

The Confessions of a "Hypnotist" How the Public is Fooled,

ARTICLE No. 3

IS MARS MAKING ITS LAST GASP?

LAKESIDE HOTEL (Cowichan Lake)

WICHANLAKE

Island. Excellent Fly Tennis. \$5.—good for 15 days. In daily at Duncan's above popular resort. Good for 15 days \$5.00

ELEGANT DINING and DRAWING ROOMS, SUITES, BATHS

CIS

RATES \$1.50 AND UP SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES.

TOURIST RESORT

stream Hotel

er New Management. SLATER, PROP.

DRIVE FROM THE CITY, 20 E. & N. High class hotel; every rich and dinner a specialty. BOORS, etc. of the best. Good

Boating and Fishing; Lovely Drives; Sea Breeze; Situated in Highway. Take C. P. R.

steamers. E. Maude, Mayne.

PLAN, ROOM AND BOARD and \$1.50 per day

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KEY VALLEY

ped at E. S. Sargent's Open in cotton socks. Small

HAZELTON, B. C.

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Steel Ranges

COFFEE

HARMLESS

Rorer, the eminent author. The trouble has often

fully method of making, en to the inferiority of the

his reason, we wish that a pound of our "CROWN

of our patrons use it and

do not agree with you, then

we want to help you, and

GOOD COFFEE

is with fresh, cold water,

to the boiling point; scald

and while hot, put in a

teaspoon of ground Crown

bit of water; add the water

made in this manner is

of fixed oil, and very de-

lic per lb., and is the best

in the coffee line. Sold by

and Spice Mills, Ltd

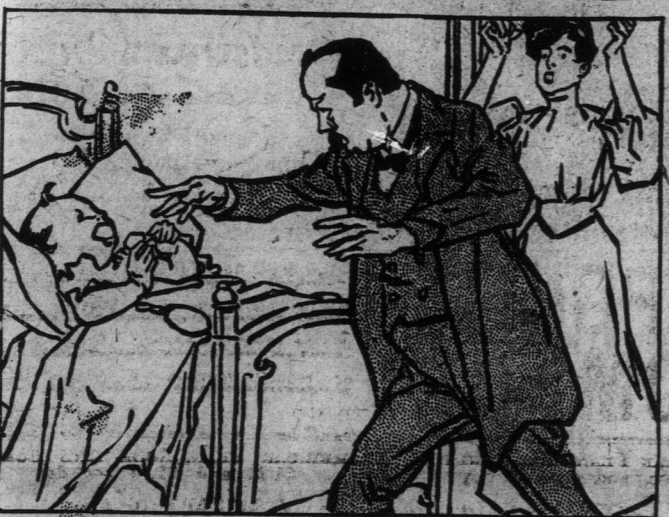
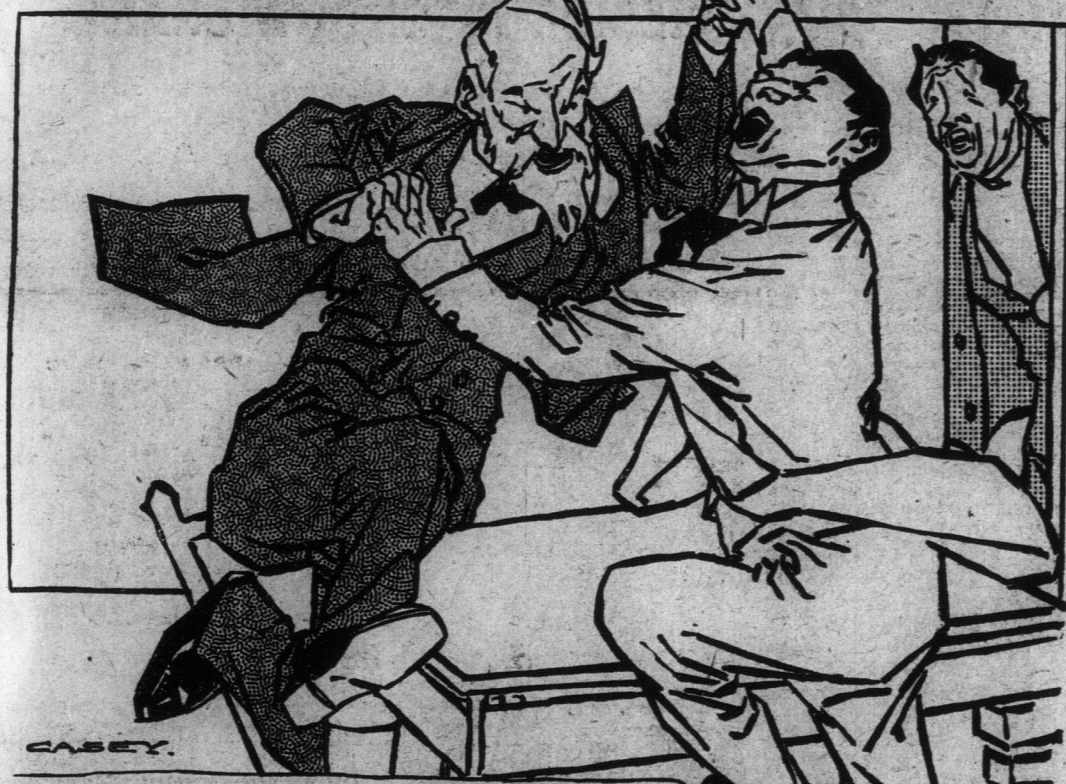
VICTORIA

