

### AN IDEAL REST HOUSE.

How often one does the wrong thing, just because one does not know what is the best thing to do. For instance, how come in contact with the most sympathising and therefore understanding physician—how choose just the right surgeon for certain operations—how obtain that ideal nurse we know exists to suit a certain temperament—where go for expert treatment—where convalesce? How often by chance the wrong person and place is chosen, just because one is not well advised. Thus the doctor orders a Rest Cure, and by some freak of fate the patient finds herself in a nursing home in a noisy city street, backing on to a mews where motors growl and groan and spit spitefully, and where poor doggies bow-wow—how cruel it is, that instead of bounding over sward and heather they are chained in a dark and narrow space—where the open windows only admit smuts and noise, instead of the fresh and balmy breezes the poor nerve-racked system requires! We all know how almost impossible a rest cure is in a town, and yet where to go for skilled treatment—that is the question? We can tell you.

Many years ago we took a little driving tour in May through the flowery land of Surrey, jogging along with great content behind a fat old pony, a wise beast which just stopped short at the foot of every hill, and intimated plainly without one word, "Get out, lazy biped." So we got out, and when we came to Haslemere we kept out right up to Hindhead. It was so long ago that we met no motors, and we could have cruelly disposed of a dozen sailors (instead of one) on these lonely heights, without being caught red-handed!

A few days ago we came again to Hindhead, specially to see the Hindhead Nursing Home, organized for the reception of nerve cases and special treatment by Miss Edla Wortabet. As we whirled by motor up on to the heights, the flowery lanes were as sweet and lovely as of yore. But the scene had changed. Man had come along and seen that it was good, so he had built beautiful houses and planted fine gardens, and on a splendid elevation, with a glorious view stretching away for miles and miles, we found the ideal Rest House, built for the purpose, fitted with new and scientific appliances for the relief of suffering, and furnished and conducted as a home, and not as an institution. Just an ideal place in which to try to recover the nerve balance, so rudely disturbed by the over-pressure of the poor long-suffering human brain, in these days of ruthless competition and strain

Here the sanitary arrangements are perfect. The comfort of the patient is considered in every detail. Dainty furnishing, highly skilled nursing, and, beyond all things important, appetising food beautifully served. It is rather humiliating, but we have come to the conclusion that nourishment, just the right meat and drink, is the most important item in the treatment of seriously sick people. It sounds rather gross and greedy, but, if one considers the question without prejudice, it is a really rational conclusion at which to arrive. Anyway, after close inspection of the charming Hindhead Nursing Home, the three delicious meals we demolished in a very short space of time have left a lasting impression of their importance in the scheme of existence.

The average kitchen is not just the spot in which one would be tempted to pick up an appetite, but at Hindhead, if the patients really need a filip, let them peep into the airy kitchen, and see the smiling young Danish *chef* (an aseptic apparition in his white costume) cajoling the ingredients simmering in the burnished pans, or with subtle touch etherealising the fruits of the earth into food fit for the Gods!

We feel sure Miss Wortabet will be pleased to permit doctors, nurses, and patients' friends to visit the Home, so that they may realise for themselves how delightfully it is situated, what pure and bracing air passes through it (verandahs and windows are all wide open), and how much conscientious thought and care are hourly expended, so that the work accomplished for the benefit of the sick may be of the most beneficial and permanent standard.

E. G. F.

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### MIDLANDS ASSOCIATION OF MATRONS AND LADY SUPERINTENDENTS.

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A special meeting of the Association was held at the General Hospital, Birmingham, on May 30th, when Miss Mollett was present by invitation to speak on the subject of the National Insurance Act and on the formation of a Trained Women Nurses' Friendly Society. Over thirty members were present, and many joined in the animated discussion which followed Miss Mollett's most interesting address. At the close of the meeting a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Mollett.

In the evening of the same day Miss Mollett spoke to a meeting of nurses at the hospital. Leaflets and cards were distributed after each meeting.

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