

fortnight, as neither her husband nor maid could go at first.

The method the doctor employed at each visit was to put the patient to sleep and then suggest that she would have no more craving for drink, and he said practically the same words at each visit, and also suggested that various bodily functions should be regular; she was generally asleep for about ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, when he woke her. Of course I felt when I left her it was early days to say if it had been successful or not, but at the end of nine months I saw her again, and she was quite well then, and had had no attack and had never seen the doctor again, and she looked a different woman and seemed happy and busy; and now, after more than two years, she is the same, in spite of having had a good bit of trouble. Self-respect and will-power seem to have come back, and a home that seemed ruined is restored. Surely, this is a plea for hypnotism in certain cases? I think all must feel that where the patient can practice auto-suggestion it is the best, and the higher way of overcoming a temptation, and, if this cannot be done, suggestion from outside without hypnotism may be tried, but there are some cases in which the conscious mind has so got the upper hand, so to speak, and is so hopeless of cure, that the subconscious mind seems dominated, and it is necessary to put the conscious mind to sleep in order that suggestions of hope and will-power can be made to the subconscious mind, and these suggestions seem to be lasting in their effect.

I think great caution should be used in recommending any one to try hypnotism, and, as I have said, other means should first be tried, but, failing these, and the patient truly wishing to be cured and giving full consent, it seems to me that it is a justifiable method. The important part is that the hypnotist must be a thoroughly good man, working for the good of humanity, and he should be a qualified medical practitioner. There may, of course, be certain cases which are a danger to the community, and it may be allowable to hypnotise these without their consent, but I think the majority in their sane moments wish to be cured of their evil propensities.

“EILRAH.”

Discussing the possibility of the establishment of a State Medical Service, at a meeting of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, Mrs. Sidney Webb said there was, at present, much wastefulness and duplication of work, as the Poor Law Authority and the Public Health Authority, both provided within the same area medical attendance, nursing, medicine, and institutional treatment for the sick poor.

How I Became Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

A TELEPATHIC TALE.

By ETHEL GORDON FENWICK.

(Continued from page 49.)

People who know not Whitechapel speak of it as a place of outer darkness, where the inhabitants differ from other human beings in that misery is their inevitable lot. Whitechapel in my day—and doubtless also at the present time—contained its average of happiness, and much more goodness, than many more immaculate districts. Surely we had a fine expanse of sky in Whitechapel, and real sea breezes from off the river, and what more enjoyable in hours off duty than to tinkle to Stratford and back on the top of a tram—saving tired feet, and cleaning out our lungs.

It was on top of a homely tram that Sister Rachel and I took counsel together and made plans for the momentous interview. We agreed that appearances must be respected, first impressions are so very important, and few Sisters wore outdoor uniform in those days. A “Redfern” ulster and toque were both voted quite out of the question, and as wardrobes were limited, my long sealskin coat—a dignified if somewhat overpowering garment, and the “Tofield” bonnet were decided upon. We hesitated about that bonnet, because we considered that upon a certain occasion when it was anticipated that it would play an all conquering part it had not behaved quite nicely—it had failed.

It was in this way. Some months previously I had applied for the post of Matron to a small hospital near London. I called personally upon the electors, and was warmly encouraged by many. The proverbial objector was there, and he said quite rudely, “Go away, and paint some wrinkles on your face.”

I took the hint.

I went away, and ordered from a celebrated Bond Street *modiste*, Mme. Tofield by name, one of her irresistible “middle aged” bonnets—a confection described by her as “cosily coquettish.” It was made of fine black lace with tiny silk bobs, trembling on the surface, worn tied over the ears with lacey strings it encircled the face in a modish manner. For some abstruse reason which I have never fathomed, it was considered eminently “bold,” not to say brazen in those days for ladies of a certain age to expose the ears!

Alas! this innocent artifice availed me nothing. I did not get that post, and naturally I blamed the bonnet. When I reached home I removed it with resentment, and sat upon it,

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