NOTICE

the Board of License Com-

held on the 15th day of

at the Court House, Fort



He took a course guaranteed to keep the baby from crying.

His Confederate turned on the current too strong.



Next Two Men Busy Writing Degrees.

Among other things we offered to teach were:

The invocation and conjurations of the spirits of the hidden world.

Mediumship—how to call, to influence, to hold, and to dismiss spirits, both good and evil.

The secret methods used by the Eastern philosophers to produce somnambulism or trance in hypnotic subjects.

In a practical manner, the use of personal magnetism, health, wealth and power.

How to cure the sick or afflicted without the use of doctors or drugs.

The dangers of demonology, witchcraft, sorcery, black magic, curses and evil spirits, and how to remove every evil influence.

Complete course, consist of seven branches of occult sciences, and is the only work which teaches and tells you how to master the mysteries. It is specific and practical. Every student enrolled in our college will receive seven most powerful and wonderful boons (in one massive volume) which teaches you by correspondence to be a perfect master of these sciences.

The tuition was \$50 for the course but the student was instructed never to send a check—we fell a couple of times through checks. In return, the books were forwarded.

The books were wonderful compositions—if anybody ever understood one, he did more than I could do. The most mysterious passages usually ended with: "See page and page in our newest book, So and So."

Then the poor buffer, puzzled and almost crazy, would send posthaste for the other book, and it would cost several dollars extra.

In course of time, when a student thought he had finished the course, he would write for his diploma. Back at him would go a set of examination blanks—of course he could expect a diploma without passing an examination. Then, too, perhaps we hadn't quite squeezed him dry, financially.

His papers would come along in due time, but he never passed unless we were convinced he would positively refuse to put up more money. A jollying letter would be sent him:

"We are sorry that your percentage fell just a little short of enabling you to secure a diploma. We would suggest our supplemental course, which cost \$25, and which undoubtedly will perfect you in the mystic art."

Many of the poor guys would drop out at that point, and some of them money for the supplemental course, which, if anything, was more mystifying than the first. One very rich young man in Pittsburg took lessons at \$400 a course. I don't know what he is doing with his diploma—we finally sent him one.

When a student should write, finally, that he could not understand the instructions, and seemed about ready to give up, we insisted that he needn't give up—for \$100 we would start him in the show business and furnish a reliable subject.

It was usually my duty to pose as this subject. I would proceed to the town where the show was to be pulled off; allow myself to be put in to a trance, and then refused to be restored. This always frightened the greenhorn; he would jump town on the first train, leaving me to enjoy the advantages of his advertising and run a show of my own for a few days.

Women in love who had designs on men of wealth furnished some of our best clients. They would pay almost anything, if they thought they could get the goods.

