

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Hypnotizing a Cobra

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

To hypnotize a person or an animal, is simply to put the subject of the experiment to sleep. The word comes from the Greek hypnos, meaning sleep. One may hypnotize oneself; this is "autohypnotism." In a general sense we hypnotize ourselves whenever we do anything which causes us to fall asleep, such as repeating a long series of monotonous verses. Gray's "Elegy" memorized becomes an excellent hypnotizer. It is better and safer than most narcotics, and it has long been my lullaby on sleepless nights. Singing a baby to sleep is pure hypnotism.



Children are easily hypnotized, and so is any animal that can be approached without too greatly alarming it. Barnyard fowls are peculiarly subject to hypnotic influence. The experiment of a Jesuit priest, Father Athanasius Kircher, in the middle of the seventeenth century, has become famous in the literature of this curious subject, and the story frequently turns up in books on magic and mystery.

Father Kircher's discovery was that if a rooster be placed on a table, with his legs tied, and a white chalk mark be drawn on the table, starting close to the fowl's beak, the bird will become motionless, and then if released from its bonds will remain in a kind of sleep from which it can with difficulty be aroused. Similar experiments may be performed upon hens, as well as upon various other birds.

The power of serpents to fascinate small birds, rendering them unable to fly away, undoubtedly rests upon hypnotism. The victim is put to sleep by the monotonous motions of the serpent's head and neck, rendered more effective by the glitter of its eyes, the flicker of its forked tongue, and the reflections of its colored scales. In the scientific experiments in hypnotism of Charcot and his aids and successors a glittering object kept in many movement was one of the chief mechanical agents employed to put the patients to sleep.

In the insect world there are probably thousands of instances of hypnotism produced by fright and terror, such as could seldom be matched by any similar occurrence among larger animals. Even human beings are sometimes paralyzed by fear at the sight of a tiger, a lion, a bear or a panther. This paralysis resembles, in its effect, a partial falling asleep.

In the little world under our feet the contrasts of physical magnitude among the creatures and the aspects of "frivolousness" are far greater than at the level on which we live, and we can readily imagine the hypnotizing influence that the sight of a spider, for instance, would produce upon some little soft-bodied insect, to whose eyes the eight-legged monster would appear relatively as huge as an elephant appears to a man.

Here may be the explanation of the very common phenomenon of "feigning death" which we see among insects, as well as among the small animals. Quite likely there is no intentional feigning, but simply a hypnotic effect.

Among animals which may be hypnotized by man is the deadly cobra of India. When seized by the neck and gently pressed the serpent stiffens and remains in the motionless state for a considerable time. Fasten a frog on a board and then turn it swiftly over and it goes into a trance. Finch the tail of a lizard or the foot of a frog and the animal becomes motionless for several minutes. In many of these cases fear is the hypnotizing agent.

In experimenting upon human beings fear is never employed. The favored agent is monotonous action upon the nervous system. This may be produced by gentle stroking, by eye-strain, by visible motion, or by sounds. Patients may be "talked asleep."

In the case of the lower animals the second step in what is popularly spoken of as hypnotism is never taken. This second step is suggested by a human being in a state of hypnotic slumber suggestions may be conveyed, either by voice or writing or gesture, which will be acted upon by the patient after awakening. These suggestions are received because of the more or less complete relaxation of the self-control of the sleeper. In the hands of a capable physician the most important effects may be brought about by suggestions made in this way. They become incorporated, so to speak, into the mind of the patient. They influence his will and his actions as if they had originated within himself. It is asserted by physicians of the highest standing that such troubles as intemperance, vicious habits, sleeplessness and many nervous disorders can be successfully treated by hypnotic suggestion.

That hypnotic sleep does not essentially differ from natural sleep seems to be proved by such experiments as this of Maury, a French savant. He had a friend remain at his bedside and stimulate certain of his senses while he was asleep. For instance, a bottle of eau de cologne was put under his nose, and thereupon he dreamed that he was in a perfumery shop, the scene of the dream changing to a bazaar in Cairo. Maury concluded that hypnotic suggestions are strictly comparable to dreams.

