

SUGGESTION

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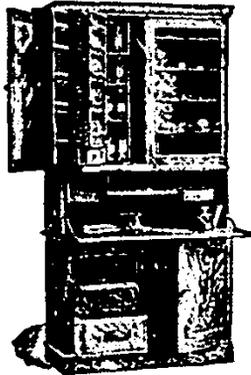
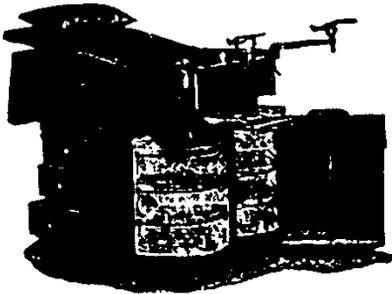
DEVOTED TO THE
Study and Advancement of Suggestive Therapeutics
ALSO TO THE
Scientific Investigation of All Occult Phenomena.

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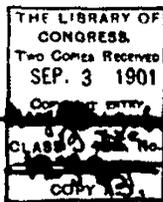
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SUGGESTION

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

VOL. VII. No. 3. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1901. \$1.00 PER YEAR.

THE FRAUDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

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

(Continued from August Number.)

As before said, I had two seances with the Bangs Sisters, one at Cassadaga in 1898 and the other at Chicago in 1899. At the Cassadaga seance I felt convinced that the whole thing was fraud, and there formed a theory of the methods employed. I gave my ideas to a prominent business man of Pittsburg, and in response to my request, he sent me the following statement of his experience. I give it here, because with the foregoing narrative in mind the "mystery" in it can be easily understood, and, at the same time, it will reflect light upon the expose there given. He says:

"After taking my seat at the table with Miss May 'Bangs' (the one with whom I had my sittings) "I produced a package which consisted of one envelope containing the inquiries to deceased friends, together with six sheets of blank paper, the flap of which had been well glued with furniture varnish and sealed with three tablets of wax pressed very thin with a private seal. The paper, where seals were attached, had been roughened with emery cloth to insure a close contact and thereby prevent any possibility of the seals being lifted with a thin, sharp blade without destroying them. This envelope, with its

contents, was then placed within a plain white envelope which was sealed in the ordinary manner with its own mucilage.

Miss B. requested me to hand the package to her for examination, upon which she immediately asked why I had enclosed one envelope within the other. I explained that it was simply a precautionary measure, to satisfy some of my skeptical friends; that if some outside intelligence could write upon paper enclosed within envelopes sealed with gum it seemed reasonable to assume they could do so when wax seals had been added. She replied that spirits could write in either case, but where seals are used the time required is much greater, and she had not bargained for a lengthy sitting at the regular price. I at once offered to pay her liberally for whatever time it might take, total not to exceed \$25.00. After considerable talk which convinced me that she was desirous of avoiding the issue, she requested me to remove the outside envelope. Pressed for her reason for making such a request she stated that many persons had attempted to impose upon the mediums by enclosing metal sheets, tin foil, and other substances which the "spirits" (!) could not "pene-

trate," and she simply desired to satisfy herself that nothing of the kind was done in this case. I firmly refused to remove the outer covering as I was convinced that her object was to inspect the seals in order to ascertain if it would be possible for her confederate to remove or duplicate them without detection. Finding that I was obdurate, she took another tack and refused to even sit with me as she "felt sure there must be something improper written in the envelope otherwise it would not be sealed." I at once offered to open both envelopes in her presence after the sitting and to forfeit \$100 if my statements regarding the envelopes and their contents were in any way incorrect, the cash to be put up on the spot with my wife and Mr. Day (her manager) as witnesses. Seeing that this evidence of good faith on my part did not have any effect, I voluntarily removed the outside envelope and handed her the inside envelope for inspection. She took note of the seals with a critical eye and commented upon the skill with which they were put on.

I was aware the jig was up, but was desirous of following the matter up to the end. I asked her if she was now satisfied, and upon receiving an affirmative reply. I suggested that we sit with the envelope and see if the spirits would write. To this she acceded with a readiness which seemed somewhat suspicious considering the circumstances. The letter was put between the two slates, which were offered by the medium to be held between us over one corner of the table. After holding them in this position about ten minutes, Miss B. remarked that she *felt no influence and did not think our chances for success would be improved by sitting longer!*

Of course the whole thing bore the ap-

pearance of being a bluff," (to get rid of a hard headed investigator—S. L. K.) "and I so considered it.

I might add, in conclusion, that the slates between which the letter reposed during the seance were of the common variety, about 6 by 9 inches. I examined them carefully and was surprised to notice that the inside edges of the wooden rims on the side of each slate which came in contact when they were placed together and which have sharp corners when leaving the factory, had *been nicely bevelled and sand-papered*. I inquired the purpose of this and was told that it was due to sandpapering the rims to *remove ink stains (!)*" (Signed) N. M. W.

Oct. 31, 1898.

From Dr. Sydney Flower comes more evidence, consisting of excerpts from an article published in "Suggestive Therapeutics" for July, 1899, summing up results of a protracted series of seances with Miss B. He says:

"I brought my own slates. The first slates were screwed together at the corners, sealed with sealing wax in the center and at the corners, with string wound round slates, back and forth, and sealed." (Knowing what we now do of Miss B.'s "mediumship," what results would we expect and could we predict from an arrangement of this kind? Just what happened, and which Dr. Flower describes most fully and adequately in just two words.) "*No results*. The second slates used were screwed together at the corners, and sealed along the edges. *No results*. The third slates used were not screwed together at the corners, but 27 seals were put round the edges, close together. *No results*. The last slates used were nailed together, and 27 seals put round the edges. *No results*. . . . A negative result," he con-

cludes, "proves nothing, and I am quite willing to admit that there may be *something antagonistic* to phenomena in the precautions taken."

Yes, decidedly antagonistic! Not, however, for subtle *psychic* reasons, as Dr. F. in his gentlemanly frankness and honesty supposed, but from exceedingly *materialistic* ones.

Dr. Flower elsewhere remarks, "The weak point in Miss B.'s work is that she uses rubber bands to hold the slates together. Why a rubber band, if not for ease in handling the letter placed between? However I do not intend to insinuate anything against Miss B.'s work. It may be all right."

The bands, as we have now conclusively seen, are used just exactly for the purpose Dr. F. surmises they are. Twine, too, is no effectual barrier. But sealed twine, screws, nails and wax seals, are, as he himself discovered, but could not explain.

True, all the above is *negative* evidence, but still, negative though it be, it and the discovery I made at the Chicago seance mutually illuminate and explain each other. The strongest, clearest and most direct corroborative testimony of a positive kind comes from Dr. H. A. Parkyn, of the Chicago School of Psychology. To him, in the presence of a mutual friend, Mr. Griffith, I explained in detail the discovery I had made on the evening of the day I made it. He was enthusiastic, and promised to arrange for a seance himself with Miss B. and send me a written account of his experiences. And here it is.

DR. PARKYN'S LETTER.

Chicago, April, 3, 1900.

My Dear Dr. Krebs;

"Everything was very satisfactory. I never lost trace of the letter from the time it was put in between the slates until

the slates were opened. I saw her put in the wedge, saw the wedge in between the slates, saw her take the letter out of the slates, saw just when she let it drop, saw the note come inside the door, saw my letter under her foot, and had an interesting windup with her when I asked her to let me see a letter pad through the end of which she thrust my letter. The whole thing was very satisfactory, and I think will please you. I will get the full story away to you as soon as possible. I am very busy."

Yours very truly,

(Signed) HERBERT A. PARKYN.

DR. PARKYN'S DETAILED ACCOUNT.

On Tuesday, March 27, 1900, I called for my seance with Miss May Bangs, having arranged some days before for my "sitting." The table at which we sat was a little higher than an ordinary sitting room table, and was covered with a green baize cloth which hung down all around to within six inches of the floor. (Greatly lengthened since my sitting.—S. L. K.) The table stood about 15 inches from the wall and Miss B.'s side of the table was flush with one side of the door between the rooms. (See Cut 3.) A waste paper basket stood between her corner of the table and the door. A fold of the cloth stuck out from the table almost shutting out the space between the table and the basket, and there was a space of about two inches between the wall and the basket. (See cut.)

On the table, when I entered, were a box, three slates and some writing pads," (i. e., letter tablets.) "The box was about four inches high, four wide and eight long.

Miss B. asked me if I had come with my letter prepared. I said I had, and handed her the sealed envelope contain-

ing four questions on four separate sheets of paper. I had written these before reaching her home and the envelope was sealed in the ordinary manner, with the mucilage usually found on a cheap oblong envelope. The questions were as follows (1, 2 and 3 omitted, the fourth only given here, to save space): 4 "Signor Lobus Spigelii: We were good friends before you passed over. I welcome your last communication. What are your sensations in spirit life? Do you remember the last time we were at College? I cut you, but I couldn't help it. What did you think of me? I am sorry."

These four names were all fictitious. The last one with the "Signor" omitted is the anatomical name given to *one of the lobes of the human liver*.

I asked to examine the slates. Receiving her permission I picked them up and scrutinized them carefully. I found the *inner edge rounded off carefully all round*, instead of being square as they are in all slates.

When I had finished the examination she placed the letter in the right hand corner of the slate near her and covered it up with the other slate which was exactly the same size as the under one. As she was covering them up she made a dexterous move under the slate with the third finger of the right hand, a movement which I believed was to draw the letter between the frames of the slates. This done, she *stood the slates on end*, letter end down, and passed an elastic band around them from side to side. She then produced a piece of string and passing it around lengthwise asked me to tie it, which I did. Then she placed the slates flat on the table with *the letter end near her*, and covered them with the third slate which was about an inch larger all around.

This done she rummaged in the tin box, which, bye-the-bye, she had placed on the waste paper basket, thus still further hiding the space of floor between herself and the door. She apparently wanted a pencil and having procured one placed it on the table beside the writing pads. Then picking up her end of the slates she asked me to hold the other end. After holding them for a few moments she asked me if I felt anything. I replied "No." She said, "Well I do. You are evidently highly magnetic. Don't you feel something now?" I said, "I believe I do. It must be your magnetism." She kept changing her grip on the slates all the while. Sometimes her thumbs were under the slates and sometimes her fingers. Once or twice we placed the slates on the table again, only to take them up when the same proceedings were gone through. Finally she seemed satisfied, and placing the slates on the table again, she picked up a note pad and commenced writing on it and conversing with me. Finally she wrote the initials "C. S." on a piece of paper and handing it to me asked me if I knew any one who had passed over to whom those initials might belong. As she did this she let her tablet rest half over the ends of the slates. The fingers of her left hand were under the tablet while the thumb was on top. She kept looking straight at me and questioning me about "C. S.," urging me to endeavor to recall someone who would answer to these initials. I could not think of any one to whom they would apply and told her so. At this juncture she withdrew the pad and placed it in her lap. The lap was well out of my sight for she sat on a low rocking chair. I was satisfied from her actions that she *had extracted my letter from the slates*, and watched her every

movement to see what would become of it. She next turned her chair sideways to the table and sat *facing the door*. In a few moments she started working herself *toward the door* on a pretext of getting something out of the box. Then she sat up straight in her chair and poked out her *right foot towards the door* in a very careless way, talking all the time and trying to look unconcerned. Apparently she was simply following out the pattern on the carpet with her toe, but it kept working closer to the door all the time. I felt that *my letter had been let fall on the floor and that she was shoving it over towards the door with her foot*. It seemed to catch in the edge of the door for she had to make several marked pokes with her foot. I was leaning well over the top of the table and could see the movements of her limbs very distinctly although I could not see her foot.

I had a good sized pocket mirror with me and tried to work it under the table, but *the cloth on her side hung down too low to see anything*, and so I abandoned this plan.

