

alluding to Lady Angela Forbes' case, that "camp-followers" have no right to demand an investigation of charges made by the military authorities, but that enrolled members of the W.A.A.C. did not come under that heading. It is important to women to know who does. For instance, have V.A.D.s, or even members of the Q.A.I.M.N.S. and the T.F.N.S., this right (in common with army officers and men) or do they rank as "camp-followers"?

REFORMER.

### BOVRIL, LTD.

The increased cost of living faces the community simultaneously in many instances with a decreased income, and, therefore, to hear that a standard food is obtainable at pre-war prices, is indeed cause for congratulation. Mr. George Lawson Johnston, presiding at the general meeting of Bovril, Ltd., last week, was able to make the satisfactory announcement in regard to Bovril, that "the price of Bovril has not moved up with the cost of beef, although a pound of Bovril is the concentrated product of so many pounds of beef. The reasons for this are that in the countries which supply the raw material beef has not risen in value as it has done here, and the abnormal cost of ocean transport only affects to a minor extent a concentrated product like Bovril, and that the company discourages profiteering in the time of meat-food hardship; with the extremely satisfactory result to the consumer that the price of Bovril remains the same as before the war, and the quality unaltered."

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "MRS HOLMES—COMMANDANT."\*

This is a delightfully humorous book; and in spite of the irritation that is bound to arise in the mind of the trained nurse as she peruses it, we recommend that she should brush it to one side and give herself over to the enjoyment of the moment and bury the professional hatchet. For, after all, Mrs. Holmes is a good sort; and her sins are rather those of omission than commission, in that she looms large upon the horizon, while the trained matron only twinkles in here and there. Mrs. Holmes, however, appears to confine herself to administration, for which we are grateful and the duties of which, we are bound to admit, she carries out very thoroughly. "The Mobilising of Mrs. Holmes," which is the title of the first chapter, does full justice to the powers of that lady.

The writer of the story is a Mr. Forbes, a wealthy bachelor, nearing his fiftieth year.

"She invaded my study that morning, and I knew that I had never disliked her so much."

\*By R. E. Forbes. (London: Edward Arnold.)

She informed him: "I have had a wire from headquarters this morning. M'Yes," she repeated and boomed. "Headquarters! You see," she said, with her best prize-giving smile, "it's a question of 'The Grange.'"

"The Grange?" I said, feebly. "Mrs. Delamaine's house? But what?"

"My dear Mr. Forbes, by lunch-time to-day, 'The Grange' must be ours!"

"Ours?"

"I have arranged," said Mrs. Holmes, "for you to be my house orderly."

What Mrs. Holmes willed, that she carried out; and in an incredibly short space of time the unwilling Mrs. Delamaine quitted her pleasant, well-ordered house for an indefinite visit to Bournemouth and the still more unwilling Mr. Forbes was, as she threatened, installed as house orderly to the V.A.D. Delamaine Hospital.

It is an amusing picture that this elderly gentleman draws of himself, helpless in the hands of the masterful commandant.

"At her bidding I had clothed myself in a uniform which my butler considered only fitting for a railway porter or a commissionaire, and I had been forbidden to smoke, except in the garden! I was dubbed the gentleman 'elp by all except the commandant herself."

Before the arrival of the first convoy, Mrs. Holmes announced her intention of inviting the detachment to dinner in the recreation room.

"But you don't expect me to cook it?" I asked, in alarm.

Mrs. Holmes smiled. "My cooks," she informed me, "will be down from the wards in five minutes."

Then followed an invasion I was unable to stem. Five ladies appeared and talked at the top of their voices, and dirtied everything in the place. Incidentally, I was invited to make mustard, and involuntary tears streamed down my cheeks.

Lady Mary, who was, apparently, second cook, explained, "Patent cooking, taught at the Technical, is about as much use as a sick headache when you've got to cook a dinner for twenty-four people."

Mrs. Holmes' butler came to the rescue at washing-up time.

He turned over a plate still in my hands. "You should wash the bottom, sir, as well as the top of a plate!" He spoke with extreme respectfulness, but I could not disguise my anger.

Mrs. Holmes received the notice of her first convoy in the middle of the night, prior to her taking up residence in the hospital.

It devolved on the unfortunate Mr. Holmes to summon her.

"She was attired briefly in a flannel jacket and short petticoat, but in her hand she carried the little brown bag that almost invariably accompanied her.

"My dear Mr. Forbes, we are mobilised; I knew it; M'yes."

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