

The Confessions of a Hypnotist

(Article No 2) How the Public is Fooled.



They Sew up his Lips and Ears before the Audience

AFTER I had finished my course of training in the so-called hypnotic art under one of the leading professional men of France, and had assisted him in exhibitions given in a number of European cities, I came to America to set up in business for myself. Naturally, I did not know how gullible New York was—the town's very bigness scared me—so I went West and became a human pincushion in a small traveling show. Sooner or later, I was bound to drift into the show business.

The pincushion game wasn't exactly my suggestion, but it looked good when sprung on me. You see, I had so trained myself that I could bear without flinching pin jobs in almost any part of my physical make-up.

So I became a human pincushion, and for several weeks I was jabbed and prodded.

Adopting my stand in the show tent was a man who was doing fire-eating. Suppose we call him Salton—that wasn't his actual name, nor the name he called under. I do not care to use real names in this story. Between us we did fire-eating and absorbed pins, to the amazement of the "ten-centers," until we grew tired of it. Then we began to look about for a field that would respond to our talents.

"Let's go to New York; we can make a hit there," says fire-eater one day. "All right," from me; and so we jump for Wallstreetburg.

Soon after we landed in the metropolis, we were put wise to the fact that one man, and one man alone, could fix us for such an engagement as we had been longing for. So we headed for his office.

It was a warm afternoon, and, as we learned later, the guy had been up nights working out a proposition of his own. When we entered his office, he was sitting at his desk, with his feet up, clearly.

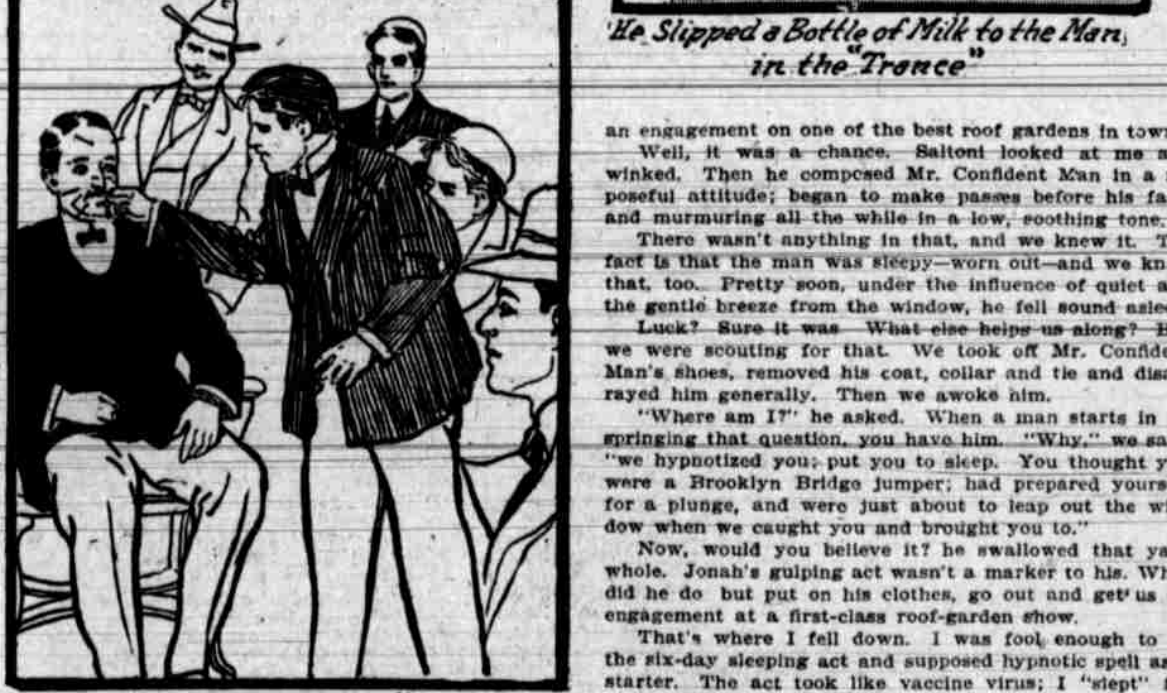
"If you can hypnotize me," he said, after he had listened to our spiel with a cynical smile, "I will get you



The Hypnotist Got Scared and Ran Away So the Subject's Wife Had to Awaken Him.



Took off the Sleeping Capitalist's Shoes to make him Think He was Hypnotized



Not Very Amusing to be a Human Pin Cushion.

"WHENEVER the 'Hypnotist'—the fake 'expert' always uses the capital letter—acquires sufficient confidence in his tricks and his jolly abilities to face an audience, he begins to give public exhibitions. With the 'profession' this is known as 'going into the show business.'"

This remark is made by Thomas J. Minnock in beginning the second article of his series, "The Confessions of a Hypnotist." Minnock has been, in turn, a "hypnotist," a "magic healer," a "human pincushion," "spiritualist mind reader" and the wonder-arousing subject in a "buried-alive" specialty.

"Now," he states, "I am weary of doing the 'sleeping act' in store windows, of being buried alive, of permitting myself to be punctured with needles and stickpins. Indulgence in all these fakes has injured my nervous system, and made me almost a physical wreck. I have no hesitation in exposing the 'game' as it is played throughout the land."

of a fairer life to have some susceptible guy do all that for him; to advertise like biases and let him reap the benefit. It is done in this way: You get some cheap interested in the game and teach him the "subtle mystery" through correspondence. After while he reaches a stage where you pronounce him ready to enter the show business on his own account.

As a rule, he is only too eager to grasp at this. The funny thing is that nearly every such "come-on" wants to make his first stage flash in his own town. He advertises liberally that he is going to give a hypnotic exhibition, and, of course, everybody in town is primed to come to the show.

Well, he knows he must have a capable assistant, so he sends to the correspondence school for a capable man, and that is usually me. I come, and he puts on the show. He has no difficulty in putting me in a hypnotic sleep—so it appears—and he gets the loud handclaps of appreciation.

But after a while the time arrives when he is to awaken me. He tries, and I don't awaken. Tries again; nothing doing.

Then he begins to get scared. "My gracious," he says, "I have really done it"—something he never expected to do. Then his hardest work is to keep from laughing.

At any rate, I refuse to come out of the trance. The amateur works over me in vain. About this time a confederate of mine, usually my wife, arrives in a great state of excitement, accusing the hypnotist of all sorts of attempted crime, and, certainly, of incapacity.

THE CONFEDERATE APPEARS

As a rule the fellow is so scared by the time that he takes a quick sneak to the depot and slips out of town by the first train. My wife or confederate comes to me, makes a few passes, and lo! I awake.

By now the whole town is wild. We say to the crowds, "The chap who tried to give an exhibition is a fake. We are the real thing; we know how to do it. Tonight, at the opera house, we will give a genuine exhibition of the hypnotic art."

That always catches them. We have a crowded house, get the benefit of all the other fellows' advertising, and sometimes spend several days in a town before that gold mine is worked out.

But this sort of easy graft was in the good old days before the public got wise. Now there are too many "runners" in the business; they have about killed it.

There was nothing that the fake hypnotist would not attempt. I have seen men with broken arms brought to a "professor" who was holding forth in the streets of a village. The arm was probably done up in splints, but, at the command of the faker, these were taken off.

"Now," he would say to the sufferer, "your arm is as good as ever." Probably the removal of the splints gave momentary relief. At any rate, "Yes," chirped the fellow, "I feel as well as ever." Then two or three confederates of the faker would seize the man, run him around the block and contrive to throw him over a garbage heap. When he got up, they would persuade him that the fall broke his arm again.

It's all in putting up a front; in being a "quick job"; in being able to meet conditions rapidly. You must never lose your nerve in the fake game. With a good address, knowledge of a few medical terms and a fine line of talk, the faker can pull off success nine times out of ten.

PROFITABLE SIDE LINES

Very often, to make both ends meet, the hypnotic faker in his travels has a promising side-line like love powders that he sells, for instance. It's surprising how many people will buy love powders. Here is a special amulet that has made lots of money for its inventor:

Eight drops of blood from the tail of a blind cat.
Three hairs from the tail of an old gray mule.
Two pinches of powdered snail shell.
One prayer breathed into it by the "doctor."

This powder given to the cold or reluctant lover, according to directions, and the lover is guaranteed to become an ardent Romeo. Charm bags of similar material, inclosed in green or red material, are to be worn next the heart of the person desiring to be loved.

Upon reaching a town where his exhibitions are to be given, the hypnotist always seeks out some local fellows who will act as his confederates. These people are easy to pick up—always some "rummy" who wants to earn a few dollars.

You have to spend several hours instructing such fellows, but they usually do what you tell them, and you pull off a successful show. Before the people get next to your game, you quietly blow out of town.

Some years ago the world heard a great deal of the wonderful feats of a mind reader now dead. I was with him during several of his tours. I shall say nothing of his methods, but I have done similar work, and this is how I did it:

Suppose my performance was in the opera house of a large town. Before the doors were opened, I would visit the hall with an electrician, and have wires run from certain aisle seats to a place in the gallery, where my assistant—a woman—would be seated. Almost immediately a certain period of the performance, I walk down the aisle, asking, in a low voice, questions that are to be answered by my assistant in the gallery. The answer is given, and I look under the spot and away I repeat it in a low tone, my head lowered so that my voice will strike full into a little telephone arrangement in the breast of my coat.

From that arrangement a wire, concealed by my clothing, runs to my shoe, which has a metal projection on the sole. I press this projection against a similar projection of the shoe of the person I am to read. The connection is established with the wire leading to the gallery.

WORKING THE TELEPHONE

I say to the man in the seat: "What is your address?" At the same time completing the telephonic connection. He replies: "113 South avenue." I repeat this softly to him as I didn't understand it. Almost immediately the clear reply comes from my confederate in the gallery—she also has a receiver at her ear, concealed by her hat or hair—113 South avenue. His replies are also repeated from the gallery. Wonderful! The people think. This is mind reading—telepathy—to beat the band. Nothing of the sort; only a simple trick.

I have repeated the trick of locating lost articles in a room. It is the old game of hide and seek amplified. You know, when a lot of children play hide and seek, they cry, "I'm here!" just as the secker is near or distant from the object sought.

It's the same way in this mysterious lost-article trick. The secker, if folded, always grasps the wrist of one who knows where the article is concealed. Then, as he approaches it, he can tell, if he is skilful enough, by the quickening pulse beats of the arm in his grasp whether he is approaching the hiding place.

Control of heart action has enabled me to swim over a good many financial whirlpools. Once I struck a doctor in New York who had a pipe dream that he could cure heart disease by hypnotic suggestions. He got hold of me, and I had my heart do a good many amazing things. But, in the end, I always calmed the organ at his suggestion.

He became so enthused, that he had seven other doctors in his office at one time to witness his triumph. For several months I lived like a lord at the expense of this man, but he is relating his "triumphs" yet.

I never liked to mix up with doctors very much, however. Once we had a special course for them, but we "suckers" have been graduated from our "school" as "P. M. H.—Psychic Master of Hypnotism" or "D. S. T., Doctor of Suggestive Therapeutics."

It was a great game, and many have profited by it. But, then, as some wise guy has remarked, "the world is full of suckers."

FEIGNING A TRANCE

Is the first place the subject feigns a deep, hypnotic trance. Now, such a trance is nothing but deep sleep, so that one does not hold himself rigid, as is generally supposed, but twists and turns as one does in natural slumber.

The "hypnotized" subject I usually have been that chump in the shows in which I have engaged—composes to hypnotic sleep in a store window, on a stage, or even in a grave, several feet deep. Several doctors and other watchers take stations about to see that no food or drink is passed to him.

After several hours of guard, however, the vigilance of the watchers wanes. It is easy to attract their attention to something else; and then, with sleight-of-hand dexterity, the assistant slips to the subject a bottle of milk, a banana or some other food.

This is the hardest trick to teach beginners. They will stand for almost anything else, but when, in a test of this kind, they get hungry good and right, they are apt to let out a holler for food that queers the show, and right at the critical time, too.

