

The equipment of the Home should include an operating theatre, an electrical department, bathrooms, douches, balconies, verandahs, a garden with shady trees, and revolving shelters. At the same time there should be rooms in a separate wing, where cases requiring absolute quiet and a moderate amount of fresh air, can be received.

The nursing question is both very important and difficult. The great difficulty arises from the fact that none but fully qualified nurses should be allowed to attend nerve cases; they should be the medical practitioner's sentinels and detectives, and to discharge these offices efficiently is a great test of professional knowledge and skill.

This admitted, we have several problems to solve:—

(1) Are a sufficient number of fully qualified nurses ready to give up more varied work for this special branch?

(2) Is a worn-out nurse, who is ready to give up a more active life, fitted to nurse nerve cases?

(3) Will a qualified nurse, willing to render all the necessary service, be satisfied that the treatment (such as massage, baths and exercises, electrical and Nauheim treatment), should be carried out by the electrical nurse masseuse?

(4) If not, is it desirable that the same nurse should do everything for the patient, or should the services be divided? To this the electrical nurse says: "If I am to give electrical treatment and Nauheim exercises, I must understand my patient, by having given the massage as well."

These seem to me great problems to solve. An equally important one is that of the cooking. Some patients are put on "good, plain food," containing little spicing, at which they rebel. Others on "ordinary diet." They may come from luxurious, well-appointed homes, where their ordinary diet consists of many courses, including game and savouries (for "sweets" they never touch!). But these are the patients who tell you on arrival that they like plain food. This, you will discover, must be "delicately flavoured; and include *soufflés* and wines, and game, which must be tender (or high)." They have "no appetite whatever," but at 7 a.m. they must have a cup of black coffee; at 7.30, a cup of Benger's Food; at 9, porridge and two eggs, a hot dish, and oh! yes, a cup of peptonized cocoa; at 11, strong beef tea, &c.

Their tea is very simple, "brown and white bread and butter, caviare or anchovy sandwiches, honey or jam, and just a few cakes."

Thus, these patients who are so fond of plain

food, may turn out to be epicures and gluttons, and cause many a tear to the cook and the nurse who has to face the constant dissatisfaction of the patient, to refrain from impatience or contempt for the amount that is eaten, accompanied by affectation of "no appetite whatever."

To cope with these difficulties, only one course is possible—viz., to secure a good cook. On her, in fact, depends the happiness of the house. To cook large quantities of meat, which must subsequently be warmed up, is most unsatisfactory and expensive. All minces, curries, croquettes, &c., should be made of fresh meat.

Dainty dishes made of brains, sweetbreads of stuffed tomatoes or marrows are quite harmless, nourishing and tempting to our nerve cases, who have to be fed and amused.

Those who lie in the open air, or live in the garden, frequently make friends and amuse each other. Others, who are confined to their rooms, and who are forbidden letters and visitors, are difficult to entertain. Puzzles, cards and games are valuable aids, but when the patient cares for nothing, and grows daily more bored, the weekly weighing shows no increase of weight, and the weeks grow into months, and still the patient does not progress, the nurse's patience comes to an end, the doctor and relatives lose their interest, and complaints are heard about the fees, then is the time to sigh in despair. These are the moments when one asks oneself whether future knowledge will not reveal more about such cases, so that they may be restored to health.

A nerve specialist once told me that some of these cases need to be treated with severity and a firm hand, but it requires a good deal of wisdom not to misjudge them, and to ensure that the firm hand is not a cruel one.

Only a few weeks ago a lady came to see the Home for which I am responsible, with a view to her husband's coming to me from a London Nursing Home.

"The doctors have recommended Hindhead air," she said to me, "it is nothing but pure nerves, a nervous breakdown," she laughed, "but you must not let him think so, for he gets so angry and says he is in real pain." "Perhaps it is neuritis," I suggested, "which is very painful." "Well, don't tell him so, or he will be angry with you all," she laughed again. I still see her now, a bright, merry, handsome, healthy colonial. But her husband never came to me. An operation took place instead, and in a few weeks she was a broken-hearted widow. He died from a mortal disease, but not from nerves! That is why I insist on fully qualified

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