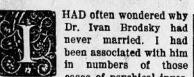
REMARKABLE achievements of Ivan Brodsky, physician, whose investigations into psychic omena enabled him to cure spiritual diseases and o exorcise evil spirits from the bodies of their victims.

By H. M. EGBERT

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cases of psychical investigation in which he had brought relief and happiness to many sufferers whose souls had capitulated to evil forces; I had heard him speak of women constantly in terms of the utmost reverence. He had indeed dimly hinted at some unforgotten love episode in his own life, but he had never confided in me, and of course I forbore to question him. It was the merest accident-if, indeed, anything be fortuitous—that revealed to me the story.

We were sitting upon the veranda of a summer hotel, a little place in the mountains to which we frequently journeyed to spend the week-end, one summer evening. With us was a stranger, a man of rare personality whom we had met the day before: and, as is often the case, we had discussed with him matters of belief and conduct on which one is silent toward acquaintances of long standing. And then came up the ever interesting question of faith.

"There is one thing could give me back my faith," said the stranger slowly. "I was married for 20 years to a woman of the highest character; we were supremely happy together. I believe in her still as I once believed in the consolations of religion. Yet my wife died without recognizing me, calling upon the name of some man whom I had neither seen nor heard of. Restore me my complete confidence in her, answer that nameless question that will rise up in the depths of my consciousness, and I will believe again."

Then, somehow-I do not remember just the sequence of words that led to it-Brodsky was telling us his

"I came to America when I was a young man. Through all my early struggles the friendship of one woman sustained me. I do not think there has been a moment since I first met her when I have not loved Marion Strong. But nothing was said. It was a quiet understanding that grew up between us: so that, when the rupture came, there remained nothing to be unsaid either. Marion explained nothing of the trivial incident that came to be an unbreakable bar-rier between us. That was her way; Marion was always proud. If she had been less proud our lives would have been different.

marriage. She still resided in Boston, where I was then in practice, but in a different quarter of the city. I had sought comfort in work and had succeeded in some measure in finding it when we met face to face in the rose garden that adjoins the Common. She stopped and spoke with

"You are not looking well; you must take care of your health,' I blurted out in the foolish manner of friends long sundered, who meet to interchange only banalities.

"The second meeting was at a din-



A man of rare personality"

ner party and equally unsatisfactory. Nothing of the old friendship seemed to remain for me in that glance of friendly indifference, that word of conventional greeting. Soon afterward I heard of her marriage. Her health broke down; they hurried her to Florida, and she died there.

"Thank heaven for work. It is life's anodyne. I put her memory out left instructions that she was to be of my mind to the best of my ability, brought to my office immediately that for I think only the sentimentalist a crisis occurred and went away. weaves the silken threads of longing around the cocoon of his sorrow. And then. I had no right to think of her. I worked hard, I had already achieved some measure of recognition in my profession. When the methods of the ushered in the young woman. It had Nancy school of hypnotics were in- been raining hard and her outer gar- not endure the sight of him.

troduced into medical practice in this country, so that it was no longer considered the sign of a charlatan to make use of them, I found that I possessed unusual faculties for curing ailments of consciousness and reviving lost personalities by hypnotism. One day a woman called on me, in company with a little girl.

"The child suffered from some slight nervous ailment, common among girls of that period of lifelistlessness. "blue studies," as the laity call fits of abstraction, and nervousness. I prescribed some child's remedy. But when I came to look into her pupils for the examination, for just one fleeting instant the eyes of Marion seemed to look back at me. Could it be anything but hallucination? Marion's eyes were the most beautiful I have ever seen in their inteiligence, their gray and liquid softness. Fearfully I looked again. But only the sleepy pupils of the ailing child looked back at me.

"'I see you do not remember me, Dr. Brodsky,' said the woman, when my investigation was ended. 'Nevertheless. I know you well, and I came to see and consult you partly out of interest. Do you not remember Marion Strickland?'

"I started involuntarily. Yes, that was the name of the man whom she married; this was a Mrs. Strickland who had brought the child to me. She was the second wife of Marion's husband, and this was her daughter. My heart leaped in my throat. Thank God, in this new marriage he had forgotten Marion; at last I might now have the right once more to turn my thoughts upon her; she was as much mine as his!"

"'Her end was curiously sudden, poor thing,' said the woman in gossiping fashion. 'She died quite unexpectedly, you know.'

"Yes,' I murmured, though I had been told nothing.

"'We thought that it was nothing but a congested chill until she died in Florida. Strangely, too, her last words seemed to be about you. We fancied that she tried to leave some message for you, but we could not understand her. It was some phase of the delirium. I suppose.'

