, "Mother, it is time that you get a little rest. I have nothing to do so I have come into stroke your forehead. Now close your eyes; that's right." And in his voice is shown the love that his heart holds. He soothingly strokes her head—that heated, tired head, and slowly the tense muscles of the body relax and the sufferer sleeps. She forgets her pain and his rhythmic movements—always directed with the knowledge that they must be light and filled with gentle care—put her deeper and sounder to sleep. *She rests!*

What a new view we are here given of hypnotism. It is the same force that places the noisy youngsters in the state of active somnambulism, it is the same force that we see on the stage employed for the amusement of the audience. But here, here it has such a different meaning. Repeat those words to yourself mentally, "*Sleep, rest, sleep!*" And they carry something refreshing, something that draws one back to childhood days when he wandered alone in the flowering meadows and gathered daisies and buttercups. And the fresh, life-giving breeze of spring fanned his cheeks. There was a soothing, contented feeling that stole over the little wanderer as he lay upon the mossy bank and passed into a deep, relaxed, refreshing slumber. "*Sleep, rest, sleep!*"

There is a lesson in this, also, that is well worth the time and study. It is one of those lessons that places the realm of psychology quite within the reach of all, it offers something of help, some slight relief for sufferers in all walks of life. I refer to the performance of that daily duty—sleep. Few people know how to sleep. We do not realize these things fully until we come to look into this "occult" and then we find the truth. In hypnotism, we have a subject in one of the deepest stages of sleep. What are his conditions? The first and most prominent is *Relaxation*. When he passes into this deep sleep, every muscle in his body is limp. He sinks *into* his couch without offering any resistance. People generally keep their spine tense no matter how limp other portions of their bodies may be. If the spine is kept rigid, the nerve-centers are kept stimulated and the system of the reaction of the spinal chord is carried

on during the process of sleep. Here we are reminded of the sleeper who twists and figits around all night and awakes in the morning with a feeling of extreme fatigue. In studying simple means of producing this condition of relaxation, we find that, if we do not use a pillow, our spine will sink into the bed and we will rest. Or, again, where we cannot relax in that manner, if we will stand erect on the balls of our feet and slowly raise on our toes and then as slowly descend, and repeat this about forty times just before going to bed, we will accomplish much in the way of relaxing the spine.

I present these, merely as little examples of the practical side this thing—hypnotism—teaches us. I will now pass onto other phases showing this force—so-called—in another direction and under a new light.

If, as in the case of the girl who was shown her talent, these things can be done—and they can—it looks to the observer as though hypnotism were *hurrying* the process of evolution, or the development of life force and knowledge. Hypnotism does not hurry evolution. Instead it acts in harmony with it. Evolution may try, through the forces of nature, to accomplish something important in the advancement of man. We may see that this process has been going on many centuries in nature and we turn and look at history. We see that there were centuries in the past when man did not develop as rapidly as he does in ten years now. But *we are not hurrying evolution* by our methods. We are profiting by the system of evolution. Take a cake of ice and put it in a pan on a stove. The ice slowly melts. In that process there have been a great many units of heat used. Yet the water that is brought to our view is cold. We put that water on the stove and, behold! In a few minutes it is boiling. We do not stop to think that we had to use more heat in the process of melting that ice than we did in the boiling of the water. There was more show made by the boiling water than there was by the melting ice. Hence we say that we have discovered a means of crowding nature! There would be as much sense to this as to say that, by awakening the dormant talents of an individual, we have discovered a means of actually hurrying evolution. In the one case we witness latent heat; in the other latent mind force. And the difference is not marked!

Evolution is a natural process. It develops the crude, it brings forth the latent and it perfects. Hypnotism is a natural force because it aids evolution.

Now for another lesson that we learn from hypnotism: I have a subject in the somnambulistic state. I tell him that he is going to study the back of a common playing-card for a few seconds. I tell him that he will know that card when he sees it again. I take the deck from him and shuffle it. Then I go through it, laying the cards face down, and tell him to let me know when I come to that card. I know what its face is but he does not. He has seen its back for about ten seconds. As I pass through the deck, he suddenly stops me and tells me that the next one, which he has just caught sight of, is the card. I look at the other side and, sure enough, he was right! To the inexperienced, the element of Psychometry might be suggested. There would be something seemingly out of the ordinary. The truth of the matter is that he did it through

the power of *concentration*. In those few seconds he saw something about that card that distinguished it from all other cards. It may have been a slight scratch, or a spot or something that did not inhere in the print. You or I might study that card ten minutes and fail to do the feat.

