

in the evening, bringing a lady interpreter with him. By means of her help he put my patient under a gross examination, and, after examining her heart, decided that she ought to go for at least four, if not six weeks, to his Kurhaus, at Badkreuth, in the Bavarian Tyrol, about four hours by rail and coach or carriage south of Munich. My patient, who is an unbeliever, consented most unwillingly to give up four weeks to the *régime* laid down for her. Our party broke up into two sets of three each, as it seemed of no use for all to go into what we considered banishment, as the establishment, which some of us took the trouble to investigate beforehand, appeared to offer very few attractions at first sight. We went there on the 27th July, and, punctually to the day of the week, on the 24th August, we left, at my patient's desire. She went there suffering from rheumatic gout, with chronic bronchitis—left her by the "Grippe" three years before—asthma, a brittle condition of the arteries, a weak heart, and Bright's disease.

On reaching Wildbad Kreuth, we found, to our dismay, that the resident doctor (there are two), to whom we were sent by the Professor, understood very little of our English. However, as we were bent on giving this treatment a trial, we endeavoured to make the best of our difficulties, and kept a German dictionary by us, and occasionally made use of French. The doctor wrote out a *régime* for us as follows:—

FOOD.

7 a.m.—One boiled egg, half a small roll, very little butter, one small cup of coffee	... 200 c.c.
10 a.m.—White wine and water and a quarter of a small roll	... 100 c.c.
1 p.m.—Meat, fish or fowl, one vegetable (no potatoes), half a small roll, compote or stewed fruit, lettuce, white wine and water	... 100 c.c.
4 p.m.—Cup of coffee	... 200 c.c.
6.30 p.m.—Meat, half a small roll, stewed fruit, white wine and water	... 100 c.c.
9 p.m.—One glass of milk and whiskey (4 teaspoonfuls)	200 c.c.

One of the very strict rules in this *régime* is, except at breakfast, absolutely nothing to drink until at least one hour after eating, but, in my patient's case, as she said it was absolutely impossible to get solid food into her stomach without "washing it down" she was allowed the concessions mentioned.

In the usual *régime* for those suffering from weak heart, patients are allowed fluid as follows:—

7 a.m.—Coffee or tea	... 200 c.c.
10 a.m.—Wine and water, or milk, as the case may be	200 c.c.
An hour after dinner—Milk, wine, or water	200 c.c.
An hour after supper—Wine and water or water alone	200 c.c.
During night if wanted—Water	... 200 c.c.

Thus each patient is usually allowed 1,000 c.c. or about 35 ounces of fluid. This quantity, however, is regulated according to the quantity of urine passed in the 24 hours. My patient's liquids were gradually cut down more and more until the urine increased in quantity, which it eventually did towards the end of our stay at Badkreuth. In the matter of exercise, she had so completely got out of the way of it that she was only expected to walk about one hour and a half per day, and most of that exercise was arranged for the morning. Other heart patients at Kreuth, who were

in a less feeble condition of health, had certain walks marked out in the surrounding country and mountains for them, beginning with those almost on a level, until gradually they became strong enough to take those of a steeper ascent, and so on until they could climb 2,000 or 3,000 feet at a stretch, and walk for three or four hours at a time. All the walks of any length at Badkreuth are taken after the seven o'clock light breakfast, the 10 a.m. light refreshment being allowed *en route*. On many of these walks one comes to a farm-house where milk, either of cows or goats, is sold.

Owing to the heavy downfall of rain my patient could not exercise sufficiently in the pine forests close at hand, as prescribed, and all that we could feel confident we had gained for her was a reduction in size, a slightly stronger heart, an increased quantity of urine, and the habit of eating meat, an accomplishment that her New York doctor has since said was worth the journey across the ocean.

While at Badkreuth my patient received a gentle massage treatment every day from a German Sister of the Red Cross, of whom there were two at the Kurhaus.

Badkreuth, or Wildbad Kreuth, as it is indiscriminately called, and which is so large an establishment that it has its own Post and Telegraph Office, (the mail coach comes in and goes out three or four times a day), stands on a plateau, which looks as if it had been artificially made between the surrounding mountains. Pine forests abound close to the buildings, and all over that part of the country. Down one valley runs the road past the village of Kreuth, about a mile distant, and on past Tegernsee to Gumud—the railway terminus from Munich—a distance of some 17 or 18 miles. Along another valley runs the coach road, most of the way following the course of the turbulent little river Achen, to Achensee, 14 or 15 miles from Badkreuth—a most beautiful little lake, and reminding me of Lucerne, with its blue waters, and its surrounding mountains running in more than one place sheer down into the lake. A pretty drive has been made round the edge of the lake, and a small steamer makes the circuit in an hour and a half, and stops at several places on the shores. About half way to Achensee, one crosses the border, and so leaves the Bavarian for the Austrian Tyrol. From Badkreuth runs another valley between mountains in another direction, and leading apparently to nowhere in particular. The walks in the neighbourhood, for those who can take them, are many and beautiful, and one which I took up the Hirschberg, which is about 5,000 feet above the sea level, rewards one at the summit with a gorgeous and extensive view of snow mountains, stretching far away in the distance. On some of our walks up those lovely mountains where the ozone makes one glad to be alive, we startled some deer grazing, and away they went through the pines, the many forests of which give so much virtue to the air. At times, chamois are to be seen, looking like tiny little specks, far away up the sides, generally of the almost impassable mountains. Owing I believe to the formation of the mountains and valleys at Wildbad Kreuth, there is a huge rainfall, and, in fact, during our first fortnight there it seemed to do next to nothing but rain. Our good natured German chambermaid of peasant origin—and who wore the costume—had, her duties being innumerable, to trudge back and forth to the distant kitchen for my patient's food, for she could not face the elements. The girl never complained,

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)