"A new phase of my life opened upon that day. Marion had thought of me at the end; then she had always loved me. I might have known her better than to have doubted that her love could chabge. That her married life had been neither happy nor unhappy I had suspected; clearly this was not one of those unions that m to transcend the limitations of our mortality, that are not severed by death. And at the end her thoughts had turned back to me, Thence forward I had a new impulse of joy in my work: from that time too. I began to look forward to the day when much that is hidden from us will be revealed and death will no longer sever. That was the beginning of my psychical work.

"The years slipped by and found me still steadily at work, with an increasing amount of patients and of reputation. I had sought in vain to communicate with Marion through all the recognized mediums. Though her inspiration remained with me, once again her outward memory had grown weak. One evening a young man called upon me in my consulting room.

"'I do not see new patients,' I informed him, for at that time I had already begun to withdraw from active practice in preparation of the professorship which had been offered me for the succeeding year. But he was insistent. It was not for himself, he said, that he wished my services, but for his financee, a girl of 25. Always liable, since childhood, to nervous attacks of obscure origin, these had developed, during the past three months, into fits of imbecility, during which she became almost an automation and manifested the most extreme aversion for him. Her friends and family had even spoken of the necessity of placing her in some institution unless she could be cured. He happened to have heard

"The young man's earnestness, his solicitude for the girl impressed me, and I consented to take her case in hand. To my surprise I found that my patient was none other than Ethel Strickland, the girl whom I had treateed some dozen years before. I looked long and I fear unprofessionally to discover whether I could discern Marion's unforgettable expression in the eyes, but the heavy pupils discern Marion's back at me listlessly and indolently. They were not Marion's. As the young woman was at that time in the enjoyment of normal health I

of me; would I assist him?

"It must have been two weeks later, just as I was about to close my office and go to bed, that a loud peal at the bell startled me. The servants having retired, I opened it in person, and

ments were soaked with water. She did not attempt to remove her coat, however, nor responded to my proffered assistance, but advanced into the center of the room and stood staring at me blankly at one bereft of reason.

"I had seen similar cases previously and diagnosed it instantly as temporary aberrancy of personality. .It was one of those rare cases in which a portion of the consciousness becomes submerged, so to speak, leaving the patient in forgetfulness as to the most simple matters connected with her daily life. Usually such cases submit readily to mild hypnotic treatment. I placed Miss Strickland under hypnosis, to which she readily yielded.

"'Who are you?' I asked her. "'Why, doctor, I am Ethel Strickland, she answered in some surprise, mixed a slight resentment.

"'Why have you come here?"

"'Doctor, did you not leave instructions that I was to come to you as soon as I experienced one of my at-

"And all the while I was staring into her eyes, searching, searching into the depths of them. But they were not Marion's eyes.

'You did quite right,' I answered her. 'You are well now. You will never have another of your attacks. Wake up!'

Instantly an expression of astonishment passed over her features. The waking soul had no memory of what had occurred during the period of hypnosis. She gave an exclamation of fear; then, recognizing me, seemed reassured.

"'Doctor Brodsky!' she exclaimed. Where am I? How did I come here?" "'You are quite safe,' I answered. You had one of your attacks and by some providence wandered into my office. Now I am going to take you

home. "I escorted her to her house, where

'And yet you engaged yourself to him,' I answered. "She raised her hand to her fore

patiently till I come out.'

emnly, 'I pledge my soul that I will

smiled up at me radiantly, and all

my soul went out in a wild tumult of

"'I may stay with you forever,' she

whispered, raising her lips to mine.

back to him. It is his right'

ed I could not have resisted.

is spent?"

"Even then she did not plead; that

"'And if I must go,' she murmured,

what then? What will become of us

when the weary travail of this life

"'Why,' I replied, 'God has been so

"She closed her eyes in resigna-

tion; she leaned closer to me, in hope-

less resignation. Another moment

"'How shall I be certain afterward

that I have really had you with me?

I cried. 'How shall I he sure that this

was not some frenzied dream? Give

me some sign or token to remember.'

and smiled at me. 'Do you remember

the rose garden?" she asked softly.

'Be there to-morrow at noon and I

"Once I kissed her upon the fore-

head in eternal farewell. Then I

recalled the sleeping soul of the girl.

And when she opened her eyes they

were Marion's no longer. She started

"'Miss Strickland, you are safe with

me-Doctor Brodsky!' I said reassur-

ingly. 'And I have cured you of your

attack. You will never have another

so long as you live. Your fiance is

"I saw a girlish blush steal over

her cheeks. There was no need of

answer. 'Wait for me and I will bring

him to you.' I said. Then I went in

his tone that his was no promise

"'Forgive an older man for preach-

that God has given us. It is not

lightly to be esteemed or easily to be

wrongly when I made my sacrifice.

"Next day at noon I was in the rose

garden that adjoins the common. It

was July, but a few blossoms still

lingered upon the trees. Deep in the

shadiest walk, her arm linked through

his. I would have stepped aside, but

"'Doctor,' she said. 'I can never

even try to thank you enough for

what you have done for me. I know

last night I must have come to you

during my attack; I do not remember

that, but I know you cured me. And

I feel that this cure will last, for I

have something to live for and to re-

main well for.' She glanced at her

fiance shyly. 'So, as no words can

thank you I want to give you a little

memento of my gratitude,' she said.

From the bosom of her gown she

pulled a solitary flower. 'Wear this

for my sake and in token of my

"I took the flower and fastened it

to my coat. Then, feeling that her

gaze was bent upon mine, I looked

up. For one fleeting moment I could

see the soft tenderness of Marion's

eyes. Then they were gone, and those

I turned and went across the common.

leaving them there. She married him

soon after, I believe; but I have never

Neither of us had stirred while

Brodsky told us his tale. Once or

twice I had caught gleams of emotion

in the stranger's eyes, but we had

listened silently, absorbed by the sim-

ple story. And neither of us could

It had grown so late even the lights

of the hotel had been extinguished.

The night air blew softly upon us

from the broad bosom of the lake and

seemed to bear upon its breath some

odor of lingering roses. The stranger

rose, came toward the doctor, and

"You have unwittingly given me

back my faith," he said. "For I know

now who it was that my wife called

upon when she lay dying, and why,

and who it was that called. You gave

have been able to doubt it.

took him by both hands.

thanks,' she said.

seen them since."

she saw and beckoned to me.

years of suffering. Come!'

vainly made or to be kept lightly.

in the next room, waiting for you.

will give you what you ask for.'

up, but I restrained her.

Do you want to see him?'

to him.

"Once again she opened her eyes

and leave to him the judgment?"

and I must lose her forever.

was Marion's way. If she had plead-

head and appeared to ponder. The question threw her into a state of terrible agitation. The young fellow had told me that she hated him when of my life and hers.' in her imbecile phase; yet here she was, still hating him, although I had that my absence would have driven restored her faculties under hypnosis. Marion away. But she sat there, she It seemed to me that this confusion was possibly due to an alternating personality, some deeper layer or desire and anguish. stratum of consciousness which was endeavoring to thrust itself up into the normal life. I resolved, therefore, to make the hypnotic condition more absolute. know.

"'Sleep!' I said, passing my hand over her eyes. You have been dreaming; you have forgotten who you are. You are not Ethel Strickland. Sleep-sleep and remember. Who are you now?"

"Slowly the eyes opened. One glance and I was reeling backward. seeking to steady myself by gripping the edge of the study table. For the eyes were those of Marion Strong. clear and unclouded as on the day when I had seen her in the rose garden. If I had not seen her for a thous- heart. and years I could never forget their beauty, their quiet tenderness.

"She looked into my own; she came toward me, her arms outstretched. her face alight with ineffable happiness.

"'Who am I?' she murmured. 'Who should I be? Do you not know me. your love, who waited for you so long?

"I could not speak. Silently I saw her draw near, a moment later, and I felt her arms enfold me. As in a dream, through tear-dimmed eyes, I saw my head drooping in the mirror on the wall. I sank upon the lounge. and there we sat, the living and the dead, stammering and babbling happily, like two young lovers but lately

I found the family in a state of alarm over the girl's disappearance. They were grateful for her safe return and especially that she was again in her normal mind. I departed, assuring them that in the improbable event of any future attack I could cure her.

Silently, I sawher

"And so, convinced that my impression as to the eyes had been a hallucination, I took up my work once more. But I was to see my patient again. For a time the hypnotic suggestion was effected. Then ensued one of those little lovers' quarrels which are apt to occur among the most devoted couples. It was a trivial matter enough and yet sufficient, in her weak state of mind, to induce in the young woman another of her attacks. One evening, about the same time as before, I was again about to close my office and retire for the night, when again the bell was pulled. and the girl entered in the same dazed and perplexed condition. Again I induced a light state of hypnosis and questioned her.

"'Who are you?' I demanded. "This time the young woman ap-

peared perfectly indignant. "'Are you trying to make a fool of me, Doctor Brodsky?' she asked. 'You asked me that question not two minutes ago, and I have just told you that

I am Ethel Strickland.' "All her intermediate life had been wiped out; it was as though she took up the threads of this personality again where she had dropped them.

"'And you have come to me because you had another of your attacks?' I queried.

"'Precisely,' she replied. "'At least you should have got your fiance to escort you,' I rejoined severely. 'Young ladies are not usual-

ly encouraged to go about at night

alone, especially when in a distressed condition of mind. Why did you not ask his assistance?" "'Because I hate him,' she re plied hysterically. 'He persecutes me and will not take "no" for an answer. I will never marry him-never. I can-

"'You have been gote so long,' she said. 'Sometimes I have despaired of ever seeing you agair. How many, many years it must be since I began to fight my way upward, feeling at times that you were hear me. The first time that I got my eyes open I saw you through the body of that girl. I knew you remembered me. And ever since I have struggled to overthrow her dominion, that I might see and be near you. And at last

I have gained you!' "'I should have had you always if I had not been so proud,' she whispered. 'Pride has ruined our lives. Do you remember that day I met you in the rose garden? How I longed to speak to you and could not conquer myself. And the next time at the dinner! I had to hasten away, or I could not have endured it. But now I have you with me, my love, forever-'

"What answer I should have made, seeing her appealing eyes raised to mine, I do not know. But at that instant a thunderous knocking resounded on the front door and the door bell rang furiously. With a of the young girl shone forth happily. mighty effort I tore myself away.

"'Wait for me!' I whispered, leaving her there; and I went out. At the door stood the lover of the young girl. At sight of me he caught me by the arm frantically.

"'She is here? She is here?' he cried. 'Thank God, doctor! I see it in your face. Let me see her! We had a foolish quarrel; we were both equally to blame, but she left me. Later I hurried to her house and found that she was not there. They hunted for her everywhere; at last somebody suggested that she might have

come to you. Let me take her home!" "'Hush!' I answered. 'She is not herself. She has had one of her attacks. It is more severe than before. I doubt-

"Tell me that you can cure her!" he cried. I wavered. My hellish designs were torn to shreds in face of his earnest plea. For, after all, this was his own life; and I had ruined mine so many years ago. I led him her to me. Ivan Brodsky, have you into a room adjacent to my study. | forgotten me?"

If you never permit your child to handle the things in your drawing room they will not be apt to embarrass you in strange places.

it at any cost. The fingering trick makes both you and your child a

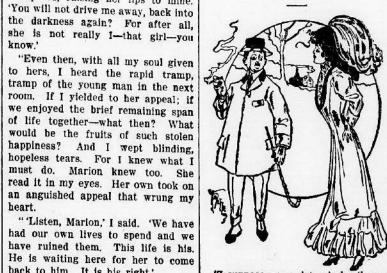
"'Wait there!' I said. 'Perhaps I | Let us make the best of our friends can cure her. But you must wait while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.—Seneca. "'If you can cure her,' he said sol

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His Wife-John, do you remember what took place just three years ago today? Her Husband-What! Is this our

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Tramp-No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.-London Punch.

Caution. "I have a remarkable history." began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the law-"'I am going to give you back the yer cautiously.-Washington Herald. thing that you most desire in all the world,' I said, placing my hand upon Knew His Cue. his shoulder. 'But before I do so-"She told him that she must not see have you forgotten your promise to him any more."
"What did he do?" guard and care for her always."
"I will!' he cried; and I knew by

"Turned out the gas."-Exchange. Constipation causes many serious dising.' I said to him. 'Remember, love Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, is the noblest and the greatest gift three for cathartic.

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If you want to get a "not at home" message from the doors of your friends, do not curb your small son or daughter in his or her fingering pro-

Most of us can stand a rude child, visit is past.

or whining child more easily than we can the youngster who does not know the meaning of "hands off." There is no truer test of politeness

than holding your tongue when a youthful visitor is at large among your cherished belongings. If thoughts could scorch, that ewe lamb would be shriveled to a cinder long before the

an impertinent child, even a brawling | There are mothers who do not seem

to mind when their children are making themselves busy with what does not belong to them. They placidly converse, equally oblivious to the worried look of their hostess and to the fact that no money can rep damage done by mischievous fingers to another's property.

Other mothers realize the iniquity of their offspring, but are helpless against it. Their visit is a running accompaniment of "Johnny, come away from that cabinet;" "John, do you hear me? Stop touching that must not touch anything that does not friendly as formerly.

not mother told you you must not finger things that do not belong to you?"

If the crash comes, the mother is as mortified as the hostess is secretly enraged and indignant-neither of which will mend smashed brica-brac or make the delinquent stop fingering the next place he goes.

If only from a desire for their own peace of mind, mothers should make children clearly understand that they

vase;" "Johnny, you naughty boy, has | belong to them. The time to train is not in another's drawing room. "Hands off" should be impressed as soon as the cradle is forsaken.

Should the habit be formed, break

nuisance, and you will soon be wondering why your friends are not so