

A Case of Mental Surgery

I have felt for some time I should give my experience in mental surgery. In May, 1902, going home for lunch, on a bicycle, and while riding down a hill at a rapid gait, I was thrown from the wheel, and falling on my left side with my arm under my head, the bone was broken about half-way between the shoulder and elbow. While the pain was intense, I lay still in the dust, declaring the truth and denying that there could be a break or accident in the realm of divine Love, until a gentleman came to assist me, saying, he thought I had been stunned. I was only two and a half blocks from home, so I mounted my wheel again and managed to reach it.

On arriving there I lay down and asked my little boy to bring me our textbook. He immediately brought Science and Health, which I read for about ten minutes, when all pain left. I said nothing to my family of the accident, but attended to some duties and was about half an hour late in returning to the office, this being my only loss of time from work. My friends claimed that the arm had not been broken, as it would have been impossible for me to continue my work without having it set, and carrying it in a sling until the bone knit together. Their insistence almost persuaded me that I might have been mistaken, until one of my friends invited me to visit a physician's office where they were experimenting with an X-ray machine. The physician was asked to examine my left arm to see if it differed from the ordinary.

On looking through it, he said, "Yes, it has been broken, but whoever set it made a perfect job of it, and you will never have any further trouble from that break." My friend then asked the doctor to show how he could tell where the break had been. The doctor pointed out the place as being slightly thicker at that part, like a piece of steel that had been welded. This was the first of several cases of mental surgery that have come under my notice, and it made a deep impression on me. For the benefit of others who may have something similar to meet, I will say that I have overcome almost constant attacks of sick headaches, extending back to my earliest recollection.

- *L. C. S., Salt Lake City, Utah.*