As soon as she had finished the operations with her feet she drew back again from the door and started a conversation, telling me among other things that she saw several spirit forms around me and described some of them. From time to time she deliberately looked at the bottom of the door as though she expected something. At this juncture I rested my elbow on my left knee and supported my head on my left hand. This enabled me to look behind the basket and see the floor in front of the door. I saw *nothing* on her side of the basket, but on my side a large cat had stretched himself and I immediately made a mental reservation that I should make use of that a little

later. As soon as I leaned over to that side she stooped over to the box, evidently to *cover any part of the carpet remaining exposed*, but I immediately sat up straight again, and she came back to her former position, but continued to glance at the bottom of the door from time to time. Suddenly I heard a rustle at the door. It sounded as though a bit of paper were being shoved underneath it. I waited a moment and glancing down beside the table said, "What a nice cat you have," and stooped down and petted it. Immediately she hustled over to the box again and shoved the waste paper basket up against the wall, but not before I caught a glance of a piece of paper *which was not there when I had looked before*. I pretended to have seen nothing and went on talking about the cat for a few moments. Then I straightened up again and she worked back to her old position, talking all the while but making dexterous movements with her limbs which were very apparent to me as I leaned over the table. A little later she stooped over and *picked up something from the floor*. It was done in an offhand manner while she was still talking, but I was satisfied that *the piece of paper I saw at the door was in her possession*. In a few moments she said she had received an impression of the initials W. B. which of course corresponded with the first person I had addressed in my letter. A little later she gave me the whole name, and at short intervals came the other names. When she came to the "Signor Lobus Spigellii" she said she had made a mistake in the initials given at the commencement of the seance and thought they should have been L. S. in place of C. S. She then said she heard Spanish voices and got the impression of a Spaniard, and asked me if one

of the persons I had addressed was not a Spaniard. (!) During the latter part of this conversation, which lasted probably ten minutes, she began glancing at the door again. After she had done so a few times, I again stooped over and petted the cat, whereupon she hustled to *cover the ground again*, and I saw that in moving the basket she had left quite a bit of floor exposed. I straightened up, and in a few minutes her foot worked over to the door again and she went through the same performance as when the other piece of paper appeared, ending again by stooping down and picking up something. Then she said, "You did not address the guide, did you?" I said "No." "Well, you will have to write a note to the guide telling him to put you in communication with one of the persons you have addressed. Here is a piece of paper with some ink on it for the spirit's ink well." This piece she slipped in under the top slate and gave me another piece on which to write my message to the "guide" and told me to tear a piece from the corner so I could compare it later with the piece on which my message would be written, for the spirits would probably enclose my note in the sealed envelope, and by fitting in the torn piece later I would be certain the same piece of paper had been used. I did this and she said, "Now, I shall turn my back while you write your note to the Guide." As soon as she turned her back I picked up the slates and saw that a *wooden wedge had been forced in between the slates* at her end near the left side of slates, the side away from the letter. I could see inside the slates, and shook them, but nothing came out, clearly proving to me that *my letter had been extracted*. This operation took but a few moments, and placing the slates on the

table again I wrote my message, and told her I had finished. She asked me if I had addressed the letter to my uncle. I said I had not, and she said I had better do so. She appeared to be killing a little time, and I was satisfied she had turned her back to thoroughly digest whatever had been communicated to her on the last paper she had picked up.

She then turned around and asked me to fold my note. This done, she placed it between the top slate and the other two on the left hand side close to her end, and in covering it up made another movement with the third finger of her left hand under the slate, evidently to draw the note into an advantageous position. For shortly after, she placed her letter tablet on the slate, as she had before, and withdrew it in the same manner.

This accomplished she began to ask me leading questions about the persons mentioned in the letter. The conversation about the lobe of the liver was decidedly amusing. She wanted to know when I had cut him, and I told her it was done in the dissecting room at college and that it was necessary for me to do so since the professors insisted on it, and that if I had not done so I could not have received my degree at that medical college. She said, "I get the impression of some one with dark, pointed, chin whiskers but I guess when you knew him he was smooth faced, was he not?" I assured her she was right and that he was very smooth faced when I knew him! She said, "You cut him very badly, didn't you?" I said, "Yes, through and through. The injury was irreparable for he was never the same afterward and never spoke to me again."

All the time we were conversing she was making notes, but finally worked over to the door again and went through the

same performance as she did the time I figured my letter "passed out." Then we conversed about the persons addressed and many other things such as "spirit painting," etc. After some time she began to glance at the door again and a little later I again heard a distinct rustle of paper on the carpet as *though something was being shoved through the crack underneath the door*. A moment later I stooped over and petted the cat, and again she moved over to the box and kept in that position until I straightened up. I stayed there for about *fifteen minutes*, during which time *she scarcely made a move*, but kept up the conversation all the time. I then straightened up, *to give her a chance*. Immediately she began to draw back and worked hard with her right leg. Suddenly I stooped over to the cat again and *saw about one-half of a white envelope under her foot before she drew it out of sight under her dress*. She did not suspect that I saw it, and I continued to pet the cat. A little later she picked up *something* and then turned facing me, and coming close to the table picked up the letter tablets from her lap. One of them was placed just in front of the slates on the table at her side, and on top of it rested the outside card boards of a pad of letter paper *without any letter paper between them*. One end of these card board sheets extended under the upper slate, and the pad beneath them was about as thick as the underneath slate. Slowly but surely she began to fold up the top sheet of the cardboard, about an inch and a half at a time, while from time to time she poked her pencil under the part she had not already folded. Knowing for certain that my letter had been withdrawn from the slates I believed that as she poked the pencil under

the upper cardboard she was *simply showing my letter into the slates*. Finally she deliberately lifted up the portion of cardboard (about three inches) which had not been folded, and poked her pencil under it. This done she unfolded the cardboard again, and, picking it up, deliberately poked the corner of it up against the slates, for the purpose, as I believed, of *driving the letter between the slates*. As she held the cardboards I could see by the rough edges that there was *a slit in the end of them*, just long enough to permit the envelope to pass through it. She next gathered up her paraphernalia, placed the tablets neatly on one corner of the table, and dropped her pencils into the box.

Just here some one suddenly burst into the room through *the door*, and feigned surprise to find any one in the room, said she thought we were finished and asked about some one in the house, and then closed the door again. This struck me as being a piece of bluff.

Miss B. then picked up the slates and asked me to hold them also. I knew if I held them very tightly together she could not extract the wedge, and I was anxious to see what she would do. Accordingly I gripped the slates very firmly and pressed them very tightly together. She looked baffled, and after much movement of the fingers at her end of the slates asked me to set them down, when she found the grip did not ease up any. After waiting a few minutes we tried it again, but again I held them just as firmly. She seemed annoyed and placed them on the table once more. Then she deliberately picked up the cardboard tablet and while talking to me poked the corner of the pad into the slates at the point where I saw the wedge. She ap-

peared to be endeavoring to loosen the wedge, for when we next picked them up she held them but a moment and then set them down, but withdrew her hand from the table to her lap, palm uppermost, and I figured that she had picked up the wedge from the table between the backs of her fingers. A little more rustling in the box, and she said, "Now if the spirits have finished their work they will rap." I have long been able to produce spirit rapping of a high order, and accordingly rapped twice very loudly. She looked quite startled, changed color, and said, "Why, those came from *your* side of the table." "Is that so!" said I, "I believe I did hear something." Three times I rapped out "no," when she asked the spirits, and then I gave *her* spirits a chance! They rapped three times, which was interpreted to mean "yes," and I opened the slates.

My letter was apparently just as at first, and the note that had been placed under the top slate had disappeared. I opened them and found it inside with my other questions, which had all been answered at length in ink *apparently in different hand writing*. I went over to the window, presumably to get a good light on them, but really *to see the door*. I saw there was *plenty of room* to pass things in and out between the *carpet and the bottom of the door*. Then I turned to Miss B. and told her the seance had been highly satisfactory, but I wished to look at the letter tablets she used. She had them in her hand and *seemed put out at my request*. *She would not give them up to me*, but I assured her that I merely wished to have a glance at them, to make sure there were no batteries in communication with them. She de-

murred, but finally handed me two of them, *but kept the cardboards*. These she would not let me see. So I said, "Oh! very well, I merely wished to feel the weight of them. I cannot understand why you would not let me examine them. But have your own way. It's your privilege, but I shall not feel entirely satisfied." She said, "Well, there is something written on this which I got for the last sitter and I don't wish you to see it, but I shall rub it out." She then went to the far side of the table and sitting down began to rub out some marks which she had made while folding it up. I went back to the window, apparently to study the answers I had received, but really to watch her. She looked up, and seeing I was engrossed in the letters, deliberately tore out one side of the hinge between the cardboards with her pencil, thus leaving them connected with but a little strip on one side. She then came to me and said, "Now you can look at it." I took it in my hands and saw that whereas the slit I had seen before during the seance was cut *evenly* and was smooth, the part she had just broken through was *quite rough*.

I forgot to say that while she was refusing to let me see the pads, she was turning them over with her back partly turned towards me. A piece of paper fell from them to the floor and she hurriedly picked it up. It was different paper from that in the pads, was about three or four inches in size and had writing in regular lines on it. I believe this was *one of the notes handed in to her*.

I thanked Miss B., told her I was highly delighted with the results obtained and that probably my experience with her would appear in print. She asked me

to be sure to send her a copy of anything in which it appeared, and I assured her I would do so.

Now, while I have made things as plain as possible in telling my experience with Miss B., I wish it understood that I do not mean for one moment that she was clumsy in her work. Far from it. It was performed very dexterously, and any one who *thought* his letter was still between the slates *would possibly put no construction on the movements she made from time to time.*"

DR. PARKYN'S EXPERIMENT.

"Last night, April 11, 1900, my present class, numbering fifteen, met at the school and I gave them a seance in sleight of hand, etc. Just to test how the Bangs system would go, I posted my father and hid him in the back room. Then I put one of the students at the table in front of me and arranged the chairs of all the others so they could not see *my* side of the table. Now, although I had given them some inkling as to how the writing was done, still, if you can believe it, I had one of the students write some questions, placed them between the slates, exactly as was done at the Bangs seance, and inside of *half an hour* had the letter in the slates again with the questions answered, and not one student in the room saw the letter drop out, nor did anyone know how it was accomplished. I think I improved on the Bangs method a bit. In the first place I arranged things so I *did not have to turn around sideways* from the table at all. Then again, the letter was carried in and out by a black linen thread, a loop having been made in the middle of the string to hold notes and letters. The whole system was devised within a few minutes, and the success of the experiment goes to *show that this is*

the way the Bangs sisters accomplish it, even if we had no further evidence. It is much easier, of course, when you have only one sitter to deal with."

Yours very truly,

HERBERT A. PARKYN.

I Know.

Under the snow, in the dark and the cold,
A pale little sprout was humming;
Sweetly it sang, 'neath the frozen mould,
Of the beautiful days that were coming.
"How foolish your songs," said a lump
of clay,

"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at the walls between you and
the day!

Now, have you the strength to move
them?"

But, under the ice and under the snow,
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I cannot tell how; but I know, I know,
I know what the days are bringing:
Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadows and buds on the
trees,

And the great glad sun to love me!"
A pebble spoke next. "You are quite
absurd,"

It said, "with your song's insistence,
For I never heard of a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence."
"But I know, I know," the tendril cried,
In beautiful sweet unreason;
"Till lo! from its prison glorified
It burst in the glad spring season.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Chicago American*.

Meum et Tuum.

Doctor: I wouldn't mind the headache, if I were you.

Patient: Nor I, if I were you.

SUGGESTOGRAPHIA.

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

ARTICLE IX.

In the present article, we will consider briefly the subject of intelligence, which to us seems to be a necessary factor in the phenomena called living.

Matter and energy, as ultimate principles of the universe, are accepted by most scientists and investigators without quibble; but intelligence, considered as an ultimate principle, has caused endless discussion *pro et con*. In the previous article, entitled Suggestographia, it was stated that scientists comprehended by the terms matter and energy the personification of certain independent aspects of experience abstracted from general experience which, for convenience of study, they have set up in groups by themselves as if these abstractions and ultimate principles really existed independently as such or by themselves. As a matter of fact, none of these—matter, energy and intelligence, exist by themselves, but are always intimately mixed with each other, either through causation or association, so that it is no easy matter for any man to draw a sharp line of demarkation so as to enable him to distinguish absolutely and always between these ultimate principles. In reality, what are to be considered the limits of experience in what we call matter manifestations, or energy manifestations, or intelligence manifestations, are mere questions of *formal* agreement between scientists.

The assumption of only two ultimate principles, manifesting in the phenomena of the universe, does not give to us at

least sufficient data to explain our experience, consequently we consider ourselves justified in abstracting from our general experience those aspects of phenomena which can not be considered either material or energival and setting them up by themselves, as if they really existed as such, under the name of INTELLIGENCE. As no one has succeeded in convincing us that those aspects of experience which we call intelligent acts, are merely manifestations identical with those which we group under the name of matter and energy phenomena, we will consider intelligence, whether you call it such or by any other appropriate name, an ultimate principle of the universe. As far as is actually known, intelligence and life are inseparable; therefore, for the present, we will pass by the numerous metaphysical and theological conceptions of intelligence and life. In this series of articles we will consider intelligence and life only from a scientific standpoint in order to clearly comprehend intelligence, as an ultimate principle, in its practical bearing upon the art of suggestion and other psychical methods and procedures.