I remember one woman of means who took lessons in spiritualism as a side issue. Every time she had a client it told her to give up \$100. For some time she never tumbled to the game.

Another woman—she must have been 80 years old—was clear gone on a young man of 35 or so; she was positively daffy about him. Could we instruct her so that she could lasso his wandering affections? Certainly. She took lessons in everthing in sight at a cost of \$200, and got four diplomas. I guess that young man is running yet.

In order that he might hypnotize an actress and marry her, a well-known broker took lessons and also bought for \$40, a magic bag as a charm.

Being in love with a wealthy banker, a woman residing on Riverside Drive came to us with her troubles. She was always delighted when I passed into a hypnotic trance—transferring myself, as it were, into the other man's—and reveal to her the secrets of his heart. No, she never caught him; he got wise to her game finally and sprung the blow number on her. How many people "fall" to this way?

"Do you know power?" and the answer below it is "Wisdom." The darkest chambers of mystery are open to the eyes of wisdom. White magic, black art—more precious than gold. Reuniting the separated by the most wonderful power in the world—the white art. "The door leading to success, health, wealth, love, power and happiness." This powerful science, if used as a profession, will bring you rich returns and place you upon the Mountain of Wealth, Power and Fame. The great secret of locating hidden treasures—and this last catches you by droves.

BY THOMAS J. MINNICK.

I don't remember now where I saw the first diploma issued by a "Professor" of the "Grand Art," but I was wonderfully impressed by it.

As large as a wall map, with a bow of blue ribbon big enough for an Ohio girl's picnic dress, and a flaming red seal the size of a saucer—it was surely a thing of beauty, with its bold script lines and the degree engrossed in tangled block letters that no one could read.

This particular diploma, carried on its florid face the degree of "P. H. M.—Psychic Master of Hypnotism."

Later, I heard that it and another, "D. S. T.—Doctor of Suggestive Therapeutics"—were relied upon by the most by "professors" to catch the suckers—who fell at such high sounding titles like stoers roped by an expert cowboy.

If "Psychic Master of Hypnotism" didn't drop the game at the first shot, "Doctor of Suggestive Therapeutics" did the work. Most people would rather be called "Doctor" than "Master," anyway, although it costs more.

For some time, however, I dragged along in the show business, doing the trance act in store windows and on the stage; being buried alive; allowing people to jab me full of pins, and all that sort of thing. After that, I took up the magic-healing graft, and did pretty well.

A DEPLORABLE MISHAP.

Perhaps I would never have invaded the inviting fields of the correspondence school had it not been for a deplorable mishap that cut short my career as a magic healer.

Then, too, magic healing isn't, as we call it, as the other; you can't conduct it by mail.

As I said, my partner and myself had been doing pretty well at magic healing in Connecticut—say, you hear a good deal about those people, making wooden nutmegs; they're the easiest to get a fall out of that I know. But one day the worm turned and we were pinched.

"It happened in this way: As in other places visited, we had rented a room and hired some furniture—a desk and two of three chairs—and had papered the wall with diplomas that would make you hypnotized to look at. Then we began to take in money, for the guys fell over themselves to throw it at us.

There wasn't anything—at least, nothing we'd ever heard of—that we didn't pretend to cure by our new electric-hypnotic treatment. We always kept a spotter at the front door to chat with come-ons, and he'd find out what ailed them; at least, what the symptoms were.

Then he'd pass the word into us on the sly. When a cripple cropt into the room, and we began to tell him right off where his pains were, before he could open his face, he was ready to believe that we could raise the dead, and go mortgage his home for us.

My partner would sit at his desk, looking wise. In the floor at his feet

we fastened a metal plate, from which a concealed wire ran to a closet. Another plate in the sole of his shoe was connected with a wire that ran up under his clothing.

When he wished to "treat" a patient, he would place his foot on the floor plate. I concealed in the closet, would turn on an electric battery, so that when the "doctor" passed his hand over face or limb, the patient felt a distinct electric shock. He thought, of course, it was generated by magnetic forces in the "doctor's" body.