In-Shoots

Good roads invite auto speeding.
Individuality is often another name for insanity.
The bachelor's fear of women always increases with age.
The best compliment a widower can pay his wife is to marry again.
Kind words never paid a bill, but they can often stand off the collector.
Even the scientist will never be able to tell how long he is going to be dead.
Those who travel at a rapid pace are hurrying the footsteps of Father Time.
People who are ready with an excuse for every criminal are not prompted by sympathy. They simply want an argument.

Poor Gran'dad :- He Was for Narrow Skirts, Too. :- By Nell Brinkley

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"Somewhere I saw that crinolines were coming to stay. I've seen that more than once—but I laughed ha ha, and believed there would always be room enough for a chap to sit out a dance with the girl he adored, on the very same bench!" The staid, gum men may have railed at the narrow skirt that seems to have died—but here before my eyes was a young one who was heart and soul for the dead, and ardent lined up against the live wide one. "I wish they'd go back to 'em—the frocks that were somewhere near a girl's own size! Last night the girl I've thought of most in my spare minutes and maneuvered to see alone for a blessed few instants—wore a little affair that was a dream—all white shimmer and fur that roundelayed out at the bottom in a fetching stiffness. I liked it. And the marvel of all marvels happened—she shrugged her shoulders and looked up at me—LOOKED UP AT ME—and said she was tired and would like to rest this one! So I towed my little white and black yacht into a cove behind a great clump of chrysanthemums where there was a broad, deep sheltered seat—oh plenty big enough! And my dream slipped into it! Lady! her little frock filled it full and flowed over! Like the whipped cream on top of a Charlotte-russe. There wasn't room for me. So I leaned above her and fluttered her fan—and was for narrow skirts!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

How Adaptable Are You?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Change is one of the characteristics of modern life. There is a gradual tendency for changes to come more and more rapidly, so that they fairly tread upon one another's heels, and a large amount of our happiness depends on our ability to adapt ourselves to them. An individual of cast-iron habits, who is determined not to change if it can possibly be helped, will find the times hard indeed. The world is full of people who determine to act "just as usual," no matter what happens. They may reconcile themselves to that, but the world regards them either as boreome nuisances or selfish pigs, and snubs them accordingly. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "There are certain thoughtlessnesses with regard to others that become habitual to most of us. They are of no particular importance, though they contribute to make life slightly harder. At times, however, these little, irritating habits become serious. A thoughtlessness that is ordinarily tolerable becomes intolerable at times." The modern habit of dwelling in apartment houses is made endurable chiefly because many people are adaptable, and free from the thoughtless selfishness that a lack of this quality brings. How many of us have been awakened up from a restful early-to-bed night by neighbors who had an inspiration to start

playing fox trots at 11:30 p. m. How many of us are made miserable by the heavy tramping of the tenant on the floor above who feels free to come in as noisily at 1 a. m. as at the hour after midnight! But most of us who suffer these annoyances, either with martyr-like unhappiness that is evident to all observers or with bitter volubility that makes the renting agent's life a bore, never stop to think that we, too, fail to adapt ourselves. If you have been brought up in a mansion with servants at your beck and call and are reduced to living in a boarding house your presence there is tolerable to yourself and others only as you adapt yourself to the conditions of the boarding house. Adaptability seems to be a combination of common sense and unselfishness. And the lack of it reacts on the one who fails to possess the quality and on all who come in contact with him. The woman who goes to a bargain sale and insists on the prompt attention of the poor, tired clerk who is trying to placate nineteen other excitable women falls utterly to adapt herself to the basic principles of bargain sales. Buying on Tuesday, when linen shirtwaists are five dollars, secures just one dollar and two

Consider His Father

By DOROTHY DIX

A chorus girl who is suing her father-in-law for alienating her youthful husband's affection from her gives this sage matrimonial advice:

Never marry a man until you know his parents. They are the people who can make or break a marriage."