After that a sucker is born every second, and it takes thirty years for him to die. Maybe that's why there are so many suckers in the world. I have never found the crop short, or even threatened by dry rot or failure of rain.

A great graft is in teaching the "mytic art" to others. You would be surprised how many bite at that bait, but of that I propose to tell later.

This gullibility, however, helps the faker in his show business. It costs money to advertise a show, so the plan

REAL HOTELS ON WHEELS. RATHSKELLERS, PRIVATE DINING ROOMS AND ALL.



The Smoking Car Cafe like a Club room.

HAVE you ever ridden in a real "hotel on wheels"?

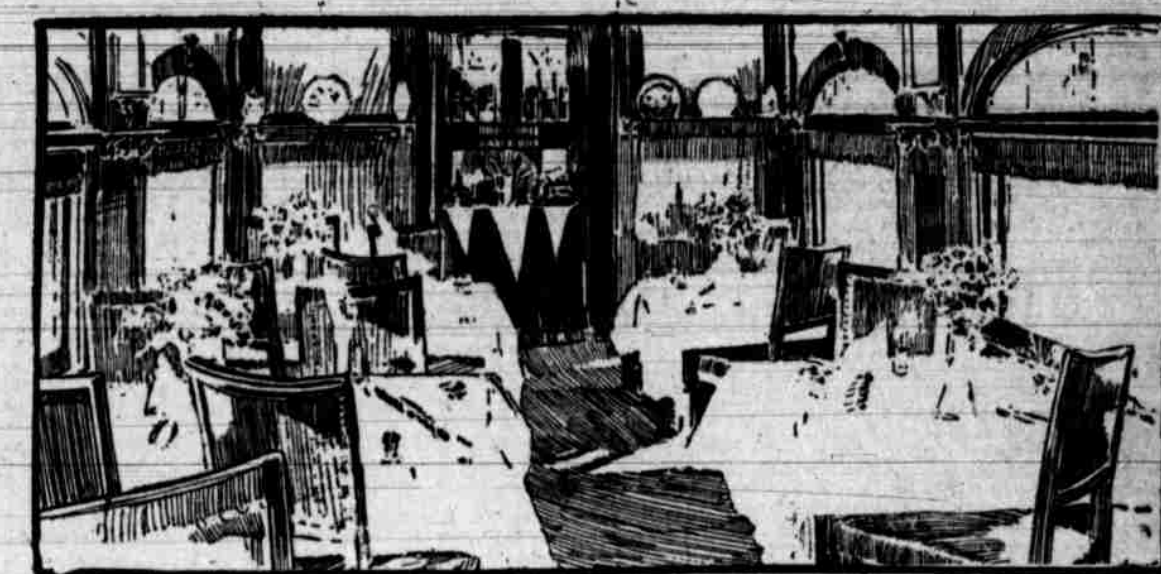
For years some railroad trains have been called hotels on wheels, but it was not until recently that the term was anything other than an exaggeration. It is true enough now, and the "hotels" are hotels de luxe, too.

Upon these fast trains—all of the "hotels on wheels" are noted for speed—one may find all the comforts of a modern hostelry. They have their barber shops, baths, club cars, palatial dining and drawing room cars, libraries, and even their rathskellers.

What appeals to a man of the world, compelled to spend considerable time upon the rail, more than a rathskeller on wheels? Equipment recently placed in commission on a Western road is a revelation to the veteran traveler. To his mind it reaches the limit of luxury on wheels—yet some day, doubtless, it will be surpassed.



You can have a Private Dining Room if you like.



Like a Hotel Restaurant, Plate Rail and All.

IT HAS not been so many years since the rathskeller was an innovation in American hotels, but it was popular from the first.

Increasing travel on the great railway lines demands increasing comforts. Every popular idea of hotel equipment of the car was stambling blocks to a really rational style of furnishing, such as one would find in a handsomely fitted home or hotel.

Car designers seemed to have notions that couldn't be rooted out. For instance, it was difficult for them to break away from the rigid lines of the car seat, which originated in the earliest coaches, and which, in turn, had been adopted from the carriages of the day. But they have broken away at last, and very effectively.