On the day of the collapse I had probably taken a drink or so too many. In any event, I went to sleep in the closet, and was awakened by the "doctor's" voice loudly asserting: "I am an electric doctor," repeated several times.

This was the signal for me to turn on the power—I heard afterward that he had been calling me for some time and was quite hot under the collar that I failed to respond.

In my confusion and anxiety I did not turn on the current gradually, but shot the key away over. The "doctor" shot over, too; so did the patient, both howling like mad. Of course, the secret of the wires came out. Some of the waiting patients, but shot the key away over. The "doctor" shot over, too; so did the patient, both howling like mad. Of course, the secret of the wires came out. Some of the waiting patients, but shot the key away over.

After that I cut out the healing act and drifted about giving lessons in hypnotism. I caught all kinds of dupes, too; you'd be surprised how people bite at such a bait. A brick-

layer took a course in order that he could hypnotize his fellow-workmen and thus have them elect him president of their union.

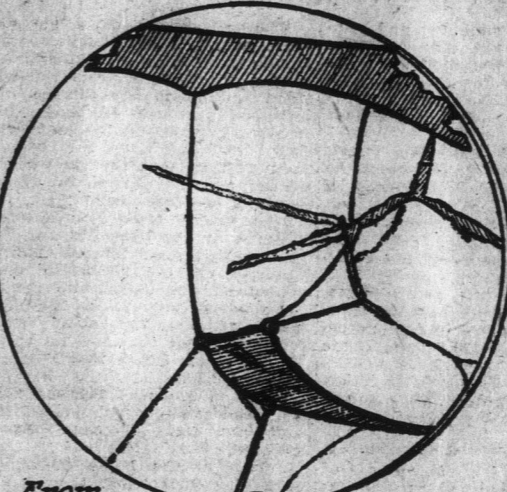
A policeman in Bridgeport, Conn., took a course in order that he might keep his baby from crying. I felt sorry for that man. He put up his watch to get the \$25 charged for five lessons. I never found out how he succeeded with the baby—after the fourth lesson I blew.

It seemed quite natural after that to settle down in New York and work the correspondence-school graft. I rather enjoyed getting out the diplomas—I've made hundreds of them, of all sizes and degrees of gorgeousness.

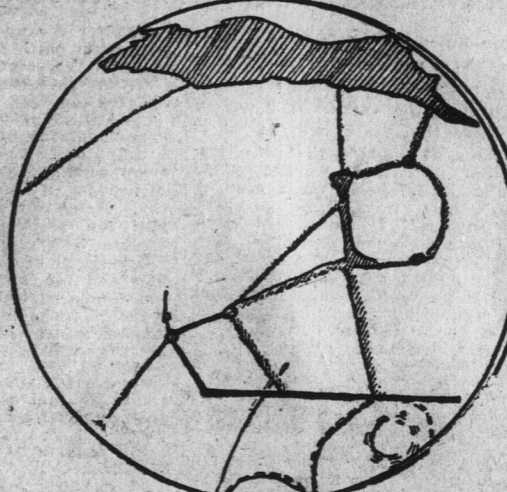
Of course, we had our scale of prices, but no offer was refused. For \$5 you would get a diploma about the size of a sheet of letter paper; for \$100 would purchase one, two or three, as big as a railroad map and so full of ribbon that it looked like a Maypole that a street roller had passed over.

We had office students and mail students, but preferred the latter, because they were generally in some other city.

First, we issued our bait by mail, sending literature that offered: "A Complete Course of Lessons Embodying Hindoo and Oriental Methods in Telepathy, Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Magic Healing, Personal Influence and the Art of Demonstrating the Wonders of Oriental Occultism." It usually caught 'em.



From A Photograph Showing the Canal System of Mars



Venture around the Canals. Shown Here, Indicated the Spring Season

Imagine an entire world almost at its last gasp; its people working desperately to sustain life by every artificial means that their command. Imagine that these people realize the hopelessness of their task; that the end is slowly but surely, approaching—and you picture mentally the conditions on the planet Mars as it is believed to be to-day.

According to recognized lights, the people of Mars are much further advanced in civilization and scientific knowledge than we of the earth. For one thing, they had several million years' start. This very fact now leads to their advanced undertakings—and the fate of the Martians suggests what may befall earth's inhabitants some day.

