Nervous Invalids Back on a Peace Basis;
War’s Compensatory Outlets Closed, the Neurologists’ Waiting Rooms Are Crowded Again,
and the Sanitaria for the Newly and Idly Rich Are Booming

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY.

"But how shall they get into the society there when there is no longer the canteen? Ah, but there is the sanitarium, where they can meet almost anybody without the introduction. They can visit from room to room. There is much gossip about various patients. Who is it—W. W. on the next floor, they tell each other. And always they can make the canteen row, W. W. by mistake. And then it is easy, provided always they tell Mrs. W. how ill she looks, and ask her how are those fearful headaches. We, in your profession, we call them the rainy chaser, and the sanitarium are to them the great convenience."

This is not the spirit in which the physician views the neurotic patient, if one may judge from an eminent specialist, for there is no longer the canteen, but only the sanitarium. The sanitarium is the key to the mystery of the neurotic patient. It is the physician’s business to find out what that cause is—without hiding behind the Sanitarium, which is merely another way of saying “I don’t know.” Ten years ago we consigned human beings ruthlessly to the screwheap of neurotism."

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