

He pondered the thought pro and con.

"I feel that I am competent to cure this afflicted young lady and bring joy and happiness to a worried and anxious household, as the knowledge I acquired in the German hospitals where I witnessed hundreds of permanent cures of this functional neurosis will serve me well now; and then there is not a specialist in diseases of the nerves in this entire city. Surely this is a case for me."

Thus he mused, but professional ethics would not down.

"Well," he concluded, "there will be no harm in waiting a day or so, and in the meantime I'll think it over. There will be sure to be lots of applicants, quacks as well as others. There can't be any one here who knows the value of and how to employ suggestion in the treatment of these cases. I'll wait."

So Dr. Cunningham put on his hat, drew on his gloves and taking up his walking stick sallied out to pay a visit to a case of neurasthenia he was then treating in the General Hospital.

After attending to his professional duties to this case, he betook himself to the operating theatre of the hospital, where he found the leading surgeon of the city performing a delicate operation in brain surgery, a branch of surgical science then in its infancy, as suggestive treatment was in the sister department of medical therapeutics.

A large concourse of physicians and surgeons were there gathered to witness this operation and Dr. Cunningham took a place amongst them to watch the outcome of the proceedings.

He had a few friends amongst the faculty there gathered and after the operation was over asked for an introduction to the distinguished surgeon.

The elder man soon engaged him in conversation relative to certain diseases of the brain and saw quickly that his younger confrere was a distinct acquisition to their professional ranks.

"Cunningham," he said on parting, "come over and see me to-night after office hours. I have a case I would like to talk over with you."

"Thank you," returned Cunningham, "I shall be delighted."

That evening found Jerrold Cunningham comfortably ensconced in one of the surgeon's easy chairs puffing away at a very fine "imported."

"Well, how are you getting along on the nerves?" was the first sally from the surgeon.

"Nothing to boast of—you know, doctor, I have got to do a little waiting just like every other beginner."

"Yes, that's true," patronizingly replied the elder—"I had to go through the starvation process in this city about seven years