Hypnotism, then, teaches us the value of concentration. If this power to hold the mind on one subject could be given to us all in our waking states, what a powerful lot we would be. The man who concentrates is he who succeeds. First he must be able to hold his mind on a given thing and secondly he must have the sense to know that he has chosen a worthy object.

We cannot learn or accomplish anything without the aid of concentration. In our schools we have to apply it, in our every-day lives we have to apply it, and in all our greater achievements we have to apply it. If we are industrious in our deductions of the lessons taught us by hypnotism we can evolve a system whereby we can perfect ourselves through the conscious application of these principles.

And, when we are brought face to face with concentration and its ability to aid the human cause, we are forced to recognize the subconscious. On account of its perfect memory, it carries everything it does to that point we term "mechanical." We have never learned a trade or profession until it has become *subconscious*. And it cannot become subconscious without the application of *concentration*. I will point out as an example a young lady learning to play on a piano. She may have the natural ability and yet she finds that she has to watch the keys, and there is no harmony in her music. She plays simple pieces and finds them difficult. But we will wait a few years and our wonder is indeed great as we hear that same girl playing some of the most difficult classic music. There is a smoothness to her execution, she does not have to look to see where the keys are, she does not have to *reason* what she will do next, but she simply reads the notes and her fingers glide over the keys—those same keys that produced the discordant sounds of a few years ago—and we are held in the power of her music. She has perfected her mind along this line until she can control all the mechanical actions necessary *without thinking* about them. Admitting that there is the phrenological faculty of music, and admitting that she must cultivate that, she is not a musician until she has combined her talent with her *mechanical* ability to execute!

So it is with all trades, all professions. Some men learn to combine this mechanical execution with judgment and the result is they are original, they climb toward the top, they succeed! Education strives to make man an original being; that is, so he can *think* and *plan* and *execute* without patterning after someone else. In one light, I will admit that there is no originality. We have to learn all we know from one source or another, we gather it little at a time and then, if we are *original*, we use the processes of reasoning in combining these various branches and our result is what we call a "new idea!"

We must use our power to concentrate or we will not succeed. Concentration is one of those psychological features that we find vitally important. It is astounding to hear some men talk. They will declare

that there is nothing to psychology, they will scoff the idea of mind having power, and yet *all they know and enjoy, all they experience, must be realized through the agency of their minds.* Mind is the *central force*, undoubtedly, of all that exists. The great trouble lies in trying to carry this thing to the extreme. We will gladly admit that, perhaps, under certain conditions, mind can govern matter. We do not possess those conditions. Thus not long ago, I said to a lady: "You had better boil the drinking water, these recent rains have poured out thousands of tons of the vilest refuse into the lake and have kept the water stirred up."

In reply, she said, "Oh, I guess if I *think* the *right thoughts* it won't make any difference what there is in the water!"

Get the germs of typhoid in your system and let that system be in the condition of harboring, sheltering these germs, and you might think right thoughts all you pleased, and still you would be sick; you might even then refuse to send for the doctor and continue to think right thoughts. There would be a material condition there and if you did not treat it in a material manner, you would die. These people who give utterance to these things are not people with marked powers of reasoning. They swim around on the top but never get into the depth of these subjects. If they would use their deduction and say: "Here, there is foul matter in the water; the refuse of a mighty city. I drink that water. I drink it *because I am subject to material thirst.* If I have not proclaimed the power of mind enough to cease drinking and live a life in the spirit, maintaining this body through thought alone, I am in no position to battle this material condition we call *disease!* If that is the case, I must be on a material plane and I will boil that water. By so doing I may be destroying some of the good principles of the water, but I certainly will be destroying a great many of the bad ones, too. Therefore, I will boil the water!"

If one cares enough for psychology to study it from a *sane* standpoint, it is a study productive of much good to mankind. But if he is to give way to the rank deliriums of it, better stay a materialist! The man or woman who can go into the phenomena-hunting part of psychology and come out sane and whole is a wonderful being. A person who can enter these studies and keep away from the "reform" idea will probably succeed, but nine out of every ten entering these fields, develop some unpardonable hobby and the result is *chaos.*

It is this very reason that men of reason and judgment await results and bide their time before taking hold of these things. They think that there must be something antagonistic to nature, to life, to love, if their fellows are driven to the point of insanity over these things. But we are passing through a stage of progress along these lines. Thirty years have witnessed wonderful progress in the psychic studies. Thirty years hence will witness even more wonderful ones. Why? Simply because *wise men* will get hold of these things and will find that there is something to it all that will aid humanity, they will cull out of all branches the false and the true will remain.