In assuming intelligence to be an ultimate principle, we are forced to conclude that it exists everywhere in the universe, under one form or another, just as scientists are forced to assume or conclude that matter and energy exist everywhere. The universality of matter, energy and intelligence can not be actually demonstrated because we know of their existence by

their manifestations only, and we assume their universality because our hypothesis lead to such assumption. Much that we assume to be intrinsic properties of matter and energy, is only personal association. The nature of intelligence and how it causes matter and energy to manifest the so-called *life* or *intelligent* phenomena, are profound and unknowable mysteries in our present mental and psychical organization. We know some of the properties of intelligence just as we know some of the properties of matter and energy, and recent investigations have shown that matter, energy and intelligence exist in states and forms and possess properties which were undreamt of in former generations.

In the art of Suggestion, the inherent intelligence of an individual is employed in the form of thoughts, emotions and volition, collectively called consciousness, to arouse, augment and direct desirable and normal physiological functions, so that these will be performed unconsciously or with pleasure, and to repress undesirable and abnormal ones. We feel ourselves justified in assuming, provisionally at least, that thoughts and emotions and volition are forms or states of intelligence, just as scientists feel themselves justified in assuming that objects are forms of matter and that the physical agents are forms or modes of motion. Without going any further into the hypothetical part of the subject on intelligence, lest our discussion become metaphysical and we digress too far from our original subject, let us pass to the consideration of the distribution of intelligence in organisms, and give a few examples of intelligent phenomena in order that the difference between intelligence and energy phenomena becomes apparent.

It was not until well into the latter half of the nineteenth century, that science admitted intelligence phenomena to be the outcome of processes occurring not only in the nervous systems of animals, but also of processes occurring in tissue possessing structure and in a state of biological activity. Recent biological researches show us that structure of tissue has probably as much to do with the phenomena called intelligent, as has the nervous system. The nervous system is merely tissue whose structure is suitable for the performance of certain biological functions—that of conducting centripetal impulses from end-organs to the great nerve-centers and brain cortex, to be there correlated into nervous processes* (*neuroses*) associated with the various higher forms or states of intelligence (*psychoses*), and that of conducting centrifugal or motor impulses from the brain cortex and great nerve centers to the peripheral organs, there to be manifested in physiological activity and environmental changes. Strictly speaking, nerves do not convey intelligence, but only dynamic energy correlated from the potential energy contained in the end-organs cells and nerve cells. Science furnishes much evidence to show that living animal and vegetable cells contain, beside matter and energy, the third ultimate principle—intelligence.

The monocellular organisms, whether animal—protozoans, or vegetable—bacteria, are composed of a cell wall which, in unicellular animals, consists of albuminous matter and in unicellular plants of cellulose, of an internal structure, and of interstices filled with protoplasm. Biologists state that these micro-organisms are living units because they manifest, in their active condition, the physiological functions of nutrition, reproduction and cor-

relation. By function of nutrition, of reproduction, and of correlation, is not meant respectively mere growth, mere increase in the number of forms or species, and mere physical and chemical changes; for neither growth, increase in the number of forms, nor physical and chemical changes, individually or even collectively, are proof of life or of the existence of intelligence: and further, any of these phenomena can be produced experimentally without any known form of intelligence entering into the immediate causal relation or association with the physical processes occasioned by the experiments. Of course, those who hold to the doctrines of *hylotheism*—the doctrine or belief that matter is God, or that there is no God, except matter and the universe, of *hylozoism*—the doctrine that matter possesses a species of life, and *hylopathism*—the doctrine that matter is sentiment, will see intelligence in all manifestations or phenomena.

The phenomenon of "metallic vegetation" or "lead tree," so called because the whole phenomenon has a great resemblance to the growth of vegetation, from which indeed the old alchemical name—*Arbor Saturni*—is derived, is a good example of growth unaccompanied by any known form of intelligence. This phenomenon is readily produced by placing in a suitable wide-neck bottle, a clear acidulated solution of acetate of lead—for the phenomenon is promoted by the presence of a slight excess of acid in the solution, and by closing the bottle with a cork, to which is fixed a piece of copper wire suspending a piece of zinc wire, on a strip of zinc, so that the zinc may hang as nearly in the center of the solution as possible. The bottle being closed is left to itself. The copper wire at once begins to be

covered with a moss-like growth of metallic lead, out of which brilliant crystallized laminae and plates of the same metal continue to form. This will continue until a mass, resembling a miniature bush or tree is formed; hence the names *arbor Saturni*, lead tree, and metallic vegetation. Even more brilliant and beautiful metallic vegetation can be produced by substituting a solution of muriate of tin, acidulated by a few drops of nitric acid, for the solution of acetate of lead. The *Arbor Dianae* is a name given to the metallic deposit produced in a similar manner by mercury in a solution of silver nitrate.

In the experiment just cited we have, after a fashion, growth and development of a distinct form; and yet, no scientist would call it an *intelligence* phenomenon nor a *life* phenomenon. These "metallic trees," or better forms, are dependent on electro-chemical conditions; for when, in a solution of a metallic salt, is immersed a metal which is more oxidisable than the metal of the salt, the latter is precipitated in an elementary form by the former, while the immersed metal is substituted, equivalent for equivalent, for the metal of the salt. In this phenomenon of "metallic vegetation" the growth, brought about by electrolysis, is due to mere addition from the *outside*, or, as it is technically called and explained to be, *juxtapposition*; while in "plant and animal vegetation" the growth, brought about by life, is due to nutrition or addition from the *inside*, or, as is it technically called and explained to be, *intussusception*. When superficially viewed, the growth of coral most closely resembles the formation of the lead tree just described, and yet the great differences in the processes and causes of each respectively, is evident.

Just as mere growth by itself is no

positive evidence of life nor of the intervention of any form of immediate causal intelligence, so the innate power, which numerous material units possess of increasing in number apparently from previous forms, is by no means, conclusive evidence of life or of the presence of immediate causal intelligence. If you will try the experiment of Liebig, who pointed out that a few crystals of oxalic acid will act upon a large quantity of oxalamide, splitting the latter into oxalic acid and ammonia; you might say that, supplied with suitable pabulum, the oxalic acid and ammonia increases indefinitely. If this experiment is so arranged that *crystals* of oxalic acid are precipitated, you see the increase of forms apparently from the *original forms* (oxalic acid crystals); but in reality, this is no life phenomenon, neither is it produced by the intervention of intelligence.

Again, the fact that physical or chemical phenomena can be produced by biological activity or intelligence, is no evidence that the same must always be a life manifestation or that the same cannot be the result of purely physical or chemical processes. For example, dilute alcohol (must be less than 13 per cent of alcohol) can be converted into vinegar by the functional activity of the variety mould, called scientifically, *Mycoderma Aceti*, under favorable conditions. When the same kind of dilute alcohol is allowed to trickle slowly over charcoal or wood shavings, laid so as to expose a large surface to the air, oxidation of the alcohol results and vinegar, or dilute acetic acid, is produced. Thus we have at our disposal two methods of oxidizing alcohol and converting it into vinegar: First, by the employment of a biological process—fermentation, and second, by the employment of a purely

physico-chemical process—catalysis. The acetic acid, resulting from both methods, is, for practical purposes, identical in its physical and chemical properties.

The presence of a distinct nervous system or apparatus, even in multicellular or polycellular organisms, seems to be unnecessary for the manifestations of the cruder or lower forms of intelligence. To speak of crude or low forms of intelligence is, strictly speaking, incorrect; for intelligence, like energy, is, in its nature, always identical (!), its forms being due to the particular way that incidental conditions allow of its (intelligence) manifestation, so that we ought to speak rather of crude forms of intelligent organisms just as we speak of crude steam-engines—not of crude forms of steam. However, as long as you understand the sense in which these phrases are used, there can be no objection to their use here because proper conception or idea is all that is aimed at. Philologists find it necessary to look for the sense in which words and phrases are used and understood by persons. For them to quibble over the unscientific use of words or phrases is simply useless because persons in general favor expediency and custom, even if vulgar; and it must be admitted that at times slang words and phrases express ideas more forcibly and thoroughly than strictly grammatical and proper ones. Grammar is but a *formal science*; and by philologists, custom is observed as law. "*Consuetudo pro lege servatur.*" Why should we object to the use of a metaphor or a metonymy as long as they express and suggest the desired idea, and are in general use?

To come back to our subject, we infer the presence of intelligence in organisms by noting if the phenomena of nutrition,

of reproduction, and of physical and chemical change due to adaptation, are present. ADAPTATION is, after all, the best evidence of the presence of intelligence or life in forms or units of matter. Adaptation, also called *physiological adaptation*, but best called *psychophysiological adaptation*, is the one weapon by which living organisms fight against the destructive forces or conditions of nature. In all its forms, adaptation is the more or less successful co-operation of living organisms with the laws of nature—it is not the disregard of natural laws! In taking adaptation as our criterion by which the presence of intelligence is to be determined, we find no difficulty in settling the question of the presence of life. The most perfect automatic machinery has no life because it cannot adapt itself in the least to the changing environmental conditions, and thus save itself from annihilation, when necessity arises, by the performance of simple intelligent acts.

In his study of biological phenomena, especially as occurring in micro-organisms, Dr. Von Schron, of Naples, claims to have discovered living crystals. In 1886, while watching with the microscope the development of the bacilli of Asiatic cholera, he saw for the first time, the formation of double pyramid living crystals, apparently formed by the bacilli. Seeing growth and movement in these crystals, he assumed that they were alive and were the connecting link between dead and living matter. As a result of his research, he believes that all bacteria produce *living* crystals because he found that, in solutions containing any variety of bacilli or cocci, similar crystals were produced. These crystals are homogeneous albuminous matter, colorless and structureless at first, and when completely de-

veloped, they become mineral or dead matter, according to Von Schron. But Dr. Von Schron and his followers have not demonstrated that these so-called living crystals *adapt* themselves to their environment by performing physiological functions and intelligent acts. At present, there is no evidence to show that the "LIVING CRYSTAL OF VON SCHRON" is anything else but a form—the result of physical conditions, *i. e.*, colloid or amorphous matter forced to assume the form of a geometrical figure by a force propelling from behind, as it were—a *vis a tergo*. The properties of refraction, inclusion, absorption, polarization and others of the so-called living crystals, are identical in kind, though not necessarily so in degree, with those of the ordinary mineral crystals. Research has shown that crystals, similar to the "living crystals of Von Schron," are also to be found in the sputum of asthmatics (Charcot's crystals), in the spermatic fluid and other secretions of living organisms.

For our purpose, we will classify roughly all varieties of intelligence phenomena, into *trophoses*, *neuroses*, and *psychoses*. Attention is called to the fact, that the last two terms are already in use in pathology to designate functional nervous diseases. In these articles, we will distinguish the use of these terms to denote classes of intelligence phenomena by writing them in *italics*, when thus employed. For the manifestations, called *trophoses*, a very simple or no distinct nervous system seems to be necessary in the lowest forms of animal organisms and in plants; but, for the manifestations called *neuroses* and *psychoses*, with a few exceptions in plants and organisms low in the scale of animal life, in whom *neuroses* and *psychoses* (?) are present in a crude or im-

perfect form, a distinct nervous system is indispensable. The *Amoeba*, a mono-cellular animal, responds readily to stimulus, adapts means of defense and offense, and selects its food distinguishing more or less perfectly between nutritive and non-nutritive particles of matter. In this animal we can distinguish at least the first two classes of intelligence phenomena—*neuroses* and *trophoses*. In most plants, which have no distinct nervous systems of which scientists are aware, we can distinguish distinctly only the class of intelligence phenomena called *trophoses*, and in only a few plants, such as the sensitive plant, the orchid discovered by Suverkrop and a few other plants, can *neuroses* be distinguished.

The best known plant, showing a higher class of intelligence phenomena than *trophoses*, is the sensitive plant, belonging to the genus *Mimosa* (imitato-), so-called from its imitating the sensibility of animal life. The leaves of the sensitive plant otherwise known as *Venus' Fly-trap*, and scientifically known as *Dionaea Musci-*

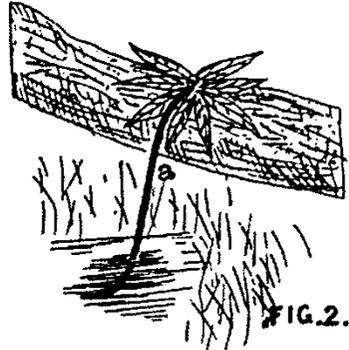


FIG. 1.

pula, show marked irritability when touched. See Fig. 1. A leaf of this plant consists of a flat stalk and a broad blade formed of two pieces united by a hinge, as it were. On each of these pieces, three hairs are placed, which, when touched,

cause the pieces to fold on each other, and thus seize upon insects and small objects that chance upon the leaf.

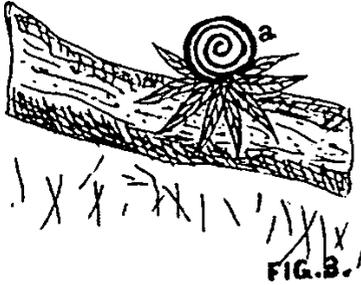
Another plant, showing irritability when touched and possessing the faculty of finding and raising water by means of a



long, slender flat stem, or tube, about one-eighth of an inch thick by one-fourth of an inch wide, with walls one-thirty-second of an inch in thickness and of a cellular structure, with an opening at the distal end and connected at the proximal end to the roots by a series of hair like tubes, is a variety of orchid discovered by E. A. Suverkrop, of Philadelphia, growing upon trunks of trees hanging over swampy places along the banks of the Rio del la Plata and streams of the neighborhood. When this orchid is in want of water, the slender stem gradually unwinds until it dips into water. See a, Fig. 2. The stem then slowly coils round and winds up to discharge the water, which it contains, direct upon the part of the plant from which the roots spring. Sometimes when water is absent from under this plant, the stem moves first in one direction and then in another in search of water, thus showing that it is a prehensile organ and that there is method or purpose in its search. If this plant is touched while its stem is

extended, it acts much like the sensitive plant (*mimosa*) and the stem coils up into a spiral more rapidly than when it is lifting water. See a, Fig 3.

Psychoses, the highest class of intelligence phenomena known to man, have



been positively found thus far only in animals having distinct nervous systems. In our next article, we will discuss briefly the nervous system and its functions, and the distribution of intelligence in the animal economy. The *psychoses* as aroused, augmented and directed by Suggestion, are important factors, if not the most important, to be studied by psychurgeons, suggestionists and psychic researchers in general. The empirical knowledge which has been acquired of the physiological and pathological effects and of the curative action of *psychoses*, can only be established scientifically by investigating carefully and thoroughly every factor, material or otherwise, that is concerned in any way with the conditions called health and disease. The habit of some authors of quoting passages from the Scripture as infallible truths, in order to explain scientific subjects and facts, is to be deplored; for such quotations, used for the purpose of communicating knowledge of psychical subjects to others, are unimportant because the vague guesses of ancient times have been profit-

ably supplanted by the clearer statements of science. Verily! we are in a world filled with imaginings and facts.

The tendency in the development of all forms of life is upward toward beings, possessed of bodies better adapted to cope with the destructive agents and conditions of their environment. Man, who is highest in the order of known intelligent beings, is still evolving toward a state of being possessing better physical, intellectual and moral development than the present man. According to Frederick Nietzsche, man is striving to become a being which he calls "*Der Uebermensch*," signifying thereby a type of perfect being to which man is destined to develop—a being of strength, of intellectual, physical and moral beauty. "Overman," or "Beyond Man," or "Higher Being," are brief English words expressing the meaning of the German phrase "*Der Uebermensch*;" and though these words sound harsh upon our ears, it is difficult to find in English other words to express its meaning better. In his efforts to become "*Der Uebermensch*," man is employing his inborn intelligence to obtain accurate knowledge of natural laws; to form sensible and attainable ideals; and to develop that faith which is necessary to the attainment of the condition of higher being, and to the acquirement of the desired power over his bodily functions and control of his environment. Man has learned to co-operate with natural laws; hence the power of modern man. He has advanced most in his knowledge of the laws governing the manifestations of matter and energy; but of the laws governing the manifestations of intelligence, he has still very much to learn.

While we believe that the intelligence of man, animals and plants is essentially

the same in kind, we know that it differs enormously in degree and form. Even among men, the degrees of intelligence varies, but this is because some individuals by nature see a little more clearly their needs than others and live under more favorable circumstances—that is all! All organisms adapt themselves more or less successfully to their environments and seek the support which they need from their environment. When we consider how plants by virtue of their inherent intelligence diligently convert stable inorganic compounds into less stable but more complex organic compounds by synthetic processes; how these plants are consumed by herbivora, and the organic compounds of which they (plants) consist are converted into still less stable but still more complex organic compounds; how these herbivora in turn serve as food for carnivora and men, and the contents of the bodies of both of these are again returned to the mother earth to be reduced again into simpler compounds; and how this cycle of syntheses and analyses of compounds, through the agency of intelligence, apparently is to continue indefinitely; we are strongly tempted to believe that, in future realms of possibilities, organisms other than men will come in for their share of the good things that will exist in the millenium. Tennyson expresses a somewhat similar belief in the following verse:

“That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”
(To be continued.)

Biography of a Fool.

He didn't have time to chew
The food that he had to eat,

But he washed it into his throat
As if time were a thing to beat.
At breakfast and lunch and dinner
’Twas a bite and a gulp, and go—
Oh, the crowd is so terribly eager
And a man has to hurry so!
A bite and a gulp and away
To the books and the ticker. A bite
And a drink and a smoke and a seat
At a card table half of the night;
A pressure, a click and a pallor,
A cloth covered box and a song;
A weary old fellow at forty.
Who is deaf to the noise of the throng.

Physical Education.

I am certain I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the past twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as a Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.—*Horace Mann.*

HYPNOTISM WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

BY CHARLES GILBERT DAVIS, M. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

Currents of human thought, like the tidal waves of the sea, may often be traced, outlined, measured and foretold. As we glance out upon the vista of life today, and view the ever changing panorama of thought and action, it takes but little discernment to discover a manifest inclination on the part of the leading minds of the world to study the psychical side of human existence.

Never was there a time in the history of the race when the mind was so restless. Not for two thousand years has the world waited with such breathless expectancy and hope for new light to be given, to enable us to discern our relation to a universe of intelligence. Everywhere is a restless movement of advance. The scenes are shifting rapidly. The evolution of the human mind is progressing at a remarkable rate of speed. The beliefs, theories, and entire educational foundations of our childhood are often overturned in a day. Indeed, so accustomed are we to this rapid transformation, that we are not surprised, at any time, to find the heresy of today become the orthodoxy of tomorrow.

Amid these changing scenes truth is always found invincible, while superstition, bigotry and ignorance, standing ever in the path of progress, are rapidly giving way. In all branches of science, we find this power *de resistance*. It is so in the political world; it is observed in theology, and nowhere is it more manifest than in the science of medicine. But wisdom in-

creases. Light is coming in through the windows. Though we are yet children, playing among the flowers, breathing the balmy air, and listening to the sweet tones of a universe of joyful sounds, yet are we growing more acquainted every day with our environments. Life does not seem so strange and weird as it did one or two thousand years ago. Nature is not so mysterious, and God not so far away. We are being taught—receiving suggestions through the avenues leading to the conscious ego. Light is coming in through the windows, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling, and perhaps another window, that is yet but dimly seen through the twilight of our nineteenth century knowledge.

The suggestions made through these various channels are being carried to the receptive centers of the brain, and there recognized and utilized for the purpose of carrying on the progress of evolution, which is slowly, but surely, lifting man from an ignorant past to an intelligent future. Through these avenues, the human mind is receiving nourishment. Through these senses force is entering into the conscious ego; and the result is change—wisdom—growth.

With this knowledge we must then admit that thoughts are entities, or manifestations of force. Intelligence—intellectual growth depends upon the kind of suggestions received, the rapidity with which they are received, and the ability of the recipient to utilize them. Recog-

nizing the necessity for suggestion, we would next inquire as to the best condition in which to place the recipient to make suggestion most effective.

It has always been observed that when the nervous system is calm and quiet, ideas are most easily transmitted to the seat of consciousness, and when so transmitted, make the most powerful and lasting impressions. Hence, if we desire to make a sudden and lasting impression on the mind, we first soothe or tranquilize it, and then with decided and forcible utterance, literally drive the thought in. And this, stripped of all the hyperbole of theory, hypothesis, fiction, sentiment and nonsense, is hypnotism.

Of course, I am viewing this subject with a physician's eyes. I am looking at it from a practical standpoint, being well aware of the many hypotheses that have been advanced. I do not say that these few statements constitute all that there is of hypnotism, but, so far as I know, it includes the limit of present scientific knowledge on the subject. But I shall not pause and attempt to fathom the ocean of the unknown. I shall not enter into the metaphysical question, relating to the duality of the mind, nor discuss the possibility of an astral emanation. Let us rather endeavor to intelligently classify and arrange the facts that we know to be proven, and reasoning from the premises we possess, let us pursue the truth.

Hypnotism was so named by Mr. Braid, the Manchester physician, who studied the subject about the year 1841. The peculiar drowsy or sleep condition, coming on from fixed attention, during his experiments caused him to refer for a name to the Greek word "Hupnos." This science has had a variable career, and those who have dared to openly study it, have

suffered from the malicious slings of the ignorant.

But when we look back over the history of the progress of medical science, and remember that Ambrose Pare, who advocated the use of the ligature was ostracised, that Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was mobbed, and that Jenner, who bestowed a blessing upon countless generations of humanity, was called a charlatan, we are not surprised that those who enter upon the study of these psychical questions which pertain to the highest elements of man's mentality or spiritual existence, should meet the opprobrium of non-progressive, materialistic, unscientific stupidity. The highway along which has advanced the car of the healing art is ornamented with the shrines of crucified medical martyrs. They were once scourged by the mob, but the world now builds monuments to their memory, and writes their names high on the scroll of immortal fame.

But hypnotism is rapidly assuming its position as a science. There is no longer any doubt as to the efficacy of hypnosis as a therapeutic agent, and I prophesy that before another decade has passed, it will have become quite fashionable. Every year, every day, we are recognizing more and more, the wonderful power of the mind over the bodily functions. Evolution is doing its work. Physically, man was completed ages ago. The human form has not perceptibly improved in beauty of outline since the days of ancient Greece, but in breadth of intelligence, in spiritual gifts, in mentality, in all the nobler attributes of manhood, the work goes rapidly on. In proof of this, I can only point to the history of humanity for the last two hundred years.

I need not dwell upon the history of

hypnotism. The subject has received so much attention in recent years, that its history is now quite familiar to the intelligent public. It is sufficient to say that there are at the present time two schools, differing somewhat in their teachings. The Salpetriere School of Hypnotists contends that hypnotism is a disease, that it may be studied from a physiological standpoint, and that suggestion plays an unimportant role; while the School of Nancy tells us that it may be best studied on healthy subjects, and that the basis of it all is, suggestion. The controversy between these two centers of investigation has done much to elucidate the subject. No hypothesis thus far advanced has been sufficient to account for all the phenomena, but we are accumulating facts, and in due course of time will be able to methodically arrange and classify them, and so bring hypnotism to occupy a scientific basis.

Let us examine carefully some of the facts. In any case of hypnotism, before we make our final suggestions, we usually suggest a quiet or calm condition of the nervous system. This we call hypnosis. If asked for a definition, I would say that hypnosis is an induced tranquilization of the nervous system, in which the will is, more or less, in abeyance, and the mind open to suggestion.

While the patient or subject is in this state of sleep or hypnosis, we may then, through the senses, send impressions to the brain, and this is hypnotic suggestion, which differs greatly in degree from simple suggestion.

During the ordinary occurrence of every day activities, we are, throughout our normal lives, receiving suggestions from various sources, which leave their impressions. We have words spoken to us, we

listen to the sounds of nature, the eye has ever the panorama of life before it, and all of these impressions, carried to the brain, act on the individual in a way which we may term simple suggestion. But when the mind has been tranquilized and the subject has passed into the condition of sleep, or languor, which we term hypnosis, then we may make suggestions and find them far more effective than in the waking state. This we term hypnotic suggestion, and it is undoubtedly far more effective, far-reaching and powerful than simple suggestion.

The great motive power that is today lifting mankind from the shadows of the past up to the beautiful intellectual heights of the nineteenth century, is suggestion. Every beautiful thought, every flight of poetic fancy, every grand burst of melody, every column, peristyle and spire of architectural splendor that reflects the sunlight—all were born through suggestion. All the world is a constant scintillation of mind, suggesting to mind. The evil thought is impotent, short-lived and dies, while that which is born of good, is powerful, lives and develops. A suggestion coming from one mind and conveyed to another, carries force. How much force, depends largely upon who made the suggestion. When we know how to measure this force, then we will know how to formulate the suggestion.

If required to formulate the law of suggestion, I should say:

1. All impressions, carried by the senses to the center of conscious or sub-conscious life, convey power.

2. That the impression is greater and more lasting in proportion to the number of senses simultaneously impressed.

3. That some men possess greater power of projecting thought than others.

4. That the impression made on the mind by the thought of another depends upon the force with which the thought was projected, and the resistance which it meets.

5. That impressions of thought, sent to the brain, are increased many fold, if the mind is previously tranquilized and thrown into a state of hypnosis.

One of the most noticeable facts in life is the great difference in the capacity of various individuals to make impressions and command obedience through suggestion. Men differ widely in their physical capacity; so they do in psychical force. Some men may hurl missiles with greater force than others; so some may project their ideas with greater effect than others. One man may address a jury and the effect of the speech is only soporific. Another attorney addresses the same jury on the same subject, and immediately every man is alert, wide-awake, and fully convinced that he is listening to the truth. Why is this? Because the last speaker knew how to drive his thoughts in like javelins. He knew how to suggest forcibly.

One of the most notable examples among the minds of men in this capacity was Napoleon Bonaparte. Among his associates, in the army, in the councils of the nation, his word was law. A look, a motion, a few quietly uttered words were sufficient to command obedience. All felt the mystic spell of his power.

Note the instance when Marshall Ney had been sent by Louis XVIII. to arrest the emperor on his return from Elba. No sooner did the marshal come within the spell of Napoleon's powerful suggestive genius, than he himself surrendered to Napoleon, and the combined forces marched against the king.

In reading the history of France, I

have sometimes imagined that Napoleon must have hypnotized the entire French nation, and then died without removing the spell of his genius. A suggestion of his spirit still broods over the land.

The most wonderful phenomena of suggestion the world has ever witnessed are probably those related in connection with the miracles of Christ. That he performed miracles, history, both sacred and profane, admit. Because these works of Christ were apparently a deviation from the known laws of nature, is no evidence whatever that they were entirely beyond the pale of law. There is no such thing as the supernatural; it is only the super-usual that gives us cause to wonder. If we had never seen the sun rise, on witnessing it for the first time, we would look upon it as a miracle. It is unreasonable to presume that these miracles were performed without the operation of the principles of law. The more I have studied them, the more I have become convinced of this. Christ evidently understood every impulse of the human soul. There was no phase of character that he did not read at a glance. He knew the value—the strength—of words. He could play upon the thoughts of men as easily as a musician can bring harmonious sounds from a musical instrument. In a careful study of his various utterances, how easily we detect the thread of faith, hope, expectancy and belief, along which ran the suggestive thought or word to be carried to the consciousness of the recipient, and there produce the desired effect.

In the case of the man born blind, I do not for one moment believe any theologian will contend there was any efficacy in the ointment made of clay and applied to his eyes, nor in the water of Siloam, in which he was told to wash. But in the light of modern science, we can readily

understand how these acted as powerful *conductors of suggestive force.*

Faith, hope, expectancy and belief are powerful therapeutic agents, and Christ undoubtedly well understood the law of applying these in a suggestive sense to relieve humanity. To say that Christ worked beyond the pale of natural law is unreasonable. Through all ages of mankind, we have caught occasional glimpses of the manifestation of this force. How often are we able to say today, "Thy faith hath made thee whole?" Notwithstanding the ignorant, bungling and unscientific manner in which the application has been made, we must admit that much good has been accomplished, and many diseases cured through the "Christian Scientist," "Mind Cure," or "Metaphysician." These should be classified where they belong, as cases of suggestion.

The world today is full of illustrations of the workings of this law of suggestion through faith. The physician who can arouse it and carry it along the lines of known scientific truth, is capable of reaching the highest pinnacle of professional usefulness in the age in which he lives. Many people have recently been cured at Lourdes in France. Thousands have left their crutches at the shrines of saints and gone away, rejoicing. Multitudes have touched, what they supposed was a piece of the true cross, and were healed. Shall we not learn a lesson from this? Shall we not grasp this suggestive force and utilize it for the good of man? Shall we not chain these potential energies and harness them to the car of progress?

Under no circumstances do we see this law of mental influence so powerful as when associated with religious ideas. Among the great multitude of mankind, it is observed that a life, lived in harmony

with religious belief, is essential to good health, or recovery from disease. I have seen many a Catholic woman restored from years of suffering, by sending her back to the folds of her church, from which she had wandered, but in whose tenets she still believed. I have seen the rose return to the faded cheek of many a girl, who had been reared and educated under strict religious discipline, on persuading her to return to the path of Christian duty. I verily believe that an outraged conscience plays an important part in nine-tenths of all chronic ailments.

This wonderful influence of the mind over the body, and our ability to regulate it through suggestion, is just beginning to be thoroughly recognized. How it may be utilized in many ways for the happiness and advancement of mankind, I will not stop here to enumerate. Although I might dwell at length upon its legal and educational aspect, I shall leave this for future consideration, and speak briefly of its medical application.

Possibly no therapeutic agent has played such an important role in the healing art as suggestion, and I might also add, that no other has received so little credit for what it has accomplished. To prove that suggestion has been the chief agent in healing the sick, we have only to point to the various schools of medicine, whose teachings are often diametrically opposite, and yet their success is not materially different.

In looking over the field of work from the infinitesimal doses to the most heroic of medication, the public are unable to detect any marked difference. The distinction is only noticeable when we observe individuals. The remedies enumerated in the healing art are numerous—

their name is legion. Medicines that are useful in a practical sense are rare. I do not mean to decry the use of medicine. It is useful—as much so when required, as food. In many instances, it is food, and yet, how very much of it is like the clay, applied to the blind man's eyes—only the thread, along which runs the current of faith to suggest the cure.

Our doctors have been too materialistic, our so-called metaphysicians, Christian scientists and mental healers too ignorant of medicine and the law of suggestion. The work should be combined. We cannot ignore the body. We cannot do without either food or medicine. Hunger and thirst may well be classified as disease. What are the remedies? Bread and butter, beefsteak, potatoes and pure water. Show us how to do without these, and then we can think of dispensing with medicine of all kinds.

The power of suggestion should be taught in our medical colleges. It will be some day. In the near future, we doctors will gather up all of these psychical ideas, embody them in a code, showing profound erudition, stamp them with a name of "learned length and thundering sound," call them ours, and defy any other man to use them on pain of instant excommunication. We have opposed hypnotism for many years, and now we are thinking of getting a copyright on it.

The enormous accumulation of facts, relating to the psychical side of human life, are constantly demanding a closer study of these questions. There can no longer be a shadow of doubt as to the wealth of these unexplored fields. The legal and educational aspect of the subject is enormous. When we more thoroughly understand the laws of suggestion, we will be better able to unfold the minds

of the young. The present effort that is being made in the way of teaching by symbols is a splendid illustration of the workings of the law of suggestion, by appealing simultaneously to several of the senses. Under all ordinary circumstances simple suggestion may be used, but when through hereditary transmissions, or the accidents of disease, severe mental abnormalities or perversions are present, we may resort to hypnotic suggestion. I have seen a few illustrations of this, sufficient to warrant my belief in its practical use.

But the medical uses to which hypnotism may be applied are to-day attracting much attention. I might illustrate this by citing the history of numerous cases that have come under my own professional observation, but it would not fall properly within the province of this paper. I believe, however, we are scarcely within the suburbs of this great subject. I am convinced there is no rational being, suffering from functional disease, but what may be benefitted by this treatment, and I have seen sufficient evidence of marked improvement in organic disease to warrant me in redoubling my efforts and researches in this direction in the future.

I feel that within the narrow limits of this paper I have scarcely touched upon the boundaries of the great subject of hypnotism. The more we study it the greater are the number of avenues which we find opening up and leading to new chains of thought. We have scarcely spoken of the sixth sense. Are there no means of communicating with consciousness, excepting through the five senses, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and feeling? I must confess that some of my experiments have led me to believe in the existence of the psychical sense. I have time and again communicated with

a hypnotized subject, apparently without the aid of the five physical senses, but I have not repeated these experiments sufficiently often to announce them as scientific facts, and hence refrain from dwelling upon this branch of the subject. I shall probably allude to these experiments in another paper. I have seen sufficient to convince me that thought-transference is one of the possible coming facts, and while dwelling on this subject, what thoughts come to us. If telepathy can be used to transmit messages around the world, why not also to the other planets of our solar system, and even to the uttermost limits of intelligence, wherever it may be manifest within the confines of space? Who can set a limit to the powers of heaven-born spirit? Are we not justified in believing that man will never rest till he has explored the universe?

The human brain is a microcosm of boundless forces. As far as thought extends, so far reaches the power of man. It is well that we pause and study for a while our own latent capacities. It is possible that we contain within ourselves energies, whereby we may yet be able to manifest Godlike power, gain greater control over physical life, and cure what has heretofore been considered incurable diseases.

For does not history tell us, that by the same means even the dead were raised?

Humanity is yet in its childhood. We do not yet comprehend our growing strength. There is hope for the human race. Let us turn for light to the God within us. When we more thoroughly know ourselves, and know how to apply this force of suggestion, then will the education of the young no longer be a task, but a pleasant pastime.

Through the suggestive power of sym-

bols or object lessons, the light will come to the young mind through several windows, and the child be led, step by step, easily through the labyrinths of thought. The development of the young life will be like the unfolding of the petals of a beautiful flower, without effort, and full of the joy of existence.

Much is being done today in the way of treating diseases by hypnotic suggestion. My own opinion is that this method will rapidly increase. The nineteenth century has brought to light no therapeutic agent more powerful or more capable of usefulness than hypnotic suggestion, and I verily believe the twentieth century will find none so generally applied. Surgery and hypnotic suggestion will largely constitute the healing art of the future. It may not be in our day; it may be centuries hence. But it will come. Man contains within himself fountains of health and youthful vigor, waiting to be unlocked.

Let us reverently and hopefully explore this new field of knowledge. Let us turn awhile from war, the greed of gain, the strife of life, and the sorrow of pain, to look for a greater happiness. The night around us is dark, the storm rages, the billows are high. Let us look and listen; for comes there not a new light, a new voice, and a new hope, to which humanity may cling?

"Ouch."

It is rumored that the mother of "Christian Science" lately availed herself of the services of a dentist, and while she was in the dentist's chair she exclaimed, "Ouch!" Her disciples may interpret that exclamation as one of triumph at the demonstration that she felt no pain.—*N. Y. Med. Jour.*

SERIES OF IMPERSONATIONS.

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

IMPERSONATION No. 10—THE SYMPATHETIC MAN.

(Continued from August Number.)

Like my cerebo-spinal brother, my entire shape is made up of nerve centers and nerve cords issuing to and from them. My nerve centers constitute my brains, and these, I must confess, are a little scattered. But it doesn't matter much, for I have very little thinking to do; in fact, I never reason about anything. I have a splendid memory, for my activities are almost entirely automatic. The nerve centers in my cerebo-spinal brother are massed together and constitute a tremendous nervous battery, which acts as the phonograph of life, for he not only receives impressions but he talks back, and does not always use good language either, and you can never tell what reply he is going to make to impressions received. With me it is different. I always give the same answer to the same impressions so long as I am in good health and able to do so, and no amount of education or training seems able to change my nature. This, of course, makes me very reliable, and adapts me well for my position as a steady provider of the force which propels all of our bodily machinery. My brains are so widely scattered that you will find fragments of them in almost every organ of the body. I provide separate nerve centers for the heart, for the lungs, for the liver, for the kidneys, for the spleen, for the brain, for the intestinal tract, for the bladder,

for the uterus, for the prostate gland, and indeed for all the so-called vital organs. Besides these small fragments of brain tissue which are located in the various organs, the principal part of my brain substance consists in small knots or ganglia of gray matter, arranged longitudinally in two nervous tracks, which extend in front of the spinal column from the base of the skull to the coccyx. These sympathetic ganglia of mine are arranged as practically one ganglia for each vertebra. In some places, however, as for instance in the neck, two or three of the ganglia are so closely related as to practically form one, so that instead of there being seven ganglia for the neck corresponding to the number of vertebræ, there are only three on each side, and in the dorsal region instead of there being twelve ganglia there are only eleven. In the lumbar region, however, there are five, and in the sacral region there are five, besides the ganglion impar (situated in front of the coccyx), in which the lower ends of the chain of ganglia are united. I have called these two rows of ganglia a chain. They are much more like a string of beads, for although they are very small affairs, the larger ones being but little bigger than a pea, they are connected by nervous cords so as to form one continuous string on each side. I have four ganglia also on each side located

about the skull, all of them being closely associated with the fifth nerve of the cerebro-spinal man, which is the nerve for sensation for the head and face. One of these ganglia is in the orbit and communicates with the so-called supra-orbital nerve. One of them is located right back of the upper jaw in a cavity known as the sphenomaxillary fossa, and is fastened to the superior maxillary nerve or the one that supplies the upper teeth and the middle of the face. A third one hugs the base of the skull just where the inferior maxillary nerve, which is the one which supplies the lower teeth and the lower part of the face, comes out of the skull, the opening being called the foramen ovale; while a fourth one is located right under the lower jaw in close association with one of the salivary glands. This one, too, has a close association with the inferior maxillary nerve. There is one other place in which are collected together several large ganglia, constituting the most pronounced association of nervous matter in my entire organization. It is located right back of the stomach, and from it issue the nerves which proceed in every possible direction, and hence it is called the solar plexus. So conspicuous is this collection of gray matter that I have permitted it to be called the abdominal brain. This is the place where Fitzsimmons struck Corbett the knockout blow which won him the pugilistic championship, and is the spot which seems to be better appreciated by pugilists than by doctors, more is the pity.

Now while the cerebro-spinal man has his separate duty to perform in our family of shapes, and while I also have mine, you will understand how close our association is when I tell you that every one of the ganglia which forms the string of

nervous matter extending on either side in front of the spinal column from the base of the skull to the coccyx has issuing from it a nervous filament which passes backward to mingle with the nearest spinal nerve as it issues from the spinal canal. Aside from giving off this filament to the cerebro-spinal system, it receives a filament from the cerebro-spinal system in return. So that there is not one of my ganglia that does not have a double communication with the cerebro-spinal man at its root, one nerve going from the ganglia to a cerebro-spinal nerve, and one nerve proceeding from the cerebro-spinal system to the ganglia; so that we can talk to each other at the same time that we listen.

In addition to this the cerebro-spinal man and myself are closely associated in what is perhaps the most important function of the human economy, and that is the circulation of the blood. When the muscular man addressed you, you will remember he spoke of his voluntary fibers, which are under the control of the cerebro-spinal man. He also told you of the involuntary muscular fibres which were under my control. The tubular man told you the same thing, except that he did not say so much about the voluntary muscles, because he had nothing whatever to do with them, his activity being dependent solely upon the involuntary muscles. Now, as you have been told by both of these brothers of mine, the middle coat of the arteries, and of the veins also, is muscular, and the muscular fibres are of the involuntary type, and consequently are properly under my personal jurisdiction. And so they are, at all times, day and night. But I wonder if you realize how important to our family is the circulation of the blood.

The arterial and venous men have both spoken to you upon the subject, but for fear you have forgotten it I wish to remind you that the circulation of the blood is responsible for all bodily changes. Not a cell ever reaches its destination in the tissues of the body that is not floated there by the blood stream, and not a bit of waste matter is carried away that does not eventually find its way into the blood stream, which in its course carries it to its avenue of exit. The circulation of the blood, then, is all that builds the body, or all that pulls it down. And hence there is no remedial measure that is serviceable in the healing of the sick that does not accomplish its purpose by influencing the circulation of the blood, either locally or generally. Now I can take care of this blood stream all right, for I do so when the cerebro-spinal man is either in a natural or induced sleep. I do it when he is under an anesthetic, I do it when he is under hypnotic influence, I do it when he is busy, I do it every night when he goes into voluntary inactivity, I do it when he is disabled by concussions and shocks that are severe enough to put him to sleep, but not severe enough to disable me also. But my cerebro-spinal brother is a little jealous of my power, or else he is anxious to befriend me in this, my important task, whichever way you choose to interpret his motives. At any rate, he does not leave me in sole possession of the involuntary muscular fibers which surround the arteries and veins, and which consequently are responsible for the pulse beat and the return of the blood stream. For this important purpose the terminal nerve fibers of the cerebro-spinal man and my own intermingle so closely as to scarcely be distinguished from each other, furnishing a

separate nervous system called the vaso motor system, which dominates the entire circulation. In this way either of us can hurry the heart's action or slow it, can blush or pale a face, can influence the blood supply to any part of the body. You watch my face when the conscious man is contemplating an object which he dearly loves. The blush which then suffuses the face his thoughts and feelings are entirely responsible for. On the other hand, when the stomach is overloaded and I have more than I can do to carry on the processes of digestion, and as a result the arteries of the head do not get my usual supply of nervous force to make them contract as they should, but remain too full of blood, our face is then made red and the blush which suffuses it has nothing to do with the thoughts and feelings, but is simply because my own work is poorly accomplished. So that either of us, the cerebro-spinal man or myself, can either blush or pale a face. Now, I have used the face simply as an illustration. But his thoughts and feelings can in a like manner influence the respiration. They can in a like manner influence the action of the heart, they can in a like manner distend or contract the liver, they can in a like manner influence the action of the kidneys and bladder. In fact, they can blush or pale any part of our common organism, either internally or externally. And so can I. And the way he accomplishes his purpose is in a similar manner to my own, by the influence which he is able to wield upon any part of the blood stream. So that while we are closely united, as you have seen, at our nervous centers, my ganglia communicating with his nerves, and his nerves communicating with my ganglia, we also meet in a still closer association if possible upon the coats of the

blood vessels. All other involuntary muscles are under my personal control, and he is unable to influence this special function of mine except as he accomplishes it by way of the circulation of the blood. Of course I can influence his voluntary muscles, for I can starve them or feed them, but as he influences my domain by acting through the blood stream and I return the compliment, you see that in the blood stream as well as at the nervous centers we are so closely united that many anatomists say that we are not distinct organizations, but simply two parts of a whole. Into this deep question, however, of our personal identity I do not propose to enter upon the present occasion, suffice it to say that in our own minds we are perfectly satisfied that while we have much in common we have also much that is not common, both in the matter of sensations and of emotions, so that in our hearts we well know that we each have an individuality of our own, and hence have thought proper to appear before you as separate shapes. You see, our motives of activity are quite different. His activities are all in the realm of consciousness, while mine are purely automatic. If you put a ball into his hand, he can hold it or let it go as he chooses. If you distend one of the tubes which I supply with nervous force with anything solid, liquid or gaseous, which puts the muscles on the stretch, just as sure as I am in working order I will induce the muscular fibers to contract upon the same, and have no power in myself to order otherwise. This may seem to you a weakness upon my part, a lack of judgment, an absence of reason, and perhaps this is so; at the same time it has the great advantage of furnishing a reliable supply of nervous power for the rhyth-

mical action of all the various organs of the body.

I told you that small fragments of my brain substance were to be found in the various organs of the body. By this arrangement, owing to my automatic action, each organ is more or less a law unto itself, and is capable of sustaining a rhythm or definite time of action peculiar to itself and irrespective of the other organs. By means of this arrangement the lungs have a certain rhythm, their customary rate of action being about sixteen times per minute. The heart and arteries have another rhythm. Their beat, as you know, is from sixty to seventy times a minute in average persons. In the same way the stomach has a rhythm. The small intestine has a different rhythm, and the large intestine a still different one. The liver has a rhythm, and so has the spleen, and so have the kidneys, likewise the bladder, the uterus, and in fact all of the important organs. Now in health, although the rhythm of the various organs is quite different, nevertheless they are so arranged as to work harmoniously together, constituting the sublimest symphony of all creation, and there is no grander music in the entire universe than the harmonious action of the various organs in a healthy human being. It is interesting to watch the evolution of a musical theme by a large orchestra. The violins and cellos, and bass viols, and flutes, and horns, and harps, and drums, each having their separate part to play, and yet with such due respect to the other parts of the orchestra as to blend harmoniously in the general flow of a musical creation, which sometimes marches like the tread of an army, sometimes fades like a dying day, sometimes sounds like a choir of angels, and sometimes deep-

voiced, like the rage of a storm. In short, there is scarcely a human experience in the realm of thought and emotion that cannot be symbolized in music and recognized as true to life when properly interpreted by a well trained orchestra. But the symphony of life as displayed by the organs of a living, thinking, feeling, throbbing, active human body in perfect health is vastly grander in its conception and in its accomplishment, and the human being that has tuned his senses to an appreciation of bodily harmonies as they are evolved by the different parts of his own organization in harmonious action has the privilege of daily concert performances, by the side of which the feeble efforts of man's created orchestras are positively puerile.

Before letting go of the comparison of the music of the organs and that of an orchestra it may be well to call your attention to another point of similarity. In an orchestra if one of the instruments be out of tune or out of time the harmony of the musical feast is more or less seriously disturbed according to the prominence of the instrument involved. This is equally true of the great orchestra of the human organs. If the rhythm of any one of them is disturbed by any type of irritation so that its rhythmical function is interfered with the symphony of life is materially disturbed, and sooner or later the music of health is transformed into the bodily discord known as disease. Please recall what I have just said concerning the transmission of white light through crooked and distorted glass; how it is broken up into rainbow hues, and does not appear to the observer as white light. And also recall the application of the illustration to the human body. All disorders, impulses and inspirations en-

tering the unconscious man by way of the sympathetic nerve as pure and true and worthy as the source of all good can start them, are turned and distorted into their opposites by having to pass through disordered states of the sympathetic nerve. Both of these illustrations, that of the light and that of the orchestra, are perfectly true to life, and by the aid of one or both of them I hope you will be able to understand how important it is that my entire organization should be kept in the most perfect order. Right here I have it in my heart to detain you longer and divulge for your benefit a long array of new truth concerning myself which has recently come into the world, which is in direct keeping with what I have already said to you. But my remarks are already long drawn out, and if I should once get started upon this subject I fear that you would weary of my story. At any rate, it would make my own remarks out of proportion to the modest speeches which have been made by my brother shapes, and I shall not abuse my present privilege by turning liberty into license. I must make my speech brief, as my other brothers have done, and consequently must leave the multitude of things unsaid which my heart is burning to tell you of. Perhaps we may meet again, and if I have said enough to awaken your interest in my history we certainly shall. For now that my importance as an agent for either health or disease, for life or for death, is being gradually recognized by the medical profession who have the well being of the world in their hands, I begin to hope that the embarrassment under which I have so far labored will be materially lessened and the influence which I wield in our family of forms will be more frequently made use of in righting matters when they go wrong

in the composite man to whom we all humbly bow as the one purpose for which we are all created. As the whole is greater than its parts, so the composite man is greater than any of us, and what is good for him is good for us. So we must wait our turn for audience, for appreciation, for attention. If any remark which I have dropped has aroused the curiosity of any of my audience to learn more of me, be sure that the knowledge now in the world is quite sufficient to give you much satisfaction and amply repay you for whatever investigation you may choose to make. I may be such a fool that I can not reason or cannot tell the difference whether the involuntary muscular fibers which I supply are inclosing a substance which should be squeezed along the tube which contains it; or whether the distension to the involuntary fibers is due to a diseased state of the membrane which lines the tube. I may be fool enough to try to induce a throat to swallow itself when it is sore, a bladder to strain after all urine is passed and only an inflamed lining is stimulating the muscular coat to activity; I may be silly enough to strain at stool when there is no fecal matter in the rectum, but only a swollen membrane; may show, indeed, a lack of intelligent discrimination in many of my acts. But you may rely upon one thing: I am faithful at my post from one end of life to the other, and am responsible for every type of bodily activity, and without my influence the rest of the composite man is perfectly helpless. Consequently, when things are wrong in our family, whatever doctor takes us in charge would find it to his best interests to take me into his confidence and make use of my influence in the family counsels if he

hopes to be successful in the practice of medicine.

Now, my dear friends, I am afraid that I have been so full of my own importance that I have dealt too much in vague generalities and not confined myself as much as perhaps I should to the plain, unvarnished description of my anatomy and physiology. As I think back over the remarks which I am just completing, I do not remember having told you anything of my plexuses and the nature of my nerves, how they differ from those of the cerebro-spinal man, and I have not mentioned the fact that I supply the sexual system and all forms of erectile tissue, and—my! what a theme for consideration and how ignored, neglected, overlooked, more's the pity. But my time is up, so hands off for today. But I will say right here that the opportunity for addressing you seemed so brief, and the importance of what I had to say seemed to me so great, that I was just too full for utterance, and so probably have sort of overflowed my subject rather than attended strictly and methodically to business. I hope I have not done so to such an extent, however, that I have failed to furnish you with some slight compensation for your kind presence and attention.

You may think that from my remarks the last of our family of shapes has been heard from, and that your next entertainment will be furnished by the composite man himself. But let me correct you. We have three more brothers who are yet to be heard from. Two of them, our ghostly men, the conscious and the unconscious men, have been referred to, and you perhaps looked for their appearance; but the third one has not yet been mentioned in your presence, and will be the

next one to address you. Let me call him the organic man. In him you will meet a shape that will appeal to you as belonging in part to the more pronounced physical forms who have already addressed you, and in part deserves to be classed with our ghostly brothers. But I shall offer no further words of introduction for our organic brother, preferring to leave him to do his own talking. I would like to say this much, however, that if he comes anywhere near doing himself justice, what he has to say will be well worthy your

attention. The organic man will be your next entertainer.

Asking your pardon for the undue length of my remarks, and for whatever in them may have seemed to you vague and indefinite, and hoping to have the privilege of meeting you again and having another opportunity to show you a better consideration and to do better justice to myself, I respectfully take leave of you for the present.—*Journal of Official Surgery.*

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

"We are all children in the Kindergarten of God."—ELBERT HUBBARD.

I see Life as a great school—Man as a tiny child, learning his little lessons, performing his little tasks, playing his little games, enjoying his little pleasures, suffering his little pains, disappointments, trials and sorrows. This thought means much to me, and grows upon me day by day. On every hand I see the fitness of the figure, and realize the truthfulness of the comparison. As the broader view of Life dawns upon me—as I slowly acquire the knowledge of the Real Self—as the recognition of the I AM comes to me—I grow more and more certain that the life we are now living—this stage of existence—is but the child-life; is not the life of the matured Man.

I feel that we are in but the kindergarten stage of existence, learning the first lessons of Life—fitting ourselves for the grander, broader, fuller life in store for us. And I feel that this little kindergarten experience, through which we are

passing, will continue until we have learned its lessons well—have firmly grasped the principles designed for our baby minds. And I feel that when we have proven our ability to weave our little mats—build our little blocks—draw our little pictures—mould our little clay forms—sing our little songs—then, and not until then, will we pass into a higher grade, where we will be taught to spell out the lines of the Primer of Life, and acquire the elementary principles of the Cosmic Mathematics. And I feel that each little lesson must be learned, thoroughly, before the next step is taken. And I feel that every one of us must perform his own task—must memorize his own lesson—before he can gain the experience—can profit by the knowledge acquired in the performance of the task. We may be inspired by some brighter pupil—be encouraged by the loving sympathy of some fellow-scholar, but the

task is *ours* to perform, sooner or later—and ours is the joy of accomplishment.

I believe that as some children, even whilst fascinated by the game-task of the kindergarten, know that it is only a childish task and not the *real thing* of life, so may we come to a point, where, whilst enjoying the constantly changing play of life, we will realize that it is but the training for greater things, and important only in that sense. The perception of this fact by the child need not interfere with his interest in the game—need not prevent him from feeling the joy of *doing*, creating, working, gaining new experiences; nor need it prevent us from playing the kindergarten games of grown-up life with a zest and interest, not alone because we realize that we are learning valuable lessons, but, yea, even from the very excitement and joy of the game itself.

When we realize just what this view of Life means, we will find new pleasures in everyday life—will learn to laugh with childish glee at our little successes in moulding the clay into the desired shape—in the clever weaving of the mat. And we will learn to smile, through our tears, if our little mat happens to tear in two—if our little clay sphere drops to the floor and is shattered—if the hour's work is destroyed.

And we will learn our little lesson of Love—of Comradeship. We will learn by experience that if we lead the narrow, selfish life we will miss the joy that falls to the lot of those who have learned to express more fully the love nature within them—we will find that Love begets Love—that the love-nature, expressed, attracts to itself the love in the hearts of our little playmates. We will find that the child who carries within him the love

for others, and expresses that love, need never want for friends or companions, need never suffer from loneliness, need never fear being left out in the cold. The true Personal Magnetism of the child (and the grown-up) consists largely of—Love, which never fails in its drawing power. And we will learn, from bitter experience, the folly of the idea of separateness from our little playmates—will know that the standing apart brings nothing but sorrow to us. We will realize that selfishness brings nothing but pain—that giving has its pleasures as well as receiving. And we will learn something of Brotherhood, and its goodness—we will have the True Democracy of the kindergarten impressed upon us. These lessons (and others) we will learn well, before passing on.

We, like the child, often wonder what is the use of it all—fret over our enforced tasks—chafe at the confinement—rage at the restrictions, and, failing to comprehend it all, indulge in complaints, protests, rebellion. And, like the child, we cannot expect to understand the whyness of it all, certainly not until we pass beyond the kindergarten stage of existence and reach the higher grades.

When one begins to realize *what he is*—begins to be conscious of the I AM—begins to know things as they are—he gradually learns to appreciate things at their true worth, and, although not released from the necessity of playing out his kindergarten game tasks, is able to, practically, *stand aside and watch himself play them out*. He knows that he is gaining knowledge—is mastering his lessons—is living-out, and out-living, his desires—is acquiring and storing up new experiences—but he values things only at their final worth, and is not deceived by

the apparent value of the moment. He begins to see things in their proper relations. He does not take himself (or things) too seriously. He enjoys the pleasure of the game—but he knows it to be but the play and pleasure of the child—he laughs, but is not deceived. He suffers, also, the sorrow, grief, disappointment, humiliation and chagrin of the child-nature—but even though the tears are falling, he, *knowing*, smiles. He laughs with joy—with pain he cries, but he knows—he *knows*. He enjoys the playthings, gifts, rewards, but he knows them for what they are—he knows. He plays the games with the children who do not know—and well he plays—but he knows. His disillusionment spoils not the sport—he plays on (for play he *must*), knowing, but enjoying. Yes, enjoying *because* of the knowing. He knows that the child-things are good—but he sees them as but shadows of the Good to come. He knows that he “cannot escape from his own good.” And he knows that the Good is also in store for his playmates (though they know it not) and, being full of love, he rejoices.

He feels that the rules of the School are wise and good, and that, though he cannot see it clearly now, INFINITE JUSTICE rules all, as will in the end appear. He knows that promotion will be gained, just as soon as earned. He knows that just as soon as he is able to master a task, that task will be set before him—not a moment before. And he knows that no task will be allotted him even one moment before the possibility of its accomplishment.

He knows that he is being tested, trained and strengthened, day by day—that every unpleasant and disagreeable task has an important end in view. And

he knows that every task placed before him is in accordance with a Law that takes cognizance of his powers, failings, capabilities, short-comings—that understands him better than he does himself. He knows that the very allotment of the task is a guarantee of his ability to perform it. (In every earnest hope nestles its potential realization.) He knows that within him are latent powers, potential forces, hidden knowledge, which will well forth from his sub-conscious mentality when bidden by the Confident Expectation of Intelligent Faith.

And, knowing these things, he is filled with Courage—and presses forth eagerly to the tasks of the day. And, knowing, he casts off all Fear, Worry, Discouragement and Discontent, and, with the smile of Love on his face, and the joy of Faith in his heart, he greets THE KINDERGARTNER with Confidence and Trust.

Bane and Antidote

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me;

This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

—Addison.



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A FEW NEW THOUGHT FABLES.

The Woman and the Devils.

Once upon a time there was a woman who embraced the New Thought. At least that is what she called it. She devoured much Literachoor upon the subject—in fact she had many attacks of Mental Dyspepsia before she Got There. One day she thought she Thought one thing, and the next day she thought she Thought another. She frequently felt Mixed. Every new Leader or Prophet claimed her as a follower. She Followed until the novelty wore off. Then she looked around for somebody else to Follow. Before she caught the New Thought she was very Orthodox, and was very much afraid of The Devil—in fact that was the reason that she *was* Orthodox. Fear, not Love, influenced her most. But after she had contracted the New Thought, she abolished Fear, and thought more of Love—at least she said she did. But, nevertheless, she had acquired the Fear habit, and was unhappy because she was so happy—afraid not to be afraid. She tasted all the various brands of Mental Science, Theosophy, Spiritualism,

etcetera, and then took a plunge into Christian Science. At each stage of her progress she was sure that she had found the Ter-ruth, but when she entered the Eddyite camp she was more certain than ever that she was Up Against the Real Thing. It reminded her of Old Times, for she again found something to be afraid of. She made the acquaintance of a new Devil. It was called Malicious Magnetism. It was much worse than the old Devil who had scared her in the Old Days. She learned that All was Good and Good was All; All was Ter-ruth and Ter-ruth was All; All was Love and Love was All. And she also learned that All was Malicious Magnetism and Malicious Magnetism was All. She learned that all of the above Things was ALL, whether said backward or forward. Up to this time she had been given to talking about the superstitions of her old faith, and particularly about her emancipation from the Devil idea. She spoke of the "gross superstitions" of those whom she had left behind, of their "material" planes, and much more off the same piece. She

classed her old friends as believers in Goblins, Bugaboos, etcetera, and was proud that she had turned her back forever upon such childish imaginings. When she became an Eddyite, she still kept up this sort of talk, although she now included all of the non-Eddyite people in her list of blind disciples of Error. She used an Eddy spoon, and took large doses of Ter-ruth. She grasped the fact that Eddyism was All, and All was Eddyism, and that all that wasn't All was Mortal Mind. But the Malicious Magnetism idea proved more attractive than the other parts of the Ter-ruth, and the aching void left by the departure of the Devil was at last filled. She began to have "Beliefs" and "Claims" of all sorts, and began to require the frequent services of Healers to exorcise the Evil Thoughts sent by her enemies. The Healers understood their business and chased away the Evil Thoughts as fast as they were sent (at \$3.00 per chase) but her enemies kept on sending them in hot from the bat and, towards the end, her time (and that of several Healers) was occupied in Evil Thought chasing. After a while, her "belief" of Money departed, and with it that illusion of Mortal Mind denominated Healers, and the Woman was left alone, a prey to the Malicious Magnetism. She stood it as long as she could, and then hearkened to the voice of a traveling Adventist, who restored to her the Devil of her youth. And she was Comforted. The Oldone filled the bill, and was much cheaper than the Newone. Her belief in New Thought is gone—and so is her "belief" of Money.

MORAL:

Never swap Devils while crossing a stream.

The Two Ways of Waiting.

There was once a man who had acquired a knowledge of MIND. He had read much of the Power of Thought, and thought he Knew it All. He was fond of quoting John Burrough's poem, the first verse of which runneth as follows:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! My own shall come to me.

