SHORT SMOKES.

This volume is especially designed as an added pleasure for the man who smokes. If, however, it should fall into the hands of the other sex, the author asks permission to change the title to one more appropriate,

SMALL CUPS.
TO MY
FATHER AND MOTHER.
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THE SON OF A
HYPNOTIST.

THORNE was the son of a professional hypnotist. How he ever came to leave the roving life he led as one of his father's subjects was known to a very few and they have forgotten. The facts to date show that one Thorne entered college with the class of nineteen hundred three, but severed his connection with that body after a stay of three years. While in college, his career was marked with many strange adventures, of which the strangest and most incredible I am going to tell.

In January of his third year Thorne was plugging for his examinations. At such a critical time it is never well to do your work alone, so his room was filled
with half a dozen friends in the same courses. They were busy with notebooks and texts on a Psychology examination which was to come the next day. In the Junior year this subject was most feared. Many had offered fifteen and twenty dollars if they could pass the course by any means.

The work had progressed in unison until they came to the chapter on hypnotism. Thorne took upon himself the task of explaining this branch.

"Fellows, let's look at this stuff as a practical, rather than a theoretical thing. You and I know that men can be hypnotized. Too many people believe that the weak-minded persons are most easily hypnotized. That's not so. The stronger the mind, the better the subject. That follows naturally from the very principle upon which art is based. Hypnotism is nothing more than concentration. If you set your mind on a thing and keep

at it you will, with the aid of another person, soon be doing just what you thought of."

"In that case, all I'd have to do would be to think that I was going to pass this examination and, with the aid of the professor or some other person, I'd get through," said one of the group.

"I know a better way," spoke up another. "If we could get some one to hypnotize the professor and make him tell what questions are on the paper, we could all pass."

"If I knew where the papers were and could get at them, I could pass every man in the course with an hour's tutoring at most," said Thorne, as a peculiar expression came into his eyes.

"I know where the papers are. I worked in the Dean's office and have the key to the desk where they keep all the papers," said Buck Randolph, producing a key which Thorne took with an air of
indifference. "But what use is the key to the desk if you can't get inside the office."

"There's the window," some one suggested.

Thorne rose and walked toward the other side of the room. When he came back, his face was set in firm lines.

"Think of it, fellows. Would n't it be great to walk over to the Dean's office and get the papers. Of course, we could n't do it, but it seems as though we might if we were thieves."

"It's pretty near twelve now," said Randolph, "and nobody is in the Dean's office after nine at the latest. I wish we could hire some hardened old criminal to do the job, but we can only think bad things when we're plugging."

"Here's the key to the desk," said Thorne, holding up the little piece of metal. "Some one might slip in the window and go straight to the desk, unlock it with this key, take one question paper of this course and come back here, after locking the desk and climbing out of the window. When I close my eyes, I can almost see some one climb into the window and go straight to the desk, unlock it with this key, take out one question paper of Psychology and come back here, after locking the desk and climbing out of the window."

His voice had grown low and soothing. He opened his eyes and looked at the circle of men around him. They all had their eyes closed and were evidently thinking about something. Thorne continued his talk about going to the office and removing the one question paper. He spoke more carefully than ever when he walked by the men. As he passed a man he pushed that fellow's head a little to one side and then to the other until it seemed thoroughly relaxed. When every man had been treated in this manner,
Thorne went to the center of the group and surveyed his work. It would have done credit to his father. He coughed, he rapped on the desk, but no one paid any attention.

As soon as Thorne saw that the men were perfectly under his control, he called out Buck Randolph and put a key in his hand.

"Get in at the window and go straight to the desk, unlock it with this key, take out one Psychology paper and come back here, after locking the desk and climbing out of the window," he said in a very impressive way.

With another look at the group, he led Randolph out of the room and into the street, after securely fastening the door of his own room. Ten minutes later the two entered the room again and Thorne sat down at his desk. He began writing hurriedly something that was printed on a small sheet of paper. In the course of a quarter of an hour Thorne had finished. He went to each of the sleeping crowd and woke him up.

"Come, aren't you going to do any plugging? Wake up. Wake up. You want to leave me to do all the work. Come, that's it. Wake up and get at it."

The sleepers awoke quickly and each seemed rather ashamed that he had gone to sleep, when he should have been plugging. One or two pulled out their watches.

"We've been sleeping half an hour. It's pretty near one," said a remorseful student. "Have you been asleep, too, Thorne?"

"No. While you were snoozing your heads off, I've made out a few points we've got to learn cold. If you get those you will pass the course with colors high. Draw up in a circle and take the headings down as I read them off."
The crowd had had a taste of sleep and now that somebody had studied the subject enough to single out the main points, they were glad to learn them and go to bed. The headings were taken down and the answers learned within an hour. At three o'clock the lights were out and Thorne was in bed.

The next week, when the professor of Psychology corrected the examination papers, he was surprised to find that certain men who ranked very low in the class room deserved the mark of a hundred on their papers. It happens so seldom that a set of seven or eight men, all good friends, should receive full credit for their work that it caused some comment.

An investigation followed and the group of scholars were summoned to the Dean's office. They all said that they had been in Thorne's room the whole time and were absolutely sure that they had received no information of what might be asked the next day. They had worked conscientiously and were sorry to be the cause of suspicion. They had studied the same points and were lucky to hit them on the examination. Yes. Somebody had suggested that they might steal a paper but they had done nothing of the sort. They were above such common tricks. In fact, they had gone to sleep while talking about it and would probably have slept till morning if Thorne had not wakened them and told them what to plug. Yes. He had been awake and gone over the book himself, picking out the main points. That was all they knew.

The professor of Psychology was puzzled. He began to put two and two together and finally hit upon a theory which he thought might be the true solution. He called Thorne into his office.

"Mr. Thorne, I have learned that you
are the son of a professional hypnotist. Have you ever done any work in that line yourself?"

"Yes," Thorne replied. "I was a subject for my father long before I came to college."

"I mean, have you ever hypnotized anybody yourself?" asked the professor.

Thorne looked at the man narrowly but could see nothing wrong with the question.

"Yes. Quite often."

"Good. I want to give some of the students in my advanced course a lesson in secondary states. If you can get some of the fellows for subjects, I should like to have you show the class something of the work."

Thorne said he would be pleased to help all he could.

"One thing more," the professor went on. "I passed all the men who were in your room the night before my examin-