The popular fallacy is to call psychology a science. If it is a science, we *Know* the laws governing it. *But we do not know them.* We are

conversant with certain *rules* that hold good in *most cases*. We feel justified in saying that most branches can be taught and learned. But we do not feel that, not knowing the primal principles of mind, we know even the base of psychology. We can *produce*, we can *do*, we can *display*; hence it is an *art*. There is *system* about it, results can be obtained by following certain rules. There we stop!

But returning to hypnotism, I will take up the therapeutic value. In speaking of medical hypnotism, I wish to state that I look upon suggestion only as a means of producing *results*. In the waking or passive states it will do the work to a marked extent. But, combined with the deeper stages of hypnotism, it will accomplish those results much more rapidly and to a more pronounced extent. The condition of somnambulism or of deep sleep shuts out the process of reasoning; it puts the suggestions down where they will do much good and the results are flattering. The class of cases that can be successfully treated through hypnotism are what we would term *functional disorders*. That is, those in which the nerves fail to fulfill their duties. For an example we will take a case of indigestion. True, this may be caused by some material trouble, but usually it is caused by a functional derangement. The result is shown in the intestines. The system is deranged and much discomfort, *material* discomfort, will result. Hypnotism can generally be employed to good advantage here. It can be used to increase the peristaltic movement of the intestines, or to control it in many ways. Still, the *cause* is often overlooked even with an agent as useful as hypnotism. A patient may be treated and be brought back to health and happiness and in another month he will be suffering with the same old troubles. It may be lack of exercise, it may be carelessness in diet, or many other things. Thus, we often find that hypnotism fails where *common sense* on the part of the patient would win. Psychology does not say that one must try hypnotism wherever hypnotism *can* be used; it says that the *best remedy* is the one to employ. If that is exercise, or bathing or diet, it is immaterial. Psychology insists that natural means should be employed where it is possible. It thus opens up a new line of thought and interest. Physical exercise and psychology should go hand-in-hand. If they do, the result will be encouraging. If concentration of the mind is employed in union with a light flexion exercise of the different muscles of the body, the result will be that more real strength and health will be gained than if harsh exercise were engaged in. Some of our greatest athletes today are those who have arisen from ordinary boys to men of power, men of wonderful muscular strength and physical prowess. And these men are seldom giants. In strength they are, but not in stature. One of the world's strongest men does not weigh over one-hundred-and-ninety pounds. One of the world's greatest athletes, a young man holding three of the world's records, is a slight, spare youth. Yet in both cases, these men concentrated and they succeeded by combining mind with material training.

In surgery, hypnotism can seldom be employed; that is, the percentage of cases in which it can be used is small. This is not due to the fact that hypnotism is not equal to the occasion, but because, when

the hypnotist is called, the patient is usually in too much pain or too weak to be amenable to the suggestions. And, it is seldom that, upon first hypnotizing one, the state is deep enough to produce anaesthesia sufficient to perform a major operation. In the small operations, there is a great field. There are operations in which physicians refuse to give an anaesthetic, unless it is a local application.

Thus, we find that hypnotism offers to us utility in: Curing certain ailments; as an anaesthetic for minor and some of the greater operations; as a means of education; as a means of correcting bad habits and curing those habits that have taken on a material form; as a means of elevating the morals; of awakening latent talent; of creating an interest in life; of aiding the mind in concentration in thus paving the way to success; of teaching the methods of relaxing and obtaining more perfect rest; of aiding nature. In short, hypnotism is the open door through which we may pass to something grander without antagonizing the belief of our neighbors or of our friends.

But, when we mention *Psychology*, hypnotism forms such a small part that we are prone to cast it aside in our eagerness to see the wonders that lie beyond. These are divided into so many branches that the beginner becomes confused and will see no system to it at all. I will gladly admit that it is rather chaotic. In hypnotism we have some reason for the phenomena that are produced, but in this field, although we have some excellent theories, theories that do not rasp harshly on the ear of reason, we really *cannot explain* even theoretically some of the things that are known to happen. And these phenomena occur whether the one experiencing them has ever heard of the occult or not. There are more cases on record where the desire to look into these hidden subjects was awakened by some unlooked-for incident than where the desire preceded the phenomena.

Men and women will say, "There is nothing occult in life; why follow anything that is termed 'occult?'"