In the design of the latest rathskeller cars, the architect has adopted the features of the Vienna room of a leading Berlin restaurant, regarded as the most pleasing interior of its kind in the world.

All the characteristics of the railroad car are missing. The tables are varied in size, some seating two and others four persons.

The chairs are not fixed rigidly in place, nor are they in any way different from the chairs which could be selected in any first-class furniture house.

These things have much to do with the transformation of the railroad coach, and its final perfection and simplification; but, in addition, there are many other innovations, all of which contribute largely to the object sought—the elimination of everything suggestive of the typical railroad coach.

Improvements are also noticed in the dining-room car; for instance, effectiveness of decoration has been added to very materially by the plate rail, containing specimens of the crockery and stoneware. Over the doors and windows are similar rails. The severity of the illuminating fixtures is displaced by art nouveau effects in verdigris in entire harmony with the elegant interior.

The general effect of the woodwork design in one of these cars is that of a high wainscoting, topped off

with the plate rail. The color scheme is brown and yellow.

Two private dining rooms, one at either end of the car, are also interesting innovations. Each of these rooms has two tables, with a total seating accommodation of six persons. They are quite roomy, and resemble the private rooms to be found in many restaurants.

The cafe-smoker is another new car on radical lines. It is meant exclusively for men, and is comparable to the men's room in the rathskeller.

In these cars much more room is devoted to the smokers than ever before. Their compartment is more than twenty feet in length, and is the full width of the car. The remainder of the car is devoted to a buffet.

Upholstered in leather, the chairs can be shifted about to suit the pleasure of the passenger. Tables of different sizes scattered around add to the comfort of guests. A semi-circular divan at one end adds to the elegance of the room.

OLD IDEAS DISCARDED

A striking feature noticeable in these new cars is the extreme simplicity and richness of the interior, in comparison with the cars of twenty and twenty-five years ago.

One of the marked individualities of the former epoch was the use, or misuse, of yards and yards of catch-catching push hangings, with little excuse, or none at all.

In its microbe-harboring mission this material was heavily aided and abetted by gimcrack wood effects, without good reason for existence; while, at the same time, adding all the comforts and conveniences one might find at home or in a first-class hotel.

Truly, the world moves, and the swiftly moving railroad coaches are being made to keep pace with the progress of the age.

The Phonograph as an Agent of Civilization

THAT the phonograph has been an active agent in the spread of civilization, in assisting exploration and in substituting peace for war, is shown by the history of the talking instrument.

Colonel Collis Harding, the English explorer of the wilds of Central Africa, had many difficulties smoothed from his way by this instrument. Part of his projected journey through Barotseland and about the headwaters of the mighty Zambesi river lay through a wild country peopled by blacks, who objected to the passage of a white man's expedition.

King Lewanika, of that country, approved of the expedition, but the difficulty was to transmit his wishes to the thousands of his subjects in the remote corners of his dominions.

The phonograph was brought into requisition. The Barotse sovereign uttered his commands into the instrument, and in this way records were obtained in which the monarch exhorted all his subjects to assist Colonel Harding in every way.

Armed with these records, the explorer set out upon his hazardous journey. As he penetrated into the country, the native chiefs displayed unmistakable signs of hostility. On such occasions, the colonel simply set the

phonograph in action, and the unsophisticated natives were almost prostrated by terror when they heard the tones of their august monarch proceed from what they termed the "speaking iron."

They looked at the instrument in awe and with gaping mouths, expecting every moment to behold the form or spirit of Lewanika to issue from the "witch thing." When they heard the royal commands they were very obedient, and proffered their advice and assistance with the utmost profidelity.

In this way Colonel Harding traveled over 8000 miles without the slightest molestation, and never had to use his rifle on a single occasion in self-defense against the blacks.

When the Americans were extending their occupation of the Philippine Islands, the people of a certain sovereignty manifested a disposition to rebel. The Sultan was induced to visit a warship, and, while in the approach, he was entertained by the productions of a phonograph.

So greatly was he pleased with the instrument, he agreed to sign a treaty and "be good." If the phonograph was presented to him. This was done, the treaty was signed, and the Sultan departed in high good humor.

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