This matrimonial aphorism goes double, as our sporting friends say. Undoubtedly the attitude of one's in-laws has much effect on one's domestic welfare, and to be popular with them, they are pretty sure to revert to their type as they grow older. Heredity, environment, example, teaching, are too much for them. They unconsciously turn back to ideals that were bred in their bones.

For this reason it is part of prudence for every girl who is contemplating marrying a young man to get herself invited to visit in his home, so that she may observe his father and how his father treats his mother.

If prospective mother-in-law is a tired, meek, brow-beaten sort of a woman who doesn't dare to call her son her own, her husband sneers at her opinion; if he is always nagging about the housekeeping, and forever lambasting women's extravagance, let the girl take this as a warning sent her by her guardian angel, and break the engagement, no matter how much she thinks she loves the youth nor how desirable a catch he is.

He will make exactly the same kind of a husband as his father. He has never seen a woman treated with any generosity or tenderness, and it simply won't occur to him that a wife has a right to expect any consideration from her husband.

On the other hand, if father-in-law is still a lover to his wife, and if mother-in-law is one of those glad-faced women who can throw more real feeling into celebrating their silver wedding than they did their first one; if father-in-law still bestows upon mother-in-law delicate little attentions, and considers her pleasure in all things, then let the girl grab their son by the hand and rush with him to the altar, lest peradventure such a good thing might get away from her.

The son of such a father will make a husband whose wife will arise and call him blessed every day of her life, because he will follow in his father's footsteps.

Believe me, son, that even as Mabel is, mother was at her age, and as mother is, so will Mabel be when she gets into the desolate fifties. Mabel will get fat like mother. Mabel's brainlessness will be just as appalling as mother's when she loses the youth and beauty that excuse all other faults in a woman. Mabel's talk will get just as much upon your nerves as mother's when you get it in forty-year doses, instead of forty minutes.

See what kind of a wife a girl's mother makes before you sign up a life contract with her, young man. If mother is extravagant and works her husband to death to provide her with finery, daughter will expect to keep your nose to the grindstone also. She's been brought up to believe that all that a husband is good for is to be a shopping ticket for his wife. If mother is a first-class nagger, consider well if you are of the breed of men that take kindly to hen-pecking. If mother is a slatternly housekeeper, reflect that your fate will be to eat out of tin cans and delicatessen bags if you marry her daughter, because she will have been brought up to no standards of cleanliness or order or good cooking.

But if mother is a real helpmate to her husband, if she is thrifty and industrious and a good manager; if she is sweet tempered, and sane, and reasonable, and broad and sympathetic, why, pop the question before you leave the house.

That kind of a woman raises up the kind of girls that make good wives. It's a safe rule to pick out your in-laws first in matrimony.

"The Business Woman No Bar to Matrimony," will be Dorothy Dix's next article.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Should Have Gone Directly Home. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have two lady friends; one is married and the other single. Both are going to the theater one evening and met two men, whom they knew well, going to the same theater. After the theater they went to a cabaret and then home.

It is proper for a married woman to go to any amusement place without her husband?

Since your friends chanced to be going to the same theater which those men were going to attend, their accepting the men as escorts to their destination was not wrong. But they should have gone home afterward. No married woman should deliberately go to some place of entertainment with a mere acquaintance, or even a very good friend, unless she does so with her husband's full knowledge and consent.

Have an Understanding. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 and I have been going about with a young man for six months. Before he met me he was engaged for nearly four years. He does not keep all appointments with me and I know he goes to see his former fiancée. Is he worth worrying over? ANNA W.

Your situation is a sad one and one that unfortunately is not very unusual. You would probably be happier if you could get up your courage to have a plain talk with the young man. The uncertainty of your situation is what makes you unhappy. Once you knew you had to give him up I am sure you would find the courage to do so. Don't permit this situation to drag along. You must either trust the man absolutely or come to an understanding with him.