That the Martians are pumping desperately for existence; that they depend now solely now upon their wonderful system of canals to support vegetation, is evidenced by recent discoveries made at the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff.

For that reason the entire astronomical world is anxiously awaiting the coming of 1907, when the distant planet will again make its nearest approach to the earth and when scientific observations promise startling results.

It must be remembered that Mars requires 687 of our days to circle around the sun. But, since its orbit more eccentric than that of the earth, varying in distance from the sun from 129,500,000 to 154,000,000 miles, it is only once in fifteen years that the earth and Mars closely approach each other. The last time was in 1892; the next will be next year.

Then we shall be able to learn more of the troubles of our planetary neighbors, although enough is known now to show that they are in serious straits.

At the point of its nearest approach Mars is still something over 35,000,000 miles from the earth, so that the difficulty of studying conditions on that planet may be realized, something of the rightfulness for existence upon a dying world; but ever the genius of Marconi cannot put us into direct communication with them nor can we send help, as we so readily do to such sufferers as those at San Francisco.

Twenty-eight years ago Schiaparelli, the great Italian astronomer, called renewed attention to certain lines on the surface of Mars, which he called canals. Other astronomers took up the study, and in course of time traced out the entire marvelous system of waterways interlacing the surface of that planet.

A powerful telescope Mars appears much the same as the moon to the naked eye, mottled with light and dark patches. Schiaparelli observed the canals running through the light patches, which he thought to be land, but lost them in the dark patches, which, for that reason, he took to be water.

Recent discoveries at the Flagstaff Observatory, however, have led to the conclusion that the dark patches are not water, but stretches of vegetation, for now the canals can be seen running through light and dark places alike.

These discoveries reveal the impending tragedy of Martian life.

On the planet are polar caps, or circles of eternal snow and ice, at the poles, just as on earth. The canals start at the poles and run for thousands of miles to the equator. Cross canals intersect them at intervals, so that the entire portion of the planet supposedly habitable is interlaced with these waterways.

That these are artificial waterways constructed for the purposes of irrigation, is indicated by their uniform width and the regularity with which they intersect each other. As the Martian winter approaches, the canals fade, even the dark patches about them turn lighter in shade, as if vegetation were dying. The general appearance is the same as earth would present if viewed from a great distance at the same time of year.

So far as known, there is no natural explanation to account for the change. The only solution of the problem is that the canals have been dug by intelligent and highly civilized people in their efforts to prolong existence upon a sphere that is gradually but surely becoming an arid waste like the moon.

Mars has no oceans; it has an atmosphere, but this is only about one-third the density of that of the earth, affording just that much less protection against heat and cold.

It is a favorite theory with some leading scientists that life, having approached through eons of ages its

highest manifestations, must gradually decay, as the Prince of France marched up the hill and then marched down again.

Mars is long since past middle life; it is getting well into the late autumn of universal time. It has reached a state half way between the present fertile condition of our globe and the lifeless, arid waste of the moon, and is steadily continuing to draw nearer the fate of the latter body.

The planet is, therefore, like a sinking ship, able to stay afloat as long as its people work desperately the pumps. In this case the pumps are the canals, which draw the life-giving and vegetation nourishing water down from the icy polar regions and maintain zones of safety in which the Martians may congregate during the last centuries of their existence.

It has been calculated that these canals surpass any of the great works of similar kind ever carried on upon earth. Some years ago J. Oort of the British Astronomical Association, estimated that it would require an army of 200,700 men, working for 1000 years, to construct the canal system visible upon Mars.

These waterways run for thousands of miles over the surface, always seeking the most direct route for the polar caps, where the ice and snow melt in the spring, to the places where vegetation is apparent. Constantly intersecting, sometimes several making a junction, it is evident that the canals are artificial and were constructed under a general and intelligent scheme of irrigation.

At the junctions are to be seen small round spots which may be cities. When the polar caps melt, in the Martian spring and release their waters, the canals take on a greenish tinge and the spots do likewise. Some astronomers fancy the spots mark the sites of pumping stations and power plants of the irrigation system.

