

if he would do as much for me as he had done for her, if his kindness had this meaning. For he was kind to me, very kind, and at the beck and call of my household by night and day. Ella sent for him if my temperature was half a point higher or lower than she anticipated; any symptom or change of symptom was sufficient to send him a peremptory message, and one that he never disregarded. Ella, I could tell, still suspected me of being in love with him, and he with me, and dressed me up for his visits. Lacey underwear, soft, chiffony tea-gowns, silken hose and satin or velvet shoes diverted my weakness into a happier channel and kept her in her right *milieu*.

Then, not all at once, but gradually and almost incredibly, the whole circumstances changed. Dr. Kennedy came one day full of excitement to tell us that a new treatment had been found for my illness. Five hundred cases had been treated, of which over four hundred had been cured, the rest ameliorated. Of course we were sceptical. Other consultants were called in, and, not having suggested the treatment, damned it whole-heartedly. One or two grudgingly admitted a certain therapeutic value in selected cases, but were sure that mine was not one of them! The medical world is as difficult to persuade to adventure as an old maid in a provincial town. My own tame general practitioner, whom I had previously credited with some slight intelligence, was moved to write to Dr. Kennedy, urging him vehemently to forbear. He was fortunate enough to give his reasons, and for me, at least, they proved conclusively how little he knew of what he wrote.