So there is nothing occult in life? Everything has a scientific system that has been deduced by man, everything is understood? What then, is the purpose of it all, what proof have we that we do not dream? What is life? Answer it in a rational manner—not by figures of speech that imply naught. All that is is *occult* as far as we are concerned. So, when we term certain phases of psychology *occult*, we do so on good grounds.

On the one hand, we find some well defined rules to follow. On the other, we stumble blindly along. One man tells us that he produces his phenomena through the agency of disembodied spirits; the next man laughs at the idea and says that the phenomena are all due to the psychic powers inherent in every mind. Both have good claims and, where the element of fraud does not enter, we find it hard to disprove the claims of either. Build a theory relative to these studies and it is not difficult to prove it through the help of psychology!

Suggestion is a thing of tangibility. We find it employed in advertising, in conversation, in schools, in factories, in politics; in short, in all walks of life. Some know that they are using suggestion and some

don't know nor care what it is; they know *how* to use it and that is the main point.

But we turn to the *hidden* portions of mind-study and what do we find? Millions of people obeying something they receive in this manner and not daring to say so, simply because they cannot give any reason for their actions, for their belief! When people have reasons for doing things, they will defend their claims, but if they have no footing for an argument they would rather avoid the subject. If a man came to me and said, "Sir, even admitting that you can produce these phenomena, what real good can you see in these things for the human race? I will admit the utility of concentration, of relaxation, of psychology as it can be used, but I do say that these other branches are all bosh. Can you defend them?" No, I am sorry to say that I cannot. I know that there is much that is true about them; I know that much is false. There we stand. However, we will look at this branch of psychology briefly, trying to find something plausible and viewing the rest from a purely *curious* standpoint.

Intuition is the first sign we have of the occult. We are not all born with that power. Some men and women can depend on their reason to the exclusion of all other means of gaining knowledge, or of assimilating it after it is gained. Others will find that they "feel" that things are true or false and yet they cannot tell why. How often have you, most of you, said, "I don't like that man but I can't tell why?" There is a something within you that tells you that you do not like him. Sometimes you try to deduce this to a system and believe that it may be the color of his eyes, the way he acts, the shape of his chin or something else. If you are conversant with these means of reading character you will be able to tell much that way. But if you are not, try to use your "system" on someone else. You will find that you are in error. It is that "still small voice" that warns you. If you heed its warnings you will profit thereby; if you do not, you may lose.

Have you never felt that you should postpone a trip or a visit? You didn't know why you felt that way. Perhaps you didn't heed this inner warning; perhaps you did. We will assume that you did not; you forgot the feeling after you had started; you had shaken it off. But on that journey you met with an accident. What was the result? You remembered your warning and were angry because you didn't heed it. Cultivated, in cases where it has been known to exist, this power can be put to account. The man who is born without these powers necessarily cannot see that there is anything to them. He justly says that, even though there may be a primal element there, it will be carried to superstitious excess. Although superstition is one thing and intuition another, people will ever have *omens* upon which they depend. Great men, brainy men, will have some little charm. Others have some signs; they will not do things on certain days. Thousands of people are believers in these omens. They will not always admit it, but they keep on believing.

The great Bruce, lying on his back and idly watching a little spider make six unsuccessful attempts at swinging to the opposite side of the

place where it was spinning its web and succeeding the seventh time, took it as an omen. Six times had he failed; once more he tried. He won! Had he not seen the spider it is likely that he would not have tried again. But we may call this coincidence. We may say that Bruce realized that there was a lesson of patience and perseverance to be learned from that little spider. But it was that awakening of something "occult" that gave him the heart the seventh time. It was his intuition that spurred him on to success.

Our own beloved Lincoln, standing before a mirror saw a shadowy form back of him. He turned but did not see it then. He was told that this was a warning that he would not live through a second term to which he was to be chosen by the people of his country. The prophesy came true.

Saul visited the Witch of Endor and saw the vision of his death, yet he was not a man wont to look into such things. The fall and rise of empires have been prophesied. The lives of men have been mapped out. How? What is there that tells us these things? *They have been told; they have come true.* Down in that little subconscious, mayhap, is stored all that there is to know. We are told that the soul does not reason, that it simply *knows*. We struggle on to find that grand scheme of life. And all because it is written within us! But we cannot find it. We will never find it as mortals. What lies beyond I leave for the theologian to answer.