And he started in to "fold his hands and wait." He just thought about "his own," and waited as serenely as possible for it to come to him. Good thoughts came to him, but he never expressed them in action—that would have been too much on the "lower plane" for him—so he just kept on folding his hands and waiting. He believed that His own was coming to him, in the shape of a legacy of some forgotten relative who had perhaps accumulated a fortune in the Klondike. Or, maybe, he might find a pocketbook which would become "his own" from the finding. Or something else of that sort. But he never thought of Work. Oh, no, that was on the "material plane." He was just going to serenely wait, until a sight draft on the Infinite Opulence dropped into his lap. Well at last His Own came to him in the shape of the Sheriff. Then he realized that there was something wrong about this folding hands business. He still believed in the Power of the Mind, but he began to realize that Thought must manifest itself in action, at least in this stage of development. So he started in to Hustle. He knew enough to have Confidence and Hope. He made his "calm demands," expected their fulfillment, and *then went to work* to crystalize his thoughts. He found that by keep-

ing his mind fixed calmly, but firmly, on his task, new ideas of importance would spring into his consciousness, which ideas he would go to work on at once. He found that although he did not Worry, he was able to meet emergencies as they arose, and he kept Pegging Away, merrily. He learned something about the Gospel of Work. He began to see lots of fun in Work. He found that by mixing Thought with Work he got the best results, and maintained his mental and physical equilibrium. So he kept on Working without Worrying, and doing much good Thinking all the while. And he waxed prosperous. And His Own came to him. One day, he chanced to think of the Burrough's poem. He smiled at the recollection, and said "What a fake it was," and then began to repeat it. It sounded entirely different this time. And, lo! every word of it seemed *perfectly true* to him. What did it mean? He repeated the words:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

Then he saw where he had made his mistake. At first, he had folded his hands and waited without working—but afterwards he had learned to do his work thoroughly, and *then* fold his hands and wait. A mighty big difference. He now believes thoroughly in Burrough's beautiful poem (as interpreted), but somehow feels that the poet should have attached a key to it, when it was issued.

MORAL:

There is an I AM. There is also an I DO.

The Higher (?) Life.

There was once a woman, who was living The Higher Life. We know that she was, for she admitted it herself. She dwelt in the Higher Regions of the Soul, and disdained things that were found on the planes below. Matter to her was an "error" and a thing to be avoided. She despised her own body, and thought it a vile thing. As for other embodied beings, they were unspeakable. The affairs of Life were to her "too much mortal mind;" "lower-plane objects;" "material-plane things." To her mind, the human kind was but as dirt—infinately below her. She was a thing apart—an ethereal being. Her life was One Long Rapture—that is, unless she was forced to realize the existence of any lower-plane beings. Her husband, who provided the Wherewithal to enable her to indulge in the Ecstasy of the Higher Life, was to her almost beneath notice, and valuable only as a means to her living the Beautiful Life of the Soul. She refused to acknowledge the existence of others of her kind, who needed the helping touch of a human hand—they were merely products of "mortal mind." She recognized only "souful" people—and even but few of *them*. She thought that she was living the Life of the Spirit, and closed her eyes to human suffering, mistakes and pain. They concerned her not. She shuddered at the touch of the garment of her Sister who had made mistakes, and called her vile. Her Brothers and Sisters—the World's Workers—were to her but brutes, with which she had nothing in common. The Life of others was to her insufferably vulgar and low, and she wondered how she could possibly endure the sight of it—it jarred every fibre of her finer sensibilities. One night she dreamed. She thought that she had

at last been able to cast off the encumbering flesh—that the Spirit was free of the burden of matter, for ever. She saw before her a Presence, which asked “Who art thou?” And she answered, proudly, “I am She Who Has Solved the Problem of the Higher Life, and I claim my reward.” And the Presence answered: “Child, thou understandest not the first principles of the Problem. Your results are all wrong. Wipe off the slate. Return and begin anew. And, this time, remember that, though your thoughts be among the clouds, your feet rest on the ground. Remember, that there is no merit in separateness—in *that* alone lies “mortal mind.” Return and take your proper place at the foot of the class.” And, the Woman awoke, sorely distressed. And she, forthwith, climbed down to a Lower Plane.

MORAL:

Higher things are sometimes Lower.

4 To See or Not to See.

Our readers will probably remember the editorial, in August number of *STOGESSION*, in which we paid our respects to Brother Austin of the *Sermon*. We herewith reproduce that gentleman's account of what he saw at a seance of the Bangs Sisters. Here it is:

A CLEAR CASE OF PSYCOGRAPHY.

On the 28th day of October, 1898, I reached Chicago by rail, en route from Winnepeg to Toronto. Having a few hours in the city, I determined to call upon the Misses Bangs, the noted psychics, on Adams street. My visit was unannounced and none of my friends knew of my intentions so that those ladies could not have been apprised of my coming—at least, through any ordinary channel of knowledge. I was courteously received by one of the sisters, and when I had stated the purpose of my visit, was informed that I would have to wait until the following day, as every half hour until evening was pre-engaged, and they had an engagement for the evening. On informing her that I was to leave the city in the evening, she told me that if I came at half past

six, although the hour was engaged, it was possible I might secure a sitting, as the gentleman who had engaged that half hour as the only available one found it a very inconvenient one, and might not be on hand at the time. I called again, and was fortunate enough to secure the sitting, and was shown into a well-lighted room, in the center of which stood a table covered with paper, envelopes, and a pair of slates.

Miss Bangs explained the method of securing a communication, and directed me to write a few questions, each on a slip of paper, and fold each slip a number of times and then enclose the questions thus folded with an equal number of blank sheets of paper, in one of the envelopes, an deal the envelopes. This I did, while she was in an adjoining room. Coming in, she next requested me to place the envelope so sealed between the slates, and tie them securely with cord, available on the table. This I did, winding the cord about the slates several times, lengthwise and crosswise, and tying in a secure manner. She next asked me to hold the slates with both hands, which I did. Taking a seat opposite me, she directed me to keep possession of the slates, and assured me she would have nothing to do with them beyond placing one hand upon the surface of the slate. Taking an ink bottle and pouring some of the ink upon the top of the slate, she told me if I succeeded in getting a communication it would be written with the ink thus applied to the slate. She then placed her hand upon the slate, and we engaged, for perhaps ten minutes, in conversation.

Suddenly she paused and said to me: “What do you mean by the last message? One of your questions contains that expression They don't understand you.” “Why,” said I, “a ministerial friend of mine, a few years since, in passing out, tried to write a few lines to his wife and failed. I wanted to know if he had any memory of this and could give any explanation of the failure.” “That will be sufficient,” she said. “Don't tell me any more.”

The room was perfectly lighted, and we were the only occupants. After about twenty minutes or more she said: “The letters are finished. I believe.” “Is that so?” And on receiving the signal of three taps she directed me to open the slates. I untied the cord, found by sealed letter undisturbed, and, on breaking the seal, found the four sheets of letter paper written full in ink, in four different hand writings, and each letter seemed, in language and matter, as personal, as appropriate, as well fitted to all the facts and relationships of the case as any letters ever received by the writer. They were personally addressed to myself and signed by the names of the men and women to whom the questions were addressed. The folded questions were with the letters, and apparently had not been opened.

I am ready to testify any day that the questions and blank paper in the sealed envelopes and the slates in which they were securely tied were never out of my possession for a moment during the sitting. No mortal hand touched that paper in the envelope from the time I enclosed it in the sealed envelope until I

I am ready to testify any day that the questions?

The above is interesting as an illustration of how differently the same thing may appear to different observers. We ask our readers to compare Mr. Austin's account, as given above, with the account of Mr. Krebs, which appeared in our July and August numbers, and that of Dr. Parkyn, which appears in this number. Mr. Austin tells us what he saw, or rather what he apparently saw, but he does not tell us what he failed to see. Mr. Krebs and Dr. Parkyn tell us what Mr. Austin failed to see. The same thing may be noticed in listening to the description of a magic trick, given by some spectator who does not know the secret of the trick. To one who is "on the inside" the description of what apparently happened is very amusing. We have often seen Dr. Parkyn reproduced the Bangs Sisters' phenomena before classes of students, and, in every case, the "sitter" would earnestly assert that the slates were always in full view—that Dr. Parkyn never touched them—and, in many cases, that the slates never left the hands of the "sitter." It will be noticed that Mr. Austin testifies in like strain. We remember one case in which an old gentleman, who had received a message through Dr. Parkyn's mediumship (?), refused to accept the explanation of the trick, and insisted that it could not have been performed in that way, and that the Doctor was a powerful medium but was afraid to admit it. In spite of the Doctor's explanation of the trick, the old gentleman insisted that "no one got inside

of those slates, for I held them tight in my hand all the time."

We would like to see some *genuine* phenomena. Can you put us in the way of seeing some, Bro. Austin? If you do, we will cheerfully publish a full account of it in SUGGESTION, and will, in every way, endeavor to sound the praises of the medium producing it. But it must be the *real thing*, Mr. Austin, none of the amateur business such as you have recorded as convincing you of the truths of Spiritualism. Here is a good chance to make converts. If you show us the *real thing* we will devote the columns of SUGGESTION to spreading the truth of Spirit Return. This is a fair offer. Will Bro. Austin or the Bangs Sisters accept it?

The Bangs Sisters.

We have received the following communication from the Bangs Sisters, addressed to the editor of this journal:

LILY DALE, N. Y., July 30, 1901.

Herbert A. Parkyn, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sir—We notice that in your publication—SUGGESTION—that you are republishing the article by S. L. Krebs, on the "Frauds of Spiritualism." This article does us the greatest injustice, and never would have been written by any fair-minded or truthful person. Our method of producing writing is no more like the Krebs description than a gray goose is like an elephant, as hundreds and thousands in your own city and elsewhere can testify. Even numbers of the Psychical Society state absolutely that the Krebs article is, in many respects, the grossest fabrication. We are refuting his story every day of our lives at 654 West Adams street when in the city, and nearly every hour on this camp ground. We are willing, at any time, to meet any fair-minded person, yourself included, and let the question be settled strictly on its merits. This is all we can do. We cannot prevent people lying about us when they feel disposed to do so. It is very strange that, among the thousands who have tested our phase of independent writing, that Mr. Krebs should be the only man who has made such a discovery of method as would instantly challenge the attention of a ten-year-old school boy. Sincerely trusting you will investigate the matter for yourself before passing judgment on our

work, and further publishing an *utterly untruthful* account of our method, we remain,
Yours for investigation,

BANGS SISTERS, Per H.

Replying to the above, we have to say that we have every reason to believe Mr. Krebs to be a reliable, careful observer and have no doubt, whatsoever, that his account of his seances of the Bangs Sisters is entirely truthful and unprejudiced. The Bangs Sisters, in their letter, say that "it is very strange that among the thousands who have tested of independent writings, that Mr. Krebs should be the only person who has made such a discovery, etc." We beg to call the attention of these ladies to the fact that Mr. Krebs is *not* the only person who discovered their trickery, as they will see by reference to Mr. Krebs' article in this number, which includes a letter from the editor of this magazine, Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, in which the latter shows how *he* discovered the trickery of these celebrated mediums, and corroborated Mr. Krebs' discoveries.

We appreciate the ladies invitation to "investigate the matter before passing judgment," and will gladly avail ourselves of the privilege should they see fit to repeat the offer when they return to Chicago, although we feel that the investigation already made by our editor was rather convincing. If these ladies can show us *genuine* phenomena, we will gladly credit them with it. We await further word from them.

An Explanation.

This number of SUGGESTION does not contain the customary installment of Dr. Parkyn's article entitled "Hypnotic Sombambulism." Dr. Parkyn, feeling that he was taking up a sufficient amount of space, this month, in his letter in Mr. Krebs' article: "The Frauds of Spiritual-

ism," decided to reserve his article until next month. We make this explanation in view of the wide-spread interest in the article in question.

BOOK REVIEWS.

JUST HOW TO COOK MEALS WITHOUT MEAT, by Elizabeth Towne, is the title of the latest production of the sprightly editor of *Nautilus*. It appears that Elizabeth has turned her back upon dead cows, sheep, pigs, etc., and has followed the example of old Nebuchadnezzar and has gotten down to a vegetable diet. Speaking of Nebuchadnezzar, we think it well to state that, in our opinion, he would have had a much happier life if Elizabeth had been around to give him her recipe for salad dressing, in which event his contemporaries would not have coined the derisive phrase, "go to grass." Well, Elizabeth tells us how to prepare a *whole meal* on the "vegetation plan," which other vegetarian books fail to do. She tells us how to prepare vegetable soup, vegetable salad, vegetable steaks, chops and joints, vegetable pigs feet, vegetable mince pies, and other desserts. The author intimates that she has *invented* many of these dishes, and has tried them *all* upon her patient husband. Her husband still lives, so that the recipes may be safely followed. We don't know much about cook books, but the author states that this one is "distinctly explicit where other books are distinctly mum." The recipes look all right to us and we intend to risk some of them, but we state, with shame, that we are still in the cannibal stage and manifest a desire for "corpse" once in a while, so that the vegetation whole meal does not appeal so strongly to us, just yet. We'll wait and see how Elizabeth's soul-mate thrives, before we try the whole thing. We are afraid that we could not stand the strain when the turkeys get ripe, about the last of next November. Price 25c; order from ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. B., Holyoke, Mass.

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