UNDER SLEEP'S STRANGE SPELL

Remarkable Cases Which Tend to Show That in Our Slumbers We Employ Senses and Faculties of Which We Know Nothing When Awake

HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF SOMNAMBULISM.

By Prof. Pierre Janes of the Paris Sorbonne.

Popularly speaking, a somnambulist is an individual who thinks and acts while he is asleep. That definition is not very clear, for we do not really know what sleep is.

There is a first very important period at the moment when somnambulism begins—the change from the normal to the second state. All the phenomena in connection with the dream seem enormously intensified. The somnambulist has not our dull memory of things, but he sees the objects he dreams and speaks of. He actually hears, feels and touches them exactly as if they were real.

When the somnambulist speaks he has a fluency of language and an eloquence superior to his normal powers. When he acts he has a precision and quickness that are wonderful.

IMAGINE for a moment the horror of being suddenly roused from a deep but troubled sleep to be told that you had just shot dead the one person you loved better than all else on earth.

Then imagine the rapid return to consciousness to find that the reality presents conditions more hideous even than your dreams. Clutched in your hand is a revolver, the barrel warm and smoking. On the floor, dead or dying, is the body of your wife. Half frantic friends, summoned by the revolver shot, are asking what possessed you to kill her.

Imagine all of that, and you may feel somewhat as Hugh Hollis did at three o'clock on a recent May morning at his home in Washington.

Hollis has since been exonerated by the coroner's jury, which brought in a verdict that he was unconscious and therefore not responsible when he fired at and killed his young wife. Hollis was accordingly released to be taken direct to the hospital, where he remained for days in a state of complete nervous collapse, at times showing evidence of hysteria that the physicians fear will lead to suicide if ever an opportunity is afforded.

Distressing and unusual as the Hollis tragedy may seem it is not without parallel in medical records. Hollis, who was private secretary to a division chief in the treasury department, lived with his wife, Evelyn Forsythe Hollis, and her mother, Mrs. Emma Forsythe, at No. 1415 Newton street, N. W.

Hollis was a somnambulist, given to doing queer things in his sleep. He was an expert shot with a revolver, and shortly before the tragedy had joined a target shooting club. He frequently slept with a revolver under his pillow, because, as he has since explained, he wanted to be prepared in the event of a visit from burglars. As a matter of fact that part of Washington has been overrun by petty thieves for some time past.

Story of the Tragedy.

On the fateful night, a few hours before the tragedy, Hollis and his wife and mother-in-law discussed recent burglaries in their neighborhood, the target shooting club, the revolver under Hollis' pillow and the ability of Hollis to use it, the very last thing before retiring. Mr. and Mrs. Hollis slept in one bedroom and their 11-months-old baby and Mrs. Forsythe in the adjoining room.

The only connected story of the shooting at three o'clock on the following morning was told by Mrs. Forsythe. First the baby began to cry, and Mrs. Hollis went to her mother's room to quiet him. A moment after Mrs. Hollis returned to the room where her husband was, Mrs. Forsythe heard a pistol shot and rushing into the adjoining bed-chamber found her daughter clinging to the bed in which Hollis was half sitting up. On the bed was a smoking revolver.

Hollis apparently was sound asleep. Mrs. Forsythe's screams awakened him. He was unable to explain what had happened, said he had no recollection of using the revolver, and the only thing he could recall was that he had been dreaming about burglars. Mrs. Hollis died in a few minutes. The bullet had struck her near the right collarbone and had passed downward through the right lung and into the spine.

"It is evident," said Dr. Wilfred M. Barton, the eminent Washington specialist in mental and nervous affections, "that Hollis belongs to a type suffering from hystero-neurasthenia. In such cases the features of a dream will persist a much longer time than in the case of a normal individual and may give rise to a variety of accidents. For instance, persons in this state may have a convulsive crisis and may commit acts which represent the projection of subconsciousness, without the higher faculties of the brain partaking in any way of its development. In some of these cases they suffer from sleep drunkenness of somnolentia, in which acts of violence may be committed. During this frenzied state almost any act of violence may be committed in a condition of complete unconsciousness.

Dreams Leading to Violence.

"The influence of a terrifying dream on a hysterical person has been known to lead up to acts of violence. Cases of this kind have been reported in medical literature. The condition is somewhat related to what is known in children as 'night terrors,' from which the patient awakes in vague and wild alarm from agitated sleep. In cases reported there has been complete absence of memory concerning all of the acts committed during this state."

Five years ago Frank Manoley shot and killed his wife under almost similar conditions, at Baltimore. He asserted that he had been dreaming that he was attacked by a burglar and fired his revolver in seeming self-defense. Manoley, who was only about 22 years old, was a somnambulist and an inveterate cigarette smoker. His mind had been poisoned by reading dime novels and other literature dealing with crimes, reckless adventures and burglaries.