But 'tis certain that the same great power that carries light and heat is great enough to carry thought, which is greater than them all. The scientist will admit that light is transmitted through some agency across so many millions of miles of space that the mortal mind cannot grasp their immensity. Yet the power that can figure out that fact, the power that can deduce a law and ascertain the speed of that light, will not admit that itself—Mind—the paramount element of life—can catch the waves of thought from another mind! And why? Simply because they stop right where they really are beginning. *It is with mind that we know, that we appreciate, enjoy, love or hate.* It is with this power, mind, that we accomplish all our works and measure the wonderful depths of the universe and imagine those that lie beyond. And yet mind turns against itself and says, "Matter is all. Material Sciences are *Exact*; we know that they will not vary. Matter is paramount!" Awake, sleeper, awake and tell us *how* you *Know* these things, tell us *how* you found them out! Answer if you will, "With our brains" and Nature, Material Nature itself, will mock your reply and scorn your utter ignorance. For he who does not know that mind exists, mind as separate from matter, does not know that there is any mission to life beyond arising in the morning, eating, working and sleeping. He must believe that life is a dull routine and he will make it so.

Therein lies all that is grand and ennobling about the study of mind. We find that it awakes within us, if properly used, a desire to attain something higher, to live out the commonplaces of the present, to forget the failures and temptations of the past and to build for the future something worthy of every effort put forth. If improperly followed we see

the dyspeptic, hollow-eyed fanatic, crawling back in her den with her serpents, pretending to weigh the value of worthy lives in her most unworthy scales, telling the world that she, in her depravity and unwanton degradation, holds in her hand the key to *Life!* Used for noble purposes it honors its cause; used for evil purposes it drags down the disciple of its teachings and debases reason, it dethrones judgment and lowers, depraves, kills!

Careful investigations have proved that thought, *unuttered thought*, is transmitted, caught up by another mind, interpreted and chronicled correctly by the receiving mind. In this line of work—as in all phychic lines—there is offered a great field for fraud. There are many public performers who believe that there is nothing produced genuine simply because they started out to produce it through false means. It is safe to say that there is no phase of psychology that can be produced in public by fair means that cannot be produced through trickery and it is this point that disgusts the public. They know that they are humbugged time and time again in their efforts to see if the phenomena are genuine. Finally they naturally decide that it is all fraud and they will listen to no words of teaching.

There is a well known actress who had never given any time to these studies when a girl and yet who was forced to believe in them because she experienced them without any effort of her own. While studying the dramatic art in New York City some years ago, she was brought face to face with the existence of telepathy—the transference of thought. The first time she experienced anything of this kind, she was in her room writing, or studying—I don't remember which. At any rate she was in a passive, yet concentrated, state of mind. This is just the condition necessary to experience phenomena of this kind. While busy with her work, she heard her mother's voice call out her name in a pained, strange manner. Her mother was in California. Three thousand miles separated them but she was not mistaken. So marked was the occurrence that she lost no time in wiring her sister at home, asking what the trouble with her mother was. In a short time she received a telegram stating that all was well and that a letter would follow. When the letter arrived a few days later it told of an accident in which her mother was injured. The accident was in the nature of a fall. At the exact time the actress heard the voice—figuring the difference in time—the accident befell her mother. The mother's thoughts when she fell were of her daughter in New York. This is an actual occurrence, yet not unlike many that happen every day. Let us look into the conditions of the case:

The daughter was passively concentrated. She was deeply attached to her mother. The mother's mind was suddenly concentrated on her daughter in New York, for whom she had great love. On the one hand is powerful concentration of the active nature; on the other we have it of a passive nature. In addition to these two conditions, we must consider the fact that there was harmony existing between these two minds. It was the greatest kind of harmony—the love of a mother for her child and

the love of a child for her mother. What was the result? Distance was annihilated, the girl received a subconscious impression; it was transmitted to the conscious and she heard her mother's voice. Had that daughter been enjoying a drive and her conscious powers been engaged in active occupation, her senses alive to the fresh air and to the comforts of a great city, she would not have heard that voice; she would likely have had *an uneasy feeling* which she could not cast aside, but she would have been at a loss to locate its cause. As it was, she did not doubt, she knew and she wanted to learn the facts. You might ask why she did not receive the full information if she received that much. In answer I can only say that her mother's thoughts were not on herself. She transmitted the one thought—the love of her daughter. Then she likely was unconscious.

I have known cases similar. I have heard people say something like the following: "I wonder why I do not hear from my friend, Mr. Blank? I have heard nothing from him for months. I don't know why I should think so strongly of him today." The incident would likely be nearly forgotten when, a day or two later, a letter would come from this gentleman. Is this another case of telepathy or simply coincidence? Call it what you will, we find that, by bringing about similar conditions, we can produce similar phenomena.