Finding a New World

"The world is so full of a number of things that many of us neglect entirely to discover ourselves! Of course there are plenty of self-centered individuals in the world who are selfishly concerned with nothing but themselves, but even they have probably really never made the great discovery of their own power and potentiality.

Whenever an individual becomes absolutely sure of the fact that he is really an individual, that he is capable of standing on his own feet and walking forward on them toward the things which he wants to wrest from life, then the conclusion of Stevenson's quotation is true, and he ought to be as happy as a king.

One of the greatest tragedies of existence is that most of us imagine that a fair chance, you would succeed. "If only," says Jim. "I could get to the head of the company. If he would just interest himself in my behalf and give me a decent chance I'd show what I'm made of. I'd work if I just got a little recognition and the encouragement of a fair salary."

Jim, you will succeed only when you discover yourself! As soon as you know—not to think, not imagine, but know—that you are a man with the ability to succeed lying in yourself and not in the outside world and the chance it gives you, you will succeed. Your success does not depend on having the president of the company praise you or give you a raise.

It depends on your waking up some morning to the consciousness that you are a man strong enough to make your fight and willing to exert yourself and go on fighting until you have climbed past obstacles to the place where your ability absolutely illumines everything that lies about you. Then you won't have to ask for recognition to enable you to succeed. Your success will bring you recognition.

Says Kate, "Oh, I might be a fine woman if I had a fair chance. But I'm working like a slave for \$15 a week, and I'm young and pretty and I might do easily be happy. And what makes everything else worse is that for two years I've just idolized Arthur, and, after playing fast and loose with my affection, he's thrown me over. I was born into poverty and haven't even had a square deal in love. What can you expect of me?"

I expect everything of you, Kate, when ever you wake up to the fact that you

can get it—and get it for yourself! Suppose you were born into poverty. Now you have managed to work yourself up to the living wage of \$15 a week. You have gone by all the pathetic little creatures who have to exist on perhaps only a third of the sum you are earning. You have had love, and that in itself is something.

Now try to discover yourself. You are poor, you are young, you are able to compel love (even if in one instance you failed to hold it); you have ability, and with all these potentialities and powers are you going to ask life to stop and make a special case of you, when, if only you were convinced of it, you might only you were convinced of it, you might make a special and admirable case of your own.

Arthur's love wasn't worth having. It probably wasn't worth having. Either Arthur was fickle or you failed to hold the gift that was given you. Love will come again, and when it does you will be wiser to choose and stronger to hold. You are able to earn \$15; well, then, you are able to earn more. The point is, you have to believe in yourself and your ability. Don't whine, don't ask things of life—go and get them. They are yours for the taking.

"None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate." No one can make or mar you. That is for you to do.

Discovering yourself means recognizing the fact that you are an individual strong enough to work and win and to conquer failure and defeat. Discovering yourself means a serene acknowledgment of the fact that the days are going to be filled with varying experiences; there will be sunshine and gloom; there will be falling and rising again.

Every one stumbles a bit when walking the highway of life. To be able to laugh when you stumble, and to go on without hesitating means that you are not so intent on the road you walk that you have failed to discover that you are an individual walking that road.

"I am a person," says a little girl I know. We are all "persons." The point is to know it, to ask very little of other "persons" and everything of ourselves.

In-Shoots

Of all officials the vice president seems to get the least for his money.
Every defeated political candidate can explain all about the double cross.
A woman can often have tears in her eyes without having any in her soul.
One comfort is left the man who begins at the bottom. He can sink no lower—unless the bottom falls out.
Small minds appear to run in the same sewer.
Eternal salvation gives one who harbors it a bad advertisement.
Some men are like the popular song. Mighty thrice after a few interviews.
A lot of this canned music would sound more pleasing if allowed to ferment a little.

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