"I dreamt that burglars had entered the room and that they were approaching me," said Manoley in court. "I saw a dagger uplifted above me in the hands of a big, burly negro. The man stood on my wife's side of the bed, and he seemed to be reaching over to get at me. I remembered in my dream having grabbed the revolver from underneath my pillow, raising myself up and resting on one elbow, and then shooting.

"I do not know how many shots I fired. The police say there were four, but I know nothing about them. I simply know that I was suffering from a terrible nightmare. When I awoke I was dazed. I then realized what I had done and that the man with a dagger was only a dream. I shook my wife, and called out: Josie! Oh, my God! what have I done?"

Many other cases of a somewhat similar nature may be cited, all equally distressing and all attributed to dreams, hallucinations and to somnambulism. One of the saddest is that of Simon Frazer, who was tried in Scotland in 1878 for the murder of his own child. It was proved that Frazer lifted the child from the bed and dashed its brains out against the wall. The defense was that the deed was done while Frazer was in a state of somnambulism. He dreamed that he had seen a wild beast jump in his bed, and he seized the supposed animal and killed it. The court instructed the jury to find that he had killed his child while unconscious of his actions, by reason of his condition as a somnambulist and that he was not responsible for the deed, and consequently he was acquitted.

Sam Appleby, a Baltimore editor, went with the crew of the Baltimore Athletic club to Saratoga in 1896. He slept with Prof. Doyle, athletic instructor of the club. As they went to bed Doyle said: "Say, Sam, what would you do if a bear or a catamount should come through that window?"

"Crawl under the bed and let you get a hammer-lock on him," was the reply. Prof. Doyle laughed and both dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly there was a commotion. Doyle leaped up in bed, planted his knees on Appleby's chest, got a vise-like grip on both arms and, with his extraordinary strength, was on the verge of breaking the newspaper man's arm.

Thought Bear Had Broken In.

"John, John, wake up!" screamed Appleby. Doyle leaped from the bed to take a firmer grip. Appleby disengaged one arm and struck Doyle. This awakened the latter. He said he had gone to sleep with the idea of a bear coming through the open window. He fancied he had remained awake to catch the bear if it came. Suddenly he saw the bear quite plainly, as he afterward insisted and attacked it.

The particulars of an extraordinary case of somnambulism have recently been communicated to the British Medical Journal by Dr. James Russell, assistant physician at the Birmingham hospital. It relates to a young woman of 21 years who is a teacher of the typewriter and a student of music. She entered the hospital to be cured of sleep-walking. While under observation there she habitually left her bed after three or four hours' sleep and busied herself in various ways, including descending into the music room and playing the piano, tuning a violin and fitting new strings to it and crocheting.

Her most remarkable feats, however, were reading and writing in the dark. If there was even a faint artificial light in the room she would avoid it and go to the darkest corner, where she would read various books, study the theory of harmony and write letters. One of her letters was addressed to her music teacher. It contained a short essay on "The Sonata Form," which was accurate in sense and construction. Another letter she wrote was in German.

When she was awake she did not in the least remember writing or reading. An examination of her eyes did not reveal the reason for her being able to see in the dark. She has now left the hospital, her condition having improved, but she still occasionally walks in her sleep.

Wrote Sermons During Sleep.

The archbishop of Bordeaux attests the case of a young priest who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, taking pen, ink and paper and writing original sermons. When he had finished a page he would read aloud what he had written and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made use of his eyes, the archbishop held a piece of cardboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper. He continued to write without being in the slightest degree incommoded.

One of the most recent painful cases of somnambulism is that of William E. McLean, a graduate of Princeton last year and a member of the baseball and basketball teams, who was found dead early on the morning of March 21 on the railroad tracks near the North Philadelphia station. McLean had developed somnambulistic traits while at college and had frequently been found walking in his sleep. It is believed that he was walking along the track in his sleep when a train struck and killed him. McLean was 22 years old, and a brother of John R. McLean, Jr., former member of the Pennsylvania state legislature and a leading lawyer of Philadelphia.

HOW WILLIAM E. McLEAN WAS KILLED WHILE WALKING IN HIS SLEEP

LESSON FOR THE FIRE HORSE.

One Dose of "Pie Plate Alarm" Cured Him of Loafing When Alarm Was Sounded.

"The funniest kind of an alarm that I ever saw in a fire station was a pie plate alarm," remarked the dean of the fire "buffs" to the others who were seated around waiting to hear an alarm "hit in" at the engine house across the way.

"It was in the old days when every company that raced to a fire was anxiety to get first water—not as it is now when the order of precedence is printed in a book. Well, the captain of this particular company had a horse assigned to him that turned out to be a 'goat'—slow at getting away from his stall when the bell rang and his halter was untripped," he added for the benefit of a novice who was in the group. "Now, this captain had a greater regard for the efficiency of his company than he had for anything else—he cared little for his family, by way of comparison. So he studied for a long time and finally sends over to a house furnishing store for half a dozen of these big tin pie plates. Then he spent the best part of the forenoon rigging up his machine over the stall of the slow horse. He hung the pie plates by means of a cord run through the center of each, about four feet above the horse's hind quarters; then he ran a line through a pulley down to the trip. As soon as the alarm hits the trip breaks and releases the horse. He fixed it so that the pans would come down on the horse at the same time and send him out of his stall on the jump. We waited around all afternoon for an alarm to hit in. I never saw such a dull day. Finally it came—about six o'clock. The pie plates worked to perfection. The horse gave one jump out of the stall, almost ran down the man on watch, and was out in the center of the street before they caught him. One lesson was enough for that horse, and always after that he would run out of his stall with one eye cocked over his shoulder on the lookout for those pie tins."

Had No Common Language.

"I met a gentleman on the train between Memphis and St. Louis the other day who was accompanied by his little son, a bright juvenile of six years, but between the pair no conversation was possible beyond a very few words," said H. D. Paul of Nashville.

"The reason was that the father could speak only English, while the boy could prattle fluently in French and Spanish. The gentleman told me that he had not been with his family in the City of Mexico except at long intervals for the last two years, because of business engagements, and the child had not been thrown with anyone that spoke English. Its mother, a French lady, who had recently died, conversed only in her native tongue, but the Mexican nurse had taught the little one a first rate Spanish vocabulary and he then had the vernacular of two countries down fine. The father was taking the lad to St. Louis to put him in a school where he will not be long before getting a working knowledge of English, as that is the only speech he will hear."—Baltimore American.

A Penurious Crowd.

"This new collection box," argued the inventor, "has some unique advantages. When you drop in a quarter or more it doesn't make a sound; drop in a dime and it tinkles like a bell; a nickel blows a whistle and a penny fires a shot. And when you don't drop in anything the box takes your picture."

"No, thanks," said the pastor wearily; "I already have pictures of my entire congregation."

A Diplomat from Chicago

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

Something was wrong with Lily; the was not happy, and it crept out in he sorrowful tone of her letters. So nother came on from Chicago to see about it. When mother started out o "see" about anything, something vas bound to happen.

Mother was a majestic lady, with a high white pompadour and impressive mbonpoint. She had great executive ability and prided herself upon her will power. Lily was the apple of her eye, and Lily was unhappy, she meant o know the reason why—and promptly, too.

Whipple, who was small and nervous, to his own great disgust, always found himself cowed by the cold, penetrating eyes and bland voice of his mother-in-law. Therefore he was not crazed with joy when the telegram announcing her coming reached him; but he met her at the station and kissed her on the cheek that she offered him with all the warmth that he could muster.

Mother, after laying aside her wraps and without stopping to unpack her capacious trunk, made a tour of the house from garret to cellar.

She was not long in arriving at a conclusion. Whipple was growing stingy—in fact, he was stingy. The sheets were patched, the stockings were darned oftener than should be, Lily needed new clothes, and there was nothing in her purse but small change. For these and other reasons she was convinced that her surmise was correct.

She confronted Lily with the evidence she had secured, but Lily, like a dutiful wife, insisted that "poor, dear Gaspard had a struggle to get along.

"On $5,000 a year," replied mother, with a haughty sniff.

Mother probed like a congressional investigating committee, and under cross-examination Lily finally broke down and confessed that Gaspard's generosity had been chiefly confined to the days of their engagement, and that his natural parsimony increased, rather than diminished, with his prosperity.

She Was Not Long in Arriving at a Conclusion.

"He doesn't know that he is mean," wept Lily; "he thinks he is generous, and I always try to keep up appearances, so he does not realize what a little he gives me."

"He will realize it before I'm through with him," said mother, grimly.

"Oh! Don't say anything to him, please don't," pleaded Lily.

"Do not worry, my love. Your mother never committed a faux pas of that sort.

The telephone bell rang, and Whipple at the other end announced that Sterling would dine with them that evening. Sterling was the junior member of the rich firm that employed Gaspard.

"Get up a nice dinner and have things look nice," said Whipple, as he rang off.

"Now, my love," said mother, "just let me take this right off your hands. You are worn out, so put on your things an go out somewhere. I'll arrange with Mary about the dinner, and dress the children myself. Don't let it trouble you in the least. You can trust your own mother, can't you, dear?"

So Lily, with a sigh of relief, obeyed. She went to a matinee with money furnished by her mother, and enjoyed herself for the first time in months.