Now, we will look into this production of phenomena and see if we can deduce anything bearing the semblance to a system. In the first place we find that mind-reading, or telepathy, is divided into two distinct classes. The first is of the class which I just illustrated, in which distance intervenes. The phenomena may be produced through pre-arranged plans or they may be quite as unexpected as this one. On the other hand we find that thought is transferred through the agency of actual physical contact. Here I am willing to admit that the nerves serve in intensifying the images and carrying the impressions, but I believe that the *muscles* play no part in it, as many as prone to suggest. In tests, the first thing looked after is blindfolding the mind-reader. If this is put into the hands of men who understand their business there is not the slightest chance of the operator seeing. Then the next precaution is to see that there are no confederates present who could in any manner inform the operator. When this has been carefully looked after, those who are conducting the tests will see that they are the originators of the tests given. They figure that if this man is able to receive a telepathic communication of one kind, he can receive one of another kind. That is, if he can read the word "war" telepathically, he surely can read the name "Clarence" by the same means. These are what they call "test conditions," and when they are imposed it is safe to say that all the work seen will be genuine. Then they proceed with their tests. They know that it is but just to give the operator all the legitimate help he asks for. He says that he must be perfectly passive. Therefore, there is no noise allowed in the room. He says that the one sending the message should observe powerful concentration. His request is complied with. Then he states that he must have simple tests at first and harder ones as he goes along. If he really can do what he claims he can, he will read a majority of the

messages so that the investigators will be assured that there was not the element of chance.

We will say that, when the test conditions have been imposed, the one who is to send the message will take a white card and hold it against a black background. Here he is projecting a mental image. It can scarcely be called *thought*. It is *mental photography*, as it were. But it is the plainest kind of an image to send. He is concentrated on the contour of this image and he is holding his thoughts faithfully on the image in question. The mind-reader—we are assuming that he is a mind-reader—will say, "I see a white square and everything is very dark about it." This is rather convincing but it might be caused by the tight bandages over the eyes. So they try another test. This time it is some article, such as a knife. He sees it and describes it. Then he goes on with numbers, names, etc. They are satisfied that he is right. But most investigators are so certain that the theories they are to investigate are wrong that they allow prejudice to creep in and prevent much that might be easily given if they were fair.

Now a word as to the manner in which these images are received. You will naturally want to know how a mind-reader can tell what he is getting. Can he hear it; can he see it, or how? All ways; I will explain: The most common form of receiving a telepathic message is through the agency of a mental image. That is to say, the mind-reader has before his closed and bandaged eyes a black surface usually. We will say that the figure 10 is the image projected. He will see many numbers likely but none distinct. Finally 10 comes and stays. He knows that 10 is the one sent; or at least, he is pretty certain.

If he has spent a long time at the work it is probable that he receives his messages through what we would term "Clairaudience," or he hears them—as the girl I mentioned—spoken. It may be a name, yet it is repeated in his ear as plainly as though he had a confederate standing beside him telling him everything as it was selected.

The next is through intuition. That is when the message is sent, it mingles with the thoughts of the receiver and he learns to tell what are his and what are originated somewhere else.

In every-day life we receive telepathic images in the same way. They usually come as though they were originated by ourselves. We will think that we have formed that certain line of thought when we actually have received it from some other source. Occasionally, when we are in the right condition, we hear it, but generally get it in the way just described.

But we will pass the phenomena of mind-reading here and look for the lessons it teaches us. As I have stated previously, psychology can be of use to us only as it teaches us lessons that we can apply to every-day life. I believe that we have a few lessons to learn from mind-reading. It teaches us *how* to become passive. The operator, about to receive impressions, sits very still. He learns that he must relax his muscles and put his mind at rest. If we were to take up the methods he employs and apply them to our lives, we would find that the proposition of rest is not as hard a problem to solve as we at first thought. It also

teaches us that, closely allied to this passive restful state, is the practice of *mediation*. It is safe to say that people do not generally see the power that lies in mediation. It is the absorption of what we have learned. In study we learn to use the faculties of observation and reflection. These are located in the forehead; they are necessarily objective, or conscious faculties. But it is seldom that one uses his meditation in the right direction. He exhausts too much nerve force in his process of thinking. The average student will study hours and hours to get his lesson. He crowds his brain and the result will finally be brain fog or nervous exhaustion, taking the form of a general break-down or nervous prostration. If he would study less and take more time for the absorption of those studies he would have his lessons better and he would be brighter for it.