And so, with their canals for keeping alive the gradually departing vitality of their soil, and perhaps with other scientific methods of which we have no idea, the Martians are battling desperately to hold off the fate toward which they are drifting, and which has already overtaken the moon.

This thrilling but pathetic struggle of a world against extinction is watched with intense interest by the people of the earth, because this planet does not seem headed toward a similar

destiny, although several million years may elapse ere the people of the earth find themselves in the present plight of the Martians.

Of all the planets in space, too, the earth and Mars more closely resemble each other, they have more characteristics in common, so that we are naturally interested in what transpires upon the sister globe.

Mars is considerably smaller than the earth, being only 4200 miles in diameter, while the earth is 7918. Were the substance composing the earth made into seven balls, each would be as large as Mars. Owing to its greater distance from the sun, Mars receives but one-half the amount of heat and light to which the people of the earth are accustomed.

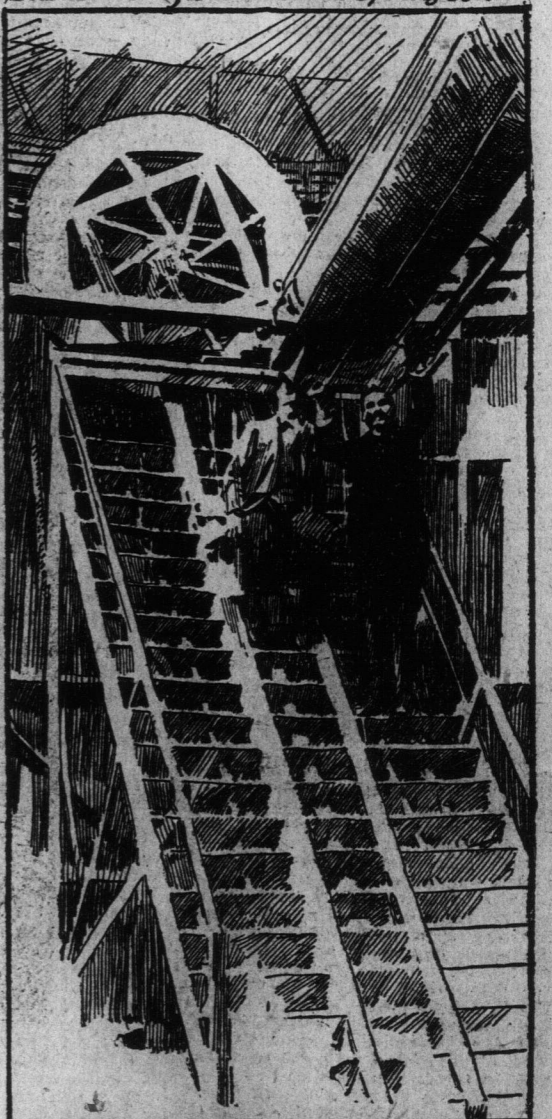
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Differences in the weight of objects is another peculiarity noticed in comparing the two planets. Professor Young states that, were a man of 160 pounds transported from the earth to Mars, he would find himself there weighing only sixty pounds. If he could jump a distance of five feet here, he could easily jump thirteen feet there. "So far as this condition goes," he remarked, "a Martian elephant might be as agile as a terrestrial deer."

From the lessened force of gravity on the planet, its inhabitants might be considerably larger and stronger than ours, without being clumsy or impeded by their own weight. In fact, this is regarded by some as being indicated by the elaborate canal system they have constructed, which, perhaps, may be supplemented by other systems of irrigation and scientific progress of which other worlds are ignorant. Every evidence points to the possession and application of a high order of engineering skill there.

Climatic conditions are much like those of the earth. Although the planet's distance from the sun would indicate that Mars is much colder than our globe, yet various phenomena as to vegetation convince astronomers that it is not yet too cold to permit animal life to attain a high state of development.

All agree, however, that, if the laws of evolution are correct, the people of Mars moments and attained a much higher intellectual plane than we, because they had several million years start. They are just that much nearer the fate of extinction against which they are so desperately battling.



Interior of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona