

RARE EXPERIMENTS.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF DISCOVERIES ON MIND INFLUENCE.

Hypnotism as a Healing Art-Demonstrations Which Go to Prove That the Practice of Hypnotism May Supercede Medicine for Many Cases.

At Monday's session of the international congress of experimental psychology hypnotism was the leading feature.

The first paper on the subject was by the veteran Dr. Liebanth, "to whose persevering and benevolent practice of hypnotism on his poor clientele at Nancy, said the president (Professor Sidgwick), "the present progress of the science is so largely due."

Dr. Liebmanth's paper described the case of a woman who had been seized by monomania tending to suicide and who was cured by hypnotic suggestion.

Having enumerated several simple forms of intellectual disorder and others rather complicated which had already been dispelled by the same method, which was given in detail, the writer said he thought that similarly he might obtain still more remarkable successes even when the disorders of the mind of the subject were more complex.

Professor Deland (Lige) said that at all times the mind of man had been capable of influencing the body, but it was only in recent times that this action had been scientifically put in evidence.

Was it necessary for this purpose to put the brain into an abnormal condition? Was that which was called hypnotism a state against nature? Not at all. The question carried the answer with it. To hypnotize a person was to persuade him that he could or could not do a thing which he believed he could not do, or which he believed he could not prevent from doing.

Take, for example, a high official whose nervous, agitated state had rendered him unhappy for twenty years. He showed to him, without sending him to sleep, that he had the faculty of not feeling pain. He passed a needle through his arm without making him jump. He showed to him in that way the power of his will. That will had only to be directed against his nervousness. The subject understood it and was cured. In mental maladies the mind must act on the mind, the healthy part of the brain on the diseased part.

He cited the case of a woman possessed with the idea of killing her husband and children. Every day she asked herself on rising if that was not the day for her to accomplish her murders. He defied her to call out the morbid thought while he looked at her. Moving succeeded, which was easy, he announced to her that the following day from 8 to 9 she would not be able to think of killing those who were dear to her. Success was, so to speak, inevitable. By degrees it was possible to charm away the morbid ideas for two hours, then for a day, then for a week. The cure was accomplished.

Was there any mystery in that? Was there the production of an abnormal condition? Evidently not. Apart from the starting point, which was the conviction of the subject that he was dealing with a man endowed with a curious power or that he submitted himself to a curious treatment, the subject had been simply led to act by his own will on the ideas which he thus arrived at dispelling.

Experiments in hypnotism followed, the operator being Dr. Bramwell, of Gooch. He presented four patients, all of them well known to him and in respectable positions, one being a carpenter, another a shoemaker, a third the wife of a sea captain and the fourth a girl of that class. It was said that Dr. Bramwell had recently painlessly extracted teeth from the woman without throwing her into the hypnotic trance by merely ordering her not to feel pain. The suggestion was efficacious except in the case of one tooth, with regard to which she had previously formed the conviction that she would have pain, so that her self suggestion overrode his suggestion in that case. The same patient suffered from severe myopia, only being able to read the third line in the ordinary table of test letters. Dr. Bramwell caused her by suggestion to be able to read all her lines—that is to say, to show more than ordinary long sight.

This operation he now repeated. He put the woman back into her former myopic state at the word of command, and by word of command again she appeared to be immediately relieved. The spectators warmly applauded the demonstration. Dr. Bramwell contends that with all his patients he is able to produce the same satisfactory results by the mere command in the waking state that he had previously produced in the hypnotic state. Referring to the question how a patient can suggest to him improvement in his own condition, Dr. Bramwell mentioned that the mere fact of his giving a written order to a patient to sleep enabled that patient to take the order, read it and go to sleep whenever he needed it. He had repeatedly sent patients to a dentist's carrying with them a written order to feel no pain. The patients read when they sat down in the dentist's chair. He has at the present time patients who go to sleep by reading the order to do so.

These orders were said to retain their power when Dr. Bramwell had not seen the patients for weeks; in fact he had, he said, been repeatedly called upon to give them new pieces of paper when the original talisman had been worn out. It was stated that the captain's wife had been in the habit of taking sea voyages to London from Yorkshire, during which she was invariably sick, but since Dr. Bramwell had made a suggestion to her not to be sick she had made five passages and enjoyed every meal.

As regarded the dangers of hypnotism, Dr. Bramwell believed that there were avoided by a little care on the part of the hypnotized. He had been accustomed to impress on his patients that they were entirely free to accept or refuse his suggestions. In one or two cases he found his declaration of freedom had been too impressive, because the patient when separated from him for some time had supposed that he would not be able to renew the influence.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Grasshopper Soup. Awfully good. A St. Louis caterer made from grasshoppers a soup which was pronounced delicious by many people who were afforded an opportunity of tasting it. It closely resembled bisque. A learned professor treated some friends of his on one occasion to curry of grasshoppers and grasshopper croquettes without informing them as to the nature of the banquet, but an unlucky hind leg discovered in one of the croquettes revealed the secret.—Tablet.

Yankee Dialect. It is often amusing to see the bewilderment with which a city bred New Englander listens to the dialect of his native soil, a dialect which is characteristic, strongly marked and persistent as that of any part of the country. That anybody who claims to be a native of Yankee land should fail to understand a dialect which has become historic in its rugged simplicity and homely expressiveness, seems almost inconceivable, yet there are thousands of city bred persons, descendants of the old native stock, in all the large communities of New England, who would hardly be more puzzled by a sentence out of the Khoran than by some of the dialect

expressions which are current in the rural sections of their own state. Right here in Massachusetts, within fifty miles of the gilded statehouse dome, are communities whose everyday language, based as it is with Yankeeisms which date back well nigh a century, would be in large part utterly unintelligible to an Harvard or Boston university philologist.—Journal of Education.

An Choy's Ambition. An "Anglo-Indian globe trotter" was in Canton, and for assistance in sightseeing engaged the services of a young Chinese, Ah Choy by name. The boy had picked up a little English, and was proud of his acquirement. In fact he had what seems to be rare with Celestials, a strong desire to become a master of the English tongue. He had taken the traveler to the South Pearl hall, where the shrine of the "Queen of Heaven" is ornamented with handsome gilded carvings in wood. The Englishman admired the work and inquired: "What are the vessels on the altar made of?" "All brasses," answered Ah Choy.

Ah Choy was very proud of his ability to pronounce the letter r, a great trouble to the people of his race, and was given to pronouncing it with uncontrolled self gratulation. The Englishman was willing to humor him and so asked: "What was that you said?" "Yes, all brasses."

"Yes, all brasses," chimed in an unlabeled bystander, and Ah Choy's satisfaction was doubled. Presently, however, his pride had a fall, for he pronounced the word "village" as if it had been spelled "woolwich," and his patron felt obliged to correct him. Ah Choy was crestfallen, and when the Englishman proposed moving on he forgot his r's in the confusion and answered, "Velly well."

"I wonder," he remarked a little later, "if I went to England and studied for three years, I could speak English just like Englishmen."

"Oh, yes," said the mentor, "knowing so much already, you might do it in half that time."

Then the true object of Ah Choy's ambition was disclosed. "Yes," he said, with a brightening face, "and then I could write in English poems."

Who says that Chinese and Americans have not some things in common? The Hamster. As the squirrel was said by the old Norsemen to bring all the news of the animals to Thor, because he was the merriest and most sociable of beasts, so in the talk of the Russian peasants the hamster is the synonym for all that is sullen, avoculous, solitary and morose. Even in color he is unlike any other animal, being light above and dark below. This gives the hamster somewhat the same incongruous appearance that a pair of black trousers and a light coat lend to a man; in other respects he is like a large, shaggy guinea pig, with very large teeth and puffy cheeks, into which he can cram a vast quantity of rye or beans for transport.

Each hamster lives in a large, roomy burrow all by himself, in defiance of which he will fight like a buldog against any other hamster who may try to enter. Family life he wholly avoids, never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance and making her find her own living for herself and family. The male is a bachelor, however, not so serious of her by the time the young ones are three weeks old each discovers that family life is a great mistake and sets off to make a bachelor burrow for itself and save up beans for the winter.

For in addition to its other amiable qualities the hamster has that of avarice in a marked degree, and hoards up treasures of corn, rye and horse beans far in excess of his own private wants for the winter. His favorite plan is to dig a number of treasure chambers, all communicating with a central guardroom, in which the owner sits and guards his hoard. From these he begins, when he curls himself up to sleep until the spring.—London Spectator.

His Idea of Ladies. It was the day after one of the sensational races of the year had been run at one of the big race tracks near this city, and instead of the 50,000 excited men and women who had packed the grand stand the day before, perhaps one-quarter of that number were scattered about the inclosure to watch the races of the day. A couple of women were talking with one of the numerous messenger boys employed to carry the money of female racegoers to the bookmakers in the betting ring, and occasionally to bring some of it back. The lad was giving the woman a description of the crowd of the previous day, which had evidently not been of the character he desired. "Why," said he, with deep disgust at his lot, "there was 5,000 men here, but they weren't no sort of people for us. There wasn't six decent ladies to make bets in the whole lot. They were just a crowd of Sunday school teachers and didn't know enough to bet a cent."

The messenger boy would probably be greatly surprised if he could understand how wide is the difference between his idea of "decent ladies" and that of the average Sunday school teacher.—New York Times.

Ainn Customs. When the Ainn meet they rub their hands together in a peculiar manner, invoking blessings upon each other in the while, and may continue this procedure for a considerable time. They then stroke their beards, making a curious rumbling sound in the throat, and again rub their fingers and palms together, after which the beard is once more stroked and the business of the interview begins. The women behave in a still more curious manner. They do not salute their own sex at all, but are extremely respectful to the men, covering their eyes and looking down on the ground when they pass a male acquaintance or even a male stranger.

On entering a hut where a man is woman-first of all removes her headress and hangs it on her left arm. She then brushes back her front hair and covers her mouth with her right hand. All this is preliminary. When she sees that the man deigns to look at her she draws the right index finger across the left palm, up the left arm to the shoulder, then across the face behind the nose and so around backward behind the ears.—London Saturday Review.

Could Find No Expressives. He is the most profane man in one of the big insurance offices. Never mind his name; some of you know him. When a piece of paper blows off his desk he swears in a way that must make the recording angel weep. When you hear the windows rattle with his profanity you may assume that his pen is rattling or that his pencil has broken his point. One day the fellow in the office heard him say "Goodness!" They couldn't imagine anything small enough to justify so mild a comment, and they all went to investigate the trouble. They found that an immense inkstand on his desk had upset and utterly ruined his new white flannel trousers. His ordinary vocabulary had failed.—Hartford Post.

The Eye of the Hedgehog. Shakespeare, who seems to have been a most absent minded dooms naturalist—a minute absent of time, indeed, in all shapes—noticed the hedgehog and wrote, "The hedgehog whines at night." If any one of our readers possesses a tame hedgehog, let him examine the eye of the creature, if he has not already done so. If the eye be the index to the mind, as I firmly believe it to be, the hedgehog knows great deal and only uses his knowledge for his own special benefit.—Blackwood's Magazine.

CLUB LIFE TRIALS.

HOW EVOLUTION HAS PLAYED WITH THIS INSTITUTION.

With a Multitude of Clubs to Choose From the Average Man Is Unsatisfied. Some Suggestions for the Afflicted Ones—How to Amish the Club's Bore.

If, as Addison opines, clubs are a natural and necessary offshoot of a man's gregarious and social nature, the gregarious and social Englishman of the present day in surveying the exuberant crop of clubs which have sprung up around him may feel that he has honestly done his duty by nature and necessity. And yet he is not happy. With a practically unlimited choice before him he is, or affects to be, unable to choose satisfactorily. To him the list of clubs is as the bundle of hay and the club of his heart's desire as the needle.

Johnson, according to Boswell, defined a club as an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions. How far the modern club has departed from the simple ideal is shown significantly by an advertisement which appeared a few months ago in a contemporary, inviting gentlemen of position and means to discuss the formation of a first class club, the chief feature of which should be "the absolute quiet and restfulness so essential to this age of high pressure."

If this world weary advertisement had lived 180 years ago he might have found his desired haven in the Humdrum club, which seems to have been "made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions that used to sit together, smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight."

For many reasons the good fellowship and camaraderie of the earlier clubs have disappeared. A man may have many friends in his club, but as a rule he does not make them there. In professional or commercial intercourse the bonds of rigid etiquette are easily relaxed. By a general understanding every barrister is entitled to be "hill fellow, well met" with any other barrister, in virtue of their common calling; and the same principle prevails to a greater or less degree in other walks of life. But in most clubs this easy license is at best but sparingly recognized, and while a fellow member has no claim upon one's friendliness, he is at any rate a possible object of dislike.

Nor is this dislike in all cases illegitimate, for the club malefactor is a nuisance which is all the more irritating from being so peculiarly difficult to deal with. Take for instance the club snorer, whose sins have lately been held up to execration in the "club" "freeholder," as a correspondent delicately termed him—the man who appropriates coats, sticks and umbrellas which do not belong to him—a thief pure and simple, and ought rather to be dealt with by the laws of his country than by those of his club. But, confining ourselves to minor offenses, let us consider the man who sits on a heap of papers, the man who is perpetually nagging at the club servants (assuredly the best class of servants in the world), the man who secretes the popular novel and others of the same kind—these are the men who strike at the roots of that good fellowship which is the very life of a club, ought to prevail in a club.

It is unkind to include among such offenders another class—the invalids? Few men would venture into private society while suffering from any disorder which made them unpleasant company for their friends, but how often is a man permitted to extend to their clubs! The throat which is cleared every half minute like a thunderburst with the same easy unconcern as if the sufferer were in church, the cough which suggests acclamations, the cold which sneezes and snuffles with an irritating persistence, which is rarely with wisdom and advantage be allowed to run through their acute stage in domestic privacy. The matter is of course one which cannot be settled by rule and precedent. It is purely a question of good taste and good feeling, on which every man must be a law to himself. Possibly the wisest course would be the institution of special clubs, such as the Snoring club, the Cold-in-the-Head club, and so forth, to meet the peculiar needs of these unfortunates, though it is to be feared that such associations would be born with the seeds of their own dissolution within them, like the "wider" club in the time of Charles I. Of this it is recorded that it consisted only of men of honor, but did not continue long, most of its members "being put to the sword or hanged a little after its institution."

In some of the earlier clubs an attempt was made to control the frank simplicity of the manners of the day by stringent regulations. Thus it was a rule of the Twopenny club that if any member swore or cursed, his neighbor might give him a kick on the shins. This penalty seems crude, and can hardly have been easy to enforce in an age when the English temper was at least as fiery as at the present day. Another regulation provided that if any member told stories which are not true, "he shall forfeit for every third lie a ridiculous low tariff, which made falsehood a luxury within the reach of the humblest income. Frugality was promoted by a rule that if a member brought his wife to the club he should pay for whatever she drank and smoked, which indeed seems reasonable, as well as being calculated to discourage some of the scandals which Lady Jeune deplures. In some cases the maintenance of decorum

was confined to the unity of aims by which the members were supposed to be animated. But whatever value this may then have possessed as a restraining influence, it would not avail much in a modern club, where the only aim which the members have in common is a general desire to best the committee.

The fact is that modern clubs differ both in character and in purpose from the older ones. A man joins a club nowadays, not so much for its company, which he can meet elsewhere, as for its conveniences—its chef, its cellar, its library, etc. It provides him cheaply with luxuries and facilities which might otherwise be out of his reach. But to achieve this many subscriptions are necessary, and the net must be cast wide for members.

In the huge clubs of the present day it is not possible to preserve that friendly intimacy between the members which flourished when a club could be defined (in the words of a Seventeenth century writer) as a "sodaloty in a tavern." But for this reason mutual consideration between them becomes all the more necessary; and if some of the best features of a sodality are bound to disappear in a modern club, we may at least be careful to exclude from it some of the worst features of a tavern.—London World.

The Rage for Costly Fans. The rage for costly fans is a thing of comparatively recent growth in this country. Twenty-five years ago it would have been impossible to sell such fans as now find a ready sale. The rage for collecting fans is of still more recent origin, but already many thousands of dollars are invested here in rich fans, modern and antique. The latter adjective, by the way, is applied to any fan more than 100 years old. Few are any more than 250 years old.—New York Sun.

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