In reading an interesting story, we can sit for hours at a time and not experience fatigue. When we are through with the book we can relate the story accurately. Why cannot the student do the same thing? In reading an interesting story, we are passive, calm and at ease in every respect. We like to draw our chairs up to the fire on a wintry or rainy day, lean back in the cushions and put our feet upon a stool. Then we are comfortable. We settle down and—*Concentrate*. Our concentration is passive and there is nothing in the process that should exhaust in the least.

Students of the occult do not appreciate this fact as fully as they should. They will try to accomplish with the subconscious what should be accomplished with the conscious. They learn to cast grave shadows of doubt on the conscious and believe that the subconscious is the all-powerful. Mediation is one of the greatest mental exercises and mediums of *thinking out* problems known to psychologists. But the mind and body must be at rest before we can receive the fullest benefits.

People who use mediation go about it in vastly different ways, according to the individual habits and modes of living. In the Orient, the adept will seclude himself from his fellows and remain in the depths of the jungle. He will practice mediation, but instead of thinking of outside objects he will apply this mental power to himself, "looking inwardly," as he might express it. He will concentrate on the tip of his nose for hours at a time. He will mediate upon the sense of taste and the result is he makes it very acute. He will mediate upon the powers of his soul and in the end he has acquired powers that you and I would scarcely believe existed. But we could not do the same thing here in the occident. We have to pay rent, buy clothing and food and meet many other obligations that serve to keep these inner powers in abeyance.

The workman who has things over which he wishes to think will wait until after supper; then he will light his pipe and retire to the comfortable shade of a tree in his back yard. As he watches the smoke curl upward he will build up the fabric of his thoughts. He will dream of what might be and will try to solve the problem. The workman that does this is quite frequently the one who succeeds. The man who gives way to his temper will fail.

The housewife will be busy ironing and will keep up this wonderful process of mediation. She will do her work mechanically—subconsciously—and, although her body is not resting, she finds that in the *rhythm* of her work she is aided in her mediation. Thus we find that, even though relaxation may not be present, there is much in rhythm, or the continuation of regular vibrations or movements. This will aid often in mediation. For example, we will take the railroad train at night. You sit there dreamily and, the steady *click, click* of the wheels passing over the rail-joints will take on some familiar air and in the harmony of that music you will forget environments, and your reflective faculties will figure out some of the serious problems of life.

Thus the phenomena of thought-transference fade when we look at the lessons the study will teach us. It is scarcely probable that the time will ever arrive in which people will utilize telepathy as they probably will wireless telegraphy. The *senses* of man were given him for a purpose. Until he reaches that stage of development, or evolution, wherein he can do without those senses, he will have to look to them as a means of gaining information from the outside world. It has been said that man was given speech and hearing that he might conceal his thoughts. Whether this is true or not there is a great deal of philosophy in it. If we were all gifted with the ability of reading unuttered thought, we would find that we would all have to be good or go to jail! There would be a revolution at our present stage of advancement! When we are all good, likely, we will have the power of conversing without other means than telepathy.

We now come to another step in the occult—Clairvoyance, or "Clear Seeing." The clairvoyant closes his eyes and says that he sees a street. He describes it and tells of incidents that are happening there. It is found later that, at the time he was performing this feat, the incidents cited were actually transpiring. This cannot be separated from telepathy. But when he closes his eyes and says: "I see a man coming this way. He is tall and fair. His name is Charley. In front of him yawns a great gulf. He does not seem to heed it, but is looking for something that is on this side of the difficulty. Yes, I can see him walking right into it. He is going to meet with an accident, a material accident on about the tenth of next month."

The Charley in question is far away. There is no reason to believe that he will meet with any accident through any carelessness of his own. But the date in question bears that intelligence that this same young man is injured. I cite this, not as an *actual* occurrence, but as an example of things that are occurring about us every day. Out of a hundred clairvoyants—so claiming—about three will be able to give phenomena in the least convincing. There seems to be the element of failure that cannot be separated from the genuine. It is this fact that impels the cautious ones to combat things of this nature.

Closely allied to Clairvoyance is Psychometry. In this science—as its adherents are wont to call it—the operator *feels* instead of *sees* the message. That is, he will take a bit of rock and will tell where it came from, what has been enacted in its presence and other things of interest.

But real productions of psychometric phenomena are rare. There is little that can be used as explanatory in clairvoyance or psychometry.

The foretelling of events and the prophesying that appear to have always held an important place in the history of the world would indicate that *Destiny* is mapped for every man, that all he does and says may be due to circumstances, but, that, no matter where he goes, nor what he may do, he will eventually swing around and perform the things he is destined to perform in this life and he will die at the appointed time.