"Now, Mary," said mother, bustling about, after Lily had gone, "we will have fresh green-turtle soup, Penobscot river salmon, diamond-back terrapin and a few hot-house luxuries. But there! I'll make out a list and you can go to the market where Mrs. Whipple has her account and get these things for dinner.

Mary's eyes were staring. "She don't have no 'count, mum. Mr. Whipple don't like fer her to run up bills, so she pays fer things."

"Ah," said mother with a significance that meant trouble for Whipple, "no money and no account. What is in the house, Mary?"

"There's a soup-bone with some meat on it and some pertaters and some turnips and some onions," replied Mary, tabulating them off on her fingers.

"So much as that?" asked mother sarcastically.

"Yus, mum, we're pretty well stocked up now," replied Mary innocently.

Lily arrived only a few minutes before Gaspard and Sterling. The fleeting glimpse she caught of the dining room table was most satisfactory. All the wedding silver was displayed to the greatest advantage, and the ferns made a pretty center piece. Mother, in her black satin and point lace, was a credit to any daughter. The children were up in the nursery, said mother.

Whipple looked forward to showing off his house to Sterling, who was unmarried.

"Nothing like it," he was often heard to remark. "A man can live so much better and have so many more comforts in a home of his own than when knocking around in hotels by himself," and he invariably added, "It doesn't cost so much."

Whipple, like many others, desired to make a good appearance and enjoy every comfort, while begrudging the money it took to pay for it.

The comforts that he talked of were due to Lily's ingenuity, thrift and self-sacrifice, and not to his liberality, as he so fondly imagined.

"Sit here, Mr. Sterling," said Lily, when dinner was announced.

As Sterling seated himself he felt the chair sway under him. Something was evidently wrong with its underpinning. By slyly experimenting, he discovered that the chair was liable to collapse with any sudden movement, so he sat stiff and erect, scarcely daring to reach for his napkin.

The napkin had a hole in it, through which he put his hand and regarded it contemplatively. Whipple had one in as bad condition, if not worse; so had mother and Lily. They quickly dropped them from sight and began to talk with embarrassed haste, all except mother; she was as serene as a day in June.

Mary brought on the soup. Whipple passed the crackers, and discovered that the cracker jar concealed a large patch on the tablecloth.

The cut-glass carafe stood over a hole, and Whipple dared not move the butter dish for fear of what he might expose.

Mary removed the soup plates and brought in the covered vegetable dishes.

"I tell you, Sterling, nothing like home cooking," said Whipple in his boastful voice, pleasantly anticipating the piece de resistance for which Mary had gone to the kitchen.

The corners of mother's mouth twitched, and Sterling remarked politely that "he supposed not."

Mary came in bearing a platter upon which rolled, like so many marbles, six hard balls of chopped meat, the soup meat in disguise.

"What's this we have?" inquired Whipple blankly.

"Meat balls," replied mother in her sweetest and suavest tones.

Sterling pinched himself under the table to keep back the fiendish desire he had to yell when Whipple, after pursuing one of the little hard balls around and around the platter with a spoon, finally captured it on the side and tried to mash it. It flew from under the spoon like quicksilver, and another exciting chase ensued before he finally got it on Sterling's plate.

In the covered dishes were boiled turnips, onions and potatoes.

The conversation during the meal was forced, except by mother. It was hard to be gay on turnips, but mother bubbled over with good humor, and Whipple's silent prayer was that the meat ball would choke her to death.

Every time Sterling thought of the "comforts of home" he had a fit of coughing that made his chair sway to and fro till the chills crept up and down his spine.

"Pass the coffee, Mary," said Lily, with a sigh of relief that the end was in sight. A hectic flush had risen on Whipple's cheek bones. As he raised the after-dinner cup to his lips, looking fearfully about, as if wondering if there was anything more that could happen, the cup dropped off the handle. Lily gave a cry and Whipple executed a war-dance as the scalding coffee burned him. Sterling started violently as he heard the crash. His chair collapsed and he fell in a heap, striking his head against the sideboard with a force that made him see stars.

Mother rushed around to see if he had "hurt his spine," while Lily wiped coffee from the wrathful Whipple's waistcoat.

"Why, that must have been the cup that I noticed had the handle glued on," said mother innocently, and Whipple glared at her with dark suspicion.

That night, while Sterling was wending his way to his hotel, pondering upon the "whichness of the whatness" of some people, and of Whipple in particular, that person was searching his pockets for greenbacks, which he turned over to Lily with an air of righteous indignation and the emphatic remark that if she didn't open an account with the butcher and baker and buy some new table-linen, dishes, and chairs, and whatever she needed, they'd shut up the whole "shooting match" and board.

Lily, who was a wise woman, said nothing, but slipped upstairs later and hugged her mother.

Not in That Line.

"That young photographer has proposed to Nell again. He won't take 'no' for an answer."

"That's odd, since he's so used to taking negatives."