In this New Thought we have the opposing element who, although they may believe in these strange psychic phases, will insist that *Destiny* lies with every man; it is the *individual* who has the power to shape his life and mold his future. Without casting any reflections on the Fate theory, I will state that this latter view is better to take. Even though our lives may be mapped out long before this incarnation, we will undoubtedly live better lives and accomplish much more if we take the stand that there is no Fate, that every man forms his own *Destiny* and that *Environments* can be overcome.

The power to act and to think, to live as we should live—or to strive to live as we should—the desire to ever work upward and onward and the overcoming of little obstacles all serve to make life happier and brighter. All about us we see the works of these things psychic. The halt and lame are healed, the sick made well, the sorrowing are made joyous and the weak strong. For those in the blackness of despair there is Hope, for those who hunger for something higher there is light and for the weary there is rest.

Back of the phenomena of it all are arrayed many lessons of value and out of the chaotic darkness that surrounds the wonder of mind, it may be that we will rescue some great truth that will aid the human race, of all colors, of all branches, to get upon a higher plane. In this system may be found some means of lifting the burden of life in our ceaseless grind into eternity. In the yesterdays that have passed since time was inaugurated, in the todays that will ever be and in the tomorrows that are ever to come, there may be some great purpose that is "occult" so far as we at present are concerned. We grope for the light and it is to be hoped that we will find it. In the meantime there is one thing we *can* do and that is to study mind, psychology, and all that pertains to man and apply the best principles we deduce for his advancement, for he must pass through the slow process of evolution no matter how we may hurry it, and in the end, when even psychology has ceased to be, we or they or whosoever are, will realize, perhaps, that the study of the mind has served its purpose well.

* * * * *

This is your lecture. I have given you something that would take about forty minutes to deliver. In it I have not aimed to give you all the elements as they would relate to several separate lectures, but I have given them as a whole. Hypnotism you will find by itself. Study the points I touch therein. The same with mind-reading or with psychology in general. My lesson has been this: Do not give too much theory; tell

your hearers in a plain manner what the different terms imply and illustrate by "examples." Tell them the brighter side to all these studies and point out the *good things* of psychology. Never talk to them on the subject in a manner that would imply that you were nervous and thought your audience knew more than you—the speaker. Make your lecture a "talk" and use simple language. Large words are too burdensome even to those who understand. The mind likes elementary stuff and seldom cares for complications. Make your talk so simple that they all know what you are saying and what lesson you wish to impart.

If you, as students, find any little thing in this model I have framed for you, take the lecture home with you and "Meditate." You may have been looking for something quite ordinary. I may have given it to you. Again, I may have disappointed you inasmuch as I have told my imaginary audience that there is something on its way that will discount our present psychology. But it is coming. It is not scheduled here for a few generations to come, so you are safe for your occupation.

Whether you are stage hypnotists, mind-readers, lecturers or anything else along psychic lines, endeavor to make your points clear to your audience and show them what there may be in all this something truly helpful to humanity in general. In looking after the financial side of this subject, take a care lest you misuse your power and thereby give psychology an unsavory flavor!

THE END.

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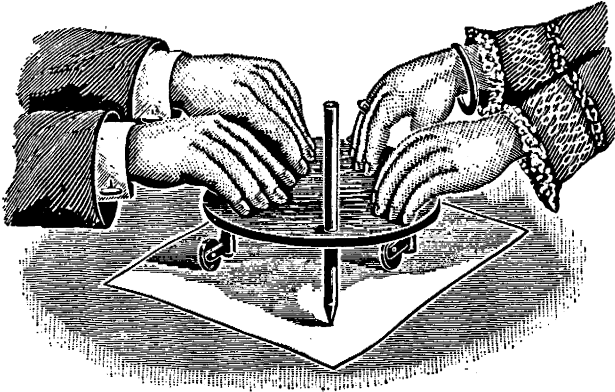
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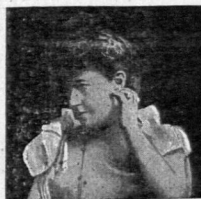
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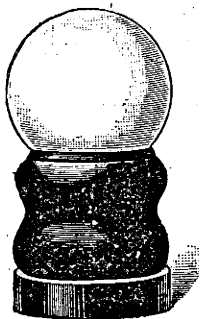
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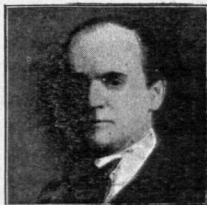
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